

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER III.

Innisturk.—Boyhood of Brian O'Linn.—Misther Toole changes his profession.

HE who has been resident in the southern and western provinces of the Green Isle, will have remarked with what fluency an Irish peasant conveys his thoughts, — how artfully he will extenuate his offendings, — how forcibly detail the story of his wrongs. The Celtic language offers a breadth of figurative expression favourable to the *raconteur* : — and whether Pat's oratory be designed "to take himself out of trouble," or take a young lady into it, he manages both with a tact and facility which rarely fail to prove successful.

For a time, the rejected recruit seemed diffident of narrating his earlier history to strangers like the worthy sergeant and myself. Men hesitate in admitting that their own is a lowly or a doubtful parentage ; and the confession of being destitute, friendless, — a thing upon the earth in whom no other takes an interest, — these are humiliating disclosures. In a few minutes, however, I read the young man's character correctly. Nursed in the cradle of misery, — flung loosely on the world, to sink or float as chance foredoomed ; still in that poor lad's breast — and even to himself unknown, — a proud spirit was latent — one which circumstances occasionally called into action, and the worst visitations of evil fortune could not extinguish. As he proceeded, the sympathy his listeners evinced appeared to gratify him, — confidence gradually returned, — his buoyant temperament rose paramount, — and modestly, but fearlessly, he told the story of an opening life, in which misery and romance were singularly blended.

The western coast of Ireland is generally remarkable for the bold and rocky front it presents to the Atlantic ; and, as if to protect itself from ocean aggression, a cordon of black and beetling cliffs forbid encroachment from an element it seems to dread. To follow out a military metaphor, here and there, dark and barren islands rise above the water, and look as if advanced into ocean to sentinel the land. These isolated spots of rock and earth, even under the smiling influence of summer suns, offer to the mariner who passes by, a perfect picture of sterility and desolation. When the surface of the sea is unrippled by a breeze, an eternal swell breaks everywhere around them, and renders ingress or egress almost impossible ; but, when the Atlantic rises in its rage, — when its mountain billows, after rolling over thousands of miles of water unchecked and unopposed, there meet their first obstruction, and burst in thunder upon the gloomy cliffs which appear to court a contest, and defy their fury, — as a spectacle of savage grandeur, nothing to surpass it can be fancied.

Three leagues from the nearest mainland, one of those isolated spots shews itself ; and, judging from the bleak and rugged outline of dark stone that meets the eye, the voyager would conclude that all within was barren. That anything human should make that lonely isle his

abiding-place appears miraculous; but for ages generation have succeeded generation, and its population there have seen the light, and there have found a grave. To the isleman of Innisturk, his native rock seems lovely; and you might as well induce the Highlander to leave the strath in which his infancy was passed, as persuade one of those dwellers upon ocean, to abandon the rock-bound speck of earth on which they are resident, or rather imprisoned, for a considerable portion of the year.

At the period at which this story opens, Innisturk was inhabited by some twenty families. One headsman rented the island, for which he paid a fixed sum annually; and the remainder of its population held their wretched tenures under this personage, whose word upon this lonely rock was law. Irregularly scattered over the sterile surface, a few patches of shallow earth were cultivated, and afforded the islanders corn and potatoes in but scanty quantities. Their chief dependence was the ocean: fish was to be had in great abundance whenever they could launch a boat; drift-wood afforded fuel; many a waif was picked up floating on the sea; and once or twice within the year the hearts of all were gladdened by a wreck. But from another source the luxuries of life were sometimes liberally supplied. The island was frequently visited by smugglers from France and Holland; and when they failed in debarking their contraband cargoes upon the mainland, on these wild islands they were generally more successful; and there the interdicted articles remained in safe concealment, until opportunity permitted their being transmitted to their original destination. The islanders were faithful to the trust reposed,—the smugglers generous in return,—and thus a mutual interest bound each party to the other; and fifty years ago, when, “few and far between,” some desperate traveller ventured into Innisturk, although an egg or an ounce of mutton were not obtainable for love or money, he might have drunk himself rich in every cabin he pleased to enter with cognac or schiedam,—smoked the soothing weed by the half-bale,—or, were he given unhappily to ‘thin potations,’ enjoyed white sugar and souchong; the only difficulty being where to find a teapot.

It was late on an evening in October, when the island we have just described was startled by the report of a gun, and the exhibition of a bluelight. In a moment, like bees disturbed, the occupants of every cabin hurried to the only harbour by which a landing on Innisturk can be accomplished. A narrow chasm in the precipices which shut the island in, trends inwards for a hundred yards, and terminates in a sandy cove, to which the lofty rocks that wall its sides form a secure breakwater. As this opening looks eastward, and the prevailing winds are westerly, the harbour is generally open to fishing-boats; and, on the evening in question, the winds were light, the water smooth, and no difficulty was found in pulling off to a large lugger, which was seen in the haze of night, standing off and on a few miles distant from the shore.

If the islanders expected that their rock was to be made the depository for a contraband cargo, they suffered a grievous disappointment, for that had been already discharged, and the lugger had visited the island for a different purpose. The headsman was taken into his cabin by the schipper; and after a brief interview a boat was despatched in haste for a priest, who fortunately happened to be officially employed in Innisturk, and whose instant services were required to shrive somebody on board the lugger, who was reported “in articulo mortis.”

The call was promptly obeyed, and the churchman introduced to the cabin, and left alone with a stranger, who was at that moment about to exchange time for eternity; for ere half an hour had elapsed, the priest announced that the spirit had departed. The schipper and the headsman again retired to the cabin, where they remained closeted for another hour with the churchman. At the termination of the secret interview, the body of a female, carefully wrapped up, was deposited in the headsman's boat, and a fine child six months old placed in the priest's arms, while a parting injunction was given by the schipper, that the corpse should be decently interred, and the infant carefully attended to. Something private passed in a whisper,—the headsman pushed off with his dead and living freight,—the lugger filled her sails,—the haze of night soon shut the smuggler and the boat from each other's view,—and, with a far different cargo than they had expected to bring back, the islanders returned to their lonely rock.

The schipper's orders were faithfully executed. The child was consigned to the care of a fisher's wife, who had recently lost her own infant; and the body of the female, who was supposed to be the orphan's mother, was laid out with every form used at a peasant's wake. In arranging the corpse, before it was committed to its last resting-place, the women who performed the funeral offices, remarked the peculiar fineness of the stranger's linen. On the bridal finger was a plain gold ring; and from these circumstances, the smoothness of the skin, and the delicacy of the features, the islanders concluded that the deceased belonged to a superior grade of society; but all about her was doubtful, and mere conjecture.

The unknown female was interred in the island cemetery; and fortune seemed determined to shroud the deserted orphan in an impenetrable mystery. Of his lineage and name the schipper might have been informed, or, more probably, the priest in confession had been entrusted with the secret. If such were the case, it perished with the twain. A few weeks after this singular occurrence, the holy man died of a malignant fever; and soon after, intelligence reached the island that the lugger had been run down in a fog off the coast of Holland, and every soul on board had found a watery grave.

"Never was an orphan," continued the rejected recruit, "more hardily brought up, or more wildly educated. When able to run about, I was removed from the fisher's hut to the headsman's cabin; and it is but justice to my protector to say, that whether he had received any consideration from the drowned mariner for my future maintenance, or that humanity alone induced him to support a friendless child, I was kindly taken care of. I thrive apace. The islanders are short of stature; and at twelve years old I was taller than my foster-brothers by the head. I rowed, swam, climbed rocks, fished, sailed a boat, better than any boy of my own age in Innisturk. In these accomplishments my education was comprised. I knew not a letter of the alphabet—and had scarcely seen a printed book, save the priest's breviary, when that important personage made an occasional visit to the island to shrieve, marry, and baptize, and in return, carry to the mainland, in place of dues, a boat-load of dried fish and knitted hosiery.

"My twelfth year was the important epoch of this humble life. You asked my name, sir, and seemed surprised at my being unable to answer that simple question. My ignorance on this common-place matter—for even the beggar has a name—is, however, easily explained.

Irish superstition requires that a child shall be christened as soon after birth as possible, and no time was lost in having that rite conferred on me; but, of course, a difficulty arose as to what name I should be called by. The priest was puzzled; but, after a short consideration, that of my protector was selected, and I was called Brian. As there were several of that name in the island, and I had no surname to distinguish me from the rest, they named me after a gentleman immortalized in Irish song, and I obtained the *sobriquet* of O'Linn.

"For several years smuggling on the western coast rapidly decreased, —the government seemed determined to suppress it, and vessels of superior sailing powers were substituted for the useless revenue cruisers, at whose abortive efforts to interrupt their demoralizing trade, the contraband adventurers of France and Holland had merely laughed. But things were altered now; the old cutters and their antiquated commanders were discarded, and their place supplied with the fastest small craft in the navy, under active officers, whose vigilance was unsleeping.

"At sunset, and so distant that only her square-headed gaff-topsail could be seen from the look-out point of Innisturk, a vessel was discovered. The direction in which the stranger had appeared, was that in which smugglers were generally first detected by the islanders; but the winds were light, evening closed, the ocean-mist hid her from view, and all was mere conjecture. Next morning, everybody in Innisturk was astir before daybreak. The dense fog, which frequently in autumn harbingers a warm day, shrouded the sea, and none could penetrate the haze beyond a cable's length. Suddenly the booming of a distant gun was heard. It was the long-expected Jane, and all were rushing to the cove to launch their boats, and answer the smuggler's well-known signal, when another and another sharp report of shotted cannon broke through the thick sea-mist, and ended all uncertainty. The smuggler, doubtless, was on the coast—and just as certainly she had been discovered by some King's ship, which now was chasing her. Three or four guns, discharged in quick succession, confirmed the fact. A summer-fog at times disperses rapidly, and, like the smoke-wreaths which curtain artillery for a brief space, before they evaporate in upper air, the haze rolled away, and, far as the power of human sight could range, the ocean was unfolded. A league to the south-west an immense cutter was discovered standing out to sea, and, scarcely beyond reach of her battery, a man-of-war brig of the largest size was seen astern in chase. The wind was light but steady, and both vessels under a press of canvass. In a few minutes the sailing qualities of the pursued and the pursuer could be correctly ascertained: when the breeze freshened, the King's ship gained slightly on the chase; when it fell, in turn the smuggler crept away.

"As the cutter was obliged to keep three points off the wind to clear the island, the course she steered was most favourable to the brig; but, once the outer reef was passed, there was no doubt that she would haul up close, a point of sailing on which she was immeasurably superior to her square-rigged follower. To round the reef was consequently the smuggler's object, and to secure her before she could effect it, was the determination of the man-of-war. The breeze became lighter, the cutter crept away, and in half an hour it was quite evident she would weather the gull-rock reef, and then be enabled to haul upon the wind, and choose her favourite point of sailing. That once accomplished, enough was known of the sea-going qualities of the Jane to

convince those who pursued, and those who witnessed the chase, that the smuggler's escape would be a certainty.

"That this was also the opinion of the captain of the cruiser was speedily evinced. A bustle was visible on board the brig, and in less than five minutes three boats were over the vessel's side, and, stoutly manned, they pulled off in pursuit of the receding smuggler. Although the scanty wind had permitted the cutter to increase her distance from the King's ship, the boats gained fast; ten minutes would bring them alongside; and the question mooted by the islanders was, whether the Jane would strike or fight? That she would desperately resist was the prevailing opinion. All knew that she was well armed, manned by eighty daring adventurers, and commanded by an outlaw; and five brief minutes proved that the islanders had come to a true conclusion.

"Keeping a correct alignment, the boats pulled steadily and rapidly towards the devoted smuggler. Distance momentarily decreased, and they were now within musket-range of the cutter. Aware that a conflict or capture was unavoidable, the rover's course of action was quickly decided. The helm was suddenly put hard a-port, and the cutter's broadside presented to those who were about to become assailants.

"Nor was this demonstration an idle threat,—flash succeeded flash, and eight guns were discharged in quick succession. The round-shot fell so closely to the objects at which they had been directed, that one broke the oar-blades of the launch, and several struck the water, and flung the spray over the advancing assailants. The thunder of the smuggler's cannon was answered by the cheering of the boats' crews. A desperate struggle must in a few minutes follow,—the adventurers had crossed the Rubicon, and placed themselves without the pale of law,—while the bull-dog determination of the pursuers was evidenced by the vigorous exertions they made to close with their resisting enemy. The cutter's broadside was answered by the musketry of the marines and a carronade mounted in the launch, while the smugglers kept up a spattering discharge of small-arms. Presently her guns were reloaded, and run out for the second time through the ports. Scarcely a cable's-length separated the combatants, and in a few minutes the contest must be decided on the rover's deck.

"The carronades were coolly trained upon the men-of-war's people, and the word to fire was about to pass the captain's lips; but, ere a match was laid upon a touch-hole, a sudden puff came off the land, filled the cutter's sails, and she forged rapidly ahead, while, though surprised and mortified, the brig's boats strained every effort to keep the advantage they had gained. Fortune, however, had taken part with the adventurers. That capful of wind did not end, as it commonly does, in a dead calm, but precluded a stiff and steady breeze. In ten minutes the cutter had rounded the sea-gull rock, obtained her favourite point of sailing, heeled gracefully to the wind, and soon left her pursuers miles astern. The brig picked up her boats—and when the breeze at last had reached her, she continued in chase of an antagonist, with whom it was quite evident she had not now the slightest chance of closing. At sunset the man-of-war was only hull-down, while the smuggler was completely out of sight.

"The joy exhibited by the islanders at the escape of their old acquaintance, the Jane, was greatly alloyed at the loss of the advantages which they had promised themselves from the visit of the contraband trader. It was generally supposed that the narrow escape he had un-

dergone that morning would alarm Captain Matthews, and induce him to abandon all hope of landing his cargo on a coast already alarmed by his appearance. But this conjecture was erroneous—for in a character like the outlawed adventurer, danger always seems to increase determination. When night shut out the brig, the cutter changed her course, and stood in directly for the land; and, when morning dawned, there lay the smuggler still nearer to Innisturk, than she had been the day before, when the cruiser surprised her in the fog and chased her out to sea.

“When boarded by the island boats, it was ascertained that in her skirmish with the brig, she had several men slightly wounded, and one had been shot dead. He was not on the muster-roll of the cutter, or connected with the contraband adventurers in any way, but had merely taken a passage from Flushing, and paid most liberally for the same. From air and language, the smugglers set him down to be a soldier—and, when the corpse was examined, several old wounds were discovered upon the stranger's person, and told that this conclusion was correct. The cutter's crew described him as proud and taciturn, and one who repressed every attempt which had been made during the run from Holland, to ascertain his name, or the nature of the business which brought him to the coast of Ireland. On one subject he spoke with an indifference, which it was strongly suspected was assumed—and though his inquiries were artfully conducted, it was generally believed that one particular object was the end of his voyage to the west. A lady who had died at sea—a child who had been lauded somewhere on the Irish coast—were constantly, but indirectly, made a subject of inquiry and conversation. He professed great curiosity to ascertain under what circumstances the female had met her fate, and to whom the orphan had been confided. The transaction, it seemed, had occurred twelve years before; it was still wrapped in mystery; and from those whose lawless traffic had then brought them to the coast, he fancied that he was most likely to obtain the information he so anxiously required. Had anything been wanting to confirm the opinion that his had been a military calling, the carelessness he exhibited when under the fire of the brig's boats told that death and he were no strangers to each other. On examining his person and portmanteau, no document or paper could be discovered. His linen was that of a man of superior rank—his garments the clothing of a private gentleman. A purse containing fifty or sixty guineas and napoleons, with two foreign orders, were hidden in his trunk—and one solitary paper was found, but without signature or address, telling him that the different credits he required in England and Ireland, had been regularly arranged.

“The corpse lay upon the deck shrouded by a horseman's cloak, which concealed alike the features and the figure of the departed, and I know not what the secret impulse was which urged me to remove the covering. I did so. No parting agony had convulsed the stranger's form; his dark eyes were open; the lips were disclosed, and he smiled, or seemed to smile upon me. The hair was slightly grizzled; but toil or climate, not age, had changed that sable hue

• Which once to shame might bring
The darkness of the raven's wing.’

“The dead man's person next underwent a hasty scrutiny—it was the finest in mould and height I ever yet had gazed upon. Strange as it may appear, a feeling filled my breast that in the breathless clay which lay before me, I looked on all that was mortal of my father!

Mine was not a solitary delusion, if the belief were such. But I must not anticipate what afterwards occurred.

"In six hours the cargo of the *Jane* was transhipped into a number of country fishing-smacks which had promptly answered her returning signal, and the cutter occupied the remainder of the evening in trimming her ballast, filling her water-casks, and preparing for sea. Busily as these bold adventurers were engaged, it was determined that the unknown should be interred in holy ground; and, wrapped in his military cloak, the dead soldier's corpse was landed, and placed with silent respect beside my mother's grave. Matthews, in person, attended the simple obsequies; and when the corpse was committed to its kindred clay, he returned to my protector's house, and spent an hour in secret converse with the headsmen. What the subject of their conversation was, I can only infer from that which followed.

"'You are wanted, Brian, in the room,' said my foster-sister, and in obedience to the order, I entered the chamber in which the captain of the *Jane* and the potentate of Innisturk were seated. Brian Toole's house was the admiration of the island, and yet elsewhere its pretensions would have been considered very humble. It contained but three apartments—the centre was the kitchen—the lower chamber being tenanted by the males of the establishment, while the upper was the room of state. There, Brian and the female portion of the community slept,—there, the honoured guest was feasted—and, without even the imagination of aught indelicate, if he remained for the night there his couch was spread, and that too, with half-a-dozen of the fairer sex immediately beside him.

"When I entered this honoured apartment, both the outlaw and the headsmen regarded me attentively.

"'By Heaven! Toole, the likeness, as you observed, is marvellous,' exclaimed the smuggler.

"The headsmen nodded an assent.

"'Poor boy! how inveterately that cross-grained harridan, dame Fortune, seems determined to persecute thee! Come, cheer up, I believe that some sixty guineas, at present in my possession, are rightfully yours. I'll venture them for thy benefit next trip. If we have luck, the profits shall be yours; if we fail, why, there's a trifle at Flushing laid aside to meet a rainy day, and, d—n me, we'll try thy fortune a second time.'

"We accompanied the warm-hearted adventurer to the Cove, and rowed him to his splendid cutter; all was ready for a start, and, after a most successful landing, the *Jane* returned to Flushing, loaded a fresh cargo, and again, with a daring consort, sailed for the scene of her past successes. Matthews called himself the pet of fortune—no man had better right to arrogate that title—but fortune may be pressed too far.

"On the 22nd of September, 1821, both vessels, after a splendid run, made Achil Head, and at noon they were seen distinctly in the offing by hundreds collected on the high lands to disembark their cargoes. The breeze freshened to a gale—the gale became a storm—the sea rose awfully—and at six o'clock the hurricane was at its height. No living man could call to memory anything to rank 'its parallel.' Ruin marked its ravages on land; and on sea it was even more destructive. Among the endless calamities it caused, the loss of the *Jane* was included—she foundered in sight of her consort, and not a soul was saved.

"When the melancholy intelligence of the cutter's loss was carried to the island, great was the general grief. In the simple estimation of the islesmen, Matthews was the greatest man on earth; and with almost every individual of the luckless crew, the inhabitants were personally acquainted. I became the object of universal sympathy; my fortune they knew had been adventured in the foundered vessel; and with me, beggary was entailed on orphanage.

"'God pity him, poor child!' I overheard an old man whisper, as I passed him.

"'There is a God above us still,' returned the young girl he had addressed. 'Who can tell what luck is in store for you yet, Brian *avourneine*?'

"As for me, I repaired to the ruined abbey, as was my custom, sat down beside my parents' graves, and cried myself to sleep.

"A month had scarcely passed, and the loss of the unfortunate Jane still formed the all-engrossing subject of island conversation. The day throughout had been squally, and with evening the weather shewed no sign of improvement. Before dusk a large hooker approached the landing-place, and made a signal for a boat, which was immediately answered by the launching of the best upon the island. On nearing the sailing-vessel, two gentlemen were seen on deck—and when the boat got alongside, they expressed a wish to land, and inquired whether, as the weather was threatening, they could find on shore accommodation for the night? The headsman intimated that his house was heartily at their service—and, having ordered some wine and fresh provisions to be transferred from the hooker to the boat, they stepped on board, and were speedily pulled into the rock-bound harbour of Innisturk.

The appearance of the strangers was altogether different from any I had seen before. The elder, a noble-looking personage, was bordering upon his sixtieth year, while the younger, his son, was scarcely fifteen; and, from the air and manners of both, it was quite evident to the simplest islander, that they were of a class who rarely debarked upon this rocky speck in ocean. Brian's grand chamber was instantly placed at their disposal; and, with the assistance of their own attendant, and the supplies judiciously brought with them from the hooker, a comfortable evening meal was promptly prepared and served. After supper, the host was summoned to their presence; and his respect was not abated when the elder gentleman announced himself by name, and mentioned that he was proceeding down the coast to view, for the first time, a large estate, of which he had recently become the purchaser.

"It appeared that I had been noticed by both the strangers,—and a question put to the headsman as to whether I were his son, elicited from my kind protector a brief memoir of myself, which seemed to interest the listeners. With the good taste so frequently noticed in the conduct of even the lowest of the Irish peasantry, Brian Toole did not intrude upon his guests too long—and, when left to themselves, my singular fortunes were discussed by both.

"'Tis a strange world, after all, my son,' observed the elder gentleman, 'and there is a living romance connected with the story of this deserted boy which gives it an unaccountable interest. Let us have him in. Come, thou art the younger—call that poor lad, and our rough and honest host.'

"We were speedily in the stranger's presence. His questions were

addressed to me ; and their answers conveyed no more intelligence than that which he had already obtained from my protector. After a short conversation he signed to me that I should withdraw. I rose, and obeyed the order,—quitted the cabin,—and proceeded to the ruined abbey, where, as I believed, the bones of both my parents were reposing.

“It was a wild and blustry night. The moon was at the full ; but from the rapid carry of the clouds the light she threw was partial, —sometimes she poured her glorious flood upon cliff and ocean, until all within leagues were visible as ‘at noontide prime,’—then

‘Came racking o’er her face a cloud,’

which shut all around in twilight. I knelt beside the double grave ; I kissed the grass that covered it ; then, with a simple prayer for their souls’ repose, I hurried back to the cabin of Brian Toole, and, as it turned out, for the last time. While at the abbey my fate had been decided,—and the lonely island where my infancy was passed was now to be deserted.

“Brian Toole, surrounded by all his household, was sitting before a sparkling fire of driftwood. The visitors were gone to rest, and my return had been anxiously expected. Some grand event had evidently occurred — the headsman looked unusually important ; and the company appeared to wait the result of something about to be disclosed with more than common interest.

“‘Brian, jewel!’ said the lord of the isle, as he shook the ashes from his *dudheine*, ‘the Lord—glory be to the same!’ and here the woman-kind devoutly crossed themselves,—‘has taken it into his head to stand your friend in trouble. Had the Jane—Holy Mary, look down in compassion on them that perished!—had she made her run, and broken bulk with common luck, ye would have been made up for life. It’s wonderful, Brian *a-vick!* when Fortune frowns her worst upon ye, how soon she looks bright again. Had Captain Matthews not met with an accident, and been drowned one blessed evening, you would have been well-provided for. Why, *Tummas-a-neilan*,* a cousin of my mother, commanded the Crazy Jane, and *Shawn-a-brantre*,† after he made his fortune, married a lady with a grand estate, and lived and died a justice of the peace. I always doubted that part of the story ; for John couldn’t tell a B from a bull’s horn ; but, no matter about that. I have an uncommon dale to say to ye if I only knew how to begin it. Brian, give me a grip of yer fist? The Lord sees I have regarded ye as my own ; and now that I’m about to lose ye, I never thought I cared half as much for ye as I do.’

“The honest-hearted islander applied the cuff of his coat to wipe a tear away ; and the fairer portion of creation, who formed the remainder of the audience, began to sob.

“‘*Badahust!*’ exclaimed the headsman. ‘Do ye want to waken the gentleman? Bad fortune attend yes! Listen, and let me discourse him quietly. Their honours, Brian, jewel! have taken a fancy to ye ; and God sees that, though I can badly spare ye, I have agreed to let ye go on trial, — for why should I stand between yerself and fortune? Here, *avournecine!* sorrow’s dry ; and ye had better wet yer whistle.’

“I put the glass of hollands to my lips ; returned it to my island patron, who turned the contents down, and thus continued:—

* Tom of the Island.

† John, the widow’s son.

“‘Brian, darling! it’s little they guess in Innisturk what the wide world is about. I have had larning and exparience, for ye know I was intended for the altar; but, my curse upon ye, Tony Gallagher! it’s yerself that was my desolation! Ye see, I had commenced my humanities at Maynooth, and came home in the vacation to see my friends, when what the devil does Tony do, but coaxes me to take a run in the Fly-by-night to Flushing. ‘Arrah!’ says Tony,—the arch dacaver that he proved!—‘devil blister the one will ever know ye smuggled a half-bale; and when ye’r regularly ordained, ye can give yerself absolution. May the Lord pity me! I listened to the villain. There lay the sweetest craft that ever dipped a lug; and, *mona sin diaoul!* I unfortunately consented.

“‘Well, away we went. My mother gave me her blessing, and full directions to bring her back a cotton-gown; and my father told me when I was in for a drink, never to sit with my back to the fire on any account; and if I came to harm, it wasn’t, ye see, for good advice; but Tony Gallagher and trouble always went hand in hand.

“‘The Fly-by-night was only in ballast trim; and, as it was wartime, the Channel was filled with cruisers. My heavy curse attend the same!’—and here the headsman turned down another flash of lightning. ‘This day, we were chased by a frigate; and the next, we were hunted by a brig; one evening, a cutter tried our rate of sailing; and on another, a schooner obliged us with her company. Egad! we had the heels of the whole; and ye might as well have followed a gull upon the wing, as spread canvas in pursuit of the Fly-by-night.

“‘Well, Brian, astore! we ran through the blockading fleet off Flushing in the night, and all but scraped sides with the admiral; and in eight-and-forty hours we were chok-full of schnaps and tobacco. At the ‘*Tros Broders*’ we had a jolly evening; and left the Scheldt at midnight. It’s an ugly navigation, and requires a man to know the banks well, before he dares venture to grope his way out; but Tony—Lord pardon him, the sinner!—could find green water as easy as he could the schnap-shop.

“‘We were clear of the English fleet at gun-fire; and when the day fully dawned, a look-out frigate and two sloops amused their crews with an hour’s exercise; but, Lord! we left them as if they were towing their anchors after them. Tony Gallagher was delighted to find that his lugger was so beautifully trimmed.—‘Brian,’ says he, as we spliced the main-brace in the cabin, after the frigate and sloops-of-war bore up to regain the fleet,—‘I think if every stick ould George has got was after us, we would give them the go-by between this and Innisturk.’ I agreed with him in opinion; but, upon my conscience, Brian, jewel! before the next sunset I had a good right to change the same.’

“‘This was a melancholy reminiscence; and before Mister Toole proceeded, he fortified himself for the task by discussing another thimbleful of hollands.

“‘We had cleared the sands, got safely through the men-of-war who in every shape and size were swarming on the coast of Holland, and at sunrise found ourselves fairly in blue water. The weather was rather thick, and the people were at breakfast, when suddenly the man at the mast-head shouted that there was a sail direct a-beam. The skipper seized his *bring-him-near*, and at a glance pronounced the stranger a whacking frigate,—not very pleasant news, for she was well to wind-

ward. The mist cleared; the stranger had kept a bright look-out; for before the glass was from Tony Gallagher's eye, he was making sail in chase, and crowding every inch of canvas he could spread from deck to truck. You may suppose that we were not idle in the lugger: fresh muslin was crowded on the Fly-by-night, and away we went together, with a mutual agreement that 'the devil should take the hindmost.'

"There was little fear but that we should have given the frigate leg-bail for our appearance, although she was beautifully handled, and every means to take the sailing out of her were tried. Tony had spliced the main-brace for the third time; and, while calculating the day we should likely make Achil Head, a boy aloft sung out that there was a sail a-head; and, as if we were not already enough in trouble, another bellowed that there was a brig on our lee-quarter, under a press of sail, and barely three miles off. I wished myself safe in Maynooth, and hard at my humanities again; but, upon my soul, my education was to be completed under a different professor—for Captain Clewline succeeded Doctor Dionisius O'Dogherty.

"To do Tony Gallagher justice, he sailed the Fly-by-night to fortune. But what could a man do, hampered as he was on every side? The frigate on our weather-quarter, a *channel-groper* a mile to leeward, and a clipping cutter right in the wind's eye. With us it seemed a sort of choice between the devil and the deep sea—still we cracked on the lugger, hoping, but not expecting, that some freak of fortune would work our deliverance. In avoiding too close a connexion with the brig, we were obliged to make an intimacy with the frigate—and in consequence, an unlucky two-and-thirty-pound shot took off our foremast at the partners,—and our story was told.

"A prize-crew were put into the Fly-by-night, and we were bundled into the frigate's launch, and brought with our traps on board the Dasher. Men at the time were worth gold, and Captain Clewline seemed to place more value on the crew than on the cargo of the lugger. Three-and-twenty strapping fellows were indeed a god-send; and, after a question or two, all my companions were rated on the frigate's books. I had from infancy a desperate dread of a man-o'-war—and, faith! when my turn came, I thought I would try if my humanities would save me.

"A smart lad,' said the schipper to the first lieutenant. 'Bred to the sea, eh?

"No, plase yer honour. I'm at present a student in Maynooth.

"And attending a course of divinity on board the Fly-by-night! exclaimed the lieutenant.

"What the devil brought you here? asked the captain.

"Not exactly the devil, I replied, plase yer honour; but I suspect strongly a near relation of the ould gentleman. And I looked at Tony Gallagher, who was already as much at home on board the Dasher as if he had been on her books from the launching.

"He'll make a smart top-man, with a little training, said the lieutenant.

"Book him, said the schipper to the clerk.

"Plase yer honours, I modestly remarked, I'm preparin' for the mission, and in three terms more—

"Pish! roared the captain. We'll give you a degree here in half the time.

"My father intends to breed me a priest—

“ And I to make you a sailor, added the lieutenant.

“ I have already half bound myself to the Church.

“ From which rash obligation, I hereby give you penary absolution, said the captain.

“ Both he and his companion broke into a roar of laughter. I was rated on the frigate's books; and in another month, when I should have been engaged with my humanities at the College of Maynooth, I was reefing topsails in the Bay of Biscay.

“ Well, if God's truth must be told, in a short time I was more than reconciled to my new associates. Captain Clewline kept us busy; but his was the employment that a sailor loves. This night, we cut out a privateer,—another, we dismantled a battery; at last, off Ushant, we fell in with a first-class frigate, and, though she was stronger by six guns and a hundred men, we took her in an hour.

“ I visited my home again—I went out half a priest, and I returned a whole sailor—and, of course, a wife followed a frigate. Here have I been resident five-and-twenty years; and, should things go wrong, Brian, jewel—remember you have a home in Innisturk,—and a heart and a half to welcome ye.

“ So spake the headsman, and with an aching breast I sought my humble bed. A strong yearning, secret and indescribable, led me to accept the stranger's offer. One feeling alone would have bound me to the island. In the cemetery of the ruined abbey my parents—at least I thought so—were reposing—and that was to me a sacred tie. Fortune, however, pointed her finger forward—her controlling influence was all-powerful—and I obeyed the call.

“ With a fine sea and sky, I quitted the island next morning. If prayers availed, I had enough to prosper me. Many a little memorial was offered and accepted, as I bade my playmates a last farewell; and when Brian Toole pressed my hand in his, and invoked God's protection on the fatherless; and when his boat shoved off from the hooker's side, a little woollen case, which had once contained a scapulary of his mother, with three bright guineas, fell upon the deck.

“ I picked the treasure up—looked after my kind protector—offered a silent prayer for the dead and living in Innisturk—and felt that

“ ‘ The world was all before me where to choose.’ ”

CHAPTER IV.

More passages in a young life.—Love will be the lord of all.—Loss of a protector.

THE visit of my new protector to his western estate was short, and in a fortnight I found myself domesticated in Carramore Castle. All within and around the domicile of Colonel St. George was replete with luxury and elegance; and, when contrasted with the rude and lonely home I had just abandoned, the mansion seemed a fairy fabric, and the domain which surrounded it a land of romance, such as one reads of in eastern tales.

To one wholly ignorant of mankind as I was, and whose knowledge of the world was as limited as the rock-bound isle on which his infancy had passed, the altered circumstances of my life at first appeared a dream. The story of my orphanage, and the mystery which wrapped my birth, were whispered round, and created an interest in

my favour that common-place boyhood could not obtain. The Colonel was rather eccentric in his fancies. What should have been my true position in society, none could more than guess. The presumption was that the authors of my being were not of the humblest grade, but to what order in the family of man they appertained, none could determine. My protector thought that, circumstances considered, to bring me up a menial would be unjust, and to bring me up a gentleman unwise; and, as a sort of middle course, he decided on placing me in the house of his head keeper. The Colonel was an ardent sportsman; in all the art and mystery connected with field-sports he was an adept: among the finest works of creation he assigned a foremost place to a steady spaniel and a staunch retriever. He was master of the finest and best-appointed kennel of foxhounds in the west, and, for the especial amusement of the fair sex, resident or visitant at the Castle, a collection of dwarf beagles were kept up of such diminutive dimensions, that the whole pack was frequently carried to the field in a couple of side-baskets across a cart-horse. In allotting a keeper's profession to me, he only selected that which he would have adopted for himself, had fate placed him in my situation, and permitted him the power of choice. I was consequently transferred at once to the care of Hugh Nevill, and, as far as the "science of venery" went, a more gifted Gamaliel never took a neophyte in hand.

But another and a better instructor was in reserve—and he was the neighbouring clergyman. Mr. Brownlow discharged a double duty, for to his church ministry he united the tutelage of my protector's sons. He had learned from the Colonel my strange and romantic history; my orphanage interested him: he visited me at the keeper's—was pleased with my appearance—and next day proposed to the lord of Carramore Castle to add me to the number of his pupils. A gracious assent was given, and I commenced my course of instruction under a man admirably calculated to impart it.

It is time I should acquaint you with some particulars of the younger branches of a family into which I had been so singularly introduced.

Lady Emily St. George was an Englishwoman of high birth, and, some years before, of considerable personal attractions. She was reported to be vain, proud, and cold. Her course of life had been marked by nothing to characterise it. In the prime of her years and her beauty she had passed the trying ordeal attendant on a fashionable career unscathed, and scandal and her name had never been associated. But hers was a negative reputation. If nothing evil could be adduced against her, no deeds of active charity or extended benevolence could be remembered; and, with ample power, had she possessed the inclination to do good, she regarded the family of man with apathetic indifference, and the weal or woe of others had no interest for her. In public, her rank and station in society commanded deference and respect; but in private, no orphan lisped her name with gratitude—nor in the widow's secret prayer was a blessing invoked upon her head, when the humble orison was offered to the mercy-seat above.

Her family was confined to William St. George, whom I have already noticed, and a younger brother, named Arthur; and no youths could be more dissimilar in temper, talent, person, and disposition. William, my young patron, was a bold, fiery, giddy lad, spoiled from

his childhood—his fancies unchecked from infancy, and permitted to run riot as they pleased. His person was well formed and manly—his face by no means handsome, but the expression exceedingly favourable. William was easily excited, and as easily appeased. Idle, and by no means quick, his literary acquirements were very unpretending. He was altogether unsuspecting, and generous to a fault. His attachment to field-sports was inveterate, and every hour in which he was not either in the saddle, or occupied with fishing-rod or gun, was by him set down as misspent time.

Arthur, in everything, was opposite. Younger by a year—in the parlance of the stable, he could buy his brother for a whistle, and twist the household round his finger as he pleased. In appearance, more than character, the kinsmen differed. Arthur, to a most intelligent and rather handsome face, united a defective person. By some neglect of his nurse, his spine had been injured while an infant, and, although not exactly a hunchback, like *Richard* he was—

"Scarce half made up,
And that so lame and unfashionable,"

as made him painfully remarkable. His mental qualities were very superior to his brother's, and, without a pretension to talent, he had made a respectable progress in his education, for he was both acute and industrious. With William, every thought was revealed, and "he who ran might read." Arthur, on the contrary, was impenetrable—none could fathom what he wished concealed, and, like his secrets, his purse could not be reached.

In estimating their children, the parents of my fellow-students altogether differed. William was his father's favourite, while Lady Emily idolized her second-born.

The very fact that William had fancied me, would have been quite sufficient to have made Arthur St. George my enemy. As we advanced in life, the jealous pique of boyhood grew into a fixed aversion; and, as his brother's partiality increased, his dislike to me became more rancorous. Personal considerations added fuel to the flame. William St. George was reckoned one of the finest young men in the barony, and I, though three years younger, overtopped him by an inch. With Arthur, the limbs elongated while the body remained *in statu quo*, and, "curtailed of this fair proportion," years only made his personal defects the more apparent, and gave him an eternal opportunity, when

"he spied his shadow in the sun,
To descant on his own deformity."

Five years must be passed over. In that period I learned to read, write, shoot, fish, break setters, whip hounds, and, indeed, acquired general information. The truth is, that although at twelve years of age I knew not a letter in the alphabet, at seventeen I had distanced my high-born companions. William swore that I was intended by nature for an archbishop, and Arthur knit his brows when I translated passages in the classics which he tried in vain to master.

Our schoolboy union was now about to be dissolved. William was gazetted to a cornetcy in the —th lancers, and Arthur sent to complete his education in Cambridge. Left alone, Mr. Brownlow invited me to live with him. He wanted an amanuensis, and requested my protector to allow me to take the situation. The Colonel hesitated to risk that experiment with one who could take a horse in and out of the

pound of Ballinasloe: learning might "be the spoil of me;" but finally he consented.

And yet, were the truth known, I would have far rather remained under the roof of Hugh Nevill. Good taste and pride led me to embrace Mr. Brownlow's flattering offer, but a stronger spring of human action bound me to the humbler domicile of the gamekeeper; and, when I removed myself and personal effects to the Vicar's, my heart remained in the cottage where my earlier years were spent.

"Bear with me, sir," continued the rejected recruit, "if I tax your patience with a love-story."

I smiled assent, and Brian thus continued—

Hugh Nevill had an only child—and Susan was younger by a year than I. Brought up from childhood together, our intimacy was unbounded,—and, as the world believed, we were destined for each other. Susan was more than pretty. With a description of rustic beauty I will not weary you; but all admitted that the keeper's daughter was the fairest girl within fifty miles.

But Susan was more than fair—she was gentle, warm-hearted, and intelligent. Such portion of the information imparted to me by Mr. Brownlow as was suited to a female's education I communicated to the keeper's daughter, and never had a young professor a quicker or a lovelier pupil. An intimacy so close as ours could lead but to one result. I loved with all the intensity of passion a first love only knows, and Susan faithfully and ardently returned it.

Two years passed, and their occurrences may be briefly noticed. The Colonel shot and hunted—his lady's time was pretty equally divided between her toilet and her flower-garden—William St. George was mostly with his regiment—and when Arthur was not at the University, he generally was wandering on the Continent. My life, although monotonous, was probably the happiest of all. My mornings were spent in literary labour—my evenings in the society of my beautiful mistress.

From this period I have to date the commencement of my misery. The heir of Carramore Castle had attained his majority, and it was made an occasion for feasting and gaiety at the mansion. Arthur had returned from Italy to be present at this scene of general festivity—and would to God he had remained where he had been!

While the gentry for miles around were collected and entertained, the tenantry were not forgotten. A rustic ball was given, and, of course, the sweetest girl in the barony was not omitted in the general invitation. Until this unhappy fête, to Arthur St. George, Susan Nevill was almost unknown—for he held manly amusements in contempt, and, consequently, never visited the keeper's cottage. Three years had elapsed since he had last met Susan,—she was then a mere girl who gave promise of future prettiness. He had not watched her loveliness gradually develope; when suddenly beauty, in full maturity, was unexpectedly presented to his view. To look, and love, and determine to possess, instantly resulted. The reckless ardour, with which William would have sought the object whom he fancied, might have been considered dangerous, but Arthur's slow and calculating method of pursuit, was more to be dreaded than the open libertinism which marked his brother's gallantries.

It was on this occasion, that my younger patron requested me to visit him in Dublin, where his regiment was quartered; and I, who had

never seen a city, gladly accepted the invitation. Arthur's feelings towards my fair mistress were carefully concealed, and with consummate art he masked his future purposes. I left Carramore in false security—no honourable suitor for Susan's hand was to be feared—we had already plighted our mutual troth—the keeper knew and sanctioned the engagement—and at a period not very distant, it had been arranged that our fortunes should be united indissolubly.

My young protector had provided a lodging for me close to the barracks, and I spent most of my time in his apartments. Never was a being more anxious to sink the superiority which birth and property conferred; and, to his aristocratic companions, he introduced me with such good taste—as a favourite *protégé*,—and threw so much romance over my simple history, that by all I was graciously received, and treated rather like an equal than an inferior. I found him in the very vortex of elegant dissipation—admired, courted, followed. All that fashion prescribes, and luxury requires, were his profusely. His equipage, horses, and servants, were on a scale of magnificence, that none among his high-born associates presumed to emulate—and would that his extravagance had terminated there! He had formed an unhappy *liaison*, and closed the large amount of his imprudence by adding to the list a beautiful and worthless mistress. Her he had established in a pretty cottage two or three miles from town and the second evening after my arrival, he brought me in his tilbury to sup with Mrs. Montague.

I had read books enough—but that of man to me was still a sealed volume. To a very pleasing person, the lady united some showy accomplishments, and a polished and insinuating address. Prepared by the kind and flattering sketch which William St. George had drawn of his humble friend, my reception from Mrs. Montague was most flattering. Her conversation was light and entertaining—her manners particularly easy: she had the happy knack of making everybody at once at home; and when I retired at midnight to the chamber that had been prepared for my accommodation, I came to the determination, that if a man could be pardoned for taking that fashionable article most likely to lead him to the devil—to wit, a mistress,—William St. George might plead circumstances in mitigation of the offence.

I have already stated that the disposition of the heir of Carramore was open and unsuspecting: and, in his domestic arrangements and intercourse with Mrs. Montague, this peculiar trait of character was strongly evidenced. Several of his military friends were not only visitors, but intimates in this suburban retreat. They came and departed as they pleased; and seldom a day passed over, that a lancer or two were not at the cottage to lunch, and, probably, a fresh relay arrived for coffee. I, by my protector's especial wish, was placed on what he termed "the strength of the establishment," occupied a chamber in the villa, and was left to keep watch and ward over the treasure it contained.

His absences were frequent, and, at times, protracted even to three days, and of course I remained in very dangerous society. Deem me not vain when I add, that from the first moment of my introduction to Mrs. Montague, that lady marked me out as a most decided favourite. All that consummate art could do was done to lead me to own the power of her attractions—for she little knew that a counter-charm had rendered me impenetrable to woman's witchery. Well, in good time, she ascribed

my indifference to *mauvaise honte*, and determined to cure that infirmity; dead to every feeling that even the most worthless should respect, she made the essay.—failed, and became my mortal enemy.

The poet says—

“Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman spurn'd;”

and I experienced its sad truth.

Over the occurrence which led to the most painful moment of my life, I draw a veil. It is enough to say, that Mrs. Montague did not succeed in shaking my fidelity to my patron, and that early next morning, I left the cottage. Arrived in town, I let hours pass away, wondering what course I should pursue, and how I should disclose the infamy of his false mistress to her dupe. I wrote,—recited in plain terms the discovery I had made,—and, in a few hours received an answer declaring his total disbelief of what he termed my false and slanderous assertions—and, taxing me with perfidy and deceit, he bade me an eternal farewell. Upon the cause of quarrel he enjoined the strictest secrecy—intimated that he would not mar my fortunes by an exposure—and assured me, that what had passed should only be known to ourselves.

Great God! was ever wretch so foully and so innocently maligned and persecuted? In the fullest integrity of purpose I had acted—and the consequence was that I was made the victim of principle—and my best friend alienated from me, and for ever! The artful wretch had triumphed over poor William's unsuspecting nature—persuaded him that I had made insolent advances, which she had virtuously and indignantly repelled—and that, in revenge, I had endeavoured to ruin her in the estimation of the only man she ever loved.

I hurried from the metropolis, and none can fancy the agony of mind I underwent. My kind tutor and faithful Susan remarked the sad change which my ill-starred visit to the capital had wrought, and both gently urged me to confide the secret misery which racked my bosom, whose ravages my sunken eye and pallid cheek betrayed. But I obeyed the injunction I had received from one whom, with all his faults and follies, I regarded with brotherly affection; and although my first concealment of thought or act from either caused Susan many a tear, and Mr. Brownlow much uneasiness, I maintained a painful silence on the unhappy occurrence which had dissolved my friendship with William St. George.

Another cause of great unhappiness added to my other sorrows. Arthur had merely visited Carramore, as it was said, out of compliment to his brother—and on the conclusion of the festivities in honour of William's majority, it had been announced that he would leave Ireland for a year. On my return home, I found him still an inmate of the Castle—and, stranger and more suspicious yet, a daily visitor at the cottage of Hugh Nevill. Artfully he framed apologies for these frequent calls so well, that they created no suspicion but to me. In some matters love may be blind, but in others he is confoundedly sharp-sighted.

I must confess that from the first moment I made the discovery of Arthur's visitings, a deadly feeling of evil anticipations filled my soul—nor did his altered manner towards myself remove my secret apprehensions. When we met at the gamekeeper's—which we did

frequently—his manner to me was bland, and more than friendly. Why should this be? I felt its insincerity, and my heart whispered me to beware!

A month elapsed; no hurried scroll had, as it was his wont, come to the Vicarage from William. Once or twice Mr. Brownlow had noticed this circumstance, but I evaded his questions.

One morning a voluminous letter was waiting for me when I came down to breakfast. At first I did not recognise the hand-writing, but the seal was William St. George's. I broke it—ran my eye rapidly over the contents—and, when I had perused them, flung the letter across the table to my excellent friend, and rose and sought the window to hide my agitation. The fatal letter—fatal, indeed, it proved—ran thus:

"Ill-used and faithful Brian, how shall thy erring friend address thee? At this moment, what pains me deepest is the gross return I rendered to thy faithful honesty. A crisis impends—in four-and-twenty hours I may be rated among the living, or numbered with the dead; and, should it be my last request from man, I write to ask your pardon. No more of this—and now for particulars.

"That infernal woman—oh! what a fool I was!—did with me as she pleased. Her tact and artifice were matchless; and, would you credit it? there was not a man in the garrison who did not know her infamy, save one—myself! I—the double-d—d dupe of a heartless courtesan!

"I know not wherefore, Brian, but at times doubts of Mrs. Montague's fidelity crossed my mind, and my good angel whispered that you were true to me as steel; and, when I remembered the past, I came to a conclusion I wished to avoid, and confessed that I had grossly wronged you. Curses light upon the traitress! Again and again I had determined to break the thrall which bound me; but her influence was irresistible, and, flinging my better judgment to the winds—idiot that I was—I wore my fetters still.

"Darnley, as you know, was a favourite; and, if ever man was bound by every tie of gratitude to another, he stood in that relation to me. 'Twere idle to name the causes—but they existed; and he, false scoundrel! admitted them in private, and was loud in his acknowledgments for the services I had rendered him.

"Yesterday, in turn of duty, I mounted the Castle guard,—and, as I slept the preceding night at the Cottage, I was obliged to rise unusually early to reach the Royal Barracks before the relief marched. Fanny—the girl you so much disliked—had quarrelled with her mistress.—I know not what the cause was,—but whatever it might have been, it raised in the revengeful attendant the deadliest animosity towards the offender. Mrs. Montague was still asleep—the groom had gone to the stables to bring the horses round—and I was standing at the door placing a flower I had plucked in my button-hole, when a light tap upon the shoulder made me look about, and Fanny was standing at my elbow.

"'Are you for guard, to-night?' she observed, with a look that fixed my attention instantly.

"'I am,' I replied; 'why do you ask the question?'

"'Oh! merely to tell you that you need fear nothing for our safety. A kind and considerate friend of yours will afford us his protection.'

"'Hell and fury! what mean ye? Speak, girl?'

"She smiled as she cast on me a mingled glance of pity and contempt.

"If it were necessary to speak more, I have already spoken too much," she coolly answered. 'Here comes Henry and the horses, and I wish you a pleasant ride,'—and, turning into the passage, she hummed a stave of the old ballad—

"Oh! she loved a bold dragoon,
With his long sword, saddle, and bridle."

"You may readily imagine what was the effect of Fanny's mysterious, yet intelligible communication. Damning doubts arose—and, when I called to mind your candid and honest *exposé* of her infamy, I marvelled at the strange infatuation which, even for a moment, would allow me to question your well-known truth and become the dupe of a specious *intriguante*: What was to be done? Act promptly on the information—unmask the false woman who had betrayed—and take vengeance on the false friend who had insulted me.

"Promptness was required, but so was prudence; and I determined to consult Major Howard, and be guided by his advice as to the course I should adopt. I rode directly to his lodgings—found him dressing for parade—related the morning scene with Fanny—confessed the tale of infamy you had communicated, and asked his counsel.

"My dear boy," he said as he took my hand, 'you have made a discovery at last, that all the world for months before, were well acquainted with—and, excuse my frankness in conveying a disagreeable truth, you have by turns elicited the pity and the laughter of your companions. Nay, do not colour so—yours is but a common-place occurrence—thousands are every day fooled by worthless women, only that generally the thing is more discreetly managed. Indeed, your amiable friend thought any attention to appearances quite unnecessary, and fooled you to your face. Well, I rejoice that even now, at the eleventh hour, the delusion has ended, and that you have ample power of detecting an ungrateful wretch, and flinging her from you for ever. Have you no suspicion who her paramour may be?'

"Not I, by Heaven! I never doubted her—or dreamed that one who artfully induced me to believe that I engrossed her whole affections, could play me false.'

"Well, you are on guard for to-day. Go to the Castle with the relief, and, after the guard is trooped, under a plea of illness another subaltern shall take your place. You must keep close—and, the lady, left in full and false security. I have little doubt from the hints given you by her faithful companion, that the favourite swain will most probably honour the cottage with his company—and if a shadow of unbelief remains of the fair Montague's infidelity, why the chances are that you will obtain ocular demonstration. Now, in God's name, be off! Hurry to parade—and in an hour or two expect me at the Castle.'

"I did as Howard advised—dressed and mounted—accompanied the relief—and put suspicion at defiance.

"In the course of the morning, Lord Alfred Crosby took my duty—and Major Howard and I repaired to an obscure hotel, where we dined and passed the evening. It was almost midnight before I thought it prudent to repair to the cottage—and, having procured a jaunting-car, I drove to a public-house in its vicinity, discharged the vehicle, and proceeded on foot to the abode of my faithless mistress. I had armed

myself with pistols,—but, at the urgent entreaty of Major Howard, I gave him the weapons, and from what afterwards occurred it was a prudent precaution in my friend.

“I entered the garden that surrounded the domicile of Mrs. Montague by a pass-key, which I used occasionally when detained in Dublin to a late hour. The clock struck one, and the cottage was wrapped in silence. I was aware that the whole establishment had retired for the night—for no light was visible but that from a lamp which burned always in the hall. The pass-key gave me admission. I took the light up—entered the eating-room, and found the fragments of the evening meal which still remained upon the table. Mrs. Montague had not made a solitary supper—for the plates and glasses told that a second person had been present.

“I lighted a candle—replaced the lamp upon the hall-table—and quietly mounted the stairs. The bed-room door was fastened, but through the dressing-room I could gain admission to the lady's chamber. A dress sabre was hanging from a peg. I took it merely for self-defence.

“Before I entered the apartment, I recalled to memory Major Howard's parting admonition: ‘Whatever discovery you make—whatever may occur to pain your feelings or wound your pride—let nothing cause you to lose command of your temper. The deeper the injury, the cooler it becomes the injured to remain, until he exacts the full measure of satisfaction for the offence received.’

“Shading the candle with my hand, I stood at the bottom of the bed. The slumbers said to wait upon a guiltless pillow, had sealed the sparkling eyes of Mrs. Montague,—and, sleeping by her side, lay Captain Darnley, my very excellent and grateful friend, whose commission I had preserved the month before, by becoming responsible to his creditors for upwards of two thousand pounds.

“You, Brian, who know so well the natural warmth of my temper, will scarcely imagine with what coolness, by the evidence of my own eyes, I satisfied myself that the woman I had so lavishly supported, and—let me own my weakness—so fondly loved, was worse than worthless—and that the man I had preserved from ruin and disgrace, had returned this good service by dishonouring his preserver. I tore the curtains open—raised the candle high—and, in an instant, disturbed by light and noise, the guilty pair started from their broken sleep, and encountered a basilisk glance which might have slain them. The faithless woman uttered a piercing scream, and hid herself beneath the bed-covering; while, with a gaze of terror and surprise, Darnley stared at his outraged benefactor, and shuddered to perceive the naked blade glittering in my hand, which no doubt he expected next moment would be buried in his heart.

“‘Fear nothing, sir. Scoundrel as you are, I scorn to take you at advantage. Rise and dress. Follow me down stairs—and in the drawing-room you will find the fellow of this weapon at your service, and me in readiness to receive you.’

“I left the apartment—rang the bells loudly—called up the servants—and had the apartment in which the intended encounter was to take place lighted up, and the ottoman and tables cleared away. I laid a second sword on a chair beside the door for the accommodation of my excellent friend. Both weapons were King's order pattern, and of course precisely similar.

"From time to time I turned my eyes to the mantelpiece, and, everything considered, fancied that the gallant captain was rather elaborate at his toilet—for more than half an hour had elapsed, and still my more favoured rival did not appear. Another ten minutes passed away, and, becoming a little impatient, I rang for Fanny, and desired her to present my compliments to Captain Darnley, and acquaint him that he had been expected in the drawing-room. The *soubrette* returned promptly, and intimated that my too fortunate competitor in love was not forthcoming, but had, while I was preparing all below for his reception, taken an unceremonious departure through a back window, and that too in such light marching order, as even to dispense with every garment save the one which is always considered indispensable.

"The bird was flown, and it would be useless to make any search after the fugitive. I knew where he was to be found next morning—and I felt that my conduct was such as would give satisfaction to my friend and adviser Major Howard, and prove to him that his counsels had not been unheeded. I ordered a bed to be prepared—and, previously to retiring, dispatched a message by Fanny to her mistress, intimating that the earlier the next morning Mrs. Montague could change her residence, the removal would be the more agreeable.

"At eight o'clock I rode into town to-day—called on my friend the Major—told him what had occurred, and met with his fullest approbation touching the course I had pursued. Darnley had gained his rooms, Heaven knows how, after his evasion from the cottage. I took the earliest opportunity of offering him a mortal insult—and horse-whipped him on parade, and in the presence of the whole regiment.

"I need scarcely add that he sent a message, which, as a matter of course, has been accepted. Our meeting has, however, been delayed. Not an officer would act for him on the occasion, and he has been obliged to dispatch a courier some fifty miles into the country, to obtain the services of a kinsman. At eight to-morrow evening we meet."

The letter went into some private details not relevant to the affair, and concluded with a most affectionate valediction.

As I concluded a perusal of William St. George's communication, dire forebodings of a fatal result filled my mind. I recollected that, on one occasion I had been present when the visitors at the cottage amused themselves with pistol practice, and that Darnley never missed the card he fired at. The terrible insult inflicted on him so publicly precluded every hope of accommodation; the quarrel was mortal, and there could be little doubt that nothing short of blood could expiate the offence committed on both sides. What was to be done? There was a stern injunction in the letter desiring me to conceal the affair carefully from the family. I dared not venture to disobey the command, and if I did, the knowledge that a deadly encounter was impending, would be only anticipating misery which, unhappily, might be too fatally and too soon realized.

I however determined to start instantly for the metropolis, and, having obtained a fast horse from the Castle stables, was enabled to catch the mail coach at the neighbouring stage. I reached Dublin at seven in the evening—flung myself on a jaunting-car—went at a gallop down the quays—reached the Royal Barracks—and learned from William's servant that his master, accompanied by two gentlemen, had driven out in his phaeton a few minutes before my arrival. I told him that I was quite aware of the affair, and that I had posted to town to

he present at the duel. To my question of where the meeting was to take place, he assured me he was in perfect ignorance, but, pointing to Major Howard then walking in the barrack-yard, he hinted that from him I should be most likely to obtain the necessary information.

I was known to the Major—and a brief conversation terminated in his giving me full directions which enabled me to overtake the combatants. The fourth milestone on the Ashburn Road had been named as the place of meeting; and the driver of the jaunting-car I had left in waiting, under the assurance of an additional half-crown, intimated that he would drive his best,—a promise he conscientiously redeemed.

The locality of the scene on which this affair of honour was to be transacted might have been clearly ascertained at a mile's distance before we reached it. Like wildfire, the intelligence of the intended duel spread—and men driving along the road at headlong speed, and peasants, who had left their spades in the furrow, bounding over ditch and drain, showed an Irish anxiety to be in time to see the coming fight. When we turned into a lane from the highway, the narrowness of the road impeded us considerably, and a struggle between two rival whips as to which should gain a field-gate, involved a question of precedence—and, both jumping by mutual consent from their respective seats of honour, proceeded to settle the matter in dispute by a personal combat.

I saw a ring consisting of probably, three hundred persons collected in the adjoining meadow, and there of course I should be most likely to find the combatants. I abandoned the jaunting-car, jumped the fence, pushed through the crowd, and found the duellists and their friends already on the ground they had chosen for bringing their quarrel to mortal arbitrament.

My hurried step and excited countenance led the lookers-on to suppose that I was personally concerned in the affair of honour, and they accordingly made way for me. The movement of the crowd occasioned William St. George to turn his eye in that direction, and he instantly recognized me. As the preliminaries were not quite adjusted, he stepped aside, seized my hand, and warmly pressed it.

"My poor boy!—my faithful friend!" were the only words he uttered, but the tone and manner in which these brief sentences were spoken I never shall forget. I had neither time nor power to reply. Captain O'Brien, his second, beckoned to him—pointed to a glove upon the ground, and William St. George placed himself behind it. The same ceremony was performed to his principal by Darnley's friend—and the duellists confronted each other at the short distance of ten paces. The crowd opened behind the combatants, and, in a double line, awaited the issue of the next minute in breathless silence.

I examined the countenances of both—and never did men whom a few seconds might hurry into eternity appear so little perturbed. But cool and collected as they were, could the expression of the face be relied upon, under that calm exterior the deadliest conflict of secret passion was concealed. The hostile attitude they stood in recalled feelings of mortal animosity. In the man before him, William St. George saw one who had treacherously and painfully dishonoured him; and Darnley, in fancy, writhed again under the lashes of a whip ignominiously inflicted on him in the presence of a regiment. In one circumstance the appearance of the combatants was dissimilar. The flush of anger coloured St. George's cheeks; while the bloodless hue, which often

betrays the deadliest animosity, left Darnley's pale as "the sheeted ghost."

The last and fatal minute which preceded the fatal *dénouement* of the drama, I never—never shall forget; and, could half the misery of a life be concentrated into that short span, I do not think its whole amount would reach to what I suffered. Not a murmur was heard from the crowd—the seconds, mid-distance between the principals, exchanged a few brief sentences in too low a voice to reach the lookers-on—they separated—approached their respective friends—and placed a pistol in the hand of each. Stepping two or three paces out of the line of fire, they stopped—and Captain O'Brien, with marked emphasis, observed—

"Gentlemen! The words are 'Ready—Fire!' Do you perfectly understand me?"

The combatants assented by a bow.

With an interval of a couple of seconds between them, the fatal words were spoken. Both pistols exploded so simultaneously that they seemed to have but one report. My eyes were fixed upon William St. George. Great God! as the word *Fire!* was ringing in my ear, he made a stagger forward, and fell to the ground—a dead man!

THERE WAS A TIME IN INFANCY.

THERE was a time in infancy, I well remember now,
When seated on my mother's knee, with grave and thoughtful brow,
I listen'd to some tale of heav'n, and spirits far away,
Then clasp'd my little hands in hers, and both knelt down to pray!

How tenderly she taught my lips to move in accents mild!
How fervently she breath'd the hope that *He* would bless her child,
When lonely, in a chilling world, his way he should pursue,
Without *one* heart to beat for him, affectionate and true!

And speaking thus, more tremulous, she would my arms entwine,
And press her cheek bedew'd with tears still closer unto mine!
With feelings hallow'd by commune, would fold me to her breast,
And sing some touching melody to lull me to my rest!

Remember?—ay, that look of love can never be effaced,
Though seasons long have fled since the living lines I traced;
In the visions of my early days, that riper years pourtray,
The mother's smile that bless'd me then will never pass away!

I see it when I wander 'midst the crowded walks of life,—
It is my star of guidance through the shoals of mortal strife;
Or, when secluded from the world, my thoughts are homeward bent,
Amidst the forms that greet me there, an angel one is blent!

When shadows veil the brow of night mine eyes can tranquil close,
While conscious that a wing of love doth shelter their repose;
And when in dreamland borne away—endearingly and sweet
Amidst the glories cluster'd there that gentle mien I greet.

Companion of my solitude! for such I deem thou art,
Still, mother, to my pilgrimage thine influence impart;
And cheer my spirit with the hope, although its eve be nigh,
The smile that brighten'd in decline will herald it on high!

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF
WESTPHALIA,
BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

THE road was now nearly clear, except of the military before-mentioned; for as the fugitives, on coming out of the town, perceived the Russian artillery upon the heights at no great distance, and heard their fire, they stopped, and knew not whether or not, or where to proceed. Without any long consideration I hurried on, thinking, with a heavy heart, upon my poor comrades; when suddenly, having walked about half a league, I discovered a small sledge to which a miserable horse was harnessed, whipped on unmercifully by the driver beside it. I observed at the same time a person lying in the sledge. Now and again a ball came whistling across the road, and then redoubled strokes upon the weary beast, which could hardly put one foot before the other. I soon overtook the sledge; and who can picture my astonishment when in the merciless coachman I recognised my faithful servant, and my poor Brand in the master of the sledge! In our surprise and joy we cried out aloud; Brand wept like a child, and drew a good omen from this happy encounter. Neither of them had tasted food, and I hastened to share my loaf and my bottle of rum with them, which poured new life into their veins. My first inquiry was for my comrades; and I learned that they for a considerable time had laboured to get the carriage on; but that at length, having arrived at a spot where a great fire had been, and where they found some shelter against the excessive cold, they renounced all farther exertion to that effect. Meanwhile my servant was able to procure this little sledge, with this over-driven horse, and put Brand into it, as the one more particularly belonging to me, and in the hope of finding me again, had quitted the others. To traverse Wilna had been utterly impossible with all his efforts, and he had passed the whole night attempting by side-paths to gain the great road, on which I found the poor fellows flying with all their speed before the enemy's fire. The greatest number of the wanderers out of Moscow who got as far as Wilna, certainly remained in it; some were made prisoners, and many died in consequence of their superhuman exertions; but as we advanced beyond the reach of the enemy's cannon the way was again almost choked with fugitives; and these augmented to such a degree, that, after ascending a hill, our path through the living, the dead, ruins, equipages, and impediments of all sorts, was blocked up, and we could not proceed with our sledge. We therefore unharnessed our horse, laid a heap of garments on him, and Brand's yet preserved parade chabrack, to make a commodious seat for our invalid, and then leading our tired hack by the bridle, undertook to penetrate through this chaos. Having succeeded, and the road being less encumbered, we sought for, and procured another sledge, to which we re-harnessed our jaded steed, and hurried onward, thinking that we should only be in safety after having crossed the Niemen, and therefore pushed on towards Kowno, which it took us three days to reach. Here, however, we found the place pallisaded on the Wilna side, and I, seeing the multitudes before the gates, despaired of making good our entrance; so I soon made up my mind, and struck out

of the high road for the purpose of crossing over the Niemen, which was happily executed.

As we once more attained the road on the other side of the town, a crowd again surrounded us; but my good luck brought me near a soldier who was carrying a great camp-kettle full of rum. I slipped behind him unobserved, drew forth my silver goblet, and dipped it cautiously into the perfumed liquid. The first robbery was for myself, I then repeated my experiment for Brand, and, thirdly, for my man: however, at my last plunge into my neighbour's property, he became aware of his unbidden guest, and turned round furiously upon me with his clenched fist. Some napoleons pacified him for the damage done, but no repeated offers of money could induce him to let me draw one goblet more of the rum.

The banks of the river rise to a considerable height on the other side of Kowno, and we had to pass through a deep hollow way in which lay a great number of baggage-waggons among overturned wheel carriages of every description; this defile was commanded by some French pieces of ordnance which were still serviceable.

Some Jews of Kowno had got wind of this treasure, as ravens do of carcasses at a distance, and a whole troop of them were at work plundering the rich contents of the upset military chests with greedy foraging hands. All on a sudden some cannon were fired into the very thickest of them, and, in a moment, the Jews fled with such velocity that they tumbled one over the other crying out lustily at the same time. Nevertheless, when we had gone on a short distance from them, we looked back and saw that already some of the boldest of them were again treasure-hunting, and, by degrees, the others rejoined them,—so far does the desire for gold outbalance the dread of death!

The frost penetrated us so dreadfully that we began to be quite benumbed; Brand's leg, thanks to the stolen waters, was greatly swelled, repose was urgently necessary for him, and the poor horse could move but slowly. Although we on this day, for the first time, had made but a small journey, we stopped at the next house on our road, left the sledge at the door, and hastened, unfeeling as we were in our benumbed condition, into a warm room without attending to the wants of our poor beast. Brand lay down near the stove, I and my servant near him, and we slept till midnight; then feeling myself somewhat invigorated, I went out to look after my equipage,—but equipage and horse were both away, which put me in great consternation on account of my invalid. Without saying anything of our loss to him, I called to my servant and imparted our misfortune to him, asking him what was now to be done?

"I will try and find another," was the consolatory answer of the brave Westphalian; and truly, as I soon afterwards was making in the room with Brand some preparations for our journey, the trusty fellow showed himself at the door, nodded his head, and signed to me to come. On leaving the house we found a sledge ready before it—better than the lost one; Brand was packed into it, and he then first remarked that it was not the same. Quickly went we on, and so much the more quickly as we had reason to apprehend a claim being put in for the sledge by the rightful owner.

We had journeyed on almost all day without breaking our fast and extremely weary with our course, when we came to a side-path on which were fresh traces of a sledge. I told Brand that I was deter-

mined, come what would, to turn off the high-road and try our fortune upon the side-path. No sooner said than done. In a short time we saw smoke issue from the chimney of a small farm-house. At a little distance we greeted it with indescribable joy, though we soon remarked that the inhabitants as we drew near took flight into an adjoining forest. But this did not annoy us, we took possession of the warm comfortable room, and discovered in the large stove, that in Russian houses answers many purposes, a quantity of roasted, or more properly, baked potatoes, which we fell upon without the ceremony of peeling them; filled our bread-wallet with them, gave hay to our horse, and stored our sledge with it, so that Brand was quite surrounded by it.

Although we would fain have gone to repose upon the handsome well-heated stove, we could not venture to do so, because from hour to hour the return of our involuntary hosts might be expected, and, as there was reason to dread, with a reinforcement sufficient to annihilate us.

We resolved, therefore, to pursue our journey upon the same track, and were lucky enough, at the distance of about a league, to arrive at an isolated Kretscham, whose owner, a Jew, (as is usual,) received us kindly.

During my earlier march through Poland, I had made myself well acquainted with the jargon of the sons of Israel, and always gained their good will by it,—upon this occasion too it was of the utmost advantage to me. The Jew was complaisance itself, and quite enraptured at my wonderful learning. My first question was "Have you anything to eat?" to which he gave the laconic but gratifying answer, "Is:" then followed one for brandy and a like affirmative, with an accompanying evidence of the same.

Here, during a few hours, we took exquisite care of ourselves; and our horse was equally well attended to, as I discovered through a very short dialogue, being too comfortable—I must add too fatigued—to look after him myself. "And how fares it with our poor horse?" asked I of my active Jew, to which he simply but satisfactorily replied "He eats!" At the same moment I heard the mamma inquire where the boy was, and his father reply in the usual form of speech, "Where should he be then? he is sitting in the chamber and eats."

I now interrogated my Jew as to where I could strike into the public road, which he indicated to me it is true, but added that it would be impossible to find it without a guide. I begged him to procure me one; he promised to do so, and left me in search of one. In the course of an hour he came back, shrugged his shoulders, saying, "The carles" (their common appellation for the peasants) "will not." I conjured him to try once more, and about two o'clock he returned and told me that one of the peasants had consented to accompany us.

I now quietly made an examination of my arms: I took for myself a well-charged gun, and my man was provided with a bright, sharp hunting-knife. These preparatory measures will not be deemed unnecessary when it is considered that our solitary road led through thick forests where it would be easy to fall upon us, or where a treacherous guide might decoy us into an ambuscade. However, thanks be to God, our fears were groundless, and at noon we arrived in safety at Marienpol, though meeting many obstacles, and always suffering from the deadly cold.

Our guide was dismissed, and we betook ourselves to an inn in which

we could hardly find shelter,—but, however, plenty of provisions. I could not, without vast difficulty, persuade my wounded companion to move from hence; he implored me for longer delay, but the prospect of soon reaching the Prussian frontier allowed me no repose or rest; and at two o'clock in the morning we were again *en route*. Next day we went no further than to Ludenowe, where—incredible luxury!—we found a litter of straw which was so enticing that we, for the first time, lay aside our upper clothing, the heavy money bags, and all our military appurtenances, that we might for once enjoy repose upon something better than the bare earth. At two o'clock I awoke and called aloud, but neither the landlord nor Brand could be roused from slumber. To myself also the warmth was beyond measure attractive; and, though with many a vain effort to the contrary, I sank back again into my straw, and soon afterwards to sleep.

Out of this I was suddenly awakened by a sharp current of air, which the heat of the room rendered more perceptible, and I became sensible of a running to and fro through the open door. Springing up, half asleep, to learn what might be the cause of this disturbance, I saw a crowd of Russian soldiers—partly of Cossacks, partly hussars—all well armed, rush into our chamber. We were soon surrounded; any resistance was useless; and all our past exertions and struggles to avoid this dreaded destiny had been made in vain. One of the soldiers colared me; I thrust him off: another aimed at my glittering cartouche-box, a third at my money-bag. I threw myself immediately upon that fellow in the hope of snatching from him my property upon which probably my whole future support in life depended; but the Cossack drew his sabre, and I, seeing the fruitlessness of my opposition, left him, since I could not avoid it, my comely pouch. He cut it open with a sharp knife, and upon surveying it quite full of double napoleons, his countenance became distorted by a grotesque grin. He clapped me on the shoulder, repeating the word “Caraschall! — caraschall!” and leaving the apartment in all promptitude, he threw himself upon his horse and disappeared. The vagabonds also took away my furs, but I had still the rest of my clothes and my large cloak; moreover, I had yet in one of my pockets a hoard that escaped the first rapid pillagers, for my purse contained five double napoleons, a ducat, with some money in silver, and how to save this was now my sole consideration.

As soon as I could slip away, I hastened to the stable and concealed the money, wrapped up in paper, behind a stone of the manger, and then returned to the common room. Here was a new irruption of arrivals who searched and handled me for watches and jewels. But I had lost mine—a gold repeater—on the way, for which reason Brand had given me his plain silver one, and it was now about me, yet so well concealed, that the scoundrels did not discover it. We were now taken into another house, where already were many prisoners; however, I was previously able to repossess myself of my treasure, and held it fast locked in my left hand.

In our new abode we found a non-commissioned officer of the hussars, who behaved with great civility, and ordered warm victuals and brandy to be brought us, but all the time had his eyes fixed upon our rings, though without asking for them. When I remarked this, I requested Brand to make him a voluntary offer of his, saying that I would do the same, for we could scarcely hope to be allowed to keep them. A many times repeated “Caraschall” was our thanks, besides a redoubled atten-

tion to our necessities. We every moment expected to be carried off; however, to our amazement, many of the soldiers rode away, and in a short time we saw the whole immediate neighbourhood free of the Cossacks.

And now we must try once more to make good use of our feet. We decamped, but as we were no longer so lucky as to have a sledge, we brought poor Brand away between us in spite of his terrible sufferings. If I quitted my companions for a moment he thought I was going to forsake them and made loud lamentations behind me, so that at length the thread of my patience snapped asunder, and I wished him in heaven! His distress augmented when he saw that I was displeased, but it may be imagined how this continual interpellation at my heels discouraged me, and obstructed my endeavours to find a place of refuge. At length we met a peasant whose language was a mixture of German and Polish, who gave us a good reception when I offered him payment for leave to partake of a meal, already prepared, of milk and potatoes. On a sudden the children bolted in and announced to us that the country round was swarming with Cossacks; next to them followed grown-up persons who added the consoling intelligence that a regular hunt of the French was determined upon, and that the Russians had sworn they would burn any man's house over his head who should harbour one of them. I vainly entreated the peasant to permit me to creep into the hay-loft; but his wife wept, and bewailed so much the misfortune which I was bringing upon her, that the husband remained firm in his refusal. I declared to him that I was ready to go, but begged him to take pity on my companion who, as he might well perceive, was incapable of proceeding.

Lieutenant Brand was a very young man at the time; that touched the rustic pair, and the peasant decided upon his metamorphose by means of a sheep-skin, which, in case of any inquiries, would enable them to pass him off for a relation of the family. The lucky fellow was posted in a corner of the stove. I left with him one of my double napoleons, quitted the place, and went to one of the kretschams where the prisoners were to assemble themselves. From this we were conveyed back to Ludwinowe, not to the former kretscham, which had proved so unfortunate to me, but to the house of another Jew, in which I immediately retreated to the stove, and drew myself into a corner. In the morning I felt a most vehement hunger, and creeping down, therefore, from my Olympus, I hastened to the small apartment, where the Jew had his counter. I drew the door to behind me, and, approaching the churl, asked him for something to eat.

"When the gentleman pays down his money, the gentleman shall have something to eat."

I answered him that I, in truth, had no money, but possessed what was money's worth, and would bargain with him about it if he could assure me that we were safe from interruption.

"Quite safe," the villain rejoined; and I, without suspicion of him, took my watch cautiously out of its hiding-place, and gave it to him. No sooner did the rascal hold it in his hands than he called in the Cossacks, transferred my watch to them, and pointed out my person as probably deserving of another search. I darted through the crowd like lightning, dealing my blows to the right and left, scrambled up my stove, and, with hurried hands, committed the last remnant of my wealth—my napoleons—to a little box, and lay down to sleep.

What I had feared came to pass; after a time I had a visit from the Cossacks, who found nothing to take except my gold embroidered parade waistcoat. That, indeed, was no indifferent booty, for those waistcoats cost forty crowns. They magnanimously left me my uniform, and in spite of my losses in the watch and the waistcoat, I still rejoiced at coming off so well. We were shortly afterwards taken back to Marienpol, where I again took up my quarters on the stove, so exhausted by hunger and cold that I could scarcely stir from it. As the town, in consequence of the pursuit or hunt after the French, swarmed with fugitives, and every house was full from the loft to the cellar, the Cossacks flitted from quarter to quarter, pillaging whatever they could. Our turn came; they stripped off the trowers from my body, and tugged so hard at a new silk handkerchief which a French commissary-general—an old man—had wrapped round his neck, that they almost strangled him. This brutality made my blood boil; and, observing a troop of regular cavalry riding by our house, I rushed out, and addressing myself to the officers, called to them in a loud voice,

“Gentlemen, is there a German among you?”

A young officer quitted the troop immediately, and riding up to me, said,

“I speak German, what is your desire?”

“We are treated here,” I cried, “contrary to the rights of men and of nations; we are indeed prisoners, but we may claim treatment pursuant to the usages of war and the laws of humanity. I require of you a safeguard.”

“Believe me,” replied the officer shrugging up his shoulders, “I feel deeply and painfully for the bitterness of your lot, but we have no power to protect you. The only advice I can offer you, and which may, perhaps, prove useful, since you have to do with an irregular, cowardly band, is to keep close to your comrades and to defend yourselves tooth and nail.”

He cordially pressed my hand, rode back to his companions, and I returned to my quarter, firmly resolved to follow the officer's counsel.

We accordingly barricaded the house-door, as well as that to the stable, which invariably in all Jewish hotels there, communicates immediately with the common room, and awaited the result. It soon arrived, a fresh party of Cossacks made their appearance, but we received them in so impressive a manner with brooms, sticks, or whatever came to hand, that the cowardly crew left the field, and never allowed themselves to be seen by us again.

Shortly afterwards a Jewish agent, in company of a non-commissioned officer of the Cossacks, rapped at my window, calling out at the same time, “Have you any Westphalians here?” to which I responded by a hearty “Yes!” and was beside him in a moment.

He informed me that several officers of those troops were together at a different inn, and had commissioned him (the Jew) to learn whether any of their countrymen might chance to be in some of the other public-houses, so that being united they could better support their common misfortune. Among them, to my great surprise, I found eight captains of the fourth regiment, whom I had met at Wilna, and among them my friend Von C—, who was evidently sick, and much pulled down. We stopped here several days. I changed away, with great caution, one of my napoleons, and had three remaining, besides my ducat,—three out of perhaps fifteen hundred; nevertheless, these few were a treasure in my condition.

On the evening of the second day a handsome Don Cossack walked into the room, who, holding out his open hand, came up first to me and demanded money. I held out mine to him open in the same manner, saying with a smile, "Take all you can find in it." The soldier laughed, went to my next neighbour, who shook his head; upon which he gazed keenly at us, and, calling to the landlord, ordered us brandy and white bread. He then felt in his pocket, drew from it a crown which he thrust into my hand with much good nature, took leave of us with a smile, rapped once more on the window, and the next moment was in his saddle and away.

I was endeavouring to hide my crown-piece, when an abominable grey cap, with a leaden crucifix, peeped out from behind the stove, which was soon followed by the owner of it, one of the Russian *levée en masse*, who came towards me, and stretching out his hand said, "Give it to me, Frenchman!"

What could I do? The crown, not yet warm in my hand, wandered instantaneously to that of the Russian—and my little present went as lightly as it came.

After that appeared a *soi-disant* Russian officer, who informed us in the German language, that he had been named as a sort of commandant there, and that his orders were to protect us wherever it was possible; on which account he required us to place forthwith in his hands until morning, whatever we wished to conceal, otherwise he could not be answerable for our property, because there was great marching through the town expected that very night. All assented to this proposal, and he begged me to draw up a list of the articles to be confided to him, which he would take care of. I did as he required; however, while I was writing, some mistrust of the man's integrity arose in my mind, and I resolved not to put my napoleons in the list.

The others gave not only their cash but also their valuables and their decorations; when it came to my turn and I made no offering, the Russian said to me with a look of amazement, "And you—have you nothing?" "Absolutely nothing," I replied; and then, unconcernedly concluding my list, prepared another for the Jew which he was to sign, and our officer marched off with his collection of valuables, assuring us at his departure that he should return on the following morning with four regular dragoons ready to escort us to Prinn. Neither commandant nor dragoons appeared at the appointed hour, and my comrades had thus been basely inveigled of their all.

Instead of regular dragoons, came, after the lapse of several hours, Cossacks and Baschkirs to escort us, who placed the officers, four by four, upon small sledges: however, it was a long while before we set out. Meantime, since robbing was so successful, everybody desired to have a hand in it; the country people, the townsfolk, the Jews, crowded together with this intention, and, as we were getting on the sledge, we were surrounded by a flock of these rapacious vultures. A tall, robust son of Israel aimed, to his misfortune, a snatch at my side-pocket, but scarcely had he laid his hand on me before I, already irritated at our long, unnecessary delay in the benumbing cold, and at our altogether not very enviable condition, jumped up and gave the audacious miscreant such a box on the ear as made him spin round like a top, before tumbling down in the snow, which was stained with the blood that streamed from his mouth and nose. The Cossacks, instead of taking his part and revenging his injuries upon me, almost burst their sides

with laughter. Their lively gestures expressed the utmost satisfaction at my proceeding, and one described to the other the exquisite joke with evident pleasure. They probably considered the Jew's attempt as an encroachment upon their own privileges, and my summary punishment of it therefore as perfectly just and conformable to their view of the subject.

During the whole journey our way had been through a forest, which afforded us some defence against the sharp, biting air, and at night we were quartered upon some peasants. My surtout and cloak had been taken from me at Marienpol, and, in order to replace those articles of apparel, I threw a Russian sheepskin over my uniform. Being always on my guard, I crept, as soon as the straw was prepared in our night-quarter, close under the stove; for I knew that the boors now were more to be feared than the hitherto plundering Cossacks, since upon the slightest resistance, they immediately put their victim to death. I awoke also in the night to a savage spectacle which was going on in the chamber, and as I cautiously looked round to see what was the matter, I saw some boors in company with a Cossack, who were stripping my comrades. In the uncertain glimmer of a dim light which was burning on the floor, I remained undiscovered by them, and happily, therefore, kept possession of my clothes.

The next morning we were taken on to Prinn, and found it full of Russian billeted soldiers. Notwithstanding the tremendous cold, we were left standing in the market-place, whereby my poor comrades, nearly naked as they were, suffered inexpressibly. One of them, Captain Schwndit, ventured to stray a little from the rest of us, and was seized in a moment by some marauders who took from him the last most indispensable articles of his dress. Our fury at this sight may be conceived; but each of us contributed in proportion to his means to clothe anew our ignominiously-bereft comrade, and I spared him my uniform.

We called again and again for our Cossacks, who were carousing in the houses, and as they at length made their appearance, and we demanded whether they had procured lodging for us, they explained to us, through signs and words, that the Russian soldiery would not by any means allow us to stop in that place, and that we must go further on. And now a fresh misfortune revealed itself; our boors had taken advantage of an unguarded moment, and made off with the sledges, it is true there was no baggage in them, but they were most requisite for our sick and wounded.

Trembling with cold and hunger we again set forwards, our Cossacks had been put in good humour by several doses of brandy, and drove us along quietly like a flock of sheep, among which I, as the most robust, took the precedence, and, God be thanked, with a yet unbroken spirit. The invalids their comrades placed in the middle, with poor Von C—, my before-mentioned friend, who was near death. The condition of this unhappy sufferer may well indeed have touched our leaders, for they sought by half-words and signs to make us understand that it was only one league to a gentleman's house, where we should be quartered for the night. This prospect revived, if not our strength, at least our efforts, and ere long we saw before us the house, which is named Roduppen; but alas! we remarked to our sorrow, that the house was garrisoned by Russian soldiers.

LOITERINGS ALONG LOVE-PASSAGES.

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

"So you really think, Arabella, that hot love is all nonsense?"

"Indeed I do; and your attempt at making it has confirmed my opinion."

This was all I "took by my motion," in trying to influence the heart of the prettiest pedant that ever lived, since the days when Lady Jane Grey preferred reading Plato to going out with her Majesty's stag-hounds.

Yet it is a shame to call Arabella Livesay a pedant, though her uncle, the Scotch Professor, did help to educate her, and did teach her Latin and Greek. Unless you knew her very well, you would never find this out. She is one of the merriest talkers in the world, and certainly in her society

"Cessat
Tecum Graia loqui tecum Romana vetustas."

She has not even anything classical in her profile. Her "retroussé" nose disdains both the Roman and the Grecian; and her bright black eyes profess no allegiance to the *Θεα γλαυκωπις Αθηνη*.

I have the claims of cousinhood with Arabella. She is to me one of those "soft semi-sisterly things" whose familiar fascinations Præd has described so feelingly. We were for a few weeks fellow-students, in my schoolboy times, when I passed one or two vacations in Scotland; that is now a good many years ago, nor have we seen much of each other in the meanwhile, but we sometimes touch on the old scholastic topics, and a peculiarly lively way of treating dead languages Arabella has.

She had ordered me to write her some verses, and, after hesitating for some time between modern and antique, I thought that by way of compromise, I would try rhyming Latin; so I began

Bella puella,	Munda, polita,
Dulcis ut mella,	Carior vitâ,
Cur, Arabella,	Moriar—ita
Rejicis me?	Diligite te.

She looked over the stanzas, and hummed them to the air of Rousseau's Dream. I read in her arch glance her coming criticisms, and hastened to deprecate them to the tune of Garry Owen.

Will the harp give its deepest and tenderest tone
To the hand that is carelessly over it thrown?
From the lip can the fulness of melody spring
When coldly and formally called on to sing?

Oh! 'tis only when loving and loved ones inspire,
That the soul finds its genius, and music its fire.
Our words, to be felt, from the feelings must flow;
From the heart they must come to the heart if they go.

It is not that thou hast no magic to charm,—
It is not that thou hast no beauty to warm.
Oh! thrilling those eyes in their sunshine must be,
But their starlight falls coldly though brightly on me.

“A truce to your apologies, Everard. I suppose you mean to say that there can be no poetry without hot love; if so, I am sorry for poetry, for hot love is all nonsense.”

This remark stopped my singing, and led to the question and answer which I have first recorded.

“I should like to try to convert you, Arabella,” I rejoined, after a short interval of silence.

“Well, I will give you leave to try,” she answered, “provided you prove to me that hot love has ever really existed in the past, before you set yourself up as an example of it in the present. There now, Everard, you were complaining of want of occupation. I have found you a pleasant employment. Go and collect your authorities, and add the best English versions you can, as I suppose they will be Polyglott. However, that will relieve the monotony of your common-places.”

Armed with this permission and commission, I sought my library. The sight of it re-assured me. “There are warm hearts in the old books,” I thought—

“Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puella.”

The quotation has proved a suggestive one, for it has made me think of Sappho, and surely the most impassioned poetry in which love ever found a voice, is that which was first echoed by

“The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sang.”

But to try to Anglicize the finest relic of the Leucadian love-martyr, is a hopeless effort. Ambrose Phillips was at one time praised for his

“Blest as th’ immortal gods is he,” &c.

version of the immortal

Φαίνεται μοι κῆρος ἴσος θεοῖσιν, κ. τ. λ.

but his tame octo-syllabics are no more like the original in fervour, than a cucumber is like a capsicum.

The best test of the inimitable beauty of the real words of Sappho, is to compare them with the paraphrase which Catullus made; and where we find Catullus to have failed, we moderns may be well content to give in. Tennyson evidently had Sappho’s stanzas in his heart when he composed his “Fatima.” He has some of the Ægean warmth, but he blazes into extravagance instead of keeping to the earnest simplicity of his model.

There is another very beautiful little fragment of Sappho’s of which Moore has introduced a pretty imitation in his “Evenings in Greece.” Let us bring Lesbos and Erin into approximation—

Γλυκεία μήτηρ, οὐ τι
Δύναμαι κρέκειν τὸν ἴσθον,
Πόθῳ δαμείσα παιδὸς
Βραδύναν δι’ Ἀφροδίταν.

“O my sweet mother! ’tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.”

Moore, in his note, quotes a good remark by Warton on Sappho’s lines that they most truly represent the languor and “listlessness of a person deeply in-love.” Much, however, of this charm comes from their softness of cadence and simplicity of expression; qualities rarely preserved by a translator, but which endear the old words to our me-

mories to an extent which it would be hard to explain to one before whom we were obliged to place our favourites in the altered garb of a new language. Sometimes the recollection of one of these snatches of sweet song brings others of far different dates, and breathed in other tongues, before the mind, though it is difficult to describe the association of ideas by which they are so linked together. Thus this little fragment of Sappho always recalls to me the *refrain* of one of Beranger's most beautiful *chansons*, in which he describes a poor French girl, toiling night and day at her spinning-wheel that her scanty earnings may serve to alleviate the lot of her lover who, has been taken in a sea-fight, and is a prisoner of war in England—

"File, file, pauvre Marie,
Pour secourir le prisonnier,
File, file, pauvre Marie,
File pour le prisonnier."

The spirit of patient fondness and self-devotion, expressed by Beranger in this sweet though sad strain, is not, however, quite that which forms my present subject, though I can hardly resist the temptation of introducing his beautiful stanzas in company with Sappho's lyrics.

There are not so many passages in the best classics in which hot love is poured forth, as one might at first expect to find. The truth is, that hot love and deep love are by no means necessarily identical. Sometimes, as in Sappho's case, they coincide, but the blaze of hot love is often like "the young man's wrath," which the old Scotch proverb tells us "is as straw on fire." The deeper and more enduring, though less violent feelings, the one which the Greek poets most often pourtray. The wild infatuation of Paris and Helen is not thrown into dialogue or elaborately described by Homer. Whenever he brings Helen before us she always speaks with sorrow and shame of her elopement; but the gentle tenderness of Andromache and Penelope is breathed forth in all its beauty. Even the passion of Calypso for Ulysses is brought before us in the "Odyssey" less in its violence than in its sadness. There is one short outbreak of anguish when the Island-Goddess is first bidden by Hermes to let the many-wandering man, whom she has succoured and cherished, depart from her; but in her farewell-meeting with her mortal lover no feeling but gentle, unselfish, sad affection finds utterance from her lips. In her anxiety at his coming perils, she almost forgets her own bereavement. Her wish is for

"Peace to his heart, though another's it be."

Her only remonstrance softens into the fondest blessing.

Αὔτικα νῦν ἐθέλεις ἰέναι; Σὺ δὲ χαίρει καὶ ἔμψης·

It is strange that Fenelon should have so utterly failed in comprehending the loving, loveable character of Calypso. When he introduces her in the "Télémaque" he makes her a hasty, violent virago, without any of the grace or gentleness of the Homeric Goddess. Poor L. E. L. understood the spirit of the "Odyssey" far better than the learned Archbishop of Cambay ever did. In one of her sweetest poems, published a little before she left England, she has given us a truly Hellenic sketch of Calypso sorrowing with undying, unchanging love for her long-departed hero—

"He is with the dead ; but she
Weepeth on eternally,
In that lone and lovely island
'Mid the far-off southern seas."

From the bent of the genius of Euripides, and from the character of the attacks made on him in the "Ranæ," one might expect to find his pages abundant in love-declarations such as we do not look for in the other two tragedians. This is, however, not the case. Euripides, even in the most volcanic of his dramas, avoids such outpourings, and makes passion reveal itself by struggles and sufferings rather than by words. The mode by which in the "Hippolytus," the guilty phrenzy of Phædra is imaged to the mind in all its intensity of wretchedness, shows the most consummate dramatic skill, as well as deep knowledge of the workings of the heart. We see Phædra sick in body and spirit, self-upbraiding, glowingly describing, and longing to seek the scenes and sports that are frequented by him whom she loves, yet shrinking from his presence, and dreading the very mention of his name: and when her secret is wrung from her, and she finds that she loves in vain, her resolution is prompt and stern,—to die and be revenged, rather than live and supplicate. Racine makes *his* Phèdre harangue Hippolytus on her "grande passion" in a page or two of goodly Alexandrines, far better calculated to set affection asleep than to excite it. And Seneca in treating the same subject, had set him the example of a similar setting forth of stupid sentimentalities.

The fact is, that the avowal of passionate love in language fervent yet not absurd, simple yet not silly, strong yet not vulgar, is one of the most difficult feats of authorship. The old writers, and many moderns after them, usually attempt it by a mixture of flames and darts, snows and fints, with bold wishes for the annihilation of time and space; and the gentleman or lady, as the case may be, almost invariably announces, that it is a mistake to suppose that "*l'objet aimé*" was reared in an ordinary human nursery; inasmuch as so hard-hearted a personage must decidedly have been suckled by tigresses, which said hairy wet-nurses, we learn on the same authority, are principally procured from Hyrcania. When Ovid writes the imaginary loves of others, he constantly deals in these cold hyperboles; but when he tells us his own, his language comes from the heart, and goes to the heart. Take for instance the beautiful lines where, after reproaching his false fair one with her perfidies, he owns that he still loves and ever must love on. He wishes indeed—

"Aut formosa fores minus aut minus improba vellem ;"

but his last vow is

"Perque tuam faciem magni mihi numinis instar,
Perque tuos oculos qui rapuere meos,
QUIDQUID ERIS, MEA SEMPER ERIS."

Does not this look like the original of the celebrated

"I ask not, I know not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."?

Moore seems to have studied Catullus more than Ovid among the Latin amatory writers; and, perhaps the similarity between these passages may be unintentional. Putting, however, the question of originality aside, the Roman's affection seems to me to out-top the Irishman's. Ovid gives the lady *carte blanche* for the future, as well as a bill of indemnity for the past.

There is a very sweet plaintive fragment of old Scotch song, but little known, though the old melody to which it belongs is equally sweet and plaintive with the words, in which the betrayed lover tells his enduring submission to love for her who has wronged him.

“Thou art gane awa’, thou art gane awa’,
Thou art gane awa’ from me, Mary.
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.

“I little thought we e’er should part,
Or aught could alter thee, Mary;
Thou art still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

I have wandered from Ausonia to Caledonia; let us now return to the debateable land between the Venusians and the Apulians.

The classical lover who consults his Horace for the expression of deep feeling, will most assuredly be disappointed. Horace was a Rat and a Parasite, and how could such a being retain any earnestness of devotion towards man or woman? There are, however, two passages in him, and only two, in which true pathetic feeling seems to gush from his inmost heart. One is the melancholy expostulation in the epistle to Mæcenas, in which he bewails the departure of the fresh poetic impulses of youth—

“*Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,*” &c.

the other is at the end of the first ode of the fourth book. I mean the lines beginning “*Me nec fœmina.*” The next line proceeds—

“ <i>Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,</i> <i>Nec certare juvat mero,</i> <i>Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.</i> <i>Sed cur hen! Ligurine, cur</i> <i>Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?</i> <i>Cur facunda parum decoro</i>	<i>Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?</i> <i>Nocturnis te ego somniis</i> <i>Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem se-</i> <i>quor</i> <i>Te per gramina Martii</i> <i>Caupi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.”</i>
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So sang He of Latium; “*Romanae fidicen lyrae*” as he termed himself, claiming also to be looked on as first fiddle, in insolent disregard of the merits of his far more poetical predecessor Catullus. As we have no direct proof that in this instance Horace was filching from the Greek, we will give him the benefit of the presumption of innocence, and look on the beauties of this passage as his own. A friend of mine has imitated this passage of Horace in the metre of the original. I wonder, indeed, that English Asclepiads are not more often attempted. The cadence is extremely beautiful, and the addition of rhyme, though difficult, is by no means impossible or incongruous.

“Me no longer the witchery
Of the beautiful face soft in its radiance,
Or the tremulous ecstasy
Of the credulous heart’s mutual confidence,
Or the wine in its ruddiness,
Or the flowery wreath’s odorous coronal,
Fill with th’ usual happiness.
Cold my heart has become—cold and insensible.
But why, why, alas! lovely one,
Steals th’ unconscious tear heavily over me?
Why thus silently droops my tongue
In the midst of discourse, eloquent formerly?”

Night, the mother of dark-winged
 Dreams, gives thee to my sight. Fondly I follow thee
 O'er the plains and the ocean led.
 Why, O beautiful one, wilt thou not pity me?"

The epithet "Mother of dark-winged dreams," which is here applied to night, comes out of a fine passage in the Hecuba of Euripides, who there applies it to the earth—

ὦ πότνια Χθών,
 Μελανοπτερύγων μάτερ ὀνειρώων.

Indeed, throughout this imitation, the metre of Horace is much more closely followed than his meaning.

I like most of the love-poetry of Virgil as little as I like the generality of that of Horace. There is, indeed, some pathos in the catastrophe of Orpheus and Eurydice, as told in the fourth Georgic; and the allusion in the third to the fate of Leander is beautifully introduced—

"Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
 Durus Amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
 Nocte natat cæcâ serus freta; quem super ingens
 Porta tonat cæli, et scopulis illisa reclamant
 Æquora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
 Nec moritura super crudelis funere virgo."

Virgil condenses his ideas and imagery with a degree of power and artistic skill that sets translation at defiance. I prefer illustrating the Latin by quoting some of the fine allusions to the same legend in the beginning of the second canto of Byron's "Bride of Abydos."

"The winds are high on Helle's wave
 As on that night of stormy water,
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The only hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him
 home,

And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds forbade to go;
 He could not see, he would not hear
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear.
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hail'd above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 'Ye waves divide not lovers long.'
 The tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as
 true."

It is, however, on the fourth book of the Æneid that Virgil's merits as a love-writer mainly rest; and the episode in that book, except so far as regards the magnificent foreshadowings of the wars between Carthage and Rome, and the Punic Queen's invocation of her coming avenger, Hannibal, is to my mind a most unpleasant failure. Virgil certainly makes us look on his sanctified hero, Æneas, as a shabby scoundrel, but he awakens in us little human interest for Dido.

The true "Di Majores" of Roman song are Lucretius and Catullus. They are inferior, indeed, in artistic skill, but in genius and pathos they are immeasurably superior to the Augustan writers. The description in the beginning of Lucretius of Venus asking from Mars a cessation of war for the Romans, is unrivalled in beauty and power. I cannot say that I concur in the praises usually given to Dryden's translation of it. He misses much of the energy, and nearly all the elegance of his original, and imparts a heavy taint of grossness from which the divine Latin is wholly free. Byron has imitated this passage closely and beautifully in his stanzas on the Medicean Venus in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." Still, Lucretius is unsurpassable—

“ Belli fera manera Mavors
 Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
 Rejicit, æterno devictus vulnere amoris ;
 Atque ita suspiciens tereti cervice reposita
 Pascit amore avidos inhians in te, Dea, visus,
 Equæ tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.
 Hunc tu, Diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
 Circumfusa super, suaves ex ore loquelas
 Funde, petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.”

What a glorious subject for Etty these lines would make ! A picture on it from him might rival the statue which brought Lucretius into Byron's head and heart, and drew from him his hymn to Aphrodite—

“ Appearedst thou not at Paris in this guise ?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thine own vanquished lord of war ?
 And gazing on thy face as toward a star
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips are
 With lava-kisses melting while they burn,
 Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn.

Glowing and circumfused in speechless love,
 Their full divinity inadequate
 That feeling to express or to improve,
 The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
 Has moments like *their* brightest.”

Let us now look to some of the sweet love-passages of Catullus. I will take the “Vivamus, mea Lesbia,” the Acme and Septimius, and a third less known than its companions, but full of the deepest feeling. I have got a translation of the “Vivamus” from the same quarter whence I was supplied with my Horatian Asclepiads, and with my imitation of the Acme and Septimius. I have myself framed some English stanzas to follow the third gem from Verona, but many of the ideas in my fabrication are too modernized to make it deserving the name even of a paraphrase—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus ;
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius aestimemus assis.

Soles occidere et redire possunt ;
 Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Da mi basia mille deinde centum :
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
 Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum.

Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
 Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
 Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

Acmen Septimius suos amores
 Tenens in gremio, Mea, inquit, Acme,
 Ni te perditè amo, atque amare porro
 Omnes sum assiduè paratus annos,

My Lesbia, let us live and love ;
 And should th' ill-natured old reprove,
 Oh let not that our spirits move !

The sun that sets again will rise ;
 But we, when life's short daylight dies,
 In endless night must close our eyes.

Kiss me a hundred thousand times,
 Another hundred thousand times,
 And a third hundred thousand times.

Then after many thousand kisses
 Thereckoning we'll confuse with more,
 Lest any envy us our blisses
 On counting Lesbia's kisses o'er.

Septimius folding to his breast
 Acme, his love, his spirit's joy,—
 “ My own dear Acme,” said the boy,
 “ Unless I desperately love thee,—

Quantum qui pote plurimum perire ;
Solutus in Libya, Indiave tosta,
Cesio veniam obivus leoni.

Hoc ut dixit Amor sinistram ut ante
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

At Acme, leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Illo purpureo ore suavinta,
Sic, inquit, mea vita, Septimille,
Hinc uno domino usque serviamus,
Ut multo mihi major acriorque
Ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.
Hoc ut dixit Amor sinistram ut ante
Dextram sternuit approbationem.
Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
Mutuis animis amant, amantur.
Unem Septimius misellus Acmen
Mavult quam Syrias Britanniasque :
Uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
Fecit delicias libidinesque.
Quis ullos homines beatores
Vidit ? quis Venerem auspicatorem ?

Aye, and will love thee through the rest
Of life, oh may I view above me
The lion's blue eye-balls, and expire
On desert Afric's sands of fire !"

Then Acme, ere she made reply,
Bending her head back gracefully,
With that rosy mouth of hers
Press'd his eyes with fondest kiss,
Eyes all drunken with their bliss,
And sighed, " My life, Septimius dear,
May Love, who rules the universe,
Blend our hearts forever here !
As he perceives the truest flame
To penetrate my inmost frame."

Love heard the wish, Love heard the oath,
And hovering near, confirmed them both,
And now, with mutual heart and mind
They love, and are beloved again :
O'er worlds Septimius would not reign
If Acme were to be resigned ;
And Acme deems life's every joy
Placed in th' affections of her boy.
Oh, where was love more true than this ?
What lovers e'er knew greater bliss ?

Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
Est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
Nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec fœdere in nullo
Divûm ad fallendos numine abusum homines ;
Multa parata manent in longâ ætate, Catulle,
Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
Nam quæcunque homines bene quoquam aut dicere possunt,
Aut facere, hæc a te dictaque factaque sunt.
Omnia quæ ingrata perierunt credita menti.
Quare jam te cur amplius excrucias ?
Quin te animo obfirmas, teque istinc usque reducis,
Et, Dis invitis, desinis esse miser ?
Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem ;
Difficile est ; verum hoc qualibet efficias.
Una salus hæc est, hoc est tibi pervincendum.
Hoc facias, sive id non pote sive pote.
O Di, si vostrum est misereri, aut si quibus unquam
Extrema jam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
Me miserum aspice ; et, si vitam puriter egi,
Eripite hanc pestem perniciosamque mihi,
Quæ mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus
Expulit ex omni pectore lætitiâs.
Non jam illud quero contra ut me diligit illa,
Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velt ;
Ipse valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.
O Di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

If retrospect of former faith
Is sunshine to the breast ;
To know we ne'er have breathed a lie,
And not a taint of treachery
Upon our life can rest ;

Perhaps as Memory mellows on,
And Time plies fast his wing,
This love, with which I love in vain,
This present source of spite and pain
Some soothing thoughts may bring.

For what is there in word or deed
That's generous, just, and kind,
Which I have left undone, unsaid.
All, all is wasted, fallen, dead
On her ungrateful mind.

Then shake this foolish fondness off,
And be thyself again.
Why cling to her thou must despise ?
Away with Love's absurdities—
Away with self-sought pain.

Alas! it is a fearful thing
From an old love to part,
To suddenly discard, disown
Old feelings that for years have grown,
And ripened round the heart.

It is indeed a fearful thing,
And yet it must be done:
Each voice of safety, duty, fame,
All bid me trample out this flame
And leave th' unworthy one.

Ye gods, who mercifully view
Humanity's distress,
Ye who can rescue from the grave,
Look on me now,—look down, and save
Me from this wretchedness.

I ask not to be loved again—
All hope of that is o'er:
The power to raise myself above
This wilful, woful, weakening love
I ask, and ask no more.

I must own that I sometimes distrust my own judgment respecting Virgil, when I recollect the boundless admiration expressed for him by Dante; for I look upon Dante as one of the very greatest masters of the human heart. Byron was quite right in his indignant refutation of Schlegel's shallow criticism on the great Florentine. Nothing can be more absurd than the German's assertion that "Dante's chief defect is a want of gentle feelings;" and Byron took the best mode of exposing the absurdity, by giving the English reader his exquisite translation of the episode of Francesca of Rimini. Macaulay has poured forth an eloquent and merited eulogium over this scene; and indeed, all literature might be searched in vain to find a picture of human love "stronger even than death" which is more fearfully and beautifully wrought than that in the fifth canto of the "Inferno." Among the guilty Spirits whom the poet sees in the second region of the place of suffering, he recognises two, whom even the scourge of the hurricane, beneath which they are to be tempest-tost for ever, cannot sever from each other's side. These are Francesca and her lover Paolo. At Dante's invocation they approach him together—

"Quali columbe dal disio chiamate,
Con l' ali aperte e ferme al dolce nido
Volan per l' aer dal voler portate."

"As doves
By fond desire invited on wide wings
And firm to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along."—CARY.

The Spirit of Paolo weeps in silent agony; while Francesca, in reply to Dante's questioning, tells in a few sweet simple lines her life, her love, her violent death. She utters no reproach against the sharer of her sin and suffering. She says that she was fair, that she was beloved by the Spirit beside her, and that she loved again; that she still loves even in that place of torments, and that she and her lover were brought to one death by love—

"Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta; e il modo ancor m' offende.
Amor, che a null' amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte."

Dante asks her what were the first revealings of their affection; she tells the ruinous reading of the romance, and even then, in pointing to the giver of the fatal kiss, she fondly repeats that he is never to be parted from her. Byron's English here in no way equals the Italian—

“ Quanti dolci peusier, quanto disio
Meno costoro al doloroso passo.”
Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io
E cominciai “ Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
Ma dimmi: al tempo de dolci sospiri
A che e come concedette Amore
Che conoscesti i dubbiosi desiri.
Ed ella a me, “ Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
Ma, se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto
Farò come colui che piange e dice.

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lanciotto, come Amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura e scolorroci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai di me non fia diviso,
La bocca ma bacio tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse—
Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo
avante.”

“ How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil.”

And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, “ Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what, and how, thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize?”
Then she to me—“ The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery; and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly;
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
Wholly discoloured by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her
To be thus kissed by such a fervent lover,
He, who from me can be divided ne'er
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book, and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf did we uncover.”

From the great Padre Alighieri, I now betake myself to one of the chiefs of the “ Giovine Italia,” Guerazzi, an eloquent and fervid though a wild and unequal writer. I paraphrased some time ago the opening of one of the chapters of his “ Assedio Di Firenze,” which powerfully puts forth the workings and the regrets of a very hot and very short love. The original is too long for quotation. It may be found in the second volume of the Italian.

“ There was a time when we loved each other! When I first saw thee in all the joyous glow of youth and beauty, I thought that I had already known and loved thee long. I then believed that Plato had penetrated a divine mystery, when he taught that souls which are destined to love one another, are before birth impressed in Heaven with the image of the being which each is to love.

“ When was it that I first saw thee? It was in the spring of life, on a morning of spring, as, with drooping eyelids, I lay half gazing on the world without, half dreaming of the world within, a sunbeam, after blessing the family of plants and flowers, rested on my brow, and I saw thee amid that flood of radiance hovering like a spirit of light and love. I saw thee—I felt thee in the song of the bird enamoured of the rose,

in the incense that ascended to the Majesty on high, in the dim voices of the groves, in the gurgle of the fountain. All creatures, all things, all deeds, all thoughts that were beautiful and good, filled my soul with thee. Thy spirit was to me the vital principle of All. Blended with all existences, it revealed to me their secret charms, as a ray of light renews and multiplies the prism of its colours in the countless dew-drops that tremble on the leaves at dawn.

"One glance sufficed. At the first impulse our souls, thrilling with the electric glow of love, interchanged their mortal dwellings. Thou becamest the living soul within my bosom; I was the living soul within thine.

"Dost thou remember? I placed thy head here on this bosom, and the pulse of thy temples throbbed in unison with the beating of my heart—so closely pressed that the warmth of my heart made thy cheek red, and my very life glowed and flushed through thee. We spoke not, we sighed not, we scarcely breathed. We plighted no vows: we believed that eternity would not be long enough for our love, that our feelings were more immortal than our souls.

"Time, old experienced Time, who knew that life would last long enough to see the death of our love,—Time laughed us to scorn.—Time, that cancels generations and sweeps away sepulchres and memories, why should he leave untouched a sentiment of the heart?—Has he not wasted and effaced the deep-cut characters graven on the granite of the East?

"Who will point out the vestige of the eagle's path across the sky? Who will find the path of the serpent's gliding over the rock? Who will recognise in our spirits any trace that mutual love once dwelt there? Alas! alas! ashes attest the existence of the fatal fires.

"Oh! why did we so utterly drain the cup of delight? He who wishes that love should endure in his breast, must sip, not drink deep, of joy. It is not that the dregs are bitter; but after the first long ample draught the remnant seems shallow and insipid.

"Shall I call thee faithless?—Shall I invoke Nemesis to punish thy inconstancy? No! Thou hast an equal right to reproach me; thou mayest invoke the same avenger upon my head. Shall I speak hollow words of comfort? or shall we turn to the ashes of our affections and try if any spark yet linger among the embers? No! rather let us call on the winds of heaven to scatter and waft them away. The mind has no power to resuscitate the heart. Come, let us sacrifice to Oblivion."

There are some unpleasant truths in this passage, but it seems to have been a case of mutual decay of affection; and that is not the worst of miseries. The extreme of wretchedness arises when only one party leaves off loving, and the other one immediately begins to love doubly, as if feeling bound to support its own share and the other's too. The pangs of this monopoly have often been the theme of prose and verse; but the most touching passage that I ever read on this topic in a work of fiction, is in a novel called "Violet," which was published anonymously some ten or eleven years ago. I have never met with any second work purporting to come from the author; but he (or she, for I suspect a feminine origin,) who can express feelings so well, need publish neither secretly nor seldom. The passage I mean is the following—

"To live but for one, to dream of him, to speak of him with rapture, to thrill when the music of his name is heard, to know that heaven is in his presence, to exist by his remembrance, to listen for his very

breath because his breathing is more to you than your own; to worship his faults, to know them and to love them with infatuation, to devote your whole nature, your aspirations, your hopes, your thoughts, your whole soul,—to surrender all, to cast all at the shrine of one object, and to know that suddenly it is withdrawn from you and you may never see it more:—O reader! if thou hast been spared such an anguish, think not that thy burden in life has been great—be not misled, over-rate not your afflictions, or rashly compare them with such as these.”

It has been often said that love is the next step after pity, and when the process is gone through in this order, it may be a pleasant gradation enough; but the reversal of the order, when the lover begins “*revocaro gradus*,” and steps down from loving to pitying, is very unsatisfactory. Benjamin Constant has a well-drawn scene in his “*Adolphe*,” where the lady is *desolée* at perceiving the cooling of Adolphe’s ardour, and he, shocked at the effect of his own fickleness, endeavours to re-assure her by redoubled vows and protestations: she tells him—

“*Adolphe, vous vous trompez sur vous même; vous êtes généreux, vous vous dévouez à moi parceque je suis persecutée; vous croyez avoir de l’amour, et vous n’avez que de la pitié.*”

“*Pourquoi prononça t’elle ces mots funestes? pourquoi me révéla t’elle un secret que je voulais ignorer? Je m’efforçai de la rassurer, j’y parvins peut-être; mais la vérité avait traversé mon ame.*”

The desolation of desertion, the daily calamity of huudreds, has often been described. Carlyle, in one of his essays, quotes a single stanza of Burns, which, as he truly says, brings it before the mind in all its vivid intensity. This stanza is—

*“The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
Farewell false friends, false lover farewell,
I’ll nae mair trouble them nor thee, O!”*

There is another single stanza which may be quoted from a very different writer, which also embodies a most complete image of forlorn suffering. It is in Keats’s “*Endymion*”—

*“Beneath my palm-trees by the river side
I sat a-weeping. In the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.”*

It may, however, be doubted whether in these cases the suffering is all on one side. Benjamin Constant was in the right when he said, “*C’est un affreux malheur de n’être pas aimé quand on aime, mais c’en est un bien grand d’être aimé avec passion quand on n’aime plus.*” This passage in his “*Adolphe*” gave me the leading idea of the following stanzas, of which all I will say is, that I believe they will come home to most men,

*“Septimum quorum trepidavit aetas
Claudere lustrum.”*

*“They say there is anguish in loving in vain;
But oh! ’tis a deeper and gloomier pain
To be ardently loved by the fond and true-hearted,
When the power of returning that love has departed.
For our feelings once faded revive not at will,
We upbraid our own coldness, yet cold are we still:
While the heart, whose young love we so long were awaking,
With that love unrequited before us is breaking.”*

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS:

AN ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY, AND PLAY-MEN.

GAMING-HOUSES had for a considerable period, met with little or no check or interruption to their profitable trade. Magistrates interposed not their power to suppress them, nor had proceedings at law, either for recovery of money lost, or by indictment against the proprietors, created any great terror or alarm amongst them; but this quiescent state of things was on the eve of convulsion. Very many players had been ruined beyond redemption; others had been partially so; bankruptcies, insolvencies, breaches of trust, with their concomitants of want, misery, and privation, had all been in turn occasioned by the fatal indulgence of play; and some few insolvents had been driven, under the necessity of the hour, to demand assistance, which in many instances was by the wise and politic proprietor granted; but in some cases denied by the more heartless and avaricious. Hence arose appeals to the law and indictments against the parties, which, in their success, gave encouragement to similar proceedings by others; and in the course of time this system of attack was discovered to afford a fine source of profit to the prosecuting attorneys in the shape of costs, and they were, in consequence, frequently got up by some of the raff of the profession in the names of fictitious parties, and with the sole view of extorting from the different houses large sums of money in settlement of the matter without proceeding to trial. A serious effect was produced against the interests of gaming-house proprietors in the matter of a *qui tam* action *Willan v. Taylor*, wherein the plaintiff sought to recover, under the statute of Anne, a large sum of money alleged to be lost at play with three times the amount in penalties. The action was tried and a verdict given for the plaintiff. The defendant resorted to all possible modes of legal delay and expensive proceeding, and ultimately to a writ of error; but he was in the end defeated.

The most alarming event, however, that gave a kind of death-blow to the hopes of the fraternity, was in the case of an indictment preferred by a student at law (now an eminent and successful practitioner in a court not a hundred miles from Lincoln's Inn Fields) against Bennett and Oldfield for the offence of keeping a common gaming-house. The cause of such indictment is believed to have arisen out of the circumstance of the young gentleman having lost a sum of money to the parties named in the indictment; under the inconvenience of which loss, he had applied for the return (either by loan or gift) of a portion of the money to enable him to prosecute his studies, and keep terms. The request, which is said to have been moderate in its amount, was refused in the most positive terms by one of the party: the other not being altogether adverse to compliance with the application, but governed, nevertheless, by the determination of his more influential partner. Disappointment induced the applicant to place the matter in professional hands, and a demand was then in consequence made for the restoration of the full amount of money lost, or the same would be enforced by law. Whether the parties so threatened feared, by acquiescence with such demand, to

establish a dangerous precedent (as the legal phrase is), or whether they considered the poor student too low in circumstances to contend with the power of their well-lined coffers through all the tedious ways and complicated and expensive process of law, is still a matter of conjecture; but the demand of the professional adviser was unattended to. An indictment was in consequence preferred, and a true bill found against the parties, who then first opened their eyes to the impolitic course they had adopted,—and then only awoke to a half-view of the policy necessary to avert the threatened danger; for, instead of meeting the evil at once, and paying, as they could well afford, the sum now demanded as lost, they parsimoniously tried to settle the matter by the minor offer of the amount first requested. But matters had assumed another complexion: costs, too, had been incurred,—there were now the claims of the lawyer as well as the client, and two wills to consult and conciliate: these by no means favoured the acceptance of so insignificant an offer. In the meantime bail was put in, and subsequently the indictment was moved by *certiorari* into the Court of King's Bench. This afforded time for further overture, and some advance was made to arrangement, but without effect; avarice, obstinacy, or some insane feeling controlled the better policy, and still kept the offer under the sum demanded: the result was, that the indictment came on.

Simultaneously with such indictment against Bennett and Oldfield had been preferred a similar complaint against the house No. 40, Pall Mall, which had changed hands, and was then in full operation on a very grand scale under the ostensible proprietorship of *Humphreys and Rogier*, as the representatives of some foreign capitalists of whom a person named Saladini was the chief. The indictment against this house arose out of a similar insane and obstinate refusal on the part of the management to comply with a request for pecuniary accommodation under loss. This case was tried with the other. Mr. Charles Phillips was engaged for the prosecution, and needed no apter subject for the full display of his oratorical powers. He made an eloquent and powerful address to the court and jury in which he stated, and afterwards established in evidence, that the defendant Rogier, had heartlessly insulted the injured party, defying him to go to law as soon as he pleased, and boasting that the defendants were too strong for him, for that a fund of enormous amount had been subscribed and set apart by the gaming-house keepers to resist and defeat all actions and indictments. However exaggerated this statement might have been, it evidently had its full weight with the court in passing sentence. A very able defence was made, but the jury considered the case proved, and pronounced a verdict of *Guilty*. All the defendants had thought that even in the event of such a verdict, judgment would be deferred until a day to be named by the court, until which time they would be at large on their respective bail. Under such impression, they had all been seen within the immediate precinct of the court, anxious, no doubt, to learn the earliest possible intelligence of the verdict. The prosecutor and his attorney had observed them, and communicated the same to their counsel, who, instantly on the verdict being pronounced, moved that the defendants should be brought up for immediate judgment, to which the court assented; and Mr. Justice Bailey then, in full court and with the accordance of the whole bench, pronounced sentence of heavy fine and lengthened imprisonment on all the prisoners, distinguishing the case of Rogier, on whom a greater fine (5000*l.*) was imposed, owing to the

ridiculous boast he had made of the fund set apart to defeat the law. The folly and absurdity of such an assertion must be apparent when it is known that after the period of Rogier's imprisonment had expired, his fine was remitted, owing to his extreme poverty; and that for some years after this—until his death—he lived within the rules of the Bench partly by charity, and partly by the industry of his wife in some humble occupation.

The effect of this verdict and severe sentence, was to strike panic amongst the whole tribe of gaming-house keepers; it gave rise also to, and encouraged, similar proceedings and threats of action and indictment by other parties, and sharpened most considerably the appetite of rapacious and pettifogging attorneys who, under the pretence of moral impulse and motive, levied heavy contributions from the different proprietors as a kind of hush-money. Thus, while legal measures operated in one respect as a wholesome check to the evil of gaming and the rapacity of gaming-house proprietors, it cannot be concealed or denied that, on the other hand, it opened a field to extortion, and promoted a system of successful imposition by no means consistent with the great end of public morality.

Gaming-house keepers were now, however, brought to a more considerate view of their ticklish position; they became more scrupulous as to the visitors they admitted, and more wise in their general policy. Notwithstanding which, they were continually exposed to danger and annoyance; and, in addition to the other modes of proceeding against them, informations before the police-magistrates were resorted to, and under their authority, on such occasions, forcible entry was made into the house complained against, and the whole party found therein taken into custody. Justice and law were then satisfied by the visitors being bound in their own recognizances not to appear again in a public gaming-house, and the proprietors of the nuisance were usually fined, or committed for trial at the sessions. These forcible entries by the Bow-Street officers, who were men of tact and experience, frequently took place in broad day, and afforded much mirth and entertainment to the passing public; for at such times might be seen some thirty or forty persons making their way, with that admirable dexterity which fire and alarm frequently create, over the house-tops,—the officers in full pursuit, and the gazing and delighted multitude in the street below in full cry at the fun.

All these methods of proceeding and warfare damped for a time the hopes and energies of the fraternity. A host of common informers were ever on the *qui vive* to attack one or other of the houses; and seldom a session passed without two or three indictments being preferred either at Clerkenwell or Westminster, which were as invariably settled before the day of trial, and the object and true end of justice thereby defeated. The magistrates at length began to see through the system of these indictments; and expressed strong determination no longer to encourage such proceedings but in their proper and legitimate object; added to this one or two instances of successful defence had occurred, in which conspiracy and perjury were proved against the parties indicting, and the tables were thus turned on them to their complete overthrow. Proceedings became again less frequent, and a new confidence seemed to spring up in the colony. Houses of play again assumed something of

their former character, and business went on again more vigorously, perhaps, from the check it had received.

The game of rouge-et-noir was, however, fast yielding to the novelty and excitement of French hazard, which had been lately introduced also from the French capital, and had found great favour and patronage in London, particularly amongst the higher classes of society. Crockford, Taylor, Fielder, and others, had first started this game at Watier's club in Piccadilly, of which club may be found a very correct description in an article entitled "Crockford and Crockford's," which appeared in this Miscellany in the months of February and March of the present year. Subsequently other houses, under the denomination of clubs, and assuming the dignified appellations of "The Junior St. James's," "The Melton Mowbray," "The Leicester," "The Hertford," "The Stranger," "The Berkeley," "The Cavendish," and other titled distinctions started into notoriety, and adopted the fashionable French game which thus established itself to the almost total extinction of the old source of profit. In progress of time the change worked its way also into the lower houses, and, in conjunction with the equally novel but still more destructive French game of *roulette*—the principle of which secures to the bankers a continually-occurring profit of nearly seven per cent. on all money risked, gave new excitement to general speculation.

Crockford's magnificent mansion in St. James's Street had reared its proud head in open acknowledgment of the purpose for which it was erected, and standing as it did under sanction and patronage by the aristocratic and wealthy of the land, and free from all interruption by magisterial authority, it was taken by the whole tribe as a guaranty for the undisturbed exercise of their like avocations. The district of play now extended itself in both eastward and westward direction. The neighbourhoods of Leicester Fields and the Quadrant had caught the infection, and houses of every description, and affording opportunity of ruin to every man, however low his station or high his quality, were continually springing up under the conduct, too, of a less scrupulous and more determined set of adventurers, who, in defiance of all law and decency, opened wide their doors by day and night—the sabbath not even excepted—to all who presented themselves. The majority of this class confined not their pursuits to the fair results of the game, but resorted to the most fraudulent practices to effect their great object of gain. Visitors were victimized off-hand by means of confederacy between bonnets or pretended players and the bankers, and the whole system became so palpably villanous in practice that public outcry again forced attention on the authorities.

The Quadrant, in Regent Street, was absolutely overrun by the nuisance of gaming-houses. The penetration and judgment of the enterprising fraternity lost not sight of the peculiarly-favoured position of this central locality for passing custom, and accordingly commenced operations therein; and in a very short time there appeared on the north side, within the limit of the County Fire Office and Glasshouse Street, no less than six gaming-establishments open to all comers, and the spirit of opposition to each other became so strong that they resorted to the daring and insolent method of sending out messengers or touts to parade the street with cards, which they failed not to thrust into the hands of every passing individual, announcing that at such and such a number of the street the amusements of roulette and French hazard were constantly in operation. By this method, and through the still more cunning and ob-

jectionable agency of many unfortunate females who paraded the locality, hundreds of young men were tempted to the scenes of play. Youths just emerged from scholastic control and positioned in places of trust, bankers' clerks and officials of government departments, shopkeepers, shopmen, and apprentices, butlers, valets, men-cooks, and others, without distinction, were invited; and it is a known fact that the first establishment that started in this locality, realized in a few months above twenty thousand pounds. The system of thrusting cards into the hands of youths and striplings, is thought to have done much to bring the parties under the marked displeasure of the magistracy, for it is reported that many parents and masters gaining cognizance of such practice, and receiving the identical cards from their more prudent children and apprentices, forwarded the important documents to the Secretary of State, with some impressive comments on the dire consequences that must result to society if so dangerous a practice were not put a stop to: and it is by no means improbable that this course, aided by the active exertion of several respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, may have had its full effect in the proper quarter, for, in the course of time, a most determined war was waged with the houses, and ultimately they were completely exterminated.

The Quadrant, from its notoriety, had obtained the name of "The Devil's Walk," as well in reference to the number of fallen angels who continually paraded its limit, as in regard to the "hells" or notorious gaming-houses that existed therein. Its annals afford many distressing tales of ruin, and furnish anecdote of most gloomy and painful description. One instance of the ludicrous may be more grateful to the feelings of the too sensitive reader, and the following may give some pretty correct impression of the character of the parties carrying on their avocations in this spot.

Some time in the year 1837, a gentleman but then very recently appointed to the magistracy of a western suburban district, in the indulgence of his propensity for play, dropped in at one of these most respectable mansions of his satanic majesty's dominions. The house described was situate at the north corner of Air Street and the Quadrant, and was kept by Jack P—— and Bob somebody, aided by three or four other gentlemen of *equally acknowledged talent and dexterity in the manual exercise of their profession*. The worthy magistrate having taken a seat at the table, where were also seated two or three other persons in the apparent occupation of play, commenced his speculations. The box (for the game was French hazard) came to him in his due turn, and, as is sometimes the case, he was successful in his operations, which result continuing for a time, he actually won nearly the whole of the pewter counters, representing money, of the bank. This not according with the calculated results, and still less with the interests of the worthies presiding at the table, it became a subject for consideration how to counteract the effect of the threatened evil. Another successful main or two and all would have been lost—the bankers would have been called on to give cash for their counters, and this would most inconveniently have exposed the grand secret that they could as easily have taken up the notes in circulation by the Bank of England—in fact, that cash was not an essential in their system of business. What was to be done in the dilemma? The ingenious Jack hit on an expedient: he pretended to have suddenly detected some malpractice in one of the players (a

mere bonnet or accomplice, available alike for all the purposes of their employers,) seated next to the magistrate, and in his uncontrollable indignation at such base attempts, as he described, to plunder the bank, he, without ceremony, levelled a blow at the pretended offending individual, which being dealt across the man of justice, who sat between the striker and the stricken, most dexterously, but as if by accident, floored him of the quorum in its double operation. Recovering himself from his prostrate position on the ground, he was about to resume his seat at the table, intending to lend the aid of his conciliatory powers to adjust the misunderstanding and restore tranquillity. But no such harmonious exercise of his tact was permitted him; the room was in an uproar, some siding or pretending to side with the bank, and others with the pretended offending player; fighting ensued and, in the scuffle, the little amicably-disposed dispenser of justice suddenly found his way through a French window with his head's antipodes inclining towards a comfortable seat on the leads forming the terrace or gallery of the Quadrant, and his head, without the window, forming the opposite point of an acute angle with his legs within.

The little gentleman called lustily for assistance, and was most indignant that he, of all others, who had given no provocation or cause of offence, should have been so unceremoniously and mercilessly maltreated. His cries were unheard, his remonstrances unheeded, and the contention raged in all its original fury. At length, relieving himself by great effort from the state of purgatory described, he again made his way towards the table with a view to possess himself of his property, but again was the man of justice opposed in his progress, and the next move on the board lodged him quietly within the fender, his caput comfortably reclining against the grate. From the latter situation he was speedily rescued, and *all having been accomplished that was contemplated*, the worthy magistrate was permitted to resume his seat at the board. Scarcely, however, had he reached the table, and commenced inquiry for the money and counters which he had left behind him when he had been so unceremoniously knocked down, when he was answered by a *gentleman*, who, in the most *disinterested* manner, advised him for his reputation's sake to make the best of his way out of so horrible a place. Grateful for the generous suggestion, he expressed his anxiety and readiness to attend to the friendly suggestion; but thinking that ere he put so wise a determination into practice it might be as well to take value in money for the many counters he had amassed by his speculations, he proceeded to search for them, but, as may be guessed, they had wholly disappeared—no one knew where. The remonstrances of the dispenser of the laws were ineffectual. He was very gravely informed that it behoved every gentleman to take care of his own money, and that greatly as the proprietors of the establishment must regret that any person having the appearance of a gentleman should gain admittance with a view to practise so barefaced a robbery as that which they doubted not (truth to the letter) had been committed on the worthy magistrate, they could not hold themselves responsible in such case to the injured party: the little gentleman, therefore, obtained nothing by his motion, but on the contrary was minus a draft for 20*l.*, given for that sum originally borrowed. Nor was he permitted even to take back this draft in part discharge of the 50*l.* worth of counters he had won, but of which he had, as described, been most shamefully plundered, and the whole of which were, strange

to say, in circulation again at the same table on the following day. But out of evil arises good—the trick thus played off on the little gentleman of the peace completely cured him of all desire to repeat his visits to a London gaming-house. The mishaps of that day have since afforded him much mirthful reflection; and with true philosophy he now congratulates himself that he received so impressive and profitable a lesson.

Another instance of the ludicrous, selected from the archives of the Quadrant, will show that the enterprising demons of Satan's realm were alive to every mode of realization of the material, and that their ingenuity was constantly on the alert to turn everybody and everything to account. A tailor, resident in this locality, and doing a considerable business, had been induced by the irresistibly tempting offer of a very high rent, to let the upper part of his house furnished for the adaptation of the same to the purposes of "a hell." He had daily opportunity of observing the great influx of visitors to the play department; he had observed also the style and extravagant mode of life of his tenants; and last, not least, he dwelt with peculiarly grateful feeling on the punctuality observed by them in the payment of their excessive rent, and the indifference with which they treated any question of account embracing the matter of "a few paltry pounds." Pondering on such things, and on the vast resources from which such independence must proceed, he arrived at the conclusion that a mine of wealth had been discovered in his domain, in which, avarice whispered, it would be wise to become an adventurer. He reasoned also that as lord of the manor or mansion, he had something like a vested right to a certain toll or dish of the profits. Having formed such an opinion, he, without loss of time, sought conference with the principal proprietor of the gaming-table, and laid open to him his views and expectations. No sooner did this adept become acquainted with his landlord's desire to be dabbling in gaming pursuits, than he resolved on turning him to right good account. With the judgment of an old and experienced hand, he at first made a strong and decided objection to the proposal, urging that none ought to take share in the profits of such a speculation but those intrepid spirits who dared the law, and were prepared to take their due share in the disgrace and penalty attaching to the dangerous pursuit. After much objection on one side and entreaty on the other, the scruples of the play-man at length gave way, and his landlord—"the only man in the world, to whom so great a favour could be ceded"—was admitted a partner on depositing a certain sum of money proportioned to the share he was to take in the profits. As he was unable, from the attention necessary to his own business, to give his personal observation to the proceedings of the play department, a person was recommended to him as most worthy of confidence to represent his interests there, and to report to him from time to time the state of capital and account.

The new bank having been thus formed, matters went on for a time well and flourishingly, and the adventurer, delighted with his success, was not slow to congratulate himself on the diplomacy by which he had effected a partnership arrangement in so thriving a trade. Tailoring became but the secondary object of his thoughts; gold floated in delightful fancy before his eyes, and Consols and India Bonds were the subject of his nocturnal reveries. On receiving a handsome dividend at the end of a month, it was announced to him that the principal of the party having embarked a large sum of money in an establishment of more extensive

character, he was about to withdraw from the minor house, and it was open to the other partners, or any one of them under refusal by the others, to take the seceding partner's proportion. The bait took; the delighted novice swallowed with greedy appetite the tempting morsel, calculating by the rule of direct proportion that, if 200*l.* capital deposited, would yield the handsome profit of 50*l.* per month, the dividend he had received, 600*l.* would give the threefold amount in the like given period, a sum sufficient in itself to render further attention to the shop needless, and to raise him to independence. The money was accordingly advanced, and the enthusiast became proprietor of three-fourths of the whole alleged bank or capital of 800*l.* How fleeting, alas, are fortune's favours!—how deceitful her smiles! The glittering sovereigns and the clean crisp notes of the Bank of England which, on the opening of the new bank, had been laid out in due form on the table in all their captivating and attractive display, to excite the cupidity of the admiring group of players that should assemble at the board, had not been exposed to view for more than one hour ere they were doomed to take wing. Six new packs of cards had been opened and the game had commenced, when a gentleman, terrifically moustachod, and adorned with a profusion of jewellery in the shape of chains, rings, and shirt-studs, entered the room, and with much apparent indifference took his seat at the table. He exhibited no haste or anxiety to play, but after some few minutes took from his purse a 20*l.* note, which having changed for a smaller money, he commenced operations. *The gentleman was unusually successful*—in two or three deals he contrived to break the bank of 650*l.* As a matter of course the bankers and officials were, or pretended to be (which amounted to the same thing), in utter dismay at what was termed so unlooked for a reverse. The evil news was soon conveyed to the new principal by his confidential representative. The tailor was in despair, and, notwithstanding the consolations offered by the assurance of his experienced partners, that the money must come back again with large interest, he was not to be thus easily reconciled. He had painted all *couleur de rose* without change of hue, and this sudden blight to his hopes deprived him of all self-command. He raved, stamped, and swore he had been plundered; and never did he give utterance to a greater truth, as the sequel proved. When the excess of rage and mortification had somewhat subsided, it was proposed to him to put down from his own sole resources another bank of 500*l.*; in order that he might reap the full benefit of the success which it was still asserted must attend such speculation. But the very tempting and disinterested offer was declined, and it was determined only that the balance of 150*l.*, supposed to be in the coffers of the bank, as remaining from the original capital of 800*l.* should be put down on the table on the following day at the usual hour of business to abide the chance of fortune. The day and hour arrived, but the cashier and his party were *in nubibus*.

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR,

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

WHILST we lay exhausted in the road, the rear guard, which was now endeavouring to drive on the stragglers, approached, and a sergeant of the rifles came up, and stopped to look at us. He addressed himself to me, and ordered me to rise; but I told him it was useless for him to trouble himself about me, as I was unable to move a step further. Whilst he was urging me to endeavour to rise up, the officer in command of the rear guard also stepped up. The name of this officer was Lieutenant Cox; he was a brave and good man, and observing that the sergeant was rough in his language and manner towards me, he silenced him, and bade the guard proceed, and leave me. "Let him die quietly, Hicks," he said to the sergeant. "I know him well; he's not the man to lie here if he could get on.—I am sorry, Harris," he said, "to see you reduced to this, for I fear there is no help to be had now." He then moved on after his men, and left me to my fate.

After lying still for awhile, I felt somewhat restored, and sat up to look about me. The sight was by no means cheering. On the road behind me I saw men, women, mules, and horses, lying at intervals, both dead and dying; whilst far away in front I could just discern the enfeebled army crawling out of sight, the women* huddled together in its rear, trying their best to get forward amongst those of the sick soldiery, who were now unable to keep up with the main body. After awhile, I found that my companion the sergeant, who lay beside me, had also recovered a little, and I tried to cheer him up. I told him that opposite to where we were lying there was a lane, down which we might possibly find some place of shelter, if we could muster strength to explore it. The sergeant consented to make the effort, but after two or three attempts to rise, gave it up. I myself was more fortunate: with the aid of my rifle I got upon my legs, and seeing death in my companion's face, I resolved to try and save myself, since it was quite evident to me that I could render him no assistance.

After hobbling some distance down the lane, to my great joy I espied a small hut or cabin, with a little garden in its front; I therefore opened the small door of the hovel, and was about to enter, when I remembered that most likely I should be immediately knocked on the head by the inmates if I did so. The rain, I remember, was coming down in torrents at this time, and, reflecting that to remain outside was but to die, I resolved at all events to try my luck within. I had not much strength left; but I resolved to sell myself as dearly as I could. I therefore brought up my rifle, and stepped across the threshold. As soon as I had done so, I observed an old

* Some of these poor wretches cut a ludicrous figure, having the men's great coats buttoned over their heads, whilst their clothing being extremely ragged and scanty, their naked legs were very conspicuous. They looked a tribe of travelling beggars.

woman seated beside a small fire upon the hearth. She turned her head as I entered, and immediately upon seeing a strange soldier, she arose, and filled the hovel with her screams. As I drew back within the doorway, an elderly man, followed by two, who were apparently his sons, rushed from a room in the interior. They immediately approached me; but I brought up my rifle again, and cocked it, bidding them keep their distance.

After I had thus brought them to a parley, I got together what little Spanish I was master of, and begged for shelter for the night and a morsel of food, at the same time lifting my feet and displaying them a mass of bleeding sores. It was not, however, till they had held a tolerably long conversation amongst themselves that they consented to afford me shelter; and then only upon the condition that I left by daylight on the following morning. I accepted the conditions with joy. Had they refused me, I should indeed not have been here to tell the tale. Knowing the treachery of the Spanish character, I however refused to relinquish possession of my rifle, and my right hand was ready in an instant to unsheath my bayonet, as they sat and stared at me whilst I devoured the food they offered.

All they gave me was some coarse black bread, and a pitcher of sour wine. It was, however, acceptable to a half-famished man; and I felt greatly revived by it. Whilst I supped, the old hag, who sat close beside the hearth, stirred up the embers, that they might have a better view of their guest, and the party meanwhile overwhelmed me with questions, which I could neither comprehend nor had strength to answer. I soon made signs to them that I was unable to maintain the conversation, and begged of them, as well as I could, to shew me some place where I might lay my wearied limbs till dawn.

Notwithstanding the weariness which pervaded my whole body, I was unable for some time to sleep except by fitful snatches, such was the fear I entertained of having my throat cut by the savage-looking wretches still seated before the fire. Besides which, the place they had permitted me to crawl into was more like an oven than anything else, and being merely a sort of berth scooped out of the wall, was so filled with fleas, and other vermin, that I was stung and tormented most miserably all night long.

Bad as they had been, however, I felt somewhat restored by my lodging and supper, and with the dawn I crawled out of my lair, left the hut, retraced my steps along the lane, and once more emerged upon the high-road, where I found my companion the sergeant dead, and lying where I had left him the night before.

I now made the best of my way along the road in the direction in which I had last seen our army retreating the night before. A solitary individual, I seemed left behind amongst those who had perished. It was still raining, I remember, on this morning, and the very dead looked comfortless in their last sleep, as I passed them occasionally lying on the line of march.

It had pleased Heaven to give me an iron constitution, or I must have failed, I think, on this day, for the solitary journey, and the miserable spectacles I beheld, rather damped my spirits.

After progressing some miles, I came up with a cluster of poor devils who were still alive, but apparently, both men and women, unable to proceed. They were sitting huddled together in the road, their heads drooping forward, and apparently patiently awaiting their end.

Soon after passing these unfortunates, I overtook a party who were being urged forward under charge of an officer of the 42nd Highlanders. He was pushing them along pretty much as a drover would keep together a tired flock of sheep. They presented a curious example of a retreating force. Many of them had thrown away their weapons, and were linked together arm-in-arm, in order to support each other, like a party of drunkards. They were, I saw, composed of various regiments; many were bare-headed, and without shoes; and some with their heads tied up in old rags and fragments of handkerchiefs.

I marched in company with this party for some time, but as I felt after my night's lodging and refreshment in better condition I ventured to push forwards, in the hope of rejoining the main body, and which I once more came up with in the street of a village.

On falling in with the Rifles, I again found Brooks, who was surprised at seeing me still alive; and we both entered a house, and begged for something to drink. I remember that I had a shirt upon my back at this time, which I had purchased of a drummer of the 9th regiment before the commencement of the retreat. It was the only good one I had; I stripped, with the assistance of Brooks, and took it off, and exchanged it with a Spanish woman for a loaf of bread, which Brooks, myself, and two other men, shared amongst us.

I remember to have again remarked Crawford at this period of the retreat. He was no whit altered in his desire to keep the force together, I thought; but still active and vigilant as ever, he seemed to keep his eye upon those who were now most likely to hold out. I myself marched during many hours close beside him this day. He looked stern and pale; but the very picture of a warrior. I shall never forget Crawford if I live to a hundred years, I think. He was in everything a soldier.

Slowly and dejectedly crawled our army along. Their spirit of endurance was now considerably worn out, and judging from my own sensations, I felt confident that if the sea was much further from us, we must be content to come to a halt at last without winning it. I felt something like the approach of death as I proceeded, — a sort of horror, mixed up with my sense of illness, — a feeling I have never experienced before or since. Still I held on; but with all my efforts, the main body again left me behind. Had the enemy's cavalry come up at this time I think they would have had little else to do but ride us down without striking a blow.

It is, however, indeed astonishing how man clings to life. I am certain that had I lain down at this period, I should have found my last billet on the spot I sank upon. Suddenly I heard a shout in front, which was prolonged in a sort of hubbub. Even the stragglers whom I saw dotting the road in front of me seemed to have caught at something like hope; and as the poor fellows now reached the top of a hill we were ascending, I heard an occasional exclamation of joy, — the first note of the sort I had heard for many days. When I reached the top of the hill the thing spoke for itself. There, far away in our front, the English shipping lay in sight.*

Its view had indeed acted like a restorative to our force, and the

* Our division, under Crawford, in this retreat, as I have before mentioned, made for Vigo.

men at the prospect of a termination to the march, had plucked up spirit for a last effort. Fellows who, like myself, seemed to have hardly strength in their legs to creep up the ascent, seemed now to have picked up a fresh pair to get down with. Such is hope to us poor mortals!

There was, I recollect, a man of the name of Bell of the Rifles, who had been during this day holding a sort of creeping race with me,—we had passed and repassed each other, as our strength served. Bell was rather a discontented fellow at the best of times; but during this retreat he had given full scope to his ill-temper, cursing the hour in which he was born, and wishing his mother had strangled him when he came into the world, in order to have saved him from his present toil. He had not now spoken for some time, and the sight of the English shipping had apparently a very beneficial effect upon him. He burst into tears as he stood and looked at it.

“Harris,” he said, “if it pleases God to let me reach those ships, I swear never to utter a bad or discontented word again.”

As we proceeded down the hill we now met with the first symptoms of good feeling from the inhabitants it was our fortune to experience during our retreat. A number of old women stood on either side the road, and occasionally handed us fragments of bread as we passed them. It was on this day, and whilst I looked anxiously upon the English shipping in the distance, that I first began to find my eyesight failing, and it appeared to me that I was fast growing blind. The thought was alarming; and I made desperate efforts to get on. Bell, however, won the race this time. He was a very athletic and strong-built fellow, and left me far behind, so that I believe at that time I was the very last of the retreating force that reached the beach, though doubtless many stragglers came dropping up after the ships had sailed, and were left behind.

As it was, when I did manage to gain the sea-shore, it was only by the aid of my rifle that I could stand, and my eyes were now so dim and heavy that with difficulty I made out a boat which seemed the last that had put off.

Fearful of being left half blind in the lurch, I took off my cap, and placed it on the muzzle of my rifle as a signal, for I was totally unable to call out. Luckily Lieutenant Cox, who was aboard the boat, saw me, and ordered the men to return, and, making one more effort, I walked into the water, and a sailor stretching his body over the gunwale, seized me as if I had been an infant, and hauled me on board. His words were characteristic of the English sailor, I thought. “Hallo there, you lazy lubber!” he said as he grasped hold of me, “who the h—ll do you think is to stay humbugging all day for such a fellow as you?”

The boat, I found, was crowded with our exhausted men, who lay helplessly at the bottom, the heavy sea every moment drenching us to the skin. As soon as we reached the vessel's side, the sailors immediately aided us to get on board, which in our exhausted state was not a very easy matter, as they were obliged to place ropes in our hands, and heave us up by setting their shoulders under us, and hoisting away as if they had been pushing bales of goods on board. “Heave away!” cried one of the boat's crew, as I clung to a rope, quite unable to pull myself up, “heave away, you lubber!”

The tar placed his shoulder beneath me as he spoke, and hoisted me up against the ship's side ; I lost my grasp of the rope, and should have fallen into the sea, had it not been for two of the crew. These men grasped me as I was falling, and drew me into the port-hole like a bundle of foul clothes, tearing away my belt and bayonet in the effort, which fell into the sea.

It was not very many minutes after I was on board, for I lay where the sailors had first placed me, after dragging me through the port-hole, ere I was sound asleep. I slept long and heavily, and it was only the terrible noise and bustle on board consequent upon a gale having sprung up, that at length awoke me. The wind increased as the night came on, and soon we had to experience all the horrors of a storm at sea. The pumps were set to work, the sails were torn to shreds ; the coppers were upset, and we appeared in a fair way, I thought, of going to the bottom. Meanwhile the pumps were kept at work night and day incessantly, till they were choked ; and the gale growing worse and worse, all the soldiery were ordered below, and the hatches closed ; soon after which the vessel turned over on one side, and lay a helpless log upon the water. In this situation an officer was placed over us, with his sword drawn in one hand, and a lantern in the other, in order to keep us on the side which was uppermost, so as to give the vessel a chance of righting herself in the roaring tide. The officer's task was not an easy one, as the heaving waves frequently sent us sprawling from the part we clung to, over to the lowermost part of the hold, where he stood, and he was obliged every minute to drive us back.

We remained in this painful situation for, I should think, five or six hours, expecting every instant to be our last, when, to our great joy, the sea suddenly grew calm, the wind abated, the vessel righted herself, and we were once more released from our prison, having tasted nothing in the shape of food for at least forty-eight hours. Soon after this we arrived in sight of Spithead, where we saw nine of our convoy, laden with troops, which had been driven on shore in the gale. After remaining off Spithead for about five or six days, one fine morning we received orders to disembark, and our poor bare feet once more touched English ground. The inhabitants flocked down to the beach to see us as we did so, and they must have been a good deal surprised at the spectacle we presented. Our beards were long and ragged ; almost all were without shoes or stockings ; many had their clothes and accoutrements in fragments, with their heads swathed in old rags, and our arms were covered with rust ; whilst not a few had now, from toil and fatigue, become quite blind.

Let not the reader, however, think, that even now we were to be despised as soldiers. Long marches, inclement weather, and want of food, had done their work upon us ; but we were perhaps better than we appeared, as the sequel shewed. Under the gallant Crawford we had made some tremendous marches, and even galled our enemies severely, making good our retreat by the way of Vigo. But our comrades in adversity, and who had retired by the other road to Corunna, under General Moore, turned to bay there, and shewed the enemy that the English soldier is not to be beaten even under the most adverse circumstances

The field of death and slaughter, the march, the bivouac, and the retreat, are no bad places in which to judge of men. I have had some opportunities of judging them in all these situations, and I should say, that the British are amongst the most splendid soldiers in the world. Give them fair play, and they are unconquerable. For my own part I can only say, that I enjoyed life more whilst on active service, than I have ever done since; and as I sit at work in my shop in Richmond Street, Soho, I look back upon that portion of my time spent in the fields of the Peninsula as the only part worthy of remembrance. It is at such times that scenes long passed come back upon my mind as if they had taken place but yesterday. I remember even the very appearance of some of the regiments engaged, and comrades, long mouldered to dust, I see again performing the acts of heroes.

 MONKISH BALLADS.

THE JOLLY MILLER AND JACK AND GILL.

THE lovers of mediæval literature will rejoice at the discovery of the following carols. They are supposed to have been sung by the monks of St. Alban's at Christmas-tide, and adopted from them by the fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, at its foundation. We are indebted for the discovery of these precious relics to the Cambridge Camden Society. Our beautiful songs of "The Jolly Miller" and "Jack and Gill" will perhaps lose nothing of their popularity, when discovered to have such a claim upon our attention from their antiquity.

"There lived on y^e rivere Dee one Jolie Millere; no larke was more merrye, for he cared for nobodie, and nobodie cared for him."

Ad Deū vixit flumina!
 Molitor socialis;
 Qui risit et cantavit ut
 Alauda jovialis.

Hic chorus erat carminis
 Ad usque infinitum,
 Ah! mihi nemo curæ est,
 Et ego nemini sum.

The other is of the same character; it tells us, that "One Jacke didde ascende y^e mountayne for to gette watre, with his frende; but he felle doune, and in lyken mannere didde his frende; and they cracked their crowns."

Johannes, cum
 Amico, dum
 Hauriat aquam, montem

Ascendit: Hic,
 Et ille sic,
 Prolapsus, fregit frontem.

"Fregit frontem," cracked his crown. Hæc alliteratio certe melioris (qy. middlioris?) ævi digna.—Ed. note.

We hear that an imperfect copy of the Legends of St. Dirtiface, and St. Cinderella virgin and martyr have been discovered, and are calculated to throw great light upon the real characters of the monks and nuns of the middle ages.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE AVENGER'S WITNESS AGAINST MURDER—concluded.

As he spoke, Dunnett's wife, forgetful of the piteous aspect of the wretched craven before her—forgetful of the agony he was evidently undergoing—forgetful of his pressing claims upon her active sympathy and kind offices—forgetful, in fact, of all but her husband's peril, pressed towards the speaker and shrieked rather than said—

"When before? Answer me—when before?"

Owsley was silent.

"Where" persisted she with renewed vehemence,—“where did you last meet?"

"Pain" exclaimed he piteously,—“pain distracts me. I know not what I said."

"But you did," returned she firmly; "you did. And a terrible secret have your words disclosed. You know—deny it not—how Rolluck met his end. And HE who hates deeds of blood, points you out by a dumb creature as *the Murderer!*"

"No! No!" cried Owsley furiously; "I deny it."

And under the combined influence of pain, fright, and loss of blood, the wretched man fainted.

Every relief which medical skill could devise Mr. Tyerman took care should not be wanting. The suggestions of humanity were fully carried out, but the most rigid surveillance was not forgotten. A train of minute circumstances—each unimportant in itself, but united forming a chain of almost irresistible evidence—was arrayed against him, and within a fortnight he was committed for trial.

But that dreaded ordeal was never passed through. He sickened and died in prison six weeks before the assizes were held. To the last he maintained that he was not Rolluck's murderer; though he admitted being secreted in the house on the fatal evening of his death; and that the object of his ambush was to surprise the old man into a further advance of cash. That this was the extent of his guilt may, with all christian charity, be doubted; enough, however, was admitted by him to clear Dunnett from suspicion and to restore him to his family. Still, to his closing hour—and Joe lived long and prosperously—he was accustomed to say "the first, and best, and boldest witness in my favour was a *dumb* one."

A case with somewhat similar bearings will be remembered by many, which referred to a helpless member of a family long resident at one of the little seaports in Devon. Mrs. Arlett was the mother of a very lovely girl whose beauty was her ruin. Her rare and surpassing personal attractions drew on her the notice of a high-born profligate: and she, rashly credulous and dazzled with the prospect of a coronet in the distance, fled with him from her humble home. The hour of delusion soon passed. The object of the party to whom she had entrusted her happiness speedily became apparent. Deceived, disgusted and betrayed, she died—a few months after her flight—

miserably. Her widowed and agonized mother found a shelter in the house of a married nephew, whose unceasing study seemed to be that of diverting her from the contemplation of past sorrows. He but partially succeeded: for one of the delusions which had obtained a firm hold of Mrs. Arlett's mind was this—that "Thomasine was not dead, but would return to her ere long a humbled and submissive penitent." No argument, no persuasion, could conquer this idea. "It was impossible," she contended with tearful eye, and quivering lip, "that one could die so young and so happy, so joyous and lovely as Thomasine! Though sorrow had overtaken her, Death would spare her. He could have nothing in common with one so gentle and so fair. She wished people would not distress her by such frightful rumours. Her heart was bound up with her daughter; She should soon see her again. She would return some early morning—she knew she would—to her poor failing mother. She had not a doubt upon the point. The spring would bring her!"

Poor Thomasine! while these words of hope and trust were uttered, she was mouldering in a distant and unhonoured grave!

Meanwhile every relic of her daughter was precious in the poor mother's eyes. Her own valuables had long since disappeared; The hour of trial and privation had scattered them. But, whatever jewel Thomasine had worn or prized, was guarded with a miser's care:

A ruby ring, to which, in her early days of happiness, Thomasine had been partial; a highly-finished miniature of herself, taken by a London artist—what an intelligent, joyous, animated countenance did it present! a gold cross, exquisitely chased, of foreign manufacture, the offering of some youthful lover to the far-famed beauty; and a bird of splendid plumage from Mexico, whose note was singularly sweet and musical, and which, being regularly fed by its youthful mistress, knew her, and would clap his wings and burst into song the moment she approached the cage;—these were the treasures over which poor Mrs. Arlett gloated, and which were rarely absent from her sight. Life ebbed away in examining and preserving them. The instructions of the nephew to his household with reference to his feeble guest, were positive and reiterated—that her wishes were to be obeyed and her foibles to be respected to the utmost. No request was to be deemed inopportune. And, to secure her against the possibility of neglect, an attendant was placed at her command, whose sole duty was to attend to her personal comfort. The name of this party was Franchette. She was pronounced "an invaluable creature;" a treasure for honesty and fidelity. What vipers these "faithful creatures" occasionally prove! But this by the way.

Two years had Mrs. Arlett been a guest—an honoured though a trying guest—under the roof of her generous nephew; her mind still reverting to her daughter, and her lips still uttering the most earnest assurances that Thomasine would speedily return to her as dutiful and affectionate as when they last met; when her existence abruptly closed. Without any previous illness—any avowal of pain or uneasiness—or the manifestation of any symptom which could create alarm—she was found one morning dead in her chair. The countenance was perfectly calm and placid. There was no distortion of feature—no impress of pain or struggle apparent. And many thanks

givings were uttered by the kind-hearted host that his kinswoman's chequered career had come to so calm and peaceful a close. The medical attendants who were called in united in opinion that some bloodvessel in the head had given way, and that Mrs. Arlett had died instantaneously. Her sufferings, they felt assured, must have been but momentary. The necessary preparations were made. The funeral took place; and all seemed satisfied that the fatal event had been produced by natural causes—all, save and except Mrs. Humphrey Arlett. She shook her head with dubious meaning, when the happy release of the poor widow was spoken of; and hummed and hawed when merciless gossips observed to her "how providentially it had been ordered that the old lady's decease was so momentary and so peaceful!"

"What does that bye-play mean?" was her husband's inquiry on one occasion. "You are not apt to array your judgment against that of others; are you not satisfied?"

"Not altogether," was the reply.

"You do not suspect foul play?" continued he earnestly.

"I miss," returned the lady, evading all direct reply, "I miss from your relative's writing-desk the much-prized ruby ring, the gold cross which she so frequently wore, and the exquisite miniature of Thomasine, so valuable from its massive and costly setting."

"Is that all? You will discover them in a day or two in some one of her many hiding-places. You are as well aware as myself of her magpie propensities."

"I do not find," continued Mrs. Humphrey doggedly, "a single shilling among her effects. Purse and note-case are both gone."

"Pooh! Pooh! Remember her very limited means."

"She was poor—that I grant—but not penniless. A little hoard in reserve, depend upon it, was hers. I am dissatisfied—much and greatly dissatisfied—with the general aspect of affairs."

"Needlessly!" cried the husband. "Mark me, Emma, all will be cleared up in a day or two."

"I agree with you; but the *dénouement* will close in a manner you little expect!" observed the lady quietly, as her unsuspecting husband rose and left her.

Three weeks glided by. No further discovery was made; but Mrs. Arlett's suspicions were as active as ever. She had never returned to the subject on which her husband and herself took such opposite views; but she only waited for an opportunity to re-assert her opinion: that Mr. Arlett speedily gave her.

"Franchette's mourning is wretchedly shabby: have you remarked it, Emma?" observed the gentleman; "one would imagine she had provided it at her own expense."

"She has!" was his companion's laconic reply.

"You are jesting!" exclaimed he. "Surely you purpose, were it only from respect to the memory of the dead, that Franchette, as my poor aunt's special attendant; should have mourning—new, of course, and handsome?"

"Nothing more distant from my intention."

"Nay, nay, Emma; your assumption of the character of a niggard—so foreign to your own generous impulses—ill becomes you. Listen to me. I proposed settling on the girl a trifling annuity in acknowledgment of her services to the dead. You would not hear

f it. I then modified my scheme into a gratuity for her attendance upon my poor kinswoman to her very last hour. You condemned it. And now you advance a step further, and refuse to give her mourning. Surely, this is harsh!"

"No, it is just. Listen, in your turn, to me. That Franchette ought to be a mourner on this occasion, I admit. No one has such cause for deep and quenchless grief. But let her regret be shown not by external indications of sorrow, but by confession and repentance."

"Confession! of what?"

"Of her crime. I believe her to be accessory—nay, start not—to your helpless kinswoman's death. Every article of value belonging to her has disappeared. Who had opportunity to purloin them? The invalid died, it is asserted, in the day-time, when left for twenty minutes wholly to herself. Where was Franchette?—how employed?—in what part of the house?—and on what errand? *She is unable to say!* But the witness against her, the disinterested and damning witness, is the foreign warbler—Yu-à-tipi. The bird wont touch food presented by her hands; flaps his wings and screams when she approaches him; shows every symptom of horror, rage, and fright, so long as she is present—you must have noticed this?"

"I have. It has puzzled me."

"Me it has grieved: for to my mind it solved a frightful problem. That bird was in the room when your poor old relative died. Die under what circumstances she might, he witnessed the last struggle, whatever was its nature."

"Emma, these are circumstances tinged, it is true, with suspicion, but from which no dark conclusion should be lightly drawn."

"I cannot avoid it: and therefore I implore you that Franchette may have neither annuity, nor pecuniary present, nor mourning; and an asylum in this house only till I can unmask and punish her."

But the presumed delinquent who, to other natural gifts, added that of a *very fine ear*, had overheard some portion of this dialogue and took measures accordingly. She decamped, when and how no one knew. The greater portion of her clothes, the wages due to her, and one or two bulky presents which her deceased mistress had made her, were perforce left behind. Nothing was heard of her for six or seven years. At the end of that period a squalid, ill-dressed, miserable-looking woman waited on Mrs. Arlett, and said she was Franchette's mother. Her daughter, she remarked, was dead, and had died, after great suffering, in some hospital in London. Two days before she breathed her last she called her mother aside, and implored her to put a small parcel (which she gave her) into Mrs. Arlett's hands. This package she produced. With mingled fear and curiosity it was opened. Within lay, much defaced, scratched, and abominably ill-used, the once glowing miniature of the unfortunate Thomasine. The costly and massive gold setting, as a matter of course, was missing. Round the picture was twisted a sheet of soiled letter-paper. On this was written, in large and legible characters, "Your suspicions were just. *Franchette.*"

But perhaps the most extraordinary part ever sustained in a case of murder by a dumb animal was borne by a little terrier dog—*name and owner unknown*—in the case of Nicholson, the assassin of

his unsuspecting master and mistress, the Bonars. I have thrown the particulars into a note. I would quote their source, but cannot recall it. All I can state is, they are authentic. Can they be read without this conclusion being arrived at, that the mission of the animal was to detect a murderer? *

CHAPTER LXXV.

SLEEPLESS BECAUSE CRIMINAL.

"In the close of his career, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices; and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and still more fatal remedies."—RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS B. MACAULAY, M.P.

DR. TODRIGO, whose resignation was this morning tendered and accepted, and whose spirits have risen marvellously in consequence, is about to travel on the Continent with a wealthy valetudinarian.

"I have," said he, "no great reason to felicitate myself on my change of duties, if what I underwent a few years since in a similar relation is to weigh with me. I was selected," continued he, "in early life for the appointment of medical adviser to a young favourite of fortune, who had unexpectedly succeeded to a large landed estate, and whose nerves had suddenly become affected. Foreign travel was recommended: and during his wanderings he was to be watched over by a medical attendant, who was at no time, and under no pretext, to quit him.

The history of young Reston was somewhat singular. In boyhood he was an agreeable, good-tempered, light-hearted lad, of popular manners, and inconsiderable abilities, destined by his father—a man of limited means—to fill the office of clerk in some mercantile establishment. Resolved to give him every advantage which a first-rate education could afford, Reston was placed by his prudent and far-sighted parent at a private school, where only six boys were received, and where morals and manners, strange to say, were thought of nearly as much moment as classics. Among the inmates was a lame, deformed, sickly lad, contingent heir to a baronetcy. His name was Fleming. Between him and Reston an intimacy

* Mr. Frederick Tyrrel (the late eminent surgeon) makes this statement:—"He (Nicholson) was apprehended in the afternoon, and taken to the Compter prison in Giltspur Street. I went there to see him, and was accompanied by the governor to the cell in which he was confined. Whilst speaking to him, a little black and dun terrier-dog placed its fore paws upon his knees, and began to lick his breeches, which were made of some dark-coloured velvet. Observing this, the governor directed him to remove them. On afterwards holding them up to the light, the front part of each thigh was evidently stained, and a little moisture soon proved it to be with blood. The governor remarked that my dog was a sagacious little fellow; but I could not own him, for I had never before seen him; and all the inquiries which were subsequently made could not discover a master for him! It was the more extraordinary because a public notice was posted at the gates of the prison forbidding the entrance of dogs. In the evening I sent to the prison, to beg to have the dog, as I heard he had not been owned, when—remarkable to say—*he had disappeared as strangely as he had entered, AND WAS NEVER AFTERWARDS FOUND!*"

arose, founded on the natural instinct by which the weaker seeks the stronger, and the defenceless clings to the powerful. Reston fought his battles, wrote his themes, polished off his nonsense verses, was always willing to walk his pace, and to accommodate himself to his companion's physical infirmities, without apparently perceiving them. Hapless and repulsive as the lame boy was in person, he had a beautiful mind; a noble nature and generous impulses were his. He felt Reston's kindness deeply; and he declared, that if ever he became independent, Reston should hear of his good fortune, and be invited to share it. That result was realized much sooner than was expected. Death took away, during the next five years, both his childless uncles; and the lame, pallid, sickly boy became Sir Carroll Cope Fleming, with a rent-roll approaching six thousand per annum. The funeral obsequies of his predecessor had hardly been solemnized when the young baronet's recollections reverted to his early friend, and he wrote to entreat his presence at Fleming Park. A most cordial welcome awaited him on his arrival; and the day following, a proposition from his young host that he should accompany him to Oxford, where the whole of his university expenses would be defrayed, and every facility afforded him for going to the bar, or, if he preferred it, taking holy orders. All that Sir Carroll stipulated for in return amounted to this, that Reston's society should be mainly at his, the young Baronet's, disposal; that he should accompany him to the banks of the Isis, neither as a tutor, counsellor, or spy, but as a personal friend; and furthermore, that beyond Reston's immediate family the nature of their arrangement should not transpire. The rare delicacy of this latter condition the young man's friends felt sensibly.

To Oxford the parties went; and during the first long vacation passed to the Continent. At Liège the baronet fell ill. His complaint was pronounced malignant typhus; and the servants of the hotel where he sickened taking fright at the announcement, shunned him, one and all, as a doomed man. His nurse day and night was Reston. He administered, hour after hour, the nauseous remedies; smoothed the uneasy pillow, allayed the ever-recurring thirst; held him down in his delirious intervals, and never quitted him till his convalescence was no longer doubtful.

The demeanour of Sir Carroll on his recovery, whether it arose from shyness, pride, or constitutional reserve, was strange, and miserably disappointed his companion. He never thanked him for his past devotion—never expressed any pleasure that he had escaped infection—never condemned the selfishness of those sordid menials who had on the first announcement of his danger abandoned him—never referred but once, and that slightly, to his own sufferings and danger. The subject apparently was disagreeable, and, with his usual timid policy, he shunned it.

To Reston this apparently ungrateful line of conduct was deeply galling. He could not disguise from his own heart the conviction that to him, humanly speaking, Sir Carroll was indebted for his life. His own existence he felt he had unhesitatingly placed in jeopardy rather than that the exigencies of his friend should be ill-supplied or forgotten. Had the invalid been his own brother, Reston's feelings told him he could not have nursed him more tenderly or de-

votedly ; and now — not even the poor meed of thanks ! The more he mused on the Baronet's coolness and indifference, the more ungracious did his conduct appear. And at this point their friendship cooled ; their intercourse, once so cordial, was checked by some indescribable restraint ; their unison in thought and sentiment, once so perfect, seemed jarred. It might be caused by a feeling of pride on the one hand, and a sense of wrong on the other. Whatever was its origin, the result was clear : the forms of conventional courtesy succeeded to the frankness, and warmth, and boundless confidence of friendship. Sir Carroll returned to Fleming Park early in the autumn. On the 1st of October he attained his majority. On the 5th he made his will, leaving Reston, "in token of former attention to him during illness, sole heir to all his personal property, should he die childless," — a most unfortunate determination — deliberately arrived at, but pregnant with ill.

The solicitor who drew the deed submitted, more than once, to the testator, "whether it would not be more conducive to Mr. Reston's interests, and more agreeable to his (Sir Carroll's) feelings, to settle some annuity on his travelling companion, or to make over some property to him by deed of gift ? " "No !" was the reply, rather smartly given ; "I demur to that suggestion entirely ; Reston must be content, so long as I live, to be dependant on me." — "You are aware, sir," persisted the lawyer, "that your friend being your junior by six months only, his succeeding to the property given him by your will is a mere contingency. The clause in question is, I was about to say, a mockery of a bequest. Do reconsider this point." — "Allow me, Mr. Hartop, to recall to you your true position," observed the Baronet haughtily, "and remind you that the will you are now making is *mine*, not your own."

The attorney bowed and was silent. The will was drawn up, put aside for consideration, reperused, and executed. Its contents the morning following were communicated to Reston. He listened without the slightest apparent interest to the statement, and at its close remarked carelessly, "I trust, Sir Carroll, this wordy document will turn out to be so much waste paper ; you will have sons of your own, I devoutly hope, to succeed you in your property. Do we ride this morning ? You promised, I think, to decide on the site of the new keeper's lodge. The day is tempting. Shall I order the horses round ?"

Such was his comment, and the only one he was ever heard to make with reference to the subject. Those most in his confidence never remember his alluding, however casually or distantly, to the "contingent inheritance" held out to him ; it seemed wholly and entirely to have escaped his recollection. But in the meantime his patron's health manifestly failed. Repeated sharp attacks of illness assailed him ; his spirits became depressed ; he grew thin, complained of constant suffering, and his features, which had become sharp, and wan, and rigid, bore out his assertion ; in truth, the anxious, and distressed expression of his face was painfully striking. One medical man after another was consulted ; each declared there was something "materially wrong" in the system, but no two of them agreed as to the precise nature of the malady. One said, it arose from "gout lurking in the system ;" another, that it was "one of the many effects which the attack of malignant fever had left be-

hind it;" a third, that it was produced "by sparing diet and over-exercise." But to what extent soever various M.D.'s differed as to the seat of the Baronet's complaint, and the remedies proper to counteract it, they were gloriously unanimous in one particular—they never refused a fee. In the multitude of consultations there was not wisdom: no amendment took place; and Sir Carroll determined on going to London, and conferring with Dr. Hope. The resolution was suddenly taken and as suddenly carried out. On his return to dinner the following day he seemed in spirits, and as Reston and he sat over their dessert he exclaimed cheerfully,

"I was much pleased with Hope's manner, and think that if any man can do me good he will. But he asked me some most extraordinary questions."

"They all do," was Reston's comment; "they think it professional."

"True: but Hope's queries were unaccountable; and among them was this—'Have you ever to your knowledge taken any deleterious drug—any preparation or compound of which poison was an ingredient?' Absurd, was it not? But what ails ye, Reston? *Peste!* You're spilling your wine over the table, and running your fork into my fingers!"

The old butler who was still lingering at the side-board, and whose attention had been arrested by his master's exclamation, now hurried towards Mr. Reston, whom he described—and never varied to his dying day in the statement—as looking deadly pale, trembling in every limb, and unable for many moments to articulate. When he did, he gasped out—

"I've the cramp in my wrist. It is painful for the moment, but soon over."

"What remedy will you have? Hartshorn—laudanum—eau de Cologne."

"Nothing but cold water relieves me."

And, averting his face from his host, he bathed his wrist diligently and continuously.

"Come, Reston, that will do: you look less ghostly; and now for Hope—you must hear the wind-up of the interview. The gravity with which he put his question about 'deleterious substances' was somewhat startling. I met it with the remark—'Lots in my time, I dare say, Doctor, were it only in the wine I drank at Oxford. However, write for me; you'll find me a docile patient.' He did so; and I've come down from town laden with new remedies. I begin to-night. I must do so in earnest, for I find my evening paroxysm of pain commencing. Strange that food of any kind should so distress me! If I could live without eating I might, perhaps, live without torture."

He rose as he spoke, and retired to his dressing-room; and there, after an hour's interval, Reston visited him. The invalid seemed cheerful; expressed a hope that the paroxysm was past; desired his reading-lamp might be brought him and fixed near his sofa. "He looked forward," he said, "to having some hours of sound sleep." Reston bade him good night, and left him.

At ten, Halls, his valet, went into his room to take his orders for the night. The Baronet spoke cheerfully, expressed himself free from pain, desired a small mahogany stand on which *Dr. Hope's me-*

dieines were ranged to be drawn close to his bedside, and gave directions that no one in the household should sit up on his account. At two in the morning the family was disturbed by the loud and continuous ringing of Sir Carroll's bell. Halls was the first to reach his master's room, and when he did so found his master in the throes of death. He was unable to utter more than a few words at a time. Those which could be distinctly caught were—"Wrong medicine!—wrong medicine! Death! I'm burning! Water!—water!" Convulsions came on, and in twenty minutes he expired.

In the investigation which ensued nothing satisfactory was elicited. A cloud of impenetrable mystery seemed to hover over the deceased Baronet's last hours. It appeared that six weeks previously, Sir Carroll's favourite mare, Dora, had sprained her shoulder. A veterinary was called in. He brought with him an embrocation so powerful that he desired it might, when used, be diluted copiously with water. "He would answer," he said, "for its success with the mare; but a very few drops would *pucker up* any Christian!" A printed label inscribed "poison!" was pasted on the bottle; and "as grooms are proverbially careless," such were Sir Carroll's own words, "I shall keep this deadly specific in my own dressing-room. When wanted let it be asked for!" By what hands it had been brought thence; *who had carefully washed off the label*; how it had found its way into the Baronet's bed-room; when, and by whom, it was placed among other phials on the stand by his sick-bed no one could or chose to afford information. All was mystery and conjecture. That the invalid had mistaken its contents—had, in some paroxysm of pain, applied to it for relief—had, deceived by its appearance, imagined it was a medicine proper for him to take—were points inferred rather than proved. One fact alone was clear—that he had perished, and that the agent of his destruction was poison.

His demise brought instant wealth and consequence to Mr. Reston. To him fell all the Baronet's personal property—a bequest much more important than was at first surmised. The heir-at-law wished to invalidate the will; but it had been too carefully and securely worded to admit of dispute.

"It was singular," observed Dr. Todrigg emphatically, "and no less singular than true, that Reston ceased to be happy the moment he ceased to be dependent. The gaiety and cheerfulness of manner, once so natural to him, fled. The merry laugh and humorous reply so often the provocative to mirth in others, were never heard. He looked a saddened, joyless, despondent man. His family said he 'had never recovered the shock of Sir Carroll's death, to whom he was devotedly attached;' his apothecary maintained that 'the sudden and surprising change in his worldly circumstances had unnerved his system.' I adopt neither opinion," said Dr. Todrigg shrewdly; "but he was a curious specimen of '*a fortunate young man*' when his friends placed him under my special charge. And now observe the folly of which educated people—people who should know better—are guilty, and the pains they take to deceive and mislead the man by whose advice they profess themselves desirous to be directed. When young Reston was confided to my care, his previous history was carefully withheld from me. He was even introduced under my roof with a feigned name. I asked the particulars of his case, and received for answer that he had unexpectedly succeeded to

considerable property, and was labouring under undue nervous excitement. A secluded village in Somersetshire, nestling under the Cheddar Hills, was to be his temporary home, and thither I was required to accompany him. Promises of ample remuneration were held out to me if success attended my course of treatment: but no medical regimen would reach his case. Take what exercise he might during the day, he could not sleep. Pending the three months he was with me, I have my doubts whether he ever had, at any one time, two hours of sound, refreshing, continuous sleep. And when, perchance, his weary eyelids closed, and a snatch of repose of some twenty or thirty minutes was granted him, he talked incessantly. During the day he was taciturn, reserved, and guarded; but when he slept—if sleep it could be called—his loquacity was continuous. Of this I had ample means of judging. His sleeping-room communicated with mine—there were obvious reasons why such an arrangement was desirable;—and the moment he was locked in slumber, his burdened spirit relieved itself. He would commence in a low murmuring, which gradually deepened in strength and volume till his exclamations became painfully distinct. ‘I am not to blame—it was his own act and deed.—No! I did not offer it.—I wasn’t with him.—It was his own blunder.—How came the phial there?—How!—Why am I to tell?—I won’t! I won’t!’ A succession of shrieks would follow; and in the midst of these he wakes. At another time he would break out with—‘Ask me no questions!—I intend to keep my own secret!—Yes! he grew thinner and thinner.—What have I to do with that?—They say you killed him?—False! False!—He killed himself!—D’ye hear? he killed himself!—Oh! it was cleverly done—cleverly done, indeed! Ha! ha! ha!’ And in the midst of a peal of laughter, horrible to hear, the poor wretched creature would wake, nor close his eyes again for hours.”

“And what became of him ultimately?”

“I returned him to his friends; and, as I did so, could not forbear remarking that he required ‘the divine more than the physician.’”

“And his end?”

“Oh! he still lives—abroad, I understand, and under restraint; but his bodily health is little, if at all impaired.”

“A sad history!”

“Yes, Mr. Cleaver, but it points its moral. I never think of Reston without feeling there is a worse ill than poverty—than disappointed expectations—than blighted prospects—than false friends,—the ill of a guilty conscience, burdened with a load of unrepented sin. This reconciles me to my threadbare coat at any time.”

He wrung my hand in silence and left me.

It was thus we parted.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

RETIREMENT.

“Make your adieux gracefully; and see that your last words be those of amity and peace.”—MRS. GRANT, of *Luggan*.

INDICATIONS had not latterly been wanting that my retirement from office was an event for which some of the magistrates were prepared.

I was told that I had "grown old:" a misfortune beyond my power to avert. It was added, that my "voice was broken:" constant exertion will tell. Furthermore, it was urged that some of the prisoners complained that they "*could not*" hear me: I changed the phraseology of the complaint somewhat, and wrote "WOULD NOT." Finally and overwhelmingly, it was asserted that the Governor described me as "prosy,"—an indefinite term, but involving a volume of accusation.

I resolved to resign.

I cannot but say that I fancied some little gratuity might have been awarded me,—after my anxious, painful, and irksome term of labour: others thought differently, and I submit.

It is not unusual for the village curate to sigh over his position; to be chafed by the ignorance, opposition, and obduracy of the people to whom he has to minister; and to be alternately ruffled and humbled by the eccentricities, caprices, and vacillation of some invalid and uncertain incumbent. Brother labourer! be thankful that such is your lot.

At all events, let nothing but the direst necessity induce you to change it for the bondage of

A GAOL CHAPLAIN.

MY MOTHER.

"I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,—
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,—
And, turning from thy nursery-window, drew
A long last sigh, and wept a last adieu!"—COWPER.

My sainted mother! thou hast bade
This earth a long good-night;
And changed thy garb of sadness here
For one of fadeless light!
Imagination often brings
Thy features mild and fair;
But beautiful as they were once,
How lovelier in yon sphere!

The flowers have bloom'd and died full
oft,
As leaves upon the tree;
And many suns have rose and set,
Since thou wert last with me:
But still I can indulge the thought
That thou art near me yet,
To hush the murmur on my lips,
To calm my vain regret!

Sweet mother! I remember well
How in thy doating joy,
Thou wouldst enfold me to thy breast,
And bless thy little boy;
And o'er my cheek would softly fall
Tears of maternal love,
As on the bud untimely chill'd
The dew floats from above!

And I remember, too, when oft
Within thine arms I lay;
Isobb'd the pray'r that Death would *first*
Take me, thy child, away!

I wept to think of losing thee,
And sooner would have gone
To rest beneath the churchyard tree,
Than be an orphan lone!
And thou wouldst soothe me, blessed
one,
With gentle word and look,
Until the torrent of my grief
Became a rippling brook;
And then thou hadst some holy hymn
To lull me to repose;
Until the tears would leave mine eyes,
And sleep their lids would close!
And when the hour of sickness came,
Thy ministering hand
Would kindle up anew the flame
That smoulder'd on the brand
And then a heav'nly smile would come
Upon thy care-worn brow,
As thou wouldst mark with watchful
glance
The spreading of the bough!
But ere the branch, like hope, had borne
Its trembling leaves of green,
A veil was o'er its freshness thrown,
A shadow went between!
My mother! thou wert call'd above—
To death thy form was given;
But thy meek spirit soar'd on high,
To rest its wings in heav'n!

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE NINTH.

The Histrionic Art.—Difficulty of excelling in it.—Cooke.—Knight.—The unpopular Tragedian.—Amateur Actors.—Earl Fitzhardinge.—Major Dawkins.—Lord Frederick Lennox, &c.—Amateur Theatricals.—Critic at Brandenburg House.—The unwashed Othello.—The black Gloves.—Private Theatres.—Kean at the Louvre.—An Evening at Pym's.—Corps Dramatique dressing.—The Coulistes.—Stage Fright.—The Performances.

Reader! Did you ever go to a private theatre? No! Then you shall accompany me to Pym's. But first a few facts, &c., relating to acting and amateur performances in general.

Of all arts, the histrionic is the most deceptive. Nothing appears easier than to act; and the better the acting, the easier it seems. But that acting which is the most simple and natural, like the most simple and natural style in writing, is the most difficult of attainment, and only to be achieved by close thinking and treadmill labour. Rousseau wrote with extreme difficulty; while in the copies of "Richard III.," "Macbeth," &c., from which Cooke studied, nearly every word he had to deliver was underlined. Little Knight, too, was a most elaborate actor. He has been known to dress for his part hours before he was wanted, and wander about the avenues near the stage, assuming the gait and dialect of his character, in order to work himself into it; so that, when he went on the stage, he might be said to be in the middle of his performance. Knight was the Gerard Dow of his profession. He laboured incessantly. His *Sim* in "Wild Oats" was a perfect gem. He played in the distracting scene so exquisitely that it was frequently encored—a tribute never payed to talent before or since.

So completely is acting reduced to system, that any departure from it, even in the delivery of a message, would cause confusion, and might seriously embarrass the performers concerned. Advantage was taken of this to annoy a certain tragedian, the impetuosity of whose temper made him very unpopular in the greenroom. It was settled that one of the company should get hold of the prompt-book previous to rehearsal, and alter all the entrances and exits in X——'s scenes, which was done.

"*Right!* sir, *Right!* You must enter *Right!*" bawled X—— to the first performer who came on to him. "You're on your wrong side, Mr. T——!"

"No, sir; I believe not, sir," returned the latter, referring to his part, which, of course, had been altered to correspond with the prompt-book, "No; I believe you'll find I'm correct Mr. X——."

"You're on your wrong side, I tell you, sir!" thundered X——, beginning to get the steam up. "The *Ambassador* always comes on *Right*, sir! D'ye think I don't know?"

"I don't mean to dispute your knowledge on the subject, Mr. X——. All I know is, it's set down *Left* in my part here and—"

"Then it's set down wrong, sir!" interrupted X——, dashing

down the part, "Sacred Powers! Haven't I played in this play in half the theatres in the kingdom, and oughtn't I to know? I tell you the "*Ambassador*" always comes on *Right*, sir, and—I request you'll do so."

"Of course I should be most happy to meet your wishes, Mr. X—; but, as I marked my part from the prompt-book—"

"It's false, sir!"

"Really, this language, Mr. X—"

"I repeat it, sir: it's false! If it's marked *Left* in the prompt-book, I'll eat it. You've made a mistake, sir!"

"A mistake I may have made, Mr. X—, though I don't think I have."

"Sacred Powers! But we'll soon—Here, Macnally! bring the prompt-book. Ha! here it is—now for it. We'll soon see who's wrong (*reads*)."
Enter the Ambassador.—"LEFT, it is by—!"

And so on, all through the rehearsal.

Of course the performances of amateurs in so difficult an art, of which they are necessarily ignorant, can afford little entertainment, except in line-of-battle ships and foreign garrisons, where, from a lack of other amusement, one of Morton's, or Coleman's comedies, even indifferently played, becomes a positive pleasure. In fact, many of our officers, from constantly assisting at amateur performances, become very tolerable *artistes*. Colonel Berkeley, the present Earl Fitzhardinge, was, to say the least, a respectable actor; so was Major Dawkins; so was Lord Frederick Lennox. Whitelaw of the artillery even approached excellence in Munden's parts; and I have seen Captain Peach play *Mingle* in "*The Beehive*," at the Fish Shamble Street Theatre, quite as well as any actor in the Crow Street Company would have done.

Amateur theatricals given at a private house are the pleasantest. These sometimes conclude with a ball, but generally with a supper, which, at Tavistock Place, I used to think not the least agreeable part of the evening's entertainment, since it brought me into contact with Mathews, or Liston, or Little Booth, or *Little Britton*, as he was punningly called, or some other celebrity I should not otherwise have enjoyed an opportunity of meeting. The theatricals at Lord Barrymore's, Mr. Foley's, The Oaks, Blenheim, and Brandenburg House, were of this description. I remember meeting at these latter a critic whom Sterne would have found more difficult to classify than his travellers. "Capital actors, sir, capital!" said this Aristarchus, turning to me (the conspirators' scene in "*Venice Preserved*" was on), "Why, the united incomes of those gentlemen now on the stage, sir, would exceed seventy thousand pounds!"

Amateurs always attempt too much. If they would confine themselves to a *vaudeville* or *petite comédie*, it would form an agreeable feature in an evening's entertainment, and vary that monotony which too frequently prevails in our *salons*. I once tried this experiment at my own house, when it answered perfectly. Before the company had time to get tired, the performance was over, and a fresh quadrille organized. This is better than a *bal costumé* or *tableau vivans*, in which the actors have all the trouble of dressing, with little or nothing to do. Sometimes a single scene or recitation may be introduced to advantage, as I have seen done at Lady Gresley's and other houses.

One night Major P——, H——, Colonel C——, of G——, with one or two others, who were supping at the Bugle Inn, at Newport, agreed to amuse themselves in this manner. A scene from "Othello" was fixed upon,—*Othello*, by the Colonel, who, in order to look the character, blackened his face all over with a burnt cork belonging to one of the empty champagne bottles, that stood under the side-board.

The night was far spent, when Lady B——'s coachman, who waited to drive the Colonel home, and who had made several attempts to get the Colonel away, sent tip word that "he couldn't keep his horses out any longer, and if the Colonel didn't come immediately, he must drive direct to S—— without him." The latter, not wishing to compromise an old and valued servant, instantly complied, and dismissing the carriage at the lodge, walked up to the house, let himself in with a latch key, and went straight to bed, quite forgetting that his face was blackened all over.

In the morning Mrs. C—— awoke, and turning round, discovered a *black man snoring by her side!* Too much frightened to scream, she jumped out of bed, rang the bell furiously, and wound herself in the bed-curtains.

In rushed the lady's-maid and housekeeper.

"Oh ma'am! what's the matter, ma'am?" cried both in a breath.

"Nothing happened to the Colonel, I hope, ma'am?" said the butler at the door.

"Hope master ain't took with a fit, ma'am!" pursued the footman, peering over the butler's shoulder.

"Oh! take it away!—take it away!" cried Mrs. C——, speaking with great difficulty, and giving herself another twist in the bed-curtains.

"What is it, ma'am?—what is it?" said the *femme-de-chambre*, frightened out of her wits.

"Is it in the bed, ma'am?" inquired the housekeeper, waddling up to it.

"Kna-a-aw!" snored the still slumbering *Othello*.

"Thieves! Murder!" screamed the women, running out again.

"Thieves! Murder!" echoed Mrs. C——, applying herself to the bell *da capo*.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," said the butler bolting in, followed by the footman and groom, armed with what weapons they could lay their hands on, "we'll soon secure the rascals. Lads, mind your heads!"—and with this he gallantly flourished the Colonel's sabre, which he had appropriated; and, supported by the rest of the party, approached the bed.

"Hallo!" roared the Colonel, starting on his "head's antipodes," for he had been awakened by the hubbub.

"The devil, by gum!" cried the groom, overturning his compatriots in his eagerness to escape.

"Help! murder!" vociferated Mrs. C——, stamping and jerking down the bell-pull.

"Help! murder!" reiterated the footman, scrambling out of the room on all-fours, as if he were acting a stag-hound in some mythological charade.

"Here, Tom! Dick! Come back, you rascals!" cried the bewildered Colonel, throwing his nightcap after them: "John! you old fool you, get up! Where's your mistress? If you don't get up this

instant and tell me the meaning of all this, and who keeps screaming behind the curtain, here, I'll fling the bolster at you, I will, you old villain! Are you all mad?"

"Bless me! is it you, sir?" said the butler, rising and rubbing the small of his back.

"La! my dear! is it *you*?" cried Mrs. C——, peeping.

"Me! to be sure it is! Who the plague should it be? What are you both laughing at? What were you all so frightened for? Did you take me for the devil?"

"We did, indeed, sir," said the butler, as soon as he could speak.

"And no wonder!" cried Mrs. C——, laughing heartily. "What in the world have you done to your face, my dear?"

"Face! What's the matter with my face?" inquired the Colonel, who had forgotten all about the previous night's theatricals.

"Nay, you best know," rejoined his better half. "John, bring the Colonel that glass."

"Eh! Oh! I recollect now," said the Colonel, looking at himself. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Capital! glorious! No wonder you took me for the devil! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! How H—— and the rest 'em will laugh when they hear this. John, you may go. And when the servant had left the room, the Colonel explained the matter.

But the best species of amateur performances are those given for charitable purposes, by which large sums have been raised that could not have been obtained in any other way. The officers of the artillery at Woolwich frequently played for the poor. I undertook to enact *Mrs. Malaprop* on one of these occasions. But Boscawen, of the engineers, who was cast for *Falkland*, being unexpectedly ordered on the survey the morning previous to the performance, I was obliged to resign *the lady* to Mrs. S——, and assume *the lover*. As I had so short a time to study the character in, I proposed at rehearsal that *Falkland's* last interview with *Julia* should be omitted. But Mrs. Warner, then Miss Huddart—she will smile if she sees this—who was engaged to play *Julia*, very naturally objected to an arrangement which deprived her of her only opportunity of displaying herself.

"O mamma!" she exclaimed, going up to her mother, "what d'ye think? They 're going to cut out my scene, '*Follow you in beggary through the world!*' you know, and all that. Oh! this will never do! I shall be ruined!"

Of course, rather than that should happen, I immediately offered to do my best to go through the scene.

"O sir! you will find no difficulty at all in it. You've only to let me take the stage, and say, '*Nay!*' and '*But!*' when I stop speaking; and then go off, clasping your hands in despair, at the opposite wing, when I make my exit." All which I promised very faithfully to do.

But alas! on the night of performance I nearly marred all. As *Falkland* is a melancholy sort of personage, I resolved, in the simplicity of my soul, to wear *black gloves*! little dreaming that in so doing I should be acting in direct opposition to stage *etiquette*, which enjoins a heroine, even when she goes mad, to appear in *white*. When Miss Huddart saw me emerge from the dressing-room in these *bêtes noires* her agony was intense. She couldn't venture to apprise a

total stranger of such a solecism; and yet to allow him to expose himself—to entail ridicule on her daughter—in those horrid black gloves,—it wasn't to be thought of! In this extremity she applied to Mrs. S——, who undertook to make *black white*, which, being no more than she was accustomed to, she found no difficulty in accomplishing; and Mrs. Huddart had the satisfaction of hearing her daughter's *Julia* applauded to the echo, as it deserved to be.

Mrs. Mathews, in her amusing memoirs of her husband, mentions accompanying him to one of these performances, where, by some mistake, Mathews was obliged to pay for admission. It would have been worth a jew's eye to have witnessed the quaint comic surprise of our great monologist on this occasion. I can imagine nothing richer. I well remember encountering Mathews in the lobby of the Woolwich Theatre on the night in question. He was then giving his "At Homes!" and complained of the soreness of his tongue—no wonder!

The performances at a *private theatre* in London, are altogether on a different plan from those I have just been mentioning. In fact, the whole establishment assimilates to a regular theatre, except that the performers pay instead of the audience; and if the audience were paid for sitting out the performances, it would be an improvement. A private theatre has its own manager, its own orchestra, its own *friseur*, its own scene-shifter, its own door-keeper, its own old woman, its own wardrobe, its own scenery, its own green-room, its own traps, its own wind, its own thunder, and its own lightning! The company, too, like their more legitimate brethren, invest themselves with a professional halo, and indulge in the *prestige* of a reputation. They have their cabals and their *claqueurs*—their admirers and their enemies—their jealousies and their heart-burnings. They talk of their pet-parts and their bits of fat. They understand what OP., PS., UE., UEL., and other cabalistic characters portend. They can make up their own faces, and fasten on their own wigs. They know the difference between tunics and shapes; and can metamorphose a common coat into a dress coat by merely suspending frogs from the buttons. They are deep in the mysteries of crossings, combats, gaggings, and stage daggers; and can even fall flat on their backs without hurting themselves. They know where swords, stars, spangles, feathers, sandals, fleshings, and second-hand russet boots are to be bought. In a word, they may be considered in all respects as so many Rosciuses in embryo; and, in fact, not a few actors find their way to the regular boards through the medium of a private theatre.

Pym's was—and perhaps is, for I am speaking of some fifteen years ago—the most respectable establishment of this description. The *corps dramatique* consisted chiefly of commercial young men, and young men in lawyers' and government offices. Pym himself had been an actor; but, becoming independent, quitted the stage, and, fitting up a large assembly-room at the back of his house as a theatre, continued as an amusement, what he had followed as a profession. Pym possessed great requisites for the stage. Had he continued on it, I have little doubt he would have excelled in such parts as *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, &c. Holl, Elton, Rumball, Harley, Heslop, Archer, Selby, Frazer, Perry, Planché, Wyman, and John Reeve, first tried their strength at Pym's.

Pym was intimate with Kean, whom he accompanied to Paris. He was present when this distinguished actor first visited the Louvre. That perception of the sublime and beautiful, inherent in Kean, instinctively attracted him to the finest statues which yet remained in the collection. He was observed to pay particular attention to the arrangement of the draperies, from which, no doubt, he derived many valuable hints.

Ah! here we are at Pym's.

Now, would you like to witness what is called STAGE FRIGHT?

STAGE FRIGHT!

Yes. A restlessness, an increasing nervousness as the time for going on the stage approaches, which sometimes even the oldest actors are never wholly free from;* but which, of course, most of these tyros are more or less afflicted with. You would! Then accompany me into the dressing-room. The curtain won't go up this half-hour, and we shall have high fun. *Allons!*

Scene. Dressing-room at Pym's; Corps dramatique at their toilette; all very nervous, particularly Mr. Fussfussy, who is in a prodigious fright lest he shouldn't be ready, though not wanted till the farce.

Fussfussy (arranging his neckcloth for the fiftieth time). That rascal Thackeray,† why isn't he here! I know I shall be late!

Mumble (who rather thinks he has painted only one side of his face). I wish to G—d you'd let me come to the glass, Fussfussy! You won't be wanted these four hours, and I begin the play.

Fussfussy (pulling his neckcloth into a knot and stamping about the room). Oh! oh! I know I shall be late! I—I'm sure I shall be late! (runs against Heavystern, who is exaggerating his eye-brow with a burnt cork).

Heavystern. D—n it, Fussfussy! I wish you'd mind what you're about. Just see what you've done now! You've made me make this eyebrow here as big as a coal barge. Most extraordinary you can't keep still, sir!

Squeak (making up his face for the Old Man). Send him to the still-room.

Heavystern (trying to wash off his eye-brow). Oh! curse your puns! I shall never get this eye-brow off! Can any gentleman accommodate me with a little bear's grease?

Fussfussy. Untie this for me, Bloater! Now do!

Bloater (trying to coax a hook-and-eye into an united state). Can't now—can't upon my soul! You must ask somebody else. Whew!

Fussfussy. Oh! I know I shall be late! I—I—(Treads on Pym, who enters in a grey Bath dressing-gown).

Pym (rubbing his foot). Really Mr. Fussfussy that's toe much—

All (surrounding Pym). O Pym! I want a sword! Pym! I want a pistol! Pym! you've forgot to put out my trunks! Pym! Where's my tunic? &c. &c. &c.

Pym (enjoying his delightful agonies). Really, gentlemen,—one at a time, gentlemen! Don't eat me! Don't tear me to pieces. (Un-

* "Oh! I can't go on to-night, Waldron," Jack Bannister would say, as he stood trembling at the wing; "an apology must be made for me!" and when his cue came, Waldron had to push him on.

† The *friseur*.

locks wardrobe, and takes out two greenbaize tunics.) Who's the army? (*Throws tunics on table.*)

Rantall (*who plays the hero*). By the bye, who goes on for the army? I shall make a regular mull of my scene if I haven't an army.

*Enter Crofts.**

Crofts. Mr. Pym! Mr. Pym! you're wanted! There's two gentlemen below wants to speak with you immediately.

Pym (*locking wardrobe*). Well, well, I'm coming. Really, at this rate, you know (*smiling*). I wonder they don't tear me into a thousand pieces! (*goes down.*)

Enter Thackeray with his bag of wigs.

All. Thackeray, you rogue! you villain! Where have you been all this time?

Thackeray. We're all rogues! We're all villains, gentlemen! But I come as soon as I could, he! he! The fact is, a gentleman from Wilmington Square,* popped in about some wigs just as I was about to start; and—The gentlemen in the play first, if you please, Mr. Fussfussy. Dear me! You've sat down in the wash-hand basin, he! he! Hope you haven't hurt yourself.

Fussfussy. Oh! oh!

Rantall. Thackeray, you old villain! I hope you haven't forgotten my wig.

Thackeray (*dressing Mumble's hair*). Oh no sir!—You need not be afraid of that, he! he! It isn't likely I should forget *your* wig, sir. I know—(*his mind misgives him.*) Leastways, I'm pretty sure I put it into my bag here. Now Mr. Heavystern—

Prompter (*putting in his head*). Half-past eight, gentlemen! I'm going to ring in the music (*disappears*).

Rantall. Hollo! I say! I'm not half ready yet.

Many voices. No more am I! no more am I!

Heavystern. Run down, Fussfussy, and tell him to wait a little.

Fussfussy. Oh! I can't—I won't—I—(*Tingle! Tingle! Tingle!*)

Mumble. Zounds! there he goes! Where are my gauntlets? Has anybody seen my gauntlets? Well! I'll swear I had 'em here not two minutes ago, and now—

Thackeray. He! he! Why you've got 'em on, sir.

Mumble. Gad! so I have! I was in a precious stew. How nervous having to open the play makes one (*goes down*).

Rantall. Now, Thackeray, I'm ready for my wig.

Thackeray (*after putting it on*). There, sir! Now I think you'll do capitally.

Rantall (*looking in glass*). Gracious Heavens! What's this? Why this is not the wig I tried on at your house yesterday!

Thackeray. Upon my honour, sir—As I hope to be saved, sir—

Rantall (*taking off wig and dashing it on the floor*). Oh! I'm ruined—annihilated! I can never go on for the *Baron* in such a d—d thing as that!

Thackeray (*taking up wig*). I assure you, sir, it looks very well. It does indeed, sir! It's a capital good wig for the *Baron*, though Mr. Monotonous does abuse it.

Rantall (*contemptuously*). Monotonous! much *he* knows about it!

* The scene-shifter.

* A rival establishment.

Thackeray. He! he! not much indeed, sir! He! he! Did you his *Othello* last Tuesday, sir?

Rantall. *Othello!* *Mungo*, you mean. It was a precious sight more like *Mungo*.

Thackeray. He! he! It was indeed, sir! I never saw such a mess as he made of it! he! he! Come now, just let me put this on again, and—(*replaces wig*). There! I know you'll like that wig, sir, when you look again.

Enter Spooney.

Rantall (*holding up green baize tunic*). Here, *Spooney!* you must go on for the army.

Spooney (*putting on tunic*). What fun it is! (*goes down.*)

Rantall (*holding up the other tunic*). Here's *Monotonous!* I'll try to get him to go on for the other.

Enter Monotonous whistling, with his hands in his pockets. He looks daggers at Rantall.

Rantall. Come, now, do! I'll do as much for you, you know. ha! ha! ha! Come, a man who can play *Othello* so splendidly, can afford to—eh! *Thackeray?*

Thackeray. He! he! I should think so, sir.

Monotonous. Mr. *Rantall*—Sir! I've the highest respect for you, and shall be happy to make myself useful, as *Pym* knows; but if I go on for the army I'm—something unpleasant! (*Aside*) Well! how *Pym* could cast that man for the *Barou* while I'm in the company! (*goes down whistling.*)

Prompter (*below*). Mr. *Heavystern!* Mr. *Heavystern!* I'm going to ring up!

Heavystern (*seizing his part*). I'm coming! (*Runs down.*)

Descend we to the *coulisses*—audience clamorous, overture playing for the fourth time, *Spooney* and *Squeak* waltzing, *Mumble* peeping through the curtain.

Prompter. Clear the stage, there! clear the stage! I'm going to ring up.

Mrs. Pym's maid (*supporting Miss Tibbs at the wing*). Stop! stop! *Miss Tibbs* is going to faint.

Prompter. *Miss Tibbs* must wait, then.

Miss Mincing. Oh! oh! support me, *Betty!* I'm going to faint too!

Betty (*angrily*). You really must stop, mem, until *Miss Tibbs* is done. It's impossible to undertake the *sitavation* if ladies keeps a-fainting together in this sort of— (*stamping and cat-calls*).

Prompter. Clear the stage there, can't you? Where's *Crofts?*

Squeak (*to Heavystern*). I say, shall I do?

Heavystern. Do! you're done. What possessed you to score your face all over in that manner? You look as if you were peeping through a gridiron.

Squeak. Oh dear! and I haven't time to — (*stamping and cat-calls again*).

Prompter. Why, *Crofts!* and be hanged to you!

Mumble. I say, we shall get precious cut up. There's the editor of "The Stage"* in the pit.

* "The British Stage," a monthly periodical, in which the performances at *Pym's* were occasionally noticed.

All. What a shame! I wonder Pym —

*Tremendous uproar; cries of "Shame! shame!" &c.
Prompter rings. Crofts, after two or three attempts,
succeeds in raising the curtain.*

Prompter. Now Conrad and Allobrand —

Heavystern (discovering an aperture in his tights). Stop! lower the curtain! I can't go on.

Mumble. No more can I! I've forgot my pistol —

Prompter. Pshaw! (*Pushes them on.*)

For the first three acts matters progress tolerably. Occasionally the stage waits, and occasionally some one comes on before his cue is given. Sometimes in taking off a hat a wig comes off too, and sometimes a pistol misses fire, necessitating the destined victim to do his death-agonies without any ostensible cause. Then the drop will fall when it oughtn't, and won't fall when it ought, while the slides, with that innate obstinacy for which matter is so remarkable, will stick. Still, in spite of these little accidents, Mr. Rantall does wonders. His crack speech in the fourth act elicits three distinct rounds of applause, which strike daggers into the heart of the envious Monotonous, who is lolling against the boxes, with his hands in his pockets, near a knot of his especial admirers, to whom he turns every now and then ejaculating "Oh Ch—st!" and shrugging up his shoulders. This invariably provokes a laugh from his satellites, which at length subdues the patience of the indignant Rantall, who, addressing the audience, expresses his fixed determination "not to proceed with his part until those blackguards are turned out." A tumult ensues; the manager rushes on, asserts his own dignity, and the dignity of his establishment; rebukes the culpable, compliments the peaceable, restores harmony, and the entertainments proceed.

THE DEATH OF SAPHHO.

UPON Leucadia's rocky peak
Forsaken Sappho stood;
The woes which language fail'd to speak
She sigh'd unto the flood,
And evermore that restless wave
Back to the breeze her murmurs gave.
All gloriously the sunlight shone
O'er mountain, plain, and dell;
As lingering on his golden throne
He bade her isle farewell:
And thyme in living fragrance sweet
Purpled the ground beneath her feet.
But sunshine gay, and scented air,
Sooth'd not the stricken breast;
Where Love had madden'd to despair,
And passion wrung from rest:
Betray'd, deserted, anguish now,
Flush'd that pale cheek and haughty brow.
She had not wept,—no, not one tear
Had dimm'd that radiant eye;
For all was fix'd and dark despair,
And voiceless agony:
When Hope's last lingering rays depart,
Tears spring not to relieve the heart.
Was she not beautiful? Some say
That she was not; but we aver
That beauty with divinest ray
Was shrined and centred then in her:

The beauty of the deathless mind,
The charm of intellect refined.
What matter if each silken tress
Was raven-black or burnish'd gold;
Either might add fresh loveliness
To matchless charms of mortal mould:
Nor priestess at the Delphic shrine
Had more of majesty divine!
And ever 'mid the clouds that swept
Across that marble brow
There gleam'd a hope which never slept,
A deep prophetic glow,—
The proud instinct that future fame
Would circle round a deathless name!
One look to that bright home she cast,
The cradle of her love and song;
One phrenzied look—it was her last.
For why should Care its hours prolong?
One rush, one plunge, the waters close
Above the gifted one's repose.
But from that evening echo bore
Her love-plaint distant lands to fill;
And maidens on the Lesbian shore
At Sappho's burning song would
thrill;
Too late might Phaon's self excuse
His treachery to so sweet a muse.'

H. B. K.

QUACK AND QUACKERY.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

"For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetick powder,
 That wounds nine miles point blank would solder;
 By skillful chymist with great cost
 Extracted from a rotten post."—*Hudibras*.

THE history of mankind may be aptly compared to a zigzag line, a chain of depressions and elevations of intellect. In all ages, and in every country which has reached a certain point of civilization, we find superstition and pure religion, credulity and sound judgment, ignorance and wisdom, alternately swaying the passions and influencing the actions of the human race. On a retrospect of the earliest periods of society, we perceive that the infant nation is doomed to groan under the fetters of superstition, forged on the anvil of idolatry, enchaining the mind to the level of the most debasing credulity; but, by degrees, as knowledge advances, these bonds are loosed, and the delusions of a subtle and crafty priesthood are beheld melting away before the sun of a purer faith. In affairs of a more sublunary description, in morals, in arts, in commerce, and even in science, we perceive the same changes, the law of force, all-powerful at first, yielding to a respect for that of justice; the narrow jealousy of the early trader giving way to the enlarged views of the modern merchant; whilst art and science, not confined to abstract speculations, bring discoveries undreamed of into broad day, and render them subservient to the purposes of ordinary life. Even as respects war, the civilized world seems, ever and anon, advancing to adult age: the ambition of individuals fails to involve, in its daring grasp, the welfare of nations, and to lead thousands of reasonable beings, totally uninterested in the event, into the field of contest and slaughter. Well, indeed; would it be for mankind, were the changes always for the better, were the progress of improvement uninterrupted; but, although society rarely retrogrades in all points, at any advanced period, yet it does so in some; and if it escapes the tyranny of the olden superstition, it lapses, occasionally, again under the sway of mistaken and theoretical doctrines in religion and in government. In looking upon this picture of society, it is curious to observe how fixed the love of the marvelous and the belief in the boastings of medical empiricism remain, amidst all these changes. Nor is this confined to the uneducated portion of the people; we find it pervading all ranks, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the peasant and the statesman, the thoughtless idler and the contemplative philosopher, all seem to embrace the same faith, all bend the knee before the brazen image which presumption and knavery have reared for their worship; and all give ready credence to the most absurd promises of the most ignorant pretenders, when labouring under disease. No history would unveil more completely the weaknesses of human nature than that of quackery, none raise a deeper blush upon the cheek of those who would elevate, almost to the rank of divinity, rational and intellectual man.

I have been led to these reflections by a conversation which I

held a month ago with an old friend, a country squire, who had not visited the metropolis for upwards of thirty years, but who, a short time since, at length ventured to town to be cured of an old-standing and increasing gout, by what he termed a true rail-road practice, agreeable, rapid, and effectual. Unhappily for the celebrity of his highly-gifted doctor, the hunting-season commenced sooner than the curative influence of his pills. My friend, impatient to escape from town, came to me, like a lady to the confessional, acknowledged his error, denounced the doctor as a humbug, and humbly promised to conform to my advice respecting the future management of his health, provided I would leave one pint of port and two glasses of sherry at his daily disposal, and should not insist upon more than one banyan day of water-gruel and arrow-root, when he ventured to exceed, by a *very* little, the limits of my allowance.

Honest Jack Holmes, the individual in question, has a rent-roll of four thousand a-year; spends the greatest part of his time in hunting and other country sports, and enjoys to the utmost the luxuries of the table, especially what he terms a bottle of good English port, which has no headache in it, and can hurt no reasonable man. It is in vain to persuade Jack that to this genuine English beverage, and other parts of what is erroneously termed good living, he owes the gout under which he has been labouring upwards of thirty years, and from the repeated attacks of which he is now scarcely ever free. But, with all this irregularity in living, Jack is no fool; he is an excellent Justice of the Peace, knows well the distinguishing features between crimes and indiscretions, and has liberality enough, notwithstanding a perfect Nimrod, to acknowledge that, although he has the power of transporting a poacher, yet it is a hard sentence, and should be rarely executed. Jack has also as much general knowledge as most country gentlemen, who have been educated to spend four thousand a-year; but he forms peculiar opinions on many subjects with which he is unacquainted, and upon medicine in particular he has notions decidedly his own. A medicine, he contends, should act like a horse: "When a mare," says he, "has once taken a leap, she will always take the same leap again, and a medicine which has once cured gout, should always cure it; if it cannot do this, it is good for nothing." With such ideas, it is not wonderful that Jack should quarrel with his country physician, and should try successively every nostrum, advertised to cure the malady under which he so severely suffers. Having met with nothing but disappointments, the worthy squire was at length advised to visit the metropolis, and place himself under the care of one of those *Æsculapian* sages who have decided that diseases and remedies are mere synonymes; that the *similia similibus* is the only true foundation of the healing art; that remedies, in attacking diseases, do not act on the principle of "pull baker pull devil," but that both disease and remedy are devils, and when one enters a body, he can only be coaxed out of it by the civilities of another of the same family:—doctors, in short, who, like miniature-painters, in reference to art, treat diseases in little, and carry their whole pharmacopœia in their breeches pockets.

"I have at length met with a physician to my mind!" exclaimed my friend Jack, when I encountered him a month ago in Regent Street. "He has nothing to do with your nauseous boluses and

potions, enough to turn the stomach of a hog; he does not order medicines to be swallowed in pailfuls, but knocks down the disease at once, with a pill not half the size of a pin's head—a dose you might take in leaping a five-barred gate—a most gentlemanly mode of practising—'Cito, tuto, et jucunde,'—is not that the adage, eh doctor?"

I smiled at Jack's description of the homœopathic system, under which he had placed himself, and inquired how long he had been following that happy method of curing.

"I only commenced last week," he replied; "but I already feel its beneficial effects. Do observe how stoutly I walk!"—And he strutted a few paces with great buoyancy of step.—"I say," continued he, "do not look at my boots;"—they were slashed, and had a piece let in over each toe;—my doctor assures me I shall soon be able to throw them away, and never need them again."

I was malicious enough to ask him, on what diet and regimen he was placed.

"Ah! that's a tickler!" he replied with a deep sigh. "In that respect he is as bad as any of you. A man cannot eat a decent dinner without sinning, in the broadest terms, against the laws of the faculty. He informs me, that one dish only can be allowed, with a single glass of Moselle in a tumbler of Seltzer water."

I assured the worthy squire that in that respect I accorded conscientiously with his new physician. We parted, Jack giving me a look which spoke his intention to cheat the doctor on the first fitting opportunity.

A month passed away, and I saw nothing of the squire until he unexpectedly entered my consulting-room one morning, limping with the assistance of a stick, swearing against the homœopathic practice, and promising, for ever henceforth, to live and die in the legitimate faith. "But is it not truly hard, doctor," continued he, "that a poor fellow cannot be cured?"

I endeavoured to persuade him that the fault was on his own side; and, from not having obeyed orders, the disease had gained ground, as it would do, in such a case, even under judicious treatment; and that it had awfully progressed since he became a patron of quacks.

"That will do," said he, "I hate lecturing; tell me what I am to do, and I will act up to it. But I cannot understand why a man, call him what you will, quack or mountebank, if he discovers a remedy for any disease should not be encouraged."

It would have been in vain had I attempted to argue the point, or to convince my worthy friend that no medicine can be regarded a specific for any disease. I assured him, however, that quackery was not of modern invention; that it had existed at every period of the world; and that, although in all ages it had bound down the human mind in the fetters of credulity and superstition, and had bent down intellects of the highest power to worship at its shrine, yet it is not less hateful on that account.

Jack gazed at me as I uttered this wise saw, and seemed fully convinced of its truth; but like the exciseman in "The Deserted Village"—

"Although convinced, he would argue still,"

he returned to the charge; and, leaning his chin upon the head of his stick, with a look of indescribable sagacity, drawled out—"Now

doctor, tell me what you think of the—the hydro—hang me ! I never can recollect these crackjaw Greek derivations,—I mean the *water-cure* ! My friend and neighbour, the Baronet, avers that it has been his salvation ; and he assures me that men who went to Malvern, with chalky knuckles, swelled legs, and limping under crutches, have left it as smooth and sleek as a three-year-old filly ; and as capable of dancing as those Breadalbane men who capered in the Highland fling during the Queen's visit at Taymouth. What do you think, doctor ?”

“Think !” said I, “why, I fear the water-cure would be cold comfort to you, Jack. How should you like to hunt with a tablecloth, steeped in cold water, bound round your waist—and to swallow a gallon of the limpid elixir during the day ? I have heard you say you could never swallow water—it caused a spasm in the gullet.”

“Ah, doctor !” replied my pertinacious opponent, “why bring that up now when you have told me a hundred times you did not believe it ? But it is quite true : I never could get down water. Habit, doctor ! habit is all powerful. My old aunt Maria brought me up on port wine : it was mother's milk to me. It was the best thing I got at Cambridge. I have hunted upon it ; slept upon it ; fattened upon it ; and, on my soul, I believe it is the only true *Elixir Vitæ*. A glass of good genuine port can hurt no man.”

How delightful it is to deceive ourselves into the belief that those sins, whose Circean fascinations have ensnared us, are not likely to be productive of the evils predicted to be the result of their indulgence, because a few have escaped them. Such was the feeling of the worthy squire with respect to a good dinner and a bottle of his adored beverage. To affirm that gout lay in every made-dish, and every glass of port, was apocryphal ; and as unconvincing to the worthy squire as an argument to prove that a fox-chase was not the most sublime of sublunary enjoyments. I agreed, therefore, to allow my patient one glass of port, and one of sherry, provided he would forego curries and other savoury dishes, and renounce quackery ; and upon these conditions only would I attempt to cure him.

Jack reluctantly assented to the former part of my terms ; but ere he capitulated, he was determined to open one more battery upon what he regarded my weakest point : and, therefore, he requested to be informed “in what quackery differed from medical science, provided the one cured diseases as certainly as the other ?”

It would have been useless to attempt to give a satisfactory answer to the worthy squire without entering into a long physiological disquisition which he could not understand. I endeavoured to place before him the absurdities of the different charlatanic systems which he had tried, and by whose influence, for a time, his Reason had been kicked out of doors to give place to his Imagination, of which, however, he had gradually found himself the dupe, in all of them.

I proved to him that the *Mustard-seed cure*, which at one time was the rage, and, during which, every lady carried a pound of mustard-seeds in her pocket, if she had one,—in her reticule, if she had not, with a table-spoon to measure the dose, was only adapted to make a kitchen-garden of his stomach, for half the seeds were never digested, and the remainder germinated from the heat and moisture to which they were exposed. They had promised to him, however, freedom from gout, renewed youth, and lengthened years. The home store of mustard-seeds was exhausted, and cargoes were order-

ed from abroad ; but before they arrived, the mania was cured, and the seeds left to be employed to their natural use : whilst honest Jack Holme's toes felt their wonted twinges unabated, in defiance of the pounds of the panacea he had swallowed.

The mustard mania thus sunk : but, as in the fable of the metempsychosis, the transmigration of the soul from body to body, the agent of quackery may die a natural death, yet, its spirit survives, and transmigrates into some new object, which is proclaimed, with the same unblushing front as its predecessor, to possess the most miraculous powers.

A magnetic doctor from Germany, soon after the disappearance of the mustard mania, attempted to introduce his practice into this credulous country. The worthy squire was bitten. Toothaches, he was assured, were cured by magnetic toothpicks ; ear-aches and headaches by magnetic earpickers ; and gout might be drawn out of the toes with as much facility, by a magnet of suitable powers. A large one was procured and applied by the doctor, *secundum artem*, to the squire's toe. Jack swore the effect was miraculous ; the pain was gone before one could say Jack Robinson,—drawn out with as much ease as a needle from his aunt's housewife, had the magnet been applied to it. But unfortunately the point of the gouty needle was left behind ; it lay too deep for the magnet, which, like the mustard-seeds, was in its turn consigned to the vault of all the Humbugs.

This remedy was a mere revival of a practice of the prince of quacks, Paracelsus, who lived in the sixteenth century, and boasted that the magnet relieved gout, cured convulsions, restored youth to the aged, and protracted life to an indefinite period. Alas for poor Paracelsus ! the magnet, like a prophet, had no honour in its own country ; it was not employed in the doctor's own case, and Paracelsus died in the prime of life. The curative power of the magnet was also most widely diffused over this country in the form of metallic tractors, or Perkinian medicine, early in the present century.

"I am old enough, my dear Jack," said I, "to have witnessed the all-powerful influence—the contagious nature of credulity on that occasion. Like the charm of the kaleidoscope, the whole attention of the public was absorbed by these wonder-working bodkins, for such they actually were. Did pain attack any one, out came the tractors from the pocket of some 'Lady Bountiful' to put it to flight. A gentleman met with an accident in hastily descending a flight of steps ; his ankle was sprained, so that being unable to rise, his servants carried him to a sofa, and immediately set the tractors at work. I will give you the result in his own words."

"'After continuing,' said he, 'the operation for fifteen minutes, the pain seemed to leave me, as if I had taken it off with my stocking. It appeared to descend lower and lower upon my foot, till at length I shook it off at my toes.'

"The celebrity of the tractors, which had hitherto been chiefly worked by old ladies and the clergy, began after some time to attract the attention of the medical profession, and roused Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, to investigate the principle upon which the extraordinary results every day witnessed were founded.

"'Their reputation in Bath,' says Dr. Haygarth, 'prevailed even among persons of rank and understanding, and consequently demanded the investigation of physicians ;' and he set himself seriously

to the task. His first experiments were made with a pair of wooden tractors, the shape of the real ones, and painted to resemble them in colour. These were employed upon five rheumatic patients, who had been ill for several months, and who had suffered with painful, swelled joints. On the first trial, the wooden tractors were drawn over the skin so as to touch it in the slightest manner; but, such is the force of imagination, the most powerful effects were produced, even by this first application. All the patients affirmed that their pains were relieved; one of them felt his knee warmer, and he assured the experimenter that he could walk better, which he demonstrated with great satisfaction. One was easier for nine hours, and till he went to bed, when the pain returned; and a third affirmed, that he had a tingling sensation for two hours. On the second day the real tractors were used, with exactly the same results.

"During these and similar trials, it was found that much of the benefit depended on the solemnity with which the process of touching with the tractors was performed; and the good effect was still more striking when, at the same time, the wonderful cures which the tractors were said to have performed were related. Now, chronic rheumatism, my worthy friend, is an obstinate disease, and in many instances an incurable one; yet four of the patients believed that they were immediately relieved by the false tractors: 'indeed,' adds Dr. Haygarth, 'the success of these wooden pegs was only exceeded by the exaggerated stories which had been reported in every company with increased amazement and credulity.'

"Similar experiments were tried in the Bristol Infirmary with tractors made of *lead*; *wood*, *iron-nails* covered with wax, *bone*, *slate-pencil*, *tobacco-pipes*, and *gingerbread* were also employed, and all occasionally with the same success. In one case, in which the patient had been informed that the beneficial influence of the tractors was always preceded by pain, the application of the false tractors demonstrated how certainly the mind influences the body in the manner which it is prepared to anticipate. In one minute the patient felt the pain coming on, until the limb became warm; when it rose higher up, and increased in severity: in two minutes it was so acute, darting towards the collar bone, that it could be borne no longer. The patient then went to bed, and perspired profusely. On the following day the same effects were produced; in two minutes the pain was very acute at the elbow and collar-bone; in four minutes the patient became very uneasy, looked very red in the face, and begged that the operation might be discontinued. He went to bed with a pulse at one hundred and twenty, and, three quarters of an hour afterwards, he said 'he was in more pain than when a surgeon took five pieces of bone from his leg, in a compound fracture, which he unfortunately met with in Wales.'

"But, wonderful as are these instances of the influence of the imagination on the body, there are certain bounds to its powers over the animal economy; and although it is equal to the prevention of periodical pains, yet experiments made in the same infirmary proved that the tractors, consequently the imagination, could not stimulate the lymphatics to a removal of newly-formed bone, deposited in a joint that rendered the arm immovable, nor could they restore strength to parts beyond the ordinary range of nervous influence, to ligaments or tendons. Imagination alone

was the curative agent in the effects that followed the use of the spurious tractors, and their power afforded ample reason for attributing to the same influence the cures effected by the real tractors."

"I admit your reasoning," said the squire; "but, if diseases can be cured by imagination, why not employ so agreeable a method?"

The question was a natural one, but it required only one reply, namely, that the cures were never permanent in cases of real disease. "You experienced the truth of this, my good friend, in the return of your gout immediately after the mustard-seeds and the magnets went out of fashion; and such was the fate of the tractors: the pains which had previously disappeared in a few seconds before their magic points, soon after Dr. Haygarth's experiments, resisted their most skillful application; the nerves no longer vibrated as the white or the gilded bodkin moved along their course: the caprice of the day passed by—Fashion withdrew her protecting influence—the tide of popular belief, that had flowed so strongly, ebbed to the lowest; whilst Perkin, the inventor, became an object of scorn, and found himself left stranded upon a barren and deserted shore.

"Umph!" said the squire, whilst I proceeded with my catalogue of the quackeries of which he had been the victim.

"I do not blame you much," continued I, "for having submitted yourself to the embrocation of Saint-John Long. Counter-irritation has often been productive of good in disease, although not when applied to a gouty foot. You found it a worse devil than that it was intended to expel, and therefore quickly renounced it." The squire bit his lips; the very recollection of it was torture. I was cruel enough to pass on to another sore subject:—*Morison's Pills*. They were recommended to him by an antiquated spinster in his neighbourhood, who took twelve for a dose: but she might have taken a score with impunity; she was perfect parchment, completely mummified, and capable of resisting the most powerful drastics. They nearly victimized the poor squire—expelled all his radical moisture, and reduced him almost to a thread-paper. Still he went on, increasing the dose by the old lady's advice, although he swore at their action; but they had driven the gout from its stronghold in the foot. The triumph of the pills, however, was of short duration; the enemy, dislodged from the outworks, attacked the citadel: the stomach became the seat of gout—the grave yawned for the squire—and, but for brandy, opium, and Cayenne pepper, it must have closed upon him, to the great joy of his nephew and heir, whom he hated as truly as a hard frost in the coursing-season. Jack acknowledged that he had acted foolishly, "for how," said he, "could I expect a disease in the foot to be cured by draining the bowels." I smiled at his reasoning, but left him to meditate upon it, as the idea strengthened his enmity to the College of Health and the pills. "They are swan-shot, and kill wherever they hit;" was the usual termination of his anathema.

The benefit derived from the stimulants, in relieving the gout in the stomach, aided greatly the eulogies that were daily poured forth in the squire's hearing, on the miraculous curative powers of *brandy and salt*. The clergy and the ladies were the chief supporters of this panacea; the former because they have always been dabblers in specifics, the latter because they found the compound most comfortable to the stomach, more especially some who dispensed with the salt. The squire commenced the system with the utmost faith in

ts sanative influence. Alas! the frailty of human anticipations! The foot became again the victim of the iron scourge of the demon; the torture increased after every dose of the remedy; the part swelled, reddened, and glistened like a mirror; not only the toe but the whole foot and ankle became involved in the disease: sleep fled the eyes; the temper became irritable; Jack quarrelled with his best friends, until, fortunately convinced of his error by the excess of his sufferings, he deserted the diet, sent for his legitimate physician, and was once more set upon his legs.

The squire's last freak was the *Homœopathic system*, as before related; and he would have plunged over head and ears in the *water-cure*, had I not placed before him the catalogue of his follies, and had not his instinctive abhorrence of water led him to hesitate before he made a pilgrimage to Malvern. Jack appeared so humbled by my recital, that I pitied him; and, as a consolation, assured him, that his failing was not a solitary one, nor confined to the present age. "I could amuse you, my dear fellow, for a month, with stories of the tyrannical sway of credulity over the human intellect; but I will mention a few only of the most ridiculous."

Doctor Fermly, physician to Henry the Seventh, obtained a commission from that monarch to discover the *Elixir Vitæ*, a universal medicine for the cure of all diseases, wounds, and fractures, and for prolonging life, and maintaining the health and strength of the body, and the vigour of the mind to the greatest possible extent of time. Not only the king, but the people generally, believed the possibility of discovering such an elixir. About the same period, a toad, dried by heat and reduced to powder, was lauded as a remedy for gout; and we are informed that a never-failing cure for broken bones, dislocated joints, "or any grief in the bones or sinews," was oil of swallows, made by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar with nearly as many different herbs. "For a quinsy," says Markham, "give the party to drink the herb called mouse-ear, steeped in ale or beer; and look when you see a swine rub himself, and there, upon the same place, rub a slick stone, and then with it slick all the swelling, and it will cure it." There can be no difference of opinion respecting the humanity and the delicacy of our forefathers when we read of such remedies. The only other instance of credulity which I shall notice, is one free from indelicacy, but not less resting upon deception than many of the empirical pretensions of our own times. I refer to the royal touch for the cure of scrofula or *kings' evil*, as it is termed,—a name evidently originating in the cure.

This superstition took its rise in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and nothing can demonstrate more clearly the influence of mind over body than the cures which sometimes followed its employment. In 1349, Bishop Bradwardine wrote respecting the efficacy of the royal touch in terms that could only proceed from one fully convinced of the truth of his statement. "Whoever thou art, O Christian," says he, "who deniest miracles, come and see with thine own eyes, come into England into the presence of the King, and bring with thee any Christian afflicted with the kings' evil; and though it be very ugly, deep, and inveterate, he will cure him in the name of Jesus Christ, by prayer, benediction, the sign of the cross, and the imposition of hands." Now, it is easy to suppose that this venerable writer detailed what he conceived to be true, although he was either deceived, or deceived himself.

In the Augustan age, even, of our history, Queen Bess exercised the touch for the kings' evil. Laneham, in his account of the entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, avers that he saw her cure nine persons without other medicine than the touch and prayer. Queen Anne also touched for the evil; and the last royal hand which was thus employed in this country, was that of the Pretender, in 1720. But this supposed divine gift was not confined to the English monarchs; it was exercised, also, by those of France, with an equal belief in its success.

We are told by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, that when the Cardinal was on his grand embassy to the French King, in 1526, at Amiens, that King, on entering the Bishop's palace, where he intended to dine with the Cardinal, had his steps arrested by "about two hundred persons, diseased with the kings' evil, upon their knees. And the King, or ever he went to dinner, prevised every one of them with rubbing and blessing them with his bare hands, being bare-headed all the while; after whom followed his almoner, distributing money unto the persons diseased. And that done, he said certain prayers over them, and then washed his hands, and so came into his chamber to dinner, where," as says Cavendish, "my lord dined with him."*

It may be assumed that much of the influence in these cases was due to the distributions of the almoner. In England, money and small silver were distributed on similar occasions.†

But credulity and superstition, when once their influence becomes apparent, are taken advantage of by knaves and impostors for interested purposes. One Greatracks, in Ireland, in the middle of the seventeenth century, pretended that he could cure the evil by the stroke of his hand, without medicines. Among others, Flamstead, the astronomer, when a lad of nineteen, was sent to him to be touched. Flamstead received no benefit, but he stated that "he was eye-witness of several cures."‡

"It would be no difficult task, my worthy friend," said I, "in concluding my recital, to convince you that any cures effected by these means were purely the result of the conviction that supernatural agency was employed in effecting them." The squire looked incredulous; but gave up his opinion, and promised to adhere in future to the legitimate faculty. I have my doubts of his stability; there is an almost innate disposition to run after new doctrines, and to believe the attempts which are too often intended to impose upon our credulity. Empiricism battens on the frailty of human nature: "bad men its instruments, weak men its prey." Time and experience, indeed, tend to verify the remark of Edmund Burke that, "the wearing out of an old, only serves to put the fraudulent upon the invention of a new, delusion. Unluckily, too, the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves."

* Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, edited by Singers, 2nd Edit. p. 168.

† We shall wonder less at the firm credence of even learned bishops in these cures, when we reflect that in the 16th century the belief in witchcraft was general, and at so low an ebb was the tide of intellect, that it was a common custom, in searching for a body which was drowned, to affix upon a float of wood a small crucifix and a lighted candle, and having set it afloat on the river, to watch where it stood still, with a firm conviction that the body would be found under that spot.

‡ Bailey's *Life and Observations of Flamstead*.

THE PICTURE.

A SLIGHT SKETCH

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I THREW my knapsack on the ground and was soon at full length beside it; my companion hesitated a moment before he resigned himself to the same grassy couch, for he well knew the difficulty of getting up again under the stiffening and foot-galling effects of a thirty miles' walk, which we had taken, staff in hand, in search of the antiquarian spots, hallowed by time and history. My companion at last seated himself by my side with a heavy sigh, after having looked around in vain for a friendly village spire to direct us to some hostelry where we might hang up our pilgrim staves, and rest from the almost overpowering heat of the sun. In vain we turned our ears to listen for the sweet sound of some gurgling brook whereat we might moisten our parched lips, and wash the dust from our eyes. No sound, however, but the faint bleating of the sheep that seemed stuck against the almost precipitous downs at our back, and the tiny bark of the distant dog, greeted us. My ideas were just getting into that state of blissful confusion which is the threshold of sleep; another moment I should have knocked and gone in, but for the bell of some church near, which, sounding out its evening summons, started me up not quite half awake, and I fancied that I had arrived at some friendly inn, and was ringing a gigantic bell for the waiter to bring in a dozen bottles of soda-water.

I turned to my tired companion, who was watching the fleeting clouds with a determination of making his bed where he was lying, and nudged him with my staff; we listened, and the breeze again bore to us the welcome sound. Never did dinner-bell ring so delightfully to the ears of half-famished people, as that bell from the humble village spire: the sound seemed animated with a desire to play at bopeep with us, dancing and revelling in the air like a wild spirit, almost tangible; and anon it was carried away upon the breeze, seeming to mock us amidst the blue hills in the distance. Our knapsacks were shouldered and our staves grasped, as we arose with a vigorous determination to follow the inconstant sound. We started, but with no very elegant gait, upon the rough and uneven path, picking out most gingerly the patches of greensward and sheltering side of the hedges.

Few words passed between us—all our jocularity we had left on the steep side of a hill about two miles in the rear. Our poetical exclamations, that had fallen from us at every step early in the day, such as "Beautiful!" "Delicious!" were all gone, or only applied by our imagination to draughts of ale or lamb-chops, ham and eggs, or any other hoped-for condiments. O happy sight! at the corner of a copse we saw a stile—we reached it and sat down upon it with the full assurance that we approached some village. After resting for a few minutes, we coaxed our tired legs over it, and entered a green lane shaded to perfect coolness by rows of stately trees, such as are only seen in the approaches to the fine manorial houses of the olden time. At the end we could just catch a glimpse of the wild front of the grey old church, the bell of which had so perplexed us, buried as it was amidst the surrounding foliage. We soon emerged from our pleasant shade into the village, and saw the last of the sun that had

been frying us all day, and who, seeing us near a positive shelter and out of his power, sneaked off to bed with a blush on his face, as if ashamed of having grilled two poor devils so unmercifully.

The sign of "The White Horse" swung invitingly from the arm of an old oak, opposite to a most picturesque-looking inn, at the door of which sat a large rosy figure of a man in his shirt-sleeves, enjoying his pipe and a mug of ale with the most enviable composure. He peeped at us inquiringly from under the broad shelter of a large straw hat, and kept puffing out his cloud until we turned off the road to enter his door: the touch of the hat and the "Good evening," with a loud call of "House!" soon bespoke the landlord.

We uttered no useless word until we had slaked our tormenting thirst in deep draughts of cold brilliant ale, "worth a guinea a quart." No drop was left in the measure—not even sufficient to wet a fly over the soles of his boots. The host's eye sparkled as he watched our full enjoyment of his universal medicine; and he chuckled as he asked, with a knowing look, how we liked that ale. Our mute answer was a smile and the reversing our measures, from which dropped no tear for the departed: there was a whole lodge of freemasonry in his winks; we were brothers from that moment.

He bustled about, showing us our clean, white, sweet-smelling bed-rooms, the windows of which were shaded by the honeysuckle and clematis, almost to the exclusion of the light, which was most grateful to us after the garish and oppressive heat of the day. Here, after arranging our knapsacks and having the benefit of a copious ablu-tion, we found ourselves in a comfortable state to join our landlord at his porch. Here we found him with old-fashioned high-backed arm chairs placed for us commodiously round the little oak-table; he bustled about in the evident anticipation of a cozy chat and something new from such a wandering-looking couple as we were. After seeing our orders attended to, he relapsed with a heavy sigh into silence, with rustic politeness waiting for us to open the ball.

Across the little-used road, immediately opposite, ran a shallow brook, evidently a tributary, with many others, to some large gathering of waters, the rush of which sounded soothingly not very far from the spot; a thickly vegetated bank rose out of its moist bed, crowned with majestic old trees, that feathered away in the clear blue sky and gave shelter to a cawing family of rooks.

An extensive meadow-like slope, darkened with the foliage of many trees, was occupied by grazing-cattle lying upon the green-sward in picturesque forms, chewing the cud and enjoying the cool of the evening. Near the centre of this meadow rose a pile of rubble and limestone, covered with dark-green ivy, looking like an old gable of some primitive convent, having a small lancet window only left on its extreme point, which appeared to struggle to uprear itself from the embraces of the snake-like ivy that revelled in a thousand tortuous folds around its base.

"Ah, gentlemen!" sighed the landlord, "you're looking at that corner bit; it's now all that's left of a fine old mansion. In my remembrance it was a noble old place. The avenue by which you came here was, fifty years ago, one of the approaches to the grand entrance. It sounded to the cheers of many a noble huntsman, and many a handsome dame; it was a perfect paradise: but an evil spirit entered, and its grand halls have gradually become the grazing-ground of cattle, and the old family name has passed away for ever."

Our four literary ears pricked up with sheer delight at this little exordium of our worthy host ; we saw a magnificent tale in perspective—a jewel for our gathering wallets. We looked upon his jolly face, which was mightily changed ; it had grown big with mystery—it spoke volumes. We dared hardly venture an exclamation, fearing he might be timid, and excuse himself the narration. But, no ; we had evidently, with great good luck, fallen upon the *Discur*, or tale-teller of the neighbourhood ; for after slightly prompting him with looks of eager curiosity, and an “ Indeed ! ” and an “ As how, good landlord ? ” he, with as modest a look as such a jolly face could put on, commenced, with many apologies, and a careful filling of his pipe, the following tale—

“ When I, gentlemen, was no higher than this table, a noble house stood upon that ground you look upon, and dark and neglected as it now looks, it then was the sure resting-place and refuge for the foot-sore wanderer. The doors of fine old English hospitality were thrown wide open to succour the poor and the helpless.

“ When the good old squire died, I can well remember the feeling of childish awe that fell upon me as I looked in the sad faces of all around me, and the silent multitude standing bareheaded beside that good man’s grave. He left an only son alone in the world, for his wife’s death had preceded his some years. This son was quite a boy, about thirteen or fourteen : I think I see him now,—a pale stripling, standing out from amidst the throng of friends as chief mourner ; every heart pitied him, for each also felt he had lost a father. Close at the back stood a youth some two years his senior—his cousin Henry—who had been brought up with him as a companion. His father, the old squire’s younger brother, left his mother a young widow, who soon formed another marriage, and left her child under the care of his uncle, who had well discharged his trust, for he had shared equally the advantages of the son and heir.

“ He was unlike his cousin in every respect ; for though a noble boy, his Spanish-looking face, inherited from his brunette mother, had always a haughty and repulsive look, so different from the open, fair face and blue eye of his younger cousin : and as different were their dispositions ; for the young squire gathered golden opinions wherever he went, whilst the cousin was met with fear and dislike from his arbitrary and overbearing conduct. He was dangerously proud for one so situated, and with a scant property he continually had to give place to the heir ; and the feeling of being second galled him daily, and irritated a fiery and uncontrollable temper.

“ The churchyard scene appeared like a dream to me ; but though so young at the time, I can remember the instinctive feeling of love I had towards one cousin, and the dread I always felt at the approach of the other.

“ Time rolled on, and the cousins became young men. The guardians selected a careful tutor, and sent the heir and his cousin on their travels. The old steward was my father. He was left as almoner to his young and benevolent master, with strict injunctions that the Hall should be the same as if he were at home, and that if he, as he said, ‘ left for a while the hearth-stone of his good father, it must never grow cold.’

“ My father from time to time received letters from abroad, with instructions from the young squire as to improvements and alterations in the place, and farms that he wished to be completed before

his return, which he intended should be prior to his coming of age, —an event he thought that could be only properly celebrated beneath the roof of his ancestors, and amidst the loving hearts that he might well call his own.

“Travel in those days was a thing of much time and no little danger, and letters were few and far between; and proud was my father, to dole out to eager and interested listeners paragraphs of his beloved patron’s letters, wherein he described scenes of wonder and beauty in foreign lands, then little known or heard of in a remote village like ours. When it was known he had received one of these to us all-important missives, he would have a continued levee in the Hall,—or when he walked out, a tail like a Highland chieftain, which followed him with untiring pertinacity to pick up the smallest scrap, and then rush to the old and feeble, who were unable to accompany them, and retail the delightful news, and calculate the how long it was to the happy day of his return.

“Some few weeks before his expected arrival, notified by his guardian to my father, under whose care every preparation for his reception was confided, a knot of the old heads of the village were collected in deep conclave beneath the broad arms of an ancient oak, which had thrown its dark shadows across the grand approach to the Hall for centuries, and still flourished greenly, to welcome another heir to the domain, of which he alone seemed to be the perpetual king. Upon its gnarled and twisted roots sat the synod, selected by my father as council upon the forthcoming fête, with its garlands, ox-roasting, dancing, and festivities without end. I was then a tall youth, and well remember the important looks of the chosen few, who seemed to have a weight of no little magnitude on their shoulders, almost too great for them to bear. Their deliberations were disturbed by the rattle of wheels, and soon, approaching rapidly through the trees, appeared a post-chaise and four. As they neared our party, the features of our young master’s guardian appeared at the window. The post-boy stopped at his signal, and he beckoned my father towards him whom he had got into the chaise; the door was then closed, and they disappeared behind the copse on their way to the Hall, and left us only to look with astonishment on each other.

“We followed slowly, and arriving before the grand front, I entered, and found the domestics in tears; my heart sank within me at the fearful news—our beloved young master’s death! He had fallen into a chasm of the glaciers, and his body had never been recovered. His cousin, who had been his companion, had been severely ill since from the shock, but would be in England soon after the receipt of the letter which brought the fatal news of our bereavement and his gain, for he was now undisputed heir to the large domain of his uncle.

“In a few melancholy days he did return. No heartfelt welcome hailed the master to his home—no joyous revelling or smiling faces crowded round the house of his childhood; the deep gloom of evening fell like a mourning pall over its noble front, and the wind moaned in fitful gusts through the broad avenues, as if bewailing the absence of the noble heir, whose body lay in the cold and unyielding embrace of the glaciers, in a land far distant from the graves of his ancestors.

“Silent and cold was his welcome; his guardian, and a few offi-

cials concerned, alone were admitted. No other notice was to be taken, by his own request, of his return and taking possession. He received courteously the necessary congratulatory visits of the gentry in the neighbourhood; but after the first few days of bustle and arrangement were over, he wandered moodily over the park and grounds. Strangely indeed was he altered; the shock of his cousin's fate had evidently unsettled his nerves; his face was rigidly pale, and his feverish lips parted unwillingly when addressing any one,—his prostrated strength even claimed the pity of those who felt they never could love him as they had done the fair departed boy. At last a sudden change seemed to come over him: he busied himself by making great alteration in the Hall and grounds, having workmen and artists from all parts to work out his designs, which were carried on unceasingly with an extraordinary feverish excitement; night after night would he sit up to carry out some favourite project, and only upon the return of morning seek his couch, to the relief of the almost exhausted artisan. The old picture-gallery was augmented at an immense expense, and he became a ready purchaser of all articles of *virtù* and talent, until his house became a scene of great attraction for miles round. He allowed free ingress, but misanthropically refused all communication with his visitors.

“He seemed, although a mere youth, to have lost all relish for society; he very seldom went out except on horseback,—an exercise which he had always delighted in,—but in this he appeared to have no object except to outstrip the wind in swiftness, for he would always return with his noble horse's drooping haunches covered with foam, and exhausted. The surrounding gentry at last no longer pressed their attentions upon him.

“In the course of my duty, for I had been placed upon the establishment for some time, I presented a foreign letter to him, the contents of which, from after instruction, I learnt were, that a German agent had notified to him he held the number that had been drawn a prize in some picture lottery, and requesting directions as to how it was to be forwarded to him. In the course of a week or two, a large packing-case was brought to the Hall during his absence; it was taken, according to his previous instruction, as the gallery was nearly completed, into the anteroom of his bedchamber that he might first inspect his prize and decide upon its future situation. The lid was struck off and showed the inner case, which was curiously carved, with elaborate hinges of ancient workmanship nearly covering its beautifully embossed doors. My master, on being told of its arrival, proceeded to the chamber alone. Hours elapsed: no bell was rung for attendance: when the evening approached it was thought best that I should venture to seek him. I immediately did so, and on arriving at the chamber, which was getting gloomy from the falling twilight, I was startled by the appearance of a figure standing motionless in the centre of the anteroom before the picture, the doors of which were flung open. There was something awful in that motionless figure: no breath was distinguishable. After summoning up my courage, I ventured to speak. The charm was dissolved; my young master turned his colourless face towards me, and, without uttering a word, seized me by the arm, and rushing from the chamber, hurried, with terrified speed, along the corridor. His grasp of my arm was terrific; he dragged me with him into

the lighted dining-room, and threw himself into a chair. Violent shiverings, and helpless looks of almost idiotcy were turned towards me: fearing to leave him, I rang the bell violently; my father entered with some domestics. In a few whispered words, delivered spasmodically, he bade my father send all from the room except me and himself. No word of explanation escaped him; no persuasion from my old father would get his consent to the sending for a medical man. He said he was much better, but we must not leave him. 'Don't let me sleep,' said he, imploringly; 'I will rest by the fire until the morning.' Ah, that night! almost without end did it appear to me; as we sat by the side of that little more than boy wondering yet not daring to utter a word, and watching his pale lips moving continually in muttered whisperings which alone broke the silence of the weary night hours. The dawn at last broke slowly through the stained casements, and as the first rays of the sun fell across the floor, he looked inquiringly first at my father and then at me; he sighed heavily as if awaking from a trance; he arose slowly from the chair, and walked, without uttering a word, out of the room. We of course followed him immediately, of which he took no notice until we approached the antechamber of his bedroom. Here he hesitated for a moment; then turning towards my father, said, in a voice husky and trembling, he would try now to sleep; but to send somebody to him at twelve at noon. He then closed the door upon us before we could answer him, and we descended slowly to commune as to what, under the circumstances, was our best course to pursue. Our deliberation ended in the determination to send for his late guardian. A man was immediately sent off to request his attendance and advice.

"After some three or four hours, much to our relief, we heard the clatter of the wheels and the welcome voice of his guardian, who decided upon immediately proceeding with me and my father to his chamber. Upon our arrival there, we found the anteroom fastened, and our frequent knockings and calls for admittance unanswered. The servants were summoned, and the door was forced; we rushed into the anteroom, and nearly fell over the body of our young master, which lay extended before the picture, upon which all eyes were immediately fixed: the morning sun fell upon it, and gave the figure almost the appearance of life. The bottom of the picture was occupied by the figure of a man rushing towards you with great speed, with his eyes filled with demoniac fire and in his hand a closely clutched knife; the streak of light on the horizon showed a prostrate figure of one slain; over the murderer's head floated a lovely female figure, with mild and calm features, uprearing an hour-glass on the one hand, whilst with the other she grasped a long and double-edged sword. On a scroll imbedded in the frame was written "The Avenging Angel."

"Before this picture lay the pale form of our master, with his hunting-knife driven to the haft in his heart; in his hand he held a crumpled paper, which was taken from him as we laid him upon his bed.

"A few words, boldly written, thrilled through every heart as they were read,

"I murdered poor Frederick; my hand thrust him into the gulph, —and the avenging angel has found me!"

A REAL COUNTRY GHOST STORY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

“ ‘Graut Liebchen auch ? Der mond scheint hell !
 Hurrah ! die Todten reiten schnell !
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten ?’
 ‘ Ach nein ! Doch las die Todten.’ ”—BÜRGER’S *Lenore*.

If the following narrative were nothing more than a mere invention, it would have very little in it to recommend it to the notice of the reader ; but detailing, as closely as possible may be, some circumstances which actually occurred, and which were never accounted for,—no case of spectres found to be finger-posts or pollards in the morning, nor dim flickering lights seen in churchyards at midnight, afterwards proved to have been carried by resurrection-men or worm-catchers,—it may form a fitting addition to the *repertoire* of unaccountable romances, which, taken from the pages of Glanville and Aubrey, are narrated at this fire-side period always in time to induce a dread of going to rest, and a yearning for double-bedded rooms and modern apartments.

For our own part, we believe in ghosts. We do not mean the vulgar ghosts of every-day life, nor those of the Richardson drama, who rise amidst the fumes of Bengal light burned in a fire-shovel, nor the spring-heeled apparitions who every now and then amuse themselves by terrifying the natives of suburban localities out of their wits. To be satisfactory, a ghost must be the semblance of some departed human form, but indistinct and vague, like the image of a magic lantern before you have got the right focus. It must emit a phosphorescent light,—a gleaming atmosphere like that surrounding fish whose earthly sojourn has been unpleasantly prolonged ; and it should be as transparent and slippery, throwing out as much cold about it, too, as a block of sherry-cobler ice. We would go a great way upon the chance of meeting a ghost like this, and should hold such a one in great reverence, especially if it came in the dreary grey of morning twilight, instead of the darkness which its class is conventionally said to admire. We would, indeed, allow it to come in the moonlight, for this would make its advent more impressive. The effect of a long cold ray streaming into a bedroom is always terrible, even when no ghosts are present to ride upon it. Call to mind, for instance, the ghastly shadow of the solitary poplar falling across the brow of Mariana in the ‘ moated grange,’ as Alfred Tennyson has so graphically described it.

Once we slept—or rather went to bed, for we lay awake and quivering all night long—in an old house on the confines of Windsor Forest. Our bedroom faced the churchyard, the yew-trees of which swept the uncurtained casement with their boughs, and danced in shadows upon the mouldering tapestry opposite, which mingled with those of the fabric until the whole party of the “ long unwashed ” thereon worked, appeared in motion. The bed itself was a dreadful thing. It was large and tall, and smelt like a volume of the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1746, which had reposed in a damp closet ever since. There were feathers, too, on the tops of the tall posts, black with ancestral dirt and flue of the middle ages ; and heavy

curtains, with equally black fringe, which you could not draw. The whole thing had the air of the skeleton of a hearse that had got into the catacombs and been starved to death. The moonlight crept along the wainscoat, panel after panel, and we could see it gradually approaching our face. We felt, when it did so, that it would be no use making the ghosts, whom we knew were swarming about the chamber, believe that we were asleep any more. So we silently brought all the clothes over our head, and thus trembled till morning, preferring death from suffocation to that from terror; and thinking, with ostrich-like self-delusion, that as long as our head was covered we were safe. Beyond doubt many visitors fidgeted about and over us that night. We were told, in fact, afterwards, that we had been charitably put in the "haunted room"—the only spare one—in which all kinds of ancestors had been done for. Probably this was the reason why none of them let us into their confidence; there were so many that no secret could possibly be kept. Had we been aware of this interesting fact, we should unquestionably have added ourselves to the number of its traditional occupants long before morning, from pure fright. As it was, we left the house the next day,—albeit we were upon a week's visit,—with a firm determination never to sleep anywhere for the future but in some hotel about Covent Garden, where we should be sure of ceaseless noise, and evidences of human proximity all night long; or close to the steam-press office of a daily paper. But this by the way; now to our story.

On the left bank of the Thames, stretching almost from the little village of Shepperton to Chertsey Bridge, there is a large, flat, blowy tract of land, known as Shepperton Range. In summer it is a pleasant spot enough, although the wind is usually pretty strong there, even when scarcely a breath is stirring anywhere else: it is the St. Paul's Churchyard, in fact, of the neighbourhood. But then the large expanse of short springy turf is powdered with daisies; and such few bushes of hawthorn and attempts at hedges as are to be found upon its broad sweep, are mere standards for indolent ephemeral dog-roses, dissipated reckless hops, and other wild and badly brought-up classes of the vegetable kingdom. There are uplands rising from the river, and crowned with fine trees, half surrounding the landscape from Egham Hill to Oatlands; one or two humble towers of village churches; rippling corn-fields, and small farms, whose homesteads are so neat and well-arranged, that they remind one of scenes in domestic melodramas, and you expect every minute to hear the libertine squire rebuked by the farmer's daughter, who though poor is virtuous, and prefers the crust of rectitude to all the *entremets* of splendid impropriety. The river here is deep and blue,—in its full country purity before it falls into bad company in the metropolis, flowing gently on, and knowing neither extraordinary high tides of plenitude, nor the low water of poverty. It is much loved of anglers—quiet, harmless folks who punt down from the "Cricketers," at Chertsey Bridge, the landlord of which hostelry formerly bore the name of *Try*—a persuasive cognomination for a fishing-inn, especially with regard to the mighty barbel drawn on the walls of the passage, which had been caught by customers. Never did a *piscator* leave the house in the morning without expecting to go and do likewise.

But in winter, Shepperton Range is very bleak and dreary. The

wind rushes down from the hills, howling and driving hard enough to cut you in two; and the greater part of the plain, for a long period, is under water. The coach passengers used to wrap themselves up more closely as they approached its boundary. This was in what haters of innovation called the good old coaching times, when "four spanking tits" whirled you along the road, and you had the "pleasant talk" of the coachman, and excitement of the "changing," the welcome of "mine host" of the posting-inn, and other things which appear to have thrown these anti-alterationists into frantic states of delight. Rubbish! Give us the railway, with its speed, and, after all, its punctuality; its abolition of gratuities to drivers, guards, ostlers, and every idle fellow who chose to seize upon your carpet-bag and thrust it into the bottom of the boot, whence it could only be extracted by somebody diving down until his inferior extremities alone were visible, like a bee in a bell-flower. When Cowper sent to invite his friend Bishop Spratt to Chertsey, he told him he could come from London conveniently in two days "by sleeping at Hampton;" now you may knock off eighteen out of the twenty miles, from Nine Elms to Weybridge, in fifty minutes.

In winter (to return to the Range) the pedestrian seeks in vain for the shelter of any hedge or bank. If the wind is in his teeth, it is no very easy matter for him to get on at all. Once let it take his hat, too, and he must give it up as utterly lost—all chance of recovery is gone: and if the snow is on the ground and the moon is shining, he may see it skimming away to leeward for a wonderful distance, until it finally leaps into the river. And this reminds us that it was winter when the events of our story took place; and that the moon was up, and the ground white and sparkling.

It had been a sad Christmas with the inmates of a large family-house near the village end of the Range. For Christmas is not always that festive time which conventionality and advertisements insist upon its being; and the merriment of the season cannot always be ensured by the celebrated "sample hampers," or the indigestion arising from overfeeding. In many houses it is a sad tear-bringing anniversary; and such it promised to be, in future, at the time of our story, now upwards of fifty years ago, for the domestic circle of the Woodwards,—by which name we wish to designate the family in question. It is not, however, the right one. The eldest daughter, Florence, a beautiful girl of twenty, was in the last stage of confirmed consumption. Her family had been justly proud of her: a miniature by Cosway, which is still in existence, evidences her rare loveliness when in health, and as the reckless disease gained upon her, all its fatal attributes served only to increase her beauty. The brilliant sparkling eye with the fringe of long silky lashes; the exquisitely delicate flush and white *teint* of her skin; the bright arterial lips and pearly teeth: all combined to endow her with fascinations scarcely mortal.

"The beauty," beyond all comparison, of every circle of society into which she entered, Florence Woodward had not remained unconscious of her charms. Her disposition in early girlhood was naturally reserved, and to those casually introduced to her, cold and haughty; and this reserve increased with her years, fanned by the breath of constant flattery. She had rejected several most eligible matches, meeting the offers of one or two elder sons of the best

families in the neighbourhood with the coldest disdain, even after having led each of her suitors to believe, from the witchery of her manner, fascinating through all her pride, that he was the favoured one; and although at last they felt sure that their offers would be rejected, if not with a sneer, at least with a stare of surprise at such presumption, yet the number of her admirers did not diminish; in many instances it became a point of vanity as well as love. The hope of being, at last, the favoured one urged them on, but always with the same result. She looked upon their hearts as toys,—things to be amused with, then to be broken, and cared for no more.

A year or two before the period of story she met Frank Sherborne one evening at the Richmond ball. The Sherbornes had formerly lived at Halliford, within a mile of the Woodwards, and the two families were exceedingly intimate at that time. They had now left the neighbourhood some years; and Florence was astonished to find that the mere boy, who used to call her by her christian name, had grown to be a fine young man in the interim. Whether it was to pique some other admirer in the room, or whether she really was taken, for the few hours of the ball, with the lively intelligence and unaffected conversation of her old companion, we know not, but Sherborne was made supremely happy that evening by finding himself dancing each time with the *belle* of the room; and when he was not dancing sitting by her side, lost in conversation. He was fascinated that night with the spells she wove around him, and he returned home with his brain almost turned, and his pulses throbbing, whilst the thoughts which recalled the beautiful face and low soft voice of Florence Woodward excluded all other subjects. His feelings were not those attendant upon a mere flirtation with an attractive woman, in which gratified self-conceit has perhaps so large a share. He was madly, deeply in love.

To be brief, his intimacy with the Woodwards was renewed, and Florence led him on, making him believe that he was the chosen above all others, until he ventured to propose. In an instant her manner changed, and he was coldly rejected, with as much *hauteur* as if he had only been the acquaintance of a single dance. Stunned at first by her heartlessness, he left the house and returned home without uttering a word of what had occurred to his family. Then came a reaction, and brain-fever supervened; and when he recovered he threw up all his prospects, which were of no ordinary brilliancy, and left home, as it subsequently proved, for ever: taking advantage of his mother's being a relation of Sir John Jervis to enter the navy on board the admiral's ship, and do anything in any capacity that might distract him from his one overwhelming misery.

No sooner was he gone than Florence found, despite her endeavours to persuade herself to the contrary, that she also was in love. Self-reproach and remorse of the most bitter kind seized upon her. Her spirits drooped, and she gave up going into society, and albeit her pride still prevented her from disclosing her secret to a soul, its effect was the more terrible from her struggles to conceal it. Day by day she sank, as her frame became more attenuated from constant yet concealed fretting. Winter came, and one cold followed another, until consumption proclaimed its terrible hold upon the beautiful victim. Everything that the deepest family affection and

unlimited means could accomplish was done to stop the ravages of the disease; but although her friends were buoyed up with hope to the last, the medical men knew that her fate was sealed, from the very symptoms, so cruelly delusive, that comforted the others. She was attended by a physician, who came daily from London, and an apothecary from a neighbouring town. From the latter we received this story some time back. He was a young man, and had not long commenced practice when it took place.

He had been up several nights in succession, and was retiring to rest about half-past eleven, when a violent peal of the surgery bell caused him to throw up the window and inquire what was wanted. He directly recognized the coachman of the Woodwards upon horseback, who told him that Miss Florence was much worse, and begged he would come over to Shepperton immediately. Sending the man at once away, with the assurance that he would be close upon his heels, he re-dressed hurriedly, and going to the stable, put his horse to the gig himself,—for the boy who looked after it did not sleep in the house,—and then hastily putting up a few things from the surgery which he thought might be wanted on emergency, he started off.

It was bright moonlight, and the snow lay lightly upon the ground. The streets of the town were deserted; nor indeed was there any appearance of life, except that in some of the upper windows of the houses lights were gleaming, and it was cold—bitter cold. The apothecary gathered his heavy night-coat well about him, and then drove on, and crossed Chertsey Bridge, under which the cold river was flowing with a swollen heavy tide, chafing through the arches, as the blocks of ice floating on it at times impeded its free course. The wind blew keenly on the summit of the bridge; but as Mr. — descended, it appeared more still; and when he got to the “gully-hole,” with its melancholy ring of pollards—(wherein a coach and four, with all the passengers, is reported by the natives once to have gone down, and never been seen again)—it had almost ceased.

We have said the moon was very bright—more so than common, and when Mr. — got to the commencement of Shepperton Range, he could see quite across the flat, even to the square white tower of the church; and then, just as the bell at Littleton tolled twelve he perceived something coming into the other end of the range, and moving at a quick pace. It was unusual to meet anything thereabouts so late at night, except the London market-carts and the carriers' waggons, and he could form no idea of what it could be. It came on with increased speed, but without the slightest noise; and this was remarkable, inasmuch as the snow was not deep enough to muffle the sound of the wheels and horse's feet, but had blown and drifted from the road upon the plain at the side. Nearer and nearer it came; and now the apothecary perceived that it was something like a hearse, but still vague and indistinct in shape, and it was progressing on the wrong side of the road. His horse appeared alarmed, and was snorting hurriedly as his breath steamed out in the moonlight, and Mr. — felt himself singularly and instantaneously chilled. The mysterious vehicle was now distant from him only a few yards, and he called out to whoever was conducting it to keep the right side, but no attention was paid, and as

he endeavoured to pull his own horse over, the object came upon him. The animal reared on his hind legs and then plunged forwards, overturning the gig against one of the flood-posts; but even as the accident occurred he saw that the strange carriage was a dark-covered vehicle, with black feathers at its corners; and that within were two figures, upon whom a strange and ghastly light appeared to be thrown. One of these resembled Florence Woodward; and the other, whose face was close to hers, bore the features of young Sherborne. The next instant he was thrown upon the ground.

He was not hurt, but scrambled up again upon his legs immediately; when to his intense surprise nothing of the appalling equipage was to be seen. The Range was entirely deserted; and there was not a hedge or thicket of any kind behind which the strange apparition could have been concealed. But there was the gig upset, sure enough, and the cushions and wrappers lying on the snow. Unable to raise the gig, Mr. —, almost bewildered, took out the horse, and rode hurriedly on over the remaining part of the flat, towards the Woodwards' house. He was directly admitted, being expected; and, without exchanging a word with the servant, flew upstairs to the bed-room of the invalid. He entered, and found all the family assembled. One or two of them were kneeling round the bed, and weeping bitterly; and upon it lay the corpse of Florence Woodward. In a fit of coughing she had ruptured a large vessel in the lungs, and died almost instantaneously.

Mr. — ascertained in an instant that he had arrived too late. Unwilling to disturb the members of the family, who in their misery had scarcely noticed his arrival, he drew the nurse from the room, and asked how long she had been dead.

"It is not a quarter of an hour, sir," replied the old woman looking on an old-fashioned clock, that was going solemnly with a dead muffled beat upon the landing, and now pointed out the time—about ten minutes after twelve: "she went off close upon midnight, and started up just before she died, holding out her arms as though she saw something; and then she fell back upon the pillow, and it was all over."

The apothecary stayed in the house that night,—for his assistance was often needed by the mother of the dead girl,—and left in the morning. The adventure of the night before haunted him to a painful degree for a long period. Nor was his perfect inability to account for it at all relieved when he heard, some weeks afterwards, that young Sherborne had died of a wound received in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, on the very day, and at the very hour, when the apparition had appeared to him on Shepperton Range!

We have often heard the story told, and as often heard it explained by the listeners. They have said that it was a curious coincidence enough, but that Mr. — was worn out with watching, and had gone to sleep in his gig, pulling it off the road, and thus overturning it. We offer no comments either upon the adventure or the attempt to attribute it to natural causes: the circumstances have been related simply as they were said to have occurred, and we leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

MEMOIR OF ALFRED CROWQUILL.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

AMONG the "Glimpses and Mysteries" of the literary world, within the last twenty years, ALFRED CROWQUILL has borne his part. While many of the initiated have known who he is, hundreds have laughed over the vagaries of his pen and pencil and asked in vain "What is his real name?"

We believe that he belongs to one of the liberal professions, and has avocations even farther east than Paternoster Row in the business world of the City. How he attends to these is another "mystery" amid the chaos of blocks, and steel, and stone, and canvas, in which he lives elsewhere than the City. The first literary appearance of ALFRED CROWQUILL may be traced in the pages of those successful pioneers of cheap literature, "The Hive," and "Mirror," under the editorship of Mr. Timbs. This was the very nibbing of the CROWQUILL, before the subject of this Memoir was out of his teens. At twenty he discovered, fortunately for the laughing philosophers of the world, that he could wield the pencil even better than the pen, and since that period he has always illustrated his own writings besides the works of a host of other popular writers. "Der Freyschutz travestied" was the first effort of his pencil. Close upon this followed "Alfred Crowquill's Sketch Books," the most whimsical of tableaux, dedicated, by command of the Duchess of Kent, to the Princess Victoria—it is superfluous to say, except *pro formâ*, our present Most Gracious Majesty. He was shortly after the appearance of these publications solicited to join the "Humourist" clique of the "New Monthly Magazine," where he remained, in the best possible humour, for many a month, leaving it on the death of that prince of humourists, Theodore Hook, to join the ranks of this Miscellany.

CROWQUILL was one of the original illustrators of "Punch," and added much to the early popularity of that periodical by the happy facility of his pencil. But we must not only regard him as a caricaturist; he has ably proved his right to the name of CROWQUILL by some exquisite pen-and-ink drawings, chiefly of woodland scenery, which have, from time to time, been admired at literary and artistical *réunions*, and two of which, "The Huntsman's Rest," and "The Solitary," were among the drawings of the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Of late, too, he has handled the brush as well as the pen and pencil; here we must follow him from the bookseller's to the print-seller's, in whose windows we see "Temperance and Intemperance," engraved from his painting in oils, which called forth a letter of thanks from the great preacher of sobriety, Father Mathew, highly complimentary of a design so ably "Pointing out to the eye a moral which the ear would be a long time receiving." To this we may add the admirable idea of "The Ups and Downs of Life," in which youth is represented gazing on the risings of life's undulating path, regardless of all that makes its depths and its darkness; "The President" and "Vice-President," with many others.

The illustrated literature of the day has availed itself largely of ALFRED CROWQUILL's aid. The designs of the late Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering" were, for the most part, his, and the conceit and execution of the punning cover of "Hood's Own" was, by the desire of the author, entrusted to CROWQUILL. "The Pictorial Grammar," "The Pictorial Arithmetic," both letter-press and caricature, are his, and with the "Phantasmagoria of Fun," which originally appeared in this Miscellany, and was re-published in two volumes, prove the inexhaustible fund of humour and talent he has at command.

We must not forget to state, this being Christmas time, that most of the pantomimes for the last few years, have been indebted to CROWQUILL for designs; devices, and effects; and here we will pause—not for want of material to fill up a much longer catalogue of CROWQUILL's doings, but that we may find space to make mention of his sayings. In conversation he is epigrammatic, and he cannot tell an anecdote or relate an occurrence, without completely personifying the characters of whom he speaks, his countenance; at the same time, without the slightest effort, undergoing the most extraordinary changes of expression. In personal imitations he seldom or never indulges, but, being an admirable vocalist, often does he set the table in a roar by a medley of songs which seem to emanate from the natives of every province in Great Britain.

To return to CROWQUILL as the artist, we will but make mention of one more of his works. He is at present engaged in publishing, with his friend, F. P. Palmer—an esteemed contributor to this Magazine—a series of papers of a nature different from any he has yet attempted, the antiquarian "Wanderings of Pen and Pencil." Now, we will leave our readers to look again on his intellectual and honest physiognomy. By thus giving his portrait in a Miscellany to the pages of which he has so largely contributed, Mr. Bentley has evidently acted upon an opinion in which he will be supported by all who know him who calls himself "Alfred Crowquill,"—that though he may capriciously keep his name from the public, no stroke of his pen or pencil need make him ashamed to show his face.

STANZAS.

Away! away! nor tempt me more;
Go—let my spirit wander free,
Thou would'st not have my knees adore,
Without this bosom worship'd thee.
Thou would'st not have me wear a
smile,
To mock the living light of thine:
Or wantonly, with specious guile,
To lure thee to a soul-less shrine.

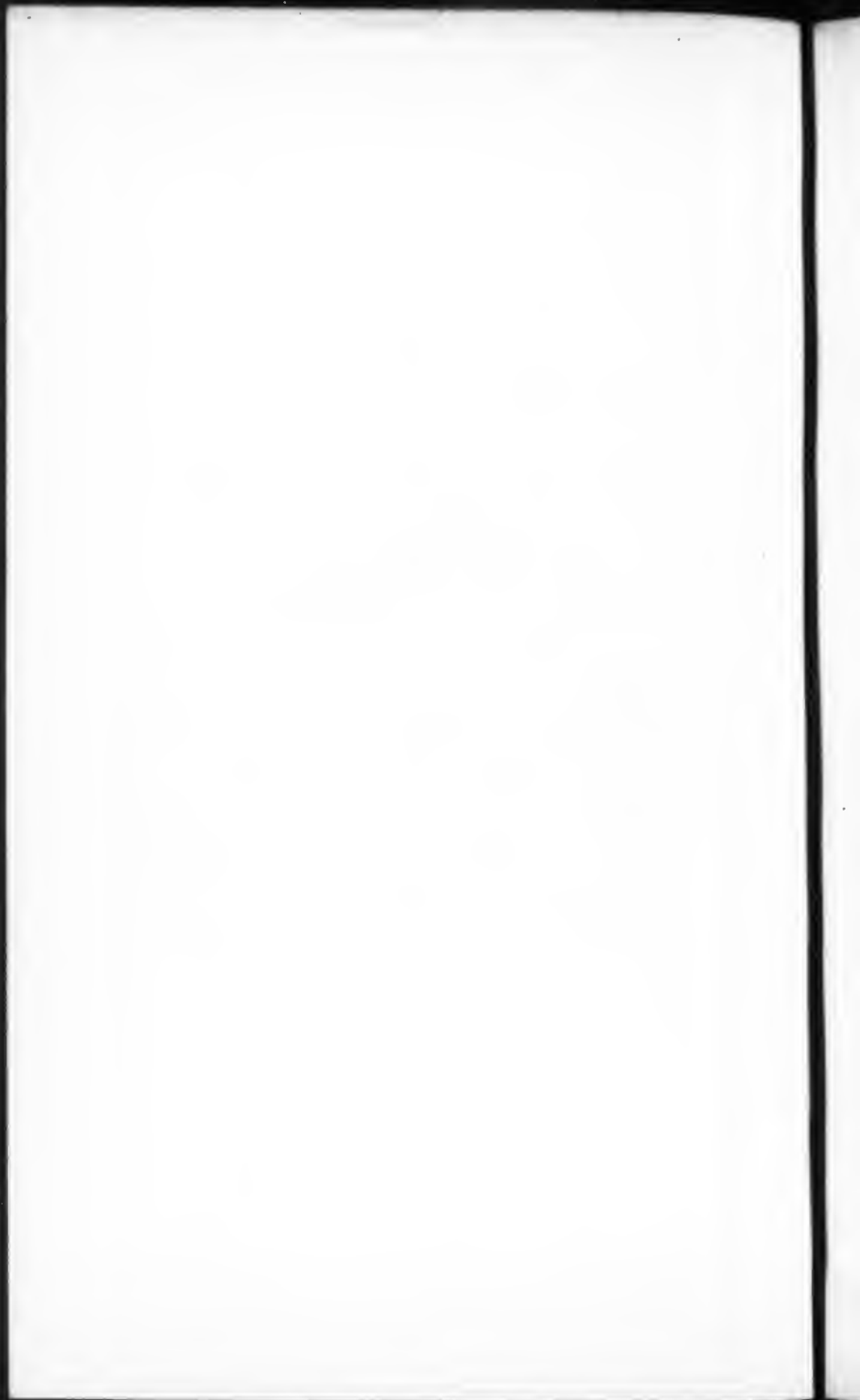
Perish the thought! I would not seek,
By careless word, thy lasting woe,
For soon that gentle heart would break
If one reflected not its glow,
Or gave thee not its whole commune
Of love that is, or may have been;
Like melody in sweetest tune,
Without one jarring note between!

Dear as I hold thee, I would view
The radiance of thy beauty gleam,
As melting shadows lend their hue
To clothe with light some holy dream.
To think of thee as one afar
From this cold earth,—a child of
Heaven!
And liken thee to yon lone star
That shines upon the brow of even!

Blossom of hope! this weakly heart
Is no meet home for one like thee:
Sad music would its chords impart,
For they are strung to misery.
Seek out some worthier, happier breast,
Responsive to the love of thine,
I would not cloud thy sinless rest
By sharing these dark woes of mine!



Alfred Howquith



THE DUKE AND HIS PORTRAITS.

THE extraordinary popularity of the Duke of Wellington, extending as it does throughout every grade of society and all shades of political feeling, may be estimated, among other tests, by the multitudinous representations of him which have been given to the world, and executed, generally speaking, by the most celebrated of our artists. Next to our gracious Sovereign, of whom we have so many really excellent portraits (and we cannot have too many), and which are to be met with in the palaces of our nobles, and the mansions of our gentry, as well as in the humbler dwellings of the poor, no modern personage has, perhaps, so frequently been the coveted subject of the pencil as the hero of Waterloo. Our attention has been attracted to this subject by the almost simultaneous appearance of two splendid engravings: the one representing the noble Duke receiving his guests at Apsley House, previous to the banquet in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, the other giving us the actual representation of that annual festival. The publication of these two grand engravings, which ought to find a place on the walls or in the portfolios of all lovers of their country, and all admirers of modern British art, remind us of the days of Boydell; and we hail their appearance with the same welcome as was accorded to the efforts of that excellent patron of British art. The great efforts now making to carry the art of engraving to its highest pitch, indicated by the rapid succession of fine and elaborate plates, render the subject one of considerable importance; and we shall probably in future numbers of this Miscellany attempt to supply what we conceive to be a void in the history of the art of our country,—*viz.* some account of the progress of modern English engraving.

It is a singular fact, and one which illustrates his extraordinary success in portrait painting, that the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington is even now one of the best of the multitudinous likenesses of the Hero of Waterloo. And this arises from the determination of that great painter to depict the mind, the intelligence, the "inward man," as well as the "outward and visible form." It is this quality which constitutes his pre-eminence among modern portrait-painters, and this pre-eminence is in no instance more fully established than over the many existing portraits of the illustrious individual we have just alluded to; which, though possessing many great and sterling qualities, do not, generally speaking, attain to the pitch of excellence visible in the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's likeness. An early portrait of his Grace is that equestrian one published by Ackermann, representing him at the grand review which took place in the Great Park at Windsor on the 5th of June, 1814. It is by De Daubrawa, and cannot be said to be a flattering likeness of his Grace, though it has all the characteristic traits of his physiognomy, especially the look of firmness and self-possession which are always strongly developed in his face. In this print, which is very neatly coloured, the action of the horse is not so elegant as in one subsequently published by the same firm, and executed by the same artist. This is the well-known portrait of the Duke, representing him on horseback, passing the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, with

his hand raised to his hat returning a salute. This gives us the noble Duke very much as he appears at the present moment. The head is full of fine character, and the action of the figure is easy and unconstrained. The horse is well drawn, and in fine action. The rider sits the horse with a firm seat, and the knowledge of the artist in the composition of an equestrian group is displayed perhaps in this point more than in any other. Taking it altogether, this may be considered one of the most truthful likenesses of the noble Duke extant.

The full-length portrait of his Grace, painted and engraved by Mr. J. Lucas, and published by Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle-street, is chiefly remarkable for the justness of the expression and the dignified bearing of the figure. The artist having engraved the plate himself (it is in mezzotint), may be supposed to have infused into it all the spirit and meaning of the original painting. The plate is certainly distinguished by a free and masterly touch, as well as by spirit and character. The effect of light and shade is managed with considerable art, and the print is generally distinguished by a fine rich colour. It is evident that a painter's hand has been busy on the plate, from the feeling and expression which is visible in every part of it.

The last plate illustrative of the Hero of Waterloo, to which we shall at present call attention, is one of considerable importance. It is an admirable engraving by Mr. C. G. Lewis, of Mr. Knight's grand picture of the Duke of Wellington receiving his illustrious guests at Apsley House on the anniversary of the glorious eighteenth of June. This plate is executed in the mixed style of engraving, consisting of line and stipple combined. The portraits included are, besides that of the noble host, twenty-nine in number, to wit:—those of Gen. Lord Strafford, Lt.-Gen. Sir Edw. Kerrison, Bart., Major-Gen. Hon. H. Murray, Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Waters, Maj.-Gen. Sir Robt. Gardiner, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Maj.-Gen. Sir Geo. Scovell, Gen. Lord Hill, Lt.-Gen. Sir P. Maitland, Sir H. Hardinge, Sir A. Dickson, Hon. E. P. Lygon, Sir C. B. Vere, Hon. Sir H. G. P. Townshend, the Marquis of Anglesey, Col. Lord Sandys, Gen. Sir J. Lambert, Lt.-Gen. Sir J. Kemp, Lord Saltoun, Maj.-Gen. Sir Neil Douglass, the Duke of Richmond, Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Barnard, Lord Vivian, Col. Cathcart, Col. R. Egerton, Maj.-Gen. Sir H. D. Ross, Col. Rowan, Lt.-Gen. Sir Thos. Reynell, and Col. Gurwood. A composition including so great a number of portraits, must have cost the artist no little labour; but that labour has been well employed which has produced so successful a result; for the likenesses are, we believe, admitted generally to be unmistakeable. It has been objected to this composition, that the heads of the figures are rather too much in a line; but this is almost a necessary consequence of the choice of subject; and indeed this effect is considerably modified by the arrangement of the light, which is managed with admirable art. Great credit is due to the engraver, Mr. Lewis, for the execution of this plate, which is of very large dimensions. He has preserved all the spirit of the painting. This engraving has just been published by Messrs. Graves and Co., of Pall Mall.

THE BANQUET AT APSLEY HOUSE.—Mr. Salter's picture represents a most powerfully interesting incident; and though it is one that annually recurs, it is not the less interesting on that account. It

is not, as has been justly observed, an imaginary mingling of likenesses in a scene which might never have occurred, but possesses almost the identity of actual existence, for every individual of the distinguished company assembled on the anniversary of the glorious 18th of June sat to the artist for his portrait expressly with a view to this picture. The dinner is given in the Waterloo Gallery at Apsley House, and the period represented is when the company after dinner have broken into groups, and just as the Duke of Wellington has risen to address them. The table is surrounded not only by the brothers-in-arms of the Duke, but by many of the *élite* of the nobility, both male and female, as well of this country as of Europe. The Duke is habited in the uniform of a field-marshal, and wears the orders of the Garter, &c. On his right is his late Majesty William the Fourth, and on his left the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland. The painting has all the strength of effect, fine colour, and good drawing, for which Mr. Salter has gained so high a reputation, and the engraving by Mr. Greatbach will be admired for its characteristic treatment and exquisite finish.

We shall avail ourselves of this opportunity to offer a few remarks on two or three very clever engravings which have recently made their appearance; and first, of that large and highly-finished composition by Mr. E. Landseer, called

“THE RETURN FROM HAWKING.”

This is generally esteemed one of Mr. E. Landseer's happiest compositions, and the plate engraved from it by Mr. J. Cousins will doubtless add to that clever engraver's already high reputation. It is dedicated to Lord Francis Egerton, and contains portraits of his Lordship's family. The composition is most picturesque and interesting, great science being displayed in the design and disposition of the figures. The animals which are introduced, and which it may be expected constitute a most important ingredient in the picture, have all the characteristics of the finest nature; and the beautiful figures of the horses and dogs, as well as those of the *feræ naturæ* which are scattered about the fore-ground, indicate the presence of the master hand. As a family group, it is certainly one of the most successful attempts we have lately seen. It is full of elegance and picturesque effect, the finest contrasts and most elaborate finish. This plate has been published by Mr. Moon.

A BARONIAL HALL IN THE OLDEN TIME. — Mr. Cattermole's reputation as a delineator of scenes of this class stands deservedly high. He has the talent of investing them with all the verisimilitude of present existence, and of surrounding them with that interest which a just expression of feeling is always sure to excite. In this latter particular Mr. Cattermole stands almost without a rival. In the print now under notice, the fine expression of the heads, so delicately varied, and so full of meaning, will strike every observer. The subject is simple and interesting, being nothing more than the regaling of a few humble individuals, according to the ancient system of hospitality exercised in the baronial castles of England. The plate itself, by Mr. J. Egan, is a singularly fine specimen of mezzotint engraving. It has a beautifully rich effect, and is in all respects an admirable representation of the picture.

THE SCHOOL.—This is an engraving after the last great work painted by the late Sir David Wilkie. It presents a good specimen of that lamented painter's peculiar style, and is conceived in his most humorous vein. It is remarkably characteristic, and full of the animation natural to the scene. The various emotions of the actors in this bustling scene are admirably expressed. From the pedagogue, who is seated in all his awful dignity, down to the merest tyro in the crowded school-room, every face teems with the most appropriate expression, and it is impossible not to admire the discrimination with which the painter has selected his subjects. We discern, without any danger of mistake, the characters of all the individuals; the dullard, the idler, the thoughtless, the mischievous, and the gay, all are alike painted to the life. And then, what labour has been expended in the finish throughout! Nothing is neglected; nor is there apparent any of that easy generalization which is usually only an excuse either for ignorance or neglect; but every part of the picture is finished with proper expression and due force. The engraving, which is by Mr. J. Burnett, is an excellent specimen of the art. This, as well as the preceding plate, is published by Mr. Moon.

 MY CHILD'S GRAVE.

My little one! the world looks cold,
 My sadden'd heart doth turn to thee,
 And now again mine eyes behold
 Thy mound beneath the alder tree!
 Once more I tend the flow'rs that bloom
 Beside thine unpretending tomb!

Sweet innocent! they sanctify
 Thy place of throbless rest awhile,
 With dew-drops borrow'd from on high,
 And many a joyous summer smile!
 The rudest winds that o'er thee move
 Are soften'd to a breath of love!

A meditative beauty here
 Doth linger on the quiet scene,
 And, waken'd to a sense of pray'r,
 The mind looks forth unveil'd—
 serene;
 While thoughts are rife of those beneath,
 Amidst the solitude of Death!

And lovingly we trace again
 Each unforgett'n semblance o'er,—
 The fond caress,—the playful vein,
 The tenderness, endear'd of yore!
 They steal upon us in that hour
 When Memory resumes her power.

And thou, my child, I shadow forth,
 In all thine artless, infant grace,
 That made me prize thee first of earth,
 And best thy bright and winsome
 face;
 Though fleetly closed thy dawn of life,—
 At least, it knew no taint of strife!

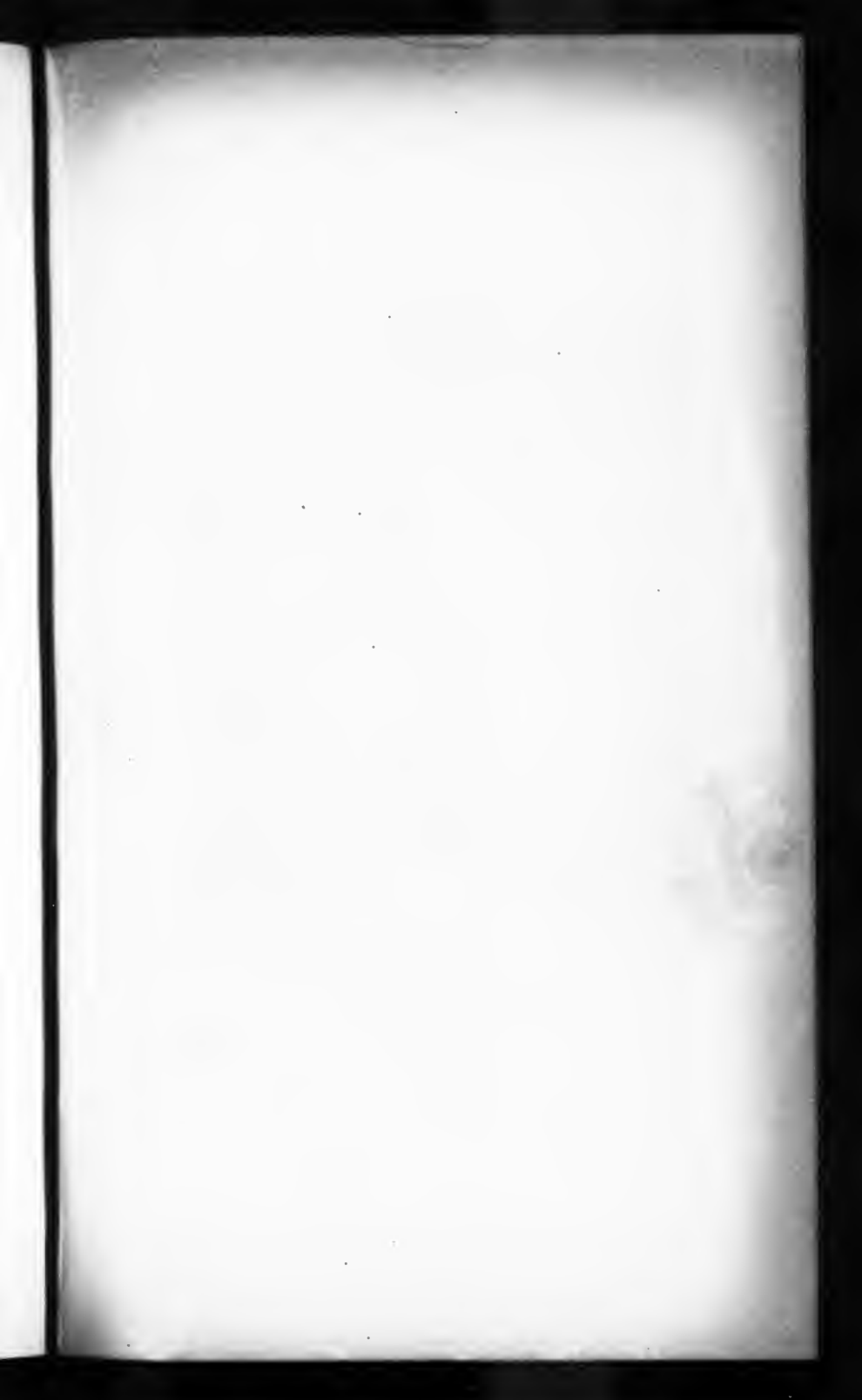
I fondly thought thou wouldst become
 My stay, my hope, in years' decline;
 But comfortless is now my home,
 And dimly doth its taper shine:
 For what have I to do with joy,
 When *thou* hast wander'd hence, my
 boy?

I know thou art in yonder heaven,
 With rays of fadeless glory crown'd,
 But still my steps each quiet even
 Bend thither to this holy ground.
 Strange sympathy my feelings have
 With that secluded moss-clad grave!

There, seated by thy little stone,
 My thoughts to other days allied,
 I count the weary seasons gone,
 Since thou wert at thy father's side,
 And lisping out, as day grew dim,
 Thy mother's own loved vesper hymn!

The streamlet murmur'ing by doth seem
 To wake familiar tones to me;
 The passing wind, too, stirs a theme
 That brings me nearer still to thee:
 And thus in sweet commune of love
 I seek my long-lost child above!

I cannot weep,—my tears are spent,—
 But not the less my heart doth mourn,
 When upward these weak eyes are bent,
 Then desolate—to earth return:
 But soon the conflict will be o'er,
 And, angel! we shall part no more!





V. P. Brown

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LERCH.

CHAPTER V.

Brian's Confessions continued.

I WAS scarcely five paces distance from my young protector when the fatal bullet found its mark, and in a moment I was kneeling beside my departed friend, and supporting the bleeding body in my arms. Life was totally extinct—the ball had passed directly through the heart, and death was instantaneous. How fatal were my visits to the metropolis! The first disgraced me in the eyes of a man I loved better than any in the world—the last, when my innocence was re-established, afforded me but the melancholy opportunity of witnessing his untimely end.

The indifference with which loss of life is regarded in Ireland was never more strikingly exemplified. Within a few minutes after William St. George fell, the crowd had quietly dispersed to resume their ordinary employments, and it was with some difficulty that a few men could be found to transport the body on a door to a neighbouring cabin. Captain O'Brien and another officer remained with the corpse until a hackney-coach was obtained from town; and the remains of our young friend, wrapped in a military cloak, were driven into the barrack-yard, and deposited in his room, to await the coroner's inquest. The moment his antagonist dropped, Darnley and his second hurried from the field, jumped into a carriage in waiting, and departed none knew whither.

Duelling is no longer a common-place occurrence in Ireland, and the death of William St. George occasioned an unusual sensation. Heir to a large estate—a star of first magnitude in the world of fashion—in everything *distingué*—admired by one sex, and envied by the other—the circumstances under which he was hurried so unexpectedly from existence were generally discussed, and as universally execrated. The detestable ingratitude of Darnley, and the infamous return a faithless mistress had rendered to a generous and too-confiding dupe, commanded sympathy for him who had fallen, and reprobation on those who had been the agent and the accessory to his murder. Mrs. Montague made a hasty and secret departure from the kingdom, and joined her paramour in France—while Darnley did not venture to abide the ordeal of a trial, and, in two or three gazettes, his name was removed from the army list.

The grief which this sudden and unforeseen calamity caused at Carramore, may be readily imagined. Cold as she was, and centered as her affections were in Arthur, the death of her first-born was felt severely by his mother; while, for a time, the poor colonel was inconsolable. Indeed, the regret for William's death was universal—and an immense assemblage attended the funeral of my departed protector, and offered that last tribute of respect. I followed the body of my

friend, in heart, though not in "inky cloak," a mourner,—and when the vault was closed, I felt that once more I was an isolated being cast adrift upon the ocean of existence.

It was not long until the unhappy consequences which were fated to attend the decease of my weak but warm-hearted protector were fully developed. The new heir seemed determined to rule with a lordly hand; and, broken-hearted by the loss of his favourite son, the Colonel indolently allowed him, step by step, to assume an absolute command. But a marked alteration in the old gentleman's bearing towards me was perfectly incomprehensible. Formerly, he appeared to court my company, and more especially in the field,—but now, he as studiously avoided it. It was clear that his feelings had undergone a change. Who the person was who had injured me with my last protector was, at the time, only suspected, but in a few days all doubt upon the subject was removed.

Regarding Susan Edwards I have been silent. The deep calamity the house of Carramore had undergone was all-engrossing; and every day led us to anticipate that our course of love would not run smooth. One evening when I visited her father's cottage I found that Susan had been weeping, and I pressed her to confide to me the causes of her sorrow. She looked at me silently—burst into tears—and, throwing her arms wildly round my neck, implored me not to question her. No concealment had ever existed between us, excepting on my part, when I obeyed the injunction of my departed friend; and when I bade my mistress farewell for the night, a feeling not far removed from jealousy came over me. But of whom should I be jealous? I asked myself the question,—and blushed that I ever should harbour a doubt of Susan's constancy.

At dinner, I perceived that Mr. Brownlow appeared unusually serious; and when the cloth was removed, and I asked him to assign me my evening's task, he made some trifling excuse, and told me to remain. I saw that something gave him secret pain—and, in a few minutes, he thus addressed me—

"My dear Brian," he said, with considerable emotion, "I fear that our quiet relations are not to continue much longer; I am no fatalist, but they say that misfortunes tread fast upon each others' heels. The recent and dreadful visitation we all have suffered, sits heaviest where it might have been expected, and Colonel St. George appears to have sunk beneath the blow. His mind seems prostrated—and I cannot conceal the truth, but own that in Arthur's unexpected elevation to an authority which poor William never aimed at, your evil planet has become ascendant. Ha! how strange! Since his return from Oxford, he never crossed this threshold, and see, he enters the wicket. What errand brings him here? *Nous verrons.*"

"You dine early," said the visitor.

"Nothing remarkable in that," returned Mr. Brownlow. "I am an unfashionable man, and eat at unfashionable hours—my clothes are made by the village tailor—these boots are the handywork of Waterloo Jack—and I walk, move, and sleep, not caring one farthing whether the world approve or disapprove."

The cold and cynic manner in which the ex-preceptor addressed his quondam pupil, struck me forcibly.

"You are unusually philosophic."

"And most perfectly sincere," was the reply.

"Well, if you please, we'll put philosophy aside, and come to sub-lunary considerations."

"I am quite at your service, sir;" and the Vicar bowed formally.

"Upon my soul! Brownlow—"

It was the first time Arthur St. George had addressed his tutor unceremoniously, and the sentence was interrupted.

"Mr. Arthur St. George, I am generally mastered, or mistered,—as the vulgar reading is."

"I crave your pardon," was the reply. "Fancy that both titles are conferred, and then let us proceed to business."

"I am all attention, sir," was the cool answer; and Arthur continued his remarks with assumed indifference.

"Of the extravagant disposition of my late unthinking brother, I need scarcely tell you. It is enough to say that the extent of his debts are almost incalculable, and drafts every day are made upon my father, which respect for the memory of the dead require should be honoured instantly. A system of retrenchment must consequently be resorted to in Carramore, and I have undertaken a task scarcely inferior to that of cleansing the Augean stable; and, in plain English, have set to work to reduce an overgrown and most expensive establishment. The fox-hounds will be handed over to a club—the stables shall undergo a sweeping reform—idlers who pretended to trap vermin and kill magpies shall be dismissed—and, in carrying out the system, I have felt it necessary to call this evening on you and my friend Brian."

"And I declare," said the churchman, with caustic indifference, "as I neither trap vermin nor shoot magpies, I know not in what way this general reform can apply to me."

"Excuse me," returned the quondam pupil of the Vicar, "you are, at least, indirectly concerned. At the solicitation of my late lamented brother, before he left Carramore to join his regiment, my father agreed to settle a hundred a-year on this young gentleman until he should attain his majority."

"On me!" I exclaimed. "'Tis the first time I ever heard it."

"True, however, as Mr. Brownlow can inform you."

The Vicar bowed assent.

"Then have I additional cause to mourn for the generous friend I have so unhappily been deprived of."

"As I am—and let me add, very unwillingly—made the organ of communication by my father, I trust that what I am about to say will be considered as not my own sentiments, but those of another. Our young friend here," and Arthur addressed himself to Mr. Brownlow, "has reached man's estate, and his position is a painful one—over-educated for any walk of humbler life, and without property or profession to take a stand in any higher grade of society. Under these circumstances, the Colonel feels that it would be injustice to one whom he has befriended from boyhood, to allow his prime of youth to be idly dreamed away. Brian wants three years of his majority, and my father holds himself his debtor in as many hundreds. That sum, judiciously applied, may start our young friend on the world—and I am directed to say that the money shall be immediately placed at his own disposal, and he will thus be enabled to choose the path himself which may seem likeliest to lead to fortune."

I listened to Arthur with unfeigned surprise. That I had lost fa-

your in my patron's sight I knew already, but that I had become an object of dislike, whom it was desirable to remove, was far beyond what I had ever suspected. With feelings of the deepest humiliation, I listened to what I justly considered the edict for my banishment from Carramore. Anger gave place to wounded pride: I felt the full extent of the indignity, speciously covered as it was,—and, while tears rolled down my cheeks, I rose and walked to the window.

"This seems a strange and sudden determination of the Colonel's," observed Mr. Brownlow.

"I really cannot pretend to say what time he may have taken to arrive at it. My duty was only to convey his wishes, which I have done as plainly and explicitly as I could. Have I been perfectly understood?—and what answer shall I carry to my father?"

Pride had come to my assistance; my spirit rallied; I dashed the tears from my cheeks, and once more a manly flush reddened my pale countenance.

"Tell him that the orphan who for years has existed on his bounty will burthen it no longer. For his liberal monetary offer he has my most grateful thanks, but I respectfully decline it. Destitute he found me, and penniless I shall leave Carramore."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Brownlow warmly; "I admire the feeling that prompts your refusal of the Colonel's overture, but I deny its justice. To the dead, and not to the living, you are indebted for the means of seeking an opening into life. Brian, sir, will be directed by me; and, on his part, I accept the proposition. He, without whom the sparrow falls not, will protect him—and I feel an inward assurance that the finger of Providence, perhaps in this sudden and unexpected resolve, points out the orphan's path to fortune."

"Then our young friend assents?"

"He does," was Mr. Brownlow's brief reply.

"I shall see that the necessary arrangements shall be completed without delay."

And Arthur St. George, after a formal "good evening," quitted the vicarage.

It may be here necessary to remark that the Colonel's former friendship had been maliciously estranged. He had been kept in profound ignorance of the circumstances which led to the fatal duel which deprived him of his favourite son, and had been told that the cause of quarrel was a trifling misunderstanding, which might have been easily accommodated. He was also informed that I had been apprized that a hostile meeting was contemplated, and that my concealment of the fact prevented a friendly intervention. In a word, stunned by a blow so deadly and unexpected, his judgment was easily warped. Arthur, an adept in deceit, played his cards cleverly—and I, who God knows! would have spilled my best blood to have averted the fearful calamity which robbed me of one I loved with more than brotherly affection, was absolutely represented as an accessory to his death. No wonder then, that my once kind patron's bearing was so painfully altered.

It appeared that no time would be permitted to elapse in hurrying my departure, for next day, the Colonel's agent called at the Vicarage, and deposited 300*l.* with Mr. Brownlow for my use. What passed between them I know not, but Mr. Brownlow plainly hinted to me that the sooner I changed my present residence the better the Colonel would be pleased. My pride was wounded to the core, and another

sun should not have set until I had bidden Carramore an eternal farewell, had not I been spell-bound to the place; and, oh! what spell on earth equals a first love so ardently returned as mine was.

If the sudden and almost insulting manner in which I was discarded by my old protector pained while it surprised me, how much more painfully received was the intelligence by Susan Edwards! For years our destinies appeared linked together—and the park of Carramore formed the world we were to move in. The illusion was dispelled, and we were now to be separated. To think of marriage, at our early years, would be considered too absurd. We talked over an hundred plans, and mooted as many Utopian *projets*, which we were obliged ourselves to smile at. At last we reached a conclusion that we must bend to circumstances for the present,—but that at the expiration of two years, I should claim my affianced bride, and whether weal or woe had resulted in the meantime, we should then be indissolubly united.

Before I quitted Ireland, for what appeared an interminable period, I felt a wish to visit the lonely island in which my infancy was passed; and, while I bade all besides a formal farewell, my pretty Susan and Mr. Brownlow were apprized that in a month I should secretly return. I received a small sum, but one that was quite sufficient for a frugal expenditure like mine, from Mr. Brownlow, and next evening I took a temporary departure which all, save two, considered a final farewell.

The details of my wanderings to Innisturk would have no interest. I landed, and none knew me. The headsman had been dead three years—smuggling was exterminated—rents had increased, so had population—and I found an island, in which, a few years before, coarse plenty had reigned abundantly, now overstocked by a half-starved community, actually dependent on wind and weather for support. I paid a visit to the abbey—sate beside the graves I believed to hold my parents' ashes—and hurried from a place with which every recollection was distressing.

Mr. Brownlow and Susan Edwards were alone apprized of my intention to return, and they did not expect me for another week. It was almost midnight. I could easily make my entrance into the vicarage without causing any disturbance; and love's irresistible impulse directed my steps to the domicile of my mistress. Of course she had long since retired; and probably, in her dreams held communion with him she fancied far away. Well, even to look at the chamber which contained the treasure I valued most on earth, would be a satisfaction, and I hurried towards the keeper's cottage.

The moon had gone down, but it was bright starlight. Every inch of the park was perfectly known to me; and there was a path which wound through a thick plantation which skirted a flower-garden directly underneath the fair one's casement. Many a time, when all but love was sleeping, have I stolen from the vicarage to whisper the summer night away—sketching imaginary scenes of happiness, and fancying them half realized. I reached the privet hedge which divided the wood from the flower-knot, and my hand was laid upon it to leap over, when a low voice in the garden distinctly pronounced the loved one's name. Hell and furies! Who could it be? What meant this midnight visit? A sting of jealous rage flashed through my tortured bosom, and I held my breath to listen for the sound again.

"Susan!—Dearest Susan!—Listen!—Speak!—It is I, Arthur—Unclose the casement, and hear me for a few moments."

Another harrowing pause succeeded. Would the invitation be accepted, and a midnight interview granted to one whom I had now a full assurance was my rival?

"Susan!" repeated the voice. "By Heavens! this coldness is not to be endured. I know you overhear me, and I will not leave this spot until you bid me at least 'good night.'"

After another painful interval, I heard the casement softly opened, and none can fancy the agony with which I listened to catch the first sounds which should pass the lips of her I loved to madness. Every limb quivered with rage and jealousy, and I could have slain, without compunction, the man who was endeavouring to supplant me with my mistress.

"Mr. St. George!" said a well-remembered voice, that thrilled to the very heart; "I pray you to retire from the cottage. What would my father say?—what would any chance passer-by infer were you discovered at this late hour beneath my window?"

"Fear nothing, my fair Susan. Your father sleeps, and no wayfarer comes through the park after sunset."

"Such may be the case. But is it honourable—is it manly to take an advantage which accidental position has conferred, to press a suit which I have peremptorily rejected, and propose arrangements which your own heart must own are based on insult?"

"Nay, Susan, your's are idle phantasies. The dream of cottage love is but the fancy of a romantic girl. Disparity of birth between you and me at once forbids the silly bond of matrimony. Everything beside I offer—a present establishment—a future provision."

"Stop, I entreat you, sir. Every overture you make me becomes more offensive. Hear me, and let me hope that what I am about to say will end for ever the painful persecution I have lately undergone. You urge me to become your mistress—that offer I scornfully reject. Start not: were your suit honourable, I would not accompany you to the altar!"

A burst of bitter laughter followed the emphatic declaration of my faithful Susan.

"I crave your pardon, madam, a refusal on that point, methinks, is rather premature. But may I inquire, should I wisely determine to find the lady of Carramore in a keeper's daughter, what secret cause would mar this aspiring hope of mine?" and the sentence was delivered in a tone of bitter irony.

"You shall have a candid answer, sir. In the first place, I personally dislike you; in the second, I am affianced to another."

"Your dislike, my sweet Susan, must be borne with all the philosophy I can muster, but the matrimonial difficulty might probably be overcome. By putting a few ideas judiciously together, I conclude that you are the *fiancé* of a personage whom my weak father, and more erring brother, picked up, Heaven knows where! Need I name the gentleman,—if a name, indeed, he have?"

The deep sarcastic tone of voice in which this insulting allusion to me was conveyed, stung me to the soul; and God! what would I not have given for the power of striking the speaker to the earth. A moment's reflection, however, disarmed me. The offender was the son of my protector—the brother of my kindest friend,—and duty to the living and the dead, equally secured him from any ebullition of my fury.

"You need not, sir," was responded from the casement. "For the

mystery in which his birth and family are involved, poor youth, he is not answerable. It is enough to say that I have plighted my faith to him who owns my heart, and when the time which prudence prescribes shall pass, and Brian returns—

"Ha! ha! 'twas well, weak girl, you added the latter contingency. Ay! when he returns. Well, when he does, strange things may come to pass! Have you coolly reflected on my proposition?"

"I have, and coolly and advisedly reject it."

"Will you prefer beggary to wealth?"

"Yes; and honest independence to a blasted reputation."

"Hear me."

"I pray you, sir, withdraw."

"Hear me, Susan. 'Tis the last sentence I will trouble you with at present. For a month have I pressed my suit—for a month have I submitted to be fooled by thee. Ere that moon which fades apace, shall shew again her first and feeble outline, Susan, by Heaven! thou shalt be mine!"

"And—so may the same Heaven protect me!—never!"

The casement was hastily closed—for a minute my rival remained, as it seemed to me, like one rivetted to the spot. At last, muttering "Cursed, wayward girl!" he turned his steps towards an arbour at the extremity of the keeper's garden. That arbour was planted by myself—and every creeper that festooned it my hand had trained.

I made a corresponding movement along the hedge, and stood within three paces of my rival.

"Pierre!" he said to a person who was waiting for him in the summer-house, and whom I knew, by his accent, to be a foreigner whom Arthur St. George had brought from Italy; "the business has ended as you expected, and the d—d girl plays deaf adder. She has boldly avowed what you and I had already suspected; and that island-foundling has crossed my path of love. What, in the devil's name, is to be done?"

"Pish!" returned the confidential adviser of the heir of Carramore. "I anticipated the result of this experiment. Do you purpose to give up the thing as hopeless, and retire from a fortress that, so far from capitulating, will scarcely parley?"

"In one word, no! and, to use your military parlance, if the place cannot be gained by sap, it shall by storm."

"Right!" said his worthy companion. "No low-born peasant, did I hold your position, should dare to thwart me."

"Nor shall they, Pierre," was the reply. "Come, let us home. We'll sup, and then talk over our future plans of action."

Both issued from the arbour; and while his confederate moved a few paces in an opposite direction from the cottage, Arthur stopped and looked back upon the domicile of the fair one who had rejected him.

"And so, my pretty Susan, you have refused my overtures, and scorned my love," he muttered in a tone of voice which came hissing through his teeth. "The *enfant trouvé* lords it over your heart, it seems, and the heir of Carramore is contemptuously rejected by a peasant-girl. Well, I have sued thee in vain,—but mark, weak girl, if the day may not yet arrive when thou shalt in turn be suitor."

He said—hurried after his companion—and left the keeper's garden.

I followed them with stealthy footsteps until, in the feeble twilight,

I ascertained that they had taken the direct road to the castle. There was nothing now to fear, and I returned to the cottage, and placed myself under the casement of my constant Susan. I gave love's well-known signal, and, in a moment, the lattice opened, and a faltering voice demanded "Who is there?" One whisper satisfied my mistress that I was the late visitor; and in a few minutes she issued from the cottage-door, and was locked in my embrace.

I found on inquiry, that before my departure from Carramore she had been secretly addressed by Arthur St. George, and insulted by his libertine proposals. From the well-known warmth of my temper, she feared to apprise me of the occurrence, and hence the concealment I had remarked before I left for Innisturk.

A short and decisive conversation ended in the determination that Susan and I should unite our destinies at once, and, young as we were, trust all besides to fortune. Next day we should have ample time to arrange our plans, for the keeper was going to a distant town to sell his deer and rabbit skins to the person who was their annual purchaser. After an hour's *lôte-à-lôte* we separated reluctantly—she regaining her chamber by the door, while I entered the vicarage feloniously through a neglected window.

Before Mr. Brownlow was awake, I was standing at his bedside. When I withdrew the curtains and he recognized me, his look evinced a mingled feeling of displeasure and astonishment.

"Why came you here without apprising me of your intention? and when did you arrive?" he hastily demanded.

I briefly answered the questions.

"It is so far well that your presence is a secret at the Castle, for all friendly feelings towards you have ceased to exist in Carramore. Your old protector has sunk into a state of hopeless imbecility; and Arthur St. George is virtually master. Ay! he lords it here with unquestioned authority, as if the Colonel filled a niche in that vault where your weak but warm-hearted friend is now reposing. Wherefore this unannounced visit, Brian? To claim your money, I suppose?"

"No, sir; to claim my bride."

"'Tis madness; a boy and girl form an indissoluble engagement, and that when the foot of each is only placed on the threshold of life."

"Young as I am, Susan requires my protection; and to save her from the infamous advances of a privileged libertine, I must remove her from a place where her own purity might prove unavailing."

"Then, you know all?"

"Yes; accident revealed a secret which Susan confirmed herself."

"You have seen her?"

"I have."

"Then concealment is unnecessary. Brian, I regret to say that a more confirmed profligate than Arthur St. George I never knew—and, for one so young, a more artful and persevering scoundrel does not exist. It is strong language—but, alas! I can use no milder when I describe him. Susan confided to me the insulting overtures which he made, and which she so properly rejected; and, in accordance with my duty, I remonstrated with the libertine, and strove to impress upon him the iniquity of harbouring designs against one so innocent, and one determined to continue so. I will not detail the particulars of the interview, nor mention the gross manner in which an appeal to his honour was returned by irony and insult. Stung to the soul by the ingrati-

tude of a pupil, into whose mind I had vainly laboured to instil better principles, I resigned the Vicarage, and quit this house forthwith. You marked an altered manner in my reception. Do not mistake the cause. My feelings towards you are unchanged, but I tremble for your safety. Rest assured that he who crosses Arthur St. George in any pursuit on which his heart is fixed, incurs a deadly enmity; and, from an unguarded expression which escaped from him during our stormy interview, I am convinced that towards you his hatred is implacable."

"Forbearance may be pressed too much," I said. "So far as my own feelings are concerned, no indignity I might sustain would ever cause me to forget that Arthur is the brother of my lamented benefactor. But gratitude has limits, sir,—and the memory of all I owe to the family of Carramore would be obliterated in an instant, were insult offered to Susan, or aught attempted to compromise the honour of her whom I idolize."

Mr. Brownlow remained silent for a minute.

"It is a task beyond my judgment to advise the course to be pursued. To contract a sacred and indissoluble engagement at your years, Brian, is certainly a startling determination; and to leave innocence exposed to the attempts of an artful and unscrupulous libertine, a very hazardous alternative. Go down to the breakfast-room. While I dress, I shall think over the position in which you stand, and endeavour to direct you for the best."

When the morning meal was ended, my kind tutor gave me the result of his deliberations; and his conviction was, that to evade the profligate attempts of Arthur St. George, for Susan the protection of a husband was indispensable. He would endeavour to obtain the sanction of the old keeper for our union,—and the ceremony should be immediately performed. In the mean time, it was advisable for me to remain in strict *incognito*, and not venture to the cottage until, in the dusk of the evening, I could steal through the plantations unobserved.

The day seemed endless. Arthur and his foreign friend rode past the vicarage; and little did my rival suspect that the eye of one he dreaded most on earth was bent upon him, as he looked carelessly at the blinded window, behind which I lay concealed. Dinner came. Mr. Brownlow and I talked over my intended marriage—all in favour of, or against it, was discussed,—and his morning decision remained unaltered.

Evening came—the sun declined—and when I thought it sufficiently dark to venture to the cottage, I set out to visit my pretty mistress, and announce Mr. Brownlow's concurrence in the step on which we had ourselves decided the night before. The churchman had repeated his conviction that had I not voluntarily removed from Carramore, means would have been unscrupulously resorted to by Arthur and his confidant, to free themselves from an *espionage* which love would prompt, and they would find so dangerous. Dark forebodings of coming evil crossed my mind. I loaded a case of pistols which William St. George had given me, and for the first time in my life, armed myself against any treacherous attempt that might be made either upon Susan or myself.

When lovers talk how quickly time hurries on! We heard the wooden clock in the keeper's kitchen strike eleven; and Susan whispered, as she threw her snowy arms around my neck, that prudence

demanded we should separate. I never felt more disinclined to quit the cottage. Her father was away—a village girl her sole companion. Was it safe to leave her? Some hidden impulse told me to remain—and I urged my bride to permit me to watch till morning. She laughed at my fears: and I reluctantly consented to return to the Vicarage. Love's farewell again was pronounced. I left the keeper's lodge—the door was barred and bolted—and a light twinkled from the lattice of the loved one's chamber, and told she had retired for the night.

As I still threw a lingering look towards the room where all I loved on earth would presently be reposing, I fancied that I heard footsteps softly and stealthily approaching, and, bounding across the garden-hedge, I ensconced myself in the plantation. My ears had not deceived me. Three human figures passed through the wicket, and came directly to the summer-house I have before described. I took my former position, and every syllable that passed their lips was overheard distinctly.

"See!" said the well-remembered voice of Arthur, "a light is burning in her chamber. Is Susan not yet sleeping?"

"I imagine she is not yet to bed; and it will be better that we should wait until the candle is extinguished," returned the Italian.

"I shall hereafter believe in ghosts devoutly," observed a favourite servant of the heir of Carramore, "for by Heaven! either Brian or his fetch, glided through the next plantation when I was hiding the ladder beneath the hedge."

"Bah! 'twas idle fancy. What we fear most is ever the object which the imagination conjures up," returned the foreigner.

"Where is the carriage?"

"Not more than fifty paces from the road, and concealed behind a clump of evergreens."

"It is a daring enterprize; and should we fail,"—muttered my detested rival.

"Why should we? What! three determined men not carry off an unprotected girl!"

"The feat is easily achieved," returned Arthur St. George. "But let it once be bruited, and if I know human character—and man has been the book I studied most—that island-outcast will not tamely brook the wrong. Ha! the light's extinguished. Stay! let us calculate the price the girl will cost us."

"Oh! better give her up at once," observed the Italian with a sneer. "She's but a *paysanne* after all—she's beautiful 'tis true—but let the foundling have her."

"Never, Pierre," exclaimed his patron, passionately. "I have loved, solicited, and was rejected. All that might be borne. But to be rivalled—and by one I have hated from boyhood up—that wrings the withers, Pierre. Off Travers; bring the ladder hither."

Need I say that while I listened my brain was fired to madness. Arthur was resolute to effect his villany, and I, as desperately determined to oppose it to the death.

Ere a minute had elapsed Travers returned, and, having laid the ladder on the garden-walk, he received orders to repair to the place where the carriage was in waiting, and have it in readiness to spirit the abducted one away. So I should have but two to contend against. Pshaw! armed as I was, twice the number should not have made me hesitate a moment.

I cannot attempt to describe the feelings with which I awaited the result. Perfectly acquainted with the locality, as Arthur and his infamous confederate advanced, I, under shelter of a parallel hedge, made a corresponding movement. I saw the ladder raised against the casement—I saw my rival ascend—and I heard the light frame-work driven in. A scream succeeded—a struggle followed—

"'Tis idle, Susan," exclaimed a voice I recognized most painfully. "The carriage waits. Come, leave this cottage and love—"

"Off!—infamous villain—off! or my cries will reach—"

"The ears of none. Let gentle force—"

"Never but with life shall I quit this room. Help! Help! for the sake of Heaven!"

"What, ho! Pierre! I cannot master this wayward girl. Up, man, and force her through the casement."

Up sprang the Italian; and one bound brought me across the hedge.

"Oh, Brian, why art thou not near me!" exclaimed a smothered voice.

Action and not words, answered that appeal on my part. I turned the ladder over—the Italian fell heavily and unexpectedly—and I was the next instant through the casement.

"Hell and furies! who is this?"

"Brian—dear Brian!" exclaimed Susan with a scream of joy.

"Base—treacherous—hunch-backed villain," I thundered out, as he let go the intended victim.

All these were uttered simultaneously.

"Ha! then take thy doom."

I saw Arthur draw a weapon, and clutched it. My hand grasped the barrel of a pistol which I turned aside. An explosion followed rapidly—Arthur dropped upon the floor. In burst the peasant-girl with a light; and, to all appearance, if pallid face and a torrent of blood announced a mortal hurt, Arthur St. George had paid the ample penalty of guilt.

"Fly—Brian—he is dying."

I sprang from the casement—struck the Italian to the earth—jumped the hedge—waudered at random over the country—and on this, the third day, am here.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the serjeant, who had evidently repressed his approbation of the conduct of the rejected recruit, lest it might interrupt a story which to him was highly satisfactory. "Your conduct Brian, jewel! was beautiful, out-and-out. Ye just committed a trifling oversight. Why the blazes! did't ye shoot that fellow, ye call the Italian? Well, no matter, there is none of us that now-and-then do'nt commit a blunder! Oh, murder! if you had only dropped half an ounce of lead into the carcass of the scoundrel you tumbled off the ladder, devil a nater evening ever would have been put in."

At the moment when the gallant serjeant had expressed his satisfaction at the conduct of the neophyte, whom it would have afforded him surpassing pleasure to have indoctrinated in the art of war, a horn was sounded in the street, and a well-appointed tandem rattled over the ruins of demolished delft. The driver was Reginald Dillon.

"Why, what the devil," exclaimed the ex-dragoon, after he had shaken me warmly by the hand, and welcomed me to Ireland, "are

you listed or about to list? Good height, sergeant—well upon the pins—square across the shoulders—seldom honest George gets such value for his money.”

“Why, I am not myself a candidate for martial glory, but that young person intends to seek the “bubble reputation.”

“Upon my word, a promising lad when he fills out a little, the making of a capital heavy, or a splendid flanker. Any account there,” and he pointed to a newspaper, “of that extraordinary occurrence at Carramore?”

The rejected recruit changed colour, but I, by a side look, restored his self-possession.

“What occurrence, Reginald, do you allude to?”

“Why, the late attempt to assassinate the only son and heir of Colonel St. George.”

“Pray mention the particulars.”

“That would be a task beyond my power, for the whole affair is wrapped in mystery, and the versions manifold as the tales of the Arabian Nights. Some will have it that the attempt at murder originated in revenge, and others affirm it resulted from jealousy. As far as I can understand conflicting accounts, I should ascribe it to the latter.”

“And why come to this conclusion?”

“I will tell you in a few words, and leave you to exercise your wit in unravelling a mystified affair. A few months since, William St. George was shot in a duel by a scoundrel, and his younger brother became heir apparent to the large estates of Carramore. They call him Arthur—and, if report may be credited, had the gentleman who took a shot at him from behind a hedge”—

“He was not shot at from behind a hedge,” exclaimed the recruit unguardedly.

I placed my finger on my lip, and Brian bowed, to tell me that he understood the signal.

“Well,” continued Reginald Dillon, “from behind a tree, if it please you better. But I was about to observe, had the pistol been more correctly leveled, if all accounts be true, the world would not have sustained an irreparable loss. Although a sort of hunch-back, the heir of Carramore is famed for his gallantries; and many a handsome peasant could leave her ruin at his door. One lovely girl, a keeper’s daughter, engrossed the libertine’s attentions. He sued, succeeded, and triumphed over her virtues.”

“’Tis false as hell!” furiously exclaimed the rejected recruit.

“How now,” said Reginald Dillon, turning eyes, flashing with rage, upon the youth who had thus so unequivocally denied the accuracy of his statement.

“Forgive me, sir, I meant not to question your truth, but merely to assert the purity of an injured girl. By heaven! no person on earth could shake the virtue of Susan Edwards!”

“This is passing strange,” observed Dillon, as he turned an enquiring look at me.

I desired the sergeant and Brian to remain, stepped into the stable with my brother-in-law elect, and condensed the story I had just heard from the poor youth’s lips. Before the tale was ended, Reginald was personally interested in the orphan’s behalf, and returning to the sitting-room, he offered him a present home, and future protection.

In glowing language, the island-orphan expressed his gratitude.

"I trust," he said, "that this unfortunate occurrence will not prejudice me in your opinion, and that the charge imputed to me of deliberate assassination, will not be believed. I acted under the most powerful impulse."

"And, Brian, jewel!" observed the serjeant, who had again refilled his glass from the whiskey bottle on the side-board, "behaved like a broth of a boy. Oh, murder! if ye had only shot that villain ye call the Italian. Here's bad luck attend the same—and in future, Brian, more power to your elbow!"

And to prove the sincerity of his good wishes, the non-commissioned officer turned down the alcohol, even to the bottom.

"Give me your hand, Brian," and the rejected recruit diffidently took that of Reginald Dillon. "He who would not for the idol of his heart, go to the world's end—"

"Or through hell, with his hat off—" modestly observed the serjeant in a parenthesis.

"Deserves not woman's love," continued the ex-dragon. "But were insult offered to the loved one. Saints and devils! There is a laughing borderer I know, and did any living man whisper "black was the white of her eye;" by the foot of Pharaoh! before the sun went down, I would read the Dublin Evening Post through his carcass."

"Rather a strange method of collecting public intelligence," I replied.

Reginald smiled—the horses were presently put to. The dragon tooted me out of town, and ran the gauntlet of drunken carters and crooked corners, with the artistic ability which proclaimed a superior whip. Under the guidance of his groom, and on a Ballyporeen "bone-setter," as the worthy serjeant designated the jaunting car on which the trio were elevated, Brian, and his military mentor followed us more leisurely. The former to abide, a secret, the result of the occurrence at Carramore, and Sergeant O'Grady to locate himself for the night in my kinsman's mansion, which lay within a most convenient distance of a fair to be holden on the morrow, where the said dragon expected to pick up a valuable assortment of "food for powder," if, as he himself expressed it, "the lord would only stand his friend."

I DRINK, MY FRIEND, TO YOU.

O LOOK for comfort in the bowl;
The bright bowl can impart
A charm, that soothes the wounded soul—
That heals the broken heart.

When other cures we try in vain,
The bowl affords relief;
Bright wine tears up deep-rooted pain,
And strangles infant grief.

The gods oft drain their nectar bowls,
Shall mortals then forbear?
If gods delight to cheer their souls,
Shall not the sons of care?

How oft doth love deceive the heart!
Is friendship always true?
The bowl acts no deceiver's part,—
I drink, my friend, to you!

W. LAW GANE.

THE GUINEA TRADE.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

It sometimes happens that the wind and tide confederate together, and make a joint attack upon the sea-beach between Walmer and Deal on the Kentish coast, and although it is impossible to discover the entire effects produced by this occult alliance, yet it appears their main intention is to steal away the coating of live shingle (as the moveable rounded pebbles are called) with which that shore is usually covered; preparing at the same time, a smooth, compact, sandy floor for "old ocean" to gambol upon. The delinquents, however, are not permitted to retain their booty; for nature, by changing their direction, dissolves the league, and thus mysteriously restores the shingle to the beach again.

Whilst rambling along near the sea's marge, during the subsidence of a combined gale and tide of the above description, enjoying the luxury of exercise upon the smooth, hard sand, my attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a well-known countenance of a cherished friend of my earliest days. The poor fellow was lying on his back, half obscured by the fringe of foam which the yeasty waves had flung upon the shore around him, and had evidently been cast away by the violence of the then expiring gale. To rescue him from his perilous position became the first impulse of my nature, as I was well aware the loss society would sustain if he was washed away to sea again, when luckily another dash of a rolling breaker flung him almost at my feet in comparative security.

Scarcely crediting my senses at the strange and unexpected manner of our meeting, I mechanically stooped down to examine his features more minutely, thinking I might be deceived—no, the reality was complete—there was the same radiant countenance, as when he first came forth from the hands of his maker; time and the cares of a busy working world had left his placid brow unfurrowed; the same sterling worth as of yore shone in every lineament; and, as the current of reflection insensibly glided along the stream of time to the blissful period of our first intimacy, and back again down to the stern realities of our singular meeting, the bitterness of the contrast humbled me exceedingly. Vicissitude had done its work on me. I had formed new preferences, but my new facilities for enjoying life were all of a lighter species, and if "weighed in the balances" against the sterling worth and weight of metal of my cast-away friend "would be found wanting;" however, being convinced of his identity, and valuing him at his weight in gold, I cautiously scanned the neighbourhood, and seeing no spectators near, I picked up my old companion, wiped the sand and foam from his face, kissed him affectionately, and put him in my waistcoat pocket.

"Pshaw!" said I aloud, after walking a few paces, "there was no need of circumspection; the waif was lawfully mine. The Lord Warden and Cinque Ports combined could not divide us."—It was a Guinea.

I felt a pleasurable emotion on finding the coin, arising not so much on account of its value, as from the feeling that fortune had selected me out of the thousands in the neighbourhood as her particular favourite on the occasion: and this gratifying sensation is further aided by a

peculiar faculty of the intellect pertinent to the event; for nature with that lavish benevolence which is so conspicuously shown in the construction of the mind, has endowed us with the pleasing emotions of surprise and wonder, in order to arrest our attention towards a new or unexpected event; and these states of sweet bewilderment gradually giving place to active curiosity, prompts inquiry into the history of the newly-found object; and following insensibly this educational process of the mind, I began to wonder how it came to pass that my golden friend was a cast-away upon the sea-shore at Deal. Perhaps it formed part of a sailor's prize-money, and dropped from his overgorged pocket when paying his boat-hire,—for all travellers, from Julius Cæsar downwards, have hitherto stepped from the boat to that bold shore; piers and jetties are useless there,—all alike must wet shoe-leather on landing. But idle conjecture ill suited the active state of my temperament, so I walked on, twirling my guinea in the air, when, suddenly catching it in my palm,—“Happiness,” thought I, “is only half enjoyed when enjoyed alone;” and observing a knot of boatmen indolently chatting in the noonday sun, I joined them, and told my lucky adventure.

“Ah!” exclaimed one of them, as soon as he had examined the coin, “it’s one of Starlight Tom’s guineas.”

“Starlight Tom’s guinea!” said I, slightly discomposed at the ready manner he found an owner for my treasure trove. “Who is Starlight Tom, my good friend?”

“Sure as fate,” said a second, “It’s another of Starlight Tom’s guineas.”

“I know it by the spade,” said a third.

“Starlight Tom,” and “know it by the spade,” were but riddling answers to my anxious questions; but, heedless of my perplexity, the coin flew swiftly from one boatman to another, and after hearing my evidence as to the whereabouts of the finding, the unanimous verdict of the marine jury was, that I had picked up one of “Starlight Tom’s” guineas, but who “Starlight Tom” was, or what he had to do with the guinea in question, was information I gained by piecemeal from the Babel-kind of description each boatman gave of the affair. And to render it intelligible, it is necessary to draw the reader’s attention to that period of the late war when France, under Napoleon, was marching her victorious legions from one end of Europe to the other. Guinea were then bought and sold at exorbitant prices, as much as twenty-eight and even thirty shillings a-piece were given for them, and buyers then realized thirty per cent. when smuggled to Gravelines; for this service boats were built at Deal expressly for the “Guinea trade,” long, narrow, six, eight, and ten-oared galleys, and manned by men of muscle and endurance.

The Emperor Napoleon fostered this illicit traffic by every means in his power: he caused buildings to be erected at Gravelines for the use of the boatmen employed in the guinea trade, and every facility for landing and embarking was given by the French authorities; and the singular spectacle of an English boat running under the guns of a French fort for protection from an English cruizer, frequently occurred.

The Government of England, however, declared the trade contraband, and treasure found under certain suspicious circumstances was liable to confiscation: but the prospect of gain so excited the cupidity of individuals, that speculators were easily found, prepared to run all

hazards, and, in defiance of the laws, to export the precious metal, and the Deal boatmen, as the most daring smugglers on the coast, were selected as the fittest instruments to put their plans in execution.

To perfectly comprehend the obstacles they had to surmount, it must be borne in mind that the revenue-cruisers of England, stimulated by the keen activity of private zeal, were constantly on the watch, prowling about, eager to snap up the precious freight; and if to their opposition be added the temptation of large sums of the most covetable coin in the world, silent, but not the less powerful seductions, which these lawless men had constantly to resist, and that too, in the most opportune place for managing a fraud with impunity—the solitude of the wide ocean—when even a plausible tale of a chase and plunder by a roving privateer would suffice to silence all inquiry with those to whom inquiry was forbidden by the lawless nature of their compact. If, therefore, in spite of all these impediments and temptations, they were uniformly successful and honest in their lawless traffic towards their employers, we are bound to admit they acquitted themselves with a courageous fidelity worthy of a nobler cause, and have deprived us of the means of judging of their moralities by the ordinary mode of comparison.

Foremost among a host of daring men engaged in the contraband guinea trade was "Starlight Tom," a man of gigantic proportions and strength, of great volume of muscle, and capable of surpassing endurance; his fame as a smuggler and seaman gave him pre-eminence even with the skilful boatmen of the Kentish coast; and their reputation as stout-hearted mariners is bounded only by the confines of the world.

Like most men whose occupation is evading the revenue, Starlight Tom had two characters, and it much depended from whom the information came, what its complexion would be. Thus, if seen through such a light as a collector of customs would show him in, we should see a shadow cast upon his virtues, and his vices brought out in strong relief; but there were those who knew him as a friend, and deemed him worthy of that sacred name.

Having premised thus much, the reader is placed in a situation to comprehend the subjoined account of Starlight Tom's last adventure, and its connection with the guinea so fortunately restored to society.

In a small snug parlour in one of those old weatherbeaten houses on the beach at Deal, assembled round a substantial oak table, sat three individuals: two of them, from their appearance, were hardy, grave-looking seamen in the prime of manhood; the third was a middle-aged man, whose pale, care-worn countenance strongly contrasted with the bronzed, iron-looking men beside him. The trio were busily engaged piling up new spade guineas in heaps of tens, hundreds, and thousands; and when a mass amounted to the latter sum, it was put into a leather bag, and carefully sealed by the pale-looking man before mentioned. Excepting the chirping sound of the guineas as they struck against each other in the counting, nothing was heard save that golden harmony: it seemed that the heaps of coin had produced in them a profound emotion. The window of the room in which they were sitting faced the sea,—indeed, it may be said the house was almost in that element, for at high water the tide washed round the base of the piles upon which the parlour was perched, and the gurgling sound of the

restless surges, as they whirled in eddies beneath the room, warned the money-tellers the sea was nearly at its height.

From this window an ample view of the Downs charmed the eye, and the immense roadstead, being dotted with a fleet of English men-of-war, and a forest of merchantmen, lying at anchor, gave it the bustle and activity of a place of great naval resort. Close to the water's edge, immediately beneath the window, lay a long, snake-like galley, of a most delicate build. As a model of symmetry and beauty she would have arrested the attention of the commonest observer, and if curious to learn how such a choice specimen of skill was christened, he would have found traced on her stern, in neat letters of gold, "The Blue-Eyed Maid." Her nose was already in the water, and a practised eye could detect that the oars, eight in number, were in a position for instant use, while, assembled at her stern, was a cluster of athletic men who occasionally cast anxious glances at the window of the room above described.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the occupants of the parlour and the men round the galley were the smuggler Starlight Tom, and his boat's-crew, and the careworn man the London agent, arranging with the contrabandists the terms of the adventure.

As the nature of the compact between the parties was implicit faith on the one side, and accepted trust on the other, action supplied the place of words, and twenty thousand guineas in a score of leather bags, were consigned to the custody of the smugglers in the silent confidence of good faith; and, as each man took his seat in the boat, he deposited at his feet that portion of the gold entrusted to him, for the safety of which he was held responsible; and these preliminaries concluded, they launched the galley, hoisted a light sail, and commenced running over a lea tide for the French port of Gravelines.

It was as necessary to elude the vigilance of the men-of-war lying in the Downs as the prying eye of a revenue-cruiser, and Starlight Tom by steering "The Blue-Eyed Maid" direct for the British fleet, disarmed suspicion by that bold manœuvre, holding on his course direct for the Goodwin, thereby inducing the belief that his present business was connected with those sands, it being the practice of the Deal men to go hovelling there, to be in readiness to assist any unfortunate barque accidentally stranded. His scheme so far succeeded—line-of-battle ships, frigates, sloops, and smaller craft were passed in safety.

An attentive observer would have noticed that, as the galley cleared the British fleet and began to near the sands, a cutter, with a tall tapering mast and a powerful spread of canvas, emerged from the cluster of shipping in the mazes of which she had been hidden, and so shaped her course as to place herself between that boat and the coast of France; she was, however, at such a distance that although seen by the wary smugglers she gave them no alarm, and Starlight Tom, to keep up appearances, on arriving at the Goodwin, hove his vessel to, intending to wait until the night should close in, and then, under its protecting shade, to steal across the channel for his destined port.

It is necessary now to notice the movements of the cutter so recently alluded to, as she had a baneful influence upon the future fate of the galley and her crew.

The repeated success of Starlight Tom in running guineas to France had become so notorious that orders had been secretly given from headquarters to catch the contrabandist at all hazards, but fortune had al-

ways favoured him ; in vain had the captains of the revenue-cruisers exhausted all their cunning to entrap him into their hands, so secret and prompt had all his actions been they always proved abortive ; and it was only on his return from a successful trip that the outwitted officers knew that another freight of gold had slipped through their fingers ; but one traitor in the council is more to be feared than a score of enemies in the field, and treachery had sealed the doom of Starlight Tom. He was betrayed.

The captain of "The Speculation," for so was the cutter named, had received notice from a partizan of the smugglers, that a cargo of guineas was intended to be run that night, and consequently, when the galley put off from the beach, he knew she was "The Blue-Eyed Maid," and that her freight was gold ; and overjoyed at the prospect of taking the richly-loaded vessel, he could barely refrain from steering at once towards her. But the cooler counsel of his mate advised him to let her get into deep water before he made the attempt, well knowing if the smugglers had the least suspicion of his intended approach, they would ply their oars and escape, for the galley in a light wind and smooth sea could set the cutter at defiance. Still, as the night closed in, it became necessary to obtain a closer position, so as to keep her in view. "The Speculation" was accordingly insensibly stripped of her canvas, sail after sail, until she lost her headway, and the tide gradually drifted her towards the unsuspecting smugglers. This cautious mode of proceeding, although fraught with wisdom, was to the feverish imagination of the revenue-captain a work of ages ; but as he approached the galley, an indication of a freshening breeze soothed his impatience, for the cutter, in opposition to her victim, required a strong wind to force her rapidly through the sea.

"Get your arms ready, men," he almost shouted with joy, at the prospect of taking so rich a prize ; "I know Starlight Tom too well to suppose he will allow us to ease him of his guineas without a blow, so let us be ready. Ha ! what is he suspicious of our company already ! By Heavens ! he's running-up his mainsail, and, as I'm a sinner, if the cunning rascal is'nt steering for the sand." In an instant the captain of "The Speculation" comprehended the intention of the smugglers, and half mad with rage and disappointment, he thundered out to his men, "Hoist the peak of the mainsail, hoist there, at the throat halyards, hoist away ! pack the canvas on her, or yon nimble vagabond will get clear away with his gold mine in spite of us."

The game had now commenced in earnest : it appeared the vigilance of the galley's crew had warned them of the slow approach of "The Speculation." The wary contrabandists had not allowed their previous success to rob them of their circumspection, and further admonished by the freshening breeze, they hoisted their sail and stood in towards the shoals of the sands, where the heavier cutter, on account of her draught of water, could not follow : and, hoping to overtake her before she reached that place of comparative safety, "The Speculation" was forced through the water by her disappointed captain at her greatest speed ; but it was soon evident that Starlight Tom would reach the protecting shallows without molestation, and having thus unmasked the sly intentions of his enemy, he determined to try a dangerous mode of ultimate escape, but one which, from its danger, promised to be successful.

It is essential, clearly to understand the following manœuvres, to

state that the Goodwin Sand at certain periods of the tide is intersected by narrow channels, or, as they are locally named, "Swatchways;" being, in fact, small salt-water rivulets, having a depth of water varying with the state of the tide, in which small boats can navigate across from deep water to deep water; but, as the nature of the Goodwin is that of a constantly shifting sand, these channels or "swatchways," are liable to change their direction also.

The ready intelligence of the smuggler, therefore, told him when "The Speculation" commenced an active chase, aided by a freshening breeze, that his only chance of escape consisted in running into one of these "swatchways," and, if possible, to cross the sand, by which stratagem an impassable barrier would be placed between him and his pursuer; judging, from the state of the tide, that it would be impossible to force a vessel with a draught of water equal to "The Speculation," through the intricate and shallow windings of the sands.

In sporting phrase, the game had now fairly run to earth; and the revenue-captain had the mortification of witnessing Starlight Tom and his golden cargo enter one of these narrow channels, and, in a serpentine course, worm his way into the very heart of the Goodwin; he was further tortured with the knowledge that if success crowned his bold attempt, an uninterrupted sea was open to him for France. Tantalized by the dilemma in which he was placed, he saw from the deck of "The Speculation" the slow but certain progress of the galley up the "swatchway;" at times she appeared to stick fast, but the crew leaped into the water, and the light vessel thus relieved of her weight, and further assisted by their strength, was lifted, forced, and drawn within a few hundred feet of the opposite side of the sand, and the deep clear blue of the main ocean was distinctly visible; but there her further progress was impeded, the channel dwindled away gradually, becoming narrower and shallower, until finally it was impossible to force the boat another inch. She was in a *cul-de-sac*.

The situation of "The Blue-Eyed Maid" appeared irretrievable; to advance was impossible, and if she attempted to return down the channel she would run into the hands of her enemy, and to remain upon the sands for any length of time was certain death to all on board. Never at any period of his dangerous career, did the contrabandist more require his skill and judgment, and Starlight Tom was not the man to despair, he would have commanded in any station of life; cool, taciturn, and brave, the effects of discipline were visible in all his actions; a becoming severity was usually maintained in his deportment, and the most implicit obedience was shown by his attentive crew. It was his pride to perform the most daring feats in imposing silence, but it was a silence that exhibited the calmness of strength—the ruling influence of wisdom; he permitted no unseasonable advices from those under his command, and as he was always the first to step into the lap of danger, he enforced by example the duty of others, without a tumult—without a murmur.

"Hold!" said he, as his willing crew strived to urge the boat over the sand towards the sea; "it is useless labour, we have done all men can do; we must now arm, for while life remains in me, the captain of that cruiser shall never touch one of those guineas. What say you, my boys, are you willing to fight, or do you wish to serve the King?"

The looks which the excited smugglers gave their leader were significant enough to such a man as Starlight Tom who, feeling convinced

he had eight resolute men to back him, prepared to defend the treasure entrusted to his care at the expense of his life.

Much as the revenue-captain desired to take the smuggling galley and her costly cargo, he felt it was impossible at present from the deck of "The Speculation;" she was out of the range of his guns, and he hesitated to launch his boat and follow her up the "swatchway." He knew Starlight Tom and his sinewy crew too well not to have a wholesome dread of grappling such men in a hand-to-hand fight, when under the maddening influence of desperation; he had other views which promised to be more safe, and which would take the galley and her crew at a disadvantage. As soon, therefore, as he saw her further progress up the "swatchway" was impeded, with the ready tact of a seaman he guessed the cause, and at once determined to sail round the point of the Goodwin to its other side, judging that as the galley was nearly across, he should then be able to approach sufficiently near to bring the smugglers within the range of his guns, and, under their protection, to land his small boat and rifle "The Blue-Eyed Maid" in comparative safety.

This plan of operation was open to one objection, it left the mouth of the channel open for a retreat; but as the tide was rapidly falling, he reasoned that that which was difficult of performance half-an-hour past, would soon be impossible, and like all active-minded men he conceived and put his plan into execution promptly; and filling the cutter's sails he shaped his course for the opposite side of the sand.

The manœuvre did not escape the attention of the wary smugglers; they penetrated the design of their enemy, and at a glance saw how deadly the effect of his shot would be upon them in their exposed situation, and the only course left for their adoption was retracing their passage down the "swatchway;" and although the tide had ebbed considerably, they prudently allowed "The Speculation" sufficient time to sail round the head or spit of the sand, before they attempted to force the galley towards deep water.

The only part of "The Blue-Eyed Maid" visible on board of the revenue-craiser was her mast, the hull being hidden from their view by the slightly raised banks of the narrow channel, the smugglers, therefore unshipped it, the better to mask their motions; they flung every article out of the boat not necessary for their safety, even the bags of guineas were slung round the necks of the men who, stationing themselves round the sides of the lightened vessel, commenced their downward passage. The distance to the mouth of the "swatchway" being about a mile in a straight direction; but the winding of the channel made it about one-third more.

Stripped to the waist, the brawny smugglers heaved and toiled, and foot by foot the grating keel was dragged along the surface of the stubborn sand, and at last with great labour she was brought near the opening into deep water. So far their progress had been unseen from the deck of the cutter, but the protecting banks gradually falling away as they approached the sea, the success of their labours was suddenly unveiled to the astonished gaze of the captain of the revenue-cruiser, who once more saw his prey slipping through his fingers, for by the operations just described the parties had only changed sides, the impassable Goodwin was still between them. Nothing daunted, however, that persevering officer saw intuitively he must go round the head of the sand again; and once more the graceful vessel, obedient to

the impulse of those commanding her, flew with increased velocity over the track she so recently had passed, for the wind which had been gradually rising during the manœuvres, had reached a pitch which mariners call a summer's gale.

With the freshening breeze and rising sea, the aspect of affairs had changed, and Starlight Tom saw that all attempts to reach Gravelines must be abandoned, and the only chance of saving the guineas consisted in a rapid flight to Deal. Meanwhile "The Speculation" was flying through the sea towards the spot where the smugglers were straining every nerve to launch "The Blue-Eyed Maid."

"With a will, men!" shouted Starlight Tom; "all together, heave! there she goes—again so!" and cheering on his men, once more she was afloat, but not until their enemy had arrived at that distance which even their own iron nerves told them was too near to be pleasant. Shipping their mast with nimble fingers, they turned her bows towards the town, and, staggering under a large mainsail, away she danced over the combings of the seas; "The Speculation," a crowd of canvas above and foam below, plunging along directly in her wake, about a mile astern, in hot pursuit.

Onwards came the cruiser, swooping before the breeze, but she was built to stand the rude buffets of the wind and sea in their angry moods, and gained upon the delicately-moulded "Blue-Eyed Maid" rapidly; and by the time they had reached within a mile of the town, was near enough to try the effect of her small-arms. The sea was running fearfully high for such a boat as the smugglers to contend with, and the spray flew from the crests of the waves like a snow-drift; however, the rolling of the sea, and the unsteadiness of the mark, rendered their shot harmless, but this could not last long, as every minute lessened the distance between the two vessels, and shortly after, as the galley was driven almost on end by a huge sea, bang went a gun and a shot whistled amongst the smugglers; still not a word came from the fugitives; again, and again, the bullets from "The Speculation" flew with fearful effect in the midst of them, and blood began to flow freely from several of the men. Still they held on their course, regardless of the shot, steered by the resolute Starlight Tom.

The two vessels were now near enough to be within hail, and the hoarse summons of the revenue-captain was heard, commanding them to surrender; the sound of his enemy's voice was so close, that even Starlight Tom involuntarily turned his head to assure himself of the reality, and thereby discerning his grinning face as he was in the act of ramming home his gun to have another shot at him; he saw that in a few minutes, unless he complied, he would be either shot or run down. He addressed his men as follows—

"The chance is against us," said he; "you all know your duty under circumstances like the present. If you are prepared, out with your knives, but wait for the command."

The men soon grasped their knives, anxiously keeping their eyes upon their leader, who appeared to alter his intention of avoiding the revenue-cruiser, for shaping the course of his own boat, he allowed "The Speculation" to range alongside, and then, when the captain was about to jump on board "The Blue-Eyed Maid" to claim her as his prize, the stern command of Starlight Tom was heard in loud derision above the gale itself, "Cut their throats, my men, and disappoint him of his booty."

With an alacrity, quickened by hatred of the man who had caused them so much toil, the knives of the contrabandists gleamed before the eyes of the astonished captain, when each smuggler seizing his heap of gold severed the neck of the leather bag, and poured the glittering coins into the sea, and thus in an instant he saw twenty thousand guineas vanish from his grasp; and Starlight Tom, feeling that with the loss of the treasure he had nothing to fear from the revenue-cruiser, he permitted his boat to be boarded without offering the least resistance.

Notwithstanding Starlight Tom had foiled the revenue-captain and balked his enemy of a prize which would have enriched him for life, yet was he from that hour a fallen man; he had failed with his employers, and, like many greater men, he could not brook adversity; for grief is a burden which the broadest shoulders are the least capable of bearing, and conscience often pricks sharpest in the bluntest men—thus it was with him. After beaching his boat he appeared, as my informant said, “bewildered;” and, taking a lingering look at his lovely “Blue-Eyed Maid,” condemned and useless as she lay upon the shingle, he seemed to think “his occupation was gone;” and shortly after he was seen by one of his old associates walking away from the town on the Dover road, and from that hour his fate is a mystery, for he was never heard of again.

He is, however, occasionally recalled to the memory of the present race of boatmen when the wind and tide casts ashore a stray coin from the glittering heap he flung into the sea; but it must not be understood that they positively affirm the spade guineas, sometimes found on the beach, to be the same he cast away; but in the absence of better demonstrations, the reader, by the laws of reason, is requested to adopt the most probable conjecture as the *heir-apparent to truth*.

I have since discovered that spade guineas were so called in consequence of the royal arms being contained in a shield, which bears a resemblance to a pointed spade.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

'Twas the pride of our forefathers,
 In the palmy days of yore,
 To gather round the wassail bowl,
 And crown it o'er and o'er
 With the foliage of the luscious vine,
 Whose freshness would impart
 A joy upon the care-worn brow,
 A blessing to the heart!
 It must have been a thrilling sight
 To see old age and youth
 Unite around the festal board,
 Whilst mirth encircled both!
 To hear the gleesome lay pour'd forth,
 And list the loud acclaim
 With which our fathers honour'd those
 Who earn'd a deathless name!
 There are who lightly deem the past,
 But men of noble soul
 Will tune their voices to its praise,
 And hail the wassail bowl

Then merrie England was endear'd
 By ev'ry social tie,
 The wassail bowl would nerve the weak,
 And fire the drooping eye!
 It sway'd with sov'reign sceptre;
 For the rich man and the poor
 Would quaff alike as on it pass'd
 From hall to cottage door!
 Right cheerfully its greeting was
 Wherever it might come;
 The sorrowful forgot their grief,
 And welcomed it to home!
 Triumphantly 'twas borne along,
 And each one gave his dole,
 To add fresh vigour to the grape,
 And fill the wassail bowl!
 There are, who lightly deem the past,
 But men of noble soul
 Will tune their voices to its praise,
 And hail the wassail bowl!

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS :

AN ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY,
AND PLAY-MEN.

The statistics of St. James's and the adjoining parishes of St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, for the year 1839, furnish the extraordinary fact, that, within the length of three quarters of a mile, from west to east, from Dover-street, Piccadilly, to St. Martin's Lane, taking the Quadrant and Pall Mall as the northern and southern limits, there were at that period no less than fifty-two common gaming-houses (including Crockford's) daily and nightly open, the greater number of which were indiscriminately accessible to the middle and lower classes; and it was calculated that to each of these houses, on an average, there were attached ten persons in the several characters of proprietors, croupiers, groom-porters, bonnets or hired players, waiters, porters, and others,—which on fifty houses would give a total of five hundred persons employed; and that many of such proprietors and *attachés* received 5*l.* or 6*l.*, others 3*l.*, 4*l.* and 2*l.* per week, according to their duties and capability. The average of these sums might be taken at 4*l.* weekly; which taken as the multiplier of 500 (the whole number in such receipt of emolument) would show an outgoing of 2000*l.* per week, or 104,000*l.* per annum as only a portion of the expenditure of such establishments, to which were to be added the further charge of house-rent and taxes, wines, suppers, and other refreshments, according to the style of the house, and description of company frequenting it. These charges were estimated at a moderate average of 20*l.* per week, upon the ascertained fact that many of the higher sort were at a weekly outlay exceeding 100*l.*, others at 50*l.*, and even the lowest at from 8*l.* to 10*l.* Such estimate gave the average amount of expense exceeding 50,000*l.* annually, exclusive of cards and dice, for which most essential implements of business (taking Crockford's cost alone at 2000*l.* per annum), the outlay was fixed at 5000*l.* Hence it appeared that a sum of 160,000*l.* annually was required to meet the average outgoings of the metropolitan gaming establishments, before one guinea could reach the private purses of the proprietors in the shape of the enormous profit which invariably resulted to their speculations. The next point of calculation was, how many of the estimated total number of ten persons belonging to each house were of the class of proprietors or principals in the banks, and the average number was taken to be three, giving a total of one hundred and fifty persons living in a style of expenditure graduating from 10,000*l.* down to 500*l.* per annum; Crockford's income alone being estimated at 40,000*l.* a year. The average income was on such calculation taken at 3000*l.*, or 450,000*l.* in the aggregate, which sum added to the estimate of 160,000*l.* outlay and expenditure before exhibited, gave the grand total of above 600,000*l.* per annum realized from the sources of public gaming-tables. Exaggerated as such estimate may appear, it doubtless approaches something near to accuracy, and will serve at least to show, beyond all dispute, that an immense amount of capital is thus annually withdrawn from the wholesome and legitimate course of circulation, and that such unnatural application is detrimental to the health and interest of so-

ciety ; in confirmation of which it will be necessary only to give from the same statistic account a passing reference to the parties from whose pockets so large an annual sum is extracted. First and foremost amongst the contributors to the enormous illicit revenue are old sires and young sprigs and scions of nobility ; for as observed by Juvenal

“ If gaming doth an aged sire entice,
Then my young master quickly learns the vice,
And shakes in hanging sleeves the box and dice.”

With these may be classed men of large fortune in possession, and their hopeful expectant sons and heirs, who in the excess of filial anxiety to relieve their sires from the cares attendant on wealth

“ Wish them in heaven, or if they take a taste
Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence.”

Occasionally, too, large inheritors of unexpected fortune, men, who, suddenly raised to wealth, without the judgment necessary to its prudent control, seek to qualify themselves for aristocratic and fashionable society by aping all its vices, follies, and extravagancies, are to be found amongst the principal dupes. Another class of persons addicted to play, and aiding largely in the great amount of profit to the gaming-houses, is composed of men of moderate independence and income. Persons engaged also in mercantile pursuits, members of the stock-exchange, professionals, persons holding government and other appointments, half-pay officers, &c., all of whom may be considered as individuals of regular available resources, derivable from the stream of business and employment,—such are, generally speaking, of most speculative character, and no mean customers to the gaming-table.

Descending in the scale, next may be noted clerks of lower degree, and the middling grade of traders, with shopmen, servants, and persons of various occupations, of narrow legitimate means, but sometimes tempted from the fair course of honesty by the fascinations of play and the delusive hope of gain. Lastly, may be enumerated the frequenters of the lowest receptacles of vice in London, whose callings and occupations it would be difficult to describe, but who may be classed generally as the idle, indolent, and vagabond tribe of the community. From such sources flows the great stream of wealth fertilising the gaming colony of St. James's.

Gaming-houses, within the past five or six years, have been of somewhat uncertain and unsafe tenure. The passing of the Metropolitan Police Act gave additional powers to the magisterial authorities, and held out a kind of reward to, and was in some measure dependent on, the vigilance and successful exertions of the Police force in their warfare against the proprietors. One or two open attacks had the effect of reducing the number of such establishments. Nevertheless, until the spring of last year, the colony still continued its enterprising and successful commerce with the public.

At Bond's house, at the corner of Bennett Street, there was for some years immense play ; but the elder and efficient brother of the firm dying, a change came over the conduct and management of the establishment. The surviving proprietor, acquiring by the death of his brother a large sum of money (50,000*l.* all gained in a few years, by means of play), assumed an unwarrantable independence of manner

with his increase of means, and did not observe the same gracious treatment of, and respectful demeanour towards, his patrons, who were chiefly members of the aristocracy, and of Crockford's Club. The consequence of this was, that many noblemen discontinued altogether their occasional visits. Some of them, however, had unfortunately placed their names on the Debtor side of Mr. Bond's books, and he, piqued at the loss of their custom, took the very unwise course of legal proceedings for the recovery of the debts; selecting a noble peer of the realm, and a right honourable gentleman of known honour and influence, as the first against whom to enforce payment. He succeeded in his object, but from that day his establishment became almost deserted; and notwithstanding that he subsequently, under conviction of his folly and impolicy, made extraordinary efforts to restore business, he never could succeed beyond the custom of a poor penniless scion or two of nobility, and, occasionally, a visitor or two from the city. With a view to attract, he fitted his house up on a most splendid scale of magnificence, and in a somewhat novel style of arrangement; the lower, or dining-room ceiling, being entirely of plate-glass, had a most curious effect in its reflection of the company seated at the table below. Splendid dinners were given on particular days at which two or three broken members of Crockford's, but supposed influential persons, were the constant and almost the only guests. All methods and endeavours were, however, ineffectual to re-establish the power, credit, and business of the house. The pride of the aristocracy had been insulted, and the countenance and patronage of the order had been irrevocably withdrawn. The establishment, in consequence, closed, and within a short time afterwards the proprietor was subjected to the process of a *Qui Tam* writ for certain moneys lost to him by certain parties, at his house of play, together with three times the amount in penalties, to be divided between the informer and the parish in which the house was situated. The action is said to have been got up or promoted by two or three persons, who had been employed as *attachés* of the establishment to officiate at the table, and who, in such capacity, became cognizant of money lost, and by whom it was lost; a knowledge which they treacherously turned to base account against their employer, so soon as they discovered that their occupation was gone, and that he had no longer business to engage them. The impolitic conduct of Bond against his patrons brought its own proper punishment, but justified not the base treachery of the employed, who, to carry out their designs, and realise their object of extorting money in settlement of the action, insolently subpœnæd several noblemen and gentlemen, who had been frequenters of the establishment, to prove their loss of money to the amount sought to be recovered by these *most trustworthy and faithful servants*. Bond was, however, made of too obstinate stuff to yield to such imposition, he, therefore, stoutly defended and brought the action to trial. The verdict was against him, with a reservation, however, of some point of law to be further mooted. For a time, therefore, the hopes of the informers were defeated, and they did all they could in the meanwhile to urge the defendant to settlement; but he was of sterner determination than to yield, and he, therefore, calmly and indifferently awaited the legal decision; in the meantime he disposed of the splendid furniture and effects of his house, in St. James's Street. The second trial came on, and the former verdict was confirmed. The defendant, however, after having taken precaution to place his whole

property out of legal reach, quietly took himself across the channel, leaving the informing party to realise their judgment as they best could.

The Berkley Club, situated in Albemarle Street, did much business with the same class of persons, members of Crockford's and city men; it bore good repute and had credit for large capital. Two or three years ago, a rather daring robbery, which made some stir in the papers of the day, was committed on this establishment by one of its confidentials, who, being entrusted with the custody of the sum nightly put down as a bank, entered into league with another party (a relative it was said) to appropriate such amount to their own uses. Accordingly, some time before the appointed hour at night for opening the bank, it was arranged that the cash-box should be deposited in some convenient spot for the confederate to come in and carry it off. The spot fixed on is said to have been behind the street-door, which always stood wide open from the fixed hour of business; in such locality was the box containing the treasure (about 1000*l.*) placed, and from this spot was it speedily rescued by the expectant confederate party. On the arrival of the proprietors at the hour of business, the confidential was at his post, and in great pretended surprise and alarm, announced that the cash-box and bank capital could not be found. Minute search was made, but without effect. On the following day opinion was busy as to the thief, and some suspicion falling on the really guilty party, measures were taken to bring him to account. The receiver was dexterously traced to a celebrated jeweller's in Bond Street; where, under the disguise of visage, effected by green spectacles, he had changed a large note in the purchase of an expensive ring. The peculiarity of his appearance, manner, and tone of voice, had attracted the more than ordinary attention of the shopman, who, on enquiring into the matter, declared he should perfectly recollect the party making the purchase. It was then further discovered that the same person had gone out of town to a fashionable watering-place, and to such place he was quickly followed by one of the persevering and indefatigable proprietors, accompanied by an officer, and the person who had sold the ring. There, on the following day, the whole party saw the delinquent in the public library; and the person who sold him the ring being requested to observe, if, amongst the visitors, he recognized the particular person, looked round the room, and speedily seated himself beside an individual in the act of reading the newspaper: with a view to be more perfect in his recognition, he addressed some question to him, and on obtaining a reply, immediately pointed him out as the person who had bought the ring, and who had given the identical large note in payment. The object of the visit was quietly communicated to the accused, and he was advised to return with the party to town, which, after some hesitation, he did. On the journey, it is said, a greater portion of the money was given up, and the object of the owners being thus accomplished, the matter was suffered to die off without further proceeding. The particular delinquency has been very pointedly and particularly referred to in the parliamentary examination before the Gaming Committee, as having been committed by some of the parties prosecuting the *Qui Tam* actions against certain noblemen and others connected with the turf.

The Stranger's Club, in Regent Street, may be classed with the Berkley, in regard to its character and arrangements, excepting that

question has been made of its strictly honourable and correct mode of business. At one time it certainly reckoned amongst its proprietors, men of no very scrupulous conduct, while it resorted most extensively to the *Dunstable* system of boneting, and of employing some very handy workmen in the trade. Large sums of money have been lost at this house, as may be surmised from a report which appeared a few weeks since, of an action brought on a bill of exchange for 3000*l.* given by a nobleman for money by him lost to the proprietors. The establishment is now closed, in consequence of its having been one of many lately attacked by the police force. The chief proprietor is said, however, to have realized a handsome capital, and to have now taken to the pursuit of horse-dealing in conjunction with a well-known character of the Hebrew tribe. The other houses or clubs, as they were termed, existing of late years, in St. James's Street, Albemarle Street, Jermyn Street, and other adjoining localities, were all of the same stamp, and of most objectionable character—close houses where men were robbed and plundered without remorse, and by the most fraudulent means. The proprietors of these houses were, for the most part, men originally of low-lived pursuits, who, by a system of petty sharpening, had realised a little, and, taking example, had commenced business on a larger scale, and upon a capital approaching the point of Zero in its amount, but quite sufficient upon their certain principle of play, to carry on their trade of plunder. They might one and all come under the denomination—

"Semperque recentes

Convectare juvat prædas et vivere rapto."

A plundering race still eager to invade;

On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

Many of this gang first matriculated in the hole-and-corner den which for many years flourished in Pickering Place, a small court in St. James's Street, where the game of rouge-et-noir continued to be played until within the last two or three years. This house has from time to time been kept by different individuals; Jews and Gentiles have varied the proprietorship, and these have again been subdivided into tailors, butchers, fighting men, thieves, pickpockets, returned transients, and other industrious vagabonds. The business of the house was most extensive, notwithstanding the fact that players had opportunity of risking no very excessive amount at one stake, the limit being from one shilling to ten pounds. That business was so brisk may be accounted for, by the reason that this was the only house where rouge-et-noir continued to be played. The house opened at one o'clock in the day and did not close until twelve at night, sometimes later, averaging eleven hours each day,—a time affording ample scope for realization of large profit; for assuming that the general play of the table (and the house was full from morning till night) was equal to 10*l.* an event, the average number of deals in an hour would give events of certain profitable occurrence to the bank, equal to 100*l.* per day. And when it is stated, in addition to this, that bold and determined persons were permitted to play a higher stake than 10*l.*, upon their paying a premium of five per cent. on the excess, that is, in reality, a premium of five per cent for the privilege of playing one and a quarter per cent. more; it may be fairly taken that the profits of this apparently insignificant concern, were equivalent to six or seven hundred pounds per week.

In illustration of the power of the double pull of the per centage of the game, and the premium charged on high play, it may be stated, that a city gentleman went into this house with 300*l.* in his pocket, a portion of which he lost, and being pressed for time, and anxious to play a bolder game, he consented to pay the premium on the increased stake beyond 10*l.* and sometimes augmented his risk to 30*l.* an event; a person sitting near him, a mere observer of the game, amused himself by noticing, from time to time, how much, the player alluded to actually paid to the table, or proprietors of the bank, on the occurrences of the *trente et un après*, and the payment of premium on the increased stake; and the amount came to 72*l.* and some shillings in about three hours, so that this sum was actually paid from the capital of 300*l.* for the privilege of losing the balance; a privilege that was fully and practically exemplified.

Such a statement appears barely credible, and what makes the account still more difficult of belief is, that the person who so insanelly indulged in this ruinous and extortionate system, was a keen, clever financier, devoted to stock exchange pursuits, and time bargains, and in such transactions, could appreciate the true value of one-eighth per cent. in its frequent operation. Yet the statement is correct to the letter, and proves the fact that the "wisest clerks are not always the wisest men."

From this insignificant haunt of idleness, profligacy, and pauperism, and from one or two others of equally low and disgraceful character, in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square (to which all had indiscriminate admission, who could scrape together a few shillings, no matter by what means), have emerged the majority of sharpers, who, within the few past years, have infected the locality of St. James's. From the same polluted source have been introduced also to Tattersalls, and the turf, men of the most disgraceful and dishonourable character, who have gone on, for a time, in a successful course of betting, and, on the first reverse, have disappeared altogether from the scene. One instance will be ample of such knavish impostors.

A man of the name of *D—s*, a tailor, who had slipped from the shopboard, and become one of the earliest speculators in the Shilling Slaughter House, in Pickering Place, had there, by good fortune, and great industry, got together a few hundreds, as his portion of profit and plunder. Thus, master of means beyond expectation, he became suddenly imbued with aristocratic notions, he had a soul above buttons and broad-cloth, and resolved on trying his fortune and capabilities in a higher sphere. He, accordingly, personally seceded from his old haunt in the court, and took an attractive and commodious mansion in St. James's Street, which he opened to a more distinguished class of speculators; he was very successful, and this change of position bringing him in contact with many sporting gentlemen of the turf, he entered a little into betting connected therewith, and ventured his hundred on the Derby, and with favourable result. Thus encouraged, he found his way, in due time, to "*The Corner*"; and having, by habit, a large stock of buckram; and, by ignorance, an equal quantity of assurance; he applied these all necessary ingredients to success, with extraordinary diligence; and strange to say, became, in a very short time, one of the most prominent betting men of those ranked as the "*Leg Fraternity*."

Year after year he was successful, and continued to amass money

from the pockets of the honourable, respectable, and wealthy, whose credulity led them to confidence in the man. His vulgarity and insolence were lost sight of in the credit given to his pecuniary capability, and he was permitted to strut his way, and hold conference, and enter into large contracts with the most distinguished patrons and supporters of the turf; under which state of sufferance, so inflated did he become, that in the unnatural swell and playfulness of his fancy, he seemed one of the class who condescended to bet with him. In this state of delusion, it is reported that he one day addressed himself to a nobleman distinguished, and justly respected, for his honourable and active exertions to purify the betting ring; and, with insolent familiarity, called out, amidst the whole company assembled in the subscription room, "B——k, I'll bet you 1000*l.* to 50*l.* (or whatever the offer might have been) against such a horse." The fellow's voice was known, and astonishment seemed to strike every one who heard him, save only the nobleman himself, who, with the proper pride of a gentleman, and the most exalted and thorough contempt for the ignorant vagabond, who had presumed to such familiarity, took not the slightest notice of the fellow; the effect of which was to subject him to the unrestrained laughter and ridicule of the room; for it is but just to say that proper respect to distinction of social position is never so grossly lost sight of amongst the heterogeneous mass of men meeting at Tattersalls, as in the instance recorded. Snip, however, though somewhat abashed, was not daunted by this cut of his comb, but continued his betting speculations.

Year after year added to his successes, and increased his gains; and in the season of 1840, he won a very large stake on the St. Leger, the whole of which he was fortunate enough to receive, in the rooms at Doncaster, where he had also gambling tables nightly at work. He collected so many notes in payment, that he was obliged to make his hat the receptacle for their deposit; and it was here that a first symptom of his knavery peeped out, in his dispute with a gentleman, relative to the payment of a bet of 300*l.* lost on the St. Leger event. The tailor denied the bet, but fortunately the gentleman had evidence of the engagement, and this evidence he produced to the satisfaction of Lord Kilburne, the steward of the race, who forthwith ordered immediate settlement. The following year gave full exposition of the character of this unprincipled vagabond. The horse, Coronation, having, by his performances, brought himself to the first position in the betting market for the ensuing Derby, at Epsom, became the point and object to which the gambling tailor's designs were directed; and he and his clique, consisting of his son-in-law, and others connected with him in his gaming establishment, in St. James's Street, accordingly set to work to make heavy books against the horse. The result of the race is well known. Coronation won, and snip and his confederates lost a heavy amount, the payment of which they very respectfully *declined*, under the most lame and impotent excuse that large bets were outstanding, due to them on former events.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.

BY ARTHUR DUDLEY.

CHAPTER I.

“This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved,”

BYRON.

THE mists of evening were falling, and I was about pursuing my course homeward, when the flutter of a white dress before me attracted my attention. Visions of other years came across me, and I remembered a time when, on this very spot, and at this very season of the year, the simplest fold of a white dress would have made my heart beat and given me an onward impetus quite irresistible. I remembered the anxious glances, the turning back of the little head, the blush at meeting, the unmeaning, unnecessary gaiety put on for those around, and the few low soft words uttered for my ear alone. Then followed reminiscences of fine sunny days, and *parties de campagne*; excursions, the recollection of which rendered every hill, field, and wood about Baden, objects of melancholy reflection to my mind. Every circumstance connected with that one, fond, early affection, rushed at once upon my memory: crowded ball-rooms, jewels reflecting the lustre of a thousand lamps, the scent of the orange blossoms, the sound of music, the waltz—the soul-inspiring, too delicious, too dangerous waltz—all combined to recall to me the image of her whom I had “loved not wisely but too well.” Alas! she has long been another’s, and regrets are all that now remain to me, coupled with a facility of recurrence to the past, which I fear my reader will think too readily awakened. . . . But, to return to the white dress which thus unexpectedly threw me into a reverie. As I passed my *Dame Blanche*, I involuntarily turned round, from I scarcely know what motive, and certainly in so doing recognised a face I had seen before, although I could trace no recollection further, or make it more specific. As she walked on behind me, I overheard her conversing with her companion (an elderly person, who kept very close to her) in German. Understanding the language from my earliest years, I discovered from one or two expressions that she was not a native; though her accent and pure pronunciation, might have easily misled even a born child of the Danube or the Rhine. I was struck by the earnestness of tone in which she repeated over and over the words:

“I know he will come * * * He *must* have mine still, for he promised that as long as I kept *his* he would never lose mine—and look, there is mine!”

Wondering much what could be the meaning of the words “*mine*” and “*his*” so often repeated, I again turned round, and saw her, holding in her hand a small, withered, or more properly speaking, dried bouquet of flowers, which appeared to be, in her estimation, a treasure of no mean worth, for, after fixing on it a look of profound and unmis-takeable affection, she raised it to her lips, exclaiming with an expression of the purest delight, “Oh! yes, I knew it well—he will *never* lose that!”

I stared in absolute astonishment. She caught my eye, and advancing towards me, at once addressed me; and with singular wildness in her manner:

"Do you not think so, too?" asked she. "I wish you would tell her that—she won't believe it," added the poor creature, who from her whole appearance, I soon discovered was totally bereft of reason, "she won't believe it, because he displeases her, but I am quite sure, so are you too—are you not?"

I scarcely knew what to answer, when the elderly lady, taking her young and interesting companion by the arm, interrupted her, and, remarking upon the chilliness of the evening, tried to persuade her to return home. The poor girl stared wildly, and I beheld a pair of eyes that might have been likened to stars, had they not far more resembled *ignes-fatui*,—yet how beautiful they were! She suddenly replaced the faded flowers in her bosom, and shaking off from her arm the hand of her friend,

"I will not sing to-night," rejoined she sharply: "the Court may wait; I cannot sing;" then turning again to me, "they want me to sing the *Norma*," said she in a plaintive tone of voice, "but I cannot do so to-night. I cannot remember the words '*qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdesti*;' " and she sang in a murmur the few notes set to these words. "I cannot sing them in German, I cannot remember them; I will not sing to-night." With these words, her head sank upon her breast, and clasping her hands upon her heart, she followed her companion; but in a moment she again returned, and looking at me with a smile, said, as she pressed my hand, "I like you, because you don't want me to sing to-night, and then," added she in a whisper, "you never told me he would not come."

When I again moved onwards her white dress was far before me; I was horror-struck, for I had indeed recognised her. The last time I had beheld her it was as "the admired of all admirers," the object of the enraptured, wondering gaze of thousands; young, beautiful, full of genius and inspiration—and now! * * * I went home, read *Wilhelm Meister's Lehr Jahre*, and thought poor Mariane's fate was to be envied.

It was a May morning; the birds were singing from every bush and tree; the scents of the opening flowers diffused themselves prodigally around; the air was light and mild, with enough of freshness to nerve the indolent, and enough of balminess to still the unquiet. Oh the beauty of that garden! the lilacs and laburnums, the ever-blowing roses, the pear and apple blossoms, the soft, bright, green grass, the sky of faint blue above, and the light, white clouds, drifting with every breeze across the face of heaven, as though the universe were frozen into a species of dignified composure during the winter, braced up and laced "cabin'd, cribbed, confined," and that spring were nature's first burst of heartfelt sentiment!

Groups of youthful beings were playing and sporting through the garden; young creatures, whose ideas of happiness were comprised in a whole day's holiday, and whose notions of crime consisted in a torn garment or a wetted foot. But there was *one* amongst them! * * * She might perhaps have seen nine summers—a very Titania! with the figure of a sylph, but prouder; the eyes of a gazelle, but wilder; and the grace of a greyhound, but more restless. The smallest hands, the

tiest feet, the reddest lips, the silkiest hair, the loudest laugh, the quickest frown, the sharpest tongue, and the air of a princess! She evidently either was by right, or would be by usurpation, the queen of the fête. I saw her in the midst of her companions, dancing with them in a ring, and then giving them the signal to follow her in a mimic chase; they prepared to start, when a large, copper-coloured viper was suddenly perceived by one of them darting through the grass; shrieks and cries rung through the air, and the whole group was scattered. I sprang forward to save my little fairy, but she escaped my hold, and on looking for her, I saw the wild puss swinging on the branch of a cherry tree (whither she had climbed for refuge) tossing back her wayward head, and laughing heartily at the alarm of her companions, and at her own singular position. In a second she deserted her aerial seat, and with one leap, reached the ground; but she sank down and a slight cry of pain escaped her. I raised her up, she was pale, and pointed to her foot; I examined it, and found a large nail (on which she had alighted) driven into it. She did not complain, but compressed her lips whilst I drew it out. The wound did not at the moment bleed much, and she enjoined silence on me, declaring she felt no pain. I attempted to lead her steps, but she, almost indignantly, repulsed me, and infusing no small portion of disdain into her voice and smile, as she said, "Look, and see whether I need your help!" she, with one bound, light as a roe, cleared a basket-bed of flowers and was out of my sight in a moment.

In a few hours I saw her again. She looked prouder and more regal than ever; her cheeks burnt with the colour of the Tuscan rose, her eyes flashed with childish pleasure, her dark hair hung all uncurled about her face. She looked at me and laughed. She had just gained all the prizes from her young companions in dancing, leaping, climbing, riding, and running. "What!" thought I, "ambition and a sense of triumph in so young, so fragile a creature!" I spoke to her, the others were gone and we stood alone; I asked her if her wound gave her no pain. She looked at me prouder than ever, and taking off a shoe of which at her age Cinderella might have been vain, she pointed to her foot. I started, for it was swollen, and the sole of the shoe saturated with blood. Perceiving that I was most likely about to admonish her on her giddiness, she held her tiny finger to her lips.

"Hush!" said she, "to-day is my birthday, and *I will* have no suffering; besides," added she, drawing close up to me, "did you not hear Colonel — say the other day that girls could not bear pain?"

I let go my hold, and she disappeared, but I could not forbear saying to myself, "That child is either the vainest of her sex, or has the elements of a Portia in her; she will either be very great or *very unhappy*; perhaps both. '*Such is the lot of the fair upon earth,*'" saith Schiller.

CHAPTER II.

"Nous disons des choses innocentes et nous rougissons tous deux. La petite fille est devenue jeune fille."—VICTOR HUGO.

* * * * *

UNDER the lime-trees of the Schloss-Platz of C——, in the middle of the sweet-scented, sunny month of June, was assembled a bevy of young girls, under the guidance of some half-dozen dames of maturer

age and demurer bearing; just such a group as would have delighted the eye of a Don Juan, or afforded matter for reflection to a Rousseau; a very *parterre* of nature's choicest flowers. There were laughing blue eyes and soft flaxen locks, with the complexion of a hawthorn-bud; mild, waterlily, moonlight faces, with a veil of night-like hair shadowing eyes of jet; pride, softness, grace, mirth, every variety of expression was there (even those that were *not* good); but all was lovely because all was young. The toilettes, too! the blue, pink, and green ribbons waving at each turn of the pretty heads; the light draperies of their dresses: and then the whole scene! the orange-trees; the long-necked swans; the sparkling fountains; the joyful hum of bees and human beings; the inspiring sound of the military music; the blue sky; the warm air; the shining sun! Oh! it was a dream of enchantment, like the first dreams of Fancy who, waking, turns to Hope.

Our group had not strolled far, when a beautiful female figure passed, magnificently dressed, and leaning on the arm of a fine-looking rather elderly man. She was nodded at, and warmly greeted by the whole bevy.

"Who is that?" asked one of the fair ones, evidently a foreigner by her accent.

"That is Madame de —," answered a lively, coquettish-looking little person, "who prides herself most absurdly on having a pretty *hand*, as if," added she, kicking a pebble before her, and thereby showing the prettiest foot imaginable—"as if any one minded what hands were like!"

"For my part," said a handsome, supercilious brunette, whose father had been raised by Napoleon from the rank of a common soldier to that of a Count and a General, "I know nothing of Madame de —, she is not of good family so we never visited her."

"She is a horrid creature, and married her husband only for his money; I quite hate her. I could never marry a man I did not love, for his money," remarked a young lady with upturned eyes and a sentimental air, who had failed some six months before in the plans she made to catch a *millionaire* of sixty, with one eye.

A sigh escaped the fair foreigner who had asked the question; her lips opened as though about to speak, when the tramp of a horse's hoof and the clank of a sabre against a spur, cut short the enumeration of poor Madame de —'s faults and misfortunes. The rider sprang into the midst of the little group with his bridle rein on his arm. He was at the side of one of the fair loiterers in a second, and she who had sighed, now looked down, and the colour rose crimson to her very temples. The intruder, attired in a simple undress uniform, was a young man somewhere about the age of two or three-and-twenty—at that privileged period of life when, whatever he may do which is right is foolishly applauded, and whatever he does which is wrong is sure to be forgiven with the same injustice; when he expects to find more heart in others and has less of it himself than at any other time of his existence; when he prizes a virtue, not for its own sake, but in proportion only to the excess to which it happens to be carried; when generosity becomes prodigality that it may not be denominated avarice; courage, senseless foolhardiness, under pain of being taxed as cowardice; love, a madness hurling its very object to destruction, in order to escape the charge of coldness. That dangerous age at which the faults of the boy have not yet subsided, and the virtues of the man not yet

commenced. But, a splendidly turned head, eyes that beamed with apparent tenderness and truth, and a figure whose every motion combined dignity and ease, have too often obtained pardon for worse faults than those above-mentioned; and, whatever may be the crimes of that particular period of life, falsehood, ingratitude, and cold calculation are scarcely ever to be reckoned amongst them, unless indeed in dispositions instinctively depraved.

"I hold in my hand the excuse for my sudden appearance," said the new comer, displaying a bow of azure-coloured ribbon which had been tastefully twisted by some Parisian *modiste* into a shape very much resembling that of a large butterfly; "it has most unpardonably flown away from some fair flower here to go and taste the sweets of the orange-blossoms around." After attentively surveying a bouquet of jasmine and moss-roses that adorned the hat of the young foreigner by whose side he stood, "I think," added he, "that I have discovered the home of the capricious flutterer; may I not be permitted to bring the wanderer back, and fix him so that he shall not get loose and go roaming about again?"

"Pray do you mean, by giving that butterfly to Mademoiselle, to make us all imagine that you are emblematically laying yourself at her feet?" said a clever-looking girl, with black eyes, a wicked mouth, and a dimpled chin.

"Many a moth, pretty lady, flies round the light a long while, and at last gets his wings burnt," replied the object of this pert attack, who had all the while been busily employed in fastening his emblem (as his fair tormentor had been pleased to designate it) in the hat of the young lady at whose side he stood. Very slowly and very awkwardly he did it, but at length, after pulling it about at least a dozen times in order to make it sit better, and pricking his fingers by way of proving his wish to be remarkably quick, he looked at his work with considerable self-complacency, and pronounced it to be perfect.

The person to whom these little attentions were addressed, was a young girl who might be about seventeen; exquisitely dressed, and in every point showing birth, high breeding, and tasteful elegance. Her figure would have served as a model for that of a Hebe or an Aurora. As for her face, it was one of those a statuary would denominate plain, a portrait-painter take a bad likeness of, and a poet call divine. The features were nothing; the countenance was everything. It was the soul, the variety, the genius, the *fancifulness* (if the expression may be allowed) of the whole, that made it so irresistible. Her complexion was, perhaps, not so brilliantly red and white as that of many of her companions, but then, as she spoke, the colour went and came so quickly; sometimes subsiding into the pallidness of a marble statue, at others, rising into the flush of a carnation: every change was so perfectly in harmony with what she said, that the very blood in her cheeks and brow seemed impregnated with thought. Her mouth was neither so small nor so finely chiselled as that of some others, but when she smiled it was like the breaking of the morning-sun upon the ripples of the ocean—tipping and gilding each wave with its light. Her eyes, too, were incomparably beautiful. Few could tell their colour, but all felt their power; they were too full of fire for blue eyes, and too full of softness for black ones; but their effect was such that it left no time to examine of what particular or precise shade they might be. She had, during the conversation we have referred to, appeared somewhat

embarrassed, which embarrassment she principally showed by looking very unnecessarily angry, and assuring the "gallant, gay Lothario" at her side that he need not trouble himself to adjust her head-gear, a circumstance of which, notwithstanding her repeated asseverations, he did not seem likely to be easily convinced. At length, however, a few words were exchanged between them in a tone so low as to have rendered it impossible to discern one syllable from another (although some ears will pretend to have caught the words "*ball to-night*," and "*cotillon*,") during which time he discovered that her bracelet wanted clasping. Assuredly the most obstinate spring in the world could scarcely have resisted the forcible pressure of his fingers, although some who were very near, say that the pressure was applied to the hand instead of the bracelet—she, however, blushed and looked down. He uttered a hurried adieu to the whole party, vaulted on his horse, and, after performing divers evolutions, to all appearance frightfully dangerous, dashed at full gallop out of sight. All eyes were on him. On *her* cheek the blush was gone, but her eyelids were not raised; she still looked down, but whether at the bracelet or the thousand little pebbles at her feet, was not known.

"How exquisitely the Baron de — rides!" exclaimed the fair one who had previously jested upon his butterfly qualifications,—“whenever I see him on that black horse of his he always appears to me a model for a young Alexander; only I am afraid, for my parallel's sake, that Bucephalus has been, from those days down to these, decided to be milk-white.”

"I never much noticed his riding," rejoined the haughty parvenue brunette; "but for himself, I believe him to be the most complete *roué* in existence; and," pursued she, with a malicious glance at the newly-reinstated ribbon on her companion's hat, "I would strongly advise all those who are acquainted with him, never to believe one word he may say, for his heart's delight is only to deceive."

"How long have you found that out?" asked a little witch, who seemed hardly able to suppress a loud laugh.

A glance of affected disdain and real embarrassment was the only answer.

"For my part," replied she who had likened him to Alexander, and who (except for her eyes and mouth) was the least handsome and the most good-natured looking of the whole set, "I never could find the same faults in him that others pretend to have discovered. I like to banter him a little,—but we are otherwise the best friends in the world; and I believe for no other reason than that he never once took it into his head to fall in love with me."

"I should think not," whispered she of the disdainfully curled lip; "she never was handsome enough for him."

"As to what regards his dissipation or inconstancy," pursued his good-natured defender, "I do not remember its having yet been proved that the fault was entirely *his*; or whether" (and she cast a glance at the proud brunette) "he has not pretty generally found that the object of his attentions was unworthy a lasting attachment. Of one thing I am convinced," continued she, her eyes this time taking another direction, "that where a man finds that he is really loved with pure and ardent devotion, and not a semblance of it put on by coquetry; where he sees that he is himself believed and confided in; and, above all, where he cannot discover the wish to play with his feelings, or to dis-

guise the extent to which he is loved,—in short, I must be much mistaken, or where a man like the Baron de —— meets with *truth* in the object of his affections he will *not* deceive. She who feels in her *own* heart the right to possess *his*, need have no fear."

During all this discussion the pretty stranger had never once raised her eyes. As the few last words met her ear, she suddenly looked up at the speaker, and in a hurried tone, and with a cheek as pale as a magnolia flower,—

"Are you quite sure of that?" said she.

The words had hardly passed her lips when her whole face was suffused with one deep burning tint of crimson. The answer was not heard; but as the group proceeded homewards, the interesting foreigner was leaning on the arm of her whose want of beauty had preserved her from deception and regret.

The most perfectly organized orchestra imaginable was just in the middle of its execution of Strauss's immortal "*Sehnsuchts Walzer*." Hundreds of the light of heart, and still lighter of foot, were gliding round in mazy rings to the sound of its delicious melody.

"The most superb pair in the room," said the Countess de R—— to her neighbour, "are Mademoiselle —— and the Baron de —— . Look at them as they pass. They seem made to be partners; it always appears to me a pity when they dance with any one else but each other. He never waltzes with any one as he does with her; and she never looks so well as when she waltzes with him."

The pair in question passed; and certainly nothing could be more perfectly true than the Countess's remark. They *were* made for one another. He might have stood for an Apollo; she was something between a Minerva and a Mignon. In the pauses of the dance, her height, and the graceful symmetry of her figure, gave her such dignity, in her demeanour was such modest consciousness of worth, about her face such soft intelligence and such sweet wisdom, that she wanted but the casque upon her classically turned head, to have given one every idea of Jove's "blue-eyed daughter;" but before the eye could rest one second on the picture, all was changed. The quickness of her motions, the waving of her dark, satin-like hair, the readiness of her ringing laugh, the lightning-like changes of her colour, and a certain wildness in her large eyes, left nothing wanting to Göthe's portrait of the passionate and unhappy Italian. Her dancing, too, was something very remarkable. Light as a piece of thistle-down on a summer's day, she seemed to float upon the air, and flew around the room with the playfulness of a Will-o'-the-wisp. You heard her not; her step fell soft as the pattering of April rain; you scarcely saw her, so quick, so wild, and yet so sure, were her serpentine movements through the crowding dancers. From time to time the light draperies of her dress were wafted so as to discover the little, sharp, fine ankle, that looked as though it would snap with a touch of one's finger and thumb, and her tiny feet, that skipped and twisted themselves round and round as fast, as glittering, and as capriciously entangling and extricating themselves, as the needles of a German lady busy over her knitting.

"'S'is a' *prächtigs mädel!*" exclaimed an old Viennese, rubbing his hands for very delight.

Her companion looked a living personification of Pride and Poetry.

In his aristocracy there was romance ; in his romance, aristocracy. The smallness and shape of his foot and hand, and the fine chiselling of the slightly aquiline nose, showed plainly *who*, while the expression of the eyes, the openness of the brow, and the curve of the lips, marked *what* he was. His hair, of the softest golden brown, like autumn foliage tinted by the evening sun, seemed to allow every passing wind to be its *coiffeur*, so little of art and so much of nature did it display in the many curls and waves with which it clustered round a forehead white as the Parian stone. The long, carefully-trimmed moustache, which fringed the upper lip, took off from it a slight expression of haughtiness that seemed to characterize his whole person, and instead of adding fierceness, as in many instances, in this, only served partially to conceal the vivid redness of the lips, as the moss does round the leaves of an opening moss-rose. He was, altogether, one of those who are very properly termed *dangerous*, and who really are so, to hearts older too than those of seventeen, uniting qualities and opposites few of the other sex can resist, or even *try* to combat against: the daring courage of a Cœur-de-lion, but so much discretion that prudence was never alarmed; the softest, most persuasive tenderness, without, at the same time, ever allowing vanity to lull itself into perfect security, or giving conquest a hope of being able to tyrannise. His manners to the many were those of a man conscious, but wishing others to suppose him ignorant, of his own merits; to the *one*, they were those of a person who is devoted, but who in his very devotion is proud of the power of being so devoted, and enthusiastic because that devotion is to a being he believes to be *his*. Her manners to him were those of a creature living in another, seeing nothing but him, and *feeling* too much ever to *think*. He evidently loved her, but did not lose sight of himself; she loved him, and ceased to remember her own individuality.

In that ball-room was the talisman that the unthinking and the unhappy equally require and seek—excitement. Under the high marble columns wandered pair after pair, and group after group of the brilliant and the beautiful. The light of the brightest lamps and the brightest eyes was reflected in innumerable mirrors cased in gilded frames; there were the perfumes of the choicest exotics, the glitter of the richest jewels, the sound of animating music, and sweet voices murmuring sweet words; the impatience, the anxiety, the beating hearts, the trembling hands, the restless glances, the hopes, the fears, the wishes, the jealousies, the quarrels, the reconciliations,—in short, the mixture of all the feelings which make a ball-room the hothouse for the pleasures and passions of so many young heads, from fifteen to five-and-twenty.

It was late, and the cotillon had just commenced, when at the end of the first *tour de valse* a bouquet of choice and exquisitely-scented flowers, that had all the evening adorned the bosom of the Mignon-like *valseuse* dropped from its nest on the ground. Quick as thought, and before others had seen them fall, she raised them up, and, turning round to a rather good-looking, but heavily-built dragoon-officer, who had all the night watched her graceful evolutions with singularly envious glances,

“There,” cried she, “now they are faded you may have them.”

His hand was anxiously stretched forth to receive them; but he was not destined to obtain the proffered treasure. *He* looked disconcerted;

she looked surprised when on turning round to her partner she perceived her flowers disappearing beneath his uniform.

"They are mine!" exclaimed he, with an air of triumph; "and mine they shall for ever remain!"

"Remember at the same time," said his partner very wickedly, "that they were not given, but *stolen*."

The remark seemed to have told. He was silent, if not serious. Again they waltzed, and she was more playful, more brilliant, more enchanting than ever. The last tone of music was hushed; the dance was done; the crowd moved from the saloon, and the handsome pair were arm-in-arm. The steps were descended,—the vestibule was crossed,—the carriage-door was open,—a moment—and—

"Stay but *one* second," said he, and they were the first words he had uttered since her somewhat sharp reply to him in the dance; "here are your flowers—*stolen*, I will not keep them; if you will not give them to me, take them back." * * * The door closed with a harsh, grating sound, and the carriage rolled on. * * * The sound of the carriage-wheels was lost in the distance,—but *he* still stood there, and in his right hand he held, pressed to his lips, the bouquet!

"You are surely going to-night to the Princesse de ——'s?" said the handsome, though somewhat faded Madame de ——, as she entered the drawing-room, dressed for conquest. "Mademoiselle —— will be there; and has, I believe, promised to sing. I hear her voice is wonderful, and her style quite enchanting."

"You know I care little for music," answered the person addressed; "and if I go to-night it will be solely for the pleasure of being with you, my dear aunt. Assuredly," continued he, bending down to kiss her hand, "for those who see you at this moment the flighty oddities of such a child as Mademoiselle —— can have no charms."

"Flatterer!" said the lady, gently hitting his cheek with her fan.

"*Apropos*," rejoined the insinuator; "I saw Count P——'s horse to-day."

"You surely do not mean the one that broke his servant's leg, and threw the Count himself at the review the other day!" exclaimed the aunt.

"Indeed I do," replied the nephew. "It would be the very thing for you!"

"Put on my shawl, *mauvais sujet!*" said she to change the conversation.

The shawl was put on, and some rouge taken off by a most enterprising kiss, which was at the same time imprinted on her cheek.

The lady frowned.

"Forgive me, dearest aunt," interceded the graceless youth,—"a saint could not have helped it!"

He handed her to her carriage.

"And, about the Count's horse?" insinuated he.

"*Laissez moi faire; cela s'arrangera*," said the faded beauty, as she gave him her hand and a seat beside her. * * * On a sofa at the upper end of a room hung with crimson silk, and carpeted with leopard skins, sat the giver of the *soirée*,—the Princess de ——, one of those old women who imagine there is a virtue in making the world suppose they never were young. Around her were her satellites and favourites: the oldest, ugliest, and most hypocritically demure of the female,

and the youngest, handsomest, and most graceless of the male sex. At the opposite end of the apartment, as might be inferred, were grouped the respectable elders of the masculine gender — the Joves and King Davids; nor were their Danaës and Bathshebas wanting.

She too was there — the houri of the hyacinthine hair and Andalusian feet; fluttering about from group to group,—caressing some, tormenting others, laughing at many, speaking sense to a few, amusing all, and thinking of but *one*. She yielded at length to the entreaties of those around her, and the next moment saw her seated at the piano-forte. Her white, rosy-tipped fingers flew over the keys with a neatness, a rapidity, a force, and an ease that seemed as though *they* held in themselves the music they produced. All was silence;—she sang, and all were breathless.

“For never had it then been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven !”

There was a *thought* in every tone, a feeling in every inflexion;—it was more than music alone, it was the very essential soul of music. It was not the singer's power of executing every difficulty a composer could write, but her art of bringing forth in melody every inspiration a poet could conceive, that rendered her singing so irresistible—so entralling. It was thus the syrens must have sung; but not thus a syren could have looked. If she were fascinating before, how was each charm doubled now! It was the pencil-drawing suddenly coloured by the brush of a Titian; the recital in prose magically transformed into glowing verse; the bursting of the bud into the blossom,—in short, the perfection of every thing the promise of which was before scarcely guessed! Those who had seen her hitherto thought that she had been in a species of trance, and was now first awakened. Her countenance was a mirror in which every feeling she described, every passion she sang, each change and each thought was instantaneously, strongly, and clearly reflected. She was a proof of the inseparable connection of the sister arts, Music, Painting, and Poetry. Her music was a painting to the ear. Around her was such a breathing atmosphere of music, she was so harmony-exhaling, that the eye in gazing on her seemed to hear. Every opposite appeared united in her while she sang: passion with purity, profundity with playfulness, grandeur with gaiety, depth with delicacy, sublimity with softness, and wildness with simplicity:

“The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The *heart*, whose softness harmonized the whole.”

There was one who appreciated her fully; for a voice exclaimed,—
“Had Sappho been thus, the Leucadian leap had never been celebrated !”

“I thought you did not care for music?” said the lady near him in rather a sharp tone.

“Forgive me, dear aunt,” replied he; “I never knew till now what music was.”

The sweet songstress had for the last hour been delighting her insatiable auditors with a delicious collection of French romances, Italian *canzonets*, Spanish *boleros*, German *licds*, and Scotch ballads (all of which languages appeared perfectly easy and familiar to her), when

some one earnestly entreated to hear the final duet from Bellini's "Norma:" "*Qual cor tradisti.*"

"Who will sing it with me?" asked the lovely muse, looking as though she expected the answer.

"I will, if you will accept me for your second," replied a voice from behind her.

She looked up, but not at *him*. They proceeded to the instrument, and she turned over the music so hurriedly that she did not find the wished-for *morçeau*. Some one else was luckier; and the so-well-matched couple stood up side by side, the admiration and envy of all; for where her sex admired *him* they hated *her*; and every man in the room, from the age of eighteen to eighty, in raptures with *her*, wished for nothing better than a quarrel with the happy Baron de —.

How full of plaintive, tender reproach were the tones of her voice as she sang the first words:—

"Qual cor tradisti—qual cor perdesti,
Quest 'ora orrenda ti manifesti!"

Beaming with love, resignation, and the confidence of inspiration were her looks, as she continued:

"Un Nume, un fato, da te più forte,
Ci vuol uniti, in *vita* in *morte.*"

and it was with a tone and an air of triumph (but the triumph of devoted affection) that she ended by

"Sul rogo istesso che mi divora,
Sottterra ancora sarai con me."

Envy, jealousy, all was forgotten in the enthusiastic acclamations of delight which burst from every soul in the room; and when the duet was finished, the inspired singer (who looked at this moment the very *beau ideal* of a *Norma*) was surrounded by all who could approach her, and almost deafened by the adulations of all who could make themselves heard.

"You sang with such fire and truth," said an old diplomatist, with a coat covered with orders, and a face like a lemon squeezed dry, "that one should almost be tempted to suppose you sang from experience; and, were it not impossible that such a *Norma* should be deserted, even were Venus herself the *Adalgisa*, I should think you meant to convey, through the Baron de —, a gentle reprimand to some worthless *Pollione.*"

In the solitude of the crowd they spoke together:—"Let us never sing that duet again," said her honeyed voice in its lowest tone; "that old raven of a man has made me hate it."

"Never fear, *Liebchen,*" answered he. "On the contrary, I will repeat over and over again,

"L'estremo accento sarà *ch'io l'amo.*"

He pressed her hand—their eyes met:—"For what was that sigh?" said he tenderly.

"I have a sad foreboding," was the answer.

"That will never be realized," rejoined he smiling.

Her cheek was very pale, her dark eye very wild, and she shuddered as she mournfully uttered,

"My forebodings always are!"

The eleventh hour had struck. A low, rich, deep-toned voice murmured, to the air of a well-known romance,

"Sous la blanche Colonnade
Entends tu la Sérénade
Qui te chante mes douleurs?"

The window opened, and in the midst of the orange-trees, tuberoses, and oleanders with which the balcony was filled, appeared a female figure robed in white. As she stepped forth into the moonlight, she looked like the spirit of purity wafted down from above to sanctify the ardour of passion. By her careful stillness, it was natural to suppose that she wished to enjoy undisturbed the sound of music by night. The voice continued, as she appeared:

"Un regard, ô Châtelaine,
Pour attendre jusqu'au jour."

But, notwithstanding all her precautions, it would seem that her presence was acknowledged. Probably the singer had no wish to be overheard; for he suddenly ceased, and no tone of music was heard after. In a few seconds, partly concealed by a thickly-overhanging Bengal rose, there stood *two* beings in that balcony. The moon shone in all her splendour, silvering every object around; the deep blue sky above, the stillness of the earth below,—all was in harmony. It was a scene, it was an hour, when two hearts that are drawn together *must* beat in unison.

They sat long side by side: her head was on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist, their hands were clasped in each other. They did not speak much; but the few words he uttered were so whispered as quite unavoidably to force his lips upon her cheek. They needed no words; to them, and such as them, there is a voice in nature,—the pale moonlight, the twinkling stars, the scents of the flowers, the breath of the night-breeze, the stillness of the scene, the distant bell of the cathedral,—all speak to them, and interpret what they only feel.

He held in his hand two small bouquets; one was faded, the other but just plucked. He had that moment gathered, with the dew of the night yet upon them, the pearly orange-flower, the opening rose-bud, the delicate jasmine, the spicy carnation, and the sacred myrtle, to bind together into what the old English bards quaintly termed a "posy," which he placed in the bosom of the fair seraph by his side.

"Look, dearest," said he, "have I not made you a dainty bouquet, in return for the one you gave me at the ball?"

She took the flowers in her hand, and smiling, "How long will you keep *yours*?" said she.

"As long as you will promise me to keep *mine*," was the reply.

"Then say *for ever*!" And she looked at him with all the confidence, all the innocence, all the truth of first love and seventeen.

Vows were exchanged. He *swore*,—and he did not deceive her, for he *believed* what he swore. (How many deceive others, in deceiving themselves!)

"Take care," said she; "there is an ancient superstition recording that vows made beneath the moon's light are always broken."

As midnight struck she stood alone in the moonlight; receding steps were heard in the distance. She leant over the balcony, and, with an upturned look of hope and confidence, pressed the flowers to her bosom. Her hand was on the window,—she turned round once more,—the rays of the moon illumined her placid face and graceful form, and, as she vanished, her lips parted, and she repeated, "For ever!"

CHAPTER III.

"Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità."

SILVIO PELLICO.

I HAD arrived in the middle of a fine October night at V—, and was, the next morning, just about disposing myself for coffee and comfort on my sofa, in dressing-gown and slippers, when the clatter of horses, the sound of loud voices, and the cracking of whips, mixed with the not unfrequent repetitions of "*Dummer Esel!*" and "*Jesus Maria!*" roused me from my proposed tranquillity, and sent me to my window to learn the cause of the disturbance. Opposite to my apartment was a large, handsomely-built house, with its blinds closed and its gate opened. Round the latter were assembled a group of equestrians, consisting of three ladies and seven or eight gentlemen, whose warlike profession might be guessed from their uniforms. The party were apparently waiting for some addition to their numbers, when from under the arch of the *porte cochère* advanced two grooms in handsome liveries, leading by the bridle a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian horse. He bore a side-saddle on his back, and in the corners of the saddle-cloth, instead of a cypher or a crest, were embroidered in green and gold two rose-buds. It was an animal, to all appearance, formed to bear the gentle burthen of a lady's weight; but the tightness with which the curb-chain was drawn plainly showed that the fire of the desert-blood was not extinct in its offspring. In another second the ladies were nodding their heads, the gentlemen lifting their hats, and some of them springing from their steeds, to hasten towards a young and interesting dame, who, from her dress, seemed destined to mount the handsome Arabian.

A long habit of dark green cloth, whose rich folds were gracefully gathered up in her left hand, showed to the greatest advantage the outlines of a remarkably symmetrical and dignified figure. Rather on one side of her head she wore a green and gold embroidered cap, somewhat resembling that of an Hungarian Uhlan, whilst on the other fell down a profusion of rich, heavily-waving, dark hair. Her falling collar was open, and discovered a throat as white and as round as the throats of the daughters of Ossian, when he compares them to the "marble pillars in the halls of Fingal." A tiny mother-of-pearl-handled riding-whip, mounted in gold, which she held in her right hand, completed her handsome, though somewhat singular costume.

Warm greetings were exchanged, some of the cavaliers offered their services to assist her in mounting; but she smilingly shook her head, and proceeded alone towards her horse. One little gloved hand was

on the bridle-rein, the other on the pommel, and in a second she was in the saddle. Hardly had the spirited animal felt the weight of his rider than he threw back his beautiful head, his nostrils expanded, his mane curled, he champed the bit, he pawed the ground, and a long loud neigh welcomed his courageous mistress. Some of the other horses started, the gentlemen smiled, the ladies trembled, the lackeys prepared to help, when one, who had advanced too near, was very quietly laid flat on the pavement by the fore hoof of the Arabian, who, seeming to glory in the confusion his voice had made, reared on his hind legs, and stood nearly upright, lashing his tail, erecting his mane, tossing his head, and neighing with all his might. The alarm was now general for the safety of the rider, who very coolly laying her hand on the courser's arching neck,

"Quiet, Saladin," said she,—“still, sir, this moment—down!”

The creature became tranquil as a lamb, order was restored, and the party moved onwards. All I heard further was a long loud laugh, which came ringing through the morning air, and all I saw was the head of the young Amazon thrown back, her dark hair streaming in the wind, and a set of brilliant white teeth.

“*Donnerwetter!*” exclaimed a stony-faced, crooked-legged, black-gaitered Austrian sentinel, who had seen the whole, and who now opened his unmeaning mouth and eyes, and twisted his huge red moustaches up to his cheek-bones.

The door opened. I left the window. A waiter entered.

“Who was that lady who rides so well?” asked I.

“That is Mademoiselle —,” replied the man.

“Is that *her* house?” said I, on hearing the name of the most celebrated *prima donna* of the day.

“Yes, sir,” answered he. “She is making millions. But *that* is only her name since she came on the stage. Her *real* one is —.”

“My God!” exclaimed I, starting at hearing the well-known name, “can it be possible?”

The man left the room, and I remained with my reflections. I had not seen *her* since her early childhood; but I was sure she would remember my name, though most likely not me. My resolution was taken. I stayed at home, watched the return of the riders, and, as the clocks were striking two, seized my hat and cane, and presented myself at her door.

* * * * *

The room into which I was ushered was large, and furnished in splendour. Preparations were evidently making for a banquet; and, passing no doubt for an invited guest, I was introduced into an apartment already numerously tenanted by persons who to me were all perfect strangers. I had scarcely more than time to reflect upon the awkwardness of my position as an intruder, however involuntary, when the sound of a female voice struck my ear exclaiming,

“Where is he?—where is he? I must see him directly!”

I turned round, and through a rustling curtain of thick orange-coloured silk at the farther end of the room burst a female figure, holding my card in her hand. She paused for a second where she stood, and then with one bound she was at my side, and seizing both my hands,

“Is it really you?” exclaimed she. “Oh! a thousand—thousand times welcome!”

I looked at her earnestly, and at last could not help ejaculating, however strange the compliment might seem,

"By heaven! you are just what you were as a child!"

"What," said she laughing, "as wild?"

"No," replied I, "but as warm-hearted."

After having presented me as an old friend of her family to all her guests,—generals and princes, countesses and ambassadors,—we passed into the dining-room, and placed ourselves at table, where she insisted on my occupying the seat by her side. It was a delightful repast, at which every intellectual as well as every more material appetite was ministered to with the most refined delicacy, and where the sparkles of the flowing wine itself were less brilliant than the flashes of convivial wit. *Her* conversation (kept up in three or four different languages) was sparkling to a degree, and profound when she felt she was understood. Colouring every topic, gilding every theme with her imaginative fancy, she pursued her way through the mazes of every subject of discussion; but that which charmed even more than her versatility and genius, was the total want of vanity or affectation in all she said and did; the modesty and good nature by which she made her own sex forgive her talents, the noble demeanour and the purity by which she forced the other to forget her situation. In the midst of her loudest, wildest mirth, the most unprincipled libertine could not have nourished a hope, or hazarded a look, that propriety would have reproved. She was like the sweetbriar, whose scents embalm the air, but whose thorns prevent the gazer from approaching near enough to be torn by them. I looked at her with wonder and admiration. She had then just completed her twentieth year.

"Nay, my dear Prince," said she, in reply to some remark made by a dark, handsome, though somewhat disagreeable-looking man, "you surely would not attempt to make war upon the lasting force of early impressions?"

"I would certainly maintain," replied he, "that it is only in very weak natures that such can be uneradicable."

"On the contrary," rejoined she, and a tint of deeper colour rose to her cheek and brow, "watch the young tree that has grown in the cleft of a half-ruined tower:—its branches you may cut, its stem you may fell with the axe, but its *root* you will not wrench from its bed; or, if you do, it will be piecemeal, and dragging with it, and demolishing the substance on which it is grafted. And thus there *are* impressions of our youth," continued she, her eyes beaming with inspiration, "which in *some* natures,—I do not say in *all*,—cannot be eradicated without crushing and breaking the heart with whose inmost fibres their roots have been twined."

"The Prince seems convinced," said I to her in a whisper.

"You mistake," answered she with a smile; "he is only confused, and puzzled to know whether *I* am convinced of what *I* have been saying."

At this moment a servant brought her a note.

"Will you allow me?" inquired she; and, having heard the prompt affirmative, she opened and glanced at the contents of the epistle. "Say that it is well, and that I will come," said she to the servant. And, when he had left the room, "So," added she in a half-jesting, half-pouting tone, "because the Grand Duke of — has chosen to arrive here three full weeks before he was expected, and because his

Royal Highness is provokingly pleased to make 'Norma' his favourite opera, I must enact Bellini's heroine to-morrow evening, instead of having a musical party at home; and to-night be done to death by that worst of all slow tortures, a general rehearsal."

Loud and reiterated expressions of delight followed this announcement, in the midst of which she turned to me, saying,

"To-morrow you will have an opportunity of seeing what popularity means in this music-loving capital.

One by one the guests disappeared. I still remained, and in half an hour had heard the whole history of intervening years, and promised to come and see her the next day. Her equipage was at the door to take her to the rehearsal. She threw a cloak over her shoulders, a lace veil over her head, and, as she sprang into the carriage, she again held out her hand to me, saying, "*To-morrow—don't forget!*"

* * * * *

I know not whether it was a foreboding, or what might have occasioned the sensation, but, as I ascended the stone staircase, methought a sharp wind came down through the corridors, that chilled me with an icy touch. The sun shone brightly, but to me it seemed that his rays were pale and cold. I shivered. All was still throughout the house—I *knew* there was a change; and as the servant shut the door, and left me alone in the same room in which I had been the day before, I started, and felt as though a stony weight had fallen on my heart. After a few minutes' reflection, and an effort to laugh myself out of an anxiety I could not explain, a waiting-woman entered, and begged of me to follow her to her mistress's apartment. I wished to speak, and ask her—*what?* I knew not. My tongue was frozen in my mouth—I stared at her; she repeated her request, and I silently followed my silent guide. We passed through the orange-coloured silk curtain into a small vestibule filled with flowers, paved with black and white marble, and through the stained glass window of which the sunbeams shone with softened radiance. At one end was a folding-door, covered with crimson cloth, and studded with brass nails. My conductress opened it, and knocked at the inner portal it concealed. The reply from within was scarcely audible; but the Abigail opened the door, and closed it behind me. I stood rooted to the spot. All my forebodings, all my unaccountable presentiments from the moment I crossed the threshold were explained! In an arm-chair of green velvet sat, or rather reclined, *she* who but four-and-twenty hours ago banded to meet me like a fawn or an antelope!

"O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase."

I looked long and earnestly at her. I saw that a blight had fallen on the young plant. Her cheek, brow, and lips were bloodless; and the smile had fled from her soul back to its parent regions above *for ever*; but I searched in vain for all outward signs of the disorder grief usually brings with it. Her dress, a simple white *peignoir*, was elegant and composed; her hair carefully, purely braided across her forehead. There were neither pocket-handkerchiefs, salts, nor bottles of eau de Cologne about her; but she, in whose veins the blood had run quick and warm as the lava stream down the sides of Vesuvius, was as completely petrified as though the Ægis of antiquity had looked her into stone; thinking, reflecting, moral life was extinct! In the scene of her former mirth and joy she sat like the skeleton of the ancient Egyp-

tian banquets : a habitant of the grave in the midst of the pleasures of life ! If she had fainted, screamed, wept, raved, or torn her hair, I should have breathed more freely ; but this stagnant stillness fell upon my heart as the heavy sluggishness of the sultry atmosphere falls on the senses of the Bedouin when he crosses the Desert, even as the simoom awakes from its couch in the skies. Her spirit had been taken into the cold caverns of misery, and the damp, noisome breath had extinguished its light.

She raised her eyes to mine, but was silent. I gasped, and staggered towards her. I tried to speak ; when from a small mosaic table at her side she took an open letter, and, extending her hand, put it into mine. I half recoiled, for it was like the touch of a corpse. The postmark was C——. I glanced at the contents. The letter fell from my fingers, and I dropped on a chair :—

The Baron de —— was married !

There are times when to attempt consolation would be a mockery. I picked up the fallen letter from the ground, and replaced it mechanically on the table. Some seconds passed in silence : *she* broke it,— and extending her hand to me,—

“ I am more of a man than you are,” said she, with a smile that was like the sick light of the waning moon upon a gravestone. * * *

I could not help remarking the strange mixture of furniture in her *boudoir*, as slight proofs of the various tastes and occupations of the owner. A splendid grand pianoforte formed one principal ornament, with, scattered upon it, piles of instrumental and vocal music by all composers, and in all languages. Books, prints, and drawings in profusion, lay on different tables. By the side of the choicest paintings on the walls hung the most richly-enamelled, fancifully-mounted pistols ; from those fitted for the belt of an Albanian bandit, or the holsters of a Turkish Mamelouck, down to the best English hair-triggers. Riding-whips and fencing-foils were laid by the side of innumerable sheets of paper, covered with both prose and poetry written in a delicate but decided female hand. Powder-flasks, and cases of percussion-caps, kept open the pages of some choice old manuscript ; and fishing-tackle was entangled around a beautifully-inlaid Spanish guitar in a corner. In the window were ranged flowers the most expensive and most rare ; and at *her* feet lay a magnificent and gigantic dog of the dark grey, black spotted, Ulmer stag-hound breed.

On the table at her side lay Schiller's “ Wallenstein's Tod,” open at the scene between Thekla, her mother and father. My eye fell on the page, and I involuntarily uttered aloud,

“ Es ist mein starkes Mädchen ! ”

“ Yes,” said she ; “ but Thekla was happier than I am, for Max Piccolomini was only dead. *She* might accuse Heaven ; but *I* must accuse *him*.”

At this moment the door opened ; a mild, benevolent-looking old man advanced to her side.

“ So, doctor, is it you ? ” murmured she, giving him her hand. “ You have come to visit a patient ; but *I am not ill ;* ” and she looked him firmly and steadily in the face.

“ I fear more than you yourself think,” rejoined he with a marked manner, and watching her scrutinizingly.

After a little conversation, which *she* strove to render general, and

during which the disciple of Æsculapius never withdrew his eyes from her face:—

“What is the hour?” asked he carelessly.

She took from the table a small jewelled watch, which lay there fastened to a chain of gold. With the first glance her countenance underwent a change, although very slight, and with eyes bent on the earth, she murmured hurriedly,

“It is unwound—I forgot it last night.”

The doctor got up, put his hands in his pockets, and walked to the window; compressing his lips, he shook his head as he gave vent to a solitary “Hum!” In a few seconds he turned round, and standing by her chair, put his hand on her head.

“I wish,” said she, “that my *Norma* diadem pressed no heavier on it than your hand, doctor.”

I started. “You surely cannot mean to sing to-night?”

“I had refused it on the plea of indisposition,” answered she; “but look at this.” And she presented to me a note written by a royal hand, and entreating the gifted and idolized singer, as a *personal* favour to royalty itself, not to refuse the display of her rare talents on that night.

“And you mean—”

“To play *Norma* to-night,” said she, before I could finish my question.

“Women,” grumbled the doctor, with a discomfited air, “will pull and pull at the bow till it breaks from over tension. They have in bodily and mental suffering the obstinacy (for I can call it nothing else) of the devil himself, or Charles the Twelfth, when he sat six hours on horseback at the battle of Pultava, with his heel shot off, and the bullet in the wound.”

“I can remember an instance of courage and fortitude in a girl of nine years old,” said I, looking steadfastly at her, and recounting an anecdote she also well recollected, “that I think ranks in proportion equal to that of the Swedish monarch.”

She rose from her seat,—she pressed my hand,—a mournful smile parted her lips, — a long, heavily-drawn sigh escaped her breast, and she said in a low tone as she glided from the chamber,

“*To-day is not my birthday!*”

* * * * *

The theatre was crowded to suffocation. Hundreds were turned from the doors, who had come out of curiosity to hear the *prima donna*, or to stare at the fiery moustaches and grim-visage of the Grand Duke. The boxes were filled with the most beautiful and the most fashionable of V——’s Circe-like daughters, and the house brilliantly illuminated in honour of the royal guest. Majesty at length appeared, and every back was towards the stage. The introduction was finished, the curtain drawn up, and every back was turned to majesty.

As for myself, what I felt at the first note of the orchestra is quite indescribable; I trembled from agitation, fear, and impatience to know even the worst. The atmosphere of light and heat around, and the delicious music, would, at any other time, have made me feel joyous as an insect sporting in a sunbeam on a burning July day. At *that* moment it almost drove me to distraction. “With the ancients,” thought I, “the temple prepared for a sacrifice was decked as for a triumph.

May not the temple of triumph become also the altar for a sacrifice? And the victim?" I shuddered!

The opening chorus was past, — the traitor, *Pollione*, had confessed his guilty passion for *Adalgisa*, when the first tones of the march announcing *Norma's* approach struck the ear. He was gone. The march was again heard, — the priests and virgins appeared. The music ceased, — I involuntarily closed my eyes, — a long, a breathless pause, a deathlike stillness, — and then — a burst of enthusiastic, tumultuous applause told me *she* was there. I opened my eyes, and saw her, in the attitude of a sibyl of old, standing beneath the shade of the sacred druidical oak, her whole form breathing calm, queen-like dignity. I gazed at her with astonishment. The expression of her face was placid and serene. Her long, ample draperies floated around her as the white clouds on an autumn night gather round the virgin moon, half enshrouding her lustre, half enhancing her mysterious beauty. The glances of her large dark eyes flashed from beneath her falling glossy hair, as the firefly at midnight darts and lightens amidst the broad, shining leaves of the laurel. She stood for some seconds as though she would search with looks into the souls of those around her, and drag thought forth from its concealment into light and air, as the magnet draws the needle. At length, folding her marble-like arms upon her breast, she gave utterance to those tones which, once heard, were rarely, if ever, forgotten. Her voice had never been so powerful, so rich, so clear, so magnificent as that night. She seemed to play with it as Nature plays with the wind; sometimes softening it down to a scarcely audible whisper, at others letting it sweep by like a storm-blast. Nothing that she sang appeared *set down* for her to sing; it seemed as though all she did was her's alone, and sprang from the genius of the moment; — it was the Muse of Music, and not Bellini; — it was *Norma* herself, living, breathing, feeling, suffering, hoping; — elevated nearly to the rank of a deity by the spirit of prophecy; inspiring and inspired, and at the same time that she took the feelings of her auditors with her, giving them all her own. She descended from her elevation, advanced into the centre of the stage, and laying her hands on the heads of the kneeling virgins, looked heaven face to face, and prayed. That *was* prayer! not the prayer that *Adalgisa* would have conceived, but the prayer that *Norma* must have felt. The address of an enlightened creature in a world of darkness, who turned to her God because none else could understand her, and who stood unshrinking before him, because she believed in him, and felt that he who created alone could judge her! He who could have called *Norma* impure or unchaste has yet to learn that there is a purity of mind, and a chastity of soul, which in some natures nothing can destroy!

The first scene was past; the stage was cleared. Scarcely had the divine singer retired than she was forced by the reiterated clamours of the enchanted multitude to reappear, and accept from their hands the crowns of laurel and bay they threw at her feet. She raised one to her lips; and I saw a smile tremble in her eyes, which was but a faint reflection of one I had *once* seen before, and *that* was a smile of triumph too! She had smiled then while she suffered; none knew how much she suffered *now*. I only felt it from her smile.

I was only half relieved by her tremendous success, and apparent strength. Another would not have believed that a human being could bear such mental anguish and still exist. I knew *her*; and knew that

that which to another would have been impossible, to her would only cost an effort—but what an effort! Never, as long as I exist, can I forget the matronly grace, the dignified sweetness with which she received the confession of *Adalgisa's* love for the Roman warrior. No longer the exalted, commanding priestess, she was the woman, soft, tender, and angelic; alone with a being who felt what she had felt, who loved as she had loved, but who, for that very reason, she was determined, should not sin as she had sinned. Her protecting hand was raised to save,—to undo the knot, which, loosened, took off from love its unrighteousness, and hallowed it. She turned her eyes to heaven with a look which seemed to me to say: “Maker, if I have erred, forgive me, and take from my hands a soul I have saved for thee.” As the thunder-bolt withers the forest-tree, so did the sudden sight of *Pollione*, at once, and in one second, appear to dry up all the springs of goodness in her heart. She looked at *him* with a glance which would have made the dead quail in their shrouds, and then (but only once) at *Adalgisa*. All was over! her last stronghold was destroyed,—her self-esteem was gone! As long as he was, or she believed him, worthy, she was proud of her devotion; proud that she had sacrificed herself, and based her glory on the conviction that she had nothing more to give up for him; that she had reserved nothing for her own salvation,—that country, religion, and the eternal welfare of her own soul, all, were betrayed, trampled on, and the broken fragments thrown as offerings at *his* feet!—but *now*, that the idol was defamed, disgraced, destroyed, the worship became infamous, she was polluted, and she despised herself. She had been as one walking on glass over the sluggish waters of a bituminous lake, and admiring the reflection of her own self in the mirror,—the glass was shattered,—she started back in horror at the blackness, the noisomeness of that which it had concealed, and the illusion was for ever gone! What had in her been light became now flame,—a ravaging, devouring flame; laying waste all that was young, fresh, and green, and leaving nothing but ashes to mark its path! *Her* acting and singing in this scene were perfectly superhuman; and when the curtain dropped at the end of the act, the tumultuous cries and exclamations made the whole interior of the theatre a complete chaos of sound.

When the curtain drew up for the second act, and the wild, hurried notes of the expressive introduction were past, she appeared,—in her right hand holding the lamp, and with her left clasping the poignard she partly concealed by the arm which crossed her breast. She glided across the stage like the first misty shadow of evening descending on the plain,—noiseless, pale, and sad. Her voice was still the same, beautiful as ever, unaltered in its tone and quality, and, to those who had not seen her in the first act, her acting must have seemed superb; but to me there was something wanting. Her representation of the unhappy and tortured *Mother* was not like her personification of the betrayed *Mistress*; to me, it wanted the reality of the other—the heart-felt depth, the impassioned enthusiasm, which convinced her hearers that every word she uttered sprang from her very inmost soul. The hundreds of admiring spectators around were enchanted; I alone was disappointed and sad, for I felt that all she had hitherto represented was *real*. But as soon as she was no longer the *Mother*, as soon as she reverted to *Pollione*, to her boundless and insulted attachment, as soon as she thought of the noble sacrifice which she was about to make, she

no longer *acted*—she was again herself! The idea of her own self-devotion, of her own destruction for his sake, elevated and inspired her. She was about to expiate her crime upon herself, to suffer for what her pride had suffered—to wash out her blushes with her blood—and she now dared once more to raise her eyes to her own conscience without quailing. She was great again! She esteemed herself, and she was tranquil if not happy. It was with these feelings of superiority that she gave up her children to *Adalgisa*, and entreated her with proud humility to protect them; calm and composed as her own determined mind, so was her expressive countenance. She had bid adieu to life, because life and *Pollione* to her were one. Without him, to have merely existed, was to be a breathing corpse; it was living death! but like those who animate themselves on their death-bed at the physician's smallest hope of recovery, so did she, as eagerly, as feverishly, and as gaspingly snatch at the hope of regaining him who was to her the breath of life. Her excited imagination made hope certainty; she was blind to the almost utter impossibility of success; her reason was engulfed in the wild stream of self-delusion; she saw no chance of failure or treachery; nor the madness of sending the woman *he* loved (and worse, the woman who loved *him*) to bring him back into the arms of her he had abandoned. For her there were no improbabilities; she saw only *Pollione*, the traitor, the faithless, worthless, perjured, and—such is woman!—still adored *Pollione*, at her feet, humbled, awakened to a sense of his dishonour, repentant, loving, and suing for her forgiveness! She did not reflect that with the *light* of love is extinguished its *heat*, that the ashes of passion are not only dead, but cold, and that no spark will relume them. *He* was returning to her—*he* whom she had cursed when she thought him another's—*he*, whose children she would have murdered to wreak vengeance on him for his treachery—*he*, for whose happiness she had been preparing to die—*he* would soon be there, before her, as he was in the first days of their love! And if she hesitated one moment how to receive him, it was not that she doubted *whether* she should forgive him, but how she should give her forgiveness most grace, and pain him least! She, whose pride had been crushed to the earth by conceiving him unworthy, did not feel herself humbled in accepting him, all sullied and unworthy as he was, from the hands and through the prayers of her very rival! She was all hope, all joy, all radiance. She now clasped her children to her bosom, and covered them with the tenderest kisses, for they were *hers* again. All her fondness, all her returning affections were now lavished on *Adalgisa*, and she at the moment scarcely knew *which* she most loved, *her* or *Pollione*! Such is woman! Alas! and such, too, was *she*!

But how different, how changed, how terrific was her look when she found all her hopes deceived, all her plans baffled, when she heard, not only that *Adalgisa's* entreaties had been vain, but that *Pollione* was resolved to possess the young priestess at all costs! Every nerve, every fibre, was strained to defeat his purpose; it seemed as though but half his crime existed so long as its execution could be prevented. The premeditation, the *moral* treachery on his part was now almost forgotten in the determination to frustrate his schemes, and snatch from his grasp the trembling dove who had been fascinated and almost destroyed by the lightning glances of this Roman eagle. *Norma*—the betrayed, insulted, and now, through her own fault, humiliated *Norma*—stood at the foot of the altar of Irminsul, about to immolate the

father of her children, her own white-headed father, the companions of her youth, her country, and herself, on the altar of revenge. Like an enraged lioness, from whom her little ones have been torn, breathing but for destruction, trembling with fury, her voice vibrating with passion, her eyes flashing, her whole frame expanding, longing for carnage, panting for blood, beautiful still, though monstrous, she gave the signal for tumult and slaughter. With the force, and nearly with the cry, of a tigress darting on her prey, did she spring upon *Pollione*, and raise the dagger to plunge into the blackened, perjured heart on which she had once reposed in all the confidence of early love. Her eyes were fastened on the *spot* she meant to strike. She gloated on her vengeance; when suddenly she raised her eyes to gaze on the last expression of life in those where she once had read promises of eternal fondness. That look saved him: had he resisted, had he trembled, had he stooped to entreaty, she would have struck with an arm nerved by contempt, and sent the soul of her victim shrieking to the shades. But his eye steadily, fixedly, coldly, firmly, met hers; no eyeclash quivered; the savage was awed by the aspect of a human being who looked death in the face without turning pale. *Norma* dropped the steel, the *woman* relented. Her next look was one almost of pleasure, at any rate of admiration. He was at least a hero! She touched his hand to feel if it was cold from fear, and a smile of something allied to exultation parted her lips at finding it unchilled. He was worthy of life, and she determined to save him. Left alone with him, the struggle became violent once more between *Norma's* instinctive greatness of soul, and the wild wish to tear *Pollione* from *Adalgisa*, and force him to return to his first love. There was no one by to hear her—no witness of her wounded pride—and she begged, threatened, entreated, cursed, and, at last, gathering all her courage together, resolved to sacrifice herself. He, fearing for *Adalgisa*, would have snatched the fatal weapon; *Norma* felt that nothing but pride could save her, and, alarmed lest she should falter in her great purpose, plunged headlong into the abyss without daring to open her eyes. She with one loud, wild scream, assembled all the priesthood around her; and she, whom they had considered as but little less holy than their Deity, with one word sunk herself to the level of those beings it was a crime to pity, a virtue to despise. She shrouded her face in her hair, as though she felt her sacerdotal veil were something too sacred to be employed for such a purpose, and the loudness of tone with which she pronounced her own condemnation, and her hurried actions, sufficiently showed how much she felt all depended on her forced exaltation, how she trembled for her own strength, and how little she dared trust herself to be natural.

Up to this point I had been carried away by her acting and singing, which were both sublime; but, at the moment when she turned to *Pollione* to commence the beautiful and heart-rending final duet, she waved her hand, and passing beyond him, almost to the proscenium, I observed a vacant stare in her eyes, and a look of wildness which considerably alarmed me. The *Maitre de Chapelle* looked astonished, but as she did not move from the attitude in which she had placed herself, nor once vary the position of her eyes, which seemed fixed upon some object visible only to her, he at length gave the signal for commencement. At the first tones of the orchestra she slightly started, and I discerned something like a gasp of pain in the throat.

“ Qual cor tradisti
Qual cor perdesti,”

murmured a voice which seemed as though it were born in the air, so little did *her* lips move. The words were not understood by those around; they stared in astonishment; the affrighted *Kapellmeister* stopped, and I distinctly heard him whisper in German. “ You are forgetting—you are singing in Italian.” She raised her hand tremblingly to her head, and gasped again as though for breath. The orchestra again began; and again the same voice murmured the same words, but heavier, thicker, and with more difficulty of articulation. The chorus looked puzzled, the orchestra stopped; she still continued. Her eyes were starting from their sockets, her lips swollen and blue, the muscles of her throat horribly distended, and her bosom heaving for want of breath. Her voice became husky and almost inaudible. To me all was instantaneously evident. The sacred fire of intellect which had so long and so lustroously burnt in the vase of life, was suddenly extinguished; the oil which had fed it was dried up, and nought but the vase remained; alas! how soon to be broken and dashed down on its parent earth for ever! The affrighted actors huddled themselves into a group in one corner of the stage, the whole theatre was in confusion, royalty had fled from the scene of mental misery, men hid their eyes, women shrieked and fainted, all hurried to the doors, and the crush was horrific. In the midst of the confusion, *she* still continued her low murmuring kind of declamation—my ears and eyes were so stedfastly fixed on her that I heard every word. At last, with a gasp that seemed to burst her very heart-strings, and a look of bitter anguish I shall never forget, she uttered, in a tone of voice that made people shiver as they stood, the last words of the duet:

“ Io ti perdono—crudel!”

and clasping her hands convulsively on her breast, with one long, quivering cry, she sank lifeless on the ground. A slight muscular convulsion passed over her limbs, and all was still; but that last loud note of wail had borne to my ears a word no one there understood but me. She had uttered *his* name!

The curtain fell—it had fallen on the drama of *her* life some hours before! A horrible tumult ensued. How I escaped I scarcely know, nor was I aware of my own identity of existence, till I found that I was at the farther end of the town, and drenched to the skin by a heavy and continued shower of rain, that had been pelting during the whole evening.

That night was the last time I saw *her*, until I was thrown into a reverie by the apparition of a female figure in a white dress in the *Allée des Soupirs* at Baden-Baden.

CHAPTER IV.

“ It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?”

BYRON—*The Corsair*.

IT was one night in the very middle of January, between ten and eleven o'clock,—the winds were howling fearfully without,—I was sitting in my small and extremely comfortable apartment in the *Englischen Hof*, my feet resting on the polished brass drawer, half filled with cinders, which projected sufficiently beyond the perpendicular line of the china *poêle* to afford me a very comfortable footstool. On a table at my side lay a packet of cigars, fresh imported from the

Havannah ; beside them glistened a glass jug of Bavarian beer, clear, sparkling, and bright as liquid amber. I was occupied in picturing to myself the delights of a January night in one's own room, alone with one's own fancies, and the certainty of remaining uninterrupted,—cold, wind, and snow without, heat and light within, cigars to smoke, *Baierisches bier* to drink, large slippers in which to expand one's pedal extremities, and *nothing to do!* except to relieve guard with the right foot when the left one is so burnt at the tip as to make one cry out when, touching the ground, it again comes in contact with the hot sole. Just as I had applied my cigar to the flame, my door suddenly and unceremoniously opened, the intruder not having waited for the customary "*Herein!*" The man who entered stammered out a few words of such appalling import, that in less time than it would take to tell it, I found myself following my guide through snow two feet deep, and still heavily falling, without an umbrella. We hurried on under the arcades of the *Schloss Platz*—that same *Schloss Platz* where ——— but what of that?—five years had elapsed since then. In a few minutes we were in the *Stephanien Strasse*, and my guide, stopping at the *porte cochère* of a large handsome-looking house, with a balcony, turned round, and perceiving me at his elbow, entered. We proceeded noiselessly up the staircase, he knocked at a door on the left, a female opened it ; they exchanged a few words in a low tone of voice, and at length the woman, holding a small lamp in her hand, stepped from her trenchment, and beckoned me to follow her. We recollected one another ; I knew her face, she remembered mine. She had once before led me to the chamber of sorrow and desolation.

"*Ach! Gott! lieber Herr von —!*" uttered she with a sigh, as she ushered me into her apartment. The lamp, covered by a green shade, threw a ghastly light round the room, which enabled me to discover the animate and inanimate objects in it. The furniture was richer than is usual in the handsomest houses in that part of Germany ; soft carpets on the floor, and draperies of silken damask round the windows. In an alcove opposite the stove was a bed hung with dark, heavy, crimson silk. On that bed lay two things—a magnolia flower, and a woman. Of the two, the flower was the living thing, the woman the cut blossom ! I advanced to the bed. *She* lay there, still and tranquil as a marble statue ; so utterly without evidence of vitality that I should have taken her for a corpse had it not been for her eyes ; they were wide open, and seemed to look at nothing, and through everything. A cloud of dark, matted hair fell carelessly and neglectedly about the pillow, and descended in long tresses upon the bed. Her cheeks were sunk into two deep hollows, the nose sharply pinched, the mouth discoloured, and round the temples a sort of livid shade, that looked damp and clammy as the columns of stone in a ruined church. To ascertain whether she still breathed, I placed my hand upon her heart. The touch seemed to strike on some sympathetic nerve, for at the same instant I felt a flutter beneath my hand like that of a caged moth in its last moments of agony, and a deep, hollow, broken voice murmured,—

"I am not *yet* dead. I have nearly an hour to live."

Her lips had not spoken, her eyes had not looked ; but I knew the voice was hers, for I *felt* it at her heart. I started back with horror, at the frightful import of her words.

"You think it is very long to suffer," said she, at last directing her eyes to mine, and trying to smile,—“but *he* cannot come sooner. After all,” added she, grasping my hand with her emaciated, wax-like fingers,—“after all, what is an *hour* to you, who yet count by *days*, and who reckon time by the rotatory motion of a needle on a round piece of gold? You cannot know what it is—sixty minutes! and in each minute as many seconds,—and each second counted by a drop of blood, and a sensation the less; when the brain and the heart form the two globes of the hour-glass, and the sand of life flows from one into the other, and then stops its course for ever! When one feels a thought, a sensation, a vital spark of intelligence in the brain, turning, as it were, into matter, dissolving into a drop of blood, and falling down on the heart to stagnate and congeal, till every pulsation be still! * * * I wonder what *the last* is like! * * * But I must bear it,” continued she, with a look of painful impatience, “for *he* cannot be here sooner.”

I was astonished beyond measure to observe her entirely free from the symptoms of insanity I had so recently lamented. She apparently read my thoughts, for she suddenly recommenced speaking.

“You do not know *all*,” said she. “There was a time—I do not myself remember how long,—during which I was insensible to every bodily sensation, except that of cold, which made me sad, and a sunny summer evening, when I was, if anything, more melancholy still. Except these slight sensations, I was happy—perfectly happy, and waited patiently for *his* arrival day after day, and month after month; but the charm is broken now. Two days ago I lost those flowers—*his* bouquet;—and instantaneously my dream was over; and—” continued she, “I remember; I know *all now!*”

Her last words were uttered with such difficulty, and so convulsively, that I feared life would scarcely remain beyond the sigh which escaped her at the conclusion of her sentence. I was mistaken; and in a moment she continued in a lower, weaker tone of voice,—

“They tell me *his wife* is now very beautiful. I knew her once, in the world; but then no one spoke of her beauty; and she was too young, too much a child, to have attracted *his* notice. I never thought at those times that—”

She closed her eyes, and a shudder passed over her limbs.

“Do you think *she* will prevent *his* coming to-night?” asked the poor sufferer, with an expression of doubt and horror on her still interesting face. “*He* surely would come, at all events;—he cannot have forgotten *all!*—and then, he has so many *years* of happiness before him to ask *her* forgiveness, and but *one second* to close in death the eyes of her whose heart is broken, and broken for *him!* He will come!—I know, I feel he will! He cannot let me die without seeing him!—*To die!*” ejaculated she, “and never—*never* see him more!—*never! never!*” And, striking her clasped hands upon her forehead, she gave utterance to one of those heart-rending, horrible exclamations, which make one imagine despair must be best personified in sound.

It would be in vain attempting to describe the agony I felt at witnessing the state to which an unfortunate and too-obstinately-rooted attachment had reduced the brilliant and inspired being whose wreck lay before my eyes. That proud head, over which but two-and-twenty summers had passed, that I had once seen raised in swan-

like dignity and grace, laid low by the stroke of the Angel of Death, and that noble brow already discoloured by the shadow of his wing! But, worst of all, the intellectual part — her mind, her talents, her genius, the immortal part of her,—all reduced to nothing—to almost worse than nothing! and for what? for whom? Alas!

In the midst of my sad reflections I was interrupted by the sound of her voice.

“Do you see that magnolia at my feet?” said she; “if you ever felt kindly towards me, listen. When I am dead—” she stopped for breath, — “when I am dead, tell *him* to place it in my hair, and to let it go with me to the grave. I know I am but a strange, wild creature, and that you will scold me; but,” continued she, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, “I want to know whether the dead can feel. Oh! if they can, I shall not be alone in the grave; the flower whose soul is born from *his* touch will decay with me.”

At this instant a noise of something like the tramping of horses in the street attracted my attention. The noise ceased. At the same moment she started up in her bed, and extending her arms towards the door, tried to give utterance to what appeared to suffocate her; but in vain. The veins on her brow swelled almost to bursting; her lips became black, and from her throat came the death-like sound of a horrible rattle. At length, after an effort which seemed to tear asunder the last-remaining fibres of her existence, she shrieked out *his* name, — and then, in the same unnatural tone of voice, — “*He* is come! — *He* is here!” screamed she. “Oh! quick — quick! make haste! — but one moment!” — She clasped her hands, and with a last violent effort, “Almighty God! let me — let me — see him — Almighty —” The word unfinished, she fell back heavily upon the pillow, and in the last gurgle I caught the words, “*Too late!*”

The door opened, and there entered two beings—a dog and a man. Both stopped a second at the door, and then the dog, with a long, piteous cry of distress, darted forwards, sprang on the bed, and crouching down at the feet of the dead, continued whining most bitterly. The man turned, and bowed somewhat confusedly to me.

All was over; and regret would have been useless. Remorse was not possible, for there was no consciousness of a fault. The murderer and his victim were in that chamber face to face, yet the assassin deemed himself innocent of crime. Blindfold he gave the mortal wound, and knew not that death would follow; or rather—like so many others — he had destroyed the being who lived but for him, merely because he was not sufficiently aware of the truth of that remark made by an illustrious female-writer,* that “Love, which for man, is but an episode of his life; for woman, is the whole drama.”

I showed him the magnolia, and told him *her* wish.

“What a strange idea!” said he calmly.

He advanced to the bed, and as he took the flower the dog uttered a low growl, and crouched closer to the corpse. The magnolia flower was placed on her head; and, whether it was fancy or a muscular convulsion, I know not, but I thought that at the moment *he* touched her, she quivered.

Poor —! Perhaps her wish was granted!

The lamp went out.

* Madame de Staël.

GRIMALDI.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

HERE we are! attempting to give a short memoir of Joe Grimaldi. As well might we attempt to write the life of Napoleon on our thumb-nail, or a full description of an overture, with the hope of conveying the sound. What pen can tell you how funny he was?—or the width of his mouth, or the roll of his eye, which have never been equalled? The very breadth of his humour widened materially all the mouths of the lucky boys of his time, far beyond the conception of the laughers of this day.

Whenever you see a happy, broad-grinning, apple-faced old gentleman, full of jollity, and a gamboller with children, be sure that he lived in the days of Grimaldi, and also considers it a blessing that he did so.

Inexhaustible was the fun of this Momus of our boyhood. His tricks were not scraped together for twelvemonths, to be doled out for a few short weeks at Christmas. He disdained such parsimony. He held his revels all the live-long year, and then was unable to get rid of all his fun in one pantomime, the giant! He would play in two nightly, and still have lots of funny faces to give to poor boys gratuitously out of his carriage-window, as they followed him in crowds from one temple of fun to the other.

The face opposite is painted by a Raven, and, with all its ability, is worse than nothing; for no one could paint his face but himself. A skeleton would be as like a living man as this is like Joey. It is the blank canvas upon which he painted his own unrivalled fun! Look upon this picture!—would anybody suppose that a wink from that serious-looking eye would convulse a whole house of old and young, and make them, as it were, the confederates to his rogueries and petty larcenies?—or that that pursed-up mouth could swallow with perfect facility a hamper of carrots and greens, or a large tray of tarts? No! Then how is it possible to describe anything indescribable? A memoir of funny faces is therefore impossible.

Joey Grimaldi—for to call him Mr. Joseph Grimaldi would be ridiculous—Mr. Buonaparte or Mr. Shakspeare would not be more so—for he was Joey as a boy, and Joey did he remain until he died, and was as equally great as the aforesaid gentlemen in his way.

Joey, then, was born in the merry Christmas time of 1779, and born to keep the world laughing until he went out of it: and such was his desperate hurry to begin his vocation, that at the age of *one year and eleven months* he tumbled into the world of fun and humour, and threw the aforesaid comic world into such an unprecedented shout of laughter, that the serious and the wise were startled by it, and walked out to reprove the noisy revellers. But, as they looked upon the cause, the length departed from their faces, the colour rushed into their laughter-swollen cheeks, and they were forced to use up all care's wrinkles to keep them from bursting, and Joey claimed them all as his own.

This is all that it is possible to say of his fame; for, as was the first scene, so was it to the end of his career. He was born, played



Wm. W. Woodcock

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the fool, and died, regretted by all who ever knew him, either as a man or a fool; for as a fool he had set a noble example to wise men.

His love, and early marriage — for love was not to be fooled — speaks highly for his probity and honour, when placed in a situation of great temptation. The ready acquiescence of his father-in-law, and manager, Mr. Hughes, to his marriage with his accomplished daughter, the great difference of station being considered, is an unanswerable testimony to the great esteem in which he was held for his kindly-heartedness and well-regulated conduct in a profession most dangerous to both.

His death, which took place on the 31st of May, 1837, and in his fifty-eighth year, was sudden and unexpected. The closing days of his life were calm and cheerful, and lightened by a circle of esteemed old friends — although, like all other mortals, however gifted, he had had his seasons of severe trouble and affliction, the particulars of which can only be given in a lengthened memoir. In a trifling sketch like this you can merely, like an epitaph, say when he was born and when he died, with a few words of well-deserved praise.

To those who never saw him, description is fruitless; to those who have, no praise comes up to their appreciation of him. We therefore shake our heads with other old boys, and say, "Ah! you should have *seen* Grimaldi!"

A. C.

THE LOVE TOKEN.

Thy heart is full of blissful hope,
Of love and truth, dear maid;
Thy eyes return his raptur'd look,
Half trusting, half afraid;
And, fluttering in his hardy palm,
Thy little hand is prest!
While many a wild, delicious hope
Throbs in thy snowy breast!

Oh! woman's love is not as man's—
He turns aside awhile,
To cheer Ambition's thorny road
With woman's sunny smile;
But she embarks her all in love,
Her life is on the throw—
She wins, 'tis bliss supreme!—she fails,
Unutterable woe!

Then, maiden, pause, thy destiny
Hangs trembling in the scale;
Tomorrow, neither wish nor hope,
Nor vain regrets avail!
Oh! angels in this troth-plaint hour
May stop, and from the sky
Look down, and listen breathlessly
To hear that low reply.

E. M. S.

MR. TONKS AND HIS GREAT CHRISTMAS FAILURE.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

MR. TONKS was an eminent retail tea-dealer, as well known in the City as the Exchange grasshopper, the Bank beadle, or the generous gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, who have done nothing all their lives but buy dressing-cases and penknives at the open auction in the Poultry. He was portly in his person, and spoke with an air of immutable reliance upon his own opinion. He was a smart tradesman, and very close-fisted, but his name was as good as any in London. In fine, Mr. Tonks was as much esteemed and disliked, as any man, in any kind of position — so long as it is a position—may expect to be.

The establishment in which Mr. Tonks daily amassed his wealth was something wonderful to behold; especially so to country visitors. There was tea enough, shovelled about in the windows, to make you believe that the three hundred and fifty millions of Chinese who made up the last census, had been actively engaged, day and night for a twelvemonth, without ever going to-bed, in collecting it, and had not got through their work even then. And the coffee-mill — there was a monster machine! It resembled one of those dreadful engines used in pantomimes to grind aged individuals into youths and maidens; and if the old man who was perpetually turning it had tumbled in by accident, nobody would have been at all surprised to have seen him come out a little boy, in a paper cap and shirt-sleeves, at the spout, after a single revolution.

The row of gaudy canisters were vividly embellished with scenes of every-day life in the Celestial Empire. Mr. Tonks said, they explained the process of tea-growing, but he might have said, they portrayed writing for shares, conjuring, or doing penance, with equal certainty, for nobody could have contradicted him, even in the very faces of the ladies and gentlemen so cunningly limned. Their chief occupation seemed to be standing in uncommonly painful and dislocated attitudes, as if they had got something down their backs they did not like: watching their friends and relatives carrying pails and gig-umbrellas: or sitting down to a table with nothing on it except a teacup—an article not giving great promise of rollicking festivity.

And then the young men—real gentlemen, without doubt: perhaps officers come to distress — why, bless you, they attracted as many people inside the shop as the bowing mandarins in the window arrested the passers by without. You could see them through the open doors putting up endless pounds of the celebrated orange-flavoured Pekoe at four shillings, (which there was such a struggle amongst the nobility to possess,) writing upon them, banging them about on the counter, and then pitching them into the division for the phantom consumers in the imaginary Dulwich district, where the visionary van would go on Tuesday, in a careless manner, that quite looked as if they regarded the tea no more than the humblest leaflet that ever trembled on its hedge-stalk. And the balloons so brilliantly lighted at night; the caddies and card-pools; with the old nobleman addicted to corpulency lolling their tongues, as they reposed on heaps of Congou; and the emaciated dervishes, who were

posted about the mounds of Hyson, altogether made an opposition Chinese Collection, which had the additional advantage of being a gratuitous exhibition entirely.

Well: in this sumptuous establishment Tonks and Company—the ‘company’ consisted of his wife and daughter—flourished several years; for they were well to do, and better each Christmas. Their notions expanded. Gravesend gave place to Margate, Margate to Ramsgate, and Ramsgate to the French coast. Miss Tonks was moved from the day-school in the Hackney Road to Miss Turnham’s academy at Chiswick, and then to Miss Burton’s ‘*Pension*’ at Boulogne. Then Mr. Tonks became various great things in the City: he used to talk a little and eat a great deal at Guildhall, and once went before the Queen; and at last he retired from trade altogether, and bought a large estate in the lower part of Surrey, where he determined to reside, and for the rest of his life do the Old English Gentleman line of business.

The house he purchased was a fine old place; it had long been the home of one of the county families, now extinct. It had tall twisted chimneys and heavy-mullioned windows; a porch, a terrace, and a large hall; a staircase that you might have driven a coach and four up—if the horses had been Astley’s platform ones, and didn’t mind climbing—and weathercocks—my goodness, what a lot! If each wind from every point of the compass had taken one as its own private vane, not to answer to any other, which was the case with most of them, there would still have been several to spare. The old patriarchal one over the hall appeared to have blown to seed, and all the atoms had taken root on the tiles, and sprung up by scores, wherever they chose, their total immobility reducing the amateur in meteorology to the primitive process of throwing up straws to satisfy his curiosity—an established, and at the same time a diverting experiment.

Mr. Tonks had money, which the extinct family who lived there before had not; and the house was soon put in order. Relics of Elizabethan furniture were manufactured for him by the old curiosity dealers, at a day’s notice; and more ancestors took their departure from Wardour Street than had ever before migrated from that musty locality. The most important of these, Sir Humphrey de Tonkes, who fought at ‘Azincour,’ was put at the top of the staircase, and his armour was set up in the hall, on a dummy, supposed to represent the warrior, which had a propensity to lean forward in rather a drunken attitude than otherwise, giving a notion of the knight, as he might have been supposed to have appeared when trying to keep on his legs with the aid of his spear, in the lists, after violently indulging in strong drinks, according to the fashion of the dark ages. The other relatives, preserved in oil, were hung here and there, and about: the most reputable paintings holding the best places,—which is not always the case in picture-hanging, as may be seen any fine day in summer for a shilling, in London. And so they made a goodly line, from the great Humphrey just spoken of, to the small children in their quaint straight dresses, who looked as if they might all have been taken up and rung like so many hand-bells.

The people in the neighbourhood soon began to call. First the doctor came, then the clergyman, and afterwards some of the families. These last were more tardy:—for country aristocracy is cau-

tious, having very little, in the abstract, to assume high ground upon, beyond conventional position, and consequently being fearful of more easily jeopardizing it. But old Lady Hawksy, who hunted up every body from whom available advantages were to be pumped, or otherwise secured, called at last, and all the rest followed, like ducks going to water, or sheep through a hedge. And then Mr. Tonks made up his own mind, as well as his wife's and daughter's, that it was time for the Old English Gentleman to come out strong.

Annie Tonks — it was not a very pretty name, but that could not be altogether considered as her fault — was very nice-looking: I don't know how it is, but I never knew an Annie that was not. I may be prejudiced, but I can scarcely think so. Her father already calculated upon her making a good match — good, that is to say, in point of connexion; — in return for which he would advance money. And according he gave days of shooting to all eligible young men, and got them to his house afterwards. But Annie, though exceedingly courteous, never gave any of them the slightest encouragement; at which her father was first surprised, and then annoyed. Possibly he would have been more so, had he known that a certain young lawyer, whom his daughter had met at that paradise of autumnal philanderings, Ramsgate, stood a far better chance — in fact, the *affaire du cœur* had almost been put beyond one — of becoming Annie's future husband, than the son of the sheriff, or Lady Hawksy's nephew, or any of the other elder brothers that Mr. Tonks wished would enter his family. And this young lawyer, whose name was Frederick Walcöt, was the most impudent fellow imaginable. He would come to the house in spite of all Mr. Tonks's gruff receptions; and never took hints to go, or that he was not wanted; and always kept so close to Annie that there was little room for anybody else to come near her. In fact, with him the young lady was as effectually guarded as the showman in describing his view of the battle of Trafalgar points out Lord Nelson to have been — "s'rounded by Captain Hardy."

In former days there was only one line of Old English Gentlemen to take up — now there are several. There is the virtuous-indignation Old English Gentleman, who makes speeches about the "wrongs of the poor man," and "nature's nobility," and maintains the right of the labourer to knock down fences, trespass on preserves, and steal game that he has no right to, whenever he pleases, the Old Gentleman in question not having any preserves of his own, of course. Then there is the Young England Old English Gentleman, who being as proud as Lucifer, gives a ball once a year to his servants and tenants, and apes humility in a manner wonderful to behold, but keeps his own circle about him most religiously, with the silver forks and superior soup at the top cross table, to show the common people, after all, that this is but condescension on his part, and that the clay of which they are formed is but crockery to the porcelain of his own set. Then there is the Squire-like Old English Gentleman, who can talk of nothing but dogs and horses; shouts and bawls whenever he speaks, makes his friends drink as much wine as he chooses to swill himself, and appears to put his children and pet animals all on the same level — a descendant of the Western genus still existing. And there is also the High Church Old English Gentleman, and his opponent the Low Chapel Old English Gentleman,

with a score more if we cared to name them. And, lastly, the Old English Gentleman properly so called, who belongs to a good family, keeps up a good establishment, cultivates good connexions, but at the same time shows great attention to many who are a step below him on the ladder of station, who adopt the courtesy and refined manners of his circle, handing them in turn still lower, and so diffusing in all grades that etiquette without which the barrier of society would be knocked down altogether, and "nature's nobility" might honour us with their company to hob and nob whenever they pleased, which would be a great and glorious thing in the eyes of a philanthropical high-pressure-epithet literary gentleman, but not altogether so agreeable in reality.

Mr. Tonks debated for a long time what sort of Old English Gentleman he should be, and at last thought an amalgamation of certain features from all these classes, with Young England uppermost, would be the best of all. And, as the year was drawing to its close, he decided upon giving a Christmas entertainment to his neighbours in the old style at a great expenditure; and so assume a place with the best of them, and marry Annie to the son of the sheriff, or Lady Hawksy's nephew, or any other of the elder brothers.

By the assistance of "Hone's Every-Day Book," and the four-and-sixpenny edition of "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes," Mr. Tonks soon found out how Christmas ought to be kept. He determined upon having mummers, a fool, and a wassail bowl; there would also be a yule log, a hobby horse, and a dragon; and he also decided upon a 'wodehouse,' or a 'salvage man,' who, according to the book, should "dysporte himself with fireworks" amongst the company. But this latter character was discarded at the express desire of Mrs. Tonks who thought squibs and book-muslin dresses, "which as they kiss, consume," would not go very well together; and that, although violent delights might be thereat produced, they would have equally violent ends, and die in their triumph.

Old Lady Hawksy was the first who accepted the invitation: in consequence of which, by a bold stroke of policy, the Tonkses put their carriage at her disposal for a week, that she might drive round to all her acquaintances and say she was going, whereby they would be induced to come. And this had the effect—for, whether from curiosity, condescension, love of gaiety, or politeness, everybody 'had great pleasure in accepting,' &c. and the heart of Mr. Tonks swelled with pride, as that of his wife did with maternal speculation, when they thought upon their guests comprising all the gentry of the neighbourhood, and those designated in circulars merely as 'inhabitants,' especially Lady Hawksy's nephew, who was in the Guards, and whom Mrs. Tonks loped would bring some brother officers, and that they would all come in their soldiers' clothes, and look as ferocious and imposing as their partners would permit. No invitation was to be sent to Frederick Walcot: this was expressly insisted on. And yet, somehow or another, curiously enough, he contrived to know all about the party, as we shall see.

Mr. Tonks was determined for once to make a splash. The supper was to come down in light vans from Gunter's: the music from Jullien's: and the mummers and hobby-horse from Nathan's—at least their outward gear.

The guests were to dance in the hall, and refect in the dining-

room, whilst the fool was to say clever things everywhere all the evening. For this purpose, Mr. Tonks engaged a witty man at a salary of thirty shillings, who was an actor at one of the minor theatres, and used to conjure and show a magic lantern at his parties when Annie was a little girl. The frame of Sir Humphrey de Tonkes was decked out with holly. His armour was polished up until it looked so new that you would never have believed it had been worn at Agincourt: and the feathers from Mrs. Tonks's own bonnet were put in the helmet—handsome drooping ones, quite ready to go to court on the shortest notice. And so, at last, all was ready and the evening arrived.

Frost and snow are no longer attributes of Christmas. They used to be, but fog and floods have long since taken their places, and did so more especially on the evening of Mr. Tonks's party. But most of those invited kept carriages. He sent his own for old Lady Hawksy; but her nephew preferred driving over in a dog-cart from the barracks: and those who did not, got frys from the nearest town, so that all arrived pretty well.

Mrs. Tonks received the guests in the drawing-room. She had been at Guildhall on various Lord Mayor's days, and took her ideas of receptions generally from the ceremonies observed on that occasion, in consequence of which she exhibited much dignity: and when this was done they passed on to the hall, admired the pictures, made cutting remarks in a low tone, and waited for what came next.

But the worst was, that that for a long time, nothing did come. The young people had all got engaged—that is to say, only for the dances: and Annie was to open the ball—which is a ceremony we do not precisely understand, seeing that a ball is generally opened by twenty young ladies simultaneously, in the first quadrille—with old Lady Hawksy's nephew; but the music had not arrived. What could be the reason? Jullien was a man of his word, and Mr. Tonks had expressly engaged him on an evening when his theatre would be occupied by those kind-hearted gentlemen who are going to give everybody quartern loaves for a halfpenny a piece. And he had moreover arranged that he should put his band in the hall-gallery, where he might have crackers, double-barrelled guns, horse-whips, red-fire, and a cat and a terrier in one hamper, to give the effects in his various quadrilles with proper force, as well as the garden engine for a new set called *L'Orage*, in the finale of which, a real shower of rain was to fall on the heads of the guests; to be followed by the *Parapluie Polka*. What could have become of him? It was very odd!—so it was. However, something must be done; and accordingly the Mummers were ordered into the hall, to carry on time until the music came. But the entrance of Mummers without music is in itself a slow proceeding, and not productive of much mirth. The young ladies looked at the odd dresses—mostly *moyen age* costumes, with large heads, which preserved that comical expression of stereotyped hilarity, perfectly uninfluenced by circumstances, we notice in pantomimes, and said “How droll, to be sure;” and the great neighbours looked coldly at one another as much as to ask “What does all this mean?” and then the excitement caused by their entrance was over. The absence of the music was the death of everything. The polka could not be danced between the Stag and

the Railway King, who was to be dressed with a tall hat like the chimney of a locomotive. The Hobby-Horse capered about the hall; and hit people on the head with a bladder tied to a stick, at which some laughed the first time, but voted it stupid the second; and the dragon was very tame indeed. He kept in a corner of the room, close by Annie, all the evening, and appeared to be her own especial dragon in waiting.

Mr. Tonks got frantic. He dispatched everybody available from his house in all directions, with lanterns and keepers' fuses to look after the music. He ran in and out of the hall upon fictitious business, and was at one time found cowering in the passage, all by himself, fearing to face the yawning company who were gradually relapsing into solemn silence; and at last gave orders that the Fool should go into the hall and be funny. But the Fool proved as great a failure as everything else. Nobody cared to say anything to him to draw him out, and if they had, the chances were that he would not have come. For he had formed his character upon the models offered by Christmas clowns, and when he had said "Here we are again!" and "I'm a looking at you!" or "Here's somebody coming!" which are not witticisms productive of great merit upon frequent repetition, he could do nothing more but crow like a cock, a performance not altogether devoid of merit in its proper place—the House of Commons or the Opera omnibus-box, for example,—but not calculated to throw people into convulsions in formal private society.

Everything was now at a dead standstill, The Yule Log, which had been hewn from the freshly-excavated trunk of a tree, would not burn anyhow, but sulked upon the hearth, spitting and sputtering, as though it was hissing the failure of the entertainments, and filling the hall with smoke. It was too early for the Wassail Bowl, for the company had barely finished tea; and, although Mrs. Tonks rushed about with packs of cards amongst the guests, entreating them to draw one and form a rubber, everybody declined except old Lady Hawksy's nephew, who laboured under an impression that the mistress of the house was about to exhibit some conjuring tricks, and having taken a card, expected to be asked to look at it and return it where he pleased, previous to its being discovered in an egg, or a workbox, or perhaps a pancake. But on finding out that this process was merely a trap to bottle him up in a room, away from everything and everybody except two or three bits of quality tumbled into decay, who were to make up the rubbers with him, he returned it immediately without looking at it, with much alacrity, assuring Mrs. Tonks that he never played anything but skittles, adding that he should be very happy to do so directly if there were any that could be brought into the hall.

At length, in his agony of despair, Mr. Tonks assembled his retainers in the housekeeper's room, and asked if anybody could play any instrument whatever. Yes! one could: lucky thought! Tom the helper knew the fiddle. Tom the helper was the graceless ne'er-do-well of the village; and confined the sphere of his utility chiefly to the stables of "The Tonks Arms," an hostelry adjoining the Hall, which had been promoted to an inn, *vice* the beer-shop of "The Crooked Billet." On this eventful evening, Tom had come to the house to assist; and had so proved the hospitality of the kitchen,

that, in his present state of self-glorification, he would have offered to have played anything, even had it been the sackbut, or any other defunct instrument with the nature of which even the most ancient subscribers to the "Ancient Concerts" are unacquainted. As it was he went and got his fiddle, which was a marvellous thing to look at, having been made by himself out of tin, for the sole use of the benefit club in the village; and being arrayed in a spare livery-coat, was put up in the gallery with an enormous jack of strong beer which, by some perversion of his comprehensive faculties, he called "his rossum," and told to begin whatever he knew.

But Tom's knowledge was limited. In vain the company suggested the Chatsworth Quadrilles, the Bouquet Royal Waltz, the Annen or Bohemian Polka; they might as well have called for the particular air to which Doctor Faustus caused his scholars, under fear of the whip, to perform that remarkable dance from Scotland into France, and subsequently into the Peninsula, before he whipped them back again; although how they contrived to surmount the various engineering difficulties on the route is by no means satisfactorily proved. But this by the way. Tom did not know these, but he knew the "Tank" and "Money Musk," together with a mysterious air, which he termed "Hunches of puddun and lumps of fat," and which nobody was bold enough to call for, the name being an unpleasant one, not to say offensive. So the "Tank" it was obliged to be; and before it had been played one minute, Lady Hawksy's nephew found out it was a capital Polka tune; whereupon he rushed up to Annie, and almost without asking her, he whirled her off in the back-step across the hall, and was followed directly by a dozen couples, who had got wearied to death from inactivity, and went into it like mad. But, in the second round, the Dragon, who had all this time sulked in the corner, crept into the circle, and in the most awkward manner contrived to get right in the way of Lady Hawksy's nephew, and trip him over, which feat being accomplished, he crept back again to the corner, and Annie, by some means or another, hurt her foot in this very round, and could not dance any more, retiring to her old seat, and begging her cavalier would find another partner.

The people went on dancing; and it was astonishing what they adapted "The Tank" to. It was played on continuously for the quadrilles, but for the waltz was rather difficult, until somebody proposed the *Valse à deux temps*, which, not depending upon any tune at all, but being entirely danced at the will of the company, was a good introduction. But all the time the "rossum" was doing its work; and after gazing at the dancers for some time in bewildered surprise, Tom threw his fiddle down into the hall, through the chandelier, swearing "he'd be jiggered"—the precise meaning of the participle was not clearly understood—"if he played no more; they beat all the club people he ever know'd!"

There was terrible confusion; and it is said that some young ladies who had eligible partners fainted right off in their arms. Mr. and Mrs. Tonks were aghast; they stood at first speechless, and then each called for Annie at the same time, in some vague desire to collect their home forces around them, as if they feared an attack from the indignant visitors. But Annie was nowhere to be found. She had suddenly disappeared; and the Dragon had disap-

peared also; and all was speechless amazement, until they learned from the lodge-keeper that the apocryphal monster and the young lady had entered the sheriff's own carriage, and gone off through the floods as fast as Mr. Tonks's own postilion could take them—the sheriff's retainers being drunk in the buttery (as Mr. Tonks *would* call the washhouse), in which state they forcibly took possession of the Wassail-Bowl and emptied it.

The following morning M. Jullien's band — the great conductor was not with them — was discovered, like Spenser's allegory of February, sitting in an old waggon, in the middle of the floods, in which state they had been left by the treachery of the man who was to meet them at the nearest railway station, and take them all over to the Hall; and there they would have been much longer had not the principal cornet attracted the attention of the agricultural population by a post-horn without the galloppe, to their plight. And, singular to say, this traitor went on straight to the Hall, and took the part of the Dragon, who spirited Annie away, changing again, when in the sheriff's carriage, to no less a person than young Walcot, who forthwith accompanied the lady of his heart to Gretna,—following the force of high example,—and came back penitent and married, before Mr. and Mrs. Tonks had recovered from the anguish into which the failure of keeping Christmas in the old style had plunged them.

There was the usual business to go through: the anger, the pleadings, and the forgiveness. And then, Mr. Tonks thought that Annie had perhaps done better, after all, than if she had caught old Lady Hawksy's nephew. For subsequent little rudenesses on the part of his guests disgusted him with society above him, and he began to think, that however much money he spent, he was only sneered at covertly by those whom he attempted to equalize himself with, and that, if his notions of doing good and being benevolent were real, and not conventionally chivalric, they could be carried out as well by the retired London tradesman as the got-up-for-the-purpose Old English Gentleman, to which position he had no pretensions.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

AWAY with detractors who vainly endeavour
 To dim the bright glory that circles Old Time,
 And fain in the pride of their hearts would dis sever
 The bonds that unite us made holy by rhyme!
 Far hence be such fancies, let truth and reflection
 Dispel the dark shades of delusion and doubt,
 And loos'd to their full swell of proud recollection,
 The chimes of the past will ring merrily out!

Ay, shades of our fathers! if 'midst us ye wander,
 To shrine with your presence the lov'd haunts of yore,
 How sad o'er the altars profan'd ye must ponder,
 That glow'd with the incense of virtue before!
 How mournful the change from the martyr's devotion,
 The holocaust offer'd to schism and pride,
 And the passions that rage in unbridled commotion,
 To the grandeur and worth that to ye were allied!

W. S.

N

THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY, K.G.*

FEW English statesmen have exhibited greater, or more varied powers of mind than the Marquess Wellesley. He administered the government of India at a season when the British empire in the East trembled to its foundations; he assumed the Viceroyalty of Ireland on two occasions, when the contending factions in that unhappy country seemed on the point of carrying their animosities to the full extent of civil war; he conquered these dangers; he gave safety to India, and tranquillity to Ireland; but in neither case did he obtain his fair meed of fame or fortune. Posterity will be perplexed to explain how such a man could have been excluded from the Cabinet, while the destinies of England were confided to such mediocrities as a Portland, a Perceval, or a Liverpool. Mr. Pearce has suggested the solution; his strong convictions of the justice and policy of conceding the Catholic claims were equally displeasing to the third and fourth Georges, and the Marquess was not a man to compromise principle for the purpose of winning royal favour.

The selections which Mr. Pearce has made from the valuable unpublished correspondence of this great statesman are skilfully woven together by a comprehensive memoir of his public career and private character. Referring to these volumes for the events of his early life, we turn to the period when he for ever established his fame as an orator and a statesman by his brilliant speech in support of the war against revolutionary France. Though in this display we find few traces of the glowing imagery, brilliant fancy, and reflective philosophy of Burke, it is a composition of great earnestness and singular power; it is a solemn protest, in the name of religion, morality, and everlasting justice, against the atheism, the butchery, and the tyranny of revolutionary France. The peroration, by its simple solemnity, almost attains to the rank of the sublime.

A composition of a different kind, which Mr. Pearce has judiciously rescued from oblivion, is the song composed by this eminent statesman to celebrate Duncan's victory at Camperdown. It has the true patriotic fire of a naval Tyrtæus, and may inspire just regret that the noble author did not more frequently exert his powers in a similar direction.

Enrolled in our bright annals lives full many a gallant name,
But never British heart conceived a deed of prouder fame,
To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our Sovereign's crown,
Than noble Duncan's mighty arm achieved at Camperdown.

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,
The British signal flew "*To break their close embattled line,*"
Their line he broke—for every heart, on that auspicious day,
The bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.†

At three o'clock nine gallant ships had struck their colours proud,
And three brave Admirals at his feet their vanquished flags had bowed;

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Richard Marquess Wellesley, K.G., by Robert Rouiere Pearce. London: Bentley.

† The Mutiny of the Fleet at the Nore happened a short time before the victory of Camperdown.

Our Duncan's British colours streamed all glorious to the last,
For in the battles fiercest rage, he nailed them to the mast.*

Now turning from the conquered chiefs to his victorious crew,
Great Duncan spoke, in conquest's pride to heavenly faith still true,
"Let every man now bend the knee, and here in humble prayer,†
Give thanks to God, who, in this fight, has made our cause his care."

Then on the deck, the noble field of that bright day's renown,
Brave Duncan with his gallant crew in thankful prayer knelt down,
And humbly blessed his Providence, and hailed his guardian power,
Who valour, strength and skill inspired in that dread battle's hour.

The captive Dutch the solemn scene surveyed in silent awe,
And rued the day when Holland crouched to France's impious law;
And felt how virtue, courage, faith unite to form this land
For victory, for fame, and power, just rule, and high command.

The *Venerable* was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name,
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,‡
For fifty years, through winds and waves, he holds his dauntless way.

The most extraordinary proof of the intuitive powers by which this great man at once disentangled all the details of complicated policy is his elaborate survey of the condition of India, written at the Cape of Good Hope, while he was on his way to assume the government. At this time the French corps, under the command of Raymond, in the service of the Nizam, gave just alarm to the British. Zemaun Shah at the head of the Affghans, threatened to unite all the Mohammedans of India in a religious league for the expulsion of the Christians; Tippoo Sultan was burning to revenge the sacrifices he had been compelled to make by Lord Cornwallis; and the Mah-rattas whom no treaties could bind, were organizing new schemes for levying tribute and obtaining plunder.

We shall not now enter into any justification of the war against Tippoo Sultan, and shall touch but slightly on the accusation of partiality to his brothers, which was urged against the Governor-General. He had early discovered the eminent military and diplomatic qualifications of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and had selected him to administer the affairs of Mysore as being the only General who united the virtues of the soldier with those of the statesman. A letter from Lord Clive, now first published by Mr. Pearce, shows that the Governor had made a most judicious choice, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley thus early evinced that extraordinary combination of talents which have rendered him immortal as Duke of Wellington.

To give anything like an adequate review of this important work would require far more space than we can command, but independent of their great political value, these volumes possess such a varied interest as must recommend them to all readers.

* This was a fact well known at the time.

† "Lord Duncan received the swords of the three Dutch Admirals on the quarter-deck of the *Venerable*; and immediately, in their presence, ordered his crew to prayers. The scene was most animating and affecting."—*Note by Marquess Wellesley.*

‡ "Lord Duncan was of very noble and venerable appearance, with a fine complexion and long grey hair."—*Note by Marquess Wellesley.*

THE TRAVELLED MAN.

BY MRS. GORE.

FOR many centuries past, the travelled man has been accounted one of the nuisances of social life. Dr. Donne has more than one fling at him in his Satires. Old Burton, in his *Anatomic*, is equally unsparing; and Shakspeare, who would never have been called Old Shakspeare had he lived to the age of Methuselah, so bright with vivid impulses of youth are all the creations of his brain, has poured forth his spleen in many a racy passage against those English courtiers who think themselves the wiser for "having seen the Louvre," and puppies who become arch-puppies from having "swum in a gondola." But what would these old English worthies have said to the race of modern pretenders, to whom the Nile is a wash-pot, and who over Edom have cast their shoe! For where is the lordling, now-a-days, who contents himself with the jog-trot grand tour that perfected the gentility of Philip Earl of Chesterfield?—or what country baronet is satisfied to rival the Italian adventures of Sir Charles Grandison? The land of Egypt is the universal mark! The fear of the bow-string being no longer before their eyes, the travelled men of the day affect to regard the young Sultan as a sort of "Sewell Abdul Medjib," and betake themselves in their yachts to the Dardanelles, as formerly to the Solent; while every classic-bitten young gentleman of fortune, who has supped his way to an honour at Cambridge, thinks himself called upon not only to go Byronizing to Thermopylæ, but to have a finger in the pie of Athenian politics. As if modern Greece could not furnish schemers and intriguants of its own, without aid from the impotent prating and scribbling of Young England and its offsets.

With such objects in view, in addition to the charming scenery of the circling Cyclades, and soul-thrilling chance of being murdered by the Klephtes of the Levant, "the little military hot-house," once famed for the coolness of its knights as well as for the sultriness of its days, witnesses every autumn the disembarkation of hundreds of fashionable travellers on their way to the East, who stop at Malta, as they would at Grange's, to eat an orange by the way.—But why are these travellers for their own pleasure to convert it into pain and grief for society? Who cares a fig for their exploits at Smyrna? Who wants to know the colour of the Sultana's bathing-dresses at Buyukdeii? And why cannot they content themselves with the Nile, *et praterca nihil*, without cramming us with crocodiles for the remainder of their days? It is much to the credit of Noah that the account of *his voyage* was condensed into a couple of verses; and if the fashionable tourists who mouth their nothings, to our daily dismay at the London dinner-tables, or who delight the critics of the Quarterly by "little lady-like books of travels," were equally considerate with the cruising patriarch, the world would have cause to be thankful.

There was safety, indeed, in magnifying the marvels of foreign countries, so long as there existed no critical press to place successive writers in the witness-box for cross-examination; and when the

"Proud, conceited, talking spark,"

who declared the camelion to be blue, had little dream of being con-

traded. But now that, even when a man tells the plain truth, like Mungo Park, or Waterton, or Head, he is sure to be accused of wonder-mongering, where is the pleasure of edifying a company by an account of the marvels of Karnak or the glories of Niagara? So often has their tale been told, that Turner, or Roberts, or Prout might dash out as good an impromptu likeness of either as if they had set for their portraits; and not a ready stringer together of verse, from Macaulay and Smythe, down to Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, but possesses the means of improvisating a graphic sonnet in their honour.

Nothing, therefore, can be more frivolous and vexatious than to have some dunder-headed gentleman in a country house seizing the party day after day by the ear, in order that he may prose them dead with his account of his Egyptian or Canadian tour,

“ Which oft was writ, but ne'er so ill expressed.”

Were he not a travelled man — were he simply privileged to talk about the Wrekin or Colebrooke Dale, for instance, people would soon show him that he was too great an ass to be listened to. Yet, it seems to be an article of faith with some people, that the mere act of crossing the desert converts the dullest narrator into an Alvanley. Thus encouraged, the travelled man goes grinding on, wearing down one's spirits by the tameness of his thrice-told tale, in the tone in which people used to patter about Paris, the Rhiue, or the German baths, thirty years ago, before the use of steam had vulgarised everything within a thousand miles of the Tower stairs into the “daily haunt and ancient neighbourhood” of the Oxford Street haberdashers.

Scarcely a city clerk of the present day but has gone through the two last cantos of “Childe Harold,” line by line, and mile by mile, plucking lilies on the Drachenfels, and listening by moonlight to the owls in Cæsar's palace or the Coliseum; and not a coterie at Pentonville but endures, over its green-tea and muffins, the same tortures which are inflicted in Arlington Street by Sir Henry or Lord Francis over his venison and hock. But for the Pentonvillians there is some excuse; *they* have no Traveller's Club for the privileged emission of traveller's wonders; the admirable foresight with which the more aristocratic class of tourists provided themselves with a refuge where they might tell their lies and smoke their chibouks in peace, being at present unemulated by those who — thanks to the General Steam Navigation Company — have found their way from “LONDON TO COLOGNE IN TWENTY HOURS — Fare, thirteen and fourpence.”

The aspect of the blank walls within ten miles round the metropolis during the summer season affords in itself sufficient attestation of the locomotive propensities of the nation which invented “Robinson Crusoe,” and publishes as many volumes of travels, per annum, as would line all the trunks of the three capitals of the British empire. In place of the puffs of Day and Martin's blacking, or the “Try Turner's,” which succeeded the placards of the lottery offices, nothing is now to be seen but lists of steam-packets, and the prices, and hours of starting of foreign railroads; and so long as a gleam of autumnal sunshine brightens our sullen atmosphere, invitations stare us in the face at every turn, to annihilate time and

space, and allow ourselves to be transported to the middle of Europe, in about the time it took the Nassau balloon to accomplish the transit; that is, about half the time it formerly took a Welsh baronet to transplant his family from the ale and toasted cheese of his paternal acres to the metropolis.

But surely those who are thus enabled to come like shadows, and so depart, and *vice versâ*, ought to assimilate their memories with their movements. So long as it took half a life to reach the Red Sea, a man might be pardoned for spending the other half in remembering and making others remember the journey. But the Red Sea is now as familiar as Chelsea Reach; and the impostor who presumes to set up as a conversation man on the strength of it deserves to be laid in it for his pains.

The most travelled of travelled men should make it his business to acquire the admirable *sangfroid* of Lady Sale, with her "Earthquakes, as usual," or the *nonchalance* of a fashionable sportsman of our acquaintance, who being careful in the keeping of his game-books, has an entry relating to the sporting seasons of his Oriental tour, in 1838, of killed, 112 braces of elephants; 22 couple of rhinoceroses; 32 couple of buffaloes; 3 camels; 7 brace of ostriches; 1 crocodile; 137 brace of humming-birds; 3 boa-constrictors; 2 pair of rattlesnakes.

In the early part of the present century, when the ponderous quartos of Dr. Clarke and Sir John Carr came forth annually, to be hanged like millstones round the necks of the rising generation, the restraints of war-time rendered the travelled man less insupportable, whether in print or as a running accompaniment to a good dinner. Everybody had not then learned by the evidence of his own eyes that the Black Sea is blue, and the White Sea green. But, in the interim, parties have gone walrus-shooting to the North Pole, as coolly as they used to go and shoot wild ducks on Whittlesea Mere; and unhappy martyrs to the cause of discovery now grill themselves on the sands of Timbuctoo, as once on those of Brighton. An enterprising captain has galloped across the Pampas on an ostrich; and as to the overland journey from India, it has become of such daily occurrence, that it might be a good spec for some modern Frogard to set up a riding-school, with a good stableful of camels, to qualify adventurous ladies and gentlemen for the exploit. And yet there may be found, even to this present day, men sufficiently barefaced to talk about some stupid steamboat expedition on the Danube, or grouse-shooting party in Dalecarlia, as if such miserable excursions were worthy to be mentioned to ears polite.

But it is not alone the multitudes of persons who go forth "for to see," which have invalidated the vocation of the travelled man. The world and its wonders are at the trouble of coming half-way to meet us. What panoramas, dioramas, and cosmoramas have sprung up of late years to bring the four quarters of the globe within cockney ken!—what models in cork, and models in wax, and models in relief, of foreign cities!—what explosions of volcanoes at the Surrey Zoological Gardens! and what dissolving views at the Adelaide Gallery! Not a scene of note from one end of the world to the other but has been pounced upon by the paw of British art—painted, engraved, mezzotinted, or lithographed,—published in numbers, or doomed to shine in single blessedness in the printsellers' windows.

But more than all this, the very natives of these foreign countries have been imported for our edification. In addition to mahogany and logwood, speculators have brought across the Atlantic, I-o-ways and O-jibbe-ways. We have had Laplanders, with their huts and moose-deer. We have had Chinese, with all the appliances and means to boot of their domestic life. We have had Tyrolean families, and Bohemian minstrels, shouting their hearts out. We have had

“Birds of all feather,—beasts of every name
That shun mankind, or seek them,—wild or tame.”

We have had the Imaum of Muscat, Mr. N. P. Willis, Dwarkanauth Tagore, Mohun Lal, and a variety of other half-civilized barbarisques, exhibiting their uncouthness at our lion-feeds; so that those who talk of

“Anthrophophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,”

have henceforward a very poor chance of being listened to.

Every body knows that the best books of travels ever written have been compiled by Cockney authors in their garrets in Grubstreet. Defoe was a man acquainted with the “vasty deep,” only by repute; and very happy was the inquiry made by Boulanger to Théophile Gautier, on the eve of his Spanish tour, “How will you manage to write and talk about Spain, after you have seen it?” Byron, who wrote so graphically of Rome, spent but a hurried fortnight there; and Scott declared himself incapable of describing a scene which he had recently visited.

There is consequently every reason to infer that the folks who so belabour us with the cataracts of Upper Egypt, and will not let one off a single brick of the Pyramids, have never been within a mile of a mummy. Secure from the notoriety which used formerly to attach to travellers in climes remote, who obtained a surname (as things were called John Lackland or Henry Beauclerc,) of Athenian Stuart or Abyssinian Bruce; they consequently romance à discrétion.

One of the most amusing specimens of tourist kind consists in the travelled family occasionally to be met with in remote counties; whose collections of the most wretched kind of foreign curiosities, the refuse of *ciceroni* and *valets de place*, maintain in the eyes of their country-neighbours all the consequence of a museum. A few paltry models of a Swiss chalet, a gondola, the Coliseum in cork, and the Lake of Tivoli in wool, a coral charm against the evil eye, from Naples, sulphur from Vesuvius, and a villanous mis-match of coins, medals, cameos, and intaglios, antiques of the newest make and fashion,—suffices as a pretext for the Babel-like confusion of bad French and Italian they choose to jabber for the remainder of their days; and the uncouthness of a German booby who officiates as their butler, and the fantasticality of a French nondescript engaged as *femme de chambre*, complete the discomfort of their establishment and serve to excuse its irregularities in the eyes of the parish.

Sir Robert Spragson is a respectable country baronet whose ancestors were as stationary in the county of Worcester as the Malvern Hills; and except when, as High Sheriff for the county, he made his appearance in London at the Prince Regent's levée, the utmost of the good man's excursions from Spragson Hall have never exceeded

Cheltenham or Aberystwith. A large family and moderate income have combined to keep him sedentary; and caused his sons and daughters to be brought up at country schools for the better certainty of growing up bumpkins and gawkies.

Three great heavy lads took their places successively at their father's dinner-table, strong as his ale and ruddy as his beef; the joy of whose life it was to shoot his game and troll for his jack. The eldest, as heir-apparent, had nothing else to do. The second, having a family-living hatching for him, was crammed during a portion of the day by the parson of the parish, previous to being entered at the university; while the third was articulated to his father's solicitor in Lincoln's Inn. Three or four times in the course of the year, they were reunited under the hospitable old roof of Spragson Hall, where they found their old father and mother pursuing their old-fashioned way, and their clumsy sisters plodding through their worsted work, after the good old custom of the family for generations immemorial.

But to the great surprise of the neighbours, the Christmas holidays a few years back, were signalized at Spragson Hall by the return from the continent of the fourth son, Henry, whom most people believed to be still at College; but who, it appeared, had persuaded his family to allow him to make a prolonged tour abroad, in company with two other young Cantabs who were to share with him the cost and care of a travelling tutor.

The Spragsons had probably communicated the fact to their friends. But people are so little in the habit of listening to their humdrum stories, that the circumstance escaped the general attention. When known, however, all applauded. "It was a capital move. Three lubbers were enough in the Spragson tribe. Lucky that *one* at least of the name would not be quite a ploughboy!"

And lo! the family dinners of the Spragsons were looked forward to, that winter, with the utmost impatience.

A single *one* sufficed! The transformations undergone by the poor old Hall caused the eyes and hands of half the county to be raised compassionately to heaven. In place of the solid fare of its olden time, a series of opaque nastinesses professing to be *saluis* and *capitolardes*, *côtelettes à la this*, and *fricandeaux à la that*, were handed round awkwardly by country footmen who took care to dip the tags of their aiguillettes into the dish, while the starving guests were forced to divert themselves with the singular spectacle of a profusion of pears, apples, and the whole of the housekeeper's preserves, set out with the pretence of being a *diner à la Russe*, where the dessert only figures on the table, because the dessert is of the most agreeable and gorgeous description.

The foolish old baronet and his wife had been assured by their travelled son that such was now the custom of the best tables on the continent; and lacking the customary ornaments and *pièces montées* for such an attempt, the once hospitable dinner table of the Spragsons presented the appearance of an indifferent luncheon; when fine nothings on fine plates of Delft are set out by an ill-provided housekeeper, by way of garnish, as a substitute for the cold fowls and raised pies that are wanting.

The country squires consoled themselves, during this Barmecedi's feast, with the recollection of Sir Robert Spragson's famous old port, and capital sherry. But alas! when the tepid Charlotte Russe and

dissolving Plombières had gone their rounds, and nothing remained to be fallen upon but the candied oranges and *compôtes* of green-gages, on which, for the last hour, they had been wistfully gazing, it became clear that with the remainder of the good cheer, port, sherry, and madeira were banished. *Very* light claret, in very heavy pitchers, made the round of the table *en charrette*; after a glass or two of which, the country neighbours who had been gazing so long upon pyramids of pears and pippins, thought of the cholera, and trembled.

They had not much leisure for the indulgence of their fears. It was now the custom of the Spragsons for men and women to rise from table together. After the French fashion, every lady placed her arm under that of a gentleman; and, to the utter sacrifice of country politics on one side, and small gossip on the other, they were forced to hurry in to coffee.

"Give me your good old English custom!" cried they of the quorum, accustomed to fight over again at their dinner parties, with their wine, the squabbles of the Quarter Sessions. "What the deuce! Is Spragson beginning to be stingy with his wine?"

These rumours, however, reached not the head of the family. Sir Robert was lost in admiration of the three profound bows, *les trois saluts d'usage*, bestowed upon each of his parting guests by his travelled son; whose pigeon-breasted waistcoat, embroidered shirt, and marcasite buttons gave him somewhat the air of a travelling empiric. While the country neighbours felt disposed to knock down the presuming young jackanapes strutting like a jay in borrowed plumes, whose impertinent interference had spoiled one of the most sociable houses in the county; the poor old baronet and his lady waxed almost as uneasy as Monsieur and Madame Jourdain, lest, after all their pains, they should not have done things in the right way; and the poor girls sat trembling, lest, after the departure of the company, the fastidious Henry should commence his usual accusations against them of being "*fagottées, que c'était peine à voir,*" and his entreaties that they would consign their ill-made gowns, and shoes, and gloves, and every thing else that was theirs, to the fire.

A whole party, in short, made thoroughly miserable in order to gratify the ostentatious affectation of a Travelled Man! Ah! this is but a pale copy of the odiousness of the travelled man of the great world,—the travelled man, who should know better.

Scarcely a dinner party of the London season (of that order of dinner parties where people go to regale their ears as well as their palate), but is open to the deterioration of one of these mill-talks. The late Lady Holland, who could look down importunate babblers into dust and ashes, could not look down one of *them*! But the chief arena for the display of their genius for boring consists in the blue breakfasts which the men, *à prétentions* of London life, are in the habit of giving, in imitation of Rogers.

Let the choicest talking man of the day open his lips at one of these meetings on the subject of continental politics, or the state of the arts in foreign countries, and a smile of superiority, bitterer than the bitterest sneer, is flung like a spattering of vitriol in his face.

"The Emperor of Russia pleased with his journey through Italy? —Ahem! The travelled man is very glad to hear it. He happen-

ed to be at Florence when Nicholas passed through. He happened to have the honour of being presented to him at Rome.

"The Emperor, then, was not on such friendly terms with the Pope as the newspapers have given us to understand?" demands some plain-sailing guest, who "asks for information."

"The newspapers! Oh! if people once begin to put faith in newspapers! But to what newspaper does the gentleman allude? Certainly not to the 'Quotidien!' Certainly not to the 'Diaries de Roma!' Certainly not to the 'Algemeine Zeitung!'"

"No! he alluded to 'The Times'—the only newspaper he was in the habit of reading."

At the mere mention of "The Times" the mouth of the travelled man is wreathed into the shape of the handle of a wicker basket.

"'The Times!' Yes! he believed that in *England* people were still to be found who assigned some credit to 'The Times.' It was a great pity, however, that the gentleman who appeared to be interested in European politics never read 'The Débats';—The Journal des Débats' was, beyond all question, the best edited newspaper in the world. The mass of talent enlisted in the service of 'The Journal des Débats' was something incredible."

The champion of the Times instantly buckles on his armour, and fights a good fight for it,—adducing the amount of salary given by the leading journal to professional men, and the amount of premiums squandered for priority of information,

The travelled man observes, with a double-edged sneer, that "carrier-pigeons, and the tidings furnished by some treacherous private secretary, do not, after all, insure the *summum bonum* of political intelligence. The other evening, at Paris, he was discussing that very question with Molé and Princess Lieven,—who were quite of his opinion."

"And what do *they* consider the *summum bonum* of political intelligence?" inquires the pertinacious questioner, who "asks for information."

"Oh—a—why a—exactly what my friend Prince Metternich once observed to me, as we were discussing the question at the Baths of Ischl. 'You know Colloredo?' said he. 'You have seen so much of the world, that you cannot but know Colloredo? Well! I was once inquiring of Colloredo how he managed to obtain such very correct'—But I beg ten thousand pardons!" cries the travelled man, suddenly interrupting himself, "I perceive I am growing indiscreet. One has no right to betray confidential conversation, however strongly tempted by the interest which I see you do me the honour to assign to the sayings of such a man as my friend Metternich."

"Come, come, my dear Allspy," cries one of the conversation men, "you must not tantalize us at this cruel rate. We can't allow you to play Tiberius and Tacitus at one and the same time."

"Mr. Allspy should be called William the Tathiturn!" observed Lord Richard, one of the budding blue lordlings of Infant England.

"William the Taciturn?—Ay, by the way, I had the satisfaction of seeing that fine statue of Nieuwerkerke's inaugurated the other day at the Hague; a splendid work of art—but, unluckily, the horse, like the rider and the sculptor, is a *leetle* too Dutch."

"*Dutch?*" exclaim all present. "A *Dutch* sculptor?—artist, or amateur?—young or old?"

"Do you really mean to say," replies the travelled man, "that you never heard of Nieuwekerke—the *handsome* Nieuwekerke?—the pearl of the Faubourg St. Germain,—the idol of the Legitimists?—Do you pretend to be ignorant of his famous adventure with—But I see, I see!—you are laying a trap for me!—and I was young enough *almost* to allow myself to be betrayed into a *guet à pens*."

"But I assure you—"

"No, no! do not assure me!—I am discretion itself. It would not do for a person who goes so much about the world as I do to degenerate into a tale-bearer. Of all things in the world I eschew *les cancans*."

Such is about the average rate of information to be obtained from the supercilious lips of a modern TRAVELLED MAN!

 THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of time.
O'er east and west its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologer of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its cords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Eolian lyre
Rising through all its sevenfold bars
From earth unto the fixed stars.

And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see but hear
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere.
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where chanting through his beard of
snows

Majestic, mournful Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.
Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And, with its chorus, seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east,
And slow ascending one by one
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And on his arm the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

Then pallid rose the moon and faint,
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way,
In hours of trial and dismay,
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and
try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly, from his outstretched
arm,
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull, but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Ænophon,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And climbing up the mountain gorge
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then through the silence over head
An angel with a triumph said—
"For evermore! for evermore!
The reign of violence is o'er."
And like an instrument that flings
It music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-echoed down the burning chords—
"For evermore! for evermore!
The reign of violence is o'er."

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE TENTH.

Coming out of the Theatre. — Munden and Gattie.—How to save coach-hire.— Munden's merits as a comedian. — His tenaciousness of his parts. — Theatrical Court Cards.—Dowton.—Terry.—Blanchard.—Bartley.—Strickland.—Farren.

THE performances are over. Theatres disgorge their audiences ; watermen bawl, link-boys jostle, footmen wrangle, carriages clash, coachmen quarrel ; beauty draws her cashmere closer as she pauses beneath the portico ; pedestrians, disengaging themselves from the turmoil, hurry homeward, or solace themselves with a nip at Offley's, or a Welsh rabbit at the Cyder Cellar ; shivering wretches implore charity from those whose condition is still more pitiable ; while the low thief, emerging from his lurking-place, plies his unhallowed calling in the presence of a luminary he loathes ; for

“ The silver queen of night ”

rides high, shedding her pure and holy light o'er this moral maelstrom, which boils, and bubbles, and chafes, and eddies below !

Dowton, after delighting the public in *Dr. Cantwell*, is enjoying his glass and his *cose* with Sam Russell at Kenneth's. Winston has been in bed *this half hour* ! Poor gentleman ! he is in agonies ! He dreams the carpenters demand an increase of salary ! *He dreams Elliston will give it them !* This latter, whose carriage is waiting at the stage-door to take him anywhere but home, is seated on a tub in one of the cellars of his theatre, imbibing XX, and fancying himself a king ! James Smith, who has been slyly placarding an epigram in the green-room, is endeavouring to escape from Little Knight, who insists on James's listening to a new joke he has just introduced into an opera that he is concocting.* Mrs. D——, after lingering among the *coulisses* for her “ little man,” until the performances were nearly over, is gone home without him, followed by three *mervilleux*, who mistake her for Fanny Kelly, who is herself obliged to run the gauntlet of a party of provincialists, waiting at the stage-door “ to see t' player folk coom out.”

Among these latter is a stout middle-aged man, who pauses on the threshold, and, after glancing upwards, buttons himself up close, shoulders his stick, and sets forth with the air of one who has made up his mind to walk. A little red-faced man in black, with a gingham umbrella, hobbles after him. Both these individuals suffer from gout ; both live in the neighbourhood of Brunswick Square.

“ My dear Gattie ! ” exclaims the little man, grinding his words,

* Knight sometimes

“ *Sweated plays so middling, bad were better.* ”

While doing this he resembled a goose in the act of incubation, running backwards and forwards all day between his house behind Hudson's hotel and the theatre, to report progress.

“ Please, sir, I've got another line ! ” he would say, putting his head in at Elliston's room, and then running off to Winston to make a similar announcement.

and jerking the final syllables out at the corner of his mouth, "this will never do! you mustn't walk! My eyes; you'll catch your death, my dear boy! you'll catch your death! You must let me call a coach for you."

"No, no, I thank you, my dear Munden. There's not the least occasion for it. I can walk quite well now, and the night is delightful."

"Delightful!—what d'ye call delightful? Why, the wind cuts like a razor—like a razor, sir! Besides, don't you see how the clouds are gathering? The moon's quite obscured—quite obscured, sir! Depend upon it, we shall have a precious shower presently. You'll get soaked to the skin if you attempt to walk; and then, mercy upon me! my dear boy! what will Mrs. G—— say? You'd better let me call you a coach—do, now!"

"No, no, I tell you!—there's not the least occasion for it—not the least. Rain, indeed! it's quite absurd. How can you think so? There's not the slightest chance of it."

"Oh, isn't there, my boy!—isn't there?—that's all you know about it. My eyes! why, it's beginning to spit now—only hold your hand out—don't you feel it? don't you feel it?"

"No—do you?"

"I believe you. There! there's a spot fell upon my nose as big as a barleycorn! Oh, won't it rain pitchforks presently, my boy, that's all! You'll be as wet as a sop in the pan if in five minutes you don't take a coach, I can tell you?"

"Do you really think so?"

"I know it. I'd take my affidavit of it. And if you were to catch cold just now, just as you've recovered from that last fit, my eyes! there'd be a pretty—. No more starrng it; no more *Monsieur Morbleu-ing* it. Gad, Master Mat would have it all his own way then, and—*You'd better let me call you a coach—you'd better. It's only a shilling fare, my dear boy.*"

"Why, if I thought it really would rain, my dear Munden—"

"Zounds! it *does*—my dear boy, it *does*. Here, here, take my umbrella! quick, now! while I call a coach. Mercy upon us, how it's coming down! how it's coming down! I sha'n't be a minute!"

Presently Munden returns with a coach. He assists Gattie into it.

Munden. There! now you'll go safe and comfortable, my dear boy—and, *as you pass my door, you may as well put me down, you know.*"

But, if Munden was thrifty in purse, he was no niggard of his humour, which he lavished with the reckless prodigality of a spendthrift on those characters which verged on caricature, and in which he could take most license. He played *Crack*, *Sly*, *Nipperkin*, *Jemmy Jumps*, *Old Dosey*, &c., with a force, a breadth, a richness, a *Go it, Neddyness!* unequalled by any other actor, developing, after a fashion the most grotesque and original, the peculiarities of these characters, in which his propensity to grimace proved rather an advantage than otherwise, though it materially detracted from his excellence in parts, where a faithful, but unexaggerated transcript from nature was required. His *Costar Pearmain* was an exception to this. In his portraiture of this simple-hearted rustic, Munden abstained from those contortions of countenance, that grinding and

jerking out his words, which procured him so many imitators, and which in such parts as *Trot*, *Brummagem*, *Sir Francis Gripe*, &c., weakened, if it did not absolutely destroy, the *vrai-semblance* of what would otherwise have been perfect, as his *Coster Pearmain* unquestionably was.

But *Old Dornton* — *Old Dornton* was Munden's best part. It was worth a journey from the Orkneys to see Munden play *Old Dornton*, especially when Elliston played *Harry*. The scenes between them were delicious. Here *Ars celare artem* became Munden's motto. In his delineation of the fond, confiding, indulgent, but justly offended father, he appears to have adopted a higher standard, and kept a greater guard on himself than usual. Here was none of that grinding, that mousing, that exaggeration which generally deteriorated his performances. So simply, so forcibly, yet so naturally, did little Joey pourtray the struggle between parental affection and a sense of his duty, that our best sympathies were awakened, and we quite forgot in the interest we felt for the unhappy father, that his sorrows were fictitious. And Munden looked the worthy old banker as well as he played him. I would have taken his word for millions. I would have staked my whole fortune in an atmospheric to the moon had *Old Dornton's* name been down among the directors. Authors are seldom satisfied with the actors who play in their pieces, but Holcroft must have been fastidious indeed to find fault with such a performance as Munden's *Old Dornton*.

In *Marrall* too he was glorious. Dowton declared the silver cup which Kean received for his performance of *Sir Giles Overreach* ought in justice to have been awarded to Munden's *Marrall*.

Munden was extremely tenacious of his parts. He has been known to plunge his feet into cold water at the risk of his life, while suffering from gout, rather than any other member of the company should play them. He is said to have done this more from parsimony than a love of fame. But a charge of parsimony against an actor must be received with caution. Unfortunately, actors are generally obnoxious to an opposite charge, and what appears *parsimony* to them, may in reality be only *prudence*. For my part, I would rather know a stingy man than a profuse one. With the former you are generally safe; but "a fine, generous-hearted fellow," you are pretty sure to suffer by. Jack Johnstone had also the reputation of being close-fisted; so had Garrick, who, first and last, gave away ten thousand pounds! With all their parsimony, I believe neither Munden nor Johnstone died worth double that sum,—a trifle your railroad autocrats would realize in a week. But peace to thy manes, dear, whimsical old Joey! Thou art gone,—and, as Hook said, "*Sic transit gloria MUNDEN!*"

Gattie was the Single-speech Hamilton of the stage. He succeeded only in one part.* Nothing but the most powerful interest could have maintained this performer on the London boards. He was a sensible, but most disagreeable actor. There was something peculiarly displeasing in the expression of Gattie's countenance. If he had looked at your coffee, you would have felt inclined to throw it

* *Monsieur Morbleu*, and that Mathews took from him. The latter, however, lost the part himself in Dublin, where Talbot's *friseur* was preferred. This mortified Mathews so much, that it was with the utmost difficulty Abbott, who was then manager, could prevail upon him to set foot on the Dublin boards again.

away. He might have been "a good Christian," but he certainly was "an ugly man."*

Dowton!—dear, choleric, warm-hearted Dowton!—how differently *you* impressed us! *Your* jolly, open, good-humoured countenance told of a world of enjoyment—of a thousand merry, pleasant things, that were in store for us. "Here I am!" it said, as plainly as if the words had been written upon it, "a true John Bull, come to make you all laugh,—come to make you all happy!" And never was Lavater's theory more fully borne out,—for laugh we all did, and happy we all were. There was nothing false, nothing trickery, nothing meretricious, nothing forced in Dowton's acting. It was all sheer, downright, genuine, unadulterated nature. A more sterling actor than Dowton never trod the stage. He was the chastest, and at the same time one of the most powerful comedians of his day. There was an earnestness, an intensity in his impersonations, which few, if any, of his contemporaries, not even Munden, could equal. "The harpy!" he exclaimed, when denouncing the attorney in *Sir Robert Bramble*, and it seemed as if the actor had infused his whole soul into these two words. But who could be so heartily indignant, or put himself into a passion so heartily, or horsewhip his servants, or trounce a bailiff, or make love to his wife's Abigail, with such zest or such spirit as dear old Dow? His pre-eminence in this, aided by his square-cut figure, made him unapproachable in such characters as *Colonel Oldboy*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Sir Christopher Curry*, *Colonel Touchwood*, &c. *Falstaff*, too, in "The Merry Wives," he played right well,—better, I think, than any other actor.

But *Dr. Cantwell* was Dowton's masterpiece—a triumph more remarkable since it differed wholly from his usual style of acting. With the exception of Emery's *Tyke* and Farren's *Lovegold*, I know no performances within the range of what is called *comedy*, that could compete with it. Not only did Dowton *look* the oily, well-fed, sensual sectarian to the life, but delineated with consummate skill the wily speciousness of this accomplished hypocrite, never suffering a look or gesture to escape that could compromise him, but adapting his tone and manner, without in the slightest degree "o'erstepping the modesty of nature" to those turns and transitions which the situations demanded. Accustomed to continual outbreaks, Dowton must have found himself much confined in this character.

Latterly, this excellent actor became careless, probably because he found he was not appreciated. At no time was his attraction commensurate with his talents. While Liston and Power were receiving sixty and a hundred pounds a-week, Dowton, at least as good an actor as either, could not command a salary amounting to one half of the former sum. He was very fond, too, of alluding to the floating topics of the day, and introducing similes which were anything but improvements. There is little wit in telling an angry man "that he looks as black as Warren's blacking," or a merry one "that he grins like a basket of chips." Of all actors, Dowton had the least reason to resort to such quackery.

Terry, though his voice was harsh and rugged, had sterling stuff in him. He appeared to great advantage in such parts as *Sulky* and *Meagrim*, for which his peculiarities well fitted him. He was the

* Gattie latterly kept a tobacconist's shop at Oxford, which was much frequented by the under-graduates, who delighted in his imitations and *facétie*.

the original *Peter Simpson*, and in *Sir Fretful Plagiary* trod close on the heels of Matthews. Terry was the first to dramatize the Waverley novels. Scott, with whom he was a great favourite, in alluding to this in one of his prefaces, punningly observes "that he was going to be *Terry-fied*."

A sound—a most valuable actor, too, was Blanchard. He gave importance to parts which, in other hands, became vapid and insignificant. I once accompanied an American gentleman to Covent Garden, where we saw "The £100 Note," in which Blanchard played *Morgan*. "What a capital character," exclaimed the American. "Why, I don't recollect it at New York." A more whimsical or more agreeable performance than Blanchard's *Solus*, I scarcely recollect.

Had Bartley been less boisterous he would have been a better actor, but his impulses ran away with him. On the whole, I liked his *Falstaff* in "Henry IV." as well as any I have seen. This actor was under great obligations to his friend Peake, who, in those excellent farces he used to produce at the old Lyceum Theatre, wrote parts for Bartley, which maintained his popularity. Ah! those were merry times at the old Lyceum! When I laugh, I like to laugh heartily, and Peake's farces always made me do this.

In Strickland the stage lost an excellent actor, just as the greatest things might have been expected from him. Up to his death his improvement had been progressive: he had entirely got rid of his provincialisms, and acquired that finish and subdued tone, without which no actor can become a favourite in London. I have always been of opinion that this performer's talents were never properly called forth. Whenever Strickland got out of commonplace old men, he appeared to most advantage. He possessed a fund of humour which, properly written up to, might have made him as popular in eccentric parts as Fawcett or Jack Bannister. But every actor is not so fortunate as to find a Colman.

And now, after playing so many court-cards, must I lose the crowning trick, and keep the ace of trumps in my hand? Impossible! I must sport it. The temptation is too great—so there!—There's William Farren for you!—beat *him*, if you can! It was not my intention, when I began these Outpourings, to notice actors still on the stage; but I cannot forbear recording my admiration of this inimitable comedian, as well as offering a few remarks on his peculiarities and comparative excellence, as contrasted with the most distinguished of his contemporaries. Indeed, I have inadvertently pledged myself to something of the sort in my account of the Dublin stage.*

Of all the performers of senile characters, past or present, I prefer Farren. Munden and Downton in some parts unquestionably excelled him, Mathews and Fawcett equalled him in others, so perhaps did Strickland and Terry; but if I were called on to name any one actor who should play the whole range of old men's parts, I should select Farren. He would please me in the aggregate better than any other actor. There is a refinement as well as finish in Farren's performances which render them peculiarly pleasing. I question if Farren could be vulgar if he tried.

In *Lord Ogilby* and *Sir Peter Teazle*, what a true gentleman is Farren!—how polished! how dignified! But his pre-eminence in

* Libation the Fourth.

these two characters is as clear as the sun at noon-day. I can't, I won't believe any other actor ever played them so well. In the delineation of extreme old age Farren maintains this pre-eminence. Mathews's nonagenarian in "The Eddystone Lighthouse" was excellent; so was Munden's *Verdun*. But the first was a mere sketch, while the latter verged on caricature. Neither could for a moment compete with the veteran of a hundred and one,* as represented by Farren. Every look, gesture, movement, tone, was in strict accordance with the character, which he looked as admirably as he played it. There was nothing exaggerated, nothing overstrained in Farren's assumption. He might have walked in the *Place Carousel*, or the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, without exciting any other remark than "What a fine old fellow that is!" and the sentinels, as a mark of involuntary respect, would have carried arms to him. Then, his feebleness, his tremulous tones, when he sung his *esprit de corps*, his constitutional gaiety; his gallantry too—gallantry which the wear and tear of a century had failed to extinguish.

"I am not afraid to trust myself alone with you," quoth a lady who supports him.

"Ah, madam, you would not have said that eighty years ago."

It was worth a jew's-eye to hear Farren say this. I had not the good fortune to see him in *Old Parr*, but I can imagine his excellence in such a character. But Farren can pourtray with equal truth and effect the operation of the intenser feelings. In *Lovegold* he presented an appalling picture of the miser's despair when he discovers the loss of his treasure. Nor was his performance of *Item* † less powerful. It is to be regretted that the arrangements of the theatre do not permit us to see this admirable *artiste* sometimes in these, or similar characters. I see no reason to doubt their attraction.

Farren's engagement at the Olympic deprived the regular drama of his services for several seasons, during which his great powers were in abeyance, and his time frittered away on light pieces and *farce-tas*, which, however excellent of their kind, were unworthy of the talents of such an actor. There is one species of character, however, in the minor drama in which Farren especially luxuriated, and which is so precisely suited to his peculiarities, that it would have been a public loss if he had not appeared in it. I allude to tetchey, formal, fidgetty, precise old bachelors, who dislike being put out of their way, or who can't endure children, or who, getting entrapped into matrimony, unexpectedly find themselves fathers of grown-up families, saddled with all sorts of incumbrances and liabilities. Those who have seen Farren in "Mr. and Mrs. Pringle," "Sons and Systems," "The Organ of Order," &c., will readily subscribe to this.

* In "The Son, the Father, and the Grandfather."

† In "The Steward," altered by Beasley from "The Deserted Daughter."

TIPPERARY HALL.

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THE WHISKEY-DRINKER'S PROLOGUE.—THE VENUE.—HORACE AT A DISCOUNT.—PREPARATIONS FOR A BROIL.—THE TRUE REPORT OF THE POTATO COMMISSION.—THE DIGNITY OF GRILLING.—WHISKEY, VESUVIUS, AND THE VESTIGES OF CREATION.—THE OREGON.—SONGS OF THE COLUMBIA, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.—THE LOVES OF THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.—JURISDICTION OF THE POLICE, AND THE BEAUTY OF THE BEULAH SPA.—BROKEN TEETH WORSE THAN BROKEN HEARTS.—THE STEEPLE CHASE WITHOUT A STEEPLE.—RUM AND MILK, AND THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER προλογίζει.

PERHAPS, reader, you fancy, by our title, that we are going to transport you mentally across St. George's Channel into some wild region, where agents are familiarly shot at, monster-meetings periodically convened—where brogue and mountain-dew are equally cheap, where toads are only seen in museums, and where the "Times Commissioner" is the principal itinerant phenomenon. If you fancy anything of the kind, you are very much mistaken.

I am only going to waft you *in nubibus, per omnibus*, a few miles northward of this blessed big metropolis to

"A neat little cot on the side of a hill,"

where Clive and Grimgibber and I, and one or two more, have established an occasional Sanatorium from London brain-fevers, and a sort of Horatian mess-room, where, if there are not exactly the

"Noctes cœnæque Deûm,"

we flatter ourselves there is something much better.

Don't talk of Horatius Flaccus,
And the suppers he gave at his farm;
Neither whiskey's delights nor tobacco's
Had he got his old Romans to warn.
And Augustus, how he must have paltered
Among their few spirited chicks:
Why he owned he left Rome mighty altered,
Having found it a city of bricks.
Then away with your stories of Iatium,
And each classical son of a gun,
Tipperary 's the gem of the nation,
And we are the boys for the fun.

Sure they showed their inligant manners
When they carved with their fingers their prog,
And they 'd neither cheroots nor havannahs,
Nor sugar to sweeten their grog.
Then a bumper in gratitude filling,
For the time of our birth thank the stars;
'Twas delayed till the days of distilling,
And till Raleigh invented cigars.
Then away with your stories of Latium,
And each classical son of a gun,
'Tis ourselves are the right generation;
And this is the season for fun.

We have christened our Middlesex Paradise "Tipperary Hall," to frighten away the harpies that prowl for rent and taxes. Some night, when the year like a capsicum has grown warmer as it grows older, I'll take you round the grounds and expound the beauties. But this bitter weather the best thing is to place you at once in the Esotericon,

Where the voice of mirth
Is loud and light ;
And the blazing hearth
Gives welcome bright,
With the gridiron above,
And the praties below :
And the liquors we love
Have begun to flow.

Short introductions are like short pipes, the most convenient ; so we'll make you at home at once. Everard Clive you know. Here's Richard Grimgibber of Lincoln's Inn. Here's my moist friend the Fenman, and our Cambridge Travelling Bachelor.

For any sort of Spirits call,
And enter Tipperary Hall.

Grimgibber. Open the pleadings and the oysters, Clive.

Whiskey-Drinker. Ay, and stir the fire. Let's haul our kidneys and topics over the coals. I suppose we should apologise to the Fenman for the Walls-ends. Like a real Newmarket man, he is all for the turf—cazons occasionally.

Fenman (irritably). There's no turf in the Fens. They form the driest and most civilized part of the United Kingdom. They have given—

Everard Clive. Agues to every one that has put foot on or in them.

Whiskey-Drinker. It's I myself that respects the turf. I have always had a taste for it either on the Curragh of Kildare or in the Bog of Allen.

Fenman. Ay, it's for himself that he talks about the turf. He hankers after the flesh-pots of Erin, and the native roastings of the root. He knows he'll have none of them before next October, and so he wishes just to look at the embers, and try to feel at home on the associations.

Everard Clive. I don't think the British Association would feel much at home on the subject of potatoes,—not, at least, if one may judge from the vagueness of the Report which some of those wise men of the East drew up, whom the Government sent to examine the staple produce of the Green Isle of the West. According to those philosophers, it is the grater now and not the grate, that must do the cookery ; and the only way to make a mash of a murphy is to convert it into starch.

Fenman. Shirt-collar sort of diet that, I should say—better suited for the outside of the throat than the in.

Everard Clive. Yes ; but it is strange to mark how extremes meet. Poor half-starved Paddy seems about to renew the Epicurism of the old Roman gourmands. "*Radere tubera terra*" must in future be our friend the Whiskey-Drinker's motto ; and then he may still succeed in getting even an Irishman's bellyful of scrapes.

Travelling Bachelor. The document which you probably read in the newspapers, is not the genuine Report. I saw the real one myself. It had been confidentially communicated to some of the foreign savans, whom I meet in occasional réunions in Town.

Whiskey-Drinker. Ay, faith! and I myself have seen the original, like that of Macpherson's Ossian, in the native Gaelic.

Travelling Bachelor. Probably enough. It must therefore have been an English translation that I heard read. Indeed, my distinguished Continental friends have probably by this time rendered it into most of the languages of Europe. It has been thrown into English verse, and perhaps you will prefer it in its metrical form, with full poetical comments.

Fenman. Yes. And let us know where the author comes from. Is it England or Ireland?

Whiskey-Drinker. May-be he is intermediate, like the Isle of Man.

Travelling Bachelor. You are about right; but you shall hear it. You must help me out with the chorus, to the tune of "*The Good old Days of Adam and Eve.*"

REPORT OF THE POTATO COMMISSION.

Have you heard the report—the last edition—
Sent out by the great potato commission,
What crossed the water to find some new
Materials for an Irish stew?

For, since 'twas vain to put the pot on,
When every blessed root was rotten,
Sir Robert thought to improve the mess, sirs,
By a brace and a half of roast professors!

(Such a row there 's been of late, O!
All about a rotten potato!)

King Dan had said "the horrid cracks on
The skin were the work of the hoof of the Saxon:"
Back'd by Prince John and Smith O'Brien,
His word repealers all rely on;
For when The Liberator takes a fancy,
Through the thickest mill-stone he will and can see,
"The rot," says he, "those fellows came fishin' here
Was fostered by the Times Commissioner!"

(Who says in return that that there great O'
Connell 's a rotten-hearted 'tato!)

The report is both a short and sweet one,
And if not profound, is at least a neat one;
It states—"All ways that we could guess
We tried of praties to make a mess,—
We tried them boiled,—we tried them roasted,—
We tried them fried,—we tried them toasted,
All sorts and sizes, till, *heu vanum*,
Nothing came out but smashed *Solanum*;

(And wasn't that a dreadful fate, O!
To come of taking a rotten 'tato?)

"Some say that grub is the cause of the rot;
But we, my lords, affirm it 's not;
For, isn't it plain—and there 's the rub—
That such potatoes won't do for grub.
We 've taken the matter feculaceous,
And tried to make it farinaceous.
'T won't do for dinner, tea, nor tiffin,
For if fed on starch you 'll certainly stiffen.

(And that would be a precious state, O!
Resulting from a rotten 'tato!)

“ Some cock their glasses up to their eye,
 And mushrooms in the cells descry,
 But we, my lords, have looked as well,
 And think such notions are all a *sell*.
 Decaisne in France, in Germany Kutzing,
 Have sought the rot all manner of roots in,
 And proved that those have looked with a loose eye
 Who said 'twas caused by fungi or fuci.

(Sure never since the days of Plato
 Was there sich a row 'bout a rotten 'tato!)

“ Now these, my lords, are our opinions—
 It's a bad look out for the British dominions.
 We know as much as we did before,
 And we don't think that we shall know more!
 As for *Solanum tuberosum*,
 It's a very bad job for them as grows 'em;
 We think the weather has made them scurfy,
 And we've proved the same by consulting Murphy!
 (And if our report don't please debaters,
 They must get some other common-taters!)

Everard Clive. That report sounds to me exceedingly like a lecture; and Dr. Johnson used to say that no lecture was good for anything unless illustrated by experiments. So let us experimentalize forthwith upon the potatoes before us. The animal department of the cookery is ready. Let each man brandish his fork, and transfer what he likes best from the big gridiron to his own plate.

Fenman. You are the best of caterers, Everard! But one must do justice to Grimgibber. It is he that has been principally broiling in his zeal for the public good.

Grimgibber. Ay, that comes of living in chambers, and learning to cook for oneself. Some people are ashamed of it: I join issue with them on that point.

Everard Clive. Ashamed of broiling? That shows a most unclassical want of discrimination. Homer's heroes cooked for themselves and their friends, and you will observe that they always broiled their meat. I approve of their taste, and am not ashamed to follow their example. Roasting, boiling, stewing, and baking may be menial occupations, but he who broils his own chops and steaks may match them against the broils of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Fenman. Well said, and well done; especially this piece of steak. Forward to the Homeric meal!

Whiskey-Drinker. Yes, up with the viands, and down with the drink;

Let the chops by red-herrings be followed,
 As sweet as the breath of the South;
 The porter seems mad to be swallowed,
 For the pots they all foam at the mouth.

Fenman. The breath of the South? Are you thinking of violets? Shalotts and onions are the only violets here—things angelic over night, but diabolical in the morning. As the poet says—

You may rinse, you may gargle your throat if you will;
 But the scent of the onions will hang round it still.

Everard Clive. Let Aurora look after the breath of the morning—that's her affair.

To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
 Whate'er to-morrow brings.

[There is a fair start, and a general masticatory onslaught on the late tenants of the gridiron. — Grimgibber moves that “some more kidneys be called to the bar,” and gives the steaks a “new trial.” There is considerable elevation of pewter, and a heavy clattering accompaniment. At length the Famulus enters. The culinary chaos disappears; and there is an array of black alcoholic-looking bottles, limes, lemons, Seville oranges, nutmegs, &c. &c.]

Travelling Bachelor. This profusion of potatorial preparations reminds me of an evening which I once spent with some of my distinguished friends in Italy. When I was in a coffee-house at Naples there came in a pale young Russian—

Whiskey-Drinker. Naples—don’t talk of Naples. Well your Russian might be pale in that land of thin foreignering liquors. You could get no whiskey there.

Everard Clive. Not unless he went to the “crater” of Mount Vesuvius for it. By the by, don’t you think it likely that some future Niebuhr will prove that the account of the death of Pliny is a myth, and that it is a mere type of the numbers of Irishmen who have perished through an excess of mountain-dew?

Whiskey-Drinker. Which Pliny? Is it the ould man you mean?

Travelling Bachelor. Yes, the Natural Historian. Volcanoes have always been tempting to great minds, such as to those of Empedocles and Pliny. Indeed, I admire Empedocles the most of the two. He was so full of scientific curiosity that he jumped down Mount Etna when it was in full flame.

Whiskey-Drinker. Why, that’s just close to the hot place where the sailors say the Devil takes the ship-pursers at last. I wonder how the worthy old Grecian enjoys their society.

Travelling Bachelor. Of course you’ve all read the “Vestiges of the Creation.” One of my Sicilian correspondents has sent me some curious observations on the volcanic theories in that eminent treatise. There is far more in this subject than you imagine. The earth is vomiting up the ardent spirits from her inside.

Whiskey-Drinker. What, did the ould woman get intoxicated in her youth? Did it stop her growth?

Travelling Bachelor. Her growth *was* stopped. The Earth in her early days was full, dilated, moist, and fiery. You shall hear the history of her degeneration; you shall hear what she and all upon her were developed from. That extraordinary work which I just spoke of has furnished me with hints for a didactic poem, which will survive till the next great geological catastrophe. You must know that a halo of indefinite ardent spirit was once all in all—

Whiskey-Drinker. That was, I suppose, before the indefinite spirit was properly distilled.

Travelling Bachelor. The earth has since degenerated into definite form and gross matter.

Fire was the first of things in Time and Place;
 And one hot Halo filled the ends of Space;
 Till Hypothetic Nebulæ resolved;
 And what was fire at first to gas dissolved,
 Thermometers stood all at one degree;
 Moons were not made for Earths, nor Earths for Me;
 And Venus was the same as Mercury.
 Tracts that seem’d cold, were burning strong and mighty,
 And Via Lactis was as Aqua Vite,
 Till Heat escaped, and in the course of years
 Contracted for the making of the spheres.

Then shrank the Halos of which Worlds consist,
Missing their Heat, and ceasing to be mist.
Hence, as some dotard does a foolish thing,
Saturn grew old, and took to wear a Ring.

On smaller spheres the same attractions told,
As Dante loved at only nine years old.
Atoms for Atoms felt intense desire,
And like Tydides fill'd small souls with fire.
Then Carbon rush'd to amorous Lime's embrace ;
And Lime unslacked flew from ends of space.
Tin leap'd to life ; then nobler Gold, and then
Came Oxygen, and all that ends in —n.
Combined Affinities combined anew :

And from their mix'd embrace Albumen grew.
'Tis Seas that stamp their image on the Land ;
And types of Life are set by Ocean's hand.
There is the matrix whence all beings come,
And all that walks or flies in earlier times has swum.
So sharks move freely till they come to land,
Then change to seals when first they feel the sand ;
And what was fin before becomes a hand.
From form to form the swift mutations range,
And changed conditions ever work a change.

Close to the cuttle-fish, a wondrous fry,
Adapted to their ink-bags sea-pens lie ;
The fossil-fish keeps well, its ink runs clear
To our own days beyond the millionth year :
And that same ink, with which we now retrace
The faded features of the sepia race,
Mudded the oceans of a by-gone race.
Limned by the limbs they lost they now supply,
From their own death, their immortality.
And through such spoils live on, in Time's despite,
Like Waller's eagle or Unhappy White.

Electric shocks were part of Nature's plan :
Evolving Life the rapid currents ran,
To form the Monad first, and last majestic Man.
Man was not always all Man's pride could wish ;
I was a grampus once, and you a fish.
As fresh developements evolve our shapes,
We swim like sea-calves, and we climb like apes.
The sacrum tapers at its own sweet will ;
We once had tails—O'Connell has one still.

Fire was the first of things ; it now lies pent
Beneath the mountains whence its flames have vent.
A spirit-fire evolved all earthly states ;
Fire was the first of things, and then the Fates,
And then the doctrine of the Carbonates.

Whiskey-Drinker. It's all very well talking about your " Vestiges of the Creation," but I've swallowed the last vestiges of my creation of grog. Clive, take pity on me ; the bottle stands near you.

Everard Clive. Make a little room, my boy, and I'll soon mix your liquors. As Archimedes said to king Hiero, *Δός μοι πόν σφαι,* και την γην κινήσω—"Give me standing room, and I'll stir the gin."

Whiskey-Drinker. Gin—don't talk of gin. Do you think your juniper has power to make me forget my allegiance to barley?—Grimgibber, don't you smoke?

Grimgibber. No. I've clouds enough in my profession, without blowing any myself. But don't let me interfere with the weeds of others. Widows' weeds are the only ones which a man is justified in disturbing.

Everard Clive. That's one of the best opinions, Grimgibber, that ever came out of Lincoln's Inn. Our principle is,

Each to his fancy. Laugh and smoke ;
Or take the laugh alone :
The dull man at another's joke,
The vain man at his own.

Fenman. I take that to be a compliment to the non-laughers.

Everard Clive. The non-laughers? Heaven protect me from the society of such animals. I hold with Carlyle, that "the man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

Travelling Bachelor. I find laughing and smoking together to be rather choking work. Will any body try this Virginia? It was sent me from the States.

Whiskey-Drinker. 'Faith, and if it's good for much, it's the only thing of the kind that has come from that quarter for a long while. We hear nothing but bluster and botheration about that dirty million or so of acres, which they are trying to put into their pockets. Bad luck to them! By the piper that played before Moses, I believe, that if justice was done, that same country yonder would be given to my own countrymen. It's evidently Irish originally; the very name shows it, if you will but speak it properly. Is it not O'Regan? And who ever heard of a country, or a man either, whose name began with an O, that wasn't by rights Irish?

Travelling Bachelor. O'Taheite, I suppose, is an instance.

Whiskey-Drinker. And who doubts it? And it's the French that are just aware of it. Arn't they making the people call it Tahiti, and sink the O, to disguise its Irish origin? It's like robbing us unfortunate Celts of our title-deeds.

Everard Clive. The Oregon question has certainly one Irish mark about it, that of looking very ripe for a row. Has any one heard lately from the other side of the Atlantic?

Travelling Bachelor. Yes; some of my distinguished friends among the professors at Charlotte College correspond with me. They send me copies of their prize-poems, and other efflorescences of Virginian literature.

Everard Clive. Prize-poems! What in the world are their prize-poems like? Is JIM CROW a specimen?

Travelling Bachelor. Oh dear, no. They are all martial lays. The "OCCUPATION OF THE OREGON" was the last subject.

Fenman. A somewhat premature triumphal ode that. They haven't occupied the Oregon yet, nor are they likely to succeed in doing so in a hurry. But what do they write about it? Have you a specimen?

Travelling Bachelor. Yes. This is the Prize Ode. It is supposed to be chaunted on the banks of the Columbia, by the bands of squatters from the various states. It is rough, but energetic.

Whiskey-Drinker. Let me see it. Is it set to music?

Travelling Bachelor. Yes; but the American music is like the New World itself, always on a grand scale. The accompaniment to this is intensely national.

Fenman. Somewhat nasal, I suppose, then. But what English tune will it run to?

Whiskey-Drinker. "Kate Kearney" will suit it; at least so I think,

from the glimpse I have had of it. Who will give us the Yankee Prize Oregon Song? Who, like Sempronius, has "a voice for war?"

Fenman. Sing it yourself. You found out the tune: we will listen, and try to find out the sense.

Whiskey-Drinker (sings)—

LAYS OF THE OREGON SQUATTERS.

'Tis we that have left Alabama,
 Each arrayed like a primitive palmer,
 With hand on the rifle,
 That is not a trifle,
 And the bowie-knife—ain't it a charmer?
 We're gents as is come from Arkansas,
 Pikers, and gunners, and lancers.
 We're democrat dogs,
 That will go the whole hogs,
 And each stand for his own like a man, sirs.
 We come from the old Indiana,
 As hot as a lighted havannah.
 The Britisher rout
 Shall soon be kicked out,
 As by Jackson from Louisiana.
 And we're from the woods of Kentucky,
 So gallant, and spicy, and plucky.
 Let the Company's spies
 Look out for their eyes,
 For there's gougers agog from Kentucky.
 We're pilgrims from fair Massachusetts.
 You should worship the print that our shoe sets,
 We'll take a firm stand
 On our own promised land,
 And wander no more like those Jew sets.
 We're a mission sent here from Missouri,
 To teach gospel and trial by jury.
 We're come to patch holes
 In the Indian souls,
 And to send them upstairs, we assure ye.
 And we've come a long way from Ohio,
 Where our chalks have run up to the sky, oh!
 We'll wash out our smalls
 In the Willamette falls,
 And the Britisher's claim is my eye, oh!

Ohio! Ohe jam satis est! Why, there is a verse for every state, going alphabetically downwards to Wisconsin. But it's too long. It's a thirsty song. It ought to have a good chorus, to give the singer the chance of a refreshing draught, while the rest of the company take up the burden.

Travelling Bachelor. That allusion to the JEWS in the Massachusetts stanza is very remarkable. I have no doubt but that it refers to the theory of the TEN LOST TRIBES being discovered in America.

Whiskey-Drinker. You don't say so? What! ten more tribes of Jews turned up? What glorious news! Won't somebody I know be among them in no time!

Grimgibber. Suppose ten new tribes of Jews have been found, what have they to do with your friend?

Whiskey-Drinker. Is't what he has to do with them? Maybe he'll

find a Jew among them that will discount a bill for him. He has exhausted the two old tribes long ago.

Everard Clive. I wish you luck, and a pleasant voyage. Meanwhile, help me through a Transatlantic melody. Pitch me the air of "Yankee Doodle."

[The Whiskey-Drinker plays the tune of Yankee Doodle with the tongs and shovel. Clive sings]

Yankee Doodle wants a state,
Oregon or Texas;
Sends some squatters in it straight,
And quietly annexes.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy
Canada 's a pleasant place,
So is California:
Yankee Doodle wants them all,
But first he cribs a corner.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy.
Yankee Doodle went to sleep
Among his bills of parcels;
President Polk he stirred him up,
And cocked his tail so martial.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy.
General Cass he made a speech,—
Archer called it splutter,—
He swore he 'd tear the British Jack,
And wipe it in the gutter.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy.
Jabez Honan took an oath,
By the Living Jingo!
Cuba soon shall be our own,
And so shall St. Domingo.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy.
Yankee has some public works,—
Well he may parade them;
English money paid for all,
And Irish labour made them.
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy!
He can do the Britishers,
And Mexicans so handy—
Then hey for Yankee Doodle's luck,
And for Annexation!
Hey for Yankee Doodle's pluck,
And for Repudiation!
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
And hey for Sherry Cobbler too,
Mint-julep, and peach-brandy!

Travelling Bachelor. That is hardly fair, Clive. There is really a deep vein of fine poetic feeling in the Americans. I will repeat you some stanzas that I think very noble.

I love thee, mighty Transatlantic land !
And read the giant future of thy fates.
I love the wondrous harmonizing band,
That links the Southern with the—

Fenman. solvent States,

Travelling Bachelor. Land of the fair-faced maid and wild racoon,
Land of the bowie-knife and faultless trigger,
Land of the glorious flag of Stars and Stripes,
The only thing that 's striped—

Fenman. except a nigger !

Grimgibber. You make him conclude his pleadings for America after the old fashion, with a Protestando.

Fenman. I sincerely wish that the Dutch blood, which some of the New-Yorkers boast runs in their veins, would show a little more influence on the spirit of Transatlantic politics. The blustering, rapacious tone of the public organs of the United States does little credit to descendants of the Dutch, or of the English either. *We* have hitherto employed, I am glad to say, a worthier tone. I hope we shall keep it up. I will give you something on *our* side of the question.

A fearless stand on ill-got land
Is what a rogue may make ;
And hands unjust may stoutly trust
The sword for glory's sake,
By brow of brass and heart of steel
Are grasping scoundrels known ;
The man that plays the noblest part
Will simply hold his own.

To let your sway take headlong way,
Unchecked by shame or sin ;
To deem nought done till all is won
That force or fraud can win,
Are " shadows, not substantial things,"
A better pride is shown
In being merely firm and fair ;
And holding just your own.

That often Might has vanquished Right,
Is now a thrice-told tale.
But there 's a word above the sword
Shall make the Right prevail.
'Tis they who think before they strike,
And strike for Right alone,
Make good their claim to deathless fame,
And always hold their own.

Then let them think that we shall shrink,
Because we calmly stand,
If war must be, right soon will we
Unteach them sword in hand.
And let them boast their force for fight—
That fight they can they 've shown,—
But so *can* we, and so *will* we,
Before we yield our own.

Travelling Bachelor. Still I own I like America. My distinguished correspondents there—

Grimgibber. Pray, sir, is your evidence all hearsay? Or were you ever in America?

Travelling Bachelor. I meant to be; but I got no farther than Kamschatka. I should have gone over Humboldt's line, if certain feelings had not brought me home.

could have gone away, afar,
Nor cared where winds or waves might speed me;
And looking on some distant star,
Let it mislead me.
I little recked for fatherland,
As little cared for home;
And had been free for land and sea,
At choice to roam.
But when I roved the furthest,
I lengthened most the chain.
For one soft feeling ever
Could draw me back again.

A dimple on a fair, pale face,
With a sweet smile around it,
Had won my heart, both child and man,
And firmly bound it.
Else had I climbed the Andes,
Where ice gleams high and bold,
And found a home as distant there,
And not more cold.
So when I found that roving
But lengthened out the chain,
I turned my steps, but not my heart,
And hied me home again.

Fenman. What, a lady in the case? Ay, that always leads men into Transcendentalism. It gave me my view into the Ideal.

Everard Clive. Your lay is for the Lady-Love afar. I'll give you one that will suit your fair one, if she is within the limits of the two-penny post.

Grimgibber. Twopenny post no longer. You forget Rowland Hill. Say within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police Act.

Everard Clive. Put it so, if you please; though it is not a very complimentary classification. But you shall hear "La Belle Caroline." The air is Peninsular. I wish Spanish airs suited my mouth as well as Spanish chesnuts.

SONG.—CAROLINE TELL ME TRULY.

Caroline, tell me truly,
What mean those smiles on me?
Come to the Spa at Beulah,
I'll treat you all to tea.
Send your little sisters
Out of sight to play.
Say your feet have blisters,
And sit by me all day.
Omnibuses are leaving
The Elephant every hour,
Railroads are receiving
All who come in their power.
I've a gingham umbrella,
So never mind the rain.
Call me your dearest fellow,
And come by an early train.
Caroline, you're so handsome,
You've made me sigh all night;
My chest requires expansion;
My waistcoat's grown too tight.

Surrey groves are shady,
 And Norwood lawns are fair ;
 So, my adored young lady,
 Let 's go and take the air.

Then at eve returning,
 As along the road we creep ;
 Gaslights round us burning,
 Half the party asleep ;
 We 'll sit next to each other,
 And talk the long day o'er,
 And hope your father and mother
 Will ask me in at the door.

Grimgibber. Can love be talked about in an Irishman's presence, and he be silent? Will not the WHISKEY-DRINKER quote us some case in point, of how he broke his heart for some Kathleen or Norah?

Whiskey-Drinker. By my safe conscience, were I to tell you every time I have broken my heart, I should keep you here till St. Patrick's day in the afternoon. With my countrymen 'tis "an Irishman's heart for the ladies." Shall I tell you of something a little more important, of how I nearly broke my neck, and really broke my teeth?

Everard Clive. Oh! shame on thee, thou ungentlemanly Hibernian! I am tempted to fire at you Canning's joke of "Curius Dentatus." What, are teeth more important than hearts?

Grimgibber. Yes. It's more difficult to wear false ones.

Fenman. Let us, however, hear the story. Was it a fox-hunt or a steeple-chase?

Whiskey-Drinker. Why, it was a chase without a steeple,—a race without a winning-post. But, if you mean to hear it, fill your glasses first, and let me have the big tumbler yonder. It's hard enough not to be able to smoke while one talks; but a good sup is always allowable at the full stops, and a half-sip at the semicolons. Reach me the stirrup-cup, then, before I mount. And now Everard, my boy, give me a fair start, and don't let them be interrupting me. Thank you—that will do. I'm fairly off. It happened in Ireland, d'ye see; and it was the year of the Bill.

Grimgibber. What year, and what bill?

Whiskey-Drinker. Why the year of the Emancipation, to be sure. What bill! is it what bill? Did ever any one hear—

Clive. Of a year without one?

Fenman. Especially about Christmas.

Whiskey-Drinker. There now. Give me another start and let there be silence on the standhouse unless you want me to put wisps in your mouths or shut my own up altogether. It was the year of the Bill, and the month was July. The "Rhetoricians' Farewell," as the annual dinner of the head-class at Clongowes Wood—our Irish Eton—was called, was celebrated on no less distinguished a spot than Tara Hill, some twenty miles away from the College. We did the journey easily by rising very early and baiting and breakfasting at the pleasant little town of Summerhill, which was half-way between us and "Tara of the Kings." A select few of us who were mounted, and rather well mounted, I apprehend, rode in front of the expedition. Next, in a spring van, and especially engaged for the occasion, came the band of the Kildare Militia, playing up like May-

boys everything they could think of the whole day, from Malbrook to Moll Roe in the morning. It would do your hearts good to see the women and children running out of the cabins by the roadside, and clapping their hands and screeching a thousand wonders at the trombone. The men, at the end of every tune, used to get something to moisten the wind instruments. Paddy Fitzpatrick, the Kent-bugler, a universal favourite

"Quo non solertior alter
Ære ciere viros, Bacchumque accendere cantu,"

used to wait till the wheel of the van got into a rut, and then he tossed off the tay-cup without spilling a drop. The bassoon man, one Daniel Delaney, had some half-dozen of his reeds reduced to smithereens during the day. Dan said "it was all in the regard of the *jowling*:" but the real reason was much *stronger*. After the musicians, came in "a long, long line," the main body, or car-borne heroes of the party, and a large provision van, well horsed to keep the pace, brought up the rear. We dined over the ruins of the old palace of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru. Several hundreds of the neighbouring population looked on at our manœuvres at a polite distance—the poorest of the Irish have a something, call it what you will, a natural delicacy, or *politesse*, about them, which forbids them from disturbing a family party over their meal, or a jolly one over their liquor. Well, we eat, and sent the fragments to those, God help them! who wanted them bad enough; and we drank till we left very little to distribute in any quarter whatsoever; and we made speeches about everything, social, moral, political, and even national, from Dan's health to Johnny Power's the distiller's, from the Bishop of Meath's to the memory of Brian Boru.

"But never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers."

We must rise earlier than most of us felt at all inclined, for more than twenty Irish miles after dinner through a peaceable country, and not the best roads in the world, was no joke to some thirty or forty of an Irish party most of whom were remarkably young, and a few of the youngest had to do the thing in the saddle. Pat Fitzpatrick sounded the *reville*. We rose and sung in solemn chorus

"The harp that once—"

I forget whether we did not sing it *twice*; and we started for Summerhill, where we arrived about sunset, the cavaliers considerably in advance of the rest. An old woman had remarked at Tara, as we mounted, that "some young gentlemen's spurs weren't made for nothing, and some of them again didn't want any." We took tea at Summerhill. The Kildares played up by command from headquarters, "Paudheen O'Rafferty," and "The Girl I left behind me," to please the landlord's pretty daughters, all of whom are now married and settled, the Lord be praised! and so again we sallied forth rejoicing. Little did two or three of us, as we kissed hands to the ladies of Summerhill, and bent to our saddle-bows in acknowledgment of their "purty behaviour," think what was before us, and that not far off. Nothing of particular note occurred, as we cantered for a mile or two out of the town on our homeward road, except a flying leap taken by one young gentleman over an ass laden with

oyster-panniers, which met him sideways at a sharp turn, and which he cleared cleverly, to his own delight as well as that of his horse and companions. Then one or two matches *ensemble*, took place along the road, till at last the majority grew tired of flat racing. "Sovereign sweepstakes from this to home," shouted out the greatest devilskin of the party, not excepting the nag that bore him. "Done!" said half-a-dozen of us; and we were started about four miles from the College. And now for the names of the horses and the colours of the riders. Dandy was a fine horse, and he knew it. So did I. He was a dark bay without a white spot on his body, barring one on his forehead like a star, and another over his left nostril like anything aristocratic you wish to compare it to. His bone was of the stoutest, and his blood of the best three quarters in the country. I had turned eighteen as well as I can calculate, and rode about ten stone, saddle and bridle. We were well matched to go at anything from a pound wall to the roof of a country cabin, with very little in reason to stop us when our blood was up. Master Robert was a raw-boned grey, with a switch tale that the flies dare not come within a mile of. He was a wild, rakish-looking brute, that showed far more breeding than feeding, although he was not sleeping in his stall, you may be sure, when the corn was thrown into the manger. He was altogether

"A sight for sportsman's eye
Along a bold declivity."

or any place else where hounds would go. On his back was a County Dublin boy that could ride like a Numidian. There was a chesnut mare called "The Maid of the Mill," from the County Meath, that had pride and devilment enough in her for a Field-Marshal on parade; and a black one, bred on the Wicklow hills, named after Dick Turpin's. The other two were not particularly remarkable, but they were good-looking, and were well spoken of, especially by their riders. They did not score one, however, for they fell at the first fence off the road, and had their interests in the race thus early provided for. We had no posts along the course to tell us the way we should go. We were to pick our steps as nicely as we could; "straight-a-head" was the word; and—who you know—was requested to hang on to the hindmost. It was between eight and nine o'clock, but there was plenty of light to enable us to see the towers of the College in the distance. The four of us who took the first ditch, although we had only the breadth of the road for a run at it, went over flying. The "Maid of the Mill" got over first. Her rider was as bold as Young Lochinvar, and handled his bit of blood as properly. Away he shot a-head, mentally ejaculating, no doubt, that "they'd fleet steeds that would follow!" But we did for all that, and came up with him, too, before The Maid took him over the second affair, which we all took nearly together. Three of us, most certainly, a parson might cover with his surplice, as we popped into the meadow just as light and graceful as a two pair of polkas, and on we went at and over and through Heaven knows what! Dandy took his leaps so smoothly that you might read one of Dan's speeches on his back. Black Bess could not live the pace any longer as we came to about a mile of home, and her rider pulled her off. Master Robert, The Maid, and The Dandy, had the thing all to themselves, and we were now in a large field, of some thirty or forty acres,

called The Raheens, that looked like a little Curragh, and we looked as if going over it for "The Hunters' Plate." Here again we were well together, Master Robert in front and Dandy a length behind, with his nose to the ground like a bloodhound. He always did that when he was vexed. The mare was equi-distant from me bringing up the rear. Her rider had her well in hand, depending upon the doctrine of chances. The hedge opposite us was a thorough-paced impossibility, of too unnatural a height and thickness to be at all practicable. The gate was, therefore, the less of two evils, so we made our selection. I gave the gallant grey the preference. I thought his tail was not as well up as before, and that he showed symptoms of distress. It was so: he went at it bravely, notwithstanding; tip, smash, and he rolled over, and rolled again. It was an awful crash, but it left me the less work to do, the only difficulty being to keep clear of the spill.

Dandy and "The Maid of the Mill" were now in possession of the country, and the contest was between Kildare and Meath. A few things of minor importance were taken by us in happy succession, until at last we cleared a small ditch that brought us in from the Rathcoffey road into the College demesne. We were now going along an old avenue of oaks, which had been abandoned for years, and closed up at the end where we had popped in. It was grass-covered, and was the softest and kindest bit of turf we had felt since we started. We needed it to be so, for it was half a mile long; our steeds were pretty well blown, and there was a Ha-Ha! with the unpleasant side of it in our teeth, at the end which separated it from the front lawn of the Castle. The whole of the boys were out on the lawn, as we neared it, and the masters were looking out of the windows. Coming within about fifty or sixty yards from this our last leap home, the thought struck us that we had not named the winning-post as yet. We had mentioned the College to be sure, but we never dreamed of such a possibility as two, or even one of us, galloping up madly to the hall-door. My companion cried out, "The first tree on the left when we're over—that's the winning-post." All right; and we went at the horrible yawner. The horse had been for some minutes before galloping quite high, but so was his neighbour; in fact, Dandy's fire was questionable at the moment, and the Maid had the fun pretty well taken out of her. It was to be done, however, and it was done. There was not an inch to boast of, and, as far as I was concerned, not a leg of the steed or his master to spare. Three wild and rapturous hurrahs of the boys in front welcomed us as we landed. I was now in front, the mare breathing hard upon my left flank. It was all very well talking of the first tree on the left; I could not pull in that direction without running the chance of being charged and overturned; and the mare would not go to the left at all. She was obstinate furious, and blind, and would go straight ahead. So we were in for it. The effort to pull up together was natural, but it was in vain. In we went, the mare without let or hindrance, through the large oaken gateway, which, mind you, had been closed, I and Dandy through the Gothic window, that went down to the ground, on the right-hand side, rooting up the scraper as we went along. In the *mêlée* which followed in the hall, it was not easy, indeed it would not have been safe to keep our saddles — I plunged and kicked about as a

man ought always to do in a close fight. The horses got up as well as they could, shook themselves furiously, and turned round for the outer world again. My companion was sprawling, and looked exceedingly bruised. To rush out after Dandy, who was flying over the lawn, and flinging up his heels in defiance of capture—to doubt as I rushed whether I was dead or alive, after such an escape—to thank Heaven for its mercy to one who deserved it so little—and to shout out "Stop him!" took less time on my part than it does to tell you. But that's not the whole of the affair: a moment after I shouted I found myself looking out for four of my teeth on the gravel opposite the hall-door. Four precious teeth were dispersed, and sent upon the wide world for ever by that desperate *finale* of an Irish gallop.

Travelling Bachelor. What did the President of the College do in the matter?

Whiskey-Drinker. What didn't he do, would be a better question.

Travelling Bachelor. He gave you and the County Meath boy a heavy penance for your mortal sin, I suppose.

Whiskey-Drinker. He gave us absolution, *in articulo mortis*, as he stretched out of the window over the door-way; for the reverend father considered us dead and buried, as we flashed through underneath.

Travelling Bachelor. If the fighting of the factions be not an historical illusion your's were not the first teeth, Drinker, with which the Irish soil had been sown.

Whiskey-Drinker. You're quite right, Bachelor; nor was I the first Irish Cadmus. Father Mathew, however, has changed most of that; and the railroads will effect the rest. Nevertheless, he gave us, as I said before, absolution *in articulo*, and that's why I am here to tell the tale. After all this, I think it's some one else's turn to ventilate his voice a little. Everard, my boy, your cigar's just out; give us a stave or two before you light another.

Everard Clive. With all my heart. But first let me brew a tumbler of milk-punch. We can't have it in the jolly style which I and the Bachelor remember at Cambridge; we've none of Hardman's big blue bowls here; but I can extemporize a tolerable mixture from the rum-bottle and the milkpot. So put the little saucepan on, and, Grimgibber, grate some nutmeg.

Grimgibber. Are you going to sing about nutmegs?

Everard Clive. No; but I shall allude to a beverage; and I like in a drinking-song to be able to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action. Now all's ready; so prepare to imbibe sweet strains, and make your accompaniment with your glasses. My song is about the Union, but it has nothing to do with the *Repeal*, and is in fact rather matrimonial than political.

A single man's a meteor pale,
A single lass a moony one;
So come, old comet, spread your tail,
Flare up, and join the Union!

But many a double star looks bad,
And finds itself a spoony one;
They wish to heaven they never had
Flared up and joined the Union!

We roving lads, like planets gay,
Through night will hold communion ;
And in our rum and milky way,
Flare up, and join the Union !

Omnes. We roving lads, like planets gay.
Through night will hold communion,
And in our rum and milky way
Flare up, and join the Union !

Travelling Bachelor. The Whiskey-Drinker's story of "The Teeth I left behind me" admirably exemplifies the aimless energy of the Irish character. I don't wonder at the Queen keeping away from such a wild country. She means to go to France again this year.

Whiskey-Drinker. Don't delude yourself into dreaming of such an enormity. 'Tis the Green Isle she's coming to. It's all fixed, and all the ceremonies are arranged. Don't I myself know the song that's been made on her visit already?

Fenman. Oh, if you know the song made on her visit, the visit must be true. Let us have the song. Convert the Bachelor from his suspicions of her Majesty's taste for potatoes in their native land.

Grimgibber. It must be the last song to-night, then.

Everard Clive. Let us have, then, the "bumper at parting" with it.

Whiskey-Drinker. The last, if you will, but not the least. Fill your glasses accordingly, and hear the prophecy of the SHAN VAN VAUGH.

SONG—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

Air—"The Shan Van Vaugh."

Ah ! who is on the say ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh,—
Ah ! who is on the say ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
In the merry month of May,
She'll be here without delay ;
And 'twill be in Dublin Bay,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

Who is on Dunleary's Sand ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh,—
Who is on Dunleary's Sand ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
The Queen is on the strand,
With Prince Albert in her hand,
And she'll bless our own green land,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

Ah ! who will meet her there ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh,—
Ah ! who will meet her there ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
On the Curragh of Kildare
'Tis the boys will meet her there,
And the girls in fine repair,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

And who will lead the van ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh,—
And who will lead the van ?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

If there's one before ould Dan,
Let him step out, says the Shan,
'Faith! I'd like to see the man,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

Won't she go to Tara's Hall?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
Yes, she'll go to Tara's Hall,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
We'll build up the ould wall;
She and Dan will lead the ball;
And the Harp it won't sing small,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

Will she wear the Irish crown?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
Will she wear the Irish crown?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
Yes; 't will be in Limerick town,
Where Sarsfield gained renown,
And the Trayty was pit down,
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

Will she call at Darrynane?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
Will she call at Darrynane?
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.
Yes; and to her health we'll drain
The whiskey and champagne.
Sure, she won't go home again
Says the Shan Van Vaugh.

LINES TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

WHERE art thou, brother? I have
watch'd

Like mariner, yon star,
That had through weary midnights led
My thoughts to thee afar!
I have gazed on its beauty, when
All radiantly it shone,
And, when o'ershadow'd, wept to think
Such lot might be thine own.

Where art thou, brother? I have ask'd
The breeze of summer even,
When wafting to the wither'd earth
The kindly dew of heav'n!
The winds, that echoed back the words,
Brought answer none to me;
And this weak heart of mine hath bled
With sadden'd love for thee!

Where art thou, brother? Could the
sound
Of love but reach thy ear,
To gladden thee with dreams of joy,
To quell each rising fear!

What blessed thoughts would come to
thee,

If one remember'd vice
Could whisper all its treasured hopes —
How would the soul rejoice!

Where art thou, brother? Our old
home

Hast thou e'en once forgot,
And think ye kindly, as of yore,
Of that time-honour'd spot?
The household fane! affection breathes
Its fervent pray'rs each day,
For him whose steps are not wit lu,
Who lingers far away?

Where art thou, brother? Oh! return
To those who wait thee here;
No home is like the early one,
However bright elsewhere!
Unfurl the sails, and point the helm
To thine own white-cliff'd isle,
Come back, my brother, chase the tears
That now usurp the smile!

NEW PICTORIAL PUBLICATIONS.

SUCH a variety of pictorial beauty is now lying upon our table, awaiting a brief notice, that we know not upon which to bestow our first attention. Yet, "first come, first served." "Poems and Pictures" is the title of a volume just published, which is remarkable for the heedlessness of expense with which it has been got up. The binding is handsome, the type unexceptionable, and the paper of the first quality: it has been profusely illustrated, moreover, with designs from many artists of acknowledged reputation, which have been transferred to wood by engravers of the highest eminence. It would be difficult to point out a volume of greater pictorial merit, or with more variety of embellishment. The drawings by Creswick, Cope, Redgrave, F. R. Pickersgill, and others, whom we could mention, are perfect gems, and the wood-engravings are of the first order of merit. We would especially mention those confided to Linton.

But we must in justice say that a much better selection of poetry might easily have been made. Of poems that approach a high standard we have very few, and they are well known, and have been included in the miscellanies over and over again; while of the *médiocre*, and of the "tolerable and not to be endured," there is plenty and to spare.

"The Picturesque Antiquities of Spain," by Mr. Wells, is a book so rich in illustration that we must give some better notice of it to our readers than mere description can supply. The work of Mr. Wells consists of a series of letters, and comprises the details of two tours in Spain, one recent, the other undertaken some three years since. The author when he drew up his title page, was somewhat unjust to himself. His book is not exclusively devoted to Spanish picturesque antiquities, but contains lively notes on the road, descriptions of the manners and customs of the people, and notices of many modern things that keep the reader fast to the volume till he has made an end of it. The attraction, however, which drew Mr. Wells to Spain, was the monuments and memorials of Moro-Iberian genius, which, to the lover of the romantic in art, render Spain the most interesting country in Europe. The reader has an opportunity of perceiving that Mr. Wells is an excellent draughtsman. His style of drawing is not only characterized by fidelity, but by an elaborate minuteness—a merit highly to be estimated in book illustrations, especially of architectural antiquities which are sublime in the whole, but which are likewise exquisite in detail. For instance, let the reader turn to the plate representing the façade of the College of San Gregorio, at Valladolid, and decide whether Mr. Wells' description, which we subjoin, be not realized in every particular. Our author observes, "The gothic architecture, like the Greek, assumed as a base and principle of decoration, the imitation of the supposed primitive abodes of rudest invention. . . . The façade of the College of San Gregorio furnishes an example of the Gothic decoration brought back to its starting point. The tree is here in its state of nature; and contributes its trunk, branches, leaves, and its handful of twigs bound together. A grove is represented, composed of stripling stems, the branches of some of which, united and bound



FACADE OF SAN CRISTÓBAL, VALLADOLID



together, curve over, and form a broad arch, which encloses the door-way. At each side is a row of hairy savages, each holding in one hand a club resting on the ground, and in the other an armorial shield. The intervals of the sculpture are covered with tracery, representing entwined twigs, like basket-work. Over the door is a stone fourteen feet long by three in height, covered with *fleurs-de-lis*, on a ground of wicker-work, producing the effect of muslin. Immediately over the arch is a large flower-pot, in which is planted a pomegranate-tree. Its branches spread on either side and bear fruit, besides a quantity of little Cupids, which cling to them in all directions. In the upper part they enclose a large armorial escutcheon, with lions for supporters. On either side of this design, and separated respectively by stems of slight trees, are compartments containing armed warriors in niches, and armorial shields. All the ornaments I have enumerated cover the façade up to its summit, along which project entwined branches and sticks, represented as broken off at different angles."

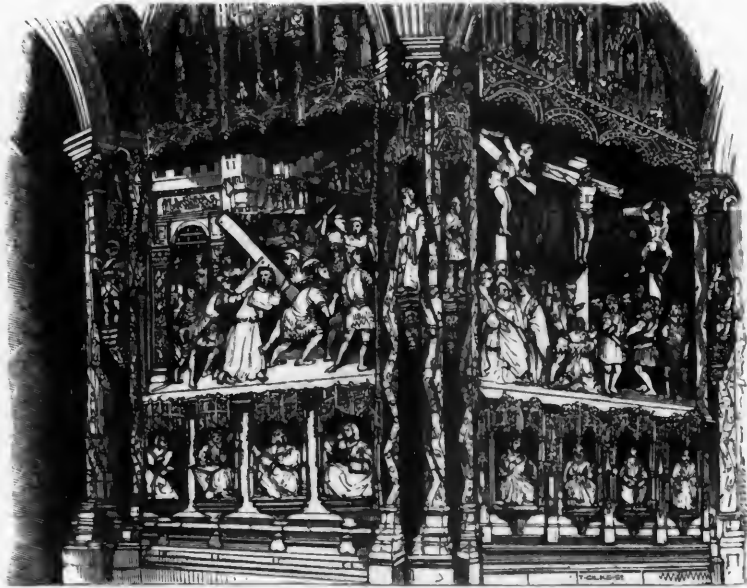


ARCO DE SANTA MARIA.

The city of Burgos,—how declined from its ancient renown as the capital of Castile!—is well described by Mr. Wells. We give his view of the Arco de Santa Maria, one of the entrances to the city.

But Burgos owes her chief attraction to her cathedral, which, although by no means large, is one of the most beautiful edifices in Europe. We wish we could afford room for our author's elaborate account of the wonders to be seen without and within this exquisite structure, but we cannot resist giving a wood-engraving of a portion of the sculpture in the *apse*, and that part of the description which refers to the principal event illustrated.

"The centre piece, representing the Crucifixion, is the most striking. The upper part contains the three sufferers in front; and in the background a variety of buildings, trees, and other smaller objects, supposed to be at a great distance. In the foreground of the lower part are seen the officers and soldiers employed in the



SCULPTURE IN THE APSE.

execution; a group of females, with St. John supporting the Virgin, and a few spectators. The costume, the expression, the symmetry of the figures, all contribute to the excellence of this piece of sculpture. It would be difficult to surpass the exquisite grace displayed in the attitudes and flow of the drapery of the female group; and the herculean limbs of the right-hand robber, as he writhes in his torments, and seems ready to snap the cords which retain his feet and arms,—the figure projecting in its entire contour from the surface of the back-ground, presents an admirable model of corporeal expression and anatomical detail.

It is not to be supposed that a tourist like our author, having such an object in view as incited his pen and pencil, would suffer himself to forget Toledo, or permit a prohibition from visiting Seville. He has furnished us with views of the interiors of the cathedrals of

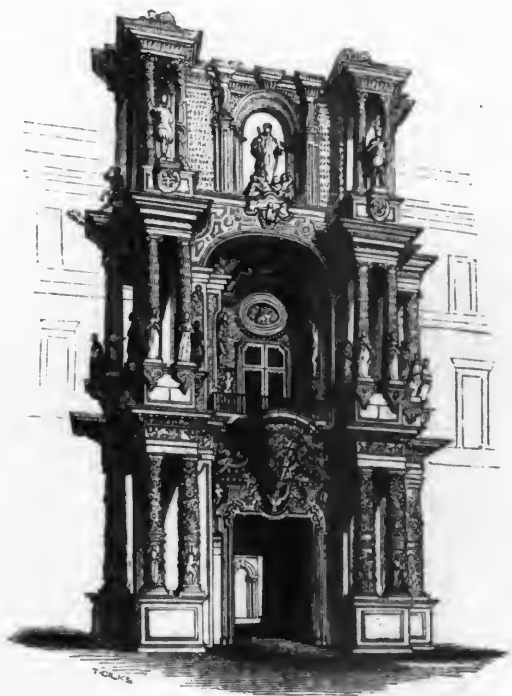
Seville and Toledo;—these magnificent specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, which, although unequal in size, vie with each other in gorgeousness of embellishment. Neither have the rich and varied glories of the Alcazar at Seville been “unimproved” by his exact pencil. We give the Cloister of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, and the portal of the College at San Telmo, Seville, not because they supply the best evidence of Mr. Wells’s powers as an artist, but that, with the two preceding wood-engravings, they furnish a specimen of the highly creditable manner in which Mr. Gilks has transferred the nineteen drawings entrusted to him. Neither is Mr. Starling to be less commended for his execution of the ten engraved plates with which this very beautiful and attractive volume is enriched.



CLOISTER OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

“The chief attraction of the ruin of the church of San Juan de los Reyes is the cloister. A small quadrangle is surrounded by an ogival or pointed arcade, enriched with all the ornament that style is capable of receiving. It encloses a garden, which, seen through the airy web of the surrounding tracery, must have produced in this sunny region a charming effect. At present, one side being in ruins and unroofed, its communication with the other three has been interrupted; and whether or not in the idea of preserving the other sides from the infection, their arches have been closed nearly to the top by thin plaster walls. Whatever may have been the motive of this arrangement, it answers the useful purpose of

concealing from the view a gallery which surmounts the cloister, the arches of which would neutralize the souvenirs created by the rest of the scene, since they announce a far different epoch of art, by the grievous backsliding of taste evinced in their angular form and uncouth proportions."



PORTAL OF SAN TELMO, SEVILLE.

"The College of San Telmo, fronting the Christina-gardens, is composed of two large quadrangles, behind a façade of five or six hundred feet in length, the centre of which is ornamented by a portal of very elaborate execution in the *plateresco* style. The architect, Matias de Figueroa, has literally crammed the three stories with carved columns, inscriptions, balconies, statues single and grouped, arches, medallions, wreaths, friezes."

It is apparent from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Wells studiously shuns the use of technical terms—a piece of forbearance and good taste which he has exercised throughout, and for which the unartistic reader must thank him who, in descriptive works of this nature, frequently feels a wish to call upon the author to "explain his explanation."

Could old John Rouse, from whose hands proceeded the most highly-finished gems of the art of illumination, as practised in his days,—many specimens of which are still preserved in our colleges and national libraries—could that pains-taking manipulator, we say, look out from his grave and examine “The Illuminated Book of Common Prayer,” just issued to the world by Mr. Murray, and “The Illuminated Sermon on the Mount,” and “Illuminated Calendar,” published by Messrs. Longmans, he would marvel at the skill of his successors in an art which he probably brought himself to believe had been brought to perfection in his own time. But when he came to be told that this brilliancy and nice admixture and blending of colour and gilding, are the result of a process which we call polychrome painting, his wonder would be exchanged for incredulity which would with difficulty be lessened when the *modus operandi* was explained to him. Neither would an ordinary amount of surprise possess the mind of Mr. Strutt, who, about seventy years ago, in his “Royal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England,” gave to the public such a notion of the works of Rouse and others as certain dingy, salmon-coloured drawings might bestow. No small surprise would pervade Mr. Strutt could he see that, now-a-days, copies of the productions upon which his attempts were an outrage, can be produced and re-produced with all the vividness and exactness of the originals. “The Illuminated Book of Common Prayer” is one of the most beautiful books we ever beheld, and must have been consummated with immense labour and at a vast expense. The illuminated titles, designed by Owen Jones, are splendid, using the word in its true sense, and every page has a border of a different invention. All of these ornaments, diversely coloured, show the utmost elegance and ingenuity; and the book, in addition, is copiously illustrated with outline engravings from the works of the great masters, and with three graceful drawings by Mr. Horsley. “The Sermon on the Mount” is a gorgeous copy of that divine discourse, and forms a small volume of thirty pages. Here, the illuminations form the borders of every page, and are of the most brilliant and exquisite description. They are, likewise, the work of Mr. Owen Jones, and, we suspect, have been put forth by that gentleman to show the utmost he can do, or perhaps, we should say, the utmost that can be done in this way. “The Illuminated Calendar” is an exact facsimile in every page of a beautiful manuscript which was executed about 1380, and which is called “the Hours” of the Duke of Anjou. Its style is characterized by extreme richness, lightness and elegance. We commend this beautiful Calendar and Diary to such ladies alone as have happy remembrances to record or pleasant anticipations to set down. Vexations and disappointments, or envy, the least of the evils which flesh is heir to, must not sully the pages of a book like this.

The Baroness de Calabrella has collected together a number of tales in prose and verse, composed by various writers—herself being one—and has brought them out under the title of “Haddon Hall,” in as elegant a volume as the most fastidious could desire to lay on a table. We are told that the Lady Eva, the youthful daughter of a peer, is celebrating her birthday, which is to be commemorated during a space of six days. She has in her possession twenty-four

drawings by the gifted Cattermole, which she hands successively—one or more—to a lady or gentleman of the party, requesting each to invent a story upon the materials furnished on the instant. The tales being confessedly written to the drawings, we must congratulate the several writers (with one exception,) on the success with which they have performed their arduous labours. The author of "Adriani," (a very good story by-the-bye) must have been sorely perplexed by the drawing presented to him. The fat Figaro, or hardly diminished Lablache, scarcely looks the young and gallant outlaw. "Love to the Rescue," by Mr. Bell, the author of the pleasant comedy, "Marriage," is a very graceful contribution; and "Some Passages in the Life of the Conquistador" contains a vigorous sketch of Hernando Cortez. The lines on "Charles XII." are spirited and correct, and bid us hope something from the youthful author. Too great praise cannot be accorded to the admirable designs of Cattermole, which have been engraved throughout with the utmost degree of finish. "Haddon Hall" is a very captivating volume.

Everybody has heard the story of the old lady who pronounced Sir Charles Grandison the most accommodating novel she ever looked into, for, said she, "Wherever you open the book, there you find them discoursing pleasantly in the cedar parlour." We suspect that the old lady, before she said this, had been scribbling away at the "insane root" of sarcasm; but it may be truly asserted of Mrs. Stone's "Chronicles of Fashion," that, open them where you will, you will light upon entertainment. The title indicates the contents of the book, which have been gleaned with much labour and research from works, which, for the most part, are only to be sought in our public libraries. It is illustrated with many portraits of "stars of fashion," who have shone in our hemisphere from the time of Elizabeth to our own days. We are cribbed, cabined, and confined for space, or we would gladly prolong our notice of this most amusing *mélange*; but if the reader wish to know more, may not we say without speaking it irreverently, "Is it not to be found in the Chronicles?"

The success which has attended the "German Popular Stories," translated from John and Willhelm Grimm, by the late lamented Edgar Taylor, and published some years since, has induced his kinsman, Mr. John Edward Taylor, to issue a new collection from the same source, taking care to avoid the insertion of any tales which have appeared before in English. The studied simplicity and artless humour of the originals, have been excellently preserved by Mr. Taylor, who is evidently no ordinary person. These tales furnish a delightful treat to the young: and we know some old youngsters who will relish them amazingly. "The Hedghog and the Hare" is the most exquisite thing of the sort we have read for a long while. We must not forget a word of praise to the illustrations by Richard Doyle.

FATHER TIME AND HIS CHILDREN.

BY MISS M. T. E. KNOX.

As Time pass'd in his ceaseless course,
 His children one by one
 To greet him came; and first appear'd,
 With stately step and flowing beard
 His fearless firstborn son.

A snowy mantle was round him thrown,
 His brow was bare and bold,
 So proud was he that he cared for none;
 He spoke in a hoarse and hurried tone,
 And his breath was sharp and cold.

Few were the words that passed between
 Old Time and his sullen child;
 When the second came with sadder mien,
 In his dull face no pride was seen,
 And he seldom, if ever, smiled.

A coat of glittering mail he wore,
 That rattled with every breeze,
 A crystal staff in his hand he bore,
 And tears anon from his eyes would pour,
 On his icy cheeks to freeze.

A hurried greeting, a cold farewell,
 And Time on his journey pass'd,
 When he heard a sound through the woodland swell,
 And the voice of March on his quick ear fell
 Like the rush of a stormy blast.

A merry, merry lad is March,
 With his loud and cheerful song;
 A ragged cloak o'er his shoulders cast,
 And half unclothed his rugged breast,
 And little he cares in his song to rest,
 For his lungs are good and strong.

Rudely he greeted his aged sire,
 Though his heart was kind enough,
 And the old man smother'd his kindling ire,
 And listened a while by a cheerful fire
 While his son struck wildly his tuneless lyre
 To numbers wild and rough.

April came next like a laughing child,
 And the old man's heart was stirr'd,
 As she gathered the flowers that were sweet and wild,
 And o'er them by turns she wept and smiled,
 And her happy voice the hours beguiled,
 Like the song of a singing bird.

Yet on he went, for the gentle May
 Was waiting his smile to meet:
 She scattered blossoms about his way,
 And flung, wherever he chose to stray,
 At early morn, or close of day,
 Fresh dews to cool his feet.

Oh! a happy, happy time he had
 While his lovely child was nigh:
 She was never weary, and never sad,
 And her merry voice made his old heart glad
 As the pleasant hours flew by.

But he might not linger, for blue-eyed June
 Advanced with a smiling face;
 Her form was light, and a brilliant zone
 Of gorgeous hues around her thrown,
 And she flew, with a grace which is all her own
 To her father's fond embrace.

She led him away over field and hill,
 With lightsome step and free,
 His bosom with fragrant flowers did fill,
 And early fruits; and her step was still
 By field, and forest, and dancing rill,
 And Time for a while had a right good will
 To be as gay as she.

But she passed away, with her beauties rare,
 And her sister, bright July,
 With fruit-stained lips, and golden hair
 And loosened robe, and bosom bare,
 Approached her sire with bustling air,
 For the harvest-time was nigh.

And she was a gay, industrious maid,
 With little time to waste;
 But the noonday rest in the cooling shade
 She loved full well; or by bright cascade
 To bathe her limbs; or in forest-glade
 The ripe wild-fruits to taste.

And the flowers which June had kindly nursed
 She scattered in high disdain,
 But a merry laugh from her red lips burst
 When the bright scythe swung, and she bound the first
 Ripe sheaves of the yellow grain.

Old Time loved dearly his bright-eyed child,
 Though rest she gave him not,
 He must follow her steps where'er she toll'd,
 Till his sluggish veins with fever boil'd,
 For the sun shone fierce and hot.

But the merry, honest time was gone,
 And Time with weary sigh
 And listless step moved slowly on,
 While August came o'er the dew-gemm'd lawn,
 With half shut, drowsy eye.

With languid step did August come,
 And look of weariness,
 Her voice was soft as the wild bee's hum
 And thin as if woven in spider's loom
 Was her bright unbelted dress.

Some flowers of bright and varied hue
Among her hair she wore,
Scarlet and yellow, and brilliant blue,
And she bathed them oft in pearly dew,
In meadow, field, and grove.

But the bright flowers droop'd on her
sultry brow,
And her sunny face grew wan,
As she heard a voice that whisper'd low,
And soft as the streamlet's gentle flow,
"Your flowers must die in their summer glow,
For September is coming on."

She pass'd, and her sun-burnt brother
sprang
To his father's side with glee ;
His clear shrill voice through the valleys rang,
And the notes that fell from his silvery tongue
Were gladly welcom'd by old and young,
For a cheerful youth was he.

A heavy load did September bear,
Though his step was firm and light ;
The purple plum, the yellow pear,
The ripe red peach with its fragrance rare,
And he scattered his treasures here and there,
Like the gifts of a fairy sprite.

No wonder if Father Time should prize
His generous-hearted boy ;
But Time (as the proverb hath it) flies,
And with hurried step and heavy sighs,
Such as mortals heave when a bright hope dies,

Or they miss some promised joy.
Next came October, richly clad
In robes of gorgeous dye ;
A regal crown adorned his head
Of purple grapes ; and round him spread
Were the ripened fruits the trees had shed,
For the vintage-time drew nigh.

He look'd about, as if to see
What work was left to do,
He chased away the humming-bee,
And the summer-bird, and merrily
Shook the ripe nuts from the rustling tree,
Nor seem'd his work to rue.

But yet his work was hardly done,
When November came in wrath,
"You wear a robe ; you have need of none ;
I have shivered for years for lack of one,
As year by year my course I ran
Along this dreary path."

He was indeed a shivering wight,
Nor robe nor cloak he wore,
He grasped October's mantle bright,
Tore it apart wit' ruthless might,
And scattered it in sport or spite
His father's face before.

The squirrel he chased to its winter rest
Within the hollow tree,
And the serpent crawled to its earthy nest,
For the wind blew cold from the bleak north-west,
And averse to cold was he.

But Time went on with a quicker pace,
And a frown upon his brow,
Oh ! how could he wear a smiling face
When a bloomless world was his dwelling-place ?—
For he sought in vain to find a trace
Of his favourite beauties now.

December met him with noisy shout,
Like a schoolboy's heedless mirth,
And he rung his merry welcome out,
"I'm glad to find you so hale and stout.
But what, old man, have you been about
As you journey'd round the earth ?"
Said Time, "I have seen my children all,
From the eldest down to thee :
I have seen flowers bloom at the gentle call

Of one ; by another's breath to fall,—
And the bridal-robe and the mourning pall
Are neither new to me."

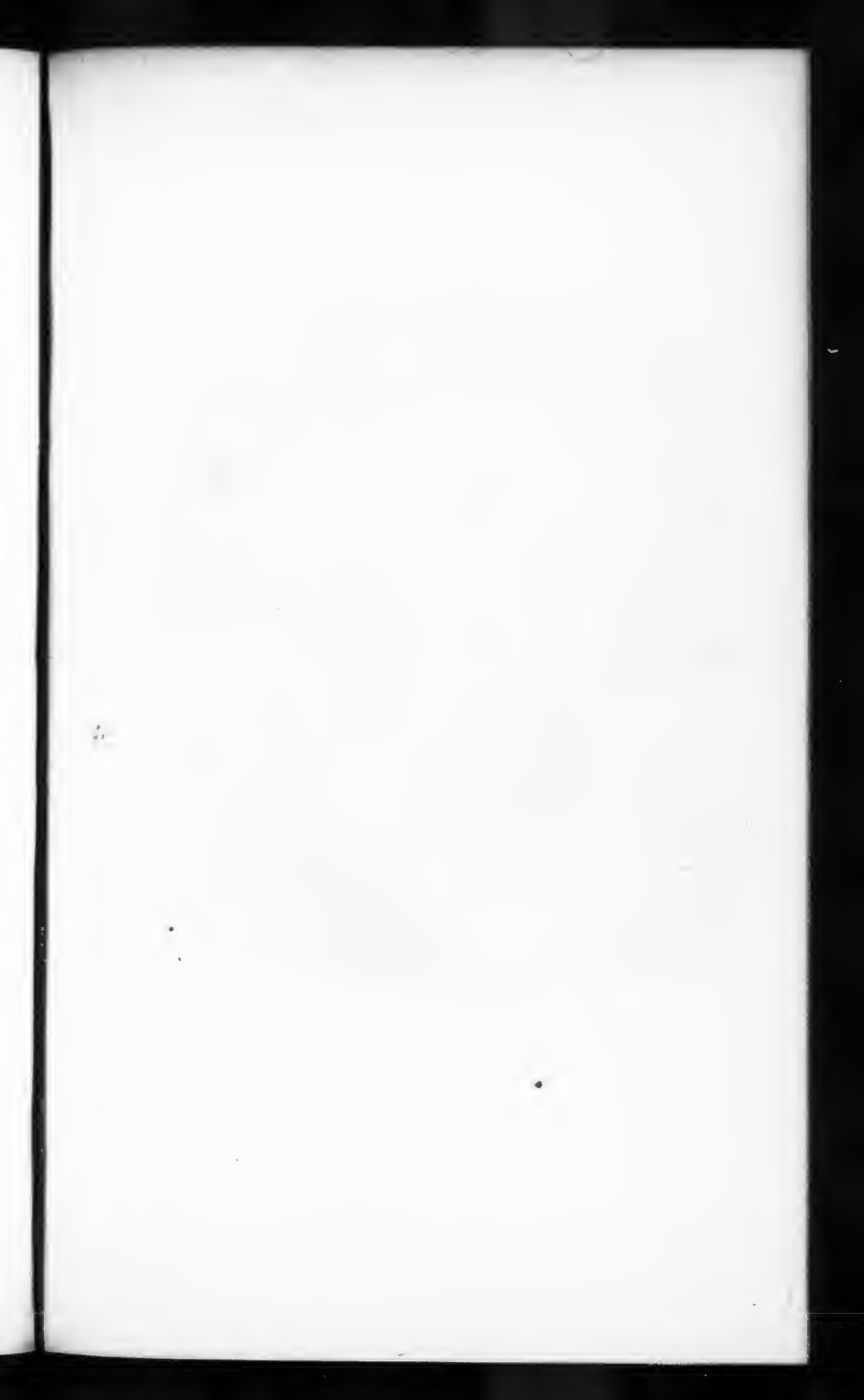
"The youngest one of all art thou,
A jolly boy thou art ;
But the eldest brother's stormy brow
Is thine ; and his robe of frost and snow ;
I would call you twins, if it were not so
That you're numbered so far apart.

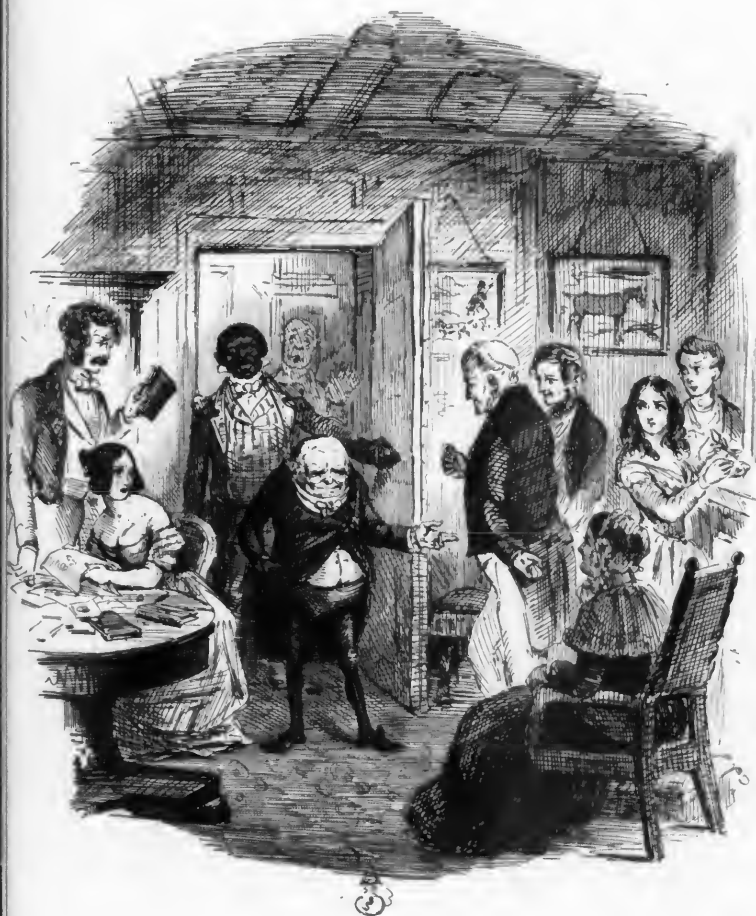
December laughed, and his white locks shook
As he rushed to his brother's side ;
The stern one little sport could brook,
But him by the hand he kindly took,
And his chilly face wore a kinder look
As December hoarsely cried,

"We are much alike, our father said,
And 'faith, I believe 'tis true,
For the self-same covering decks our bed,
So here on your breast I'll lean my head,
And we will be brothers linked and wed
In bonds of friendship true."

And so his frigid form he flung
On his brother's icy breast,
And a wild and fitful song he sung
That far away through the forest rung,
Till echoes from hill and valley sprung,
Ere he sank to quiet rest.

Oakland Hills.





1. Miss Old Gentleman makes herself at home

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to the Border.—Hymeneal Preparations.—Divers visitors arrive ; the company of some of whom would have been willingly dispensed with.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and I had no reason to complain of Irish hospitality, for every day we either had company at home, or were entertained abroad. Of course, the society to which I was introduced was not only "the real native," but also, the best of the same—and if eating, drinking, dancing, and love-making are symptomatic of a country's tranquillity, the land of saints might be mistaken for that of Goshen.

Brian remained at Kilsallagh, unknown and unsuspected, and was considered by Reginald's establishment a confidential personage attached to me, one removed beyond menial employment, but still, not to be set down as an equal. Indeed, the equivocal position he was placed in might have been attended with difficulties to all, but the unassuming manner and good taste which seemed inherent in Brian's character, enabled him to maintain the doubtful rank assigned him in my kinsman's household, without the least embarrassment to himself or me.

A letter addressed to Mr. Brownlow, a few days after our arrival at Kilsallagh, had not been answered, and we were at a loss to assign a cause for its being neglected, when we were agréably surprised by a visit from the ex-vicar. He had delayed his journey until the sensation which recent occurrences at Carramore produced, had gradually subsided. Fearing that an espionage might be kept upon his movements, and that through him the place where his pupil had retired for concealment might unfortunately be traced—he prudently determined to let some time elapse before he should venture to communicate in person, and hand over to the island orphan the money he held for him in trust.

From Mr. Brownlow we heard all that resulted after the accident had occurred. The bullet had passed through Arthur's thigh, inflicting a very dangerous, but fortunately, not a mortal wound. Loss of blood had occasioned great debility,—and the recovery of the disabled libertine no doubt would be tedious, at the best. Reduced in both bodily and mental health by the heavy visitation he had already endured by the death of his favorite William, this second calamity was too much for the old man to sustain, and Colonel St. George was attacked by paralysis, which it was expected would end fatally ere long. Susan and her father had bade an eternal farewell to Ireland,—Edwards having wisely resolved to return to his native country, where he might enjoy the competency he had saved, and secure his daughter against profligate attempts. He had given Mr. Brownlow an assurance, when years would justify their union, that Susan should be united to her lover, and the ex-vicar was the bearer of a letter from the lady her-

self, which, from the expression of Brian's face while he perused it, led us to conclude that its contents were highly satisfactory.

Mr. Brownlow further acquainted us, that it was the intention of Arthur St. George, so soon as recovered strength should enable him to bear the fatigue of travelling, to repair again to the continent. Arrogance towards the gentry, and tyranny over all dependant, had made him universally unpopular. It was also Mr. Brownlow's opinion, that no open attempt would be made to apprehend his quondam pupil, by whose hand it was generally believed that the heir of Carramore had well nigh—and it was muttered deservedly—met his death. Still, as Arthur St. George regarded Brian with deadlier feelings than before, and as none could doubt that he would not hesitate to take secret vengeance on his too successful rival, prudence pointed out that when no object was to be gained, it would be unwise to expose himself to certain danger. Susan was in England, and that alone would have decided her lover to quit a country which had no longer a charm for him. At his own request, I received the trust from Mr. Brownlow, and became the depository of poor Brian's fortune, and the worthy clergyman bade his pupil an affectionate farewell, he being obliged to take possession of a benefice just conferred upon him, in everything more valuable and desirable than the vicarage he had so recently surrendered.

Two months passed, and it was astonishing how rapidly Reginald Dillon recovered the loss he had sustained. Indeed, I cannot remember having read or heard of an uncle's death proving fatal to the next in remainder, particularly if he left two thousand a-year behind him. Had the mansion been in as good order as "the dirty acres," all would have been well. Elderly gentlemen are bad housekeepers, and irregularities will occasionally creep into their establishments. The morning that Reginald took possession of his domicile, he found the windows festooned with cobwebs, and the stairs innocent of soap and water for a twelvemonth. Ducks and cur-dogs had made the kitchen their abiding place; a visit from a chimney-sweeper had passed the memory of man; not a bell would sound; locks and fastenings refused to do their duty; and the hall-clock had not ticked since the preceding fair of Balla. "The clock was a well-behaved clock enough," said the chief butler, "but some devil had stolen the key—bad luck to them—whoever they were." Out of doors matters were still worse; a radical reform of the premises was imperative; the number of domestics would have puzzled Mr. Cocker to have calculated,—and they operated on the Irish principle, of one being always employed in doing nothing, and the other in actively assisting. The house must be put in order, and no mistake; but what the devil use was there in domiciliary revolutions, unless the "placens uxor" topped the list! In short, there was no use in himself, Reginald Dillon, mourning over a lamented relation all his life. He already felt its mal-consequences, and entertained serious doubts that he was dropping into a decline.

I listened to this *Jeremiade* patiently, and endeavoured to console the complainant. I could not perceive any premonitory symptoms of consumption. No doubt it was a most insidious disease; still, a man who could dance down Miss M'Evoy at an Irish jig, had no reason to fancy that his air-pipes were out of order, and that too, after he had carried off two bottles of Page's port,—honest measure.

Mr. Dillon, in reply, would not exactly assert, that in his case, phthisis was confirmed. Change of scene and air might even yet effect

a cure. There was a mildness about the atmosphere of the Tweed which he felt assured would set him up again,—and a temporary absence from a spot, which recalled the memory of his regretted relation also might prove serviceable.

After a short debate it was determined that we should return to the border, for when a man is bent upon going to the—hymeneal altar,—it is idle to reason with him.

To another also, the march on England was satisfactory, for Brian felt that he would be in the same land with the loved one. Preparations were rapidly completed, and in another week we were domiciled under my father's roof-tree.

To all, but the persons directly concerned, flirtations are intolerable. Mr. Dillon gave up the moors for the flower-garden. He and my sister Julia trained flowers, while Brian and I provided game for the consumption of the establishment.

On leaving Ireland, a question had arisen as to the place that should be assigned to our island *élève* when we should reach the Border. Brian had been independently brought up, and generously educated, and Mr. Brownlow had always made him a friend and a companion. It was true that his birth was doubtful. Well, every man finds his own fortunes,—and Brian might be better born than ourselves. Had we hesitated, his manliness of character and unassuming demeanour would have turned the scale in his favour; and the result was, that we introduced him to my father's household as one of that eternal tribe indigenous to the Emerald Isle, namely, a Milesian kinsman. He might be allied to Reginald in the third or in the thirty-third degree; still he was a cousin, after all; and, as O'Linn was too poetical for a surname, we sank it in the Christian appellation of Brian.

A fortnight passed. The bride's *tocher* and settlement were arranged; Carlisle supplied part of the lady's *trousseau*, and Edinburgh furnished the remainder. The day was named, and every post brought a bridal present from Elliotts, even unto the third and fourth generation. Great was the bustle which pervaded all within and without the mansion; and little can the Cockney comprehend who puts his faith in Birch, or the West-ender who swearth by Gunter, what a row upon the Border a bridal *déjeuné* kicks up. And then that grand affair is only to be accomplished by snatches. For ten days every Elliott, Armstrong, Foster, and Fenwick came to offer their congratulations. The cook's murmurings were deep—Archy groaned in spirit; and I was about to propose that a couple of somnambulists should be imported from Ballyporeen for the nonce, when it was announced officially by my father, that every man, woman, or child invited, expected, or forbidden, had all visited us in turn, and that, until the bridal-day, we should be quiet as if our domicile was a branch-establishment of *La Trappe*.

A heavy demand for game, and the arrival of a *marchand des modes* from Netherby, had sent us after breakfast to the moors, and the young ladies to their dressing rooms. After a man has spent the day upon the heather, he looks forward with great internal satisfaction to the immediate prospect of a good dinner, and Christian-like potatoes over a blazing wood-fire afterwards. I was fairly wearied out in doing the agreeable to half the country. Even a Border head will find itself the better for repose, when its strength has been tried against Glenlivet for a fortnight, and my worthy father looked forward with pleasure to

a quiet evening. The absence of strangers was agreeable to my mother, as it would allow that honoured personage to devote her undivided attention to some grand culinary preparations, which were progressing "to furnish out" the bridal feast. Certain boxes were also expected from Edinburgh by the evening mail,—and this season of rest would give the young ladies an opportunity of carefully investigating their contents. In a word, all admitted, that it is pleasant at times to see none but family faces around "the ingle nook."

I was the last to enter the drawing-room, and found that with my advent the domestic circle was completed. My father rang the bell; and the chief butler having intimated that dinner was ready, was directed to serve the same. But Archy's transit to the kitchen was arrested by the grating of carriage-wheels upon the avenue, and next minute a thundering knock announced that a visitor had arrived. If his importance might be inferred from the noise he made, the new comer was a gentleman of consequence; and, while he obtained admission to the mansion, manifold were the conjectures of who the person might be who had thus favoured us with his company, and hit upon the dinner-hour so correctly.

"Some wandering doctor who has finished his patient, and prefers the house of feasting," said my father.

"From his punctuality in nicking time, I'll back him to be a parson," was my remark.

"I fancy," observed Dillon, "he will turn out a member of the black brigade."

The door flew open, and, with horror depicted on his countenance, in rushed the chief butler.

"Who is in the hall?" cried my father impatiently.

"Oh! may the Lord look down upon us!—we're ruined, out and out. There's the wee yalla man back again, and the devil close beside him, with a carpet-bag under his arm!"

"Francis," said my father, "step out and tell us what this born idiot means."

"Dinna thra him, dinna thra him!—Spake him fair, Master Frank, or he'll bring desolation on us, root an' branch."

I obeyed the commands of my father, and stepped into the corridor, and, upon my soul! I could not but admit that Archy had some excuse to offer for his cowardice. There stood the lemon-coloured dwarf, and at his side, the ugliest African that ever eye rested on. By the lamp-light the brimstone complexion of the master was contrasted with the ebony of the man; and, were the world searched, I verily believe such an extraordinary pair of specimens of humanity could not have been discovered. The little man had already deposited his cloak upon the hall-table, and was removing a huge shawl which wrapped him to the nose. Recognising me, he held out a finger, which was graciously intended for me to press; and, as he disencumbered himself of the protection he had taken against cold, he opened the conversation.

"Ah! my young friend. Happy to see you. Heard there were hymeneals going on, and determined to give you an agreeable surprise. How are ye all?—Lady mother—pretty sisters—eh? Is the old chap pretty hearty? Hope I'm in time for dinner—long drive—good appetite. Ring for the housemaid. Cupid, carry the portmanteau up stairs. Not detain you five minutes. You may tell them to dish."

I was so perfectly astonished at the little fellow's assurance, that

mechanically I obeyed his orders, presented him with a candle, and summoned one of the womankind to attend him. Cupid proceeded with the portmanteau, his goggle eyes, flattened nose, expansive lips, and woolly head presenting, as I thought, an extraordinary impersonation of the God of Love. In this opinion I was not singular; for when the housemaid encountered the said Cupid, she screamed, dropped the light, and bolted through a side-door. In consequence, the task of piloting the dwarf devolved on me; and, when I had introduced him and his sable companion to a chamber, I returned to report this agreeable arrival in the drawing-room.

Never had an unexpected visit a more different effect upon a family than the yellow gentleman's. My father's face was flushed with anger; the ladies, old and young, through fear, had lost their roses the moment the stranger's advent had been announced; while Reginald Dillon was vainly endeavouring to ascertain, from what causes the little fellow had occasioned such a powerful sensation on all upon the strength of the establishment.

"What is the man's business here?" inquired the commander.

"I really cannot exactly say, sir; but I am inclined to fancy that it must be an affair of love; for he talked something about hymeneals, and is attended by a gentleman named Cupid."

"Do be serious, Francis," said my mother; and, turning to my father, she hinted that it might be prudent to send for a constable.

"I assure you, madam, I report faithfully," I replied. "Of course I can only guess at his intentions. He may have come here to forbid Julia's banns,—or, more likely, to save the trouble of a second ceremony, lead Mary at the same time with her sister to the altar. You may remember he mentioned, when he honoured you with his company before, that he wanted a consort and an heir. This evening he inquired very affectionately for the ladies, and hoped that 'the old chap'—meaning you sir—was tolerably hearty."

My father could not suppress a smile.

"Upon my life, the assurance of this saffron-faced rascal makes me laugh. Well, I suppose we must submit to being afflicted with his presence for the evening. Hal dinner's served. Go, Archy, and tell the gentleman we are waiting for him. But soft—he comes."

The appearance of the dwarf in the doorway, and a passing glimpse of a hideous countenance peering over his master's shoulder, as Cupid politely ushered the little gentleman in, by no means restored the mental tranquillity of my poor mother; but when, crossing the carpet gingerly, the dwarf took the lady's hand, and, with a bow that would have shamed Baron Nathan, raised it "à la Grandison" to his lips, my father was obliged to turn his head away, and Brian laughed outright. Nothing, however, could shake the stranger's self-possession; in turn his compliments were addressed to the young ladies, the visitors, and the host; then, observing that he feared he might have been the cause of keeping back dinner, he presented "his lean long arm" to the elder dame, who evinced but little pleasure at the preference. Archy, who had returned to pick up a napkin he had dropped in his fright, whispered anxiously in her ear the usual supplication of "Dinna thra him!"—and my mother proceeded under the dwarf's escort to the eating-room, I presume with similar feelings to those with which a bear would advance to the stake, did he but know whither he was going.

Dinner passed, the dessert was laid upon the table, and Archy was departing, when the dwarf drew forth the small silver chest he termed a snuff-box, and handed it to the butler, with directions that his man Cupid should replenish it. His mood this evening was facetious. A boiled turkey had found favour in his sight, and the grouse were roasted to a turn; the port also, had happily taken his fancy, and this pleasant "concatenation" disposed him to be hilarious. To the ladies he more particularly addressed himself; and an approaching event was notified as the reason of his honouring us at present with his company. All this was well; but the little gentleman was one of those personages who look into the womb of time,—“coming events cast their shadows before,”—and he predicted, in anything but the mystic language employed in prophecy, that within twelve months he should visit us on another interesting occasion, to wit, when a son and heir was presented to the house of Dillon. The dwarf indulged in a chuckle,—my sisters coloured to the redness of “the red, red rose,”—and my mother considered it prudent to depart. Had there been any doubt upon the same, the entrance of Cupid would have determined a retreat. The ladies fled, rather than retired; and, faith! no wonder,—for, had Britain been ransacked, an uglier couple than the stranger and his attendant could not have been produced.

“A stupid habit, this English one, of the women bolting ten minutes after grace is given. Well, we'll get nearer the fire; and, by the way, another log or two would improve it.—Both these gentlemen are from Ireland, I presume? Pleasant country that, according to the best authenticated accounts of modern travellers. A native is killed for love, and a visiter finished for thirty shillings.”

“Excuse me, sir,”—and Reginald Dillon reddened,—“much of what you read is grossly exaggerated.”

“Oh, that may occasionally be the case,” continued the little man; “but still it is rather remarkable that, under the head of ‘Irish news,’ the first article your eye meets, is generally headed ‘Another murder.’ To say the truth, I have not lately dipped deep into Milesian statistics, —and am not, therefore, prepared to state with accuracy the number of the killed, hanged, and transported during the past month. The last pleasant transaction I noticed was that affair of Mr. St. George.”

Brian turned pale.

“The scoundrel, with the best intentions, failed in effecting the contemplated homicide, and merely maimed his victim; and it is said that the gentleman, in his gratitude for deliverance from death, permits the murderer to go at large.”

“You seem very indignant at this forbearance.”

“Why, yes,” returned yellow-face; “but it is entirely from selfish considerations. Of course the assassin, or intended assassin, will be off at once to England:—I may be his next victim,—travel with him in the mail,—dine with him at some *table d'hôte*,—or, heaven knows where! actually rub skirts with the delinquent.”

Brian grew paler still; but the little gentleman did not observe the effect his random shot had caused.

“You have been in the army?” said the dwarf, addressing the bridegroom elect.

“Yes, sir. In the —th Dragoon Guards.”

“Egad, a singular coincidence,” continued the little fellow, as he addressed himself to my father. “That d—d trooper who levanted

with your aunt Janet belonged to the same regiment—He! he! he!” And the scoundrel perpetrated an unearthly laugh. “The Elliotts appear to have given a preference to heavy dragoons!”

My father looked daggers at the dwarf. Was this a fitting time to recall aunt Janet's *escapade*, and bring to light again a family misfortune half forgotten! And I whispered to Reginald, that if the little fellow ventured an allusion to the gallows, and hinted that any of our progenitors had died from vertebral dislocation, late as the hour was, he and his man Cupid would incontinently be directed to resume their travels, and seek another lodging for the night.

It would have been rather disagreeable for the visitor and his valet had they been directed to commence a night-march. The wind, which all the afternoon had been rising, now blew a regular gale, and sent the heavy rain spattering against the casement. The little man drew his chair closer to the fire, and ventured an opinion that, though the port was excellent, a tumbler of Glenlivet might be taken, merely out of compliment to the weather. To this suggestion my father graciously assented, and Archy in due time paraded the necessary *materiel*.

As the chief butler departed, he directed a parting glance at me, which appeared an invitation to follow him, and I rose and left the room.

“Gude Lord! Master Francis, ken ye wha's below?”

In every-day affairs Archy could manage to express himself passably in English; but, on the occurrence of more important events, he always fell back upon lowland Scotch.

“How the devil should I know?”

“Heh, mon,” continued the butler, “nane ither than auld Miriam, the gipsy queen fra Yetholm.”

“Well, give the old trumper some supper, and then let her bundle off.”

“Bundle off!—deil a mind she has for stirrin' sic a night as this. There she is, cockit at ane side o' the fire, and that black worricow planted at the ither. Was ever an honest house placed in the same predicament?—Up stairs a warlock, and down stairs a witch!—Lord protect us! Hear ye the storm they have raised atween them?” And a thundering gust shook the hall-window as he spoke.

“Well, go, Archy, give the old beldam what she wants, and presently we'll test her skill in the drawing-room.”

Too happy in having an excuse for offering hospitality to a gentlewoman whose evil reputation made her an object of terror to the chief butler, he hastened to propitiate the sorceress. Her wants were liberally supplied, and she expressed herself pleased with Archy's attentions. As he presented a second glass of alcohol, to the acceptance of which she offered but a feeble resistance, Cupid, whose saucer eyes had been rivetted upon her, to her great annoyance, from the time she had entered the servant's hall, rose and retired.

“Whose devil's follower is yonder hideous black?” inquired the gipsy.

“That question, friend Miriam, his owner alone can answer,” returned the attendant. “Ye are wanted in the drawing-room by the young ladies; and, when ye have speyed their fortunes, maybe by your art you could mak' out how close akin the master and the man are to the devil?”

Conducted in great form by the chief butler, the gipsy queen was introduced to the drawing-room, whither we had previously repaired

to join the ladies. The adept in planetary influences was far past the middle life; her person was corpulent, but not clumsy; and her face—remarkable for the regular outline, brilliant eyes, and pearly teeth which distinguish this extraordinary people—in youth must have been beautiful. She wore the scarlet cloak peculiar to her tribe; and the ease of manner with which she entered the presence was absolutely graceful. With a rapid glance she swept the faces of those assembled; and, while Archy collected the offerings of the company on a salver, to which all save the little gentleman contributed, the fortune-teller proceeded to unfold the decrees of fate.

What fortune was in store for the young ladies was cautiously revealed in whispers, as the gipsy placed herself beside them on the sofa. Now and again a rising blush, or an interchange of meaning glances, told that the spae-wife's prognostics of the future were strange or agreeable. When the task was ended, my sisters smiled, and it was quite apparent that the stars had been propitious.

Dillon's ordeal was brief and flattering,—although Harriette Martineau would have entered a protest against one portion of his good luck,—he would be prosperous in his undertakings, and father of an extensive family.

I was dismissed in the general style. One dark lady had a strong regard for me, of which a fairer one was particularly jealous. I had black men who wished me ill, and light gentlemen who had a sincere affection for me. I would, by a woman with blue eyes, be subjected to considerable trouble; and finally, inherit property at present beyond the seas,—but whether invested in Kamschatka canals or Timbuctoo railroads was not quite clear.

The gipsy stopped next before my father.

"Bah, Miriam, you told my fortune in Dryburgh Abbey, five-and-twenty years ago,"—and a look was interchanged between the parties. I was glad that my mother was absent; for old ladies are at times confoundingly acute.

"Come, let me see your hand."

My father complied with the gipsy's request.

"It is strange," she half muttered. "Beneath this roof-tree there is one who can work you much good or more mischief."

"Ah!" I whispered, "that must be Cupid. What service he may perform I am ignorant of altogether; but if he meet any of the women unexpectedly—egad! I won't answer for consequences."

Archy delighted in the mysterious; in everything supernatural he was a true believer; and, under a variety of false pretences, he managed to remain in the drawing-room. Next in order to my father sat the dwarf, ensconced in an easy chair, his long legs poked out upon a hassock, his head gracefully reposed, and himself the true impersonation of "*otium cum dignitate*." Miriam halted in his front, and two pair of more black and searching eyes never met each other than those of the little gentleman and the gipsy queen.

This encounter seemed to be the great object for which the chief butler had continued in the presence. "Greek now met Greek," and Archy was desperately excited as he watched the issue.

"Look at them," he whispered in my ear. "Did ever anybody see such awfu' beings face till face! Naething any gait upon the Border matches Miriam. Godsake!"—and a squall struck the window at the

moment—"if they come to a trial of skill, they'll tak' the roof clean off the house, and we'll be found buried in the ruins."

There was a quiet dignity in the little man's demeanour towards the gipsy, which would have induced me to back him at odds against her. When she approached his chair, he neither shrunk from the trial nor allowed his ease to be interrupted. Dipping his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, he extracted a piece of silver as an offering to the sibyl; but, to the astonishment of all, the gipsy waved her hand, and declined the offering.

"Godsake, sir," said Archy, "look to that! She'll nae tak' the money. Poor, lost thing! bad as her chances are of grace, she'll nae resave enlistin' money from Satan's recruiting sergeant."

In the meanwhile the dwarf had gone through the customary forms of palmistry, and presented his hand to the fortune-teller. With a smile of ineffable contempt he observed her confusion,—and in a sarcastic tone intimated, that lines so plain as his were easily intelligible. Miriam looked steadfastly for a minute, and then flung the little gentleman's hand away.

"Well," exclaimed yellow-face, "is it not strange that a commonplace history like mine could not be fathomed by the queen of the gipsies! Pshaw! I am no believer in the secret art. But come!—let me try my poor skill with the ablest of its profession."

The dwarf took Miriam's hand.

"Plain palmistry—we'll set you down at sixty—and we'll divide your life into three epochs—twenty—forty—sixty. Which of these shall I refer to?"

"The first," returned Miriam.

"Ha!—let me see—humph!—it requires some calculation to go back so far."

And, producing a tablet from his pocket, the little man executed a few hieroglyphics. Miriam looked on with fixed attention.

"In the spring of 1794—I have not time to enter into a closer computation of time—you married a man called Richard Ford?"

The gipsy turned pale, but bowed assent; and again the little man figured on his tablets.

"I find that the same Richard Ford was transported at the spring assizes, 1795, for stealing a roan mare, the property of the Miller of Linndale."

"Stop!" cried the gipsy; but still the little man figured on.

"I find, next summer, a woman seated on the cucking-stool, for purloining sundry fowls, the property of Parson Roundabout. Her name was—"

"Enough!" exclaimed the gipsy. "Are you the devil's prime-minister or himself?"

The yellow gentleman merely waved his hand,—and, crest-fallen, the gipsy queen retired.

Brian was the last in order. But the trial of necromantic skill between the yellow gentleman and the sibyl might have induced the latter to have fled the field, had not the dwarf pointed with his finger to the stranger. Miriam approached the youth, and demanded and received his hand.

The moment her eyes ran across the lines of the expanded palm, she exclaimed passionately, as she turned to the little gentleman

"By Heaven! this is surcharged with more conflicting influences than all in the room besides,—your own excepted."

"Can you read the past, and foresee his future fate?" inquired the dwarf, as he refreshed himself with a pinch of high-toast.

"A child might do both," returned the sibyl; "for never were fortune's leading lines so strongly marked on mortal hand as this."

"I read the face, and not the palm," observed the little gentleman. "Proceed, Goody."

"Answer," said the gipsy, as she turned her piercing eyes on Brian. "Reply truly to me. Here orphanage is marked. You have no parents?"

Brian coloured deeply, and bowed assent.

"Stay—let me look attentively. The father filled a bloody grave, and the mother's bones have whitened among those of strangers."

"I cannot deny it," said the youth with a sigh.

"The course of boyhood rough and smooth by turns, as faithful and false friends succeeded."

"Most true."

"Strong passions are marked here—stout heart and ready hand."

I remembered the market of Ballyporeen, and could not help exclaiming, that to the latter qualities I could bear evidence on oath.

"Ha!—what have we here?"—and she fixed her keen eyes on Brian's.—"So young,—and blood upon his hand already!"

The youth turned deadly pale, and plucked his hand away. My mother, who had joined the party, threw an alarmed look at my father, —Dillon's eyes met mine,—and to all, save the dwarf, the sibyl's announcement seemed astounding. He pushed his long legs farther on the hassock, threw back his head into the angle of his easy chair, turned one thumb over the other, and carelessly observed,

"Bah! a commonplace occurrence in that delightful land. In Ireland blood is estimated, as on the Borders we hold butter-milk. Savage as men, they are imps in boyhood, and before they are able to wield a cudgel they can fling a stone. I question, if a criminal census were taken of the country, even from Dan to Beersheba, if any could be found, over twelve years old, who could plead 'not guilty' to being principal or accessory to some case of battery or assault."

And, after delivering himself of this very complimentary notice touching "Ireland and the Irish," the little gentleman took a refreshing pinch; while Miriam resumed her investigation of Brian's hand, which a look from me had induced him to commit once more to the sibyl.

For a minute she scanned the youth's hand with marked attention.

"Yes," she said, "the blood-lines are strong,—and more than one life hangs upon this hand. But who can tell the future, where good and evil fortune cross each other as they do? I have read the fate of thousands, and never met such mingled destinies as those I have to-night,—the career of one verging to its close,—that of the other only opening on the race of existence." And she pointed her extended arms to the dwarf and the island orphan.

"I have a little experience," quoth the saffron-coloured stranger.

"Nay, more knowledge," exclaimed the gipsy, "than, I fear, has been fairly come by."

"Heh! protect us!" said Archy in a whisper. "God grant they dinna quarrel. If they do,—aff gaes the roof."

"I fancy, lucky," observed the dwarf, "I touched upon one or two tender reminiscences. Give me another peep at your hand." And a second time he drew forth his tablets.

"No, no," returned the sibyl; "your power is more than mine. I fear ye."

"He's the devil, after a!" said Archy in a whisper, and his teeth made an excellent imitation of a pair of castanets.

"Come, let me once more look upon a hand lined by every shade of fortune."

And again the gipsy peered upon Brian's palm.

The wind, that for a brief space had lulled, rose suddenly, and drove a hail-shower against the casements.

"An unpleasant night for a belated traveller," observed my father.

"And just the one to enjoy an easy chair and rousing fire," returned the little gentleman.

And, without the trouble of raising his head from its reposing attitude, he directed a glance at Archy, whose eyes were always mechanically turned upon him when he spoke.

"On with more wood!"

In a moment the chief butler hastened to obey the order. The little man raised his fore-finger.

"Be cautious:—you dropped, at my last visit, a billet on my foot."

"Gude Lord!" ejaculated Archy, when he had made up the fire and retreated behind my chair, "heard ye onything like that? That awfu' cratur never forgets what gives him any vexation."

Another squall made the windows rattle.

"There, ye see, he's oot o' temper when he recollects the thump upon his taes," groaned the chief butler.

"Here lies the road of life in manhood," resumed the gipsy; "the path intricate and thorny,—the termination happily attained at last. Many a barrier to be removed, and many evil influences to be overcome,—some hands to push you back, while others will drag you forward. In a word, your fate hangs mainly on the agency of those who are strange to you at present."

Another and a louder gust roared down the chimney, and seemed to shake the room.

"How wild the night becomes!" exclaimed my father.

"Heaven watch over the poor souls who are now upon the ocean!" ejaculated my mother.

Insensible to the elemental uproar, the gipsy seemed entirely engrossed with her predictions.

"One who will assist in making or in marring your fortune is not distant. In a few days—nay, hours—expect him."

Suddenly the knocker struck the hall-door, and the bell was loudly sounded.

"By heaven!" exclaimed the gipsy, "he is come! Now, look to thyself, boy! Thy race of fortune is commencing!"

She threw Brian's hand aside, bowed her head to the company, and, while Archy hurried to the door to ascertain

"Who knock'd so loud, and knock'd so late,"

Miriam glided from the room, leaving us, as they would say in Ireland, "regularly bothered," and at full liberty to conjecture what the devil would come next.

CHAPTER VII.

Another arrival.—Captain Dangerfield.—Interesting disclosures of what took place at my father's, both upstairs and downstairs.

ARCHY was absent but for a brief space, until he returned to the drawing-room to announce that a stranger, who had been travelling to the next town, had missed the road in the dark, and, instead of keeping that which led to the village, had taken the avenue that conducted him to the hall-door. The chief butler did not seem particularly prepossessed with the outer man of the wayfarer. He might be honest, he admitted, although he had rather a suspicious look about him. Still that was no safe criterion, and appearances were often deceptive. He, Archy, when a boy, had seen a man hanged at Kelso for robbing the minister's manse,—an honester-looking gentleman was not among the numerous spectators,—and his last speech was so edifying, that many declared it was better than a bad sermon. Were he the devil himself, with a warlock and witch in the house, the traveller could do na muckle damage,—and he, the chief butler, would keep a sharp eye upon the spoons. My father, whose Border hospitality would have recoiled from the very thought of refusing shelter on such a night even to an enemy's dog, cut short the butler's farther arguments in favour of giving the wanderer admission, by directing that the stranger should be conducted to the dining-room, whither I was desired to proceed, and offer such accommodation as his appearance might entitle him to.

"If Mistress Miriam may be believed, the advent of this suspicious-looking gentleman is of some consequence to you, my young swankey," said the little fellow, addressing Brian.

"To those who are friendless," returned the youth, with a heavy sigh, "it matters little who comes and who goes,—and the stranger's arrival is to me a matter of perfect indifference."

"Go, Francis," said my father; "'tis supper hour. Hurry that old fool, Archy. If he gets hold of the spae-wife below stairs, he's so cursedly fond of the supernatural, that the grouse may be branded black before he will put them on the table."

"A prudent hint," said the dwarf, as he pointed one of his fleshless fingers towards the door, and signalled my departure. "I know not how it is, but I fancy the Border air operates on me as an appetizer, and I shall consequently visit it more frequently than I have done. I am sorry I cannot remain and be present at the ceremonial, which I understand is fixed for Wednesday."

Had thoughts found tongues, I believe the general response to this gracious intimation would have been, "Heaven forbid you should!"

"I must, however," continued the little gentleman, "give the young lady a trifling addition to her *trousseau*. Frank, my dear fellow, have the goodness to tell Cupid that I want him."

"Frank! my dear fellow!"—Egad, the little scoundrel was determined there should be no useless ceremony between us,—calling me by my Christian name as if he had been my god-father, and making me the organ of communication between himself and the ugliest African that ever was imported.

I gave the dwarf's message, however, to Archy, whom I met in the hall, after conducting the unknown to the dining-room, and I proceeded thither myself, to make a personal inspection of the stranger. I found

him standing with his back to the fire, discussing a glass of pure Glenlivet, with which the chief butler had supplied him.

When I approached him he made a loutish bow, and apologised in curt and commonplace language for his intrusion. From some phrases he used in allusion to the weather, I set him down at once to be a sea-faring man; and the indifference with which he turned down a large-sized claret-glass of whiskey, showed that he was accustomed to drink ardent spirits, and confirmed me in the opinion I had from the first moment formed of his profession.

His appearance was very remarkable. In height he was beneath middle stature,—in squareness of person far beyond it. Clumsy strength was indicated in every limb, and features and form were coarsely framed alike, and associated well with each other. He might be fifty—ay, probably or sixty; for his hair was grizzled, and his skin bronzed and shrivelled by “skye influence.” His face was ordinary even to an extreme, and the eyes small, deep-set, and overhung by bushy brows. The lower portion of his face was literally concealed by hair, and a long scar divided the right eyebrow, and almost reached the chin. A long muscular arm, huge hands, and bowed legs completed as repulsive a looking personage, as ever it was my luck to report upon.

At the first glance, I had decided that the belated traveller was not presentable at the supper-table; and, after a brief colloquy, I committed him to Archy and the servants' hall, and returned to the drawing-room.

“Well, Frank,” inquired my father, “who have we got in this last visitor? Black and yellow have quarrelled. The negro could not understand the dwarf, and the little man has been obliged to relinquish the arm-chair, to seek something Cupid could not discover in his baggage. Egad, they are as the old song goes, ‘justly formed to meet by nature.’ Who is this wanderer, Frank?”

“Only, sir, that no doubt of his substantial properties can exist, I should pronounce him to be the ghost of Dirk Hatteraick.”

“Well,” said my father, “since I commenced housekeeping with your lady mother there, the old roof-tree never covered such a comical collection. A sort of human baboon, who hangs my respected ancestors as if they were common sheep-stealers, and lets no opportunity pass without taking liberties with my Aunt Janet,—and as if one scarecrow was not enough to alarm an honest family, brings a worricow from Pandemonium, who throws the housemaid into convulsions. Before the household has recovered from this double visitation, accompanied by a gale of wind, and hailstones large as marbles, in slides a gipsy quean, who “auld lang syne” would have got a scowder with a tar-barrel. After all this,—the company, it seems, were not complete, until this buccanier tumbles in, and—”

“Excuse the interruption, sir,—permits you to boast, without fear of contradiction, that within the four seas of Britain such a *parti quarré* is not produceable. But here comes a brace of them,—that lemon-coloured curiosity,—and double-ugly at his back.”

After conducting his liege lord to the drawing-room, Cupid disappeared, and the little gentleman graciously advanced to the sofa where the pretty bride and her fair sister were seated. The dwarf held in his hand a small morocco jewel-case, and with a grotesque flourish, which had nearly upset the gravity of all the lookers on, he presented it to Julia.

"I beg your acceptance of this trifle," he said, "and pray you to keep the donor in recollection."

"Egad," whispered Dillon, "he needed scarcely have added that. To see him once is to remember him during one's natural existence."

"I make one stipulation," continued the little man. "It is a severe one, for it will tax your curiosity. I wish this *cadeau* to remain unopened until the bridal morning. Another request I would prefer,—but it must be conditional with the lady's pleasure. I would solicit the favour of a kiss."

"Oh! by all means!" I exclaimed. "Julia will feel too happy to oblige you with half a dozen."

With a deep blush, the fair *fiancée* offered her cheek to the little gentleman. Archy at the moment announced that supper was served. The dwarf gallantly took the bride's hand, and conducted her from the drawing-room with a jaunty air of gallantry, that would have conferred immortal honour on the master of the ceremonies at Margate.

While the dwarf was doing the gallant above stairs, others of the *dramatis personæ* who figured this evening in my father's domicile, were differently engaged below. Dirk Hatteraick, as we will call him at present, for want of another name, was actively employed in what in his parlance he termed "stowing the hold." If he had dined that day, the chief butler was of opinion the dinner was a light one. Many a hungry wayfarer Archy, in his vocation, had entertained. Highland drovers have good appetites,—but a performer like the last arrival, he never before had the felicity to supply. The old lady from Yetholm and Master Cupid looked on with marked astonishment; but, undisturbed by this cross fire of eyes, the stranger never flinched from his task until, as Major Dalgetty would say, the garrison had been amply provisioned. This completed, Dirk Hatteraick intimated to the kitchen-maid that she might "clear decks;" and, on the next flying visit paid to the lower regions by the major-domo, it was hinted plainly to Archy, that the new comer would not be averse to follow up a bit of supper with a slight symposium. The butler extracted a bottle of Glenlivet from one of his depositories, and advanced to the table with a glass in the other hand, to play Ganymede to the stranger; but the latter declined the honour, quietly took the flask, and when he had helped himself to the alcohol, he thus addressed his host:—

"Friend Archy," he said, as he turned the spirits down, "I drink to your health and happiness. I won't trespass on your kind attentions, as you're on duty aloft. I am an indifferent fair hand at using a knife and fork, as a tolerable-sized gap in the sirloin will apprise you. That good eating requires good drinking is an old saw,—and a sweeter night for a carouse could not be desired. Just let the bottle remain where it stands at present, and we'll endeavour to make ourselves at home under hatches, while you look to the quarter-deck gentry in the state-cabin. If you will only trust to me, I will entertain the kitchen company in your absence. That amicable youth with the woolly head will not, as I take it, make any strong objection against splicing the main-brace; and with that respectable gentlewoman in scarlet, I intend to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. Ha! the captain's signal. Off with you, honest Archy."

As the chief butler mounted the stairs to answer the bell, he could not help indulging in short soliloquy—

"Presarve us! was there ever sic a set! I slip into the drawing

room to say that supper's on the table, and I find that spindle-shanked cratur, with a face like saffron, kissing the young ladies on the sofa; and when I gang below, that desperado, who seems half a cannibal and half a cut-throat, orders me away until he'll make love, I suppose, to that awfu quean, the gipsy woman. Ane wee devil drives to the door, at dinner time, and taks possession of the parlour; anither afterwards tumbles in with a gale of wind, and so settles himself in the ha'. God! its my ain opinion but they 'll divide the hoose a'tween them."

The departure of honest Archy was apparently the signal for the ill-looking stranger to redeem the promise he had made the chief butler, and become his representative.

"Beauty!" said the fac-simile of Dirk Hatteraick, "make yourself useful as ornamental, and parade a couple of tumblers with cold water."

Cupid smilingly obeyed the order, as it inferred that the computation would be a general affair, in which himself would be included. Nor was he disappointed. The table was drawn closer to the fire, and the trio drank to their respective better healths.

"Captain," said the gipsy, "I wish ye luck—Snowball, my service to you," and by these flattering and familiar epithets the lady addressed the late comer and the negro.

"Now why the devil do ye captain me?" enquired the stranger.

"Because," returned Miriam "gale as it is, I fancy you would be quite at home upon a lugger's deck."

"A shrewd guess, my old girl," returned the stranger, "none need read the stars to discern my profession. Sun and storm leave their marks as legibly upon the countenance"—

"As the cutlass has done on your's."

"Good again—lucky. Know'st thou aught of the past, and see ye in the womb of time any thing that concerns me?" enquired the seaman.

"Much," was the brief reply.

"Wilt thou disclose it?"

"Freely—but we must be alone."

"One question first—I would slightly prove your art—you named the weapon by which this scar was given, correctly—is he by whom it was inflicted, among the living or the dead?"

Miriam looked sharply at the stranger.

"His bones," she said, "are whitening in the depths of ocean,—and the hand that sped him was pledged to night in mine."

"Mother, I admit the truth; and now worthy Sambo, or whatever devil else they call thee, bolt thy schnaps, and leave the old girl and me together."

The namesake of the God of Love rose from the table and left the room, and the gipsy and mariner drew closer to each other.

"And now to commence operations," cried the stranger as he pulled a seal-skin purse from his side pocket, and put a piece of money in the sibyl's hand.

"Bring the lamp nearer—Ha! that light will do," and she took the horny hand which the stranger pushed across the table, and began to examine the palm-lines with deep attention.

"What see ye there, mother?"

"More than my lips dare tell," was the reply.

"Nay, I am not over tender in my feelings, Miriam," replied the stranger with a sneer. "In the devil's name! speak out woman."

"Then in his name, be it so," returned the sibyl.

"What see ye there then?"

"A life overloaded with crime!"

"Well, I lay no claim to saintliness, go on."

"Rapine!" said the gipsy.

"Humph," coolly returned the stranger, "I admit that I have been engaged in pursuits which are not generally considered by the world as over honest."

"Bloodshed!" continued the sibyl.

"No great harm, I suppose, when a man receives a token of regard such as ornaments this countenance, if he return the favour with an ounce of lead."

"Worse still lies here," and the gipsy pointed to a singular and deep-marked line.

"Speak boldly," said the stranger fearlessly.

"Here I read,"—and she made a sudden pause.

"Hell and Furies! proceed!"

"Murder!" exclaimed the sibyl, as she flung the hand she held away; "foul, treacherous, premeditated MURDER!"

"Hard words to call accident by," observed the mariner in a subdued tone.

"Accident!" returned the gipsy. "Let me look again, man of blood! the crime was *double*—Hugh!—" and she waved her arm repulsively.

"Well, let the past remain. I suppose, like greater men, some deeds of mine will scarcely bear the daylight, Miriam; now for the future; look sharply ere you speak,—I am come to England—

"On a bad errand," said the gipsy, interrupting him, after she had glanced her eyes a second time over his bronzed hand.

"Nay," said the mariner, "that will depend on how far it proves successful: say, will the object be attained?"

"It commences well,—proceeds with varied success,—and ends fatally for one concerned."

"And to which party will it prove so?—the seeker, or the sought one?"

"That," said the gipsy, "is not revealed here."

"Go on, Miriam."

The sibyl examined the hand lines.

"Ha, near you are two men,—one you desire to see, the other it were well for you to avoid."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, "can you describe them?"

"Not accurately," was the reply. "One seems a youth, the other is advanced in years. The former should beware of *you*, and *you* should avoid the latter. He is an enemy; aye, and a powerful one.

"Virtuous people, like you and I, Miriam," returned the stranger with a smile, "they say are always exposed to the enmity of the wicked. I know not who it is I should avoid; but most truly have you described the person I am seeking after. He is a youth."

"Ha!" returned the gipsy, "what is he like?"

"I never saw him."

"What is his name?"

"I cannot tell."

"Where does he reside?"

"I do not know."

"Why, then," said the sybil, "I must confess that I never knew a messenger despatched on an important affair, in more glorious igno-

rance of every thing which could assist him in attaining the object of his mission. Know ye the youth's age?"

"Ay! the very hour," returned the mariner: "he was born on Christmas eve, 18—."

"Then," replied the sibyl, "on his next birthday he will be nineteen."

The stranger nodded an assent.

"Once more let me look upon your hand. See there, that waving line shews that you are bent on a journey over sea, and this one crosses it, and tells that the mission will prove unsuccessful. He whom you seek, and he whom you fear, are not far distant; and yet the lines are too confused to give me further information. Come, let me see if the cards point clearer," and she drew a soiled pack from her pocket.

"Friend," said the mariner, as he placed his hand upon the cards, "you have told me sufficient to excite curiosity and suspicion. Know you me by name? and have we met before?"

"Never have I seen you until this evening; and I never yet laid eyes upon a face which, after twenty years, I could not call back, at sight, to memory. One puzzles me, ay, puzzled me to night. There is a guest upstairs, and whether he be mortal man, or something beyond this world, I cannot determine. I never looked before upon a face, on which some index to the heart was not discernible. I never traced lines on a human hand from which some intimation of what had passed, or what was then passing in the breast, was not strongly or feebly shadowed; but features and palm-lines alike are wrapped in darkness, and all is strange, undefined, mystic, and impenetrable."

"To the cards, mother. We sailors are true believers, as you know, in devil's agencies. When shall I encounter him I seek,—and when meet the man who is predestined, as you say, to cross me? Ha! let him look sharp. Lead and steel shall not be wanting if required to remove the living obstacle that blocks the path to fortune."

The gipsy appeared to pay but little attention to the stranger's threats, but carefully arranged the cards which the mariner had previously divided into sundry packets. She calculated numbers, combined colours, and then turned aside as if she were drawing mental conclusions from the whole; a minute passed in silence, the stranger in high excitement, seemed waiting for the first sentences which would fall from Miriam's lips, as if he felt that they would prove oracular; at last, as if impatient of suspense, he exclaimed,

"Come, good mother, speak what fate ordains." The gipsy slowly raised her head, and fixed her dark and piercing eyes on the mariner's.

"Prepare for a surprise," she muttered.

"Proceed," returned the stranger firmly.

"The sought one, and the feared one, are close at hand."

"Ha! close at hand, mother?"

"The same roof covers ye."

"Am I in such luck exclaimed the stranger exultingly."

"I only tell you what is; what will be, is hidden from me," returned the gipsy. "Luck is two-fold, and whether good or evil be attendant on this strange meeting, time only can develope."

"Have you seen the stripling, Miriam?"

"Yes, and told his fortunes within the last hour."

"What aspect had they?"

"Clouded in the commencement, varied in their progress, triumphant in their close."

"Ha! that augurs badly for me, mother. Did aught beside strike ye as remarkable?" pursued the mariner.

"Danger impending over the youth, — and himself dangerous to others."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the stranger contemptuously, "What is to be dreaded from a boy?"

"Much, by his enemies," said Miriam in reply. "Young though he be, there's blood beneath his nails already."

"'Tis spilt then, so much the better."

"And more will stain the stripling's hands. Beware of him; but another and far more formidable enemy lies concealed; him I cannot with all my art discover."

"Would that I could meet both, face to face, before I sleep," ejaculated the stranger earnestly.

"If my skill fail not your wish shall be fulfilled."

Ere the last word had passed the sibil's lips, the chief butler gladdened the hall with his presence. In sooth throughout the evening Archy had been sorely perplexed; although in heart a coward, still everything appertaining to the mystic and supernatural was his delight, and up stairs and down stairs there were personages to interest, and secrets to be pried into. Could the chief butler have multiplied himself by two, it would have been exceedingly convenient, and allowed him to watch the proceedings in the supper-room, without permitting those passing in the lower regions to escape unnoticed. But this being an impossibility, he was obliged to content himself with a flying visit to the apartment in which the reputed witch and suspicious stranger were enjoying themselves *tête à tête*. Every time he dropped in, he saw something to create additional curiosity; and if, on his first appearance to the chief butler in the hall, the impression made by the belated visitor was unfavorable, the rapid intimacy which arose between him and the sorceress, led Archy to conclude, that the twain were what he termed "fish of the same fry," and consorted on the principle which, according to the adage, unites "birds of a feather."

It was on one of his reappearances in the supper-room, after a hurried peep into the servants' hall, that my father inquired whether "the stranger had been duly accommodated with refreshments."

"Accommodated!" repeated Archy. "Egad, he's the vara lad that will accommodate himself, and na fash ye much wi' pressin' him. Ye'll mind the three dragoons that last winter lost themselves in a fog, and pit up here for the night? Weel, I thought them gude hands at the trencher; but the cheil below would damage a cauld sirloin waur than the hale three."

"Then his appetite is tolerable," I remarked.

"It's naethin till compare wi' his drooth, after a'," replied the major-domo. "He and that awfu' woman foregathered as if they had been acquaint fra the cradle wi' one anither; and there they sit spaein' fortunes, cuttin' cards, and drinkin' whiskey. I jist pit my heed in as I was passin', and the moment the late-comer saw my neb inside the door, he lifts the empty bottle up, and held it afore the lamp. 'Honest Archy,' says he, 'ye see we have made this flask a marine. Dip into that locker, and let's have anither supply of schnaps. 'Tis a raw night,—and this gentlewoman and I have a good deal to talk over.'"

"He feels himself quite at home, I find," said my father.

"In this house that's naethin' strange, for everybody seems at their ease here." And Archy directed a side-glance towards the fire-place, where the little gentleman, embodied in a high-backed chair, with his features puckered into a look of self-complacency, his long legs outstretched on a hassock, and a tumbler of hot toddy at his elbow, looked not only like a person who was comfortable, but also like one determined that he should make himself so for the evening.

"That randy quean," observed the dwarf, "I think was pleased to say, that the advent of this bashful and abstemious gentleman was connected mystically with my young friend's fortunes who sits beyond the table there. I hope the fates have not decreed that he shall be obliged to feed this cannibal."

"Pray," said my sister timidly, "what or who may the man be, Archy?"

"The Lord only kens that," returned the chief butler. "He's a fearful-lookin' being,—liker a deevil than a man,—an' only that Cupid has the advantage of him in colour, as near a resemblance to the Evil one as could be found."

"Egad, sir," I said, addressing my father, "it is seldom an interesting personage like the gentleman below favours us with his company. I observe that, from Archy's description, my friend Brian is dying to have a peep at the unknown, and there is an evident anxiety on the ladies' part for an introduction. Do invite him to the presence, and let us decide whether the flattering sketch given of the stranger is correct."

All expressed a curiosity to see the visitor except the dwarf; but a quiet movement of the chair he was ensconced in showed that, himself unnoticed, the little gentleman cunningly intended to investigate the unbidden guest when he should be conducted to the presence. On receiving my father's sanction, Archy disappeared with an alacrity which proved how agreeable the commission was. Since, to use sporting parlance, the dwarf had regularly floored the gipsy, the yellow gentleman had reached an altitude in the chief butler's estimation that, in point of necromantic power, placed him over all other warlocks, and perched him at the very top of the tree. To submit the suspected one to the omniscient inspection of the dwarf might possibly dissolve the mystery that distressed the major-domo to unravel; and as he descended the stairs he rubbed his hands with delight, in anticipation of some momentous discovery.

"I am directed to say," said Archy, with a patronizing air, "that, from the very favourable report I made above, the master is anxious that you should step up to the supper-room, and drink 'doch an' durris' with the company before ye gae to bed."

The stranger, with ill-concealed satisfaction, gave a willing assent to the invitation, muttering something in apology for his dress.

"Hoot! never fash yersel about the claithes, mon. Travellers dinna pit on their best, ye ken. But by what name am I to ca' ye, when I open the supper-room door?"

"Dangerfield," returned the stranger, after a moment's hesitation; "and, if ye please, ye may stick 'Captain' before it, to make it sound the better. Not that there's any great glory in the title now-a-days; for, between barge-masters and militia men, captains are plenty in England as colonels in the States."

"Come along, then, Captain Dangerfield,"—and the butler preceded the commander, and with due formality marshalled him to the presence.

While Archy was absent, the little gentleman requested me to vacate my chair for the accommodation of the stranger, and a fresh disposition of the lights burning on the table was made at his suggestion. I remarked that, by this new arrangement, Brian and the stranger would be placed opposite each other "full front," and that the dwarf would from his *embuscade*, to wit, the high-backed chair, see all that passed distinctly. From the new position I had taken, I was the only person in the room on whom the light of the little gentleman's countenance might have been said to shine.

The door was thrown open, and with good emphasis Captain Dangerfield was announced. The dwarf pricked his ears when the name was spoken, and darted a searching side-look at the stranger, while awkwardly, but unabashed, the unknown visitor advanced, bowed to the ladies and my father, and took the vacant chair.

"You were caught in the storm to-night," said my father, as the chief butler placed glasses and the necessary *materiel* for fabricating toddy before the mariner.

"Yes, and was too happy to make a harbour, sir." At the moment he was speaking, a heavy squall rattled the rain against the windows, and came roaring down the chimney. "Umph! so far from abating, I fancy that a fresh hand has taken hold of the bellows." And, while he adjusted the ingredients in his tumbler,—alcohol, by the way, being the predominant one,—he discussed the present state and prospects of the weather like a just man, neither turning to the right or to the left. At last the mixture was satisfactorily completed, and then raising his head for the first time, he drank to the ladies' health. With vulgar formality he continued his civilities, nodding to each in turn, until, in due routine of courtesy, Brian came next in order. The moment their eyes met, the effect upon the worthy captain was astounding. Every feature seemed convulsed,—the upraised goblet remained as if the arm that held it had been turned suddenly to marble,—his lips muttered something indistinctly,—his hand dropped gradually, and the untasted glass was again replaced upon the board.

Closely as I observed the mariner's behaviour, I did not neglect to keep a sharp eye also upon the little gentleman. The furtive side-glance and half-closed brows with which he looked silently upon the passing scene was most amusing. The eye darted an intelligent look, as if something important had struck the ear, while again the lower portion of the dwarf's features were puckered into a smile, and said, or seemed to say, "I comprehend all perfectly,"—and in his whole bearing the sleepy vigilance of the tiger appeared united to the mischievous intelligence of that mockery of man, the ape.

While this was passing, my father, "good easy man," saw nothing to excite his curiosity, or to disquiet him in vain. With due solemnity he returned the stranger's pledge, and drank health to Captain Dangerfield.

"I remember, sixteen years ago," said a voice that issued from the high-backed chair, but whether from the chair itself or from a mortal occupant, none save myself could say, as the little gentleman was invisible to all the company besides,—"I remember, sixteen years ago, a scoundrel called Captain Dangerfield was executed at Cuba, for the murder of a planter, whose daughter he endeavoured to carry off."

I thank God that I never saw a hand-grenade burst unexpectedly in a supper-room; but I fancy that the effect would be pretty similar in

producing consternation and surprise, to that which the dwarf's pleasant remark *ex cathedra* effected upon the company generally.

"Frank," said my father in a whisper, "there never was a man hanged on the face of this habitable globe, but that yellow scoundrel knows the full particulars."

I made no reply; my eyes were riveted upon the stranger, to mark what effect this startling observation would produce. His was not a face that easily would express emotion, nor had he nerves which could be shaken by commonplace occurrences; but at the dwarf's remark the stranger's cheeks grew pale as ashes, and when he seized the tumbler his hand seemed palsied as he carried it to his lips. All eyes were turned upon the unknown,—and the dead silence which ensued added to the general embarrassment.

But general it was not. The little man, hidden from the company himself, either saw not, or pretended not to see, the confusion his reminiscences had created, and again the voice issued from the chair.

"I recollect," said the little gentleman, pausing for a few seconds to refresh himself with a pinch of high-toast.

"Here comes another hanging story," observed my father, *sotto voce*. "Lord, Frank, what a memory that little devil has!"

"I recollect," resumed the speaker, "that his brigatteen was called 'The Saltador.' Sometimes he slaved, and sometimes he pirated. Villanous success produced villanous audacity, until at last he overshot the mark,—the devil deserted him,—and he was garotted in the marketplace. His death was the signal for the dispersion of his ruffian associates; and, according to gallows statistics, the whole must ere this have been hanged. There was one superlative scoundrel, his mate—"

Again the little man paused to refresh himself, casting a look askance at Captain Dangerfield as he raised the diluted Glenlivet to his mouth. If he wished and watched effect, nothing could have been more gratifying to the dwarf. The stranger's hand, as he endeavoured to replenish the tumbler he had drained without advantage, trembled like a frightened school-girl's,—for every eye was turned on him,—and every ear was strained with eager curiosity, to catch the next words which should issue from the high-backed chair! A dead silence increased the general embarrassment. I had more than once glanced at the young Irishman, and Brian's intelligent eyes, as if fascinated, were centred on the stranger.

"As I said before," resumed a voice, that to all the company save myself appeared to issue out of deep upholstery, "his mate broke the prison, and escaped. He called himself Jansen,"—again the stranger started,—and passed for a Hollander. The ruffian's real name was 'Duffy,'—an Irishman, who, for God knows how many murders committed in '98, had been obliged to disappear. Well, I have ascertained that at least a score of his confederates were hanged."

"Lord save us, Frank!" said my father in a side-voice, "I feel an uneasiness about the neck, and cannot but recall the memory of my poor grandfather."

"But still," added the little gentleman, "I have a misgiving that the ruffian has as yet evaded the rope."

Before the sentence was completed, Captain Dangerfield sprang from his chair, muttered a hasty apology, pleaded illness, and staggered, rather than walked, from the supper-room.

To all, save him who had occasioned it, the sudden flight of Captain

Dangerfield was incomprehensible. Archy, who, to gratify his curiosity, had loitered in the room under divers false pretences, at this fresh evidence of the little gentleman's power over beings so formidable as Miriam and the stranger, felt persuaded that he was in the presence of one gifted with satanic influence, and shook like an aspen. The voice which had put him in mortal fear, however, recalled his scattered senses, the dwarf coolly intimating that it was time to go to bed, and directing the chief butler to summon his dark attendant. Presently Master Cupid appeared in the doorway with a chamber-light,—the little gentleman emerged from the high-backed chair,—bade us all a most formal good-night,—and retired to his dormitory.

The closing of the door was the signal for a general expression of wonder by the company, and it was admitted by all, excepting the ladies, who, for feminine considerations, avoided all allusions to the gentleman in black, that the dwarf was neither more nor less than the devil.

"Egad, my dear sir," I said, as I addressed my worthy father, who seemed awfully amazed at the recent occurrences, "there are others besides Elliotts, who feel an intuitive antipathy to Saint Johnstone's tippet. Dillon, are you aware that any of your progenitors were hanged? If so, you may as well make a disclosure at once; for rest assured, the little gentleman, before he leaves, will favour us with a particular account of your relation's last moments."

"Well, at this moment I cannot recollect any ancestor of mine who was operated upon by Jack Ketch. But here comes Archy. Is the little man gone to roost?"

"He's safe for the night, I hope," returned the major-domo; "and he's gone to bed in good humour, too; for, as he went up the stairs, I overheard him skirlin' something like a sang."

"Umph!" returned Dillon, "the butt-end of a march, with which they troop the guard in Pandemonium, I suppose."

"I see the ladies are anxious to retire, and Archy announces that the coast is clear. Come, Julia, let's have a peep into that jewel-case. I wonder what it contains? A coral and bells, I suppose."

"Fy, Francis," said my lady mother; and the ladies were departing, when Archy interrupted the intended exit.

"For God's sake, Miss Julia dear, be cautious. Take care there's not something in that leather thing"—and he pointed to the dwarf's *cadeau*—"that's intended as a snare by the wicked one, and may be might endanger yer saul hereafter. Dinna open it on ony account till the term comes, and in the mean time stick it in the bible. If there's ony grammar about it, ye'll find the glitterin' bawbles a' turned into slate stanes; and, if he intended to get ye into his possession, the Evil One will be disappointed."

Whether the probationary trial to which the chief butler recommended that the little gentleman's bridal-offering should be submitted was or was not undergone by the suspected present, I am not prepared to say; but if it were, the dwarf's present came through the ordeal most honourably. On the happy morning when the bronze morocco case was, according to the donor's permission, duly unclosed, instead of slate stones, the *cadeau* contained a splendid amethyst necklace. Touching the dwarf's *souvenir*, the only difference of opinion that existed was its value; one *connoisseur* estimating it at one hundred guineas, while another valued it at two.

A MONTH AT MADRID.

BY N. A. WELLS.

HAD I not promised to write to you from Madrid,—to you who prescribed for me this regime, I certainly should not now have been in the enjoyment of the originalities of this semi-oriental city. Should your roving propensities ever guide you in the direction of the Iberian peninsula, my advice is, to have yourself thoroughly mesmerised at Southampton or Falmouth, and let your attendant be the bearer of a letter of introduction to a *demesmeriser* at Madrid. Thus may you traverse unscathed the ills which those are heirs to who brave the journey I accomplished three weeks since.

I should have written from Vigo, where I landed, but was totally incapacitated for that and every other exertion, so debilitating is the Bay of Biscay, and so absorbing the toils of landing and making arrangements for the land-journey, to those unacquainted with the language and customs of this country. I kept my bed for a day—and such a bed!—it fell down while I was attempting to get into it; and, there being no bell in the room, I had to dress again, and lose my way repeatedly in the corridors while searching for assistance. No one understood what I wanted, and all had enough to do, so that I was compelled to return and manufacture a nest for myself. No bad discipline this for a Londoner.

Notwithstanding all these torments, or probably owing to them, I slept better that night than I had done for the last fourteen years. This my reflections have since revealed to me. I was, however, nearly mad at the time, and totally be-blue-devilled. There were no carpets in the rooms, nor tongs nor poker to the fire. The servants would not come when I wanted them; and when I wanted them not, they were always coming into the room without knocking at the door, and would cross the apartment to look out of the window, open it, and converse with other demons in the court-yard below; and, not satisfied with all these impertinences, they would coolly walk away without shutting the door behind them. I slept at seven towns on the road, and passed two nights here at the inn,—a sort of palace in the Calle Alcala,—and had prayed and implored during the whole time, daily and nightly, for a decent cup of tea and a slice of buttered toast, but in vain.

Humanity cannot suffer beyond a certain point; sooner or later a reaction will always declare itself. In my case this was brought about by the following reflection. The piece of information forced itself gradually on my reason, that I was not now in England, consequently that if I wished for an answer to a question, I must contrive to articulate in the Spanish dialect; and especially that, if I was resolved not to starve, I must prevail on my palate to forget buttered toast, and to content itself with whatever nourishment the country might furnish. These, and a few other similar reflections, began to restore my mental energies, and brought me at last to a frame of mind calculated to surmount the obstacles to the month's residence you and I had prescribed for the rebracing of my nervous system, even though the fourteen million denizens of Spain should combine to drive me hence.

You would scarcely believe the change produced by this sentiment

on all external objects. Attractions speedily sprung up between the nuisances on which I had previously bestowed my whole attention. In pursuance of your advice, I began by procuring a lodging with an eastern aspect, in order that, by admitting the earliest of Apollo's gleams, I might be induced to be moving betimes. And what a glorious sunshine did my window admit!

Well, my dear chum, you certainly hit on the very place to snit me, and that without having visited it yourself. Do not complain of my not writing earlier. I have found my evenings so occupied in learning the language, and being instructed in the everyday expressions by the charming family of my landlady; and my mornings have been so entranced literally by the enjoyment of the irresistibly attractive open air and sunshine, that I really could not make up my mind to sit down to what is, after all, so agreeable a duty as writing to you. I should employ a quire of paper, were I to describe to you half of what I have seen, so full of novelty and interest is this gay-looking capital and its neighbourhood. I will not attempt it at present, but I will tell you how my day is usually spent.

I am up by eight o'clock, and before I quit my room the servant enters with a sort of *avant-breakfast*,—a light repast for the maintenance of life until half-past ten, when breakfast is laid for each inmate. I take, therefore, a small cup of excellent chocolate, which I used at first to think too sour, but which I now consider most delicious. Into it I dip fingers of bread, until it is entirely absorbed; and I conclude with a glass of water, as pure and cold as Canada ice. The invigorating effect of this simple meal, you will hardly credit it, is greater than what I can recollect of a champagne breakfast at Verrey's. I now take my hat and a Spanish cloak, which I have procured, as the garment best suited to the place. It wraps you up as you traverse the cold shaded streets, and when you emerge into the sunny country you are glad to hang it on your arm, and step along in a sailor's jacket, which, for those who are more chilly, is composed of black sheepskin.

Having thus girt myself, I sally forth for a promenade of an hour and a half. Here is a choice of walks:—La Florida, Los Altos, El Prado, El Retiro, Las Delicias, and a dozen others. On the road to Segovia, or to Toledo, or to Fuencarral, I meet the independent and garrulous peasantry returning from the early markets with their empty sacks thrown across their mules, and their pouches full of copper quartos. They discuss their respective bargains, the gossip of their villages, and cut jokes on the passing wayfarer, and on each other. By the way, I see clearly that I must grow a moustache if I remain here. The common people—and I like to go about among them, and observe their original and intelligent ways—appear to look askance and with suspicion at those who do not comply with the national customs in trifles. Now there are many here as blonde and as auburn as we are; but their unshorn faces completely alter their appearance, or rather render ours in their eyes too smooth, and too like a sucking pig or a shaved poodle. This is sufficient—although in costume I have quite translated myself into Spanish—to make my reception among the common people different from that which they bestow on an ordinary person, and to betray my quality of foreigner before I open my mouth. I wish to avoid this, because it inspires them with a sort of reserve, and prevents them from showing themselves in their natural character.

I return usually by the Palace, to get the parade music at ten, and

the superb view from the Cour d'Honneur. Here, while the bands succeed each other, drawn up under the royal windows, I seat myself on the parapet of the terrace, from which I gaze on the snowy Guadaramas, distant about thirty miles, and at the Escorial embosomed in their lap, not far below the line of snow. There is also the busy scene immediately below—that is, as far as the Thames is below the terrace at Windsor—of the river Mançanares, and its nymphs of the soap-suds.

At half-past ten I come in with an appetite that scorns the frugal Spanish breakfast of eggs, sausages, and so forth. My meal consists of a copious dish of fried fish, or cutlets, of a repetition, on a larger scale than before, of the exquisite chocolate, and of a dessert of preserved grapes, that have acquired part of the sweetness of raisins without losing their juice. After breakfast I proceed to lionize some sight, which is every other day the Museo,—the most superb collection of masterpieces in the world. Yesterday I visited the royal armoury. It occupies the side of the great court, facing the entrance of the palace, and is a fine room, containing, if the cicerone is to be credited, a wonderful display of curiosities; but all is not to be taken for granted in these matters. In the Museo picture-gallery, happily, there is no deception; and I always sally forth with a brisker step on the mornings which I devote to this lounge. At the rate of two hours a-day, there is first-rate art to last you for years. You must recollect that this is a royal picture-gallery, composed of acquisitions of several kings, all men of real taste and judgment in these matters,—indeed, if we are to believe *les méchants*, in these only,—and some of whom could boast to rule over, as subjects, some of the greatest artists that ever lived. Under these circumstances, you may easily believe that these works are almost entirely first-rate. There are nearly three thousand such, distributed thus. On entering, you find yourself in a rotunda with three more doors, one in front, and one at each side. The two latter communicate with two galleries, each of about a hundred and fifty feet in length. These contain the works of the Spanish schools. Through the door opposite the entrance you look down five hundred feet of gallery, devoted to the Italian artists. At the other end of this gallery another rotunda corresponds to the first: this contains a few French pictures, six or eight Claudes, some Poussins, and two Watteaus; and having traversed this, two doors lead to two galleries of the same dimensions, and in corresponding situations with those first mentioned of Spanish artists. These last are occupied by the Flemish and Dutch paintings. My plan is to pace a Spanish or a Flemish room for an hour or so, and during the remaining half of my visit to hover round some picture in the Italian gallery. Don't let them talk to you any longer about Venice. There is no one there. If it be true that she is to be engulfed by the Adriatic, there will be nothing lost. Titian is not there. The veteran is at Madrid, at the top of the Spanish peninsula. Those who would commence with the father of colours must come here. Forty—what do you say to forty of his best productions in one room? I never know which to take to. Raffaele's "Spasimo" is here, of which artists say that, were it at the Vatican, it would be entitled his masterpiece, and take precedence of the "Transfiguration." Notwithstanding this, Titian is monarch here. Raffaele's Spasimo and Perla are beaten by four Titians, namely, the equestrian portrait of Charles the Fifth, the two pendants, the Offering to Fecundity, and Ariadne at Naxos, and

the Salomé; and the remaining thirty-six of the old Venetian most undoubtedly take precedence of the other eight Raffaelles. The equestrian portrait of Charles is beyond description,—at all events by me. A palace should have been constructed for its sole reception. This morning I devoted myself to the Salomé bearing the Baptist's head. I gazed at her till I became astonished, that of the two hundred thousand denizens of Madrid I should be alone to profit by such opportunities. Most truly has warm flesh been pounded in mortars to get this paint. What an arm!—and what a shoulder!—Is it shaded, the arm?—or is it round before it reaches the canvass? No shading is discernible. She wears the flush of success, but holds the dish with its nauseous contents high out of reach of all her organs of perception, at the same time turning her face from it, and towards the spectator. What gratitude is not due to the repulsive burden for giving the artist such an attitude, or rather to him for so treating the subject! What can be more true than this attitude,—and what other could have afforded to the glorious old colourist so unique a triumph of grace! Of single figures, there is not, I venture say, in the world another so imagined and so executed.

After these excursions in search of art, I return home, and take, by way of repose, an hour of solitude and Spanish grammar. To-day, it is my letter to you. This hour finished, off again into sunshine. Now for the Altos, the high ground to the north of the town, or to the gardens of the Buen Retiro. In these there is a large sheet of water, on which, now that it is frozen over, some tolerable skating may be seen; but when liquid it is covered with aquatic birds, innumerable in quantity and species. What a winter for me, my dear fellow, whom they menaced with solitary confinement in Wigmore Street until next May!

From the Retiro you have the best view of the town, which looks like an oriental city, abounding in cupolas. But it is on the Altos that I prefer taking my constitutional atmospheric dose. Once fairly started along the high road to Fuencarral, you expand, and bound along like a ball,—you inflate your breathing machinery with the essence of champagne froth,—you look about you at mountains, on which you trace the variations of snow from day to day, either by melting in the sun, or the accession of some nocturnal shower,—you decline wasting your attention on any objects within the distance of thirty miles. The sky is dark blue, the road dazzling white, and the muleteers and peasants look intelligent, and invite to parley, although they rarely take the initiative.

There is not much to be seen here, indeed, but skies and white mountains. Here and there a groom exercises his master's Andaluz; or a smuggler, momentarily out of work, may be observed careering over the brown neighbourhood, and looking like an excrescence of his graceful but sinewy steed. These peasants are in this respect genuine Arabs; I never saw any one ride like them. It is true that their horses are so docile, and their motion so insinuating, and their saddles constructed in so scientific a manner, that you are kept in your place in spite of yourself. I usually take about four miles out, and, on my return, find the artillery of the garrison performing their manœuvres on the undulating ground near the town. The asperities of this ground are such as to display the solidity of the carriages, which are whirled about at full gallop, as the company presents its terrible front

now to a cemetery, now to an empty quarry. Sometimes they seem bent on destroying my buoyant carcass, coming in from my diurnal perambulations, fresh enough to offer them a dodge over the hills.

You will not credit the singularity of this population. First, all the world, high and low, dress alike,—I mean those who do not imitate the foreign costume. The only difference consists in the material; and among men, the poor are brown, and the rich blue. But the most curious part of it is, that all want to be gentlemen alike. Every one respects his neighbour, and chooses to be respected. It is like a Yankeeissimo republic,—only of gentlemen. You know I wrote for a trunk of things I had left in England: well, I had to wait an hour the other day in a villanous inn-yard,—the same inn, they say, which is mentioned in *Gil Blas*,—for the convenience of the vagabond who was responsible for my package. The frost being rather sharp in the yard, I entered an open door, beyond which I had perceived symptoms of a *brasero*. Here were seated round a table four garlicky fellows, either postillions or conductors of baggage-waggons, playing at cards, and of course smoking. Taking no notice of them, nor they, as I supposed, of me, I stood innocently looking at their game, when, after five minutes, one of them took his *cigarito* from his lips in order to blow me up. “You appear to have nothing to do but to learn to *barajar* (shuffle).” —“What’s that to you?” I replied.—“Nothing; but usually when people have good motives, they behave like *cavalleros* (gentlemen).” As I had not wittingly offended any one, and saw, from a sort of general growl which backed my opponent, that something was going on which I did not understand, I simply beat a retreat, whistling an air which I had picked up at the morning’s parade. I only understood my position on telling the story at my lodging-house. A friend of the hostess, who was there, said that I had insulted the four worthies, by omitting to utter a civil speech, by way of salute, on entering the room.

Coming out of the Museo, a fortnight back,—would you believe it? —I met our old friend F—, as he entered it. “Who would have expected to find an old schoolfellow here on the Prado?” I exclaimed. It appears he has been here all the winter, and brought introductions. From his account of the parties, there is not much to tempt one. I had rather study Spanish, and talk to my amusing and *naïves* hostesses. He says you might suppose yourself in an English or Parisian *soirée*. Nothing Spanish will go down at Madrid. They play *écarté*, sing Bellini’s music, and dance quadrilles. I refused his offer to introduce me to a party-giving Señora.

I refused not, however, to accompany him the other day on a trip over the hills to Segovia. This was over the snowy Guadaramas, which, although I had passed them on my sulky arrival, I was burning to get more completely acquainted with. I will give you an account of that trip in a future letter, and of the old city of Segovia, with its lofty Alcazar and rocks. I can now only find time to tell you a discovery we there made of the Spanish manner of *picnic-ing*. We had arrived at an elevated point, where, in passing over the eminence, the road presents the view of the town, and its rock and aqueduct, &c., as picturesque a look-out as may easily be met with; while, further on, a totally different prospect presents itself over a large tract of country, illuminated by a dazzling sun, and terminated by mountains. Between these two points intervene a hundred yards of road, confined between

a wall on the right and a rugged bank of about eight feet elevation on the left, and in neither direction can a peep be obtained beyond the hundred yards aforesaid. Against the wall, in the most secluded part of this piece of road, was seated a Segovian party, their feet nearly touching the wheels of all passing vehicles. They were in the full enjoyment of hard eggs and lemonade, and the sweets of a suburban picnic. Probably these mortals would travel as far to witness the fog from Waterloo bridge, as we do to enjoy the sight of the glorious earth and skies to which they have been used from their childhood. Here their satisfied eyes reposed on a dusty road, and the brown inequalities of the opposite bank; while their palates, invigorated by the fine country breeze, dallied with the delicate sausage of Estramadura. We two gazed in silence as we passed at this truly Spanish scene, nor laughed until we had doubled the turn of the wall, and the grand view of the country burst upon us.

I don't know whether you have read an entertaining book called the *Code Gourmand*, in which he who would dine is enjoined to make first a copious breakfast; for, says the gastronomic wit, this arrangement does away with the presence of hunger,—a sensation which would rob the palate of its delicacy, and prevent the appreciation of the merits of the repast. He who has approached the table in this craving state, he continues, may, at the end of his repast, be said to have eaten, but not dined. This precept is, I believe, universally followed in France, where breakfast is, to all intents and purposes, an early dinner.

Dining, in the sense here received, is rarely practised in Spain. The natives are less addicted to the indulgence of the palate. I do not, however, abuse the *cuisine* here, as I hear other foreigners do. These exotic persons live under a cloudless sky without knowing it, and they seek for stimulants as if they still were inhaling the fogs of Thames or Seine. Wretched mortals! You know my merits as a *gourmet*; but I assure you I enjoy here a simple cutlet and a glass of valdepeñas and water as much, ay, and more, than an unexceptionable set-off in your realm of turtle and iced punch. It is true the main elements of subsistence are superior here to ours. The bread, for instance, and the wine, and the eggs, and the fruits,—all these, with the chocolate, being in perfection, and with the disposition towards simple feeding derived from the climate, I should live upon them in preference to everything else, did not habit tyrannise over my better inclinations.

To continue my history, I rise from dinner at about five, and take to the dictionary for another hour and a half or so; after which I proceed to pay my visit to my hostess, who, with her amiable family, undertake the continuance of my education, as yet somewhat neglected with respect to foreign tongues. This family scene is one of unvarying good-nature and quiet gaiety. While the Señora madre knits a stocking for her boy at school, and the two Señoritas, of fourteen and nineteen, execute other performances of a more or less ornamental nature, they catechize me on English customs, and the occupations of the British fair, as also on their complexions, and other personal qualities, then on my own family and pursuits; and they accompany my explanations with cries of surprise, or approbation, or horror, and expressions full of *naïveté*, laughingly reproaching me if they think they detect any deception. In their turn, they give me information respecting local customs and events, together with amusing histories of their neighbours and acquaintances. Now, as I only comprehend half that is said, and

gestures are necessary for the remaining portions of explanation, and these gestures liable to be mistaken, although less so than the words, you may imagine how dramatic we are, and how quickly the hours fly. There is also a guitar; but they are not first-rate performers. They all sup at eleven, when, after having passed two-thirds of the day in the air, I am not sorry to make acquaintance with my pillow.

You *roués* of ruinous London would be puzzled by the simplicity of this primæval life, and the total absence of evil or distrustful musings from the souls of female humanity in Madrid. My bed-room is at the top of the house, and communicates by a staircase with a platform on the roof. There is no way of approaching this excepting through my apartment, which is long and narrow, with the entrance at one end, and the exit upwards at the other. One day Joña Petronila, the elder of the two damsels of my hostess,—now forget not that these are ladies, the family of a gallant colonel of engineers,—entered my room without any notice, closed the door behind her, and passing me as I looked up from my studies of Spanish verbs, asked, with a winning smile, permission to ascend to the platform above. I stammered out, after the manner of an innocent man visited by a ghost, a half-articulated consent of mingled English and Castilian,—by the end of which she was no longer in sight. Now, thought I, is this the first time such an occurrence has befallen me. What shall I say when she comes down?—what? Perhaps I had better take my cloak and hat, and go out. No—that will look cowardly. Fool that I was, it would have looked nothing at all, nor needed I to say or do anything. The proceeding was as natural to the *Senorita* as it would have been to cross the hall of her house. This, however, was only destined to add itself gradually to my astonished experience. In my agitation I resolved to acquit myself honourably, and to receive her with a suitable speech. I even purposed tinting it with a slight tendency to *persiflage*.

Now, therefore, was the dictionary put into rapid operation. A joke in bad Spanish would have covered me with ridicule. My pulse rose to a hundred and twenty at the idea of its being repeated before visitors, or even recollected. Never did I pass so busy and agitated a twenty minutes. Every sound made my heart throw a summerset; and I am sure that, on her descending quietly and steadily, with a collection of white scarfs, caps, and collerets hanging on her left arm, she must have thought I was suddenly taken ill, such must have been my paleness and agitation. I believe I rose, but I knew I was as dumb as a whiting. She walked the whole length of the room without uttering a word, although the same gracious smile was again bestowed upon me. Some of these days, when I know enough Spanish, I intend to inform her what a sensation her transit caused, in order to see the wonder and astonishment of her large innocent eyes.

In a few days I hope to have more entertaining matter for you. I am to accompany S—— to a *Corrida de Toros*—bull-fight. Meanwhile *vive valcque*.

THE BEAUTIES OF COLONOS.

FROM ÆD. COL. OF SOPHOCLES.

STRANGER! the land which thou hast reached is deemed so rich and fair
 That with Colonos the renowned none other may compare;
 For here it is the nightingale—she of the mournful lay—
 Trills forth her deep and shrilly notes, as she moves from spray to spray,
 Or buildeth 'mong the ivy-bells, or consecrated vine,
 Whereon, in richest dalliance, unnumbered clusters shine;
 The joyous God of rosy wine, he loveth well this tree,
 Which is alike from scorching heat, and hurtling tempest free;
 And ever 'tis his chief delight, and greatest joy to rove,
 Attended by his Goddess-nurse, within this lovely grove.

The Narcissus' gems, so fair
 That they've wreath'd the Furies' hair,
 Daily burst forth here anew,
 Cherished by the heavenly dew;
 And the Crocus, red and white,
 Shineth beautifully bright;
 And Cephisus never spareth
 Water from his living springs;
 But where'er his stream he beareth,
 There he joy and plenty brings;
 He's ever fed by purest rain,
 And maketh fruitful all the plain.
 Nor doth the Muses' cheerful band
 Despise the glories of our land,
 Nor Venus, who, with golden reins
 O'er Gods and men her sway maintains.

And here there blooms, what Asia's sons
 As their's can never claim,
 Nor yet the neighbouring states, to which
 King Pelops gave his name,
 A plant on which is spent no toil,
 That bursts spontaneous from the soil,
 That filleth every hostile breast
 With deadly fear, and wild dismay;
 Yes, here it ever groweth best,
 The olive with its leaves of grey;
 No daring king, or young or old,
 Will e'er uproot it from the earth,
 For Jupiter's all-seeing eyes
 Have watched it from its very birth,
 And well we know that it doth share
 Minerva's ever-tender care.

Colonos' praise is not all sung,
 For yet it fitteth us to tell
 How many noble, warlike steeds
 Are nourished in its sunny dell;
 How many ships, by stout hearts mann'd,
 With glory crown Athene's strand.

'T was thine, King of the sea, to give
 The reins which fiery steeds may guide;
 Thy vessels breast the rising waves,
 And onward speed in conscious pride;
 Whilst many hands their strong oars ply,
 And dangers of the deep defy;
 Whilst joy the Nereids of the seas
 To have companions true as these.

THE CORNET'S FIRST DEAL.

AN OUTQUARTER FRAGMENT.

SHOWING HOW CORNET JOHN HASSEL BEGAN TO BUY HORSES,
AND HOW HE FARED.

"THERE, that'll do, Lipstrap. You need not trouble yourself to dress those decanters so very correctly. Shut the door after you; and, for heaven's sake, tell the sentry to keep the outer one closed. One might as well live in an ophyclide as in this barrack. And, I say!—here!—just tell that Mrs. Thingumee down stairs, that if I hear any more of her pups yowling, I'll poison some bread and jam for them to-morrow morning. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Really," continued Cornet Hassel, "one might just as well live in the Foundling. I wish to heaven I was commanding-officer for a spell!—see if I wouldn't—"

Here his eloquence was summarily arrested by the end of a cigar poked into his mouth by his own captain, Harry Wyndham, who remarked good-naturedly,

"Being, as you are, junior cornet, young man, I should recommend you to smooth your tackle down, and take it easy."

The cornet's tirade died away in a good-tempered growl, as he reached a candle and lighted his cigar; then stretching forth his legs, and glancing complacently at the gold stripe, which was still very new, he closed his eyes, and puffed forth all his remaining misprogenitiveness in a cloud of smoke.

It was a nice Irish night: the wind hummed and howled round the exposed angle in which the mess-room was situated, driving at intervals a perfect phrensy of hail and rain against the windows, and, in defiance of pasted paper, list-binding, and sand-bags, lifting the faded red curtains, and bending here and there the flames of the candles on the table.

Now and then a sudden hoarse blast roared through the outer passages, dying away through the several gradations of whistle, squeak, and sigh, as the sentry struggled nobly to obey Cornet Hassel's last orders; while the flame of the rapidly-consumed turf in the little rusty grate raged up the flue, as if it longed to have out the barrack-engine for a lark.

A horse's tread was heard on the pavement without, and Ned Vernon (first turn-out for the support of the civil power) paused, with his glass of Brooke's port half way to his lips, and a look of considerable anxiety.

"Lipstrap," said he to the mess-waiter, who was arranging the foot of a curtain for the tenth time, "see who that is."

"It's Mr. Mahon, sir," replied Lipstrap confidently, as he pegged the unruly curtain to the wall with a fork.

"How do you know without looking?"

"I hear Mustard, sir, goin' up stairs a-growlin'. He always does, sir, whenever Mr. Mahon comes. He can't abear him, I'm sure I don't know why. It's a fancy of his, and he's a many of them for such a leetle dog."

"Mustard is a very sensible and superior animal, and a tolerable

judge of character," observed his master, Billy Healall, the medico, who was arranging a glass of Bush Mill toddy *secundum artem*, with the professional confidence of a parish priest.

The door opened, and Mr. Mahon bowed himself into the room.

He was a finished specimen of his own particular class, and as such I must essay his portrait.

Mr. Garvagh Mahon, then, was about thirty-eight. He said so himself, so there could be no doubt of it; nor could any one be disposed to attribute much more to him, to judge by his looks. It was only his asserted presence at, and participation in, certain remote events, and intimate acquaintance with parties deceased, that provoked in matter-of-fact minds a tendency to count, and occasioned the remark that G. M. Esq. had begun life early.

He was a hale florid man, of well-knit, nervous frame, with a shock head of black hair, and at least as much whisker as he could possibly require.

He was almost, nay, he *was* handsome,—there was no denying it; his profile thrown against the wall by the candle was striking and noble; and yet, if appealed to direct, there were few who did not in some way qualify the award, though few assigned the real cause of thinking so.

The shadowed profile had a fine outline, uninjured breadth, and one character, and that prepossessing; the face itself a dozen conflicting and ever-varying characters, and an eye, as we have seen, which Mustard did not approve of.

Mr. Mahon's chief attribute was extreme good nature. How he came by it, no one seemed exactly to know; but there it was, conceded by the great majority, at all events. It was true he had had the misfortune to kill a man, or men,—rumour was not precise on this head; he had been more than once—some admitted "frequently"—engaged as second in quarrels which had terminated seriously, if not fatally; and the only wonder was, how such a good-natured fellow could get so constantly lugged into hot water.

Occasionally, at race ordinary, or hunt-dinner, conversation would suddenly cease, as a few unusually calm and articulate words would be heard, as it were claiming attention, and the measured, polite tones of Mr. Mahon would meet the ear with an emphasis which you felt was part and parcel of his eye. There was then something quite touching in his manner.

"I'd be very, very sorry, Heaven knows, that any such trifle should mar the hilarity of the evening. You could not possibly be correctly informed upon the subject of that transaction, and, I am sure, will admit your error to me, who am a peaceable man, and not ill-tempered, as times go; and I'll appeal to the table, is it or is it not so?"

"You are not indeed, Garvagh,"—"Far from it,"—"Devil a better natured fellow ever stepped, I will say,"—"A man would be hard up that fell out with you."

"Ah, man dear! don't be quarelling," some one would half-whisper to the other party. "Sure you know Garvagh is the last man in the world to take affront. I'll engage you're wrong. Say so like a man, and we'll have another whip for claret, and Garvagh shall give us the Ennis Steeple-chase."

The poor overwhelmed antagonist, finding that a difference with

Mr. Garvagh Mahon involved a difference with all present, or all that chose to speak, would probably be unable to stem the torrent of advice offered for his use; and things would end with a sort of explanation, a fresh whip for wine, and thumpings galore on the table, with shouts for "Garvagh's song: more power to his elbow."

Mr. Mahon was always at the cover side; there was no meet in the hunt near which some big place was not pointed out that Mr. Mahon had *lepped*; and yet somehow Mr. Mahon was not conspicuous in a run.

He had always five or six horses, report often said more; and yet no one ever saw him on above two of them between November and April. But that he had them there could be no doubt, because he was always ready for a deal; and he would want what they might, he could exactly suit you. The horse would be up again by Thursday; he had sent him down to run for the Corinthians, or the Nenagh Steeple Chase, or to trot a match in the Phoenix, or he had lent him to an old gentleman of his acquaintance, as the case might be.

Mr. Mahon had a peculiar, a very peculiar, hat—a peculiar coat—a peculiar way of tying a neckcloth that very much puzzled his admirers—and a peculiar receipt for cleaning leather breeches that, as he himself said "made their lives a burthen to them." He had plenty of money, and yet oddly enough, not a member of the hunt but had to cap for him, or would pay for his glass of egg-flip on the way home three or four times every season; and stranger still, not one but thought he was sure of being paid again. "Ask is it Garvagh? devil a safer bank from this to Liverpool."

Mr. Mahon's entry into the little mess-room produced its customary civilities; and room being made for him he was soon deep in the manufacture of his first tumbler.

He was considered on the whole rather an amusing addition at times to the small party at the barracks, before whom he had tact enough to suppress some of the peculiarities which he thought less likely to be prized there than in other society. He had a considerable fund of anecdote, and, like many of his countrymen who pretend to repudiate the brogue, found it an accommodation, nevertheless, to play with it as historian—as though he had learned it by studying the people, and introduced it as pepper to the dish.

"Have you ridden far, Mr. Mahon?" asked Vernon.

"Only from Roscrea," was the reply. "Stop! I should say I went a bit out of my way too. I wanted to look at a mare I had bought some four miles off the road, and I stopped there longer than I intended, schooling her about the farm, which delay nearly cost me my neck, more by takers—"

"How so?" struck in Jack Hassel. "Why, by Jove! I did not observe your hair and shoulder before: you *have* had a cropper with her."

"With her is it? indeed not; there is not a thirteen-stone man in the next four counties that could get her down fair but falls; I've had two. The little bay horse is hard to throw down in the day time, but it was getting dark before I could tear myself away from seeing that mare fence. I knew my line pretty well, and we got in with only a scramble or two to within a quarter of a mile of the Waterford Road, and then I remembered there was a mortal bad place,

newly made somewhere thereabouts, that reached more than a mile. It's some d—d draining device, that big blockhead Mat Rooney found in a book, I'm told. Well, I was crowding the little horse along, you see, for I did not exactly want to sleep out, as I've a cold, and I knew there wasn't a gate for miles round, if it wasn't a harrow in a gap may be. I had a nice bit of grass under me, and a sort of a notion of things might be forty yards a-head, and presently says I, looking up, 'Good evening to you Mr. Rooney,' says I, 'and bad luck to you and your book that I wish was choking you.' There it was, like the great wall of China, only blacker, right across the line of the best runs ever seen from Chapel Gorse and the Ash-pit, and all them covers. Well, I'd nothing for it but to wish him all manner of misery, and stick my hat on, and I sent the little horse at it, I may say, like a man. Holy Moses! its a wonder my hair isn't grey; I'd only half a notion what I was doing; any other horse on this side Bantry Bay would have refused, not he! We lighted half-way up, and I was off like a shot, and lifted him to the top. No time to lose, I was into the saddle again, slipped half way down, and said 'Lord save us,' and the little blackguard gave a grunt and a fling as if it was the Shannon was there, and got over the gulph all but a leg, and I rolled away clever and no harm done. Up again, and on we jogged till he got his wind, I knew by the mail lamps I was close to the road, and only one more fence and a nice clean bit of wall it was; so I let him hang a little on my hand, and came steadily at it, and hoo! pricked up his nose and popped him over, and may be it was a pop over, for we lighted on the back of one of Mat's cows, and I believe I came clean over and up again, and here I am."

"And the Cow?" asked Vernon.

"I'll thank you for the lemon squeezers—the cow is it?—dead! thank God."

"Poor thing!" said Jack.

"Poor thing, is it? it will be a very proper lesson to her proprietor to be content with the ditches that his forefathers made with credit to themselves and convenience to the public, instead of prowling about the bookstalls on the quays in Dublin, smelling out foreign inventions for ruining the face of his native country."

The relation between cause and effect not striking his hearers so forcibly as himself, they forebore reply, and Mr. Mahon smoked on and sipped his punch with much tranquillity for some minutes, when knocking off the ash of his cigar on his muddy spur, he inquired, without turning his head, "Captain, how's the black horse?"

"Oh, doing well," replied Wyndham; "it was a nasty cut, but looked worse than it was. I shall have him out again on Monday."

"It was a great loss, a great loss, and a thousand pities that they mended that road with them d—d bottles. Jim Dillon was greatly annoyed at it, for it was his man's doing; only he said they took the old garden wall that was stuck all over with glass to mend that bit of the approach, and forgot to pick the glass out of the rubbish; one of the men that was doing it cut his tender achilles or some d—d place about him, and was carried home on a hurdle, I am told, that's some comfort."

And Mr. Mahon proceeded to mix tumbler No. 2.

"Captain," he resumed, as soon as he had completed his task satisfactorily, "do you know this mare of mine puts me greatly in

mind of that black horse, particularly when she goes fast at her paces. She's just the same flippant carriage and style of leaping—a thought more trained, maybe. But that's a nice horse of yours; indeed is he."

"She is a good jumper, is she?" struck in the new cornet, who was anxious to come out as a hunting-man, and did *not* know that Mr. Mahon had come expressly to sell him a horse. "Is she well-trained, and all that, and sound?"

"She is indeed a very fair-leaped mare," replied Mr. Mahon in an indifferent tone, "very fair indeed. She will be better by and by; for she's young, and proud of her springs, do you see?"

"Does she pull?—is she a runaway?" asked the cornet a little doubtfully.

"Oh, devil a runaway; no dog quieter. In another month or so, I go bail you might ride her in and out of a travelling-car."

The cornet was bit,—and then came over him that malady, so expensive to young cavalry officers, but through which they all have to go, more or less, like puppies through distemper,—the inordinate desire to deal on their own unaided judgment.

There was a pause. Mr. Mahon finished his tumbler No. 2, and entered upon the preliminaries of No. 3, with his head on one side, and his left eye shut, blowing the smoke of the cigar away from his right, which was particularly wide open, and saw round the corner of his nose.

A passing glance of Vernon's only aroused the cornet's slumbering feelings of independence. (As if he could not buy his own horses, indeed!) A slight side pressure of the foot by Wyndham was nearly procuring the latter a kick on the shins.

"What do you want for her?" The cornet was resolved to assert his dignity.

Mr. Mahon was hurried: he had only been throwing in ground-bait, and his tackle was hardly prepared for landing so hasty a fish. But he was a good performer.

"Want for her? Why, really I had not thought of parting with her." (This would have been natural enough, as he had not yet bought her, and yet it was hardly true; but, however, the mare was not for the *cornet*.) "I'm thinking she'd be too much for you. What do you ride?"

"Anything you like. D—n the riding-school. I can stick on as well as the best of them."

"Devil a doubt of that, my dear sir. But I mean what do you weigh?"

"Ten stone seven, the last time I weighed."

"You and your nurse together, you mean," said Vernon. "Why, by Mr. Mahon's account, this mare would carry you and all your kit, cradle included."

Well meant of Ned, but a failure. The cornet was fly!

"She's no vice, has she?"

"Oh, not a bit; but I mane, I wouldn't offend you, you know—but—but the mare likes to be ridden, you understand; and some men would pull the head off her, and she mightn't like it, and might pull again, you see;—and this is a devil's country for your horse to get away with you in. That little bay, I should say, was more your stamp of horse."

"That horse you jumped that big place with?"

"Just so. Did you never see him? Sure you know *him*?"

"Not I; I have only been here a fortnight."

"Well, now, that surprises me. I thought I saw you out a month since — that little bay's your horse, depend —"

"What's he like? Can he jump?"

"Well, then he's d—d like a horse, I will say that for him; and he'd jump a town, if it wasn't too big."

Jumping is the fly to rise a cornet.

"What do you want for him?" said Hassel.

"That's your sort, youngster," laughed Wyndham, who saw he was in for it.

Now it may appear that the cornet was premature in inquiring the price in both instances; but this was in a great measure referable to a very unsophisticated feeling of a rather amiable complexion than otherwise. He had precisely one hundred and five pounds, he knew, at his agents. His first object was, to be the proprietor of a real registered hunter, if I may use the expression. Hence his catechism always commenced with "*Jump*."

This being established, the poor boy felt that the price was the next great object, and that query came naturally in order.

"Well, if you really mean a deal," said Mr. Mahon, laughing, and looking about very busily for the sugar, which was under his nose, "I'll tell you what, now,"—he paused with a lump in the tongs, and turned towards the cornet, and his voice assumed a tone of the most impressive candour—"the horse is nine years old. I believe him to be as sound as any horse in Ireland, and I pledge you my sacred word of honour, I refused eighty for him the week before last,"—he did not add, "*from my groom*,"—*aloud*, "at all events."

If he had said 10*l.* 10*s.* it would have been the same. The cornet was landed, and had only the few last kicks to perform.

"Well, if that's the case, I'll give you ninety for him, if you like."

It was out. The last word acted like pulling the string of a species of mental shower-bath; a *douche* of despair and remorse descended upon him, followed by a burning sensation from head to foot; his tongue instantly became a shoehorn, and rattled in his mouth, and then a sudden hatred of Mr. Mahon took possession of his soul, added to a dreary conviction that he had offered nearly all he had for a glandered horse, to say nothing of the greenness of buying a pig in a poke, which only then flashed on him. His sufferings, however acute, did not seem to discompose Mr. Mahon very materially.

He lighted another cigar with great care and attention, and pausing between his words to roll and coax it, replied,

"Well, sir, the horse is yours, and I hope he'll carry you well; and if you like I'll have a knock with you for the saddle against that breast-pin, and then I'll leave them both in your stable, where, I rather think, by-the-bye, he is now, for it was your servant, I believe, who took him when I got off.

And so Cornet Hassel became the proprietor of a real live hunter.

CHESTERFIELD AND HIS TIMES.*

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

No age or country ever exhibited such political anomalies as England at the accession of the House of Hanover; the sovereign of a petty German state invited to become the head of a mighty empire, evinced no gratitude for such a wondrous elevation, and always preferred the interests of his little electorate to those of the British monarchy. The English people having elected a sovereign of whom they knew little, and for whom they never entertained a particle of love or respect, supported him with a steadiness and zeal such as had been rarely accorded to the most popular of princes. In the country, the squires, inheriting the principles of the cavaliers, but demoralized by the course which their fathers had pursued in the reign of Charles the Second, drank confusion to the House of Hanover, but drew no sword for the House of Stuart. In the metropolis, and in most of the large towns, puritanical traditions were maintained in outward observance, while profligacy and irreligion were constantly breaking through the thin veil by which they were concealed. Placed between a king who had little regard for his people, and a people who cared not a jot about their king, the nobility formed themselves into an oligarchy not unlike that of Venice, measuring their influence by the number of nomination boroughs they could command, and determining the fate of cabinets by their family combinations. The House of Commons *nominally*, but the proprietors of boroughs by whom its members were elected *really* ruled the country; the peers seemed nothing more than a court of registration for the edicts of the Lower House, and their own chamber was irreverently, but not inappropriately designated "The Hospital for Incurables." To get rid of a troublesome rival in statesmanship it was only necessary to elevate him to the peerage; he was thenceforth helpless, and his case hopeless. Pulteney and Pitt were lost in the earldoms of Bath and of Chatham.

Society was not less disorganized than the political world; its native elements were the stiff feudalism, relieved by something of chivalrous sentiment, which characterized the older families of the aristocracy, and the puritanical rigidity, softened by sensual indulgences, which prevailed in the families that had risen out of the Reformation. To melt these inconsistent elements into one amalgam, Charles the Second had introduced the artificial and factitious sentimentality of the French court, which served as a mask for the grossest licentiousness. This solvent was potent to melt down, but it could not after the fusion produce a blending of the native materials. England would not have for its literature the conceits of the troubadours, for its moral code the caprice of fashion, and for its religion the wildest scepticism hidden under the most rigid ritual. The "civilisation of the boudoir" depends for its success on grace; but the characteristic of the English court was grossness. Without entering into any questionable particulars, it will be sufficient evidence of the tastes of George the First to quote the description which Walpole has given of one of the royal mistresses, the Countess of Darlington. "Two fierce, black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck, that overflowed, and was not distinguished

* Chesterfield's Correspondence, edited by Lord Mahon.

from the lower part of her body ; and no part restrained by stays." Yet for this ogress Lord Halifax obtained a lover in the person of the handsome Mr. Methuen, that he might thus obtain secret influence over the king.

German grossness, English surliness, and French affectation, sometimes blended, but more frequently opposed, gave a strange aspect to the fashionable society of England. Among the most startling of the contrasts offered by such inconsistencies was that between the third and fourth Earls of Chesterfield. In the October of 1725 the old Earl of Chesterfield lay sick at his seat, Bretby Park, in Derbyshire, whither he had retired because a gloomy and suspicious temper had prevented him from taking any active part in the politics of the court, or the amusements of fashion. Here his son reluctantly attended on him, and thus describes their mutual position. "Ever since my father had his fits (which were such and so many as I believe no other body ever survived) he has continued entirely senseless. How long he will continue so, I cannot tell ; but this I am sure of, that if it be much longer I shall be the maddest of the two ; this place being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen seem willingly to dwell."* So much for the place. Let us now estimate the amount of filial piety which he manifested in this residence. He writes to Mrs. Howard. "I am glad to find you do justice to my filial piety. I own I think it surpasses that of Æneas ; for when he took such care of his father he was turned of fourscore, and not likely to trouble him long ; but you may observe that he prudently disposed of his wife, who, being much younger, was consequently more likely to stick by him ; which makes me shrewdly suspect that had his father been of the same age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after. I hope, like him, I shall be at last rewarded with a Lavinia or at least a Dido, which possibly may be full as well."† Austere and unamiable as the third Earl of Chesterfield undoubtedly was, the levity with which his son speaks of his sickness, and the heartless indifference he manifests for his fate, cannot be viewed without reprobation. It is true that he had been regarded with coldness, if not aversion, by his parent, and that he was chiefly indebted for the care of his early education to his maternal grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax ; but there is a want of generous feeling, united to a cold affectation of wit, which under the circumstances of the case show a sad deadness of feeling. This heartlessness was manifested earlier ; young Stanhope's tutor had been M. Jouveau, a French refugee, by whom he had been most carefully instructed in languages, so that he wrote French with as much facility as English ; but, beyond a few letters of ceremonious politeness, he never exhibited any signs of affection for the guardian of his youth.‡

Although Chesterfield in his letters to his son describes himself as a pedant when he quitted the university of Cambridge, the letters written during his nonage prove that he aspired more to the reputation of a man of gallantry and fashion. "I shall only say," he writes from Paris, "that I am insolent, talk long and loud, sing and dance as I walk, and spend immense sums in hair-powder, feathers, and white gloves." On his return to England he was introduced into public life

* Chesterfield's Letters, iii. 20.

† Ibid. 21.

‡ It is characteristic of Chesterfield that his *last* letter to this gentleman is extravagant in its promises of regular correspondence. See vol. iii. 10.

by his relative, Lord Stanhope, appointed gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Second), and elected to parliament for the borough of St. Germain, before he had attained his legal majority. His maiden speech was delivered in support of the prosecution of the Duke of Ormond, with whom he was connected by ties of family and friendship. A partisan of the Duke's warned him of the penalties he would incur by voting when under age; upon which he went to Paris, and became the companion of Lord Bolingbroke. He mentions this first speech in one of his letters to his son. "I spoke in parliament the first month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected till the day that I spoke, I am sure I thought or dreamed of nothing but speaking. The first time, to say the truth, I spoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it passed tolerably in favour of the spirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dressed it."* But we learn from his cotemporaries that he was not a popular speaker in the House of Commons; he was endured rather than admired; his diction was too refined, his action too studied, and his tone of pleasant irony and banter too artificial for his audience. A member who had some talent for mimicry, used to caricature his tones and gestures whenever he rose to speak; and his dread of ridicule induced him to abandon parliament for the circles of fashion. In the latter he soon distanced all his cotemporaries; his wit, his graceful manners, his literary acquirements, and his poetic gallantry rendered him quite the rage; no party was complete without him, and no *belle* was enrolled in the calendar of taste until her claims had been sanctioned by his approbation. The quarrel between George the First and the Prince of Wales contributed to increase Stanhope's importance. It was said that he had helped to bring the Prince's cause into fashion.

In this season of youthful enjoyment, when the feelings are most vivid, and the passions strongest, we do not find in any single instance that the young leader of fashion exhibited any traits of sincere love, or natural emotion. He was throughout heartless, cold, and artificial. Love with him formed part of a system of diplomacy; he cautiously avoided any indulgence of the heart or the imagination by which he might find himself compromised or engaged. He could utter a *bon mot*, point a stinging sarcasm, pay an elegant compliment, compose a flattering or a bitter epigram; but he could not pourtray a sentiment faithful to truth and nature. Hence his success was as hollow as his sincerity; he was admired and applauded, but he was neither trusted nor respected,

On the death of George the First, Stanhope, who had become Earl of Chesterfield by the previous decease of his father, was one of the many expectants who hoped that the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole, on which they had reckoned with assured confidence, would open a new career of ambition in which power, wealth, and fame might easily be acquired. He was disappointed; George the Second was a plain, plodding, honest man, insensible to the charms of literature or wit, and inclined to regard men of genius as the savage did the gun, when he prayed that "it would not go off, and kill poor Man Friday." To the delight of some, the amusement of others, and the astonishment of all, Lord Chesterfield was appointed ambassador to the States of Holland; but was in some degree consoled for this honourable exile by being entrusted with the management of some very delicate negotiations, in

* Letters, iv. 115.

which the King was personally interested. Still he was playing a secondary part in a second-rate theatre; but, as Lady M. W. Montague observes, he consoled himself by a series of conquests of ladies at the Hague, worthy of Lovelace, or the Duc de Richelieu.

Their grave High Mightinesses of Holland must have been a little perplexed by the presence of a witty and elegant negotiator, whose splendid equipage on the Voorhout, or public promenade, rendered the plain Dutch coaches little better than a parcel of hacks; whose high stakes at the gaming-table set all their notions of prudence and propriety at defiance; whose intrigues were equally numerous and public; whose greatest enjoyment was to have the fame of a successful seducer. All this profligacy had a political motive, and was rendered subservient to the success of his negotiations. In one instance, however, mortified vanity led him to engage in an intrigue which deserves to be recorded as an example of the most heartless profligacy.

There dwelt at the Hague a French lady, Mademoiselle du Bouchet, one of the many Protestants exiled from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was handsome, accomplished, and of unsullied reputation; her character procured for her the charge of superintending the education of young ladies of the highest rank; and she refused to allow her pupils to go into any company to which "the gay Lothario" of England had been invited. Unfortunately she was not content with this precaution, but attacked the seducer with sarcasms and epigrams; weapons with which he was too familiar not to know their danger. Chesterfield laid a wager that he would triumph over this enemy. She yielded to his false promises of marriage, and was undone. The birth of a son revealed her fall, and her seducer's triumph, to the city and court; while the mortification she felt was aggravated by the information that she had been the object not of passion but of a wager! Ruined, and heart-broken, she came to London, where she lived in the most obscure lodgings in Lambeth, on a miserable pittance, grudgingly bestowed, and irregularly paid by the author of her wrongs.

Chesterfield was less successful in a political intrigue against the Duke of Newcastle, in which he aided Lord Townshend. He had an interview with George the Second at Helvoetsluys; but found the King proof against all his artifices. Walpole, however, was so alarmed that he tried to win Chesterfield by conferring upon him the Order of the Garter, and the office of Lord High Steward; but these honours could not reconcile him to a longer residence at the Hague. Gaming had injured his fortune; dissipation had impaired his constitution; and the high-born dames of Holland resented his intrigue with the Du Bouchet, not on account of its criminality, but because the lady was destitute of rank and title. Under these circumstances he resigned, and returned to England.

Notwithstanding his office, Chesterfield took a leading part in the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's Excise Bill, and had no small share in ensuring its defeat. He was very unceremoniously required to resign his white staff as Lord Steward, and in revenge he opened a smart fire of epigrams and sarcasms against the King and the minister. We take from a letter, written from Scarborough to Mrs. Howard a specimen of this warfare. Having humorously described the alarm into which this fashionable watering-place had been thrown, he assigns as the cause, "they are informed that considering the vast consumption

of these waters, there is a design laid of *excising* them next session ; and, moreover, that as bathing in the sea is become the general practice of both sexes, and as the Kings of England have always been allowed to be masters of the seas, every person so bathing shall be gauged, and pay so much per foot square as their cubical measure amounts to. I own there are many objections to this scheme, which no doubt occur to you ; but, to be sure, too, there is one less than to the last, for this tax being singly upon water, it is evident it would be an ease to the landed interest, which it is plain the other would not have been."*

Chesterfield's marriage is the next most important incident in his history, and its circumstances are very characteristic both of the time and the man. Close to his house in Grosvenor Square resided the Duchess of Kendal,† who had been one of the strange assortment of German mistresses brought over by George the First when he came to take possession of the English throne. She had a daughter by the King, who passed for her niece, and had been created Countess of Walsingham in her own right ; she was handsome, possessed a considerable fortune, and had still greater expectations from the inheritance of the avaricious Duchess. To this lady Chesterfield had made some advances before his embassy to Holland ; the embarrassments produced by gaming induced him to press his suit more ardently after his return. The consent of the mother and daughter was gained ; but George the Second declared that he would not allow Lady Walsingham's fortune to become the prey of a ruined gamester. But the King was unable to compete with the Earl ; the marriage took place on the 5th of September, 1733, and immediately afterwards George the Second was menaced with a lawsuit, which would not only have compromised his royal dignity, but have seriously diminished his private treasures, which he valued still more.

George the First, distrusting his son, had caused two copies to be made of his will, one of which he placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other he entrusted to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel. At the first council held by George the Second the Archbishop produced the will, which the King coolly put into his pocket, and stalked out of the room without saying a word. The document was burned. A large bribe to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel procured for the King the second copy, which was similarly destroyed. But this will was said to have contained a bequest of no less than forty thousand pounds to the Duchess of Kendal ; Chesterfield obtained secondary evidence of the fact, and threatened to expose the whole affair in a court of law. The King became alarmed, and paid the Earl twenty thousand pounds to compromise the affair. It need only be added, that Chesterfield's marriage brought happiness neither to husband nor wife ; fortunately there were no children. We must, however, say that the character of the lady was unimpeachable, and that her conduct merited a better fate than she experienced.

War was now declared between the King, or rather the ministry, and the Earl. In the fashionable periodical, "The World," which may be regarded as a specimen of the transition state of periodical literature between Addison and Junius, Chesterfield assailed the King, his mistresses, and his ministers, with the most lively raillery,

* Letters, iii. 88.

† See Jesse's "Houses of Nassau and Hanover," ii. 321.

‡ See Introduction to Walpole's Letters, vol. i. Collected Edition, lxxxi.

sometimes approaching to invective. In the House of Lords, where he was indisputably the best speaker and the most able statesman, he attacked Walpole with all his powers of oratory; but, while men admired his eloquence and his wit, they accorded him neither confidence nor sympathy, regarding him rather with dread and distrust. Suspicion was not unjustifiable, for we find him visiting the Duke of Ormond in his exile, to engage the Jacobites to join in the great effort to remove Sir Robert Walpole, though he had been one of the most prominent in the persecution of that nobleman.

When Sir Robert Walpole was driven from office, Chesterfield, who had great influence over Frederic, Prince of Wales, was eager to procure the impeachment of the fallen minister. But he soon found that he had little influence in the political world; and as his pretensions were found to be troublesome, he was once more sent as ambassador to Holland. We find that some persons had proposed a coalition between Walpole and Chesterfield. Horace Walpole thus notices it in his letter to Sir Horace Mann, April 22nd, 1742. "There never was so wild a scheme as this of setting up an interest through Lord Chesterfield! one who has no power, and if he had, would not think of or serve our party."*

In his second embassy to Holland, Lord Chesterfield exhibited a skill in diplomacy not inferior to Talleyrand himself. There was, indeed, a striking similarity between these two great masters of diplomatic science. Both were distinguished by noble birth, high bearing, and courtly manners. Like Talleyrand, the English Earl was never too urgent; he listened, he waited, and appeared to follow when he took the lead. He despised all soft passions and tender emotions; but substituted for them the excitement of the gaming-table. Talleyrand used to warn his pupils that nothing was so perilous as excess of zeal; Chesterfield, in the same sense, warned Dayrolles against any display of temper. The Frenchman and the Englishman were equally misanthropes; they despised men much, and women more; both were at the same time avaricious and ambitious; and both were more feared than loved by those whom they employed. Chesterfield's success was complete; he induced the Dutch to declare against France, and against their own interests. He then returned to England, having greatly increased his claims to office, and in the same proportion increased the reluctance of the King and the ministers to admit him to any share of power. The Viceroyalty of Ireland, which had been refused by most of the courtiers, was pressed upon his acceptance. It was obviously intended to be nothing more than an honourable form of exile; but it was a post of great importance when the country was menaced with an invasion; and he undertook the task of reconciling the Irish Catholics to the Protestant succession, at a time when a prince of their own religion had fair prospects of recovering the English throne.

Though Chesterfield's Irish administration lasted only eight months, it formed the most glorious epoch of his life, and almost the only bright spot in Irish history. The conciliatory policy adopted towards the Catholics was so successful, that no movement was made in Ireland in favour of the Pretender's cause during the perilous crisis of 1745. At the levée held on the first of July to commemorate the battle of the Boyne, several of the Catholic aristocracy appeared at the Castle, wearing Orange lilies, out of compliment to the viceroy. A lovely lady, who

* Walpole's Letters, vol. i. 178.

thus testified her loyalty, particularly struck Chesterfield's attention, he called upon his suite to make a proper response, and the following extempore lines were produced by Mr. St. Leger; they are worthy of Chesterfield himself,—

“ You little papist, what 's the jest
Of wearing orange on your breast,
When the same breast uncover'd shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose ?”

The grievance-mongers of Ireland have attributed the early recal of this popular lord-lieutenant to the jealousy which the success of his conciliatory policy had created in England; but, in truth, the English king, ministers, and people, were anxious that he should remain in Dublin. But Chesterfield was weary of Irish society; the men were too fond of wine; the ladies disinclined to gallantry; the legislature was never seriously employed but in getting up jobs; and the patent remedy for all political and social evils was a penal law against popery. His recal, which he had ardently solicited, was a reward, not a punishment; and his ambition was gratified by his receiving the seals of Secretary of State.

In the cabinet Chesterfield's failure was as complete as his success in Ireland had been; his refined manners were a satire on the grossness which prevailed at court; his keen wit was not appreciated by some, and excited alarm in others. The King's mistress, Lady Yarmouth, through whom he hoped to acquire the direction of affairs, had no influence over her royal lover; and the Duke of Newcastle had the monopoly of patronage and power. Chesterfield was the hero of the saloons, the pride of the drawing-rooms, the ornament of the haunts of dissipation; but he was powerless in the cabinet, and his resignation produced no sensation at court, or in the country.

The decoration of Chesterfield House, and the education of his natural son, Philip Stanhope, became now the chief objects of his attention. The house is still one of the most noble mansions in the metropolis; but the son was an impracticable object, on whom paternal care was wasted in vain.

We have already mentioned the intrigue with Madlle. du Bouchet; when Chesterfield found that he was not likely to have any children by marriage, he took the son of this unfortunate lady from the obscurity of Lambeth, to educate him in the graces of fashion, the delicacies of diplomatic intrigue, and the arts of success in political life. But the childhood of Philip had been passed with an unhappy and penitent mother, whose misery had resulted from that gallantry which the father was so anxious to inculcate. It must not be forgotten that Chesterfield's letters to this young man were not intended for publication; that so far from being designed as a general system of education, their special purpose was to transform a lubberly lout into an accomplished Alcibiades, and that the means suggested became more extravagant as the enterprise appeared more hopeless and desperate. Philip had no taste for the brilliant career proposed to him; he married a lady of obscure birth, by whom he had two children, and died in the prime of life at Dresden. The unhappy father received the stroke with dissembled fortitude. He took the widow and orphans under his protection; but his existence was henceforth without enjoyment.

The letters published by Lord Mahon are equally delightful in their intellectual, and repulsive in their moral aspect. Refined selfishness, graceful misanthropy, and polished insensibility, are apparent in every

line. The hard heart inspires horror, even when we are charmed by the exquisite polish of its surface. The want of reality is as apparent as the author's incapacity to appreciate what is substantive in opposition to what is superficial. The characters which he has drawn of his cotemporaries are curiously illustrative of his own; and the publication of them by Lord Mahon is an important advantage to ethics as well as to history. Chesterfield shows unrivalled skill in his examination of the means and instruments which statesmen employed; but he takes no notice of the objects at which they aimed, for in his system a serious object would be regarded as a serious crime. His own character was factitious; and he therefore regarded the characters of others as artificial, and he set about their examination as if habits of mind were subject to the same laws as costume and decoration. The world was to him a huge masquerade; he played the part of the most accomplished diplomatist of the French and fashionable school. There was calculation in his frivolity, and intense selfishness in all his actions. He was an actor in a drama; and his whole ambition was concentrated, not in the success of the piece, but of that special portion which it was his choice to maintain. Systematic frivolity, the sacrifice of principles to appearances, a contempt for humanity, an opinion that men were instruments to be employed, and women creatures to be deceived, a heartless indifference to all the obligations which can arise from sympathy and affection; such were the elements of the philosophy which Chesterfield professed, and on which he steadfastly acted.

A great philosophical experiment was tried by the statesman whose career we have been contemplating; the selfish theory of morals as preached by Hobbes, and practically expounded by Rochefoucauld, was tested in actual life, with every advantage it could derive from elegance, grace, and refinement, contrasted with a grossness of prevailing manners bordering on brutality. How did it succeed? There is no more lamentable failure in our history. Chesterfield never gained a triumph. Baffled as a statesman, disappointed as a politician, superannuated as a leader of fashion, rejected as a literary guide of public opinion, deprived of all social and domestic enjoyments, his exquisite talents served only to ensure the shipwreck of his happiness and his fame. One brief gleam of sunshine appears in his dark career—his viceroyalty in Ireland; but this owed its brightness to his temporary abandonment of his system. In Ireland he was compelled to attend to grave affairs; for the vices of Dublin were too gross, and its dissipation too brutal to be enjoyed by a man of refinement; he was far from the gaming-tables of St. James's, from the saloons of royal mistresses, from the levées of heirs apparent, from the circle of Lady Yarmouth, and from the intrigues of the royal closet. Thus circumstanced, he laid aside frivolity to adopt utility, and thus eight months of contradiction to his own principles form the redeeming epoch of his life.

Until Lord Mahon produced the present edition of Chesterfield's works, there were not adequate means for estimating the effect of this remarkable man on the age in which he lived. We have endeavoured to perform this task as a guide to the solution of a problem equally interesting in its historical and moral aspect; and we believe that no more impressive lesson can be deduced from the double contemplation than a conviction that no cultivation of the intellectual powers can atone for systematic depravation of the moral sympathies—that a good head can never compensate for a bad heart.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE ELEVENTH.

Farren's Conception of the Character of Touchstone.—Mesmerism not to be condemned.—Farren's varied style of Performance in Sir Simon Slack.—Dress.—Power's Eccentricity and Punctuality.—Liston.—His resemblance to George the Fourth.—Surprising Comicality of his Countenance, &c.—His liberties with the Actors and the Audience.—Jack Johnstone's Appeal.—Liston's Gravity.—His Parody on Opera-dancing.—The cut oblique.—Reeve's Imitation of Liston.

FARREN once expressed to me a wish to try *Touchstone*, observing that he conceived the character ought to be played in a more sententious style than is usual. I cannot say I concur in this. *Touchstone*, though a philosopher in his way, is a rattle-pate. He never thinks—he never moralizes like *Jacques*. His good things come to him—they lie on the surface—he never seeks for them. Like a monkey, he instinctively appropriates what comes within his reach without reflection, and parts with it as carelessly as he acquired it, in a flippant off-hand style which is natural to him,—in fact, just as Fawcett used to play him. Any attempt to make such a personage precise or pedantic, or to assimilate him to *Malvolio* (which, *par parenthèse*, fits Farren to a hair), would prove a failure, and certainly render him less amusing. Nevertheless, Farren's opinion is entitled to every respect, and I hope he will yet afford the public an opportunity of testing its correctness. "And why for no?" as the boatswain of the Bellerophon said of another great actor, "He has a dozen good campaigns in him yet." May I live to see them!

This excellent *artiste* has been censured for mannerism. But all actors are mannerists, more or less; and Farren proved in *Sir Simon Slack* that he could vary his style if he pleased. That there is a hardness occasionally in his performances I admit; his voice, too, is harsh,—it grates unpleasantly on the ear, until you become accustomed to it; but, in spite of this, Farren is by far the best actor in his line left on the stage,—perhaps the best actor in his line that ever appeared on it. With the exception of Mathews, he dresses his parts better than any performer within my remembrance.

Apropos of dress, I recollect being much struck with Power's *nonchalance* in this particular, when he was at the Olympic. One night we were going from his dressing-room into the theatre, just as the call-boy had summoned him to appear in a new part. "You've no hat!" said I.—"True," returned he, snatching "a shocking bad one" from the head of one of the carpenters, who happened to be passing, and popping it on his own. Then, observing my surprise at this off-hand proceeding, he added with a laugh, "*You consider it hazardous, do you?*"

But Power generally took things coolly. He was a terrible procrastinator. I have often been surprised how he managed to get through his business. Yet he always *did* get through it, and got through it well. He appeared to have the knack of doing things in

a way, and at a time, other people would have despaired of accomplishing them. The carpenter's hat not only came *à la bonne heure*, but chanced to be just precisely the sort of hat he wanted. On another occasion, the day on which Covent Garden opened arrived,—and no Mr. Power! All his family knew of him was, that he had gone on the Continent! What was to be done? Six o'clock was approaching, and he was advertised for one of his best characters! Mrs. Power was in agonies. She sent messengers in every direction, in hopes of gaining some intelligence of her lost sheep,—but in vain! Nobody had seen,—nobody had heard,—nobody knew anything about him! But when his cue is given, to the surprise of every one, on he dashes, as if he had dropped from the clouds, like another Apollo. Intimate as I was with Power, popping in upon him at all hours, I never once caught him studying his part. Yet who ever saw Power imperfect?

Liston.—But Liston was of all our comedians the most mirth-provoking that ever trod the stage. His singularly-featured countenance has frequently been the subject of much pleasantry; and when I have combated the objections to his comeliness of physiognomy, many a fair disputant has exclaimed in surprise,

“But, sir,”—

“But, ma'am,”—

“I tell you,”—

“I assure you, ma'am, it's the case. As Pope says,

‘If to his share some imperfections fall,
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all.’

They make you provincialists believe anything.”

“So now you want to persuade me that Liston was handsome!”

“Very *attractive*, ma'am, certainly. All the ladies crowded to see him.”

“Ay, in one sense. But seriously, now—*sans façon*—”

“Why, I grant you Liston was not exactly what the world calls handsome, ma'am, nor were his features faultless. Taliacotus never manufactured a worse nose; and, if his face had been submitted to the manipulations of Madame du Deffand, there's no saying what conclusions the dear old blind lady might have drawn. But that Liston was *ugly*, in what *Mrs. Malaprop* would call the *illiterate sense* of the term, I deny. He was no more an ugly man than Power was. His figure was excellent; he was one of the best-made men about town; and, when dressed to represent a private gentleman or man of fashion, bore no slight resemblance to George the Fourth, ma'am.”

“George the Fourth, sir!”

“To George the Fourth, ma'am,—I repeat it. They were as like as two peas, only the monarch had more of the marrowfat. If you had seen Liston play *Captain Dash*,* or appear in his own character in *Harlequin Hoax*, you must have admitted this; and George the Fourth, ma'am,—George the Fourth, as you are very well aware, was never considered *ugly*.”

But, though I deny that Liston was *ugly*, I am perfectly willing to subscribe to the surpassing comicality of his countenance. A phy-

* A flimsy farce, written by Dudley Bate to ridicule Romeo Coates.

siognomy more provocative of laughter was perhaps never modelled. It was *unique—rarissimus!*

“When Nature stamped it, she the die destroyed.”

Nor pen nor pencil could do justice to it.* Such a stimulant to the risible faculties as Liston's physiognomy has not been seen since the days of Edwin, and in all probability it will be many years before such a stimulant is seen again. There was no exaggeration in saying “you couldn't look at Liston without laughing.” It was true to the letter. Before he moved a muscle, before he uttered a syllable, the audience were in a roar. And when he *did* speak—ye gods! what a voice! It was as much *per se* as his countenance. It struck you as being just such a voice as ought to issue from such an orifice; though it was impossible for you to conceive, before you heard it, that there *could* be such a voice. It was a voice that set mimicry at defiance. Nobody could imitate it. Mathews very wisely never attempted it. Reeve, with more temerity did, and failed—failed in giving even the ghost of an idea of its super-extraordinary tones. But every thing about Liston was original. His face was original; his voice was original; his *tourneur* was original; his movements were original; his conceptions were original. He set all conventionalities aside, and striking out a style of his own, more quiet, more simple, more easy, but, at the same time, more natural and more effective than that of any other actor in his line, reigned the Napoleon of broad comedy. The less Liston laboured, the more effect he produced. The quieter he was the louder his audience laughed. From this it was supposed that Liston was no *artiste*; that he had merely to walk on, and repeat the words of his part. Never was there a greater fallacy!

“No actor,” observed Power to me one evening at the Haymarket, “knows what he is about better than Liston. He never lets a point—or the chance of making a point—escape him.” Nor did he. He was the most wary, the most careful of comedians.”

Liston's chuckle was the richest thing in life. It was as racy as Frontignan; more unctuous than the oil in the cavities of a Gruyere cheese. When it was his cue to feel offended, too,—Momus! how he convulsed us! turning up the stage; first looking over *this* shoulder, then *that*; gesticulating all the while as nobody but Liston ever attempted—as nobody but Liston could! The very performers—men who never laughed except by rule—were convulsed. Could they help it? But Liston could make the actors laugh when he pleased as well as his audiences, and most unmercifully did this wicked wizard exercise this power over his theatrical brothers and sisters. How often have I seen Mathews, or Abbott, or Duruset, or poor Mrs. Gibbs, in the middle of some important speech, obliged to hide their faces in their handkerchiefs, or fairly turn up the stage to conceal their laughter! Liston had only to put on a grave face, and whisper, “*Do you eat mustard with your mutton?*” or make some other such absurd inquiry—and—whew! the scene might go as it could until they had recovered their self-possession; Liston himself all the time affecting to be as much astonished at the confusion he had occasion-

* The only likeness of Liston I ever saw that conveyed anything like an adequate idea of his countenance was a pencil sketch that hung in his dining-room in Soho Square. It was by Wageman, if I recollect aright, and represented Liston in *Lord Grizzle*.

ed as the audience were. Ah! rogue!—rogue!—you were as full of tricks as a pantomime,—more mischievous than a forest of monkeys. But sometimes the biter got bit,—the tables—the tables were turned, Jack Humphries—as we shall see presently!

Jones was the only actor whose muscles were Liston-proof. I don't recollect ever seeing Jones put out of countenance, or losing his self-possession for a moment, though Liston tried him hard,—as I once saw Power try Jack Reeve at the Haymarket, when Jack, not remarkable for being perfect at the best of times, got so bewildered, that he couldn't recollect a word of his part.

Nor did Liston hesitate to take liberties with his audience. This was "pleasant, but wrong," though, as I have before observed,* we were generally the gainers by it. One night the audience neglected to laugh at one of his jokes as usual: "O! what! you don't like it to-night, don't you!" said he, addressing them. This was a greater liberty than any actor had ventured to take since the days of Edwin,†—a liberty no one but Liston *could* have taken. I remember Jack Johnstone, in his latter days, going to sing, "*O! whack! Cupid's a mannikin!*" when his memory failed him. Though he had sung the song hundreds of times, he could not recollect the beginning of it for the soul of him. The audience encouraged the veteran by their applause, upon which poor Jack, calling up a beseeching look, said, "Arrah! now, if any kind jontleman would give me the word!" which a person in the pit immediately did. Now, nothing could have been in better taste than this appeal, which circumstances justified. Johnstone felt there was not one among his auditors who would not be gratified in assisting a favourite who for forty years had contributed to their amusement.

There was no resisting Liston's gravity. That laughter which is engendered by its opposite, is perhaps the heartiest and most enjoyable; and Liston, in common with Shuter, Weston, and Edwin, possessed this species of humour in perfection.

"Could you make a better song?" demands *Sir Harry*, in "*High Life below Stairs.*"

My Lord Duke. "I'm sure, sir, I couldn't make a worser!"

The gravity with which Liston gave this rejoinder would have made a cat laugh. But Liston played *My Lord Duke's Servant* a million times better than any other actor. His conceit was ineffable. There was any awkward grace, too,—a burlesque dignity about him in characters of this description equally *impayable*, and which I can designate by no other term than *Listonian*. Those who recollect his parody on opera-dancing, in "*Killing no Murder,*" will bear testimony to this. It was quite artistic. It must have cost Liston no little labour to have executed the *cut oblique* so creditably; but here, again, as in almost everything else he did, he distanced competition. Reeve was the only man who could for a moment be compared to him as a burlesque dancer,—and Reeve imitated him. Reeve would never have danced as he did if he had not seen Liston.

* Libation the Third.

† One night Edwin called Parsons "an ugly man!" who angrily retorted, "Not so ugly a man as you are!" Upon which, Edwin, advancing, said to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen! U'll be judged by you. Which is the ugliest of us three,—myself, Mr. Parsons, or the gentleman in the side-box there?" pointing to Reynolds, the dramatist, who records the circumstance.

THE LAST DAYS OF RIEGO.

BY MRS. ROMER.

“Treason never prospers—what’s the reason?
For if it did, who’d dare call it treason?”

FEW sovereigns of either ancient or modern times have left behind them less honorable recollections than Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain. At once imbecile and hypocritical, cruel and dastardly, an unnatural son and a false friend, none ever less deserved the appellation of “Well-beloved,” bestowed upon him by his subjects as though in bitter irony, than that cold-hearted bigot. Every political event connected with his reign (and his reign was but one continuous political ferment) brings to light some new trait of baseness and perfidy—everywhere in Spain does the traveller find traces of his misrule! but had his memory been free from all other imputations, the nature of his conduct towards *Rafaele Riego* would have sufficed to transmit it to posterity darkened with as foul a stain as ever clung to that of *Nero*.

The career of *Riego* and his tragical end have become matters of history. The outline of his political existence resembles that of almost every patriot of unhappy Spain during the present century, whose temporary popularity has, in nine cases out of ten, proved a stepping-stone to the last unenviable elevation attained by the apostles of liberty—the topmost-step of the hangman’s ladder! But there are peculiarities in the case of *Riego* which have stamped the measures pursued against him by his royal master more with the character of vengeance than of retribution, and have placed the sufferer less in the light of a delinquent than of a victim. The gibbet which was destined to cast *Riego* into the depths of ignominy proved a lofty pinnacle which raised him to the honours of the martyr’s shrine, and the infamy of his sentence has rebounded alone upon the memory of him from whom it emanated. For *Ferdinand* had entered into solemn engagements with *Riego*’s party, which he scrupled not to break when he found himself backed by the bayonets of France, and strong in the countenance of the Duke d’Angoulême; and when *Riego*, as representative of Seville, voted for the deposition of *Ferdinand*, it was because he knew him to have violated the most sacred pledges, and therefore to be no longer worthy of the confidence of honest men.

We have already said that the adventurous career of *Riego* is known to all; but some circumstances connected with the closing scenes of his life were communicated to us when in Spain by a countryman of his own, and are of a nature to shed a mournful interest over an event which became known to the public only through the dry and revolting details of a public execution.

Rafaele Riego was born in the Asturias, and was the son of a post-master of Oviedo. From his earliest infancy he evinced an exalted imagination and an adventurous disposition, allied to the calm courage of a Stoic. In 1808 he fought with admirable intrepidity in the war of Independence, but, having been made prisoner and conducted into France, he devoted the hours of his long captivity to the

study of the military art, history, and political economy. The peace of 1814 restored him to his country where, on his return, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Riego was actuated by none of the vulgar ambitions which agitate ordinary minds; but, passionately absorbed by abstract ideas of glory and liberty, he devoted his future existence to the practical illustration of those bright theories. It was, therefore, with a sentiment of austere surprise that he beheld the King, forgetful of the lessons he had received in exile and misfortune, revive one by one the tyrannies and the privileges that had destroyed the Constitution of 1812; and his indignation knew no bounds when he reflected upon the opprobrious destiny reserved for a nation which had once been foremost in the annals of the world for the independence of its citizens, the enterprise of its adventurous sons, the genius of its poets, and the valour of its captains. In 1820 Riego proclaimed the re-establishment of the Constitution at the village of Las Cabezas de San Juan, seized upon the Isle of Leon, planted the standard of insurrection in Cordova, (the population of which at once rallied round him,) and to the gathering cry of "Constitucion o Muerte," (the Constitution or death,) he entered triumphantly into Madrid.

No words can do justice to the enthusiasm which his presence excited there. Flowers were thrown upon him from every balcony under which he passed; a deputation from the Cortes asked for his sword, which was placed as a trophy among the national monuments of the capital; the buttons of his uniform were torn off and distributed as relics among his adherents; and Ferdinand the Seventh, greeting the patriot with hypocritical familiarity, condescended to smoke a cigar with him.

But far from being intoxicated by this rapidly gained popularity, Riego submitted to the triumphal honours that were showered upon him with a vague presentiment of the cruel reverses that were so soon to follow. Elected member of the Cortes for Seville, he voted in 1823, for the provisional deposition of the King, and the establishment of a regency. The French expedition, under the Duke d'Angoulême, had just crossed the Pyrenees: Riego marched to meet these supporters of despotism, harassed them, opposed their advance, and fought until the uttermost moment with the desperate courage of a wounded lion; but fortune at last abandoned him. Repulsed by Ballasteros, and pursued by the army of the Faith, he threw himself into the mountainous passes of the Sierra Morena, where, for a short time, he succeeded in evading the pursuit of his enemies.

The hamlet of Arquillos is situated not far from Carolina, upon the acclivity of a mountain of the Sierra Morena, upon which the *romanceros* of the Spanish poets, and the dark traditions of the peasantry, have contributed to confer a local celebrity. The lofty rocks that overlook the village abound in dark caverns and recesses, the entrances to which are concealed by thick masses of heath, laurestinas, and thorny broom; and from time immemorial they have served as a refuge to *guerrilleros*, smugglers, bandits, and other provincial marauders. One of those grottoes, which bears the sinister appellation of *cueva de la muerte* (cavern of death), has long been looked upon as an inviolable retreat, owing to the extreme difficulty with which it is approached, and the superstitious terror which for ages has caused the peasantry to fly from it as from a spot accursed.

One of those iron *cruces de muerte*, so thickly scattered over the highways and by-ways of Spain, erected in this solitary spot to record a murder committed there, rises at some paces from the grotto and surmounts it.

One morning in the month of August, 1823, the masses of wild vegetation which masked the entrance of this savage lair were put aside with precaution by a hand from within, and a man of lofty bearing, whose long hair hung neglectedly over his pale and attenuated countenance, and shaded the sombre expression of his eyes, issued from the cavern, and, clambering the almost perpendicular sides of the rocks with the agility of a mountaineer, he attained in a few moments the narrow crest upon which the cross was erected; and from that eminence, which commanded a distant view, and from which was distinctly to be perceived the hamlet of Arquillos, he looked around him and waved a handkerchief in the air.

He appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age; his limbs were slight and muscular, his eyes black as night, his forehead spacious and thoughtful, his complexion dark and sun-burnt, and his features, although furrowed by the fatigues of an adventurous life, and by the traces of the small-pox, were noble and well formed. His dress was that worn by the peasantry of Andalusia, and consisted of an open waistcoat, ornamented with a profusion of silver buttons, a jacket and breeches of black velvet, a broad scarlet sash, through the folds of which were passed his *navaja* (or knife), and two long pistols, encrusted with silver, a silk handkerchief encircling his throat, *botines* of buff leather, and a large high-crowned *sombrero*. Nevertheless the elegant demeanour of this personage, his pensive countenance, expressive at once of melancholy and determination, and the lofty character of his head which announced the habit of one accustomed to command, were indicative of a rank in life far superior to the garb he wore, and left no room to doubt that some imminent peril must have induced him to adopt so homely a disguise.

The signal which he had made with his handkerchief had been perceived in one of the farm-houses of Arquillos, for presently a young girl stole forth from thence, and, after looking around her to ascertain whether she was likely to be discovered or pursued, directed her course towards the hiding-place of the unknown, quickening her pace as she approached it. She was pale and breathless when she reached him, and in reply to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of her emotion, she apprized him that a division of the French army had invaded the mountain pass, that several of those terrible fanatics who have acquired so deplorable a celebrity under the designation of "Soldiers of the Faith," were prowling about the village, that a description of the stranger's person had been published in all the churches, and that finally he would be irrevocably lost if he did not fly immediately from Arquillos, and endeavour to quit the Spanish territory.

He listened to her in silence, then taking both her hands and pressing them between his own, said in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm, "It is too late, Concepita! after the fatal affair of Jordan I might have escaped to the coast and passed on to Gibraltar; but there are solemn and imperious duties from which nothing can absolve us. I ought not, and would not expatriate myself. In this wild retreat to which your gentle pity conducted me on that fatal

day when wounded, pursued, and hopeless of rejoining Mina in Catalonia, I sought a precarious shelter in the farm of Arquillos, I can still dream of liberty—yes, liberty or the scaffold! for I have devoted my whole life to one idea; and that idea destroyed, I ought to fall with it and perish!”

But Concepita, whose attention had been for the last moment attracted by the sound of stealthy footsteps, suddenly interrupted him, and, grasping his arm, murmured in his ear, “Save yourself, Señor,—fly! There are men hidden in that hollow behind the rocks.”—And true it was that seven or eight labourers, armed with pitchforks and knives, had tracked the footsteps of the young girl, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of the rocks without being perceived. A few days previously the fugitive's retreat had been discovered by a shepherd, and pointed out by him to the mountaineers of Arquillos; but the superstitious terror inseparable from the mere mention of the *cueva de la muerte* had held them at a distance from it, and they had restricted themselves to watching the comings and goings of Concepita, and waiting for a favourable moment when they might seize upon the proscribed man without peril to themselves; and, by placing him alive in the hands of the authorities, obtain the enormous reward that had been offered to his captors as the price of their cupidity.

At the sight of the farmer who conducted them, Concepita uttered a cry of indignant surprise. As to the stranger, when he perceived that a handful of mountaineers had placed themselves at the opening of the cavern, in order to cut off his retreat in that direction, he felt that nothing remained for him but to sell his life as dearly as possible, and, drawing a pistol from the folds of his belt, he levelled it at the farmer's head. But Concepita, rushing forward, seized his arm convulsively at the very moment that he discharged the pistol, which causing a deviation in its aim, the ball was lodged in the trunk of an adjoining tree, and the traitor stood scathless in the presence of his victim. The peasants then throwing themselves in a body upon the stranger, before he could draw forth the second pistol, disarmed, and bound him hand and foot; while Concepita, in an agony of sorrow, cast herself at the feet of the prisoner, whose eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of sorrowful reproach, and, in a voice broken by emotion, exclaimed,

“Pardon, oh! pardon me, Señor! for I have led to your destruction by preventing you from defending yourself! But that man who has sold you for a few dollars—that man whom you were about to kill—that ruffian—that coward is, alas! my father!”

Such are the exact details of the circumstances which attended the arrest of Don Rafaele Riego y Nunez, at Arquillos, in 1823.

The progress of Riego from Arquillos to Madrid formed a melancholy contrast to his former journey thither during the period of his fleeting prosperity. He reached the capital towards the end of October, bound and handcuffed, covered with rags, his beard unshaven, his hair dishevelled, and his feet swollen and bleeding; and scarcely had he been committed to the sombre cell which had been allotted to him for a prison, ere his trial commenced before the tribunal of Alcaydes, and quickly terminated in a condemnation to death! The sentence had decided that the body of Riego should be drawn and quartered, his limbs sent to the principal cities of the Peninsula,

and his head exposed at the village of Las Cabezas de San Juan, where he had first proclaimed the Constitution. But Ferdinand the Seventh, feigning to disapprove of this refinement of cruelty, made an ironical parade of clemency, by ordering that the penalty of quartering should be commuted into that of simple hanging. Yet he sanctioned the illegal measures that were resorted to in Riego's trial, and which rendered his condemnation an exception to all pre-established rules in the annals of justice, and the execution of it a blind vengeance, a judicial assassination.

Although Riego had secretly hoped that the sentence pronounced upon him would have been that of transportation, he heard his condemnation without betraying any emotion, and requested as an only favour that the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" might be furnished him as a preparation for death. His jailors brutally rejected this demand, and the doomed man was immediately placed in *Capilla*.* All human sympathy, however, had not abandoned him. A French officer penetrated into the chapel, and offered him the means of self-destruction by poison; but Riego, in whose mind and heart the near approach of death had revived the pious sentiments of his childhood, rejected the sinister gift, with the simple rebuke that "he placed his trust in God."

A private execution would not have satisfied the hatred of the Royalists; they required that the populace should by their presence legitimize the murderous act they had decided upon consummating. It was at the bright hour of noon, and while the bells of every church of Madrid pealed forth a funeral knell, that Riego was consigned to the hands of the executioner. A gibbet of an unusual height had been erected in the Plaza de la Cebada, and at an early hour all the balconies of the Puerta del Sol, the Plaza Mayor, and the street of Alcala, were filled with elegantly-dressed persons of both sexes, anxious to see the fatal procession pass by. The streets were thronged with a mixed crowd, among which were conspicuous the ragged population of the miserable districts of Avassies, Barguillo, and Maravilas, who had rushed forth to glut their eyes with the sight of this judicial tragedy, as though it had been the dearest of their national festivals, a bull-fight.

Riego passed the last hours of his captivity in a state of mental anguish so profound, as to assume the characteristics of despair. He was no longer the dauntless cavalier whose chivalrous spirit had ever before resisted the shafts of misfortune,—the valiant republican of Saragossa,—the hero of Las Cabezas. The death-like solitude of his prison, the savage insults of his jailors, the three days' mental prostration of the *Capilla*, and, more than all, the recollection of his beloved young wife, so soon to become a widow, had combined to overpower his fortitude, and the last night of his earthly career was passed by him in alternate bursts of agony and intervals of nervous exhaustion. Everything that the most malignant cruelty could suggest had been added to the ghastly preparations for his punishment. Riego, when led forth from his prison, was placed on his knees in a sort of hurdle drawn by an ass, and preceded by the executioner and his assistants; monks walked at each side of the hurdle holding

* To be placed in *Capilla* is in Spain the preliminary ceremony to the execution of condemned criminals. The convict passes the three last days of his life in a chapel decorated with the insignias of death, and surrounded by priests, who night and day invite him to confession and penitence.

the crucifix in their hands; and a troop of cavalry, followed by a large body of the police, opened and closed the march. Cries of "Viva la Fè!" and "Muerte a el Impio!" greeted the victim as soon as he appeared. A few cowardly hands were raised to fling mud and stones at his defenceless head; and one ferocious individual among the dregs of the populace broke through the ranks of soldiers, and rushing towards the hurdle, spat in his face.

Riego, who had hitherto remained in an attitude of the deepest humility and resignation, started at this insult, and the fire that flashed from his eyes told of the indignant emotion that for a moment caused his southern blood to boil in his veins; but instantaneously controlling this burst of anger by an almost superhuman effort, he said in a cold and bitter tone:—"It is as it should be, and the proverb says rightly, *Del arbol caido, todos hacen lena!*" (When the tree has fallen, every one tears a branch from it.) But at the same moment a bouquet of *Immortelles* was flung upon the knees of Riego, and a female voice pronounced these words, "Señor Don Rafaele, the Jews spat upon our Saviour!" and the same voice sang in clear and impassioned accents the first verse of the hymn which had been composed in the hero's honour in the days of his prosperity, and which has since the death of Ferdinand become one of the national airs of Spain. Riego raised his pallid face, and cast around him a look of grateful inquiry. He thought he had recognized the voice of Concepita, the peasant girl of Arquillos! Was it she, indeed, and how came she there? Certain it is that a number of his partizans, with arms concealed beneath their clothes, attended his execution; but, although they accompanied their chief to his death, they neither ventured to attempt a rescue, or knew how to avenge him.

Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, Riego recovered all his strength and serenity, and, rejecting the assistance of his executioners, he ascended the lofty ladder alone. The last step attained, he turned his face towards the assembled multitude, and repeated in a distinct voice the heroic oath of *Las Cabezas*, in which he had sworn to live and die faithful to the Constitution. In another moment all was over, and nothing remained of Rafaele Riego but a disfigured corpse fastened to the red pillar of the lofty gibbet by an ignoble iron collar, and exposed to the derision of a heartless crowd.

But that evening, when the Brothers of Mercy came to bear away the body of the murdered patriot to the obscure burying-ground where it was to be deposited, the humble bier was followed by a peasant girl, whose features were shaded by a black *pannelo*; and when the earth had been scattered over Riego's coffin, and that the friars who had performed the last rites had disappeared, she placed upon his grave a laurel crown, to which was affixed a paper inscribed with the two first lines of his own hymn:—

"Viva, viva la hazana de Riego,
Que en el ano veinte libertad nos dio!"*

Ferdinand the Seventh had retired to his Palace of Avanjuez, seven leagues from Madrid, during the accomplishment of this horrible tragedy; and thither, on the evening of the same day, one of his ministers proceeded in order to give him an account of the execution. The King listened tranquilly to the dreadful details; and when they were concluded, he arose from the arm-chair in which he

* Long live the ever-memorable action of Riego,
Who gave us liberty in the year 1820.

had been seated, and taking off his hat, exclaimed in an indescribable accent of triumph and derision—"VIVA RIEGO!"

This is not fiction; these strange words belong to history. But in the midst of their dastardly irony is to be detected a consoling truth, of which the royal speaker was wholly unconscious! for, in murdering Riego with every refinement of cruelty, the enemy, who sought only to destroy, bestowed upon him a lasting celebrity. Had his Sovereign absolved or pardoned him, he would have hereafter been considered only in the light of an intrepid citizen; his faults, and his weaknesses—and he was not without both—would have been reproachfully recorded against him; but, as it is, the death inflicted upon him has purified his memory, and caused the name of *Rafaele Riego* to be enrolled in the noble list of martyrs to the sacred cause of liberty!

* * * * *

Who that remembers the death of Riego does not recollect the affecting conduct of his young wife? When her husband had fallen into the power of his enemies, she hastened to England under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Canon Riego, in the vain hope that she might arouse the sympathy, and obtain the assistance of the British nation in snatching her gallant husband from the fate which threatened him. But the malice of his enemies had outstripped her fond exertions, and at the very moment when that beautiful and eloquent appeal on behalf of Riego which, to use her own words, she addressed "to the noblest among the nations of antique Europe" appeared in the public prints of London, fate had done its worst, and he for whom she pleaded had ceased to exist. Three months afterwards the broken-hearted widow was laid in an obscure English grave, far from the land that held the remains of her heroic husband!

THE MINSTREL.

The minstrel woo'd a noble dame,
And sought her for his bride,
She laugh'd to scorn his lowly name,
And turn'd away in pride!
"My father is a baron high,
His wealth he stores for me;
Then wherefore, minstrel, should I
sigh
For one so poor as thee!"

The red glow mantled o'er his brow
As thus the bard replied,
"Maiden, I've borne thy taunts till
now,
My suit thou hast denied,—
I leave; but thou wilt not forget
A love so true as mine,
And thou wilt vainly hence regret
The heart no longer thine!"

He threw aside his flowing garb,
His wild harp laid to rest,
And, mounting on his noble barb,
He donn'd a warrior's crest.
With falchion keen, and bossy shield,
And armour gleaming bright,
The minstrel sought the battle-field,
And mingled in the fight.

Of brave exploits, and prowess bold,
Tales rung throughout the land,
And deeds of wond'rous strength were
told,
Done by an unknown hand.
It might be seen where thickest waged
The long and deadly strife,
And where the struggle fiercest raged
Each blow took with it life.

The day was gained,—with glad acclaim
The victor on they bore,
And thousands shouted forth the name
That had been scorn'd before!
His princely birth he had betray'd,
When flush'd in conquest's hour,
And he who woo'd the haughty maid
Was heir to kingly pow'r.

Disguised, he had the maiden loved,
And years had tried in vain
To gain her, but with heart unmoved,
She gave him back disdain!
But now, when Fame the praise would
ring
Of him she might have won,
The tears would from her eyelids spring,
'The maiden's pride was gone!

CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.

BY HENRY CURLING.

OUR outward habiliments are articles which take up more of our thought, time, and care, than perhaps many of those persons, who even daily sun themselves in the eye of fashion, either imagine, or would care to acknowledge. In the present age of unbecoming costume, perhaps such an assertion may appear in some respects unfounded, especially when we contrast the unsightly cut and construction of our garments with those picturesque and highly-ornamented habiliments of a former age, more especially as regards male costume,—the habiliments of the gentlemen of the present time being of a far more ill-favoured conception and fashion than those of the ladies of the time being.

Nevertheless, we take leave to doubt whether or not the arrangement, adjustment, cut, colour, and style of the ill-favoured garments of a fashionable man of our own day do not involve a much larger portion of consideration, and more intense study both of the tailor who cuts out, and the man who wears, to bring to a state of perfection, than was the case even in those olden times of costly apparel, when, as Shakspeare words it, "Every man that stood showed like a mine,"—when, on occasions of state, the bravery of the nobles and gentry was so magnificent, that they "broke their backs by laying their manors on them,"—when, indeed, even at ordinary times, tunics were furred and embroidered, caps plumed and jewelled, bodies belted, legs encased in garments which appeared sewn upon the limbs, and feet enchained in fetters of gold,—shod in three-piled velvet, slashed and puffed, and fastened to the knees.

The reason of this (granting it to be true that the gallant of the present age is more troubled in the making up, and rendering himself presentible for the Park, the promenade, or the assembly, than was the case in former times) is, we think, obvious. The ill-fashion, unsuitableness, and ugliness of our present mode of apparel necessarily obliges a three-fold share of care and trouble in the setting it off to advantage; and we venture to affirm, that the slashed doublet, the trunk-hose, the embroidered cloak, and the starched ruff of our Elizabethan forefathers, were easier of adoption, and gave less trouble in the wear, than either the quaint cut coats of our immediate grandfathers, or our own plainer fashion of garment;—in which, indeed, the "toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier," that (except by the most careful consideration in the cut and adjustment of the Stultz coat, the unwrinkled vest, the faultless trouser, and the shining boot) a Brummel of the present time is hardly to be distinguished from the counter-jumper who "galls his kibe."

A love of adornment has ever been one of the weaknesses of the "poor bare forked animal" man, from the earliest periods of our history,—in our own island, even from the time of our ancient British forefathers, who daubed their bodies with woad and yellow ochre, up to the present age when dowagers plaster their cheeks with rouge and pearl-powder. But how, in the ever-varying fashions of a varying age, mankind have arrived at the present hideous style of dress, it may perhaps afford some employment to the learned to account for.

The desire of rendering our fair proportions more sightly in the eyes of each other, and setting off our forms to the best possible advantage that different tastes suggest, appears indeed to be imbued in the minds of men, almost from the moment they begin to feel their feet. The feeling, then, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until the animal struts forth a full-fledged Titmouse, or a tastefully-dressed D'Orsay.

It is our purpose, in this paper, to note the different changes in costume from the earliest periods, and touch briefly upon that "deformed thief, Fashion," who, as Borachio says, "turns about all the hot bloods from fourteen to five-and-thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometimes like God Bel's priests in the old church window." From the earliest periods, then, and among the most barbarous tribes, we shall find the vanity of gay apparel predominant in the human breast, and the deformed thief Fashion exercising sovereign sway.

The earliest accounts, indeed, of those adventurous seamen who have put a girdle round about the globe, show us the dusky inhabitants of remote shores as eager to receive and array their persons in strips of red cloth, trumpery beads, and tawdry trinkets, as our own beaux and belles of the present day are to flaunt in epaulette and plume, and glitter in the eye of fashion at a birth-day drawing-room.

In the old times of rich and gorgeous apparel, it is indeed amusing to observe how the stiff-necked preachers of the day laboured to keep down the sinful vanity of their flocks, regulate their taste in dress, and curb the extravagance of fashion;—how they indiscriminately thundered their anathemas against cloak, doublet, hat, feather, trunk-hose, and long rapier, discoursing scholarly and wisely upon the proper cut and curl of a moustache, labouring to prove the unloveliness of long hair, side-curls, and love-locks, and not even disdaining, in their anxiety at cropping these growing evils (whilst their eloquence produced its effect), to rush from the pulpit, and, turning barbers for the nonce, crop the heads and beards of the congregations committed to their charge.

In an old discourse upon matters appertaining to these sinful vanities, which we remember once to have perused, a learned and worthy divine holds forth with no little asperity and simplicity upon what a (so called) gentleman of his own day *really was*, and what he *really ought to be*. As the opinions he indulges in are somewhat quaint and singular, we shall take leave to recollect a few, for the benefit of the gallants of the time being.

"If by the gentleman," saith the learned preacher, "you mean him whose real virtues are such as have indeed merited him the name, I could go a very compendious way to work, and show you him in as fair a piece as virtue can draw, or the world imitate." Here the erudite and holy man proceeds to hint at a certain nobleman of his acquaintance, who he thinks a pattern to the order. "But," he continues, "for the *counterfeit*, though I shall be apt, perhaps, to inveigh somewhat satirically against such as this wanton age of the world loves to miscall a gentleman, nevertheless I shall make bold to lay open before your eyes what I think both of the man and his shadow."

Not to follow the old gentleman too closely in his discourse, wherein he displays the *parvenu* of his own times as a swaggering ape, endeavouring to imitate his betters, and caricaturing their style, and in whom

he sees little to love, enough to pity, and more to abhor,—a sort of potsherd upon a gilded stand, or an ordinary piece of clay stuck round with Bristol diamonds,—a sluggard, weary not only of whatever he doeth, but even of idleness itself, we will hear what he says about the fashion and richness of his dress :—

“Decked in a new garb,” he says, “with his *new clothes*, an he could but get him a *new soul* it would be well. But when you look upon his apparel you would be apt to say, he wears his heaven upon his back ; and, tricked up in gauderies, he seems to make his body a lure for the devil. By the variety of his suit, and its lace, and ribbons, and trimmings, and by his variety of fashion, he goes about to cheat his creditors, who do indeed never dare to swear to him as the same man they had formerly had to deal withal, for the verie clothes upon his back. His mercer is afraid to lose him in a labyrinth of his own cloth, which hangs about his nether man so loosely, that it appears ever ready to fly away for fear of the bum-bailiff ; whilst he is even proud of the feather in his hat, which but a short while before a silly bird was weary of carrying in his taylor. In fact, take him in his condition, and you shall find him but a walking tavern, his head and feather serving for both sign and bush.”

“The true gentleman, again,” he says, “is to be observed, let the fashion of his apparel be what it may. He is neither overcome by his own station, nor by the frippery upon his back,—neither by the oldness of his coat-armour or the feather in his cap ; and, albeit he may choose to walk rather in gold than tinsel, rather in cloth than stuff, he neither is over pleased with his plume, nor too happy in the glister of his lace. He knows *himself* (a scarce thing to find), and is the gentleman without the aid of such mark or bravery as we have named. His discourse, too, in place of being like that of the spurious gallant, so full of noise and bombast, impertinence and filth, as shows there must of necessity be a corrupted and putrified soul within, is grave, dignified, and proper for the time and place ; his phrase, high rather than bombastick, his sentences neither obscure nor confused, his discourse neither flashy nor flat, neither boyish nor effeminate, rude nor pedantic. He loves a smart or witty saying without clinch or jingle, but he affecteth not a poor half-starved jest, or a dry insipid quibble. Moreover, he speaketh not always, but seldom, making no less use of his ear than his tongue.”

To return, however, to the subject of fashion in dress, it may be perhaps deemed not altogether uninteresting to consider the antiquity of our various articles of motley wear, and trace their adoption from the earliest periods. To begin then at the head of the subject, it would seem that caps, and coverings for the caput, were in use amongst the ancient Britons even before the immortal Cæsar displayed the glittering helmets of his legions upon our shores, as appears from many specimens of the ancient British coins. The appellative of hat, however, which is derived from the Saxon word *hæt*, and it was made of various materials, was *not* in universal wear ; and in the early Saxon times we have no very exact copy, or indeed notion of its form and fashion, further than that it is presumed to have been made of a sort of felt or wool.

The beaver hat was apparently in use in the fourteenth century, the beaver being then a native of Britain, though even at that period so extremely scarce that only the principal nobility were covered with a beaver hat ; other classes then, and afterwards, wearing a sort of high

bonnet made of cloth. Chaucer in describing the pilgrims at the hostel in Southwark, speaks of the merchant with his *Flaundrish bever*, which was, no doubt, a hat made in the Low Countries, where beavers were more plentifully to be found in the fens than in our own country.

When the feather first came into fashion as an ornament to the hat, bonnet, or head-piece, it would be difficult exactly to say. Amongst some of the tribes of naked Indians, a band of feathers, fastened by a sort of riband of dried grass, seems to have been the first attempt at adornment of the person. Being, however, more for ornament than use, the feather, we suspect, in our own land was not adopted so early as the hat; but in the reign of Edward the Third it was in general use in England, and was worn single, and stuck upright in the head gear of most persons of condition. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, plumes of feathers were the fashion amongst the higher nobles and princes; the bluff monarch being distinguishable amidst the sea of feathers which waved in the listed field, by the dancing plume in his helmet, and which was esteemed when he rode into Boulogne at his own value, and so extremely rare and costly, that had he been taken prisoner it would have ransomed him. Feathers seem for a long period to have been exclusively worn by the men, ladies not making much use of them until the eighteenth century. They lingered in the hats of the men till the reign of George the First, when, as an article of common wear, they appear to have been resigned to the ladies, except by the military. And even now amongst the soldiery their use seems to be on the wane, for our infantry having latterly been entirely shorn of their plumes, most of the heavy horse having substituted horse-hair in their stead; only in the caps of a few regiments of light dragoons is the waving plume now to be seen. In old times the feather was usually fastened to the hat by a brooch, and brooches were in use as a fastening to the garments, even at the time of our ancient British forefathers. Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, is said to have worn a robe which was held together by an ornament resembling a brooch.

The fashion of wearing the hair and beard has been continually varying, even from the time of Absalom up to this "pupil age." The Greeks and Romans, we suspect, wore theirs for the most part short. The ancient Britons, on the contrary, had long and flowing hair; the Anglo Saxons also wore long locks, as did also the Danes. The clergy, at a very early period, conceived it their duty to make war upon the heads of the congregations committed to their charge, rebuking those who bowed their luxuriant curls before them, and even with the knives at their girdles, cutting off whole handfuls of nature's brightest ornament, at the same time, denouncing dreadful penalties against those who failed to follow the pious example.*

The Normans invaded our shores with cropped heads, but after awhile fell into the fashion of wearing long and flowing ringlets like the Saxons. Nay, it is affirmed that when Harold sent men to spy the Duke's power on landing, the spies returned and reported them to be no soldiers, but an army of shavelings, the backs of their heads being clean shaved like the clergy. The fashion of long hair rose to such a pitch at last, that a decree was pronounced against it by the Council of Rouen; and Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced sentence

* Both Anselm and Laufranc set the example of carrying knives, or shears, in the sleeves of their garments, for the purpose of cropping the locks of the Norman knights. They shaved their own heads, and wore sackcloth under their robes.

of excommunication against all who refused to part with their locks. In the reign of Henry the Fifth and Sixth, hair was worn short. In the fifteenth century the fashion again changed, and it was all the rage to wear it long. Henry the Eighth cropped the heads of his courtiers, as remorselessly as he cut off the heads of his wives, and during his sway in England, short hair was in vogue. The Stuarts wore long hair; and during the civil wars of Charles the First the fashion of wearing the hair was as distinctive a mark of the adverse parties of Cavaliers and Roundheads, as the red and white roses were of the houses of York and Lancaster. Our limits will not permit of a more lengthened notice of this feature (for the hair is a feature) or we might dilate more fully upon the fantastic modes in which it has been dressed and worn, shewing how our Saxon forefathers died their beards with blue powder, and our own immediate sires led up the fashion with white.*

Of the antiquity of the custom of wearing the beard there can be but little doubt since, unless Adam was the first barber, as well as gardener, he must have worn the old ornament to his chin with which God had furnished him; though nothing has shewn the mutability of fashion, more than its cut, colour, and curl, since the creation of man. The Jews have perhaps been most constant to the beard, of any nation, having worn it from the time of the Patriarchs, till within a few years back; nay, with them, the cut of the beard was a sacred duty, to shave it was a sign of mourning, and to pluck it an insult.

The early Greeks wore the beard long, as also for a short period did the Romans. The Britons at one period (when Cæsar invaded Britain) clipped the beard close and wore only the moustachio. The Saxons, who first arrived upon our island, must have been an extremely fierce-looking race, since their whiskers and moustaches are described as of immense length, reaching to the breast. William the Conqueror ordered all men to shave in England, although he himself continued to wear a short beard and moustache. King Stephen, Henry the Second, Richard the First, and John, all wore their beards according to their several tastes. Henry the Third was clean shaved; Edward the First and Second both were very fastidious in the arrangement of their beards and moustaches, as were also all the courtiers and beaux during their reign, crimping them with hot irons, and taking great pains with their cut and curl.

In Richard the Second's reign we observe the forked beard, *à la Chaucer*. During the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Richard the Third, men wore their faces *ad libitum*. Richmond shaved; Henry the Eighth sported a tile-shaped beard, like the one described as ornamenting the chin of Hudibras. And in the succeeding reign we recognize a beard pertaining to the countenance of that wondrous mortal, the slightest glance of whose face of genius and beauty (enshrined as it is in all English hearts) fascinates the eye wherever his picture hangs in our halls, and we bless heaven that we speak the tongue that Shakspeare wrote. During Elizabeth's reign men of all ranks appear to have been extremely choice in the shape of their beards. Each profession seems to have been peculiarly barbed. The courtier, soldier, scholar, and priest had each their own particular twist of moustache. Men even swore by their beards in the good old days of Queen Bess;

* The Saxons, as may be seen by some of the illuminated Saxon manuscripts, actually powdered or dyed their hair and beards blue.

for what says the bard, "Stand you forth now, stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave."

The swash-buckler and bully, we presume, were furnished as it is customary to represent Pistol upon the boards, with a beard like a coppice of brushwood, and moustache of most formidable twirl; many cashiered rascals, with hearts as white as snow,

"Wearing upon their chins the beard of Hercules."

In fact, according to some authorities, men were at that time so careful of their chins that it was no uncommon thing for them to be encased at night, lest they should turn in bed and rumple their beards out of proper form during sleep. The soldier, during Elizabeth's reign, was perhaps more solicitous to sport an ample vallance upon his face than any other profession, and we find him accordingly, in the Seven Ages of Man, described as "*bearded like the pard*," when on service; and again, when "stern alarms had changed to merry meetings," we find "the old ornament of the warrior's cheek, stuffing some botcher's cushion."

We come next to the doublet and hose of the fashionable of early times. Amongst the male portion of the inhabitants of our island then, we believe, a sort of shirt or tunic was worn, after which gowns of various lengths came into fashion, and gowns we believe were gradually superseded by doublets. The doublet was, at first, simply a sort of double coat of leather, and which was worn beneath the armour to prevent the iron from chafing the body. We believe that in very early times men wore tunics of leather to supply the place of body armour; and that the military dress of the ancient Persian was composed entirely of leather. The soldiers of Xerxes were clothed in a defence of this sort. It is not, however, our intention to treat of armour in this place, and we merely mention the fact *en passant*. Tunics were mostly worn by the higher classes, the lower ranks wearing a loose frock, somewhat similar to our labourers of the present time. As men grew more civilized, they became more fastidious in the cut and quality of their dress; and doublets, gowns, and tunics were accordingly fashioned of richer materials; velvets, satins, and cloth of gold, superseding the leathern material.

The belts or girdles with which the garments of other days were confined to the waist of the wearer, were sometimes of great value, being not unfrequently studded with precious stones. The courtier was commonly girt with a jewelled belt, the soldier wore a leathern girdle, whilst the monk confined his body with a piece of rope: all were occasionally put to other uses; the girdle of the courtier sparkling with gems, was frequently given in exchange when money was scarce: it formed, also, a bequest to a friend, or was given to a fair lady as a *gage d'amour*. The girdle of the soldier, besides sustaining his dagger, was not unfrequently used to bind his prisoner with, whilst the rope's end which encircled the waist of the monk, was occasionally used for the purpose of obtaining absolution for his sins, and applied to his bare back by way of flagellation and penance. The dagger, in early times, was in universal wear, the lower orders using a weapon of the sort which was of a less warlike make, more useful as a knife, or whittle, and as often employed for cutting *food* as *throats*. Even females, at one period, wore small daggers as well for defence as use. The dagger was frequently worn in the waistbelt, though they have occasionally

been carried in the bosom of the tunic, in the sleeve of the doublet, and even in the hose or stocking. Daggers indeed, or knives, useful either for defence or to cut food, are of very early date. The dudgeon dagger, with which the Norman knight dispatched his vanquished foe through the bars of his helmet, was used also at the feast to carve his food; for we find in all illuminated pictures of Saxon and Norman feasts, that however sumptuous the entertainment, and numerous the dishes upon table, neither knives nor forks were ever laid upon the board. Each man, doubtless, unsheathed his anelace dagger, or whittle, and fell to work with finger and thumb; the host or carver alone being accommodated with a weapon resembling a carving knife. Forks were of very modern invention, having been introduced into this country during the reign of James the First, and brought from Italy.

Hosen, or stockings, are an article of wear and tear, the period of whose introduction is involved in doubt. The Ancient Britons certainly did not wear hose, although the Anglo-Saxons, we believe, wore a sort of covering for the lower limbs. The Normans, when they invaded England, introduced a garment like a tight pantaloon, and as in those days men frequently were named from their shape, estate, or the fashion of their dress, we shall find that the elder son of the Conqueror obtained the name of Curthose, from his endeavouring to lead the fashion by wearing a pair of socks or short hosen.

Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England who wore silk hose; cloth being then the general wear amongst the aristocracy, although Harry the Eighth comforted his calves in a pair of worsted hose, then first introduced at court and adopted by many of the nobles. Hosen were at one time all the fashion, motley in colour, the legs being different in hue, coats, jackets and doublets, also being motley. Old John of Gaunt, "Time-honoured Lancaster," wore a dress of this sort, bearing on one side the colour of the Lancastrian rose, and on the other that of York. This motley wear endured for about two hundred years, it was then abandoned in favour of the fools, "the motley fools" whose quaint sayings served to enliven the feast.

Shoes and boots, although most indispensable parts of our costume, in the present times, and indeed for many generations back, were perhaps the last articles of dress adopted by man. In remote times we believe that armies marched and fought barefoot, but in our own more civilized age, the want of a few pairs of shoes might cause the failure of an expedition; nevertheless many of our Peninsular battles were fought, followed, and won, by the unwearied and indefatigable infantry under Wellington, with bare and bleeding feet; nay, the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland even to this day, in the remote districts, have an aversion, when travelling, to the confinement of shoes or boots.

The first pair of shoes invented, we conceive to have been fashioned by one of nature's journeymen who was a hunter of wild beasts, and who turned the skin of his quarry into a pair of pumps. When more civilized, a sandal came into fashion, and after the sandal the shoe or boot. Shoes are mentioned in Scripture frequently. They seem to have been in common use amongst the Israelites, though we suspect the (so called) shoe, from all we have gleaned up on the subject, to have been a sandal. The ancient Roman wore his shoes occasionally highly ornamented and of various colours, and glittering with precious gems. The Roman ladies wore a sort of slipper. The brogues of the Irish and the Highlander of Scotland, were fashioned of raw cow's hide with the

skin outward. Charlemagne, and his son Louis le Debonnaire, both wore their shoes ornamented with gold. The shoes also of the high churchmen were richly ornamented at this period, and those of females of distinction were of various colours, and so accurately fitted that, like the fragile coverings of the twinkling feet of our own belles of 1845, they could only be worn right and left. The Danish dandies sported shoes with long points depressed, which must have been extremely inconvenient in walking. King John wore a kind of sandal. Malmesbury (who flourished and wrote in the reign of William the Second) anathematized the prevailing style of shoe as a monstrous deformity, being fashioned like the tail of a venomous reptile.

During the reign of Richard the Second, who was an exquisite of the first order, the deformed thief, Fashion, "wore out more apparel than the man," and all men became giddy with his sway. Men then might indeed be said to "bear their manors on their backs,"—some nobles having upwards of fifty suits, so bedizened with gems of price, and so richly guarded withal, that they were of inestimable value. The toes of the shoes, too, in this reign being made nineteen inches longer than necessary, a gentleman could no more walk without the aid of a gold or silver chain to fasten the superfluity to his knee or waist, than he could fly in the air. Many laws were made during this reign to restrict the use of these long-toed shoes, and confine so unsightly an appendage (as monstrous in its way as the club-foot of the Chinese female) to the privileged classes. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, we find that an equally monstrous fashion prevailed, and that shoes and boots were then worn so wide at the toe, that they were actually at the extremity as broad nearly as long. In Elizabeth's reign, shoes of Spanish and of neat's leather were all the wear. According to Butler,

"Some have been kicked till they know whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather."

High-heeled shoes must also have been occasionally worn during Elizabeth's reign, and even before; for what says *Hamlet* to the lady player: "By 're lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the *altitude of a chopine*." And we have ourself seen Darnley's boot, which is still preserved in the chamber where Rizzio's murder was perpetrated at Holyrood House, and which has a tremendous heel. During the reign of Charles the First, high heels were all the fashion, as were also rosettes, which last were succeeded by the buckle, and then the common tie came into vogue.

We have now given a brief glance upon the revolution of taste and fashion in dress from early times,—from head to heel,—and shown

"How chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With divers liquors."

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS :

AN ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY,
AND PLAY-MEN.

MANY gaming-houses, and some, too, on a large and extravagant scale, have been established by men literally without a shilling, who have resorted to the speculative means of advertisement to raise the first supplies. It was no uncommon matter, ere alarm was spread by the exertions of the police, to meet, in the daily advertisements of "The Times Sheet," invitations to capitalists having from three to five thousand pounds, to advance the same in a speculation, promising not the mere moderate remunerating interest of thirty or forty per cent to capital employed, but the *certain* large and tempting return of one, two, or three hundred per cent, and that by means, occupation, and association the most pleasing, agreeable, and gentlemanly. Many such captivating invites have been greedily caught at by the credulous and avaricious, who, losing sight of the safe and prudent course of honourable speculation, and fascinated by plausible representation, depicting the speedy accumulation of wealth, have fallen into the snare set for them by cunning and fraud. One example will illustrate the many.

The late Buckingham Club, No. 103, Piccadilly, which had certainly during its short existence great patronage and business, was entirely, and most successfully, got up by the means of advertisement, and under the auspices of two men (the one of some efficiency in point of experience and intellect, the other a perfect impotent, except in his thorough inclination to knavery), who had literally not a sixpence to call their own, and were in the extreme of distress. The more active and efficient of the two (Caley) had been connected with houses of business in the city, and had been deeply interested in the getting up of divers bubble schemes there, and occasionally with success. The other adventurer had just escaped from the accommodations of Whitecross Street, and was absolutely in a state little removed from starvation. These parties had been formerly introduced to each other at a house of play in Dover Street, in which also the less efficient of the two had been concerned, to the bitter regret and experience of those who employed him, previously to his removal to Whitecross Street; and, now that they were both in similar cases of need, they consulted on the practicability of establishing a club and gaming-house upon a grand and imposing scale. But how to accomplish it?

The house, No. 103, Piccadilly, stood in a most eligible and favoured position for the purposes of a club, and under announcement that it was to be let. The resolution was taken to secure it by hook or by crook; and by extraordinary effort, and still more extraordinary success, terms were made, and with a member of the legal profession, who had interest in the house for its letting,—the legal man himself being at the same time persuaded to have an eye to, and a slice in the after benefit that was to accrue from so promising a speculation. This was a grand accomplishment, both because it secured the possession of a large and captivating mansion of business, as that it at once supplied the essential referee that would be required under the contemplated advertisement for raising the grand capital.

The ready head of the practised city man was not long in framing

the delusive invite *To Speculative Capitalists*, desirous of certain large returns, and agreeable occupation of time; and, under extraordinary exertion by the parties to raise the money necessary for its insertion, the advertisement at length appeared. The bait attracted. A letter of inquiry came up from a distant part of the country, which, of course, met with every further satisfactory explanation from the prolific and experienced brain of the framer of the advertisement.

With such a prospect before them, it was now contemplated that some suitable apartments should be taken, where, in the event of a meeting becoming necessary with the dupe in perspective, an appointment should be given. Accordingly, under reference to the attorney who had been enlisted (and who, strange to say, was a man who, previously to this disreputable connection, stood high in professional character), the principal part of a house was taken in Half-moon Street. As imagined, a letter intimating a wish for a personal interview arrived, and a day was named for the same. To the legal source of reference was now made application for temporary accommodation of cash on a bill, which succeeding, all preparation was made for the meeting. The pauper adventurers became suddenly, and not a little to their own astonishment, transposed into new suits; the domestic establishment received the addition of a man-servant, whom they speedily adorned with an imposing livery; and every other art and scheme had been duly considered, as necessary to the first favourable effect to be produced on the confiding victim.

The day arrived. A handsome dinner was provided: all went off well. The fish, who had been nibbling only, now swallowed the bait, and was fairly hooked. Terms were entered into, and back he went on the following day to make arrangements for the disposal of his property in the country, with a view to a speedy return to town to enter on his new pursuit. The man, it appeared, was in a large way of business in a provincial town, and, on his arrival at home, could not effect a sale of his property so soon as desired. He therefore communicated with the parties, his newly-found acquaintances in town, on the unlooked-for delay,—which, it is needless to say, did not chime in with their views. It was immediately, therefore, intimated to him that the money *must be ready* on a certain day, on which it had been announced that the establishment should open with a house-dinner;—that a committee of noblemen and gentlemen had been formed; and that, previously to such opening, a grand entertainment and concert were to be given, at which he was urged to be present. This grand programme worked wonders. The respectable victim forthwith raised £2500, which he brought up to town with him on the appointed day, and to which it was professed that a similar sum was to be added by the other partners.

In the mean time the adventurers had not been idle. Possessed of a large and attractive mansion, and a respectable referee, they were not long before they availed themselves of all the confidence created thereby, and of commanding all the credit and advantages resulting from it. On the strength, too, of the forthcoming capital of their dupe, they had ordered in extra splendid furniture, wines, plate, and all things necessary to perfect the establishment. And, amongst other things, they had not been negligent to enlist a certain number of that particular, but degraded class of persons, who, having the *entrè* of society, abuse their positions by the disgraceful act of canvassing or catering for patronage and custom to gaming-tables, and of lending their per-

sonal aid as decoys to the unprofitable pastime of play. Strange as it may appear, too, through the influence of such a party, a lady of title was absolutely persuaded to give a concert at this embryo gaming-house; under total ignorance, however, of the purposes for which the house was intended, and equally so of the adventurers who had taken it, one of whom was of the darkest shade of human character. To this concert, at which about one hundred and fifty persons were present, and which seemed to be the realization of all that had been represented of the high and respectable character of the club, the provincial tradesman was invited, and then and there found himself in juxtaposition with divers nobles, honourables, and military men and civilians, who were represented to him as patrons and members of the new establishment. His experience, poor man, did not lead him to question himself as to the somewhat strange anomaly of noblemen meeting in the same society, and holding familiar converse and communication with men who were soliciting their patronage and favour; nor thought he of the absurdity of Lord Such-a-one being invited to meet an inn-keeper, whose house he had condescended to honour with his presence and custom,—and yet the case was parallel.

The following day was fixed for the grand opening dinner, and final arrangements for business. The parties met,—a splendid entertainment was laid out, and to it were invited the *distinguished persons* who had been pointed out on the previous evening as members, and other parties of equal *celebrity*. Champagne and other exhilarating wines were freely circulated. The grand toast of the evening was, success to the Buckingham Club and its spirited proprietors; and the deluded provincial was in the seventh heaven of blissful anticipation. After the usual indulgence of the table, the principals retired up stairs for the preliminary purposes of business. Books in splendid morocco covering were produced, containing the lists of the noblemen forming the committee, and of some five hundred names of members, most of them borrowed from the Court Guide for the particular purpose. The rate of subscription was exhibited as sufficient to afford a fine remunerating profit. And last of all came the exhibition of the hazard-table, at which gold was to be eternally coined, to fulfil the promises of the advertisement.

This was a part of the arrangement with which the new man had not until then been made acquainted; and, being really a man of integrity and character, he expressed his objections to be concerned in any establishment having the character of a gaming-house. But, unfortunately for him, his £2500 had been parted with: the wine, too, was freely circulating in his veins, and influencing his better sense and determination from their just exercise. He listened to the arguments, and finally yielded to persuasion to join in the full arrangement. The lawyer dupe was also of the party, and he, too, was in a high state of pleasing excitement at the prospect of wealth so immediately presented to his imaginative view.

The night passed off without any attempt at play, excepting some trifling exercise of the dice, by way of exhibition of the game to the newly-enlisted proprietor, who, when he left the house, had about as clear and distinct a notion of its principle and varieties as a pig may be supposed to have of the polka. On the following day he was to return to the country, to complete the break-up of his business there; but it was arranged that his brother, who was resident, and holding a

respectable and responsible appointment in London, and who had been a party on his behalf to all the former business, should become the ostensible proprietor in the partnership, and give his attendance each night in observance of the proceedings.

The club was then opened under such management. The arrant knave of the establishment, having been extensively connected with gaming-houses, stipulated for his domicile in the place with his family, and that he should have custody and control of the bank, and lend out money on draft to noblemen and gentlemen players who might require it. Business commenced, and, as usual at a new establishment, customers dropped in,—amongst others, several noblemen and gentlemen, members of Crockford's and other clubs, who had outrun their limit of credit with the old fishmonger, and who were here accommodated with cash, by way of gaining their future patronage.

The first week of play was most successful. Large sums were lost (on check and promissory paper) to the bank; while, on the other hand, ready cash was demanded by the winners. Nevertheless, a fine report was sent off to the country proprietor, announcing the success of the concern, and astounding his understanding with the particulars that Lord L—— had lost one thousand pounds, Lord C—— some hundreds, and other distinguished parties, sums making up a large balance on the credit side. The report was accompanied by an intimation that his presence was *not absolutely necessary* under so promising a state of things, although the parties would be happy to see him. Thus far all was satisfactory; but, alas! there is nothing certain in life. A few weeks only elapsed, when another report was forwarded to the absent confiding partner. There had been a run on the *ready resources* of the bank, to the almost total extinction of its capital, and the tardy return of money lent to losers had not kept pace with the demand of ready cash by the winners. A further supply of £1500 was required, therefore, to carry on the war. This unexpected requisition brought the party to town, and he made his appearance, his visage somewhat elongated from its former cheerful expanse. He was averse to any further risk of capital, and suggested that the large outstanding debts alleged, and indeed shown, to be due from certain noblemen and gentlemen, should be collected. But this was met by information that the convenience of such persons must be consulted in respect to claims of so peculiar a nature; that bills had been given for many of the debts, and that the same were not at maturity. It was urged, as a most potent argument, that, unless a further supply of money should be instantly forthcoming, the house must close; in which case it was most probable that none of the parties indebted would pay at all; whereas means to keep up play would be sure to work out an ultimately good result. The credulity of the man was thus again successfully worked upon; he produced the £1500, and business proceeded for a time with success.

The two pauper projectors of the scheme suddenly rose into apparent affluent positions. The one who had so recently been liberated from a prison on a short allowance of shoe-leather, was seen riding about town on a fine horse (of which more anon), and had his separate establishment for his mistress. The other adopted a more quiet and prudent course; but still exhibited an exterior bespeaking a most fortunate change of circumstances.

In this flourishing state things continued. Large sums of ready

money and securities were constantly increasing the bank's means. It was a curious fact, however, observable by the acting brother of the capitalist, that notwithstanding the almost invariable ill fortune of the players in general, there were two or three *members* of the table who as invariably won, and that considerably. It was observed, too, that these parties were liberally supplied with money on their drafts, which never failed to be redeemed by their good fortune at the table. The observation, however, created no suspicion, nor indeed remark, beyond the expression of surprise at such unchanging luck. But reverse again came to the bank's resources; the ready thousands which had been amassed, and which were supposed to be at command, had again disappeared in the shape, as was alleged, of loans to members on their security, payments to winners on demand, and expenses of the establishment. Another thousand or two was required to keep up the capital and credit; a few hundreds were all that could be found, and these quickly also disappeared, under loss and expence.

Such continued reverses, in conjunction with a mysterious and unaccountable intimacy that appeared to subsist between the party who had charge of the bank resources and one of the invariably fortunate players, awakened suspicion in the mind of the duped that all was not right. He had discovered that the latter had made the former a present of the horse which he sported about town; and that he had also accommodated him at one time with a hundred, and at other times with similar sums; favours that were scarcely reconcilable with the different positions of the parties. He had received hints, also, as to the former real circumstances of the parties, and as to the notorious character of one, that led him to investigate the whole affair to its original source of imposition; and having done so, and fully acquainted himself with the entire fraudulent conspiracy, he determined to relieve his conscience at the total sacrifice of his five thousand pounds, and free himself, also, from the connection. A dissolution of partnership, therefore, appeared in the Gazette, and he retired; the other parties continuing the establishment as far as they could do so without capital, in the hope of catching another simpleton by the same plausible method of advertisement. They now, also, began to collect in a few claims, and to struggle in every way against the threatened dissolution; but rent and taxes had got into arrear, and debts had accumulated. The resources of the other victim had also been drawn nearly dry. Executions followed executions, and all were in a state of hopeless despair; but still the house assumed its usual brilliant appearance at night. Numerous chandeliers were seen from without brilliantly illuminating the elegant apartments within. Still stood the liveried lacqueys in the hall, and still congregated about certain *gentlemen touts* or *bonnets*, ready to go to work under *favoured opportunity*.

In this state of things, Mr. H—, a gentleman of fortune, made his appearance one evening, fresh from his vinous potations, and against this pauper remnant of bank proprietorship commenced play. Fortune, as may be expected, *did not favour him*; his vision was insufficiently clear, under the fumes of wine, to watch the results of the dice under the operations of the other *gentlemen* at the table; and he lost between *six and seven thousand pounds*,—in payment of which he was immediately pressed for his acceptances on the spot. Bill-stamps, always at hand, were forthwith produced. Two bills were drawn in sums of 2500*l.* each, and they duly received the name which was to give them value and currency.

This sudden accession of apparent fortune gave new hopes and vigour to the expiring energies of the party. The managing scamp, being the drawer of the bills, kept possession of them, and made unceasing effort to get them cashed; but their large amount, and the known character of their holder, gave no confidence.

In the mean time the loser had got scent and recollection of certain suspicious facts attending the loss of this large sum of money, and, communicating with his solicitors on the subject, an immediate application was made to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to prohibit the negotiation of the bills. The injunction was obtained, prompt and speedy measures were taken to give circulation to the proceedings, and notice thereof was sent to every capital in Europe. The efforts of the party to get the bills cashed were, nevertheless, unrelaxed. The holder, to free himself from being taken in contempt, took himself to Boulogne, where he met with a party to aid him in his views. But here he was thwarted, and after employing all agency and means to get rid of the bills for half their amount. His last attempt was at Brussels, where he was again concocting a scheme to circulate the bills; but the same vigilance that had watched and defeated his movements at Boulogne as successfully checked them here; and tired out, and wanting money, he abandoned in despair all further attempt, save that of offering to deliver them up to the solicitors of the defrauded party upon a very trifling consideration, which, to avoid further trouble, was acceded to.

The establishment in Piccadilly, unable to hold out longer against the host of executions, submitted to its fate, and all came to the hammer. The speculation had worked the complete ruin of the lawyer-proprietor, who, like the provincial victim, had been regularly plundered. The lawyer subsequently became insolvent, took the benefit of the act, by a benefit conferred on himself of ten months' imprisonment in Dover gaol, for having misappropriated trust-money. The tradesman was reserved for further persecution by the creditors of the establishment, who, prompted by the scoundrel who had been instrumental to the ruin of the man, pursued him by legal process, until, to avoid the disgrace of the connection, he had paid every shilling he could command.

The only person who benefitted by the dissolution and break up of the club was the vagabond manager himself, who having possessed himself of all the drafts, bills, and securities given for money lost, these he held fast, and continued to live on their collection and proceeds for some two or three years. Latterly such resources became less easy of command. Gentlemen had received information of no right in the applicant to receive the debts, and that such moneys, if collected, should be appropriated to creditors. The hardihood of the fellow, however, led him still to persist in demand, and he even had the temerity to resort to legal proceedings; and when this did not succeed, to threaten to placard the noblemaen and gentlemen refusing to pay; a threat which it is somewhat surprising did not subject him to the summary process of a broken neck by one or other of the insulted parties. He has now, however, seen the full length of his tether, and fallen again to his original state of shoeless poverty.

The above correct statement is a fair example of occasional success of imposition, and will exhibit to what absurd and dangerous extreme credulity, led on by avarice, may proceed.

THE OLD MANORIAL CHAMBER.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

For ten years it has been my good fortune to reside in a very secluded part of the country, where nature is in perfect repose, where the umbrageous woods are vast and long, and the simple white-washed cottages but seldom intervene. The whole district is in the very best state of simplicity, and is most interesting in the preservation of its outward features, which, even in these thrifty days of utility and railway mutilation, present the attire and resemblance of earlier centuries. There is a shy respectability about the half-timbered granges and dove-cotes, which lie hidden in the beautiful by-places; and many of the former derive considerable honour from the affectionate attendance of a *family ghost*, of respectful behaviour to the tenantry, and of infinite service to strangers and holiday visitors, who thereby are weaned from the ways of negligence, intemperance, recklessness, and infidelity, to the better performance of their several Christian duties. The primitive high roads and the picturesque lanes are ornamented with the rude stone cross and the sainted fountain of the middle ages; and upon a stony promontory, which overhangs a sleepy pool near to the vicarage, there survives the stump of an invaluable gibbet, which is the faithful text or stem of wise admonitions to the small sun-burnt juveniles of the rustic tenements, so few and so far between. You have but narrow glimpses of the world without. A market-cart on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and a coach once a fortnight, which does not tempt the way more frequently owing to its crippled structure, are quite sufficient to connect the villagers with the city, some nine miles distant. An ambitious or reckless man might trouble himself to mount an embankment, and peep through the openings of the forest-trees; but he would see few spires, or halls, or clustered habitations. In vain would he peer about for the hunting-lodge, or the turret, or the glistening thread of a distant stream. He would see level pastures, alternating with a perplexing variation of woods and plantations, and a gradation of uplands crested with verdure, without one bald and chalky eminence, or one scarred, dismantled waste; and so on to the solemn hills, which form the shadowy boundary of the faint horizon. My intimate friends are the obliging country folk, who so readily respond to civilities, and appreciate a flourish of good humour and vivacity. But my best of all friends is a veritable old English squire, who makes himself a man in the true sense of the word, with his fifteen hundred a-year, and who rides to Quarter Sessions in his father's yellow carriage, drawn by his father's darling horses, who are never hurried in their infirmity, only in rainy weather (for their own sakes); and whose benevolent lady and comely daughters, Grace and Arabella, teach the poor children their letters, and visit the invalids and the broken-down labourers, and make a superior caudle for the lying-in women, who are never better nursed than under their Squire's own direction. The ladies were then in town with their kinsman the Captain, who has an estate in Cornwall.

I love the Squire, he is so wise, so generous, and so pure and consistent; and he loves *me*, because I am a chatty old fellow, fond of

antiquities, and curious books, and mild tobacco, of which, by the way, he is as choice as of the "Mortimer alliance," denoted by the herald in his proud armorial bearings. He is a proficient in chess and backgammon, and loves to sit with me in a cool closet, lighted by a western casement, over a supplementary jug of claret, so that the setting sun may find us pale and thoughtful, as silent as an old suit of armour, and intensely busied with the future destiny of bishops, and knights, and all-important queens.

In the early part of this autumn time, the continual falling of rain prevented us meeting so frequently together, and I was as dull as any criminal in Christendom; but with the first fine day I rambled away to the Hall. Gaily I turned the key of my closet upon books, and pedigrees, and scrolls of parchment, and rectified the stray curls of my comfortable wig, and balanced my military cane with the hilarity of a schoolboy, as I trudged off through the lanes and orchards, with my favourite spaniel Dick, frolicking like a merry Andrew, close to my heels.

The sunshine glanced through the wrinkled branches of the trees, laden with fruity store; the linnets and other small birds flew hastily from bough to bough, and traversed the orchard round with sportive rapidity; old rabbits, full of experience and stratagem, combed their whiskers amongst the nettles and henlock, which out-topped the venerable lichen-covered palings of the irregular inclosure. We passed the dilapidated kennel near to the brook, which glided through the ashen coppices. The walls were garnished with the skeletons of birds and small vermin, and the parchment remains of stoats and rats, and owls and kites, and hawks and jays, hung as memorials of the pitiful criminals who had fallen before the sparrow-shot of Justice.

Hey! over the gateway came Dart and Tippoo, with arched and sidelong leap, like arrows that are sent against the changeful wind, and by those two fierce greyhounds we knew the Squire was early to be found; and soon we saw his spectacled face peering from the study window, in an upper story of the mansion, and read at the distance his amiable and smiling welcome. We soon shook hands heartily together, and enjoyed a frugal dinner with our wonted glee and appetite.

As is customary with antiquaries, long before the cloth was removed, the board upheld a medley of my friend's recent purchases: *Ring-money*, *Druidical knives*, *Apostle-spoons*, and volumes of chronicle and curious dissertation, in oak, or illuminated vellum. An amber rosary hung round the neck of the blushing decanter, a MS. poem of an unknown author saturated its frontispiece in the gravy of a rump-steak (probably with the writer's own avidity), the carving-knife took for a companion a jasper-hilted poniard, and the orthodoxy of the gilded tankard was concerned at the insidious propinquity of a Romish Thurible. Nicholas, the butler, who, with his grey whiskers and mealy face, always looks as if he had been dredged with all the pounce-boxes in the City banking-houses, could scarce suppress a smile as the value of each rarity was mentioned; for verily, poor ignoramus, he would rather have been possessed of a good Sheffield "whittle," or "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the primitive woodcuts,—a book he hankered after with all his soul, and which I lately presented to him.

You never see a change of domestics in the Squire's peaceable establishment. The parlour maid, who frequently answers to the paternal appellation of "child!" is forty years of age, and has lived eight-and-twenty at the Hall; and so of the rest, who would not exchange their places for the varlets in purple who ride behind the coach of a Church dignitary; and not long ago Lucy, the housekeeper's daughter, went into hysterical fits, because she was recommended by the Squire to the service of a particular friend. The old house, the old furniture, and the old-fashioned servants, belong to each other; and you might as well expect to find a tortoise quarrelling with the shell upon its shoulders, as to expect they would exist in a state of utter separation. It is a grief to the tender master that "Poor Dick," the gardener, is so forlorn and crazy. He was born upon the adjoining land, and has lived at the Hall more than three-score years and five. First he was in the scullery, then in the stable; but he loved the garden best, and so he was allowed to have his own choice of labour. He is incoherent now with the debility of age, and wanders amongst the walnut-trees, near to the scene of former avocations. He has a tame hedgehog and a tame jackdaw, and many birds in wicker cages, which he has made for them, and he is always going to sleep with them upon his knees. The Squire does not love to meet him often; for he is so full of melancholy, and mistakes *him* for his father, who has been dead and gone full twenty years, and discourses with him about births, and deaths, and marriages, in keeping with such a singular delusion.

All the domestics are very attentive to me, because I give pleasure to the family, and read the evening prayers with a slow and sonorous delivery, which keeps them from falling to sleep, which is sure to give scandal, and occasion a rebuke from Miss Arabella, who is rather addicted to theology; the odds of Miss Grace, who cultivates botanical science, and is "quite an angel" to old Richard the gardener, who bothers her accordingly.

The Squire and myself did not permit time to hang heavy upon our hands, or to be the "parent of a wrinkle," on that particular occasion. Our chess and claret went off in usual mode, because the host was triumphant. About seven o'clock in the evening a trill of rustic music echoed up the grand staircase, and a clinking and drumming was heard as if from the kitchen or store-room! and in a few seconds, buxom Dolly, the chambermaid, at the request of Mrs. Merridew, the housekeeper, knocked at the door of the closet, where we debated the rules of our game, to say "The gipsy folks were come down to the hall from the camp in the 'Long lanes,' and the servants would be very thankful to obtain permission for a dance."

The permission was granted without hesitation, so that Dolly nearly broke her neck down the polished stairs, in the exuberance of her glee, which already electrified her limbs with a fidgetty presentiment of "Sir Roger de Coverley." Half-an-hour afterwards we went to see the sport, and received such inspiration from the violin and tambourine of the swarthy minstrels, and the happy faces of all around, that the Squire kicked off his boots, and called lustily for his morocco pumps with the silver buckles! for he was as fond of a dance as a maid at a wedding. I never knew the day I was *not* a boy, and I carefully imitated his vagaries. The Squire politely

handed Mrs. Merridew to the top of a country dance, and I pressed the warm hands of Dolly in the second couple, and then we gave hands round, and tripped the length of the tiled floor, and flung kisses at the end of it, and turned gracefully at corners, till the gipsies showed their white teeth in approbation of our agility, and Old Richard the gardener, accompanied by the screams of a vociferous starling, cried "*Wonderful!—wonderful! It's enough to turn grey hairs into strings of gold again!*"

I can't tell when I was so happy, or when I ever experienced such flutterings and palpitations both in my two sides and in the calves of my legs, as after that memorable exertion. I remember I was the first to propose rest, and we retired to our chambers that evening soon after the sun was down, for I intended to ride early in the morning with the Squire to see some fossil wood which had been discovered at a few miles distance. My bed was always prepared in a narrow room opening at once into a capacious study. It was a dark, wainscotted room, that same study, with bookshelves, and cabinets, and armour, and the most rare of the ancient furnitures belonging to the family. There were but four paintings in oil suspended upon the walls; these represented two very plain old people of the ancestry, a male and female; "baron and femme" of the time of the Elizabethan glory; and two youthful forms, a belle and beau, of the last century. Cabinets and time-pieces, rapiers, broadswords, wassail bowls, and queer garments of cavalier and puritan, bedecked the shining pannels; and to these might be added Venetian mirrors, tablets of mosaic, and the crisping irons, and the golden cinctures which were once warm with the touch of Etrurian dames, in the brief hour of their fever of pride and in the best bloom of their existence. The wood fire which burnt upon the level hearth—the couch, with its luxurious pillows, wheeled before the fantastic fireplace—the inviting lamp, and the brighter moon, clear and round in the chilling east, allured to meditation; and thus renouncing the sure repose of the near chamber, I flung myself down to enter upon a rigid scrutiny of myself, of everything around me, and of the imaginary beings who flourished in that secluded mansion, and trod the floors, and bore the instruments of luxury and war, when the time that is departed for ever, was a draught of life to some who now sigh over mis-spent hours in the shadowy prisons of a world beyond the grave. I thought, and again I thought, until, like a crowd in some constricted avenue, a reflection of the preceding idea intruded upon the more recent one, and then I surrendered myself to confusion and reverie, and should have slept but that

THE SMALL SWORD,

A VOICE, lisping and effeminate, broke upon my ear. I cast my eyes around, to see from whence it proceeded, when my attention was attracted by a slight fluttering motion of the sword-knot attached to the hilt of a small sword, which hung by the side of the old mirrored chimney-piece: I soon found that the voice was owned by this piece of tarnished gentility. Its whole appearance was decidedly that of a faded beau of the preceding century. Its silver hilt and knot were sobered down into the grey of age, and the once unsullied whiteness of the scabbard was lost, past redemption, the

extreme end of which had long since departed, leaving the poor blade very much in the state of a gentleman with his toes out of his boots; yet, notwithstanding these blemishes, there was something *à la mode* about the appearance of its thin genteel figure and faded brilliancy, and I listened with some curiosity to know what this parlour hero could advance to interest my attention. After some few more little affected flutterings, it commenced the following:—

“My honest friend,—if he will permit me to call him so,—the respectable broadsword, who promised last evening to favour us with the little reminiscences of his butchering, has politely given me the *pas*: although, I believe, belonging to our family, I assure you he is a very distant relation, a kind of ninety-ninth cousin, and was born in those times when breeding and gentility were very little thought of. I, on the contrary, have mixed only with the very best society, where vulgar vices were entirely unknown; and if any little peccadilloes did creep in amongst us, they were of that delightful sort, and committed by such delightful people, in such a delightful manner, that it became impossible to look upon them in any other light than amiable weaknesses, or the effervescence of too high a blood; so that you see it will be impossible for me to attract your attention by recalling undistinguishing *mêlées* or brute-force battles, but in their stead I will endeavour to picture scenes of bygone halcyon days, when beauty was adored by men of spirit, who, of course, called me in to decide points of etiquette with my remarkably sharpened polished one; and I assure you, such was my tact, that it was mostly final. And much noble blood has dulled its crimson upon the cold polish of my blade. I pride myself particularly on my not having ever interfered in vulgar affairs, or drawn the brick-dust-coloured puddle from the veins of the *canaille*.

“Who was my original maker I really do not pretend to know, or how long I remained in the chrysalis or rough state; for my existence appears to have commenced only when I became highly polished, and received the power of reflection. My first feeling certainly was that of a little excusable anxiety as to what sort of handle I should be joined to. I assure you this is a most serious consideration; for, like matrimony, it is for life, and decides your future standing in society. What, then, was my delight, when I saw my future partner for the first time, the very pink of brilliance and elegance. My owner was polite enough to say (although a mere trader, whose name I have forgotten—it is not fashionable to remember any one who has made you) that my temper was so good, that I was worthy of the utmost expense in my outfit. But the best of tempers are spoiled after a few years’ ruffling with the world and its necessary crosses. The finishing-stroke was put to mine by that worse than brute of a drunken fox-hunter who slept here some months back—I blush even to recall it to your memories—the swinish beast actually drew me forcibly from my scabbard and poked the fire with me! A sudden heat of shame rushed through my frame—I could have murdered him—a brute! He would have known better had he been born in the age of swords. The present degenerate race murder each other with policy, pen, parchment, and peace; they draw upon the nine parts of speech instead of the trusty steel, and die ingloriously. But to myself.

“No sooner was I permanently joined to my future handle than

I was carefully placed in a glass case, and exposed for sale. How did my heart palpitate as I thought of my future rise in life! I felt rather bashful, I confess, at the awkwardness of my situation; but I soon got reconciled to it, for in high life everything is to be bought and sold; but, after all, it is only the reward of merit. I glittered on for a few days, when a purchaser appeared, in the character of a nobleman of high and aristocratic demeanour. He drew me from my scabbard, and looked upon my face. I think I dazzled him. He tried my temper in various ways, but with the hand of a master. I yielded with all the grace of a young coquette, bending and turning with the utmost facility and beauty. He purchased me, and I entered the world.

"My first appearance in public with my friend occurred on the evening of my purchase. Amidst constellations of gold, diamonds, and seas of tossing feathers did I make my *debüt*; and I can assure you even now, when you can have but a faint idea of what I was, that I was not the least brilliant. I threw back my scintillations with interest to the bright eyes that sparkled with favour towards me and my bearer. I soon found myself placed by the side of a lovely fair English girl, to whom my friend paid the most particular attention. Though new to the world, I participated in the thrill, and exulted in the glowing eloquence of my master, as he poured fiery words of love into the ear of the willing beauty; their hands joined with warm and clinging pressure close to my hilt, but by their whispers I found myself the confidant of guilt.

"I was stainless myself at that time, therefore might, from my want of knowledge of the world, be excused for a passing feeling of regret, that one so fair, with another's honour in her palm, should deal so lightly with the trust. Their further conversation soon informed me that her husband's best friend had proved his worst enemy. The giddy whirl went on, and the scene of enchantment ended. My master's footsteps turned from his home, and he wended his way through moonlit woods and noble avenues, where he lay in ambush for some time. 'This, then, must be,' thought I, 'the home of his fair enchantress.' I was not mistaken. Some signal from the house caused him to creep towards it under the deep shadow of the copse. But ah! I was torn with lightning haste from my scabbard; for there stood a dark and angry man in the path of the seducer. For the first time I felt the stirring contact of a brother steel glide down my polished side. In an instant my blood-seeking nature burst from its germ, and I longed to take my first degree.

"These two young noble-looking men glared at each other in the broad moonlight, which played like electric fire down their rival blades. I knew full well that the death of one alone must be the end of such a cause and such a meeting. No words, but a deadly drawing of the breath between the teeth, denoted their determination. The grass fell beneath their rapidly-moving feet, and their swords became as two meteors. At one rapid thrust of my master I fished myself, by burying my blade up to the hilt in the breast of the injured husband; my steel struck his bosom, and he fell slowly to the earth like the fall of a noble oak, and lay a stark corpse upon the velvet turf of his own threshold. The wind moaned through the trees, as if nature sighed to find her pure bosom stained by the young crimson blood. My master's hand grew cold as he grasped

me for support, and the red drops fell from my polished sides upon the wild flowers at his feet. He rushed from the spot, and sought his home. He unbuckled me hastily from his side, and threw me from him with a shudder—remorse, perhaps. I really pitied him. But what could I do?—I was made to do it. The ingratitude of the world is proverbial. My master loathed the sight of me, although the preserver of his life; but there was an inward satisfaction I had done my duty, if he had forgotten his. We never, therefore, met again. I did not regret it; for he was a pitiful fellow, to start from the course merely for a little blood. I had better luck next time; for I passed by purchase into the hands of a noble spirit, who shewed his teeth from under his deep moustache with delight and approval, as he observed upon withdrawing me from my scabbard some remains of blood upon my face. Gad! I was soon up to the hilt in business; for my new possessor was one of those irate men who keep a diary with nothing but red-letter days in blood, and really throw money away when they go to the expense of buying a sheath to their swords. Such was his love of pinking, that if he hadn't a decent quarrel of his own—which he was seldom without—he would borrow one of a friend, and fight another man's quarrel merely to keep me in practice. Such was his love for me that he took more pains with my appearance and education than he did with the rest of his family. He has drawn me in the midst of a brawl and clashing of many swords. Hey presto! the room would be cleared in an instant, as if I had carried a second plague at my point, so well was my master's temper and mine known. Ah! he is the only man I ever felt a thorough love and esteem for! but he passed away one unlucky night. I was too confident, and became careless, or he had imbibed—which was often the case—too much sack—but I won't positively say—he was, however, in the full enjoyment of a mortal combat with a particular friend, who had—or he had imagined he had—said something offensive, which was the same thing, being not over fastidious about the cause so that he could get up a quarrel; when, much to my horror, I found my opponent's sword twist round me like a serpent, when whiz I flew up into the air, and fell with a stunning fall. Suffice it to say, I was not picked up immediately, but my master was, with a hole through him big enough to let out his pugnacious soul, and I lost the noblest friend I ever had the luck to fall in with, as far as matters of business were concerned.

“I was purchased of the widow, and sent into a sword hospital to recover my pristine appearance, for late hours and continual enjoyment had rather tarnished me. My youth saved me; and I was sent home to my new master as brilliant as ever. Guess my horror when I saw the thigh I was to grace not much thicker than myself! positively a beau who left his honour with his forefathers and his escutcheons, and who never quarreled with anybody but his laundress. Hang the wretch: he was too contemptible! I hadn't dangled about with him for more than a week when I got so exasperated that I popped between his legs, and pitching his scentedness over, broke his soft head and damaged his nose. Of course I got into disgrace, and was forthwith decreed to be too long and too warlike for one who only lived amongst ladies.

“My next engagement I mention with rather a feeling of shame,

but we all know "that there is a skeleton in every house," and no family is exempt from some little stain upon their escutcheon, so that I console myself upon not standing alone in the world in this one particular. My new master was as polished and as cold as myself; noble and exalted, but yet had in his dark shifting eye more of cunning than of courage. I saw plenty of life, but little of death which had hitherto been my avocation. His whole soul seemed filled with a lust for gold, and often have I laid drawn upon his table, in the stillness of night, side by side with heaps of shining gold which, in comparison to me, was an imperial slayer. Yet had he another love, a fair young girl, fit only from her age to be his child, whose parents, dazzled by his wealth, had promised him her hand. She was innocent as she was beautiful; the playmate and friend of his motherless son and daughter; and until the fatal truth burst suddenly upon her of the father's unlooked for love, did she feel how dearly she loved the young and brave son who would soon call her mother. It is an oft-told tale, and the mutual discovery but natural for her embarrassment, soon read to him the riddle of his feelings; and rash as ever were their vows of living alone for each other, and their meetings were as rash as their resolves, for they both knew the cold and stern being they had to deal with, and whom no pity or consideration could move from his purpose when his own selfishness was concerned. They resolved to fly! The father heard their warm whisperings, and unknowing that his son was the rival to his happiness, seized my hilt and lay *perdue* to watch for the bold destroyer of his hopes. Soon a cloaked figure crossed the dark path; bitter were his feelings, but no courage glowed in that cold heart; he crept softly after the retreating figure with the stealthiness of a cat—fatal cowardice! He passed my polished blade through the back of his unfortunate son, who, falling death-stricken, had but time to recognise the features of his murderer, and breathe forth the name of Father! Before he expired in the arms of his base slayer, the recognition was mutual, and the terror-stricken wretch frantically tore me from the body of his own child, merely to sheathe it in his own; thus did I become for the first time disgraced by murder and suicide.

"After this sad affair I was for a considerable time confined to my sheathe and hung in a dark room to mourn, with the inactive furniture, the neglect of the world and the gradually-collecting dust that dimmed our splendour; but one morning a rush of many feet, and the throwing open of shutters, proclaimed some great change. The glad and merry daylight rushed like a laughing child into every nook and corner, as if to peep in well-remembered places from which it had been long excluded. But, ah me! I was ashamed of myself; my sorry plight, dusty, dirty, and tarnished, shocked me. I glanced around, and beheld all in the same robes and festoons of neglect.

"A far-off inheritor came to claim the stores of wealth and happiness that had been so ill-bestowed upon my late master; he came from a foreign land which he had sought early in life, because there luxury and vice were cheaper, to rush upon the hoards he had ever looked upon as beyond his reach. Foolish wretch! he thought with many, that the power to buy was the power to enjoy. I soon found myself, under his critical eye, in the very best—that is, the

most polite—society, where people crush each other with dignity, and invite their dear friends as they buy their furniture, and with about as much love. So many ladies to stick against the walls; so many old frumps to turn into card-tables; so many gentlemen highly polished; one lady as a harp; one as a pianoforte; and some deluded victim with a flute to stick in full blow at the side of the aforesaid harp or piano. In scenes like these did my sated master dream away the hours, and call it life; blinded, and unable to see that life means honour, friendly esteem, love, charity, and a thousand other self-rewarding things that are never admitted into fashionable parlance.

“But I am moralizing! Age will bring on these dullnesses, therefore you must excuse my *gaucherie*. My master had frequently during his little retirements, cast his eyes upon the daughter of his old gardener, who brought the bouquets to deck his breakfast-table, a mere child, and as innocent and blooming as the flowers themselves. It was long ere she became alarmed at the advances of my master, but too soon she discovered and avoided him. The denial, to which he had been unaccustomed in a land of slaves, fired his desire with more fervour than possession ever could; his snake-like eyes glistened, and the fiend entered his soul and prompted his debauched mind; and, with the aid of one as debased as himself, he abducted her from her poor old father’s cottage.

“Never shall I forget that night in which I was mixed up most honourably, I say honourably, for reckless as I have been I still have some honour, and I look back to it with pleasure.

“Like a coward he entered the chamber of that little more than child, and pleaded his foul cause with all the eloquence of desire. She was too innocent to be touched by such unhallowed fire, and rose a bold woman in the strength of her virtue. What contempt did I feel for my master as the words of pleading and reproach fell from her lips! The picture of what he might have been, and what he was, fell doubly severe upon his hitherto callous heart; but, instead of rousing the proper feeling of remorse it stirred the demon of revenge, and prompted him to trample on the flower that would not yield its sweetness willingly; but ere he could accomplish his purpose, frantic with horror, the small timid hand of that young girl snatched me from the scabbard. A bright feeling flashed along my blade; the enfeebled debauchee started back, but not before I had given him a slight wound: he rushed from the chamber, and she was saved. The retributive wound he had received, though simple and harmless in itself, was death to a constitution like his: it laid him in a grave, and left me again without an owner.

“During the confusion of the splendid funeral, I was thrust into a long, black bag, of a musty and unpleasant smell, by one of the deathmonger’s men; this rather startled me at first, as I knew my master was no wild Indian to have his arms buried with him. But I soon came to a knowledge of my situation—I was stolen! Gad! I was rather amused to find that sharp as I was I had met with a sharper (excuse the joke); I caught that vile habit, among others equally bad, in very good society; it does uncommonly well where you have nothing to say yourself, or to stop other people from rational conversation. I was rather puzzled at the gentleman who

bought me of the thief. He talked with the measured tones of a parson, but was dressed like a mountebank; yet he seemed very careful of me, for he cleaned my handle himself, and flourished me about before a looking-glass in the most amusing and unaccountable manner. Ah! ah! practice thought I; this fellow is a bully, a braggadocio, a man who eats, drinks, and sleeps upon fighting—welcome, *bon camarado!*

“As the night approached my master dressed himself in the most magnificent style. An appointment, no doubt—an adventure of course will follow! But no! he walked to a house filled with the most beautiful strains of music, in the midst of a goodly company equally well dressed with himself. He walked up to one ferocious-looking gentleman who, first shaking hands with him, began to mutter the most ferocious threats with the most unmoved countenance; to all of which my master returned a strain of severe taunts and sarcasm, and pointing out a finger, as did the aforesaid friend, fenced playfully round the room. One terrible finger thrust settled the business, and they walked different ways humming tunes! I confess I was bewildered! But my astonishment was increased when my master walked into a saloon opposite to a large assembly who clapped their hands at his appearance, just in the nick of time to stop our former acquaintance from carrying some lady off by force. He whipped me from the scabbard; strange, they again talked over, but in a louder tone, the gibberish of the preceding interview. His blade soon crossed my master's. Now to the business thought I; they are gladiators, perhaps!—thrust!—thrust! clash!—clash! Presently my master thrust his sword behind his opponent's back! Hang the bungler! what is he about thought I; when, to my perfect bewilderment, his burly antagonist fell with a groan to the ground, apparently dead; a deafening burst of applause came from the spectators. A new light broke in upon me; I had been making believe to kill. My master, confound him, was an actor; and I, who had drawn the noblest blood, was defiled by theatrical blood, in the form of rose pink and pump-water. Shall I confess it; I felt at that moment that my sun had set; I was no longer a sword, I was a pretender! My master, who called me a good prop, misused me in various ways; first, as a walking-stick on his little journeys, and sometimes as a knapsack carrier; but, thank heaven! after some months of weariness and fooling, he pledged me to a Jew, as his benefit had been a failure.

“My next master better knew my value, my temper, and my mountings. Little did I ever before appreciate the value of a Jew's eye: his knowledge, and his craft, made me appear “as good as new.” Again my hopes revived, but vainly; the days had passed when gentlemen settled their own little disputes by the steel magistrates at their sides, and allowed no thick-headed ‘Justice Shallow’ to thrust his plebeian finger in the pie of select gentility. I certainly made one flicker, for it could not be termed a flash, before the sun of my glory expired. A stingy sheriff stuck me to his side, and took me to court; that was all very well, but he also rusted me by taking me out early upon foggy mornings to the beastly hanging-matches, and confining me for weeks at the horrid sessions amidst its confounded smells and plebeianisms. At last a broker bought me

for my hilt, and was just on the point of breaking me up when our present master, who has a heart to feel for the lights of other days, upon seeing my early date bought me and placed me in the present goodly company. To all of you I would read a homily, were we not each a homily to the other, upon the vanity of vanities, and the perishableness of human things."

 TO MY NEPHEW.

THY mother bids me weave, my babe, a lay of love to thee,
 And thus I twine it o'er thy brow, imperfect though it be ;
 Affection, e'en the strongest, often faileth to impart
 The words of feeling that express the language of the heart !

Thou art, in truth, a merry child, and those sweet smiles of thine
 Are like the gleams of yon bright sun, that through the mist doth shine,
 With the tear still dwelling in thine eye, from some imagined woe,
 As when the storm subsides is seen the rainbow's hallow'd glow !

My pretty one ! my playful one ! it gladdens me to trace
 The lineaments of one so dear upon thy tiny face ;
 And thoughts that long have slumber'd, that thou hast waked, my child,
 Like birds escaped the fowler's net, are roaming free and wild !

They lead me back to other days, to years of buried joy,
 When thy mother was a youthful maid, and I a thoughtless boy ;
 When we, like thee, had one, whose eyes love's tender vigils kept,
 Who closed them not upon our path, until in death they slept !

Heav'n bless thee, babe ! and keep from thee the grief, the ling'ring pain
 Of thinking on endearing forms we shall not see again,
 Of bearing in the breast a void that earth can never fill,
 And, sorrowing within, to wear a brow serenely still !

I cannot, seer-like, read thy fate, to tell thee weal or woe,
 In mercy hath been hid from us what 'vails us not to know ;
 But if the pray'rs affection breathes from this poor mortal shrine
 Are wafted to the bourne above, then happiness is thine !

And that I wish thee far beyond what rank or wealth could give,
 Surrounded by a chosen few, in comfort mayst thou live ;
 Unlike the moth that flutters round the death-enticing flame,
 Oh ! turn from golden dreams, and shun the cold deceit of fame !

My boy, the world hath many charms to glitter and betray,
 And specious friends are always near to lead young feet astray ;
 But cling confidingly to those who shield thine infant years,
 And they will bear thee scathless through this wilderness of tears !

Ay, cherish them ! for I have been a homeless one too long,—
 A stranger to parental care, to mourn not love so strong.
 And often when oppress'd and sad, my soul is dark and lone,
 I think of those who bless'd me once, and weep that they are gone !

Sleep on—sleep on, fair innocent ! upon thy mother's arm ;
 I would not mar thy slumber now, so tranquil and so calm,
 Though many years will pass away before that form I greet,
 And long and distant is the time ere we again may meet.

But days to come, when Time will wake to thought thine infant mind,
 And thou wilt pine, perhaps in vain, some kindred soul to find ;
 Though age or sorrow may have chang'd to grey this youthful head,
 This heart of mine will beat for thee till ev'ry pulse is dead.





Portrait of a young woman

1780

FOR THE MONTHLY REVUE

Journal de la littérature et des arts

PARIS: CHEZ LA SOCIÉTÉ DES ÉCRIVAINS, 1789.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF CORK.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ISABELLA, Countess of Cork and Orrery, whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds embellishes our present number, was the third daughter of William Poyntz, Esq., a gentleman of ancient family,—and Elizabeth second daughter and co-heiress of Kelland Courteney, formerly M. P. for Honiton. Previously to her marriage, Miss Isabella Poyntz (Countess of Cork) was Maid of Honor to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte. In 1795 she married her first cousin, Viscount Dungarvon, the present Earl of Cork. Her only brother, William S. Poyntz, late M. P. for Midhurst, died in 1840.

The party-giving eccentricities of the Countess of Cork, formed for more than half a century of her long life, the most remarkable feature of her extrinsic character; the paramount pleasure of her life seemed to consist in seeking out people distinguished in politics, literature, wit, and fashion, for the purpose of adding lustre to her entertainments. Whatever noticeable novelty arose—whether in high life or common life—"all," to use a familiar phrase, "were fish that came to her net," whether of the sea or of the river; the highest talented rank, or the highest rank of talent, were equally prized and courted by this indefatigable Lion-hunter. Lady Cork's *recherché* dinners and *soirées* by these means presented extraordinary combinations of gifted and talented guests, from Doctor Johnson and Mr. Sheridan in her earlier time, to George the Fourth, Mr. Canning, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and Lord Byron of her later day. Her house in New Burlington Street was most tastefully fitted for the reception of her illustrious guests: every part of it abounded in pretty things—*objets*, as they are sometimes called, which her visitors were strictly forbidden to touch. Beyond her magnificent drawing-rooms appeared a *boudoir*, and beyond it a long rustic room, with a moss-covered floor, with plants and statues; while the lower part of the house consisted of a handsome dining-room and library, which looked upon a small ornamented garden, where a fountain played; beyond these were a couple of rooms fitted up like conservatories, in which she received her guests before dinner. She had her *fine-lady* parties, which she called *pink*; her *blue-stocking* parties, which she called *blue*; and more frequently a mixture of both. At the last, she would assemble two or three fine ladies, two or three wits or poets, two or three noblemen and distinguished members of the House of Commons, and one or two of her own family, seldom exceeding ten or twelve, at a round table, where each could see and talk to all the others without reaching across any body; so that the conversation was general. The *cuisine* was excellent; and it was the usage of the house (as at Lady Holland's, and indeed all other houses where the entertainer is a lady) to follow the fairer part of the company, after a very short interval, into the drawing-room.

When we first saw Lady Cork her lionizing mania had reached to fever point. At which time, when visiting her friends, she perceived any strangers, her first question was, not "who, or *what* are they?" but "*what* can they do?" Yet with all Lady Cork's admitted taste in the selection of her evening "Stars," she was unacquainted with that skill

and delicacy of polish requisite to make them shine with full effect. Her Ladyship was unpractised in the nice tact and finesse which draws forward, imperceptibly to the possessor, the amusive powers of the gifted. On the contrary, she would *stir up* the reposing faculties of her "Lions," somewhat too much in the fashion of a hackneyed *Show-Beast*, and by using the *long pole* too briskly, sometimes fright the more "delicate monsters,"—the more timid animals into silence, or exasperate the more savage into defiance,—thus, by her premature or ill-timed pokings and ticklings, defeat her own intent, and not unfrequently some "Lion-rough," who otherwise had "roared you as gently as any sucking dove—or "an' 'twere any nightingale," whose humour she had turned "the seamy side without" would show his claws, in effect saying, "If you think that I come hither as a *Lion* it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are."

Poor Lady Cork, it must be owned had very many of these lion-loving vexations. Her *beast-es* were sometimes shy and difficult to catch, or when caught were not always tame and tractable. Some had no dislike to show themselves at feeding time, but resolutely refused to roar as expected. We recollect several of these instances. One, on a dinner occasion, when, from some culinary mishap (very rare in her house)

"The second course
Came lagging like a distanced horse,"

the *exigéante* hostess, gladly seizing upon any opportunity for the exercise of her ruling passion, addressed young Ch—les M—t—ws, her then idol, whom she was impatient to show off, with a request that he would sing one of his "delightful songs while the next course was preparing," a course to which he decidedly objected.* Another day, Theodore Hook, who was very apt to show his disgust without being very choice of the means, and upon whose resources Lady Cork had possibly drawn larger drafts than he was prepared to honor, or he was not *'the vein* "to be commanded," grew moody and silent, as he was wont to be when he saw a predetermined attempt to render him *farceur* of the time, and he secretly resolved to escape at the first possible moment when he could do so unobserved. When the dessert was placed, the lady in despair of her principal Lion's "roaring *ex tempore*," as she wished, turned her experiments upon another of her gifted guests, when Theodore dexterously slipped out of the room, and closing the street door after him with a noiseless effort, felt all the elasticity of a freed spirit return. The evening being excessively warm, the windows had been left partially open, and the blinds only in part let down, so that an imperfect view of the party was discernible from without, from the well-lighted room. Theodore crossed over to the opposite side of the street, to observe whether his disappearance had occasioned

* This reminds us of a similar call upon the courtesy of Mr. Liston shortly after his appearance in London, when he had made a very popular hit in Fielding's burlesque of "Tom Thumb," at the Haymarket Theatre. Dining one day in the city, after the dessert, and before the ladies had left the room, the whole party rose, and the table and chairs, &c., were all set back, and the guests left standing, in order, as the host explained, "to make room for Mr. Liston to favour the company before the children went to bed, with *Lord Grizzle's Dancing Song*." As may be imagined, *Liston danced off* as soon as he was able from the house of his disappointed host, never to return.

any *sensation*, but the undisturbed position of the hostess and the guests gave no indication that he had been missed, a result probably not quite agreeable to the *amour propre* of the young pampered pet of fashion;—and, piqued at the bare idea that “their sky could do without him,” this Jupiter of the wits resolved to hurl his fiercest thunder and awaken the party to a more actual sense of their deprivation; which he did in the following not very delicate manner.

He engaged a boy passing at the time, by the promise of an adequate bribe to obey instructions, directing his attention to the open windows opposite, through which by a slight effort might be seen the pallid countenance of a Poet, who in fact never had the air of *un gros rejoui*, and at this particular moment looked more than usually *triste*, as if dwelling less upon the “Pleasures of Memory,” than the actual “Miseries of Human Life” and those especially of the *time present*,—the offended god who had abdicated his throne, at once fixed upon him as the conductor of his “brisk lightning,” and his young coadjutor—instigated by the expected reward and his patron’s instructions, proving apt and docile, crossed over to the aforesaid open windows, which seemed in fact to invite external comment, and with the *sang froid* and *hardiesse* of an experienced joker, cried out in a shrill and audible voice—

“Jolly S—m R—g—rs, tip us a song!”

This well-perpetrated *grossièreté* had the obvious effect of a stroke of galvanism upon his hearers, one of whom precipitately approached the windows, and pulled down the blinds, the next minute a summoned servant closed the windows and put to the shutters.

This palpable *sensation* was satisfactory to the mischief-loving wag, who, after duly rewarding his young pupil, walked away chuckling, and exulting in having taken his revenge upon his exacting hostess, and wounded *ears polite*. Notwithstanding these, and many other-like checks and drawbacks, Lady Cork’s parties held forth divers compensations to the oftentimes *bored* portion of her visitors; while her Ladyship, maugre her besetting sin, was most agreeable and *piquante*. Indeed, the *agrémens* of her entertainments prevailed from time to time to “win back straying souls,” many of whom (and Theodore included), after deprecating the objectionable system under which they winced, and forswearing her house, invariably returned to a repetition of the inflections of her lively Ladyship’s lionizing vein, who was really a most amazingly vivacious old lady. Her memory, too, at this advanced period of her life, was remarkably tenacious, of which the following instance will suffice.

At a *soirée* of Lady Combermere’s, about fifteen or twenty years ago, finding the rooms extremely warm, she early ordered her carriage to be called up. On its being announced, Lady Cork was attended down stairs by several gentlemen, when it was discovered that the servant had made a mistake. It was not *her* carriage that waited. It was proposed to her to re-ascend the stairs, out of the draught, but her *juvenile* Ladyship laughed at the idea of cold-catching in such a mild evening, and declared she would seat herself in the hall, with the street door open, until her carriage could be extricated from the throng. A chair was therefore placed close to the open door, while surrounded by her gallant knights, the fair lady recited from memory a whole book of Pope’s translation of the *Iliad*, with “emphasis and good discretion.” She must then nearly have attained her eightieth year, and her appearance, during this display, was extremely interesting; her exterior

presenting, at the period alluded to, the very *beau ideal* of *Old Ladyism*; her *petite* figure appropriately clad, and her wrinkled face shaded (*shrouded*) in exquisite point lace, while her little feet, nicely cased in white satin *high heeled* shoes — were rather coquettishly exhibited to her audience.

Like all old people, she rejoiced in talking of her youthful days. "You knew Dr. Johnson?" said a gentleman to her. "Knew Dr. Johnson!" answered she; "why he was my bosom friend. I'll tell you a story of him. He was sitting by me, and, in the heat of his conversation, began pinching my knee—I was young then. I bore it a little while, and then remonstrated. 'Madam,' said the philosopher 'I beg your pardon—but *one must have a quieting motion*.'" "Then," said she, "there was Sheridan; I claim the merit of having been his first friend. I used to invite him and introduce him to people. The seat he sat for at Stafford was put in his way by me—my brother,* you know, was his colleague all the time. In society, the object at first was to get his wife to one's parties—that charming Miss Linley—she sang so well. Nobody knew at that time what the husband was to turn out. Lady — said to me, 'I should like to have Mrs. Sheridan at my music on Tuesday, but then there's that drag of a husband!' In two years' time he was *the* Mr. Sheridan of the House of Commons, the pet of his party, and the observed of all observers—the *drag* of a husband was the hero of the day, and the idol of society."

When she grew very old, she became rather despotic, and would sometimes say cross things to her best friends; but she did not dislike them for exhibiting in return a little independence, and, indeed, behaved best to those who would not let her take liberties. These liberties sometimes went to a great extent. It was said, that one summer morning when she was about to have a party at home, she got into the garden of her friend, Mr. Rogers, which runs behind St. James's Place to the Green Park, and despoiled it of half its flowers. A wit observed, "*that it was no wonder the poet looked so pale, since Lady Cork had robbed him of his roses.*" She was, however, very friendly, and delighted to do a kindness, and never thought it troublesome to speak, stir, write, or solicit for any of her *protégés*. She was upwards of ninety when she died. Until a few days before her death, she paid and received visits, got up at six in the morning, as she had done all through her life, and dined out whenever she had not company at home.

Lady Cork was the mother of nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom only three sons survived. The Honourable John Boyle, formerly M.P. for Cork county; the Honourable Robert Boyle, Captain Grenadier Guards; and the Honourable and Reverend Richard Townsend Boyle, Rector of Marston, Somerset; all of whom attended the remains of their aged mother to the family vault, in the parish church of Frome, followed by many former recipients of her bounty, by whom she was justly lamented.

A. M.

* Edward Moncton.

TIPPERARY HALL.—NO. II.

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REGULÆ AULÆ TIPPERARY.

Dulce est desipere ; tædet sine jocis :
Sed desipiendum est legibus et locis.
Sanciatur igitur Momus his in fociis,
Si accedant suaviter seria jocosis.

Nimia dicacitas torrens est veneni.
Pinge duos angues : exulent obscœni.
Migrat in insulum si quid eget frœni :
Bacchus est quem sequimur, non asinus Sileni.

Si quis plebi faveat, faveat decenter ;
Si quis Optimatibus faveat silenter :
Omnibus Politicis, nisi temperentur,
Cor eructat nimium, esuritque venter

Pauca pocla suppetunt ; modo bibas horum
Singulis nominibus singula nostrorum ;
Et amicis omnibus omnium amicorum,
Et amatis omnibus omnium amatorum.

Satis sunt facilibus, satis sunt formosis
Duo pleni canthari, si e generosis.
Dona sua Gratiæ negant ebriosis ;
Et in bilem vertitur vappa crapulosis.

Mίτρον ἰσὸν ἄκρωτον—si sat metiare—
Et *Ἄκρωτον ἴσοσ* est cum vini parte pare :
Sic, si nostrum compares alio cum Lare,
Inter aulas emicat Aula Tipperary.

THE IRISH WHISKEY DRINKER—THE FENMAN—EVERARD CLIVE—
THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR—AND RICHARD GRIMGIBBER.

EVERARD CLIVE.

THAT Bottled Audit was admirable.—Wordsworth says that “The Child is Father of the Man ;” and I certainly retain all my Eton and Cambridge taste for malt.

GRIMGIBBER.

Is beer-drinking a classical taste or a mathematical one ?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Mathematical, I should say. It came in with the Geometrician's Asses' Bridge from the Nile. The Egyptians were the first beer-drinkers. At least, I recollect that Æschylus, in the Supplikes, sneers at them for making their wine of barley.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Aye, but my boy, Æschylus never tasted Trinity Audit, nor Kings

either; or he would have made his King Pelasgus talk more sensibly. I must call a love for the "barley bree," a classic taste; as it commenced with me at Eton, and certainly in my time there was nothing mathematical going on there.

FENMAN.

It was playing the beer-barrel rather early in life, But that accounts for the permanency of the relish.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."

EVERARD CLIVE.

I recollect we had a song about ale, which was written by one of our sixth form; who was as good an oar, as good a scholar, and as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived. I wish I was not obliged to use the past tense.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Sing us the song, Clive. Was it set to a *Maltese* air?

EVERARD CLIVE.

No—the tune is "HOME SWEET HOME,"—you must help me with the burden. My singing is like a Greek Play, nothing without the chorus.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Do your best, my boy. Give us your song of "The Olden Time."

EVERARD CLIVE.

You have well described it—it is

A sound of our boyish rhyme,
When a merry group was near,
When we pulled our oars in time,
And shared our can of beer.

GRIMGIBBER

Don't parody, but sing.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I am going to do both.

SONG BY CLIVE,—*"ALE, ALE, DOUBLE X ALE."*

Air—*"Home, Sweet Home!"*

O'er cut-glass and chalices the eye may like to roam,
And our pewter may be humble, but 'tis ale that makes it foam,
The taste that you prize surely waits for you there,
Oh, the flavour of such malt and hops was never found elsewhere.

Ale, ale, double X ale,
There is no drink like ale!—there is no drink like ale!

Some tell me their small is good, but for me I do not heed it;
And I don't like your fourpenny, nor yet your intermediate.
The gin it don't agree with me, the brandy makes me pale;
But the reason I'm so jolly is, I stick to drinking ale.

Ale, ale, double X ale!
There is no drink like ale!—there is no drink like ale!

An exile from Knight's, liquors dazzle me in vain,
Oh give me my seat at the Christopher again;
The jolly little potboy that came at my call;
And give me my glass of ale, dearer than all.

Ale, ale, double X ale!
There is no drink like ale!—there is no drink like ale!

GRIMGIBBER.

Of course after singing that song, Clive, you mean to drink nothing but ale all the evening.

EVERARD CLIVE.

That would indeed be a

“*Periculosæ plenum opus alea.*”

Though the Audit was so good that you might fairly quote to me out of Juvenal.

“*Alea quando*

Hos animos?”

But you must not be so literal. Why even law has its fictions, and you will surely allow them to song. Think of your ejections and feigned issues.

GRIMGIBBER.

Our interpleader cases are altered. A late Act of Parliament has abolished the feigned issue.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

What, have all supposititious children been exterminated? How many suffered?

EDWARD CLIVE.

Oh no, we don't mean any thing in the King Herod line. The only Innocents that have been got rid of have been some of those sublime fictions in which, as Moore said, Law used to leave Poetry so immeasurably behind her. But your action of ejection, Grimgibber, still keeps up her mythical glories. It is most diverting, when one man claims his land from another, to see our law courts gravely requiring first an imaginary John Doe to be set in action on behalf of the plaintiff, and that then an equally ideal Richard Roe must open a correspondence and give a friendly warning to the defendant.

FENMAN.

I suppose that in this railway age, the *Does* and the *Roes* are retained by our law courts out of compliment to the *Stags*.

GRIMGIBBER.

Our courts have been busy enough with actions against the *Stags* lately. Many an applicant for allotments has had occasion to rue the hour when his wish for shares was granted.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Westminster Hall has been pretty lively too in the Breach-of-Promise-of-Marriage way. A mighty pretty action that of Miss Smith against Lord Ferrers. I think the *Dears* have figured in court quite as prominently as the *Stags*.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes, that trial of *Smith v. Ferrers* was indeed an extraordinary case. Had a Novelist described such a thing it would have been stigmatized as absurdly improbable. It is one of the cases that illustrate Byron's remark that “*Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction.*”

GRIMGIBBER.

Such cases occur oftener than you are aware of; though they do not always come to trial. Few men see so much of the realities of life as Lawyers do.

EVERARD CLIVE.

A Lawyer sees too exclusively the worst side of life. Remember how large a portion of the community never come even within *his* notice. This privacy of life is not a bad test of its purity. I hold the old maxim to be a true one

"Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit."

I take "*male*" in the strictest sense in quoting this; and, mind you, the "*Qui*" includes the "*Quæ*." Why how unfair it would be to take the conduct of the Plaintiff, in the action we have been speaking of, and to represent it as a sample of how English girls in the upper and middle ranks of life think and act.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Yet this is precisely what foreigners will do. I recollect when I was in Germany last year, at the time of the Queen's visit, seeing in the German papers the whole details of that horrible case of Cooke and Wetherell, copied and translated from the London press. The German papers commented on this case as exemplifying what English morality really was, and of what scenes English domestic life was made up.

GRIMGIBBER.

You mention a most unjust judgment.

EVERARD CLIVE.

"*Cursumque furoris
Teutonici.*"

As Lucan well described that nation's proceedings.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I like the Germans: though I must say the wrong ideas which they form of England are very unpleasant. They take up such strange data for their reasonings. One of my distinguished friends there, who likes our institutions, has dilated in one of his books on the excellent effects of the English Parliament in promoting a spirit of morality among the people. He actually gives as a proof of this, the fact, that when the Parliamentary debates are going on, the English newspapers contain so much scantier accounts of crimes and offences, than is the case when Parliament is prorogued, and the great moral lessons of the Debates withdrawn from the people.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

That's like a friend of mine who said that he was always least afraid of mad dogs while the House was sitting; as he noticed that directly after a Prorogation the papers began to teem with cases of Hydrophobia.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Another distinguished friend of mine in Vienna, has, I am sorry to say, been for years collecting everything from the English papers, in which any of our nobility figure in the least badly. He has a preconceived theory that England, being mercantile, and especially mistress of the commerce of the East, must be like Venice; and that the English aristocracy, having existed for a long time, must have become demoralized and profligate as the Venetians were after some centuries. He pastes up these newspaper extracts and parades them as irrefragable proofs of his theory. It is no use to tell him that

these cases form exceptions to the general worth of our upper classes. He has got his theory and he will no more abandon it, than he would his meerschaum.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Bid him examine what is the current standard of morality among his own countrymen and countrywomen, and then ask himself how *they* would figure, if Germany had an unchained active press like the English. Austria lecture England forsooth! The meerschaum-puffing, beer-bibbing, sour-cROUT-chewing blockhead!—

GRIMGIBBER.

It seems, Clive, that your admiration of beer-drinking is limited to this island. But is not our press to blame for the false opinions which it seems the Germans take up? Is not the main fault with the country itself, that encourages such publications in the first instance?

EVERARD CLIVE.

There is something in that, Grimgibber. Our newspapers often contain reports of cases that make them the most reprehensible of all publications. I have often thought that of all the cants canted in society, that cant is the most absurd, by which in many families the most rigorous supervision is exercised as to what novels and poems are allowed to find their way into the house; while the newspaper, containing often the most abominable details of the worst cases that come before our courts, lies freely on the breakfast table, for sons and daughters to study at their pleasure.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

Spoken like the father of a family.—Here's to you, my precocious Patriarch. May you have plenty of olive-branches round your table, and no newspapers on it.

EVERARD CLIVE.

"Dí meliora piis!" my toast is, "May my newspaper long be double, and may I myself long be single."

GRIMGIBBER.

None of the improprieties you speak of are the fault of the law. Our law in its wisdom has provided against all this, if it were but enforced. Our law is perfect. Indeed, those very forms and fictions which Clive just now was laughing at, are of venerable antiquity, and are significant of their origin. They are full of historical associations.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Pretty consolation that for the modern litigants, whose expenses they increase. But we must not quarrel with fictions here. We are in a fictitious Ireland at this moment.

GRIMGIBBER.

Very unnecessarily. I should like to move that the venue be brought back to Middlesex. The idea of calling a Middlesex Cottage Tipperary Hall!—

EVERARD CLIVE.

Do not take it so seriously to heart. We do not expect to obtain the order of St. Patrick; nor shall we pray King Dan to give us an estate in *tail* in our Pseudo-Hibernian territory. No—

TIPPERARY HALL.

“It was all for a change of smoke
 We left fair London's Strand;
 It was all for a passing joke
 We called this Irish land,
 My dear!
 We called this Irish land.
 He turned his tumbler as he spake
 On this new Irish shore;
 He gave Dick Grimgibber a shake,—
 “Come fill your glass once more,
 My dear!
 Come fill your glass once more.”

GRIMGIBBER.

I wish you would let me alone, Clive, and that you would stop that vile habit of parodying. You seem to learn songs merely for the sake of distorting them.

EVERARD CLIVE.

When Brindley was reproached with defacing rivers for his schemes, he answered that rivers were made to feed canals. And so I answer you that songs were made to supply parodies.

GRIMGIBBER.

Parody the silly songs, then, as much as you like, but let the good ones alone. It's a sort of sacrilege to affix ridiculous associations to airs and ideas that are serious and beautiful.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I hope that I value the beautiful originals as much as most men; but I confess I like them none the worse because they can be made vehicles for mirth, as well as being models of pathos.

GRIMGIBBER.

The two things are incompatible,—quite repugnant. You cannot seriously reverence and mock in the same breath.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Perhaps not. But if the passage that moved my serious feelings in my serious moments can, by flashing some train of ideas across my mind when in lighter mood, give me animation and amusement, I think I love it all the better, and I am sure that I reverence it none the less.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Just as you like a pretty girl all the better for laughing with you, when you're disposed for fun, as well as being sentimental with you, when you're in the Pathetics.

GRIMGIBBER.

Do you parody your mistresses as well as your melodies?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Faith! to be sure we do—poor things! Don't we, Everard?

EVERARD CLIVE.

No; but we blend them with all our feelings, gay as well as grave. To share a man's solemn thoughts is only to share half his heart, and the darkest half too. Do you remember the beautiful lines of old Simonides on this? They are something to this effect:—

Share my cup, and share my wreath. I'll live and love through youth with thee.
 In my hours of sober sadness, sad and solemn also be:
 In my hours of merry madness be thou merrily mad with me.

FENMAN.

You mean those lines,—

*Σὺν μοι τίτι, συνήβα, συνίρα, συνσιφανήρα,
Σὺν μοι μαινομένη μάτις, σὺν σάφροσι σωφρόντι.*

They are not by Simonides, but they are well worthy of him.

GRIMGIBBER.

All the Greek in Simonides or out of Simonides will not convert me to your creed about burlesques. They are only fit for the Lyceum, and similar scenes of dramatic degradation.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I fear, Grimgibber, that the difference between us is a difference not of judgment, but of feeling; and in that case it is useless for one to attempt to convert the other by arguments. But I must protest against the Lyceum burlesques being called dramatic degradations. I look on them as being of a very high order of the drama.

GRIMGIBBER.

"THE ENCHANETD HORSE" a very high order of the drama! I suppose you limit your remark to the scene where he is represented up in the firmament, with Mrs. Keely on his back.

EVERARD CLIVE.

No; I am in earnest. I think that this, and the other burlesques by the same authors, approach nearer to the type of the Old Greek Comedy than anything else that modern times have witnessed. And, except regular tragedy, the Old Comedy of Athens is the highest of all orders of the drama. What we call our regular comedy comes, through Terence, from the Athenian New Comedy,—a very degenerate successor of the Old.

FENMAN.

I hope Mrs. Keeley does not address the Lyceum audience in the same strain as Trygæus uses in the "THE PEACE" where Aristophanes represents him riding up to heaven on his Hippocantharus,—a steed whose breed, blood, and action must have been, to say the least of them, equally high.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Or as Dan O'Rourke addressed the Man in the Moon, when he flew up to see him on the outside of the eagle. Dan's was an elegant address.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

It certainly was not an inelegant one. Howsoever it might amuse, it could not offend.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Not only that preeminently Aristophanic fondness for the Augæan line of metaphor, which the Fenman alludes to, finds no place in the BURLESQUES we speak of, but the savage politics and personalities are also of course omitted. This is to be borne in mind when we compare these modern productions with the ancient model which I have indicated; for certainly

"Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetæ"

would have been a good deal changed, if they had been obliged to pass through the filter of some Attic John Mitchell Kemble.

FENMAN.

No scandal about J. M. K. We shall want his name some day, when we have to confront English scholarship in the English language against the mad vanity of some of the Continental Pretenders. As it is, he holds one office, and it is no credit to his University that he missed another, for which he is as fit as any man in Europe. As "Cato the Censor," he has duties to perform, as well as emoluments to receive. All I hope is, that he may outlive his office. I confess I am not sanguine about the drama. I believe it to be a form of poetry belonging to an age that has gone by for ever; and that the same nation is no more likely to have two eras of dramatic eminence, than I am to have the measles again. Still I should like to see one chance given it, and to observe what it would come to if we allowed it to be political.

EVERARD CLIVE.

A somewhat hazardous experiment.

FENMAN.

I know it. The price would be an O. P. row every other night. Actors would be mobbed, and authors would be pensioned,—when on the winning side. There would be this, and more. But there would be reality and earnestness given to what is now a shadow; and an amusement would command the importance of a social and political engine. I wish some German Prince would give orders for "THE KNIGHTS" to be modernized; and, for the safety of his own domains, and the benefit of ours, order the scene to be laid in England.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Or in Ireland.

FENMAN.

Or in Ireland, as you say. There would be *one* character at least ready to your hand.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I like your doctrine; but, of course, it applies "mutatis mutandis." The Chorus, for instance, must still be omitted, as it is in the present burlesques.

GRIMGIBBER.

I too like your doctrine. We should have a fine harvest of indictments and actions for libel. But, to come back to what we were discussing. Clive compared the Lyceum Burlesques to the old Greek Comedy; and, by way of proving the analogy, he has succeeded in establishing several important points of difference between them.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Still there is the same fanciful grotesqueness of plot and imagery, the same lively interweaving of old legends, the same exuberance of jest and parody, the same intermixture of spectacle, lyric, and dance with the dialogue, and, though "cabined, cribbed, confined" by our Dramatic Censorship, the same rapid variety of hints at the topics and characters of the day. We never had this on the English stage before. As for Foote being termed the English Aristophanes, he had better have been called the Cockney Thersites. Whiskey-Drinker, my boy, your glass is dry. Mix a beaker, and I'll give you a toast. Here's to the new Stars of the Comœdia Prisca. Won't you drink it?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Superbus ero atque felix.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Fill up then, fill up for Grimgibber and the Fenman, and now, Bachelor, fill for me. There now—do you call that glass filled? why there's at least half an inch with nothing in it. Tea or wine, it's always the same.

FENMAN.

I agree with you. I hate the polite measure that leaves daylight over a third of the glass.

SONG BY THE FENMAN, "WHAT IS THE TOP OF A GLASS FOR?"

What is the top of a glass for, man?
 I wish you would tell me why
 The bottom must stand like a mill-pool, man,
 And the half above it be dry.
 'Tis the best part, and the broadest part,
 And the part that we first come to;
 And I cannot well think, if it is not to drink,
 What the top of a glass has to do.

There's nothing in Nature useless, man,
 And not very much in art.
 So crown your glass with the liquor, man,
 For the top is the noblest part.
 'Tis the best part, and the broadest part,
 And the part that we first come to;
 And I'm wondering still, if it is not to fill,
 What the top of a glass has to do.

Now, if you're thinking of spilling, man,
 And the tale of the cup and the lip;
 Steady your hand with a bumper, man,
 And the deuce a bit will it slip.
 Oh, the top's the best and the broadest part,
 And the part that we first come to;
 And I'd rather in all take no measure at all,
 Than take a half measure with you.

EVERARD CLIVE.

The Bachelor is obeying that excellent maxim in a very evasive manner. He is filling up the deficiency in the top of his glass, but he is doing it with raw water.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Raw water!—the atrocious element!

TRAVELLING RACHELOR.

I can fortify my taste for water by the precepts of Thales and Pindar, to say nothing of modern authorities.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Nothing can justify the enormity. I'll soon tell the value of the authorities on the subject.

WATER SONG BY THE WHISKEY DRINKER.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."

Oh, 'tis just since the days of Deucalion,
 And my countryman, Mither O'Gyges,
 When Pyrrha came out as Pygnalion,
 And the pebbles became Callipyges;

Since the days of Narcissus, who hung
 O'er the flattering fount a divine eye,
 And those of Arion, who sung
 His sonnets *in usum delphini*,
 To this the good year forty-six,
 When the world is all mad with Hydropathy ;
 And Preisnitz takes off with his tricks
 The poor souls that escape Homœopathy :
 I never knew lady, or lad,
 Son, father, or brother, or daughter,
 That did not go moping or mad
 As soon as they meddled with water.
 Oh, the element 's precious indeed,
 As Pindar assures us—to lave in ;
 And the ocean may serve us at need,
 As it served Polyphemus—to shave in.
 But oh, if you value your life,
 Pray keep it away from your pharynx :
 'Tis as bad for the throat as a knife,
 And worse than a rope for the larynx.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Admirable sentiments those, and good all the world over.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Aye, even in hot countries, I kept to the same text. When I was in Spain, I diluted the *puchera* most reasonably I assure you ; so did others also.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I thought the Spaniards were a remarkably temperate people.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Did you ? So they may be generally, but they can drink upon occasion too. I wish, Bachelor, you could have seen me and *my* distinguished friend, Narvaez, draining the wine-skins at the bivouac after we beat Gomez at Arcos.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Tell us all about it, Drinker ; let us have it, battle, bivouac, banquet, and all.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

To tell you all about it would fill a volume of despatches ; and good sized ones, too. Why, Narvaez's own slice of the Campaign of the South was a matter of three weeks from the night we left Madrid until he came up with his man in the Serania de Ronda ; to say nothing of the time it took us after that to get down again out of those murdering defiles and fastnesses, and our little bits of casualty by the way. Then, I'm thinking, that I must speak of three Royal divisions in pursuit of the Carlist Rover, to show you how he blinked two of them, baffled the third, and broke away from them all.

GRIMGIBBER.

Narvaez *versus* Gomez. The *venue* is laid in the mountains of Ronda. Join issue at once, and let us have the Battle of Arcos.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

With all my heart. But as you can't have the battle without the men, I must put them on the ground first. It was the autumn of 1836 ; and the Queen's Government were concentrating an enormous force on the North with the hope of giving Don Carlos the *comp de grace* before

the close of the fine weather. His Council of War, however, gave them something else to do, for they sent Gomez, with a force of about 10,000 men, to break through the line of the Ebro, and march to the South.

CLIVE.

To create a diversion, no doubt.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

Exactly so; and most elegant diversion it was, in more senses than the military one, for Mr. Gomez and his friends, while it lasted. When I said 10,000, I should have told you that the greater part consisted of irregular bands—nice boys for producing moral effect amongst the weaker part of the population, and a good deal handier at a grab of plunder than platoon firing. They marched at a considerable distance, but I won't say in parallels, on either side of Gomez's own central column which was made up of about six battalions of regular infantry, and a couple of squadrons of horse; somewhere between three and four thousand, all picked men, and devotedly attached to their leader. You all have heard how Rodil was sent after him with so many thousands, and Alaix with the Lord knows how many more, and how they couldn't or wouldn't get a sight of him without the help of Lord Ross's telescope, which wasn't then completed. Alaix was a tall, bony, avaricious man, who wanted to keep the game alive for the sake of the *pesetas*—I mean the Spanish tenpennies. Rodil was a podgy, greasy-faced, lazy, little man, who was "a day after the fair" all his life, and every night went to bed in his boots. I saw them both more than once; and for that reason I know you like to hear about them. Well then, of course, my friend Mendizabal would not stand any more of their nonsense. So another draft was ordered from the army of the North to Madrid, and Narvaez got the command of this crack division. It was made up mostly of infantry regiments of the Royal Guard, and mustered about 5000 bayonets. There was a small body of cavalry attached to it, not more than about 200, lancers and dragoons, or any thing else you like to call them. I think the half of them were gypsies and horse stealers, who served the Queen, to carry on more trades than one. However, I found them remarkably pleasant fellows to ride along side of, and if good for nothing else, one half of them did famously for scouting service, and the other made a capital escort for our General.

It was a beautiful evening in November—one of the mildest months in the South—when the infantry of Narvaez's division filed off the grand parade ground before the Palace, and left Madrid by the Talavera road. The two Queens and all the Infantas, old and young, were present. So were the Ministers. And so was Narvaez. And so was myself. It was a fine sight; and I will say that a finer or more soldier-like looking body of men could not be imagined from Cæsar's Tenth Legion down to the Coldstreams, or the Faugh-a-Bal-lahs. It was nearly midnight when Narvaez, with his staff and the *cavalry* (good luck to them!) started on their route, and I started along with them, a mounted pilgrim after the picturesque, determined to see the fun—and every taste of it. Now then the three weeks march is over—forced ones, let me tell you, of at least thirty miles a day, with only one entire day of rest during the route—and we are marching from the little town of Bornos, far away up among the moun-

tains of Ronda. We are on the road to Arcos, along the right bank of a little branch of the Guadalete.

Everard my boy, make a stream there between yourself and the Fenman with some of that lukewarm water. It's good for nothing else by this time. And, Grimgibber, can't you arrange the evidence in the regard of the mountains on one side? You have got lots of bottles and glasses about you; for a couple of ranges at least. I myself will mount Pelion on Ossa with the sugar-bowl, and the milk-pot, and the snuffers, and the rest of the crockery, on this side of the water. There now, you see, I've got them as high as the Hill of Howth or the Galtees. All right, my boys. That's a very likely bit of irrigation that you have accomplished, Everard—you ought to be Secretary to the Drainage Commission; and as for you Grimgibber, you mistook your profession entirely—its yourself that ought to be a quarter-master general. Our plan of the *terrain* is worth a thousand maps.

Well then, says I to Narvaez—I was riding beside him on the right bank of the stream at the head of the division, between one and two o'clock on the day we left Bornos for Arcos, and were still going south, in the direction of Xeres and Cadiz—we had just taken rest and refectation, moreover, and were in very good humour; smoking, and jogging along at not more than between two and three miles an hour—

"General," says I, "do you think, between ourselves, we have any chance of catching Gomez and his *ligeros* (light-feet)?"

"Do I think!" says he; "Senor, I am certain I shall catch them—not a man of them can escape me."

"But it will be a bad business, General, if, after all our trouble, he won't fight. Do you really and seriously think that he'll fight?"

"If he won't I'll run him into the sea, and make him leap into it over the rock of Gibraltar."

"Faith and he ought to take the devil's own leap after a three weeks' run to it," says I, and the little general enjoyed the joke gloriously; laughing and puffing his cigar, and cursing *Carajo* considerably.

"As you are so fond of jokes, Don Patricio," says he to me then in a confidential whisper, "I'll tell you one I perpetrated before I went to bed at Bornos last night. I heard that Gomez was to be at Arcos this evening, so I sent word to the authorities to give him and his robbers as much to eat and drink as they called for, and to be particular in not sparing the wine; and I said in my letter that if they passed the night in Arcos, I and my brave fellows should be in amongst them while they were asleep. But if they marched out I told the authorities to give them plenty of rations, for I would deliver them of them before they could cook them, and they'd eat all the sweeter.

"General!" says I.

"What!" says he.

"Did you ever shave a weasel asleep?"

"What's that?" says he, twisting his moustache.

"No: but what's that—pop! pop! there goes another and another," says I; and, looking to the nearest heights on the opposite bank, a thin wreath of smoke appeared here and there rising over the brushwood.

"Our *escopeteros* have them in view! Here they come, running in on us with the news. Bravo! *Carajo!*" he cried with ecstasy; "they're at hand, and we're on them at last!"

The word was given now to halt, and a dozen or score of the light-armed peasantry, whose shots we had just heard, came wading across the stream in a great hurry to tell us what we all knew already as well as themselves. Not many minutes afterwards we observed the van of the Carlist force peeping and creeping out gradually like a great serpent, from a defile considerably up the first range of hills, and winding and stretching along the ziz-gag path by the side as leisurely and quietly, as if there were no enemy within fifty miles of them. The sun was shining gloriously, but they had not much gew-gaw or brass about them to cause reflection, and the colour of their muskets was business-like, and brown as the side of the mountain. Their red breeches, however, came out quite splash and spicy in the sun, and looked an enormous bright blood line along the side of the hills. It was quite certain that we might wait till evening till they all emerged from the defile and passed before us in review. I should tell you they were about a mile from us; so Narvaez determined to go to work, and, to do them justice, his men seemed as eager for the fray as himself. The order to cross the streamlet was given; and it was crossed while you could take three whiffs of a cigar, for it only ran as high as the knee in the deepest part. Narvaez then formed his infantry in column, and the bugle sounded the advance. He was told by one of the scouts that there was a valley of half a mile broad on the other side of the range now occupied by the Carlists, and that it was to be reached by a narrow road through a gorge in the hills, about three or four miles lower down. Narvaez therefore despatched the cavalry to take advantage of it and to be ready at the entrance of the valley to charge the enemy when he drove them into it from the hills opposite. Had Cacus's Lancers, and the Devil's Own (I mean the dragoons), obeyed the order, there is no saying what number of the Carlist infantry might have been compromised. But they didn't, and there's an end of that part of the story. The infantry, after fording the stream and forming, now crossed two or three deep dells and ravines, and got at length to the base of the first range of hills. Here they found the Carlists had abandoned the path on which they had been moving along, and perched themselves on the top. I was with Narvaez and the staff in the rear of the column; and a nice job they had to get their heavy, half-jaded Spanish horses up and down the banks of the ravines and through the forests of bushes. When the General got clear of these little intricacies, he formed the men into three divisions, and gave the word to go up as high and as fast as they could. So they went up as high and as fast as they could, which was fast enough at first, but not very high, I can assure you. It was about half a mile to the top, and it was an affair of long shots all the way. I should tell you that there were hundreds of Carlist skirmishers covering the side of the mountain in all directions, firing and retreating. Hundreds of our fellows, on the other hand, in advance of the division, were returning their favours. I never saw such light hardy boys in my life, and it struck me, whilst they blazed away at each other one moment, and took cover behind even the smallest possible object—sometimes they fell flat and fired off the ground, making a rest of their left elbow, and a fork for their gun-barrel between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand—that they were about the handiest light-bobs in the world.

Well, the popping and skirmishing kept going higher and higher by slow degrees, and the main battalions kept slowly but steadily a

ing; when at last, as they got a little better than half way up, there came a thundering roar from the top, and you could see the flash and the smoke along the whole ridge. This did very little damage. The long furze and brushwood which overspread these hills, and the jagged rocks, befriended the Christinos at this and a second discharge, which came down on them in a few minutes afterwards. You can fancy the tremendous cracking and splintering that followed each volley down that wild mountain. After the second, the Carlists abandoned their position at the top; and our fellows were soon in possession. As I went up with the staff, we observed about twenty dead bodies at intervals here and there, all naked; for the men stripped them as they went on, for the sake of their clothes and the trifle that might be in their pockets. And that was a *trifle* you *may* say. I could not tell whether they were friends or foes, with the exception of one wonderfully fine-looking corpse. Narvaez and several others stopped to look at him. He could not be less than six feet four high, built in proportion, covered nearly all over with an extraordinary quantity of black hair, and the poor fellow was not more than two or three-and-twenty. His face and head were remarkably handsome, and he looked as placid and smiling as if he was dreaming of the bright eyes of his mountain Navaresa. He had his death-wound in front; the bullet had gone right through his lungs.

Now, then, for the top ridge—we are up there at last, and there we stopped to rest ourselves for about an hour. About half an hour after we got up, we perceived our brave cavalry entering the valley by the road they had been directed, and in plenty of time to be of no use. You should see Narvaez when he got the first sight of the vagabonds. He cursed, and shouted, and dismounted, and danced like a mad dwarf on the heather, and mounted, and cursed, and jumped out of his saddle again. At last he gave the word to descend in front of the enemy. The descent that was now to be attempted was not altogether as perpendicular as a wall, but it was one of the stiffest and ugliest things of the kind in nature, notwithstanding. Narvaez himself took the lead downwards. He led his horse down by the bridle, and the officers of his staff followed his example. The descent was so steep and slippery that two or three unfortunate nags lost their footing, rolled down, and their work was done for that day at least. One of the poor things broke his neck altogether. The infantry descended as regularly as they could under the circumstances, in front of very strong positions taken up by the enemy at intervals upon the opposite heights, and on eminences on either side. The aspect of affairs was anything but cool and comfortable. The entire array of the Carlists formed a semicircle of about a mile in extent. On their right, a little way up that particular hill, which was at that spot of rather gentle acclivity, was a strong stone building. It looked like a farmhouse, with a garden and orchard, and wall round it about five to six feet high. A Navarese battalion was posted in and about the house. It was the key of the Carlist right, and to turn it would be to flank them most decisively. It was here, therefore, that the best fighting of the day occurred. In all other parts of the advance, which was now ordered once more, it was an affair of long shots, as on the other hill. One or two efforts were made to carry the stone building, but the attacking party did not seem to like the peppering they got from the windows and from behind the orchard wall. The battalions of our centre and left had made first a little way, and

all retired back across the valley to the base of the hills which we had last descended. I ought to tell you that I was all this while looking on from the opposite side of the valley, stretched quietly among the dismounted dragoons. Very well for me that none of the Seikh Artillery was on the opposite heights. After a short pause, during which the wine-skins went round, Narvaez rode here and there through the men, and told them that there was nothing in the world like steel to make the enemy leave that; and the men gave three cheers at the notion. The bugle sounded the advance once more, and in a very short time they were up the heights and at them. It was now getting duskish as the Christinos got half way up on the left and centre of the enemy. Here they got galled by a rattling fire from the top, and they reeled a bit. The advice about the cold steel was all my eye. The firing on both sides, however, was fast and furious, as it approached eight o'clock, and the night fell in dark and suddenly. The flashing along the heights in the dark was gloriously sublime. Each party fired at the opposite flashes but without much effect. On our right, however, something like business was transacted. A battalion of the Royal Guard got in at last pell-mell, amongst the brave Navarese, across the orchard wall. The besieged took to their heels, and bolted through the garden at the back.

You remember, I said, that the acclivity at this spot was rather gentle. In fact it was perfectly accessible and practicable to cavalry. Just as the Navarese, therefore, shot out from the garden and were endeavouring to form, Narvaez himself, at the head of his cavalry, was among them, and cut them down in all directions. They fought, poor fellows, like lions, back to back, in groups of sixes and sevens, and would take no quarter. Whilst this slaughter was going on, a body of Carlist cavalry came riding and roaring up the valley at a furious rate. Then you should hear the cries of "Viva Don Carlos Quinto," and "Viva la Reyna." I was within a hundred yards, I think, of the scene, and could hear the shouts and the clattering as plainly as I now hear myself talking; and the flashing of the sabres in the dark was terribly beautiful. At it they went, and down they went, and saddles were emptied in all directions. Several horses flew by me without their riders. Narvaez and his staff are in this *mêlée*, and I am alone looking on under cover of a little clump of stunted brooms. At last, as you may easily suppose, neither party could discern friend from foe, and many a friend on both sides carved and helped each other to what they never bargained for. So much for the combat of cavalry in the dark; and where the Carlist troopers came from no one could tell. At length, as it approached half-past eight or thereabouts, the Christino bugle sounded triumphantly from the height of Banos de la Reyna, then in possession of the Queen's troops, and the Carlists were in full retreat, Lord knows where, under the cover of the night. I spurred up the hill in double quick. As I hurried by the dead and wounded troopers a group of gypsies were stripping them; and these fellows had also secured about a dozen of their horses. I found Narvaez on the top before me, where he was endeavouring in vain to get a glimpse of the surrounding country.

"One hour more," he cried out in a rage, "and every man of them was mine, dead or alive! One hour more! Oh, I wish I was Joshua!" and he kept wishing he was Joshua until I told him at last that he

might descend next morning into the land of Canaan, and make spatch-cocks or sausages of the ragamuffins.

"To be sure I will," says he, "and now, Don Patricio, let us see about drinking better luck next time."

"Bravo, General!" I cried, "there is some reason in your Excellency, notwithstanding."

Whilst we were speaking, the watch-fires were lighting up on the top of Banos de la Reyna, a soft and convenient bit of table-land four or five acres broad, and we bivouacked on it for the night. There was drinking and smoking and singing in all directions; and, after the General had asked a few questions of some sulky prisoners without being able to screw anything out of them, he sat down with the staff and some other officers and myself at a roaring fire made up of the brushwood, and large enough for St. John's eve. The supper we squatted down to was not by any means so bad, all circumstances considered, especially the roast ham, which was delicious. I had a joke with the General touching those rations that he was to have taken from Gomez. He laughed heartily, and passed me the wine-skin. By degrees the officers fell off asleep, with their heels to the fire, and their legs and bodies wrapped up from the night dew cozy and comfortable, and Narvaez and myself were left smoking and pushing the wine-skin to each other alone. I sang him "The British Grenadiers," and "Paddy O'Rafferty," and "Darby Kelly," and "The Wearing of the Green," and I forget how many more; and he made several attempts to lilt out the only song he had in the world,

"Estoy un hombre chico,
Mas brillante que rico;"

but he couldn't get past the second line if he was to get Gomez in his grasp for it. At last I thought it high time to put his cocked hat on right for him, recollecting what he had before him at daybreak. I made him up a fine pillow of moss, rolled him up in his martial cloak, which was big enough for three of him, and left him alone in his glory. Good night to Narvaez!

FENMAN.

"Good night to Marmion," you might say, for the little man's career seems to be drawing to a close; and so much the better for unhappy Spain. Thanks to you for your sketch of him, Drinker; and let's have a glass together after your adventures in the military world.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

With all my heart, Fenman. And now do you tell us something of what is going on in the world of science.

FENMAN.

England has done her part well, lately. Murchison's Geology, and Faraday's Experiments in Physics, have made two great additions to science in about as many months.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I am glad that this country has confirmed the honours of Russia in respect to the *savant* whom you first mentioned.

"He won them well, and may he wear them long."

A distinguished friend of mine has favoured me with copies of an ode

on him, and of a lay on Faraday's remarkable experiments on the sun-beam, by which he has identified electricity and light. I will repeat to you the *Encomium Murchisonianum* first.

Who first survey'd the Russian states ?
And made the great Azoic dates ?
And work'd the Scandinavian slates ?
Sir Roderick.

Who calculated Nature's shocks ?
And proved the low Silurian rocks
Detritus of more ancient blocks ?
Sir Roderick.

Who knows of what all rocks consist ?
And sees his way, where all is mist,
About the Metamorphic schist ?
Sir Roderick.

Who draws distinctions clear and nice
Between the old and newer Gneiss ?
And talks no nonsense about ice ?
Sir Roderick.

Let others, then, their stand maintain,
Work all for glory, nought for gain,
And each find faults, but none complain,
Sir Roderick :

Let Sedgwick say how things began,
Defend the old Creation plan,
And smash the new one,—if he can,—
Sir Roderick :

Let Buckland set the land to rights,
Find meat in peas, and starch in blights,
And future food in coprolites,
Sir Roderick :

Let Agassiz appreciate tails,
And like the Virgin hold the scales,
And Owen draw the teeth of whales,
Sir Roderick :

Take thou thy orders hard to spell,
And titles more than man can tell,—
I wish all such were earn'd as well,—
Sir Roderick.

GRIMGIBBER.

Very creditable, both to the author and the object. I think you said it was Russian !

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Russian ? no ! Do you think a Russian would have passed a sneer upon his own orthography ? They are as proud of their dissonant consonants as an Irish editor is of his unpronounceable spelling. One of those new Celtic lights who write "*Grammachree*" as "*Gradh mo chroidhe*," and think that they do the national by showing the badness either of the spelling or the speaking.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Come, come, keep away from our parts of speech, and give us the other poem.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

It is entitled "The Complaint of an abused Sunbeam against Dr. Faraday."

You 've heard how Alexis electrified London,
And Elliotson doctor'd the Misses O'Key ;
How Wheatstone's expresses have time and space undone ;
Finally, Faraday's magnetized me.

Mercury, iodine, acids had all but
Made me as lank and as latent as Heat ;
And I fondly imagined that Moser and Talbot
Had fix'd my conditions, and made me complete.

So I sped from the skies, in my radiance brightening,
As free as I moved on the morn of my birth ;
When, just as old Franklin maltreated the lightning,
Did Faraday lower and link me to earth.

Attracting, repelling, he went on and on, 'stead
Of passing me free to my regular goal,
Till at last I inclined, like the heiress of Wanstead,
With a quivering tremor, and turn'd to the *Pole*.

And now I'm converted—the Whitechapel Sheenies
Who stick to their faith are far better than I :
I'm a sort of Sir Lopez Manasseh Ximenes,
A physical fiction whose day is gone by.

Dishonour'd in England, where never a ray shone
Except to be analyzed fifty times o'er ;
I'll fly to the clime of the right generation,
Where Magi revered me, and Guebres adore.

I'll go to the East, where I'll build a Kiosque, of which
All the high-priests shall have nothing to do ;
So I'll be safe from Mosotti and Boscowitch,
Possibly safe against Faraday too.

Or else to old Ireland—for Eastern bloods run there—
And undulate free as the quavers of Hullah ;
Since Science is more at a discount than fun there ;
And trust to the mercies of Lloyd and Maccullagh.

So you my susceptible sisters in —*icity*,
And you my dear brothers galvanic in —*ism*,
Would you retain independent felicity,
Steer clear of the Doctor, and fly from his prism.

Else, sure as gun, he'll go off to assail ye, as
Convertible forces to change at his call ;
And Matter himself must look out for an *alias*,
Or he'll end in becoming no matter at all.

GRINGIBBER.

Unless you mean to sit here to try an experiment on to-morrow's sunbeams, we ought to adjourn.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Not so fast ; the punch-bowl is not empty yet. Here's enough for glasses round.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Ladle it out, then, while I give a toast and a parting ditty.

SONG BY CLIVE, "OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING."

The winds were made for blowing, boys,
 The clouds were made for raining ;
 The streams were made for flowing, boys,
 And bowls were made for draining.
 'Tis bad to try a speech or song,
 And fail to give the whole out ;
 But 'tis a greater social wrong
 To fail to drink your bowl out.
 Fill, fill, my boys, once more,
 Ere we try retreating,
 One long last libation pour
 To our next merry meeting.

There 's not a gleam of life's delight
 But 's purchased by a sorrow ;
 The eye that brightest beams to-night
 May lour the worst to-morrow.
 Wealth, knowledge, power, are little worth
 Their price of toil and quarrel,
 And oh, the deadliest leaf on earth
 Is aye the leaf of laurel.
 Fill, fill, my boys, once more,
 Ere we try retreating ;
 One long last libation pour
 To our next merry meeting.

Oh, where is he that does not know
 The pang of loving blindly ;
 The self-contempt, the jealous woe,
 E'en when she meets you kindly.
 And where is he that has not proved
 The pang that still is stronger,
 Of being by another loved,
 Whom you can love no longer ?
 Fill, fill, my boys, once more,
 Ere we try retreating ;
 One long last libation pour
 To our next merry meeting.

Since pleasure then by pain is bought,
 At least life's lightest part take :
 The headache from the bowl that 's caught
 Is better than the heart-ache.
 He lives the best, with open breast
 Who welcomes joy the longest,
 And 'gainst each ill with iron will
 Collects himself the strongest.
 Fill, fill, my boys, once more,
 Ere we try retreating ;
 One long last libation pour
 To our next merry meeting.

POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

No. I.—THE GENT.

1. *Of the Gent generally.*

THE species of the human race to the consideration of which we are about to draw the attention of the reader is comparatively of late creation,—that is to say, it has sprung from the original rude untutored man by combinations of chance and cultivation; in the same manner as the later variety of fancy pippins have been produced, by the devices of artful market-gardeners, from the original stock wild crab of the hedges. And the fashion which Gents have of occasionally addressing one another as “my pippin” favours this analogy.

After much diligent investigation, we find no mention made of the Gent in the writings of authors who flourished antecedent to the last ten years. In the older works, we meet with “bucks” and “gay blades,” with “pretty fellows,” and, later, with “men upon town,” “swells,” and “knowing coves;” but the pure Gent comes not under any of these orders. He was evidently not known in these times; he is scarcely understood now so widely as we could wish; although we are, at times, rejoiced to see a proper appreciation of his real character stealing abroad. He is evidently the result of a variety of our present condition of society,—that constant struggle to appear something more than we in reality are, which characterizes everybody at this time, both in their public and private phases. Some two or three years ago we attacked the Gents in *Punch*, and we would fain hope that we effected at that time some little good. But it was rather a skirmish than an onslaught; and now, with increased experience, we return to the charge.

Our attention was first called to the Gents in the following manner. We were in the habit of occasionally coming into contact with certain individuals, who, when they spoke of their acquaintances, were accustomed to say, “I know a Gent,” or, “a Gent told me;”—never by any good luck did we hear them speak of Gentlemen. It occurred that we chanced, on future occasions, to see one or two of these “Gents” alluded to. The first ever pointed out to us was driving in a gig, with his hat a little on one side, and a staring shawl round his neck. He was also smoking a cigar. Another time we met one in the streets. He wore large check trowsers of the true light-comedian pattern, which appeared to have been made expressly for Mr. Walter Lacy or Mr. Wright. He had a little short stick, of no earthly use, with a horse’s silver hoof on the top of it, which he kept to his lips always, and he also patronized the staring shawl and cigar. And we met a third in the boxes at one of the theatres, whither he had come in the full-dress of a light-blue stock, and cleaned white gloves re-dirtied. We knew they had been cleaned: they exhaled a faint camphine odour, as he put his hand on the brass rail and leant over us; and there was none of that sharpness of outline in their dirt which new gloves evince. It was denser, cloudier, more universal; and the knuckles and nails were remarkably so. This Gent also had a little

stick. He lighted a cigar at the lobby-lamp on leaving the house, and pulled a staring shawl out of his hat, as he whistled an air from one of the burlesques. He went over to the Albion, the room of which was quite full, and, after standing in the centre for a few seconds, tapping his teeth with his stick, whilst his left hand was thrust into the hinder pocket of his coat, dragged round to his hip; apparently disgusted at not creating any sensation, he turned round on his heel, and, crossing Covent Garden, ultimately dived into Evans's.

Then we thought that the "Gents" must be a race by themselves, which social naturalists had overlooked, deserving some attention; and we determined to study their habits, and allot to them a certain position, which at that time they did not appear to have. So, as the homely observations of the Rev. Gilbert White and Mr. Jesse have added much to the truths of Linnæus, Cuvier, Buffon, and other great naturalists, do we hope that we also may contribute a few physiological facts to what has been already put forth about the human race by the most celebrated writers upon that portion of the animal kingdom.

2. *Of the chief outward characteristics of the Gent.*

One has only to look into the advertisements of cheap tailors and the windows of ticketed shops, to form a very good notion of the principal marks by which the Gent may be distinguished.

It should be borne in mind that the main object of the Gent is, to assume a position which he conceives to be superior to his own. Now this, he fancies, is in a great measure accomplished by out-of-the-way clothes—a mark of superiority which has the advantage of requiring but a small outlay of intellect;—and cunning manufacturers invent things on purpose to suit this taste, as the men of Manchester export gay-coloured, large-figured patterns for the negroes. For him the cheap tailor announces the "Gent's Vest," which is the Hebrew for "snob's waistcoat," as patronized by the nobility. To his choice alone does the ready-made shoemaker appeal in the short fancy Alberts, labelled "The Fashion." If you are accustomed to derive a little gratuitous entertainment from shop-windows, as you go along the streets, you will see in the shops the funniest things, meant for the Gents, that it is possible to conceive. The most favourite style of *chaussure* is a species of cloth boot with a shiny leather toe; and down the front there is a close row of little mother-of-pearl shirt-buttons—not for any purpose, for they are simply sewn on, the real method of fastening on the *brodequin* being by the humble lace and tag at the side. But it is with the haberdashers that the toilet of the Gent comes out strongest. You will see "Gents' Dress Kid" ticketed in the window. Be sure these are large-sized, awkwardly-cut, yellow kid gloves, at one-and-sixpence. The tint is evidently a weakness with the Gents, and the merchants, lacking discrimination, believe that the predisposition is general. We will wager a dozen pairs of them, that you never went into one of these establishments, and, simply and decidedly demanded a pair of white kid gloves, but you were immediately asked "if you would not prefer straw-coloured." And then the stocks—what rainbows of cravats they form! Blue always the favourite colour; blue with gold sprigs! blue with a crimson floss silk flower! And if they are black, they are fashioned into quaint conceits. Frills of black satin down the front, or bands of the same article looking like an imitation of crimped skate; or studs of jet cut

into all manner of facets, as if the Gent wore a black satin shirt, and that was where it fastened. And the white stocks are more fanciful still; — they are not very popular in their simple form. The Gents know that they cannot help looking like waiters when thus dressed, and so a little illegitimate finery is necessary to get a sell; hence they have lace ends, like the stamped papers from the top of *bonbon* and French plum boxes. And the effect in society is very fine.

In his outward garments, the Gent allows no limit to variations of the received style. Those alone who have studied the "Gent's Fashions" for many years can call them to mind. It is for the Gents that we see those *tableaux* displayed in tailors' shops, of many distinguished individuals walking about in Trafalgar Square, or before the Colosseum, or in Hyde Park, conversing on general topics with much courtesy and politeness. Observe their fashionably-shaped hats; their Lilliputian boots and tiny gloves. Their choice of colours, too, is remarkable. Some have light green trowsers, fitting without a wrinkle, and chocolate-coloured surtouts; others are walking abroad in full evening costume, puce-tail coat and black tights, or addressing polite speeches to fashionably attired Young Gents, who are standing, in an attitude, with a hoop; — and all seem desirous of making an impression by their elegant demeanour, for their positions are evidently the result of much study, the greater part having one arm elevated, and the palm open, with the air of a conjuror when he says, "You will perceive I have nothing in my hand." Of the same family as these Gents are the fashionable loungers in pantomimes, who walk about with the distinguished females in the scanty cloaks trimmed with ermine; and the lovers in the blue coats and white trowsers on the sixpenny valentines, who direct the attention of the adored one to the distant village church.

By these tokens, including always the staring shawl, you may know the Gent when you see him, even if you met him on the top of Mont Blanc — a place, however, where you are not very likely to encounter him. He prefers Windmill Hill.

Gents occasionally speak of their general get up, as *the ticket*—the term possibly being used in allusion to the badge which distinguished their various articles of dress when exposed for sale. And in writing these, the evident leaning of the Gents towards distinguished associations is apparent. A great coat must be a "Chesterfield," a "Taglioni," or a "Codrington;" a little rag of coloured silk for the neck is called a "Byron Tie," and so on. If the things are not dignified by these terms the Gent does not think much of them. And apropos of Taglioni—it is for the Gents to buy, that those dreary pictures of the Pets of the Ballet, and coloured lithographs of housemaids cleaning steps; and women, with large black dots of eyes and heavy ringlets, trying on shoes, are published. One was very popular; it represented a young lady, something between a hair-dresser's dummy and a barmaid, with a man's coat and hat on. She was looking through an eyeglass at the top of a whip, and underneath was written "damme!" why, or wherefore, or in what relation to the singular mode of toilet she had adopted, we never could rightly make out. But the Gents seemed to know all about it, and bought the picture furiously.

And, finally, the grand mark of the Gent is, the *al fresco* cigar, the roof of the omnibus, or the paddle of the steamboat being his most favourite perch. But to this we may allude presently.

3. *Of the usual Department of Gents.*

Although the Gent is seen under various aspects in social life, yet his attributes are inherently the same, and adopting the style of the "Pluck Papers," we will thus describe him; taking that phase first under which he is most frequently beheld—at a supper tavern.

The Gent at Evans's. He walketh six abreast along the piazza, singing a negro air in chorus; and perchance danceth a lively measure to the *refrain*. On entering the room he goeth to the upper end thereof, and having greeted the singers with a wink, calleth out "Charles!" no response being made by the waiter, he rappeth with his stick upon the table until the peppercaster falleth on the floor, for which unseemly conduct Evans mildly reproveth him. He taketh a sight at Evans in return, when he can do so unobserved, and calleth "Henry!" Being served, he saith to the funny singer, "How are you old fellow?" and presseth him to partake of his grog. He proffereth a prayer that the funny singer will oblige him with a particular song. The funny singer complieth, and the Gent singeth the chorus, prolonging it far beyond the proper length, to the indignation of Evans. At its conclusion his animal spirits and enthusiastic approbation impel him to call out "Bravo Rouse," which promoteth political dissension amongst the guests. Evans telleth him "that he cannot have the harmony of the room disturbed by one individual," a sentiment which the Gent applaudeth lustily, and ordereth more champagne, which he drinketh with the singers from a tankard. The wrath of Evans is in a measure appeased. The Gent joineth in a glee at the wrong time, but turneth away wrath by buying a copy of it when finished. He ordereth more champagne, and believeth that he is taken by the room for a Lord about Town. He saith he hath a pony that he will back against any other to do every thing. He talketh of actresses and winketh mysteriously. He telleth the funny singer that if he will come and see him at his little place in the city, he will put him up to a thing or two. At last he getteth troublesome, and is coaxed away by his companions. The next morning he saith what a spree he had.

The Gent in the open air. It is not in the most popular lounging thoroughfares of the West End, such as Regent Street, the Burlington Arcade, or Piccadilly, that the Gents are to be often encountered in the day time. The majority of them have evidently occupations which keep them in somewhere until four or five o'clock, so that they never come out in their full force until dusk, except on holidays; and then the short steamboats are the best places to find them. In fine weather they discard the staring shawl for a blue handkerchief with white spots, and then they provide themselves with a cigar, a bottle of stout, and a Sunday paper; and from the edge of the paddle-box, or from the top of the cabin, defy the world. You can find out their locality by the vapour from the cigar, as the smoke which so gracefully curled showed the author of the Woodpecker that he was in the vicinity of a cottage. If you cannot discover them by this sign, you must look out for their studs; they have a great idea of studs, which you will find glittering in the sun, usually like blue raspberries. If by chance they wear a long stock, then they have two pins and a chain; but such pins! and such a chain!—you can never see anything like them, unless you go to the Lowther Arcade; and there, amongst those wondrous collections of ornamental and useful articles which strew that

thoroughfare; for all the houses appear to have turned themselves, and their contents, out of window; you will find the fellows; meant, however, if we mistake not, for the back plaits of ladies' hair. And this reminds us, that the Lowther Arcade is a favourite lounge with the Gents; it is possibly, from the glittering stores here displayed, that they acquire their taste for jewellery. The Lowther Arcade is to the men in the city chambers what the Burlington is to the denizens of the Albany; it is, as it were, the frontier between the two hemispheres of London life; to which position it lays some claim, inasmuch as when very crowded, a personal examination of effects sometimes takes place on passing it. And great is the throng here of an afternoon; principally composed of Gents and seedy Foreigners, walking up an appetite for the incomprehensible *carte* of Berthollini; or a doubtful cross between these two varieties of the human species, found, upon investigation, to be attached to billiard tables. Here they walk up and down for hours, loading the air with the products of combustion from their cheap cigars; puffing the smoke into every bonnet they meet; or standing at the entrance with a whip in their hands, as though they had just got off their horse, and were keeping an appointment. But in reality they have no horse, nor do they expect anybody.

There are several loungers, at this part of town, who belong neither to the race of Gents nor Foreigners, and certainly are not military, although they evidently wish to be considered so, to whom we may briefly allude, for they partake, in a slight degree, of the characteristics of the former. They wear mustachios and curious frock coats; sometimes with dabs of braid about them. Their hair is wiry and dark, and they are constantly arranging it with their hands. Sometimes they are seen with spurs; occasionally they carry a black cane, shouldered like a gun—twisted round their arm, with its head in their pocket—held upside down—in any way but the normal one. Day after day, when it is fine; nay, year after year, there they are,—true *batteurs de pavé*. You may follow them for hours, and you will never see them speak to, or recognized by any body, they do not even commune with each other; nobody knows them; they belong to no club, and are never seen anywhere else. And it is remarkable that, like butterflies, you only come across them in bright weather. Where they go to at other times we cannot tell; we shall never be able to do so until we have solved two other similar enigmas, with respect to pins and blue-bottles; and their ultimate destination is, to our thinking, the greatest marvel of the present day. For the corpses of the latter, found in grocers' windows, and the rusty remains of the former discovered between boards, bear no comparison to the numbers that have existed. Their disappearance is as remarkable as the generation of the fine woolly substance you find in the corner of your waistcoat pocket, where you have only kept a pencil-case and eye-glass. But this by the way.

The Gent, as we have said, loves the roof of an omnibus—literally the roof. He rejoices when he finds that the box is full, and he is obliged to perch there; for his mind appears to be brightened by his position, and many eccentricities are induced. He nods to other passengers who pass, in a familiar manner, causing them to puzzle themselves almost into insanity during the remainder of the day in endeavours to recollect who he could have been. He winks at the elder pupils of the promenading Hammersmith academies, if on their road; and tells old ladies when they get out to go away, to give his love at

home, and that he will be sure and write to them. He also has a cigar here, and he offers one to the coachman and other passengers. Before stages were exterminated, the Gent preferred the box; indeed he felt in a measure degraded if he could not get it; for there it was that the cigar and shawl came out to the best advantage; and when the coachman got down he could hold the reins and whip in the proper manner, and shew people that he was perfectly used to such a thing; and for aught they could tell, might have a four-in-hand of his own.

The Gent at public places.—The theatre is a favourite resort of the Gent, and half-price to the boxes his usual plan of patronizing it, more especially when there is a ballet. Of the different parts of the house, he prefers the slips. If you are seated opposite, you will see him come in about nine o'clock, and leaving the panel door open, he stands on the seat with his hands in his pockets, his stick under his arm, and thus makes his observations. Presently getting disgusted at the want of respect shown to him by an old gentleman in front, who is watching the performance most intently with his head reclining on his arms, which are again supported by the rail, and who requests that he will have the goodness to shut the door, the Gent walks grandly away, and goes round to the other side, evidently conceiving that his dignity has been hurt. Here the same process of observation is repeated; and if the Gent sees a pretty girl in a private box, he stares unflinchingly at her, until he thinks he has made an impression. And this is a strange lunatic notion with Gents of every degree: they believe they have powers to fascinate every female upon whom they cast their eyes, never thinking of the utter contempt always excited by such obtrusiveness on the part of an entire stranger. In that paradise of the Gents, the shilling part of the promenade concerts, this is their common practice; and, whilst they conceive they are 'doing it—rather,' in their railway trowsers and dazzling stocks, they totally forget that a true *flaneur* would appear in something like evening costume, although he might not altogether adopt the extreme *rigueur*.

4. *Of the Gents viewed with respect to their extinction.*

If any influential member, bent upon being of service to his country, would bring in a bill for "the Total Repeal of the Gents," he would confer the greatest benefit on society; for, until they are entirely knocked on the head, our public amusements can never be conducted with the propriety which distinguishes those of Paris. We believe, with sorrow, that this offensive race of individuals is peculiar to our country: we know of no foreign type answering to them. If persons establishing resorts where they mostly congregate, could take out an assurance against Gents, as well as against fire, what a blessing it would be!

Doudney, Moses, and Prew! patrons as ye are of literature generally, and poets especially, by whose influence the taste of the Gents is in some measure guided, help us to effect some little reform. Do not, we beseech you, allow your emblazoned window-tickets to lead this wretched race into such strange ideas respecting the "fashions," as they are wont to indulge in. Abolish all those little pasteboard scutcheons which point out your gaudy fabrics as "Novel," "The Style," "Splendid," "The Thing," "Parisian," and the like; cut their waistcoats, in charity, as if you intended them for gentlemen, instead of Gents. Reform your own bills, and appeal not to their

sympathies with such wild innovations; and persuade the literary Gent who writes those charming little *brochures* about your establishments—whispered to be the author of “The New Timon,”—which are presented gratuitously with the magazines, to lead the minds of the Gents into another channel; that they may no longer imagine the usual method of dressing, of an acknowledged leader of fashion, to be in a puckered six-and-three-penny blouse, with braid round the pockets—for such is the garment that bears his name—a rainbow-tinted stock, drugget-pattern trowsers, and nine-and-six-penny broad-brimmed hats. Do this, and send all your present stock to America.

Editors of Sporting Papers! assist the good work with your able pens, by never allowing the term “Sporting Gent!” to appear in your columns whether he undertakes to drive a pony to death; match his dog to be torn to pieces last in a struggle; or advance a pecuniary inducement for two savages to pummel each other’s heads to jelly. Did you ever see a “Sporting Gent?” You must have done so: and you have noted his coarse hands, his flattened fingers, and dubby nails; his common green coat, his slang handkerchief, and his low hat; his dreary conversation, entirely confined to wire-drawn accounts of wagers he has won, and matches he can make for anything. Never give him a chance of attaining publicity and he will go out and disappear altogether, leaving the coast clear for Gentlemen.

We are not altogether without a hope that, by strong and energetic measures, the Gents may be put down—this would lead to a real “improved condition of the people” much to be desired. A Court of Propriety might be established at which Gents could be convicted of misdemeanours against what is usually considered *comme-il-faut*. And punishments might be awarded proportionate to the nature of the offence. For a heavy one, a Gent might be transported for fourteen months into good society, where he would be especially wretched; for a light one, he might enter into heavy recognizances not to smoke cigars on omnibuses or steamers, not to wear anything but quiet colours, not to say he knew actresses, and not to whistle when he entered a tavern, or laugh loudly at nothing with his fellows when ensconced in his box there, for any time not exceeding the same period. A Court of Requests would be of no use; for it is of little avail requesting the Gents to do anything; compulsion alone would reform them.

We trust the day will come—albeit, we feel it will not be in our time—when the Gent will be an extinct species; his “effigies,” as the old illustrated books have it, being alone preserved in museums. And then this treatise may be regarded as the zoological papers are now, which treat of the Dodo: and the hieroglyphics of coaches and horses, pheasants, foxes heads, and sporting dogs, found on the huge white buttons of his wrapper, will be regarded with as much curiosity, and possibly will give rise to as much discussion and investigation as the ibises and scarabæi in the Egyptian Room of the British Museum. We hope it may be so.

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTING.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"ART thou going hence, mine only one ! a wand'rer from thine home,
In the land of the stranger far away, where hopeless thou wilt roam ;
To forget the spot thou hast never left, from childhood until now,
And change the light of thy sunny glance for a worn and shaded brow.

"Is affection mute, that the voice of love can no more charm thine ear ?
Hath the heart grown cold that once would melt at sight of a mother's tear ?
Are there no glad thoughts to win thee back to sunshine and to joy !
Oh, answer the burning wish of mine, and bless me still, my boy !"

"Mother, my soul is sorrowful, and though I cannot weep,
There 's a grief within beyond all tears, more lasting and more deep !
This morn, my latest with thee here, a blissful dream awoke,
But ev'ry chord that hail'd it then—this eve has well nigh broke !

"For the words thou speakest pierce me through, and I am yet the child,
Who cradled on thy bosom lay, and smiled when thou hast smiled !
A reed that ev'ry wind could bend, but shelter'd by thy form,
Grew stronger with each passing year, and hath survived the storm !

"Through the veil that clouds my spirit now, I cling in love to thee,
Nor less when glory calls me hence, to climes beyond the sea !
Oh, mother ! wouldst thou have me stay, my ev'ry hope to yield,
And sheathe the sword my father won from many a blood-stain'd field ?"

"Alas ! my child, thou hast the blade thy gallant father wore ;
It was the latest charge to me, of him thou 'lt see no more.
But thou hast *not* his arm of strength, the firm and stalwart frame,
That led him on to danger's brink, and gain'd the wreath of fame !

"I know thee well, mine only one ; for I have mark'd thee rise
With ev'ry sun that brightest shone, and droop 'neath wintry skies.
Thou wert not made to deal with strife, so gentle and so good :—
Rest, rest thee, then, nor leave me thus to grieve in solitude !"—

"I know my arm is weak ; but there 's a power within my heart
That shall, in time of greatest need, a giant's might impart.
The thought of *thee* would nerve me too, if other aid were gone ;
And, mother, thou shalt never live to curse a coward son !

"No,—'tis the will of heav'n ! Methinks my sire had died to see
A child desert his country's cause, and shame both him and thee !
Let me depart—night draws apace—the sails begin to swell—
Weep not, but bless me with a smile—sweet mother, fare thee well !"

THE LAST PARTING.

Sing me again that pleasant song,—it soothes my wearied head,
And ev'ry tone awakes a thought of joyous seasons fled !
Throw wide the lattice, mother dear ; the summer skies are clear,
And the breeze of heav'n doth whisper love, while softly waul'd'ring here !

Sweet is the strain ! I knew it well before I left thy side,
 When the glow of health was on my cheek, and my heart was still untried ;
 And it cheer'd my drooping spirits oft in the land from whence I come,
 A crush'd and wither'd flower of thine,—to die in my childhood's home !

The music of the birds without,—the breeze that stirs the bough,—
 The fragrance of a thousand sweets, that cools my fev'rish brow,—
 The distant lowing of the kine,—the shepherd's tuneful reed,
 Restore to me my infancy, when earth seem'd bright indeed !

'Twas such a day as this I left thee, mother, and became
 A pilgrim in a far off land, in search of wealth and fame.
 Vain hopes !—a few brief months alone could tinge them with decay,
 And the first rude gale of winter saw the green leaf fall away !

And then, when thoughts of *thee* would come, my heart was like to break ;
 With bitter tears I pray'd on high, to spare me for thy sake,
 And give me strength to greet once more the mother I forsook,
 To hear her voice, then sink to rest, with one forgiving look !

And, glory to the Lord of All ! I see thee once again,
 And thou wilt lay me in the earth, when I shall pass from pain
 Nay, weep not, mother, we shall meet, where dimless and serene,
 No care can shade the heav'n's expanse, nor sorrow intervene !

I dream'd last night that we were there, and journey'd hand in hand,
 The mother and her child, amidst a bright angelic band ;
 And like the rainbow's arch on high their wings resplendent shone,
 As from their golden harps arose a more than mortal tone !

And many a friend we knew below, methought I still could trace,
 Through the majesty of holiness impress'd upon each face ;
 And one whose mien of loveliness o'erawed me, seem'd to wear
 The semblance, aye, the very smile, that graced my father here !

I strove to speak ; but language fail'd—and as I tried to gain
 The spirit's robe, sleep pass'd from me,—and I awoke to pain ;
 To find thee at my side, mother, thy meek glance raised above,
 And a pray'r upon thy pallid lips to him who tried thy love !

Cling closer still to me, mother, and kiss me ere I go,
 For the summoner is drawing near, his noiseless step I know ;
 Mine eyes though dim are fix'd on thee ; their latest look is thine.
 Now let me slumber in thine arms. Farewell, sweet mother mine !





FRANCIS, M. HOWLAND

London, 1784

FLORA MACDONALD.

THE HEROINE OF THE REBELLION OF 1745.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

It is now quite a hundred years since the disastrous issue of the battle of Culloden struck down the last hopes of the young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward, and dispersed his adherents, never again to meet together, or to appear in arms in his cause. We have now arrived at the time when we can afford to do justice to the principle which prompted that bold adventure, and can express unblamed our admiration of the heroic fidelity of many of his followers. It may be affirmed plainly in these days; without any fear of an imputation upon one's loyalty, that there never was a cause, brought to the arbitrament of battle and named rebellion, that had so much to plead in its defence as that which incited the risings in behalf of the exiled Royal family of Stuart. It has often been a matter of great surprise to us that no one had given the public a collective biography of the personages who took a leading part in the important and interesting events of 1715 and 1745. This historical want, however, has been recently supplied by Mrs. Thomson, in her *Lives of the Jacobites*. When it is borne in mind that a century has elapsed since these personages disappeared from the scene, and that men, reputed rebels, are seldom careful to preserve such documents as, if discovered, might prate of their whereabouts, or disclose their designs, the diligent labour and anxious research which a conscientious historian must exercise in the preparation of memoirs of the chief actors concerned, will be readily imagined.

Mrs. Thomson, in the prosecution of her congenial task, has permitted no toil, and omitted no occasion of gathering all the materials that could possibly be collected; and her preface is filled with acknowledgments of the valuable information that has been tendered her by many of the descendants of the principal characters who figure in her biography.

But in no instance are the results of persevering inquiry more conspicuously shown than in the life of Flora Macdonald. In 1773, when Dr. Johnson, in company with Boswell, visited "our heroine"—(we use the phrase with a more than ordinary sense of its fitness) he listened to her recital with "placid attention," and said, "All this should be written down." Boswell, who had a quick ear for suggestions of this kind, having accustomed himself to "write down" the minutest trifles that tended to "bring out" his hero, "upon this hint spake" to Flora, and got from her the narration a second time, which, no doubt, he faithfully put on paper, and which he has printed. It is not a little remarkable that Boswell's power (and he had great power) of educing the traits of individual character, in this instance either signally failed, or was not brought into requisition. Perhaps the "plain, heroic, magnitude of mind" of his illustrious friend absorbed all his faculties of admiration and attention. Johnson could, better than any other man,

colloquially project his mind out of himself; and he gave occasion for the "short-hand writer's reports," a labour Boswell delighted in, and which in his case "physicked pain." But Flora Macdonald, probably, was beyond or above his comprehension. He could not understand that noble modesty which constrained her to withhold all that it would have been most interesting to hear; and a reference to his own vanity, (which it is impossible he could think of by such a name,) led him most confidently to the belief that all Flora told was all she could tell. The result is, the narration he has given us is brief and bald. He does not even tell us the family from which Flora derived her name. Forty years before, she had been called, in two works purporting to give an account of the escape of Prince Charles Edward, "a poor peasant girl," and a young lady, "Miss Flora Macdonald, travelling on horseback in a rich riding habit." For aught Boswell tells us to the contrary, she might have been "whichever you please."

It is not our purpose to do in our imperfect manner what Mrs. Thomson has accomplished so well; but it will be as well to give one or two evidences of Flora's character, which may confer an interest even if they do not reflect a lustre upon her portrait. But first we must avail ourselves of Mrs. Thomson's description of this lady.

"Her disposition, notwithstanding all her subsequent display of courage, was extremely mild; and her manners corresponded to her temper. Her complexion was fair, and her figure, small as it was, was well proportioned. In the more advanced period of her life, Boswell, who with Dr. Johnson visited her, characterized her person and deportment as 'genteel.' There was nothing unfeminine either in her form or in her manners, which could detract from the charm of her great natural vivacity, or give a tone of hardness to her strong good sense, her calm judgment, and power of decision. Her voice was sweet and low; the harsher accents of the Scottish tongue were not to be detected in her discourse; and she spoke, as Bishop Forbes relates, 'English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Erse tone.' In all the varied circumstances of her life, she manifested a perfect modesty and propriety of behaviour, coupled with that noble simplicity of character, which led her to regard with surprise the tributes which were afterwards paid to her conduct, and to express her conviction that far too much value was placed upon what she deemed merely an act of common humanity."

After the fatal battle of Culloden, Prince Charles Edward, having undergone many vicissitudes, privations, and dangers, landed in the Long Island, one of the Western Isles of Scotland; and it was here that he was first brought in communication with Flora Macdonald. This young lady was born in the Island of South Uist, and was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton. It does not appear that she had received a very liberal education; but her early youth had been passed in the more cultivated Island of Skye, and her mind had been formed, not among the rude or uncultivated, but among those who appreciated letters; and the influence of such an advantage in elevating and strengthening the character must be taken into account in forming a due estimation of her heroic qualities.

At the time of the Prince's landing on the Long Island, Flora, then on a visit to her step-brother, was calmly engaged in the common

diurnal duties of her sex and station ; but she had adopted and cherished the heated Jacobite principles of her countrymen, and was prepared to lend an ear to Captain O'Neil, a gallant and devoted follower of the young Chevalier, who had made her acquaintance, and, it is said, paid his addresses to her. Charles Edward was then in his utmost need ; cruising along the shores of the Long Island, until pursued by French ships, he was obliged to land, happily for himself, on the Island of Benbecula, between North and South Uist. Here he parted with all his followers except O'Neil, and took refuge in a shealing, or hut, belonging to Angus Macdonald, the brother of his future deliverer.

It was in this extremity, when Charles Edward was hemmed in and almost hunted down by the English militia, a large sum being set upon his head, with the chance of death to any that harboured him, (and the King showed little mercy to the "rebels," or those who assisted in their escape,) that O'Neil proposed to her, to take the Prince with her to Skye, disguised in woman's clothes. This proposition appeared to Flora so "fantastical and dangerous," that she positively declined it. "A Macdonald, a Macleod, a Campbell militia were," she observed, "in South Uist in quest of the Prince ; a guard was posted at every ferry ; every boat was seized ; no person could leave the Long Island without a passport ; and the channel between Uist and Skye was covered with ships of war." O'Neil then told her, he had brought a friend to see her. "Is it the Prince?" she inquired in some agitation. O'Neil took her hand and brought her into the shealing. Here the sight of the Prince, exhausted, emaciated, and squalid, so touched her heart that her firmness yielded, or rather the sense of the dangers to be overcome in this adventure vanished from her thoughts ; and being reminded of the honour and immortal fame which would redound from so glorious an action, and assured by the Prince that he should ever retain a grateful recollection of "so conspicuous a service," she consented, telling O'Neil he should hear from her on the following day.

On leaving the Prince, Flora was arrested by one of the militia, and made prisoner for the night ; but on the next morning was enlarged by the Captain who was her step-father, who, unconscious of the serious deceit she was about to practice upon him, granted her a passport for herself, her servant, and one *Betty Burke, an Irishwoman*, whom her stepfather, Macdonald of Armidale, very innocently recommended to his wife as an excellent spinster ; that worthy house-wife having much lint to spin. It was late in the afternoon of the following day before Flora could despatch a message telling her friends that "all was well."

On obtaining her liberty, Flora went to Ormaclade, where Lady Clanronald resided, a lady as deeply imbued with Jacobite principles as herself, and in whom she found an enthusiastic co-operator. Here she remained for several days, making arrangements for the complete disguise of the Prince.

Meanwhile, the Prince and O'Neil, having received the message that "all was well," prepared to reach the appointed place of meeting with Flora, which was Rossinish, in Benbecula, whence she was to conduct the Prince to Skye. This he at length effected safely, and almost miraculously. Near him was a guard of fifty men ; the island was filled

with militia, and the secret of his being there was known to many of the poor Islanders, whose sense of honour, however, was so true and native, that they never thought of betraying him. Here is the meeting.

Flora and Lady Clanronald "entered a hut, where they found this unfortunate descendant of an ill-fated race, preparing his own dinner. It consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, which he was turning upon a wooden spit. The compassion of the ladies was aroused by the sight; but Charles, as he bade them welcome to his humble repast, moralized on his fate. He observed, that all *Kings* would be benefited by such an ordeal as that which he had endured. His philosophy was seasoned by the hope of obtaining what he ever desired,—the hereditary monarchy which he believed to be his birthright. He observed, that the wretched to-day, may be happy to-morrow. At the dinner, Flora Macdonald sat on the right hand of the Prince, and Lady Clanronald on the left."

We must not tell how the Prince assumed his female apparel, what jokes were passed upon the costume of *Betty Burke*, in spite of the imminence of their situation, and how after many hair-breadth escapes and extreme perils, Flora effected the escape of the Prince to France. We give the parting. "He then turned to Flora Macdonald: 'I believe Madam,' he said, 'that I owe you a crown of borrowed money.' She answered in her literal and simple manner, 'It was only half a crown.' This sum the Prince paid her. He then saluted her, and said, 'Notwithstanding all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet.' In this calm, and apparently laconic manner, he bade Flora Macdonald adieu. But though fate did not permit Charles to testify his gratitude at St. James's, he is said never to have mentioned without a deep sense of his obligations the name of his young protectress."

The following stanza from "The lament of Flora Macdonald," is a true utterance of the sentiments she carried with her to the grave, with the passion of which, although not with the politics, everybody must sympathise.

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes of the bonnet o' blue;
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
 Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good,
 The crown of thy father is torn from thy brow!"

A LEGEND OF DUNMOW.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

TOURNEYS and jousts, in gorgeous lists, await
 At Castle Baynard the baronial great:
 The pomp of lineage and of feudal power,
 Of health the day-spring, and of youth the flower.
 'Twas in Matilda's name—Fitz-Walter's blood,
 Heir to his house, in bloom of womanhood;
 Matchless on earth, in heaven alone surpass'd,
 Of Walter's line the gentlest and the last.

In golden zones the courtly maidens lead,
 Each to her plighted lord, the accoutred steed.
 The clarion sounds, and from the mystic shell
 Of airy echo, strains barbaric swell.
 " *Largesse ! largesse !*" the mounted herald calls,
 And gold in showers on the arena falls :
 The Knight of Honour gives the attended sound,
 And bow the straining barriers to the ground.
 " *Aux dames loyauté !*" signal of advance,
 And crested Fortitude the cognizance :
 Beats then the heart's pulse, and a thousand eyes
 Concent'ring, mingle on the enterprise.

Spent were already three adventurous days,
 The joust, the banquet, and Provençal lays ;
 The fourth, th' Ascension, rose in lovelier gleam
 On knights untired, and chamberers' fairy dream.

'Twas th' Ascension, an unbidden knight,
 Of noble bearing, in full armour dight,
 Within the tilt-yard of the earl was seen,
 Disclosed but only by a lofty mien :
 Untold his kin, unsought his native shore,
 His port was gallant, and they know no more.

And now he enters the still open list,
 And seems to measure each antagonist.
 In subtlest art his casque and hauberk wrought,
 And lance and rest in strange devices fraught.
 Th' abrupt defiance wakes to fresh alarms,
 And finds response amid the crowd in arms.
 Moves forth the hardiest of Fitz-Walter's band,
 And front to front the new-found champions stand :
 Prompt is the onset—nerve with nerve is met ;
 Skill, skill encounters—all is doubtful yet.

Again they struggle, and th' assault again,
 By art and gallantry is rendered vain.
 Their blood grows hot, à *l'outrance* they contend,
 And man and horse the dusty conflict blend.
 The pride of Walter mantles with the doubt,
 And his eye traces the accomplished bout ;
 When, like some lofty pine by lightning strown,
 A lance is shivered, and a knight o'erthrown.
 Rent is the welkin with one deaf'ning cry,
 And mounts the generous verdict to the sky :
 Firm and erect upon the steaming sands,
 The stranger knight, the panting victor stands.

Unmarked by vaunt, he moves with gentle mien
 Before the dais of the Tourney queen :
 Mantles the blush, as o'er his bended crest
 The chain she threw, and his deserts confess'd.
 Thence rising he, the proffered hand he kiss'd,
 And as he came, so fled, the wondering list.

Amongst th' illustrious of the nation met,
 Was the liege lord himself, Plantagenet ;
 John, King of England, whose despotic hand
 Steep'd in dishonour his sequestered land ;
 That feudal King, of whom the lesser train
 Of feudal tyrants held their fealty reign ;
 To Henry false, to Cœur-de-Lion base,
 The scourge of England, craven of his race,
 Within whose guilty palace not a wall
 But bore some mystic writing of his fall.

Still to their liege bowed down the courtly ring,
 And dealt him homage worthy of a king.
 But froward he to all this incense shown,
 On Walter's peerless offspring gazed alone ;
 Her dazzling beauty, her majestic air,
 All lesser glimmerings surpassing there,
 Attracted, warmed, inflamed th' unholy breast
 Of the fell monarch, Baynard's fateful guest.

Closed was the scene, but ere the orb of day
 Had thrice accomplished his unerring way,
 Consigned had John to agency defiled,
 The prompt betrayal of Fitz-Walter's child :
 Tracked o'er the glebe, her unsuspecting path,
 Her wanderings, pastimes, her familiar hearth ;
 But from his lair the hireling blood-hound torn,
 To Ealdham's battlements is headless borne.

And now the bird of ill, with piercing cry,
 As of a drowning man, ascends the sky ;
 On Baynard's towers suspends its withering form,
 Or sits the presage of the coming storm.

Brief was the pause, and the infuriate liege
 Prepares on Walter his unnatural siege.
 Lined are the barbican and outward walls,
 And stout retainers crowd the Norman halls ;
 For the adherents of Fitz-Walter strove
 To pay in valour all they owed in love.
 For days the dread balista they withstood,
 Of famine patient, and the tide of blood ;
 The belfries topple o'er the heaving mines,
 And fails the buttress the beleaguered lines.
 Knit in one gallant knot, the scanty band
 In donjon keep, maintain their desperate stand :
 Hearts of the dead, the spirit of the slain,
 Live to inspire the arms which yet remain ;
 Still they dispute, till, man by man, the last
 On Walter's corse, a corse himself is cast.

E'en to the forest then Matilda fled,
 T' escape dishonor, far severer dread,
 Wide was the land, by bounteous nature blest,
 Yet scarce a span to yield the wanderer rest :
 From her razed home and scattered kindred driven,
 She snatched by stealth the very breath of heaven ;
 No meed to her vouchsafed the opening day,
 And e'en a trespass did it seem to pray.

Again 'twas bless'd Ascension ; but o'er cast,
 As though a sorrowing record of the last.
 With timid step her path Matilda leads
 From the close covert to the open meads ;
 'To breathe her secret orisons on high,
 Beneath th' eternal temple of the sky.
 Scarce had she risen from the bended knee,
 Clasping her crucifix in agony,
 When from the tangling clusters of the wood,
 Before her gaze a belted bowman stood :
 Strange was his garb ; but to her straining sight,
 The shadowy cast of Baynard's peerless knight :

The joust, the list, the struggle, and the test :
Her fatal charms, her sire's detested guest,
Like visions, passed with him, who bore away
The last and greatest signal of the day.

"Fear not," he cried,—“fear not the impious hand
Which sheds contagion o'er this prostrate land ;
Nor fear, fair lady, him who gazing now,
Seeks to renew his heaven-recorded vow :
Fear not, the church's interdicted John ;
The frank-pledge take of outlawed Huntingdon.
The solvout hour shall all his claims fulfill,
His oath redeem, and free th' imprisoned will.”

Now by the holy sacrament allied,
Fitz-Walter's child became the outlaw's bride :
Through weal and woe, the course of field and flood,
The wife and follower of Robin Hood.
Henceforth, how oft beheld, the Sherwood queen,
The purple humble to the Lincoln green :
To men proscribed, seemed Justice only known,
And from the Right Divine, Astræa flown.
True to the last ; but ah ! too near the last,
His days were numbered, his achievements past :
For him the wine of life was nearly run,
And the shrunk lees, one orbit of the sun,
At Kirkley's shrine the shriven outlaw bows,
Invokes the Virgin, consecrates his vows ;
And the famed Robin Hood, so late the awe
Of nobles, priests, the monarch, and the law,
Within the pilgrim's narrow home is laid,
E'en by the succour which he sought, betrayed.*

'Neath Dunmow's towers, her only refuge now,
The stricken widow pours her silent woe.
Nor patient, less. Bereavements had not sown
Her pilgrimage of time with tears alone ;
But taught the perils human joys impart,
To lull the conscience or betray the heart :
Patient she was, and from her chastening wrong,
Her faith grew wiser and her hope more strong.

Baffled desire had now resigned its state
In the king's bosom, to avenging hate ;
Kindred the passions that o'ersteeped a soul,
Nor Zembla cools, but burns beneath the pole.
With brave Medewe, a knight of Palestine,
The king confers, impatient of design ;
Confides a poisoned bracelet to his care,
And speeds the hope he trembles to declare.

"Go—go, Medewe !" the crafty monarch cries,
"Take my repentance, my atoning sighs ;
Thy friendship savoureth in the hour of need,
As trefoil scenteth in the murky mead.
To Walter's child bear you this bauble hence,
And with it, by the Rood, my penitence ;
And, as you bind it on her pallid skin,
Cry, 'John of England doth repent his sin.'"

Medewe, unconscious of the Lackland guile,
His path pursues to Dunmow's sacred pile.
But ah ! that faded form ! that stricken brow !
How sad to gaze on poor Matilda now !
Fitz-Walter's peerless child no more displays
In lustrous hue, one trace of happier days.
Still of descent the proud, uncancelled air ;
Unrazed the seal of noble lineage there.

* Robin Hood (as the story runs) came to Kirkley Abbey, in Yorkshire, and was there bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he had applied for phlebotomy.

The rough Medewe, howbeit unused to tears,
 Melts with the sorrows of recorded years ;
 Hears the wan cloisterer the page retrace,
 And joins his offerings at the throne of grace.

"Sweet saint!" he cries, "that penitential trust
 Knoweth that He, who is alone the Just,
 Is just and Merciful. Shall we not live,
 Ourselves forgiven, as we do forgive ?
 Th' atoning throes of England's monarch, hear !
 His deep humility, his contrite prayer,
 Who by remission here at mortal feet,
 May find a holier at the eternal seat."

Then on her arm he binds the deadly ring,
 In name of John Plantagenet, the king.

Rough was the homeward path, and to Medewe,
 Yet more heart-weary as he nearer drew ;
 Matilda's saintness, her heroic grace,
 Which wrongs had crushed not, time could not efface,
 Won the rough soldier to a gentler shrine,
 Than right of kings, more impious than divine.
 Treason was busy, and a strange unrest
 To honour keenest, filled the soldier's breast ;
 But at the beckoning of some warning might,
 Melted the gates of treason into light.

To John no more his rebel heart responds,
 And owns no fealty save Matilda's bonds,
 'Twas the third day, the very midnight hour,
 When brave Medewe regained the convent tower ;
 Kindled are tapers in the vaulted choir,
 Through the high lattice gleams the unwonted fire ;
 The *dies iræ*, and the *requiem* swell,
 And hearts too conscious point the deep-tongued bell.
 With dread forebodings grasped Medewe a torch,
 And, quivering, passed the consecrated porch.
 The *Miserere* and seraphic prayer
 Rise 'neath the roof, and wake their echoes there ;
 Mounts the rich incense, as the censer sways,
 And bears the acolyte the ritual vase.
 In holy sacrament the priests around,
 Bow the meek neck o'er the sepulchral ground.
 Stretched on a flowery bier, in death's array,
 The marble semblance of Matilda lay ;
 Her lurid arm the deadly fetter bound,
 Deep festering still within the purple wound ;
 But yet untouched that bust by mortal signs,
 The chiselled feature and proportioned lines ;
 As though too near of heaven for earthly taint,
 And o'er corruption rose the fleeting saint.

Deep in the wilds, in some o'ershadowed glen,
 Of thought unconscious, hid from fellow men,
 To whom distraught, the instinct of the hind,
 Or feathered millions, were immortal mind,
 Withers the form of one who once was known
 Of courts the favoured,—minion of the throne.
 Quails there the just, and trembles there the brave,
 Outcast of life, unsheltered of the grave !

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further sayings and doings of the Captain, the Gipsy, and the Dwarf. — Confessions of Hans Wildman.

WHILE the occurrences which we have described in the last chapter were being transacted in the supper-room, those which passed simultaneously in the servants' hall were not without their interest. The gipsy watched Captain Dangerfield's departure in silence, until his receding footsteps were heard no longer. Her attitude bespoke deep excitement ; the eye was burning with intelligence ; the finger pressed against the lip ; and the head stooped, to enable the ear to catch the slightest sounds more quickly. At last, assured that her late companion was removed for the present to some distance, and that she might commune with herself in safety and alone, Miriam closed the door, and resumed her former place before the fire.

"So, Captain Dangerfield!" she muttered, "Under an assumed name, Hans Wildman would impose himself upon me! Ha! ha! ha! No, no, friend Hans—though the Yetholm beauty is forgotten in the gipsy queen, that gash upon your face has not removed thee from my memory. God! was not that countenance repulsive enough already, but that a hideous sword-cut were needed to complete its deformity! No wonder Hans forgets me ; five-and-twenty years have passed, since in the Nith and Solway our people used to assist Dangerfield to land the tea and brandy he used to bring from Holland. When the arm of the law became too strong, and smuggling was suppressed, I lost sight of Wildman and his associates. Some said they were pressed into a man-of-war ; some, that they left smuggling for the slave-trade ; and others whispered still darker tales, and rumoured that they had gone into distant seas, and made all they met their enemies. Well, between slaving and piracy the difference, I fancy, is but small. What brings Hans Wildman back? why comes he hither? and, what devil's mission is he on? Wherefore is every line his hand exhibits surcharged with blood and rapine? Never, since when first at a Border fair I played upon peasant credulity, and told the simple souls tales of love and constancy, and wealth from beyond the seas, and all the idle trash a gipsy-girl deals in, — never did I meet such strange, and fearful, and unerring marks of destiny as those which to-night I witnessed. That mystic being — himself deep and impenetrable — is he a man or a demon? I cannot read aught in the tangled lines he shewed me ; and yet, at a glance, he told the most secret passages of my life. And that mysterious orphan, red-handed before nineteen, and doomed to spill blood freely! Then came this outlaw. I sicken when I think of what I witnessed branded on that felon palm. Ha! hurried footsteps! Himself, by heaven!"

As the door was hastily unclosed, Miriam looked round with assumed indifference. No trace of emotion was visible in a face which once had been singularly handsome, and every feature was expressive of a mind equally undisturbed by reflections on the present, or the memory of the past.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "What! back so suddenly! You look ill, Captain Dangerfield,—I think that was the name you gave you meddling dotard,—'tis not your true one, but it will serve the turn. Well, let that pass. What disturbs you thus?"

"Give me some drink, Miriam! I have seen the semblance of the dead; and I have listened to what none but the devil could know, or the devil could disclose. Stranger yet,—although the voice was in the room, and every word it uttered pierced me to the soul, I never laid eyes upon the speaker."

"Pshaw! mere phantasies! Did what I told you come to pass? and have ye seen him you sought, and him ye feared?"

"Both, Miriam, were beside me, and one I saw."

"Drink, and be a man again! Where is the careless spirit you displayed when I told you to beware, for that the youth was dangerous?"

"Dangerous!" exclaimed the captain. "What cared I for the danger, did he but look like living man, and not assume the face and figure of the dead."

"I do not comprehend you," said the gipsy coldly.

"You would know all. Ha! can I trust thee? Well, be it so. I have tried, and proved thy art. In every clime, and by every means, I have looked into the book of destiny, but never until this night, did I obtain an insight into futurity so full, so clear, so perfect, as that which your lips disclosed. To-morrow we will leave this house by cock-crow; and, when we are free from eavesdroppers I will confide all to thee, mother, and seek thy counsel and assistance. Befriend me,—and command my gratitude. Betray me—and—but no, I won't mistrust thee, Miriam. Here comes that prying fool. Remember cock-crow."

"Captain," said the chief-butler, with a gracious smile, "you deprived us of your company upstairs somewhat suddenly. 'Tis time to think of bed. We're rather crowded, as you may perceive, so you must share the apartment that the gentleman from— I think it's Ethiopia, that they ca' the place—is quartered in. The woman bodies, Mistress Miriam, will tak care of you; and, as it's already mornin', we'll jist finish this wee drappie amang us, and gang to our beds like sober Christians."

The heel of a bottle of Glenlivet, when attacked by such a gifted trio as the butler, the captain, and the gipsy queen, was speedily dispatched—and ere the clock struck the second hour all within my father's domicile were sleeping, or suppose to be asleep.

Next morning, when the family circle were assembled at the breakfast table, the little gentleman was found absent from parade, and Archy further announced, that soon after daylight, her majesty of Yetholm, attended by Captain Dangerfield, had beaten a retreat, not however, before each of these worthy people had taken precautionary measures to guard against a raw atmosphere, by fortifying the stomach with a couple of glasses of Glenlivet. This unceremonious departure of the commander and his fair companion, was hailed

as a welcome deliverance. The maids were weary of having their fortunes told—and during his brief sojourn, Captain Dangerfield had not earned golden opinions. His rapid retreat from the supper room the night before, when the dwarf commenced, as was his wont, his hempen reminiscences, excited strong suspicions, that, although the captain had for the present given Mr. Ketch the slip, the presumption was strong, that many a less deserving subject had gone through a vertebral operation. The non-appearance of the little gentleman, who was most punctilious as to time, created some alarm; but ere the chief butler could proceed to his apartment, the import from Ethiopia presented himself at the door, conveyed his master's morning compliments to the ladies, apologized for being *non inventus*, and intimated that he would breakfast in his own room. Cupid was rather jocular, "Him massa's head-ache. He! he! he! Him take too much toddy last night." The dark envoy further requested, that when "Massa Frank, and Massa Brian," were quite disengaged, they would have the kindness to step upstairs, and favour the little gentleman with an interview.

"What the devil's in the wind now?" exclaimed my brother-in-law elect, "Are you in for a present, or a jobation? I think you are safe from the latter, for last night, yellow slippers went upstairs in peace and charity with all men, and singing like a mavis. Come, hurry over breakfast and be off, and let us hear what saffron facc has to say?"

Our own curiosity was sufficiently aroused to render any stimulus unnecessary—and, mounting the stairs, we tapped at the door of the dwarf's dormitory. An unearthly voice desired us to "come in"—the order was obeyed—and we found ourselves in the presence of the little gentleman.

He was sitting bolt upright in the bed, invested in his sleeping gown and Kilmarnock nightcap, and propped with pillows, engaged in taking his morning meal, while Cupid held a tray, and enacted "ministering angel." He received us graciously by a nod, emptied his tea-cup, and by a signal of his thumb signalled that the representation of "the archer boy" should disappear, and Cupid scuttled out of the apartment accordingly. The door being closed, the dwarf pointed to chairs, and desired us to be seated.

"So these trampers are off, I am told."

"For which merciful deliverance we are deeply indebted to you, sir," I replied.

"In what way?" enquired the little gentleman.

"Why, sir, you first floored Mother Damnable, and then gave Captain Dangerfield the rout."

The dwarf chuckled.

"I leave to day," he continued, "I cannot remain for the wedding."

"We'll get over that disappointment," I said, in a side whisper to Brian.

"As the period when I may repeat my visit is uncertain, I wish to have some conversation with you both; and first, and in as few words as you can accomplish it, tell me young Swankey! who, and what you are."

The abruptness with which the dwarf addressed my young companion, and the perfect nonchalance he exhibited, in demanding from a perfect stranger, "a full, true, and particular account, of his life

and adventures," startled and displeased the youthful Irishman, and with a blush of offended pride, Brian boldly denied the dwarf's authority to enact confessor.

"Really you must excuse me, sir, from indulging idle curiosity, and let me add, that it seems rather out of keeping in a personage, who preserves a strict incognito himself, to pry into the private history of his neighbours. Probably, before you require me to make a clean breast, you would gratify us with the name of a gentleman who takes such a lively interest in other people's affairs?"

Egad! I was astonished at Brian's *hardiesse*, and so was the little gentleman in the Kilmarnock night-cap. He looked for a moment at my young companion with some displeasure and more surprise, took from beneath the pillows the small chest he called a snuffbox, indulged in a copious pinch of high toast, and then coolly replied to the bold interrogator.

"Well my young friend, I will not deny that you are justified in withholding confidence from a stranger, and did I comply with the demand you make, it is doubtful whether the disclosure of my name would be at present a gratifying announcement. In a word, I have the wish, and let me add, the power to serve you."

The tone and manner in which the last sentence was delivered, was not the cold and caustic one in which the little gentleman usually conversed. Brian felt it—and with the impulsive frankness of the Irish character, which is roused or appeased in an instant, he made the *amende honorable* to him of the Kilmarnock night-cap.

"No more," said the dwarf, as with a wave of his hand he shortened the apology. "Curiosity!" and he gave a sarcastic cachination, "You little know me, boy! I would not waste time listening to the ephemeral occurrences of common-place life, more than I would attend to the chirping of yonder sparrow which perches on the window-stool without. To serve you, I will hear some particulars of your private history, which may assist me in effecting it, and, as I said before, let the narrative be brief."

It was strange how rapidly the dwarf made himself master of all he wanted to be informed upon, and during the youth's hurried detail, before a passage in Brian's life was well commenced, the little man completed it in the summary of a single sentence.

"Enough," he said. Then turning suddenly to me, he brusquely enquired, "What the devil I intended doing with myself?"

I laughed outright.

"Upon my soul, sir, I cannot precisely answer you."

"I'll tell you. With the exception of a short excursion into that land of slavery, as the old mendicant calls the pleasant island whose daughters are chaste, sons educated and exemplary, and where life is determinable at a moment's notice, or at no notice whatever, — I question whether you have been a hundred miles from the place you were born, and, consequently, know about as much what real life is, as when you were ten years old. Well, here you will vegetate; marry, I presume; favour the world with a dozen of young Elliotts; breed sheep, fatten beeves, and, in common course, follow such of your predecessors as managed to keep their heads on, to the old kirk-yard of Allenby."

I laughed again.

"A true picture of border life. Proceed, sir."

"Attend! Leave not this place until I address myself to both — and, long within that time, it is possible you may hear from me. Your fortunes, Brian, are probably in my hands. Yours," and the little scoundrel directed an expressive glance at me, "are at my disposal, *unconditionally*."

What the devil did the dwarf mean? I in his power! Tush! the man was crazy. A ring of his bell to summon Cupid, was our notice to abdicate, and when the sable functionary entered the room, we took our departure.

"Brian," I said, as we descended the stairs, "what means the little gentleman?"

"Heaven alone can tell," returned the young Irishman. "Had we not better keep the particulars of this morning's interview to ourselves, and wait the result?"

"Right," I replied, and we repaired to the drawing-room, where we found the family in close conclave.

"Well, what tidings bring you back?" exclaimed Reginald Dillon. "Did the yellow gentleman do the cynic, or the amiable? Present you with a debenture, or edify you with a Jeremiade?"

"In plain English, I will set your curiosity at rest," I answered, "we are back, neither richer nor wiser than when we left you."

"Indeed?" enquired my father, "Did he even tell you his name?"

"No, and my young friend here, put the question, too — and home enough," I replied.

"And what was his answer, Frank?"

"One just about as satisfactory, as when, on his first visit, he gave you choice of any but Smith, Brown, and Robinson."

"Upon my conscience," returned my worthy father, "the man has a miraculous ascendancy over us all. He comes here, takes possession, returns without invitation or apology, orders matters as he pleases, and—"

"Will favour you with another visit when convenient?"

"No, no, I will not have it," said my father.

"But he will, sir," I returned. "He intends to revolutionise the dinner hour, discharge the servants, and introduce a new *régime*."

"I wonder what this case contains," said Julia, as she glanced her eyes at the dwarf's present, which lay upon the table.

"Most probably something for the nursery," I returned. My conjecture was a signal for the ladies to retire, and Reginald, Brian, and I, strolled out for an hour.

On our return, we found the little gentleman's equipage at the door, and himself in the drawing-room, taking a ceremonious farewell of the fairer portion of the establishment. This duty being performed, and master Cupid having notified that his traps were safely stowed in the leathern conveniency, the dwarf made his parting bow to the ladies, and we accompanied him to the door. When his own person was deposited in the carriage, and the Ethiopian, as Archy would have Cupid, was perched in the rumble, the little gentleman beckoned to Brian and myself, and we obeyed the signal. Again, and in similar terms, he assured us, that over both our fortunes he had a power, which he would exercise, enjoined us to attend promptly to any order he might send, then shook both of us by the hand, wished Reginald, *tout sort de prospérité*, and away he rolled, for aught we knew, direct to Pandemonium.

If the lower regions were indeed the dwarf's destination, it would neither be practicable nor agreeable to follow him further on his route, and we shall return to the worthy couple who took an earlier departure from the mansion. After clearing the domain, they had taken a wild and unfrequented path, which trended towards a range of hill and moorland some twelve miles distant; and in a ravine, intersected by a brawling stream, and clothed with natural brushwood, the gipsy queen and her companion, Captain Dangerfield, sat down to rest and refresh after their morning's walk. Both proved themselves wise in their generation; the lady unclosing a basket well stocked with provisions by the cook, and the captain producing a capacious flask, which he had induced the chief butler to fill with alcohol, before he commenced his march.

"Come, mother," he said, lifting some water in a tin drinking cup from the stream, and fortifying it with a copious infusion of Glenlivet. "Drink—'t is warm work to top these high grounds."

Miriam did not reject the captain's offer, and he, in turn, refreshed himself, as his companion paraded the contents of her basket on the grass. A dozen miles walk across moorland, is the best appetizer in the world, and the worthy twain did ample justice to the cook's donation to the gipsy, in gratitude for an assurance of an affectionate husband, and divers interesting pledges of conjugal love. The fragments of the feast were returned to the basket—and the captain and his swarthy companion, moved nearer to the stream to discharge a double duty, and at the same time discuss business and Glenlivet.

"Miriam," said the mariner, "I am racked with doubts and apprehensions. Thy skill is marvellous. I am, as I more than hinted, here in England upon business of life and death; and I would that you could tax your art, and tell me how far what I have in hand will prosper."

"All I can read you know already," said the gipsy coldly.

"The sought-one I have found. But who is the enemy I have to dread?"

"You would avail yourself of my skill, and trust me only with half-confidence. I cannot, when unassisted, pry into the book of fate. Concealment on your part, renders me unable to see more clearly. Deceit is unavailing. Jan Dangerfield is dead—Hans Wildman is living."

"Then," exclaimed the mariner, "it is idle to hold back aught from you, Miriam. Your wishes shall be obeyed. Listen, good mother."

"Come," said Miriam, "I attend; proceed. Before nightfall I must be many a mile from this."

The flask was again applied to; and darker revelations never fell from living lips, than those which Wildman confided to the gipsy.

"It is nineteen years ago, since after an unsuccessful run to the coast of Ireland, we were obliged to return to the Scheldt, after landing but half our cargo. Had that portion escaped the land-sharks, the job would not have been so bad; but the greater portion of the bales which we had succeeded in sending ashore fell into the hands of the Philistines, and the voyage to the owners proved a dead loss. Jan Dangerfield's good luck had bidden him good-b'ye. He had lost *The Rattler* the preceding winter; and the *Lovely Kitty's* first adventure was a failure. To tell God's truth, Jan was

not to blame; but Paul Stolbein, the chief owner, laid the miscarriage at the schipper's door, and would make no allowance for fortune frowning upon Dangerfield, and crossing him from the hour we quitted Flushing, until we anchored in the Scheldt again. Many a thousand dollars Dangerfield had earned for the old burgomaster; but he forgot now how many lucky runs poor Jan had made within the last ten years—and all he would remember was, that in the spring he had lost a cutter, and in the autumn lost a cargo. No wonder that the schipper was out of spirits, and that to kill care Jan and I repaired to a dancing-house, to drink schnaaps and talk over past misfortunes.

“‘Stolbein,’ said the schipper, ‘gives me a last trial; and to-morrow we replace that portion of the cargo that we lost. Fail or not, the attempt shall be boldly made,—and, d—n it! Hans, we’ll make a spoon, or spoil a horn.’

“As he was speaking, a well-dressed stranger entered the dancing-room, and looked cautiously around him. Passing three or four tables, he came direct to the corner one, where Jan and I were seated, took a chair, called for schnaaps and tobacco, and addressed himself to us with some common-place remarks.

“A few minutes elapsed. The stranger eyed us with attention; and in turn, we looked sharply at the stranger.

“He was not a young man—four or five and thirty,—of good mien, well-shaped, and evidently of a higher caste than any other in the dancing-house. He stole a side-glance now and then at Jan and me; and then, suddenly addressing us, he asked if the schipper were not Captain Dangerfield?

“‘I am that unlucky man,’ was the reply.

“‘Bah!’ returned the stranger. ‘Fortune’s a slippery wench. She’ll play the wisest of us tricks at times; but the bold, turn her, in the long run to good account. I believe the Lovely Kitty will shortly be ready for sea?’

“Dangerfield bowed assent.

“‘Would you have room, Captain, to accommodate a cabin-passenger?’

“‘I might find it, were the consideration worth the trouble,’ said the schipper.

“‘Would you favour me,’ replied the stranger, ‘with the accommodation you could give a passenger, and the amount of remuneration you would expect?’

“‘There’s no great trouble in slinging a spare hammock. We never light the galley-fire above twice a week, and then cook what lasts the crew during the intermediate time. As to drink, there’s always an open anker on the deck for any one who chooses to draw the spigot; and below he can have claret if he please. I shall expect five naps for landing the gentleman safely.’

“‘Say that the five were made ten?’

“‘He should have my own birth,’ replied the schipper.

“‘Raise that ten to twenty?’ continued the stranger.

“‘Why, d—n me! he might in that case all but command the Lovely Kitty.’

“‘Enough. I fancy we shall understand each other perfectly. Meet me at ten o’clock to-morrow night at —,’ and he named an obscure tavern, ‘and we will enter more fully into business. A

lawyer requires a retaining fee ; and why should not an honest man have one ? Here, worthy captain, will English guineas answer as well as French napoleons ?' and he flung five gold coins upon the table. ' Be punctual, — ten, to-morrow evening at the ——' and he whispered the address, rose, and bade us good-night.

" ' I pray thee, friend Hans,' said Dangerfield, when the stranger had quitted the room, ' what the devil's in the wind now ? and what hell's errand has this fellow to get done ?' He looked at the gold, and weighed each coin upon the tip of his finger. ' Genuine guineas, by heaven ! and not a light piece among them,' he muttered. Then drawing out a seal-skin purse, he deposited three pieces in a private pocket, flung a fourth to me, and held the fifth one carelessly in his hand.

" ' Put that yellow boy in thy locker, Hans, were it only to keep the devil out of it ; and with this one, we'll have a rousing night. *Luck's everything*, after all. I came here to-night with a light purse and a heavy heart, and see the godsend which Dame Fortune has sent me. What can the stranger want ? I ask only five naps. ; and before a man could run three rattlines upon the rigging, the fellow makes it twenty. I fear it's some awkward job. Well, provided he comes down as handsomely as he has commenced trade, we must not be over particular to oblige him in return. Come, let's have some more drink, and then we'll out upon the ramble, and make this guinea fly.'

" Next night, we repaired to the remote tavern indicated by the stranger as the place of meeting ; and, true to his appointment, he was already there waiting for us in a private room. Wine and hollands were brought up ; our pipes were filled, and lighted ; and the stranger, like a man of business, came to the point directly.

" ' Captain Dangerfield, I am a person of few words. I know my man ; and there's no use beating about the bush. I want a service performed. You can do it ; and I have both the power and the inclination to remunerate you for the trouble liberally.'

" He paused. Dangerfield nodded, and told him to " heave a-head."

" ' Excuse me, worthy captain,' said the stranger, ' you and I are at present but slightly acquainted. I have no doubt that your friend is true as steel ; but what I have to say to *you* requires no third ear to listen to. I would converse for half an hour with you, and alone.'

" I rose ; took the hint ; quitted the house ; and left the stranger and Dangerfield to themselves. When I returned, the former had gone away, and the schipper was smoking his pipe, and like the old woman's crow, ' driving hard at the thinking.'

" ' How goes business ?' I inquired.

" ' Why, I have had a sporting offer to do a bad job,' was the reply.

" ' No throat-slitting, I hope ?'

" ' Not exactly, Hans ; but, upon my soul ! I would rather avoid it.'

" ' Have you consented, or refused, Jan ?'

" ' I have taken time till to-morrow to think the matter over, and then I am to give the stranger a simple yea or nay. He certainly puts things forward like a regular lad of business ; and English guineas look very pretty in green silk net-work. I would rather it

was a man, though. I am naturally pigeon-hearted; and tender-feeling for the fair sex is a weak point in my character. Come, Hans, hang reflection! a man's conscience must be regulated by his purse; and mine won't stand too strong a pull at present. Let us sweat another guinea to-night, and to-morrow I'll tell you all.'

"When I met Jan on the following evening the matter was concluded. He had had in the morning a serious quarrel with old Stolbein; and the owner plainly told him that on her return home, the Lovely Kitty should be provided with another schipper.

"'There's an ungrateful old scoundrel!' exclaimed Dangerfield in a fury. 'I, who half made the aged sinner what he is, to be kicked off like a mangy turnspit! Never mind. Before the devil claims the miser, I'll shew him that Jan Dangerfield never forgets an injury.'

"'Well, what of the affair with the stranger? You said something about a woman. Is she the person who will pay so freely for a run to Ireland?'"

"'No; rather she will be paid for,' said the schipper. 'She and an infant are in the way; it is desirable to remove them. I know not why—I asked not wherefore. We sail to-morrow night; and our boat must be in waiting at twelve at an appointed place, to carry out the passengers. Once on board, I am to refer to sealed instructions for their future disposition. I have received twenty pieces in hand; and on my return, and if I shall have obeyed the written orders, the stranger gives me a liberal gratuity. Harkye, you have not been overlooked; and here are five yellow-boys, which the stranger desires you to accept. All he insists upon is secrecy and determination; and he hints broadly, that we never run a cargo which will pay better in the end than spiriting this lady off.'

"Next evening the lugger was ready for her midnight start; the cabin prepared for the fair passenger; and at the appointed time Dangerfield and I with a couple of trusty confederates, pulled the boat to the place fixed on previously by the stranger.

"The night was pitch dark; but, on running along the jetty, we saw the expected parties waiting, and a lady, closely muffled, with a bundle which appeared to be a child, was handed in, and placed unresistingly in the stern-sheets. Jan supported the female in his arms—I took charge of the poor baby—the stranger shook the schipper's hand, wished us *bon voyage*, and we pulled off to the lugger. I wondered at the dead silence the lady all through preserved. She never spoke; made no remonstrance; was lifted from the boat; silently carried down the companion-ladder, and stretched on a sofa in the cabin.

"Eight hours passed,—the wind was fair, and as much as we could carry whole canvas to,—when shrieks were suddenly heard from below.

"'Jump, Hans!' exclaimed the schipper; 'what, in the devil's name, is the lady after?'"

"I flew down the ladder, and, d—n me! there she was, raving mad! Her silence was easily accounted for; they had drugged her on shore; and for the last dozen hours she had been insensible. Fortunately we were giving a passage home to a young Irishwoman, who had married a Dutch sailor—and she took charge of the deserted infant and mad mother.

"Once or twice, when down below, I saw the lady ; and she was uncommonly handsome. The violence of her attacks were wearing her rapidly down ; and when we made the land, and got the cargo out, she was sinking fast. Whatever might have been his instructions, Jan stretched across to Innisturk ; obtained a priest ; the lady was shrieved, and departed soon after ; and the dead mother and living child were landed on the island."

"Then Dangerfield was saved the trouble of despatching her?" observed the gipsy.

"How far that was in the bargain between Jan and the stranger I cannot tell ; but, however fortunate the schipper's private adventure turned out, for the Lovely Kitty it was indeed a sinking voyage. We made the banks ; it blew fresh ; on came a sudden snow-storm—and you could not see a ship's length, the drift flew before the wind so thick. An English frigate was running out to sea, and we were running in. She was on us—nay, over us—before we even saw her. Down went the Lovely Kitty ; and, save Dangerfield and myself, who somehow got from the foundering lugger into the frigate, the whole crew went to the bottom with the vessel. Left without a second shirt, or second shilling, we were too happy to enter in the frigate that had been our ruin ; and she, within four-and-twenty hours after reaching Plymouth Sound, sailed in obedience to an order from the Admiralty, which was waiting her arrival there.

"I need not tell you that the strict discipline of a man of war did not exactly suit Jan or myself ; and that on reaching Valparaiso, we took the earliest opportunity of deserting. We slaved, and privateered, and free-traded. Ha ! let this part of the history pass, for it's not what a man can look back at with satisfaction. Sometimes luck befriended us, and at others fortune turned sulky. Give a dog a bad name—you know the rest. Some swore that we were pirates ; and we were ticketed accordingly at so much a-head. A wild attempt of Dangerfield's, which failed, brought us into the hands of the Philistines. He, and half a score besides, were hanged in the Plaza, and gibbeted afterwards at high-water mark—I escaped the night before I was to have undergone a similar operation ; and after a world of adventure, reached Flushing in thorough destitution.

"Think, Miriam, what I suffered last night, when a voice proceeding from a high-backed chair in the room to which I was conducted when I left you, told the full particulars of Jan's execution, and my extraordinary escape !"

"'Twas strange indeed !" said the gipsy.

"Well, here I was once more in Holland ; and all I brought from southern seas, after a dozen years absence, was a torn jacket, a shoeless foot, and this infernal gash, which distorts a face never remarkable for beauty. I sought for employment ; but none would give it. I offered myself before the mast to go anywhere ; but none would ship me. I was rejected by all,—starving,—desperate,—when, who should I run against by accident, but the stranger I had met twelve years before in the dancing-house with Jan Dangerfield !

"Time, and climate, and circumstances, had changed us both. He passed me ; but I remembered him. I followed ;—touched his arm. He looked round, and haughtily commanded me to be gone, for he never encouraged idle mendicants. Hunger—for I really was hun-

gry—made me bold. I pressed boldly to his side, and in a low tone of voice whispered in his ear, 'Jan Dangerfield!'

"'In the devil's name who are you?' said the stranger, as he suddenly wheeled round.

"'The sole survivor of those who left Flushing in the *Lovely Kitty*."

"'Hell and furies! you mistake me, man!'

"'Oh, no! I replied. 'We met in a dancing-house, and concluded business at a tavern. I was but a looker-on; and he who played first fiddle is—'

"'Where?'

"'Dangling from a gibbet,' I replied.

"'Were you the schipper's companion?'

"'Yes; and the secret of the lady and the child rests with me alone.'

"'Are you faithful—secret?'

"'I can be made both.'

"'Would you crown all by rendering a fresh service?'

"'Ay,—were it made worth while.'

"'Time presses. Meet me to-morrow evening at the sluice of the — Canal. You seem reduced. Go, make yourself more presentable; and at eight, to-morrow evening, wait for me at the place I named.'

"He put a purse containing gold and silver in my hand. The amount was not large; but to me it seemed as if I had found a diamond mine, or met a lost treasure unexpectedly.

"I followed the stranger's directions; bent new rigging from top to toe; ate, drank, slept in a comfortable bed, and found myself a man again.

"The hour arrived; and I repaired to the canal, and met the stranger according to my promise. Between men of business scanty ceremony is required; and he was off-handed enough.

"'The boy you landed nearly twelve years since upon the island lives,' he said.

"'Have you seen him lately?' I inquired.

"'No; nor never wish to see him,' was the reply.

"'What is the business you have with me?'

"'That I shall explain briefly,' returned the stranger. 'Men's pursuits and springs of action are varied as the rainbow's tints; and what it is the chief object of my life to avoid, it is the all-engrossing wish of another to accomplish; and, no matter to what means we may be obliged to resort, that intention must be frustrated. Do you comprehend me, fellow?'

"'Certainly not,' I answered.

"'Well. To be plainer. There is one on the eve of sailing to discover the deserted orphan, and reclaim him. He has obtained a clue, though not a very clear one; still, eventually it would enable him to attain the object. Attend to me. What shall I call thee, friend?'

"'Hans Wildman.'

"'The boy, and he who seeks him, must never meet. Ha! canst thou guess my meaning?'

"'I think I can,' was the answer.

"'Now for a home-question,' said the stranger. 'You are poor?'

" 'As a church-mouse.'

" 'Destitute?'

" 'I have not on earth even the semblance of a friend.'

" 'You want employment?'

" 'Which none will give.'

" 'Shelter, and a home?'

" 'Bah! who will offer them to one like me?'

" 'Thou art a beggar, a castaway, a criminal?'

" 'All these I am.'

" 'What would you do to regain an humble standing in society, and secure an easy independence?'

" 'Rather, ask me what I would not do.'

" 'It is in my power to offer both. Wilt thou spend thy days in easy comfort, thy evenings in the dancing-house,—or glean what will enable Nature to exist from unwilling charity, and die in the streets, if they reject thee from the hospital?'

" 'Ah! comfort, and the dancing-house for me!'

" 'I offer both,' said the stranger.

" 'Name the consideration. In this world nothing is given for nothing.'

" 'There is a stumbling-block in my path. Wilt thou remove it?'

" 'What is it?'

" 'A man.'

" 'How is it to be removed?'

" 'By death!'

" 'In plain English, you want him murdered,' I said.

" 'Call it by any term you please,' he returned.

" Well, Miriam, and I will not detain you. Both played a cautious game; but in good time each understood the other. I was contentedly poor; and his arguments were so weighty that I consented to—"

" 'Commit another murder!' said the gipsy. "Go on, Hans.'

" The Jane was about to sail—and the stranger who sought the boy had taken a passage in the vessel, where I shipped myself for the run. My directions were, to do the job whenever an opportunity presented itself,—the more quietly the better; and to effect it, I was supplied with weapons and a deadly drug. I tried once or twice to use the latter, but always without success; when at last fortune stood my friend, and I was enabled to remove my victim."

" 'What oceans of blood you must account for, Hans!'

" 'Mother, that is my own look-out—and I wish to close the tale. No opportunity had offered until we got sight of Innisturk; and the stranger expressed his intention to land next morning on the island. I secretly determined it should not be with life; and accident enabled me to execute the deed. Stop, let us have a pull at the flask."

He drank, and handed the whiskey to his companion.

" The morning was thick; and we had fired a gun, and burned a blue-light to apprise the islanders we were standing 'off and on' until the weather cleared. Unluckily for the smuggler, the signals were heard and seen by a man-of-war brig. When the fog dispersed, she made sail after the cutter; and, failing to overtake the smuggler, the brig launched her boats to carry her by boarding. A short action took place. On board the Jane there was uproar and confusion—I took advantage of the noise and smoke, and, without detection, as a

carronade was discharged, shot the stranger with a pistol through the heart. The brig's boats were at the moment keeping up a heavy fire of small-arms; and the stranger's death was ascribed to a random bullet from the assailants."

"Go on, Hans; my flesh creeps at the cold and pitiless perseverance with which you worked out the deed of blood. What followed?"

"Why, the body was landed on the island, and laid beside her whom twelve years before Jan and I had carried off from Flushing."

"And who was this ill-fated gentleman?"

"The father of the deserted boy; the husband of her who died on board the lugger."

"Great God! Did I not read thy lines aright, and call thee last night a double murderer?"

"I deny it!" exclaimed the mariner. "In the lady's case the job was Dangerfield's. I merely got five pieces for assisting; and if a lady chooses to go mad, and die raving, am I to be blamed, good mother?"

"Come, let us proceed upon our journey. I see sportsmen approaching," said the gipsy, as she rose.

"Be it so; and as we walk over the heath I will tell thee how I fared afterwards, and wherefore I am in England."

"Some foul errand, Hans, has brought thee."

"Thou shalt know all, Miriam. Come, the flask is well-nigh finished; another draught will drain it."

The last drop of Archy's morning supply disappeared, and the mariner and the gipsy queen set forth to cross the moorland.

CHAPTER IX.

The little Gentleman's departure.—Wildman's revelations continued.—My sister's marriage.—An unexpected letter.—Brian and I set out for the Metropolis.

THE extraordinary visitors who had infested every part of my father's premises, upstairs and downstairs, excepting "my lady's chamber," had but a short time disappeared, when guests of a different description began to arrive, and came in fast succession, until every habitable corner of the old mansion was duly colonised. One party had encountered the dwarf's equipage on the road, and had the chief butler ever entertained a doubt regarding the supernatural powers of the little gentleman, an incident attendant on this accidental meeting on the king's highway, would have rendered him a true believer.

I forgot to mention, that an oddity in the dwarf's costume was not confined to his adoption of the Kilmarnock night-cap—and while it was his pleasure to keep his ears warm during the season of repose, he had not neglected to protect these valuable organs against cold in his journeyings. This was effected by means of a skin covering of singular construction, in which his upper-works were so completely encased, as to leave nothing of his saffron visage exposed to vulgar gaze, save eyes and nose. Where the road was under repair, the little gentleman's vehicle was obliged to draw up, and allow room for another carriage to pass, and the section of the master's queer face encased in otter-skin, and the hideous grin of the sable functionary in the rumble, were too much for mortal gravity, and the ladies burst into

a scream of laughter. The merriment was short; at a sudden turning, the postillion managed to run the carriage into the ditch, and put its fair occupants into fear and terror. Fortunately, no injury to person or property resulted—but when Archy heard the accident narrated, he shook his head sagely, observing that “war-locks winna bide being laughed at, and to mak the young laddies treat him wi’ respect again, he just muttered a bit cantrip, and couped the carriage by way of a hint to them.”

Never was “maiden meditation”—had my fair sister indulged in such—more regularly routed by hilarious revelry, than pretty Julia’s on the eve before her wedding. The nuptial feast was furnished out in border fashion—and with heart of pride, the chief butler regarded the long array of substantial viands he had marshalled on the table, some time before he could tear himself away, and report in the drawing-room that dinner was paraded. I never read Ude nor Kitchener—therefore I cannot favour the reader with a bill of fare. I am aware that the success of a modern author has no reference to his scholarship, provided his millinery acquirements would command a situation from Howel and James. With shame, I confess that I am not able to describe the ladies’ dresses; white miniver, piled velvet, and murrey-coloured satin, being to me terms of “an art unknown.” All I shall say is, that to substantial fare the gentlemen brought border appetites, and that the women,—heaven bless them all!—looked so confoundedly handsome, that any man solicitous of entering the holy estate, might, with a safe conscience, have made a prompt selection, and then and there, committed matrimony on the spot.

While within the ancient mansion of the Elliott’s, “all went merry as a marriage bell,” we must leave the ladies executing reels and strathspeys, and the gentlemen drinking health to them, “pottle deep,” to follow the footsteps of that wild enthusiast the gipsy queen, and the confessed murderer who attended her. Soon after they had recommenced their journey across the moor, they fell in with two or three members of the swarthy community to which Miriam belonged, accepted their invitation, and accompanied them to their bivouac.

It was twilight when the party reached the place where these wanderers had taken up their temporary abode, and the women were at the moment busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. The brightness of a clear fire of peat, the white wigwams that surrounded it, the iron kettle suspended from a trivet, simmering over the red coals, and emitting “a pleasant and a wholesome odour,” the swarthy imps crawling under the tent openings, the men, some employed tinkering, and others busy in peeling rods or making baskets, all seen in the unsteady blaze which rose or sank, as fuel, more or less combustible, was thrown upon the fire,—all was in good keeping with the scene and company—and exhibited a gipsy encampment in the alternations of light and shade, which an artist would select were he transferring them to canvas.

In every situation of life, and through every gradation of society, rank is respected; and it was singular to observe, what deference in the gipsy bivouac, was shown by these wanderers to their queen. Introduced by royalty itself, the mariner was warmly welcomed—and in turn, he repaid this civility by a liberal contribution of whiskey which was readily procured. While the swarthy community seemed

bent on a night of revelry, Miriam and her companion were engaged with more serious considerations—and Hans Wildman having replenished his flask from the earthen jar, retired with the sybil from the general carousal, to hold secret converse with one, in whose matchless skill in

“The art that none must name,”

he had placed the most unlimited assurance.

“Well, Hans Wildman, we are once more alone,” said Miriam, as she seated herself on a heather bank which overlooked the gipsy encampment, “go on with thy story.”

“It will soon be told,” returned the mariner. “The Jane reached the Scheldt in safety, the landing had been most successful, and, as you may readily understand, her skirmish with the brig’s boats, and the death of the passenger were carefully hushed up. Personal safety secured the silence of the crew and schipper on a subject, which capitally compromised all on board the Jane—and indeed, the fortunate smugglers were too much engaged in dissipating the proceeds of their lucky run in schnaaps, and hops, and dancing-houses, to waste a thought on the death of an individual, whom none of them knew, and none of them cared for.

“Before we sailed for Ireland, I had arranged with my employer a private place of meeting when I should return, to report what had occurred, and claim and receive the promised reward; and, at the appointed time, he punctually attended, listened to the details of the murder with some emotion, warned me on my own account to be secret, and without hesitation told down the stipulated gold.

“‘Saw you the boy?’ he enquired carelessly.

“‘Oh yes—for to avoid suspicion, I made it a point to attend the funeral—and, therefore, was one of the boat’s crew that landed the body on the island,’ I replied.

“‘What looks the brat like?’ asked the stranger.

“‘The making of a strapping youth.’

“‘Is he stout, healthy, well-grown—in short, bids he fair to reach manhood?’ he continued.

“‘If looks and limbs may be relied upon, I would back him against any youth in England. At present, no island boy pretends to match him—and when his beard blackens, if, from all I saw and what I heard, he be not able to hold his own, he’ll belie promises most strangely. One thing struck me most forcibly.’

“‘What’s that, my friend?’

“‘He who has once seen his murdered father, would point the dead man’s child out.’

“‘The devil!’ exclaimed the stranger, ‘Is the likeness then so striking?’

“‘Never did I see aught to equal it before.’

“We parted—and for months I lost sight of the stranger altogether.

“The Jane got ready for sea, Mathews offered to ship me—but, upon my soul! I did not fancy another trip in the same vessel in which I had managed the job I had done. Now in high feather, and with a well-filled purse, I thought I would remain quietly at home, spend some of the yellow boys which I had earned, and endeavour to forget the past. It was well I did so; the Jane made that voyage her last, and every soul on board the finest cutter that ever sailed from F’lushing, found in her a watery grave.

"Sailors, mother, are not over provident—for twenty years, 'easy come easy go,' had been my motto—and never had I earned so much money for so little trouble. A moment's pressure of the fore-finger on the trigger of a pocket-pistol, had brought me one hundred guineas! It was the operation of an instant—but d—n it! Miriam, after all, were the truth told, I would willingly have done ten times harder work, for a tenth of the payment. Well, what between dancing-girls, and schnaap-houses, cutting it fine here, and getting into trouble there, rigging out wenches, and supporting hangers on, the money went—and, in six months, I had not the ghost of a guinea on which to bless me. Smuggling was done up—and to obtain a birth on board an honest trader, I had but to show myself, and this accursed sword-slash was always a receipt in full. I doubt whether a returned convict would have condescended to have slung a hammock beside me.

"I felt actual poverty again—sneaked into night-houses where my good English guineas had been spent—and received quiet hints that my company would now be dispensed with; for when a man's hold is regularly unstowed, Miriam, it is marvellous how soon the secret is discovered. Clothes wo'nt last for ever, ye know, and mine showed wear and tear; the last florin I could command was in my pocket; and my landlord, as I left the miserable house in which I occupied a garret, told me in broken English, but still in terms that could not be mistaken, that unless that evening I cleared scores, I must quit by cock-crow the next morning. What was to be done? I went on rambling right a-head, drank schnaaps to kill care, rounded a sudden corner, and nearly capsized my excellent friend and former patron.

Oh! how quick-sighted poverty makes a man! I recognised him in a moment, while he fancied me nothing but some drunken sot, reeling home after an evening's dissipation. He flung me from him with a curse.

"What! I cried, 'a broadside from an old consort? Oh! no; you could not have recollected Hans Wildman.'

"The devil! he exclaimed, 'are ye not hanged yet? What keeps you in Flushing?'

"Want of money to leave it,' I replied.

"I cannot afford you more assistance,' said the stranger.

"And I have, unfortunately, none other to apply to but yourself,' I coolly answered.

"Come; let me pass. You have no claim on me.'

"Not so, by Heaven! I have a heavy claim,—ay, and one that I will enforce.'

"For what?'

"Past services,' I replied.

"For which you got one hundred guineas.'

"True. Where are they now? Gone with the winter's snow, I must have more. Poverty is no common pleader. More I must have—or—'

"What?" said the stranger, evidently startled.

"I split! and out comes the secret.'

"Bah! the thing's forgotten. Dangerfield is gibbeted. Mathews at the bottom of the sea. You—who would credit you?'

"Ay—the murder rests certainly between you and me; but, let

that pass. Should you like the boy brought back? I fancy I can find him for ye.'

"He paused.

"'What want ye?' he said rapidly.

"'Money to quit the country.'

"'And will you leave it?'

"'Leave it?' I replied. 'Never was man more weary of a place, than I of Flushing.'

"'And not waste time and property in wine and dancing-houses? I have had my eye upon you. Last night you were turned out of the 'Tros Broders.' To-night, Closhman noticed you to quit 'The Black Eagle' and warned you off. Can you at this moment calculate on a glass of schnaaps, or a breakfast in the morning?'

"'I fancy I can manage both,' was my reply; 'but if you added to-morrow's dinner, 'faith, I should feel rather doubtful in answering for that.'

"'What want ye? I paid you off in full. Nay, I exceeded what I had engaged to give. What would content ye now, and enable you to seek and gain some honest occupation?'

"'Fifty napoleons,' was my modest reply.

"'Fifty devils!' exclaimed the stranger passionately.

"'No,' I returned coolly, 'were these the articles I wanted, I could find a full supply any night at the 'Tros Broders,' or the dancing-house next door. I want napoleons—not that I would particularly object to English guineas.'

"'You are a cool scoundrel,' replied the stranger. 'Would not a smaller sum than fifty serve your turn?'

"'It might; but fifty would launch me in more ship-shape fashion far.'

"'Be it so,' returned the stranger. 'You are half-drunk now, and consequently not trustworthy in money-matters. Meet me at eleven to-morrow at the Canal sluice.'

"'Where twelve years since we carried off the lady.'

"'Hush! These things are now forgotten. I really do not recollect the circumstance you allude to.'

"'I think,' I said, 'I might in a few words refresh your memory.'

"'That, my friend, would be only waste of time. At eleven to-morrow meet me there—and, for the last time, I will comply with your request, and give you means to make you independent, if you have but grace enough to employ them properly,—a thing I marvelously doubt. Good night.'

"Well, we separated. I rolled into my bed for the last time, should I fail in clearing scores with my worthy landlord on the morrow; and the only copper coins in my possession were expended for a glass or two of schnaaps, to drink before I mounted to my garret.

"At the appointed time and place, faithful to his promise, I found the stranger. I need not repeat the conversation. It was to the effect, that from that hour, all previous knowledge of each other was to be abandoned; and that, should accident bring us into contact, we should meet as men who never before had seen each other. To this arrangement I gave apparently a free assent—with, however, a secret determination, that if the intimacy between us should terminate, the fault should not rest with me."

"And you received the fresh supply of gold?"

"Yes, mother; the guineas are belted round my waist, save a small sum I carry in my purse to defray travelling-expenses."

"And now, one question more, and I shall be in full possession of all I want to know. Who is this excellent patron, who murders by proxy, and pays his agents so liberally?"

The ruffian burst into a horse-laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! But, tell me that; and the belt and guineas, Miriam, shall be your's."

"Know ye not his name?"

"Not I, by heaven!"

"His residence?"

The mariner shook his head.

"His country?"

"No. But I shrewdly suspect him to be an Englishman."

"And wherefore?"

"While nothing moved him, he spoke with a foreign accent, and occasionally used broken sentences. But, when angered, and thrown off his guard, his English was too good and fluent for any but a native."

"Think ye that he resides abroad?"

"No. I fancy his visits to Flushing are rare; and my belief is, that his residence is in Britain."

"What is your business to England, Hans?"

"To find out, if possible, this excellent and opulent friend of mine; and assure him that my regard for him is so strong, that where he is there also shall I be, to watch over his safety, and make frequent inquiries after his health."

And the ruffian laughed ironically.

"Have you any clue to guide you in seeking for him?" inquired the gipsy.

"None, mother; but what luck might throw in my way. Why should I despair? Have I not dropped upon one I never dreamed of finding within five hundred miles? and all now wanting to crown my fortune, is to find the murderer of his father."

"You need not seek far for that, methinks," returned the sibyl.

"I understand ye," said the mariner; "but I am in my own opinion comparatively guiltless of the deed. I admit that I did the act; but you might as well attach crime to the weapon that effected it. The pistol would have remained harmless, had I not pressed its trigger—and would I have raised a hand against one I neither knew nor cared for, had not another hounded me on? No—no; the man who planned the act, and paid for its execution—he is the actual murderer—I but the tool employed."

"Well, I have great doubts whether your logic would save your neck were you once within arm's length of the law. Say, did you succeed in finding this rich scoundrel, who has as yet kept in the back ground, what course of action would you pursue?"

"Nothing would be simpler," replied the ruffian. "I am no chicken now, Miriam. I have been roasted beneath the line, and shivered for weeks, inclosed among infernal icebergs. A man cannot last for ever. Whaling, slaving, smuggling,—ay, and, to make a clean breast, a little buccaneering for variety; these wear down the best of us. Considering what I have gone through,—the schnaap-shop and dancing-house not forgotten,—I'm tolerably servicable. The hull is sound. I have saved the spars; and, but that the figure-

head is damnably disfigured, I have no great reason to complain. Still, it is time for me to strike the pennet, dismantle, and lie-up."

"I understand you. You are going to play the gentleman, and give up trade. How long, may I ask, do you expect these fifty guineas will hold out?"

"The very point I aimed at, you have hit," returned the mariner. "Travelling is expensive. I may manage to get three months comfortably over with the sum I have."

"And, what then?"

"Why, Miriam, if luck stand my friend—"

"Or, rather, the devil desert you not," said the gipsy.

"One or other—no matter which. By that time I shall be regularly settled, and retire, as a man should, to—"

"Beat hemp in a workhouse."

"D—n it, mother, don't mention hemp. I hate the very name. Every unfortunate recollection of my life is associated with that detestable production. I was ropes-ended when a boy; secured to the gratings afterwards in a man-of-war; escaped hanging by a miracle. Heaven send that fortune does not fail me yet — and a treble-twisted neckcloth choke me in the end."

"You're safe from the gallows, if there be truth in palmistry," observed the sibyl.

"Well; even that's a comfort."

"But, your plans, Hans Wildman?" said the gipsy with impatience. "Name them. Go on!"

"I have made by accident," returned the mariner, "a most important discovery; and, could I but effect another,—jade Fortune! I'll shake hands with thee, and part. Miriam, how shall I find him whom you wot of?"

"Say that he was found,—what then?"

"Ha! art thou so dull, old wench? Make with him what terms I pleased. Nay, I would not wish to overreach him, either. Let me see. I am too old to marry; and freedom is preferable. I think I could manage to live snugly upon twenty pounds a month."

"Twenty devils! Did you name the thing, they would call thee mad, Hans."

"And yet, could I but find him, I would not bate my demands one shilling."

"You would threaten him with an exposure of the past."

"And — still more powerful argument — the production of the living also. With this Brian, ready to introduce to the world, dare he, think ye, venture to gainsay my will?"

"Probably not," replied the sibyl. "But, how can you prove the youth's parentage?"

"That heaven has done already," returned the mariner. "The murdered father lives in his orphan-boy; and the eye that ever looked on him who fills a red grave in Innisturk, would recognize Brian as his son. But, mother, something tells me that you can aid me in my search. Stand by me; assist me by your art. Find for me him whom I seek; and I swear that the belt I carry shall be given you, with double the freight of gold it holds at present."

"What!" said the gipsy sharply. "How much does it now contain, Hans?"

"I have forty yellow-boys strapped under hatches snug. But we

won't stand on trifles. Help me to make the discovery, and the belt shall be handed to ye with a hundred."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the sibyl. "Give me a hasty sketch to guide me. What sort of person was the murdered man?"

"D—n it, mother, can't you find some other phrase for it? Look at this Brian; add twenty years to his; give him a soldier's bearing; and you have a living likeness of the person you inquire after."

"The lady next; describe her, Hans."

"Well, that is a tighter job, old dame. I saw her but twice while living, and then but imperfectly. When she was dead, and the priest and schipper went on deck for a few minutes, I was left below with the woman who waited on her, to wrap the body up; and then I had a good opportunity of examining her person. She was nineteen, or twenty at the farthest—her figure well rounded and proportioned—her eyes bright blue, her hair auburn, and her skin delicately fair. I never saw in a human head before teeth so exquisitely beautiful; and Nora, the attendant, remarked to me, that in life she never wore a sweeter smile, than that, which in death, her lovely face exhibited."

"So much for the dead; and now picture him whom you would wish to find."

"When I first met him with Dangerfield at the dancing-house, he was a young fashionable-looking man; dark hair and eyes, slight athletic person; when we last parted at the canal, he showed in face and figure, more wear and tear than twenty years should work. His hair was frizzled, his eyebrows shaggy and contracted, his shoulders stooped, and his person inclined to corpulency. But nothing about him appeared so much changed as voice and manner. In youth his address was easy, bold, and open; but now every word seemed considered before spoken, his voice grated on the ear, and every sentence that passed his lips, was cold, bitter, and sarcastic."

"Enough, you draw a portrait well, and I shall not forget the description. But ere I join you in working clear this tangled web, one thing must be correctly understood between us, Hans. Say, that we find this author of a double murder out; that you prefer claims upon him for the past; that he, to a certain extent, should admit them; and require a fresh exercise of your good service, would you feel any disinclination to oblige your generous friend?"

"Well, Miriam," returned the mariner, "much would depend on what were asked, and what were offered in remuneration."

"Let us fancy a turn the affair might take," said the gipsy. "Men never commit deliberate murder without an influential object. Such must have induced the unknown to first carry off the lady and her infant, and afterwards, do to death him who would have sought for information touching the dead, and probably, reclaimed the living. Whatever the cause may be, rest assured, that the production of this Brian, to remove whom in infancy so much crime was committed, and to prevent him from being reclaimed, even murder was resorted to, would never suit the interests of him whom you encountered in the dancing-house. The knowledge that the infant is a man, and in England too, will at once evoke an order for his assassination; and he who let slip the blood-hound at the parent, will not hold back from sharpening the knife that shall remove the child. To you, this task will be entrusted; will you undertake a third murder?"

The ruffian winced, and hesitated to reply.

"Speak, man," exclaimed the sibyl. "I ask you but for form's sake, for I have already foreseen how the affair will end. Wildman, will you undertake the murder of young Brian?"

"Why, were all made right, my future comfort properly secured, and the business put to me straightforward and ship-shape, I might be prevailed on to do the trick. It should be the last—for I would then retire from business, and lead a virtuous life like old Captain Judkin of the Vulture, who carried more slaves to Cuba, and made more men walk the plank besides, than any adventurer who ever sported scull and cross-bones at his mast-head."

"And did that villain escape the gallows?" enquired the gipsy.

"He absolutely died in his bed—or rather, one fine morning, was found smothered under the counterpane," returned the mariner. "Some had it, that he went off suddenly in a fit,—and others whispered that there were marks upon the old boy's thrapple, which looked as if somebody had been trying experiments with their knuckles on his windpipe. Indeed, Ralph, his nephew,—who succeeded to the Captain's black mistresses and estate,—was just the sort of chap who would squeeze an old gentleman's gullet if he lived longer than was agreeable."

"Come," said the gipsy, rising from the turf on which she and the mariner had been sitting, "let us return to the tents. One word before we separate for the night, and part finally at day-light in the morning. So long as bloodshed is unnecessary, I assist you. There's none, directly or indirectly, on my hand—and stainless that hand shall be stretched in death, when the hour comes that sends us into nothingness. You will, ere long be tempted. Too much lies at your door already, and avoid adding to the load of crime that presses on your soul. If compunction move you not, let other motives influence you. Mark what I say, Hans Wildman! The tide of Brian's fortunes has turned, he has still trouble and danger to encounter, blood will be shed, but, on those who seek his ruin, the bolt will burst, and he who would have been the slayer, will be the slain."

She said, and led the way. The younger portion of the dark community were already sleeping,—and the elder, the contents of Hans Wildman's grey-beard having been exhausted, gradually retired to rest. In half an hour, the gipsy bivouac was silent as the grave—and the safe keeping of the camp where the wanderers were reposing, was entrusted to three or four lean and wiry curs, who compensated amply for want of beauty, by the very superior intelligence for which these lurchers are remarkable.

Soon after daylight the hum of voices arose among the tents, and told that their wild occupants were aroused, and preparing for their customary occupations. All took separate routes—tinkering, basket selling, and poaching, as circumstances permitted; age and infancy alone remained, excepting her majesty of Yetholm, and the worthy personage who intended to reform his life, and imitate the example of Captain Judkin of the Vulture.

"And now, Hans Wildman, we part for a time," said the gipsy, "but the period till we meet again is short. I know your objects, and I will render you all the assistance in my power, short of you know what."

The ruffian nodded.

"Whither head you, Hans?"

"To London," said the mariner.

"And wherefore there?"

"First, because they tell me that every man who wants concealment, seeks it in the capital; and secondly, from this scrap of paper which I picked up when the stranger and I met last, beside the canal, and which, as I suspect, dropped accidentally from his pocket."

"Ha!" exclaimed the sibyl suspiciously. "Why say last night that you had no clue to guide ye?"

"Nor have I. Read but these few letters, and say with all your skill, good mother, how far would they assist you?"

He placed a fragment of a torn envelope in Miriam's hand, but she shook her head, and returned the scrap of paper.

"I read no human letters. These from which I glean my knowledge, are such as fate has written on the face and hand with the unerring brand of destiny. What mean these characters?"

"Simply, three words will answer you, and these are, 'Esquire,' 'Square,' and 'London.' Said I not then the truth, when I told you I had no clue to guide me?"

"Why hasten to the metropolis? I have been there, and he would indeed be a shrewd enquirer, who with such meagre means to guide him, would hit the mark in that enormous assemblage of human hives," observed the gipsy.

"Why truly, in this wild goose-chase of mine, all places seem alike. A feather marks the point from which the wind comes—and he whom I seek, this fragment intimates, is, was, or possibly will be, in the British capital."

"Well, all things considered, Hans, London holds out a better chance for you, than any other place besides—and now let us arrange a mode of safe communication, should aught occur to render it necessary to keep up a distant correspondence."

A simple but secure means was pointed out by the gipsy—and after finishing the last drop which the mariner's flask contained, the allies separated. Miriam to return home; and the representative of one whose bones were bleaching on a gibbet, to wit, Captain Dangerfield, to push his fortunes in the Modern Babylon.

The morning on which this exemplary couple bade each other good-b'ye, ushered in my sister Julia's bridal-day. As I have a few pages back declared innocence of all knowledge appertaining to cookery and dress-making, I must now, and with equal honesty, also to the sentimental, plead "not guilty." What doubts and fears agitated the bosom of the bride I neglected to make inquiry after. To me, it appeared that she looked exceedingly well; and I could discover no outward and visible signs of that virgin trepidation, which bothered Harriet Byron and Clarissa Harlowe, when they took courage, and commenced housekeeping. As to Reginald Dillon, he, being an Irishman, went to the altar as he would to the gallows, with the audacity of a hardened offender. When the bridal break—hang the vulgarism! we mean *déjeûner*,—was over, and the carriage came round, and Julia kissed her bridemaids, and her sister, and her mamma, and all that could, should, or would be kissed, and was handed into the "leathern conveniency;" and the bridegroom implored me to see that "Splinterbar had mashes twice a week, and that Pedro was hunted with a puzzling-pin;" and my father advertised the postilions that there was a "broken pipe between the Heugh

foot and the Grange:" and Archy, armed with an old slipper, stood on the hall-steps, prepared to discharge the same "for luck," when the travellers made a start—I protest I could discover in the whole affair nothing particularly sentimental. There was, however, a touch of the pathetic. As the carriage started, my mother stood at the bay-window it closely swept by; her cheek was wet; her eyes upturned for a moment; and none could doubt what was the prayer of her petition. Julia looked, and turned lacrymose. In matrimonial statistics I never read that grief was killing. *A la Mother Eve,*

"Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon,"

for the gatekeeper's wife reported in the servant's hall, that "while one of the lads was replacing a trace, the tall gentleman flung a guinea to hersel', and kissed Miss Julia. And," she continued, "frae the laughing blink of her bonny black eye, I'll nae pit it on my conscience, and swear that he didna commit the offence a second time."

Any domicile, after the affliction of a wedding is humdrum for a time. My father found occupation in inspecting stots and kylos. My mother essayed, after the general confusion, to set her house in order as speedily as it could be done. Archy was busied about many things; and Brian and I shot the day away, when the weather permitted us to take the moors. Despatches from what the Morning Post calls "the happy pair," reached us duly. The travellers had neither encountered thieves nor Samaritans. At Melrose the general accommodation and salmon cutlets were commended; and from Edinburgh, it was intimated that they were cantoned at the Waterloo in Prince's Street, and all was well as could be expected.

The first morning a missive arrived in the post-bag, that threw into the background Julia's description of Holyrood House, and divers remarks made by "dear Reginald." The letter was addressed to me. The handwriting upright and clear, so that he who ran might read; and the seal exhibited certain eastern characters, which Archy set down as cabalistic. No wonder that he did. The epistle was from the little gentleman; and it was highly characteristic.

"Dear Frank,

"Men generally premise their letters with a 'dear' to their correspondent, when they would not go fifty paces out of their way on his account, unless it were to see him in the pillory. I am, however, not ambitious about my friends; and from that exaltation I hope you will escape."

"A polite letter-writer," said my father.

"I suppose that all the customary mummery which precedes making two people miserable for life is over; and that the crack-skulled Irishman and his hair-brained wife are now fairly launched upon their hymeneal voyage."

"I declare," remarked my mother, who was among the listeners, in the number of whom, of course, Archy was included, "though Mr.—is it Robinson, or Smith?—well, we'll call him 'the stranger'—though his taste in jewellery is excellent, his notions of moral engagements are most irregular,—I might almost say, irreverent."

"The old fellow,"—he means you, sir,—'no doubt is looking after the only thing he understands—short horns and teviots.'

"Curse the scoundrel's impudence!" quoth my father.

"Your lady mother,"—here's a touch at you, madam,—'taking an

inventory of the crystal and china, demolished by drunken borderers during the late Saturnalia. Yon, doing mischief, or doing nothing; and Mr. O'Linn aiding and assisting you.' How the devil did he find that name out, Brian?"

"Why, how the deil does he ken everything?" responded Archy.
 "'I have some qualms of conscience—'"

"Sorra much," observed the chief butler, "that same troubles him, or he wouldna be castin' cantrips and couping carriages, as he does."

"—in seeing you vegetate like a cabbage—and putting stots and kylos apart—you know at three-and-twenty, no more of the world than your poor father, who, honest man! could not be trusted safely ten miles from his own hall-door, without a bear-leader to direct him."

"If ever I catch that yellow rascal within arm's-length," exclaimed the master of the mansion, "I'll give him a border grip that he'll not forget for the next twelvemonth!"

"I wudna pit a finger on him for a thousand pound!" ejaculated the major-domo.

"After some consideration, I have decided on giving you an opportunity of seeing something of human life, and elevating you—"

"D—n me! here's a hit at the gallows, I expect," groaned my father.

"—in the scale of creation, above those turnip-headed bipeds, which are the productions of the Border. On receipt of this, come to London without delay. Ask no questions, for none will be answered, and obey the order of him, who, if you deserve it, may prove a friend.

'R. E.

"P.S. I will find much pleasure in bringing you to Tyburn, where your great-grandfather made his exit. As the old bridge has unfortunately been pulled down, I cannot, I regret to say, point out the arch where his head was exhibited "in terrorem," to fools like himself.

"POSTSCRIPTUM.—That wild islander, who imagines that the chief end of existence is best discharged by battery and assault, and in preparing a succession of patients for country practioners, has in some degree raised an interest with me; and I should like to ascertain whether the young savage is reclaimable."

"By the Lord!" observed my father, "old yellow-face never stops to pick his phrases."

"You had better bring him with you; and it will be to me an interesting experiment to observe, whether the descendant of a Border cattle-stealer, or the issue of an Irish raparee, will go to the devil faster. You will find my address, and a sufficient sum of money placed to your credit, by calling, on your arrival in town, on Jones, Lloyd, and Company. Remember me to the ladies; and tell pretty Mary that if the thing is managed quietly, I may honour her uuptials with my presence."

The despatch from the dwarf terminated with a bulletin of his own health, and that of his attendant; by which it appeared that the little gentleman had contracted lumbago, and Cupid taken cold.

The latter passages of the epistle; the summons to the metropolis, and the inclusion of Brian in the projected expedition, were matters so mysterious and unexpected, as to pass the understanding of my parents altogether. After dinner, the dwarf's proposal was submitted to a committee of the whole house; of which, as usual, the chief butler was an influential director. To Brian and

myself, the overture made by the little gentleman was most agreeable. My mother offered a feeble opposition on the ground of the reputed immorality of the Modern Babylon. My father left the matter entirely to ourselves. Archy sang to the old tune of "Dinna thrae him! — dinna thrae him!" and the conclave terminated in a general resolution, that we should accept the invitation of him of the Kilmarnock night-cap, and start for London without delay. On the second morning all was ready for marching; and with light kits and lighter hearts, we left the mansion of the Elliots to catch the Edinburgh mail. At York, we were so far fortunate as to secure inside places; which, as the weather proved wet and stormy, was particularly desirable.

Although influenced by different motives, never did neophytes like Brian and myself enter "that mass of brick, and stone, and mortar," with more buoyant spirits and excited hopes. The feelings in my bosom were strangely mixed. Curiosity roused to the pinnacle of expectation; pleasure in the prospective; and all in London by the mind's eye was tinted *colour de rose*; while at times grave considerations arose. I felt that a singular being exercised a direction over my future destinies, at present, neither to be penetrated or conjectured. Time alone could develope this secret agency; and I must remain a puppet in the hands of a dwarf.

To Brian the metropolis brought more tender associations. Susan resided within twenty or thirty miles of town; for, on bidding farewell to Ireland, her father, from natural feelings, with the world "all before him where to choose," decided on ending his days in the same village where his eyes first saw the light, and his infancy was passed. Hence, the prospect of a speedy re-union with her whom he loved so devotedly, to Brian

"Carried rapture in the thought."

I mentioned that the weather was inclement; the mail travelled rapidly; the stoppages were few, and short as possible; and we kept ourselves close prisoners in the carriage. During the journey we frequently changed outside passengers, and generally, when we halted for refreshment, encountered a new face or two. Day was lazily breaking, as if it half despaired of penetrating the fog and smoke which canopied the mightiest city in the universe, as we rolled down Piccadilly, and pulled up at the White Horse Cellar. While waiting until our luggage could be extricated from the boot, and pointing out a portmanteau on the roof to the porter for removal, my eyes met those of an outsider on the box beside the coachman. Wrapped in a huge sea-coat, and buttoned to the very nose, the upper portion of a strongly-marked countenance was speedily recalled to memory, and in the muffled stranger I recognised at a glance Captain Dangerfield!

If ever a journey was directed by the hand of destiny, our's was that one. Unnoticed, the murderer had mounted the coach-box during the preceding night; and by singular fatality, the felon who had done the deed, and the youth whom that foul crime had orphaned, reached London for the first time, and by the same conveyance.

Well, indeed, may it be remarked, that "the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

THE SEAT OF WAR:—THE SIKHS AND THE PUNJAB.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

THE kingdom of Lahore, so named from its capital, is more usually called the Punjáb, a compound of the Persian words *punj* five,* and *áb*, from the five rivers which bound or flow through its territory; these are the Indus, and its four tributaries, the Jelum, the Chenab, the Ravee, and the Sutlej. Before the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, the chief and almost the only means of access to India was by the fords of Attock on the Indus; through these the Hystaspid sovereigns of Persia found an access, at a period very imperfectly known in history; Alexander the Great followed the same route when he encountered Porus, whose kingdom extended over the western districts of the Punjáb, and it was by this beaten track of invasion that the successive Mohammedan conquerors advanced to subdue Hindustan. Lahore was the metropolis of the Ghaznevid and the Ghorian dynasties, and when the Jagatay Turks, whom we improperly call Moguls, fixed their capital at Delhi, they considered Lahore as a kind of citadel to which they could retire, if forced to abandon their southern conquest. In later times the Punjáb has been overrun by Nadir Shah, and subdued by the Afghans, but since the disruption of the great Delhi empire, it has been occupied by the Sikhs, a people which, regarded either as a sect or a nation, is one of the most extraordinary in Asia.

The geographical conformation of the Punjáb has always favoured the separate existence, if not the national independence, of its inhabitants; the Indus and the Sutlej give definite boundaries to two sides of the triangle which it forms, and the third side is still better secured by the formidable mountains which fence in the beautiful valley of Kashmir. Further obstacles impede the march of the invader who has crossed the frontier. The country is divided by its rivers into five natural sections, described by the Persian term *Doáb*, which signifies, a great tongue or triangle of land, formed by the bifurcation above the confluence of two rivers. These rivers are navigable through a great part of their course, affording the most valuable facilities for internal traffic, and supplying the agriculturist with an almost unparalleled extent of irrigation. The plain slopes so very gradually from the north-east to the south-west, that there is little need of canals or other artificial aids to irrigation; in fact, it is so level, that the rivers are constantly changing their courses, and working out new channels, so that several towns, whose walls were washed by the waters twenty years ago, are now separated by a distance of several miles from the stream. The banks of the rivers are studded with towns, fortresses, and villages; but the interior of the *Doábs* is for the most part a savage desert.

As the Punjáb was the first seat of Mohammedan power, the Hindús of that country were most exposed to the proselyting zeal and bigotry of the Mussulmans. But as the Jagatay emperors, the descendants of Timur, were more tolerant than the Ghaznevids or the Ghorians, Hinduism was not exterminated, and its rites continued to be practised

* Punch, originally a Persian beverage, derives its name from the same numeral, because it consisted of five ingredients, water, spirit, acid, sugar, and spice.

with more or less of publicity, according to the amount of religious zeal in the ruling powers. Akbar, the most enlightened monarch that ever occupied an oriental throne, formed a plan for fusing into one body the different races of his empire, by forming a new religion out of all existing creeds, and placing himself at the head of the church as well as of the state. It appears, however, that this plan was not quite original, for an attempt to fuse Hinduism and Mohammedanism into a composite faith had been already made in the reign of his illustrious ancestor Baber. The projector of this singular scheme was Nanec Gurú, of whom the following account is given in the *Siyar-ul Mutakherin*, a Persian history of India, which has been, as yet, but partially translated.

"Nanec was the son of a grain-merchant of the Kati tribe, and in his youth was as remarkable for his good character as for the beauty of his person and his talents. Nor was he destitute of fortune. There was then in those parts (Lahore) a dervish of note, called Seid Hussein, a man of eloquence as well as of wealth, who having no children of his own, and being struck with the beauty of the young Nanec, conceived a great regard for him, and took the charge of his education. As the young man was early introduced to the knowledge of the most esteemed writers of Islám, and initiated into the principles of our most approved doctrines, he advanced so much in learning, and became so fond of his studies, that he made it a practice in his leisure hours, to translate literally, and make notes and extracts of our moral maxims. Those which made the deepest impression on him, were written in the idiom of the Punjáb, his maternal language. At length he connected them into order, and put them into verse. By this time he had so far shaken off those prejudices of Hinduism which he had imbibed with his milk, that he became quite another man. His collection becoming extensive, it took the form of a book, which he entitled *Granth*, and he became famous in the time of the Emperor Baber, from which time he was followed by multitudes of converts." To these converts he gave the name of Sikhs, which is equivalent to "disciples."

The basis of Nanec's creed was pure Deism, on which he grafted Mohammedan morals, and a few of the most innocent Hindú observances. His ethical code in some degree resembled that of the Society of Friends, he discouraged war, dissuaded from resistance to persecution, recommended plainness of dress and food, and considered abstinence the chief of the virtues. As he recognised no distinction of caste, his Hindu converts had no difficulties of initiation to encounter, and as his sect was marked by no very striking peculiarities, it did not excite any jealousy in the Mohammedan rulers.

The successors of Nanec extended his religion without exciting much attention, down to the reign of the Emperor Aur-ung-zib. That bigoted tyrant had his attention called to their increasing power, by a dispute which arose respecting the propriety of some additions that a Hindú zealot wished to make to the *Granth*, and some outrages perpetrated by the supporters of this zealot, afforded the emperor a pretext for interference. His cruel persecutions changed the character of the Sikhs; instigated by Gurú Govind, whose father had been put to a cruel death by the Mohammedans, the quiet sectarians became fierce warriors, and exhibited the most deadly hatred to all the followers of Islam. Large bodies of troops were sent against the marauders; Gurú Govind's sons were taken and put to death, but he escaped to the Afghans,

whose costume he adopted and recommended to his followers. He died of grief, and was succeeded by Benda Gurú, a sanguinary enthusiast, who vowed the extermination of every Mussulman, whether man, woman, or child, who came within his reach. His barbarous cruelties became so intolerable, that the whole force of the empire was sent against him. After a desperate resistance, he and his chief followers were made prisoners, and sent in fetters to Delhi. We extract from the interesting oriental historian already quoted, his singular and characteristic account of the execution of these captives.

"As soon as they had arrived at the outskirts, the emperor sent an order to bring them in, fettered as they were, but preceded by a number of heads upon pikes. Amongst the prisoners was Benda, with his face smeared with black, and a woollen cap placed upon his head. That wretch having been before the emperor, was ordered to the castle, where he was shut up with his son, and two or three of his chief commanders. The others were carried, a hundred every day, to the town hall, where they were beheaded, until the whole number of them was completed. What is singular, these people not only behaved patiently during the execution, but they contended for the honour of being first executed. At length Benda himself was produced, and his son being placed on his lap, the father was ordered to cut his throat, which he did without uttering one word. His flesh was then ordered to be torn off with red-hot pincers, and it was in these torments that he expired, expiating by his death in some measure, the enormities he had himself committed on the people of God (the Mussulmans). The Vizier, struck with the appearance of Benda, could not help addressing him, 'It is surprising,' said he, 'that one who shows so much acuteness in his countenance, and has displayed so much ability in his conduct, should have been guilty of such horrid crimes, that must infallibly ruin him in this world as well as in the next.' With the greatest composure, he replied, 'I will tell you what, my lord, whenever men become so corrupt and wicked as to relinquish the path of equity, and to abandon themselves to all kinds of excesses, then Providence never fails to raise up a scourge like me, to chastise a race become so depraved; but when the measure of punishment has been filled, then he raises up such a man as you to punish the instrument.'"

The execution of Benda took place in 1716, but it was far from destroying the power of the Sikhs. During the Persian and Afghan invasions, they revived their military associations, and greatly increased their strength, by lending their services to one party or the other. Hence when Ahmed Shah, the great monarch of the Afghans, returned to Cabul in 1761, after having dispersed the Mahrattas, the Sikhs had become the occupants of the principal strongholds and fastnesses in the Punjáb, and were able to set at defiance the feeble force which the Afghans had left in the Punjáb. Their chiefs took the name of *Singhs*, or "lions," and held annual assemblies at Umbritzir, the holy city in which the *Granth* was deposited, to concert measures of mutual protection. Ahmed Shah made frequent attempts to establish his supremacy but always with ill success; at length, in 1764, being deserted by a large body of his troops on the banks of the Sutlej, he returned to Cabul, and never again crossed the Indus.

In 1770 not only the Punjáb, but the country east of the Sutlej, as far as the Jumna, was subjected to twelve *misuls*, or associations of

Sikhs, each under a separate chief, whose united forces amounted to seventy thousand mounted warriors. A chief, however, had no absolute authority over his *misul*; he was simply regarded as the chief in war, and the arbiter in peace; his followers exacted a share of land proportioned to the services they had rendered, and were rarely contented with their allotments. Though the *Sirdars*, or chiefs, met twice a year at Umbritzir, the decisions of their council had no recognized authority, and for more than forty years their government was at once an anarchy and an oligarchy.

The smallest of these *misuls* was held in 1770 by Churut Singh; but the reputation he acquired by a victory over the Afghans conferred upon him a moral power, which compensated for the weakness of his military force. During twenty years he added largely to the number of his followers and the extent of his territory, being greatly aided by the political wisdom and conciliating manners of his son, Maha Singh, who was proverbially said to be "the head," while his father was but the hand. Churut Singh was accidentally killed in 1791, and in the following year Maha Singh followed him to the grave, leaving the government to Runjeet Singh, whose name has acquired so wide a reputation.

Runjeet Singh was born November 2, A. D. 1780, at a time when his father's reputation was daily acquiring fresh strength. He was attacked by the smallpox at a very early age, was badly treated by the native physicians, and having narrowly escaped death, recovered with the loss of an eye, and with a countenance terribly disfigured. In his twelfth year he lost his father. His mother acted as regent, and preserved the minor's inheritance from the rapacity of his neighbours; but she neglected the boy's education; he was never taught to read or write; means were lavishly supplied for gratifying every youthful passion; and his early years were spent in sensual indulgence, or in following the sports of the field.

Between the years 1795 and 1798 the Punjáb was thrice invaded by Shah Zeman, king of the Afghans. The Sikh chieftains fled before him, and he entered the capital, Lahore, without opposition. But the expense of retaining the country being greater than its advantages, and the Persians having threatened an invasion of Afghanistan, the Shah returned home, with such precipitation that he abandoned twelve of his guns in the bed of the Jelum. These guns were subsequently raised by the Sikhs, and served as models for casting cannon — which they had not previously used in war. This was the origin of those formidable parks of artillery which are now their chief boast, and their principal hope.

Runjeet Singh had fled before the Afghans, and had begun to carve out a kingdom east of the Sutlej, when the retreat of the invaders induced him to return to the Punjáb. He forwarded to Shah Zeman some of the baggage which that monarch had been compelled to abandon, and was rewarded for his fidelity by the investiture of Lahore. Notwithstanding their pride and bigotry, the Mussulmans of Lahore were so submissive to Shah Zeman that they submitted quietly to an alien governor; and by their aid Runjeet speedily expelled the rival Sikh chieftains from the city. The Afghan monarchy, which had hitherto steadily increased in strength and cohesion, so as to promise in the course of years to become a powerful empire, was thrown into sud-

den confusion, from which it has never since recovered, by the civil wars which arose between Shah Zemán and the Baurikzye brothers. Runjeet took advantage of the crisis to proclaim his independence, and to unite in a single kingdom all the divisions of the Punjáb. Towards the close of 1805 he had all but established his authority on the whole line of the Indus, when he was recalled to Lahore by the approach of Holkar, and his Mahratta hordes, towards his south-eastern frontier, closely pursued by Lord Lake and his victorious army. Holkar hoped to secure the cooperation of the Sikhs in his contemplated expulsion of the British from India ; and, had he gained any successes in his campaign, he would probably have found them willing allies. But oriental alliances with fugitives are of rare occurrence, and brief continuance. Runjeet not only withheld all aid from the Mahrattas, but refused to allow them to continue their retreat through his kingdom. Holkar, overcome by the difficulties of his situation, was forced to capitulate ; but, through the notorious incapacity of Lord Lake, the British profited less by the favourable juncture than was accordant with ordinary prudence, or the principles of sound policy. Friendly messages passed between Runjeet and Lord Lake, but from the ignorance and negligence of the English general, no regular treaty was formed.

The two following years witnessed a great extension of Runjeet's power ; he seized several important places east and south of the Sutlej ; the independent Sikh chiefs between that river and the Jumna were unable to resist his forces, and, in order to save their possessions, they sought and obtained English protection. At this time there were serious alarms respecting Napoleon's designs on India, and Lord Minto, then Governor-General, deemed it necessary to take measures for securing the frontiers. Mr. (now Sir Charles) Metcalfe was sent as an ambassador to Runjeet Singh ; but, in spite of his remonstrances, the Sikh chieftain continued to extend his conquests towards the Jumna, which he claimed as the natural frontier of his people. Lord Minto was not disposed to allow a new dynasty to pursue a career of successful conquest ; a body of troops, under Colonel Ochterlony, was moved across the Indus in 1809 ; Runjeet was speedily deprived of all his conquests east of the Sutlej, and the English occupied Loodianah as a post of observation.

Runjeet was afraid that the Sirdars of the Punjáb, many of whom were discontented with his authority, would emulate their more fortunate brethren beyond the Sutlej, and seek independence under British protection ; he therefore hastened to negotiate, and allowed the English to dictate the conditions of peace. It was granted to him on the stipulation that he should withdraw his forces from the left bank of the Sutlej, and that he should be responsible for any injury inflicted on the protected Sikhs. The latter condition became the pregnant source of future discussions. At first, Runjeet's subjects made frequent marauding incursions into the protected states, but the English commissioner at Loodianah wisely insisted that in such cases the lives of the offenders should not be deemed a sufficient compensation, but that in all cases Runjeet should pay a sum equivalent to the estimated amount of the damage. The Maha-raja of the Punjáb had no objection to hanging or shooting as many marauders as the commissioner chose to require, but he had great reluctance to pay pecuniary compensation ; and finding that this was in all cases sternly enforced, he established so

rigid a police on his eastern frontier, that there rarely rose any cause of contention between him and the authorities in Loodianah.

The excellent discipline of the fine detachment of sepoys which accompanied the British envoy, who negotiated the treaty of Lahore, attracted the admiration of the Maha-rajah, and taught him to appreciate the value of military training. He became thenceforth anxious to have an army trained in military tactics, and he offered large rewards to Europeans to enter his service. Deserters from the British sepoys were more secretly enticed to join the Sikhs, and some of them obtained very rich rewards. But his military reforms were resisted by a sect of fanatics, called Alkalees, who have long been the curse of the Punjáb. These wretches, who unite in their own persons the characters of saints, beggars, and thieves, deemed it a crime that the faithful should be commanded by infidels, and provoked many revolts of the mutinous Sikhs against their officers. Runjeet, however, was firm: in spite of their reputed sanctity he shot down the Alkalees who presumed to interfere with his plans, with as little scruple as he would have destroyed so many mad dogs, and he is even said to have meditated the extirpation of the entire race. The fanatics were terrified by his firmness, and his success in training his soldiers was very rapid and decisive. In the course of a few months he had trained several battalions, whose drill and evolutions might have satisfied any but the most rigid Martinet in military discipline.

In 1810 commenced a systematic extension of his dominions, at the expense of the Afghans, and at the same time he became reconciled to the Alkalees, who stimulated the Sikhs to a crusade against the Mahomedans, the great objects of their fanatical enmity. He invaded the province of Moultan, but was obliged to retreat from the siege of its capital; and it was not until 1818 that he completed this conquest, which rounded and secured his southern frontier. He was more successful in the north and west; the civil wars of the Afghans prevented them from succouring the posts they had established in the hills north of the Punjáb, and they fell one by one into the power of the Sikhs.

At the conclusion of the great wars of Europe, several of Napoleon's officers sought service as military adventurers, from various oriental sovereigns. Among those who received employment from Runjeet Singh were, Generals Allard, Ventura, and Avitabile, men of great skill in the art of war, but not less eminent as statesmen, and estimable as gentlemen. Under their training the Sikhs became scarcely inferior in discipline to the British sepoys; but they were unable to introduce any reform into the civil administration of the country, or to remedy any of the profligate corruptions of the court; and they soon discovered that the monarchy of Lahore would end as it had begun, with the life of Runjeet Singh.

In 1812 Runjeet celebrated the marriage of his eldest son, then only ten years of age, and invited Colonel Ochterlony, the British resident at Loodianah, to witness the festivities. Though the Colonel must have been viewed with some distrust, as the official protector of the Sikh states on the east side of the Sutlej, he was treated with great courtesy, and his opinion sought respecting the discipline of the Sikh battalions, and the state of the fortifications erected round Lahore. From this time there were frequent interchanges of courtesy between the Maha-rajah and the British Authorities; he received all travellers with kind-

ness, and all envoys with the most ostentatious generosity ; but he was most delighted with the mission of the late Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Alexander, Burnes, who brought him a present of some fine Flemish horses, which had been sent out for the purpose by Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Control. The size of these horses excited such admiration in the Punjáb, where the breed is rather small, that a shoe, which one of them had cast in the course of his journey, was forwarded by an express messenger to Lahore, and a sonnet was composed in its honour by the court-poet, who compared it to the full moon.

The account which Burnes gave the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, of the reception he had met with at the court of Lahore, induced that nobleman, who was then at Simlah, to propose a personal interview to Runjeet Singh ; the proposition was cheerfully accepted, and a place was appointed for the meeting on the banks of the Sutlej. The interview took place in October 1831, and was one of the most magnificent displays of wealth and grandeur that has been witnessed in modern times.

The state of the relations between the Sikhs and the Afghans, has had too much influence on the condition of the English Empire in India to be lightly passed over. We have already mentioned that the royal family of the Afghans was dethroned and exiled by the Barnikzye brothers, the chief of whom, Futteh Khan, ruled the kingdom in the name of a puppet, whom he had placed upon the throne. Shah Soojah, the exiled monarch, fled to the Punjáb, bearing with him, among other treasures, the celebrated Koh-i-Noor, or Mountain of Light, the largest known diamond in the world. This priceless gem is said by the Hindoos to have belonged to their mythological heroes ; and they believe that the empire of India is destined to its possessor. It was one of the chief boasts of the great line of Emperors of Delhi, descended from Baber, who regarded it as a type of universal sovereignty. Tavernier describes it as the principal ornament of their celebrated peacock-throne which was decorated with the most precious gems of the East. It was seized by Nadir Shah, when he invaded India, and by his command was set in a ring or bracelet to serve as an imperial signet. Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Afghan monarchy, obtained possession of the treasure when Nadir's tents were pillaged after his assassination, and it was by him transmitted to his descendants. The destiny which superstition assigned to this ring was the cause of the repeated invasion of India by the Afghans under Ahmed Shah and Zeman Shah, and it was his belief in its mystic efficacy, not less than its intrinsic value, which induced Runjeet Singh to violate the laws of hospitality, in order to compel its surrender. Shah Soojah and his family were imprisoned, and were subjected to the tortures of starvation until the jewel was resigned to the Maha-rajah. He sometimes shewed it to his European visitors, who describe it as about an inch and a half in length by an inch in breadth, and so thick that it projects more than half an inch beyond the gold setting. Shah Soojah would have been stripped of all his property by his remorseless host, had he not escaped to the British territories, where he and his blind brother, the once powerful Shah Zeman, long resided, supported by pensions granted to them by the East India Company.

Futteh Khan, having expelled Shah Soojah, engaged Runjeet Singh to assist him in the reduction of Kashmir, the governors of which had

embraced the cause of the exiled monarch. But the Vizier, with all his craft, was no match for the politic Maha-rajá; the Sikh monarch intrigued with both parties and deceived both. While Futteh Khan was in Kashmir, he prevailed upon the governor of Attock to yield him that important fortress, by which he secured his own western frontiers, and opened for himself a passage to the Afghan provinces west of the Indus. Futteh Khan attempted to recover a fortress which, from the days of Alexander the Great, has been justly regarded as the key of western India, but he was defeated with loss, and forced to retire beyond the Indus. His subsequent murder, and the partition of power among the Baurikzye brothers, so weakened the Afghans that they never attempted the recovery of Attock. Runjeet pursued his advantages; he not only subdued Kashmir, but crossed the Indus, and seized the province of Peshawer, separated from the rest of Afghanistan by the formidable Khyber pass.

The hearts of the Mussulmans throughout India were grieved by the erection of an idolatrous monarchy, such as that of the Sikhs, on the ruins of an empire so long held by true believers. In 1821, Ahmed, a Syed, or descendant from the family of Mohammed, pretended that he was divinely inspired to restore the supremacy of Islam. His revelations were collected into a volume, deemed by his followers scarcely less sacred than the Koran; crowds attended to hear his enthusiastic sermons in the cities which he visited; and when he came to Calcutta, on his way to Mecca, he was received with such enthusiasm by the Moslem inhabitants as to excite the apprehensions of the British Government. Early in 1827, Syed Ahmed returned from his pilgrimage and commenced his Holy War against the Sikhs west of the Indus; but the enthusiasm of his followers could not compete with the superior equipment and discipline of Runjeet Singh's troops; he was repeatedly defeated, but he continued to maintain a harassing, desultory warfare until the beginning of 1831, when he was surprised with only a few followers by a Sikh detachment and slain.

The war between the Sikhs and the Afghans, embittered on each side by the most rancorous bigotry, naturally rendered the former allies of the English when Lord Auckland resolved to invade Afghanistan. It is not our purpose to examine now the policy of this extraordinary enterprise; we have had no adequate explanation of the causes which induced our government to pass the Indus, and we have but very insufficient information respecting the disasters which followed. One result, however, of great importance, but very little noticed, speedily followed. Our moral influence over the Sikhs was destroyed, they began to believe themselves able to cope with British troops, and the only exploit which served to maintain our reputation in the Punjáb, was the heroic defence of Jellalabad by General Sale. The death of Runjeet Singh, June 28th, 1839, greatly increased the hostility with which the Sikhs had long regarded the English; and even so early as 1840, there were some of the Sirdars who formed plans of conquest in British India.

A little before his dissolution, Runjeet Singh directed that his great diamond, the celebrated Koh-i-Noor, should be sent after his death to the temple of Juggernaut; though he bestowed extravagant donations on most of the temples in his own dominions, it is doubtful whether this bequest was entirely the result of superstition. He probably believed

that the possession of it, and the tradition attached to its ownership, might lead his successors to wage war with the English, and thus provoke the subjugation of their kingdom, for he never doubted that such must be the final issue of a conflict. His precautions, however, were frustrated, and the gem still remains in the royal treasury at Lahore. He is said to have left in this treasury eight millions of pounds sterling in hard cash, with more valuable jewels than are possessed by any court in Europe.

The funeral of Runjeet Singh was performed with all the barbarous rites of the Hindoo Suttee. Four of his queens and seven of his female slaves were burned on his funeral pile, and the ashes were afterwards collected and thrown into the sacred stream of the Ganges. His prime-minister, Dhyan Singh, was with great difficulty prevented from rushing into the flames which were consuming the body of his master, but some doubts have been thrown on the sincerity of this act of self-devotion.

Kurruck Singh, the son and successor of Runjeet, was a prince of feeble intellect and neglected education, addicted to the most disgusting vices. He was dethroned by his own son, Noo Nehal Singh, commonly called "the Hotspur of the Sikhs," and closely confined in his palace. The new ruler believed himself predestined to be the Emperor of the East; he made secret overtures, accompanied with large presents, to the chiefs of Cabul, Nepal, and other native powers, inciting them to rise simultaneously against the British government, and had he lived war would have been inevitable. The manner of his death was singular. The end of the deposed Kurruck Singh was hastened by poison; but to avert suspicion his remains were honoured with a magnificent funeral, two of his queens immolating themselves on the pile. As Noo Nehal Singh was returning from the ceremony, the elephant on which he rode struck against the brick-work of the palace and brought down the whole structure. His companion was killed upon the spot, and he was himself so severely injured that he never spoke afterwards, and expired in a few hours.

The greatest consternation was spread through the whole of the Punjab by the premature death of "the Hotspur of the Sikhs." His boasts and bravadoes had fostered the military ardour of the soldiers, and led them to form dreams of plunder and conquest; even those who had been disgusted by his profligate and dissolute habits lamented the loss of the only person that was able to control the power of the obnoxious vizier, Dhyan Singh, and his unpopular brothers. Shere Singh, a son of Runjeet, was chosen by the Sirdars, but as his legitimacy was doubtful a strong party was opposed to his accession. At the head of this party was the mother of the late Maha-raja. She asserted that one of the queens of her deceased son was pregnant, and claimed the regency as the natural guardian of the unborn child. The widow who was thus declared to be *enceinte* was a young lady who had not reached her ninth year, and the marriage of course had been merely nominal. Patent, however, as the deception was, the Queen Regent maintained her ground for a considerable time, but was at length forced to yield to the united forces of Shere Singh and the vizier, Dhyan Singh. She was shortly after murdered by her own slave-girls, whom she is said to have treated with the most barbarous cruelty.

Shere Singh owed his success to the bribes and promises by which he had induced the army to abandon the Queen's party. The soldiers having thus learned their power, resolved to exert it to the utmost; they

demanding an increase of pay, and the dismissal of all such officers as they disliked, particularly Europeans. Mutinies broke out in several quarters; several officers were murdered; others were plundered and ill-treated, and most of the rest consulted for their safety by quitting the service of the court of Lahore. This state of things continued until the soldiers, weary of their own excesses, compromised their claims on the government for a small increase of pay, and a gratuity for the services they had rendered in placing Shere Singh on the throne.

Tranquillity was restored for a short time, and fortunately this change occurred at the moment when the English were making exertions to retrieve the disasters in Afghanistan. Shere Singh had always been attached to British interests, and it was chiefly owing to his firmness that General Pollock was allowed a free passage through the Punjab to Peshawer, when advancing to relieve General Sale and the heroes of Jelallabad. Many of the Sirdars were anxious to take advantage of the crisis, and fall upon the British troops; indeed, some of them had stipulated with the Affghans to do so; and Akbar Khan was so persuaded that the destruction of the British army was inevitable, as prematurely to order rejoicings in his camp. Three days after the heads of General Pollock's columns appearing at the entrances of the passes forced the Affghans to precipitate flight.

Shere Singh was well aware of the insecure basis on which his power rested; he resolved to place himself under British protection, and to enter into a subsidiary treaty whenever an opportunity would offer. This resolution by some means became known to Ajeet Singh, the commander of a large body of cavalry, stationed near Lahore, and the brother-in-law of the Maha-rajah. A hasty conspiracy was formed between him and the vizier we have so often mentioned, Dhyan Singh, and so great was the hurry of the conspirators to perpetrate their crime, that they did not wait to settle any plan of further proceedings. Early in September, 1844, the Maha-rajah was invited to inspect Ajeet Singh's cavalry; some palpable blunders were committed on purpose to excite his indignation and attention. Ajeet Singh came forward to apologize for the error, bearing an English rifle as if to purchase his pardon; but in the act of presenting it he dexterously pulled the trigger and shot Shere Singh through the heart. Whatever may have been this ruler's demerits, his servants showed a creditable respect for his person; they fought round his body until the greater part of their number was cut to pieces, and not one of them remained unwounded in his defence. The head was severed from the body and carried round the camp, but in the course of the day a change came over the soldiers, the remains of the unfortunate ruler were given to his wives, and before night a hasty Sutte was prepared, two of them immolating themselves at the pile.

In the meantime, Ajeet Singh, hastening towards Lahore, met Dhyan Singh driving in his carriage. He was invited to take a place, and the worthy pair proceeded together to the city. On the road they began to discuss the plan for the future government of the Punjab, but not being able to agree, Ajeet Singh cut the matter short by stabbing the vizier to the heart. On reaching Lahore this vile assassin caused the whole of the late Maha-rajah's family to be murdered, including an infant born on the previous day in the Zenana, and then shut himself up with his followers in the citadel.

After the murder of the vizier, Ajeet had commanded the head to be

struck off and to be sent to the son of the unfortunate minister, Heera Singh. He mistook his man; instead of being terrified, Heera Singh's first thought was vengeance. He appealed to the army, and being zealously seconded by all the European officers, he besieged Ajeet in the citadel. The walls soon began to crumble under the heavy fire of artillery that was opened upon them, and Ajeet Singh, attempting to escape from a window, was overtaken and slain. A council was then held in which it was resolved that Dhuleeb Singh, a reputed son of Runjeet, should be placed on the throne, that Heera Singh should be vizier, and that a certain share of power should be conceded to the king's mother, as Ranee, or Queen Regent. But the soldiers had again felt their power; they required an increase of pay, and an immediate dismissal of all the European officers. Heera Singh was forced to comply, declaring as he did so, that he parted with his only means and hopes of safety. He had presaged his fate aright.

The minister, aware of the dangers by which he was surrounded, took into his confidence the Pundit Jellah, whose reputation for sanctity gave him great influence in Lahore, and began to enlist a large body of mountaineers from Jummo, as a guard for his personal safety. Before his arrangements were completed, he was attacked by the brother of the Queen Regent, at the head of an overwhelming force, driven from Lahore, and compelled to seek safety in flight. Overtaken by the pursuers, he made a desperate resistance, but was at length cut down; his followers, refusing quarter, gallantly shared his fate.

Since his death there has not been a vestige of stable government in the Punjab. The Queen Regent has displayed an excess of profligacy such as surpasses the fabulous extravagances of Semiramis, the nominal Maha-rajah displays symptoms of hopeless incapacity, and the multitudinous ministers who "come like shadows so depart," have rendered confusion worse confounded. But the Sikh soldiery have got for their dominant notion that which constituted the strength and the weakness of the Mahrattas, that they are predestined to be the conquerors of India; and a multitude of false prophets, most of them Alkalees, has sprung up in the Punjab, preaching the duties of a holy war, and confidently predicting success.

It is the general opinion that the Punjab must be annexed to the British territories because there are not materials for constructing a permanent native government. This was strongly felt and expressed by the gallant and lamented Sir R. Sale, who has prematurely fallen in the first conflict. Had he survived, the conquest of the Punjab might have been facilitated by the respect which the Sikhs universally had for his valour, and the confidence they reposed in his integrity. The task now will be one of some difficulty and danger, nor will security be immediately obtained on the completion of the conquest. Too large a proportion of the population has been trained to arms for quiet to be the result of victory, and the Alkalees will raise insurrections whenever they are beyond the musket-range of sentries.

If the Punjab were placed under the immediate dominion of the British crown, and its administration confided to persons unfettered by the cumbrous routine of Leadenhall Street, it might become a most valuable acquisition. It possesses great mineral wealth; its agricultural produce might be almost indefinitely multiplied by a judicious system of irrigation, and the transit trade on the five rivers, if subjected to moderate tolls,

would furnish a revenue nearly adequate to the ordinary expenses of the government. The climate in many districts, as for instance in the valley of Kashmir and other spots at the foot of the mountains, is the finest in the world, and when viewed in connection with the productiveness of the soil, offers many advantages to settlers. Chance, or rather Providence, has placed in our power an opportunity of making our country the civilizer of Asia, and we may be permitted to hope that in this enlightened age the crimes and blunders perpetrated on the banks of the Ganges will not be repeated on the banks of the Indus.

NOTHING AT ALL !

WHEN statesmen, involved in a cloud of fine words,
 Look large through the mist, how we stare and admire !
 But feathers *alone* do not constitute birds,
 And promising statesmen all fruitless expire :
 Compared with its coatings, an almond is small,
 But *their* inner substance is—nothing at all !

When self-titled patriots hoarsely hold forth,
 Till law seems oppression, and government, crime ;
 The lips against office o'erflowing with wrath,
 The heart crying, " Wanted, a place ! " all the time ;
 Their love for dear country, howe'er they may bawl,
 May safely be rated at—nothing at all !

When certain philanthropists, feigning a flame,
 Look hot with humanity, melting in sighs,
 You shall hear them talk volumes in Charity's name,
 But, touch not their *purse*,—or philanthropy dies !
 Such love for one's fellows we know what to call—
 The sum of that matter is—nothing at all !

When fair-weather friends, *swallows*, looking like *men*,
 Take flight with your summer—for such is their creed,—
 Forget, or neglect you, or, with a half spin,
 Revolve on their heels at your least hint of *need*—
 You well may exclaim, with some risings of gall,
 " Such *vol-au-vent* friendship is—nothing at all ! "

Yet statesmen, philanthropists, patriots, friends,
 Are *sometimes* not shadows, but best of true bloods :
 They *do* in odd places spring up for good ends,
 And even a palace not always excludes.
 To searching for such let us studiously fall,
 And never, when found, deem *them*—nothing at all !

G. D.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE TWELFTH.

Liston's *Lubin Log*.—Paul Pry.—The Waverley Characters.—Mrs. Faucit's Elspeth and Lady Grace.—Adam Brock.—Liston embraces the Author.—His Tragic Aspirations.—His Romeo.—Intended Hoax on Pearman.—The Tables turned.—Mathews *quite* at Home.—Modern English Comedy.—Colman the Younger.

Then there was Liston's *Lubin Log*. I must not forget his *Lubin Log*. Benedicite! what a treat that was. Never was low, vulgar, shallow, sordid, self-sufficient cockney so richly or so naturally depicted. See how his pitiful soul shrinks at the necessity of remembering the coachman. How sedulously he hunts out the smallest possible coin his pocket contains, to present him. How his gesticulations declare the agony this being generous "on compulsion" gives him. How free, how familiar, how insultingly obtrusive too, he is to Mrs. Hilary, because she is an actress,—sure index of a low, vulgar, dirty, narrow mind. This sketch contains the true elements of character. It is to be regretted that Kenney did not make it a finished picture, and set it in a better frame. Had *Lubin Log* been written up to Liston, it would have been as popular as *Paul Pry*, which, in my opinion, he over-acted, as well as over-dressed. Farren's *Colonel Harding* was worth a thousand of it, so was Mrs. Glover's *Mrs. Subtle*. *Manworm* is another character in which Liston was over-rated; Oxberry played it as well, and Mathews a great deal better.

On the other hand, Liston topped the shrewd intriguing valet. He displayed consummate tact in a part of this description in "The Alcaid," while his excellence in *Figaro* is well known, though I think Reeve, if he could have made up his mind to have studied the character properly, would have played *Figaro* better.

Then, in the Waverley characters,—*Maa conscience!* How gloriously Liston handled the red hot poker in the clashing. How *prodigious* he was in *The Domine*. With what *gusto* he gloated over

"The beautiful cane from the banks of the Indus,"

in *Monkbairns*. Mackay may have been a better exponent of Scott's conceptions than Liston; indeed, we have Scott's own words that he was; but I defy Mackay, or any other actor, to please me more in *Monkbairns* than Liston did. As far as my judgment goes, Liston's *Monkbairns* was one of the most natural, easy, and judicious performances the modern stage presented. It was decidedly one of the very best things he ever did. But, indeed, "The Anti-quary" was admirably played throughout at Covent Garden. Emery performed *Edie Ochiltree* as if Scott had designed it for him. Farley was excellent in *Mucklebackit*. Terry looked superlatively gloomy in *Glenallan*. Blanchard made a capital *Caxon*; nor could any New

Zealander have displayed more ingenuity in disfiguring himself than the beautiful Mrs. Faucit did in *Elspeth*. This lady is remarkable for having played the most pleasing, and the most repulsive part, within my remembrance. My blood curdles at the recollection of her *Elspeth*, while in *Lady Grace* she presented the most perfect combination of beauty, ease, and elegance, the stage ever boasted—at least in my time, and to my thinking.

But *Adam Brock*—*Adam Brock* was Liston's *chef d'œuvre*. Here his genius especially luxuriated. Here, for the first time, he touched the feelings of his audience. Liston was so transported at this, that when he came off the stage he embraced the author, exclaiming—"My dear Planché, you've made me." The truth is, that Liston, like Terry and other eminent comedians, had a strong hankering after tragedy, in which he had been accustomed to figure in the provinces, and, no doubt, felt more flattered at the applause accorded him for the arid delivery of some serious speech, than he did at the more genuine tribute extorted by his unrivalled comic powers. Strange as it may appear, it is an undoubted fact that Liston attempted to play *Romeo* for his benefit at the Haymarket theatre. The following passage occurs in the preliminary address he delivered on that occasion:—

"Nay, now you laugh,
While I'm as serious as an epitaph."

Serious! Liston serious in playing *Romeo*!!! The idea was *too* absurd. The audience were in a roar; they wouldn't, they *couldn't* be good; so finding the attempt useless, Liston very wisely abandoned it, merged the Mantuan hero into *Lord Grizzle*, and returned to *Henry Augustus Mug*. *Quære*—Did Colman christen this facetious personage after his friend Augustus Pitcher?—It would seem so.

In aspiring to the sock, it is probable that Liston was swayed by other feelings than ambition. The truth is, he had too much self-respect to remain satisfied with that position in his profession, however lucrative it may have been, which accident, rather than inclination, had thrown him into. Liston did not covet such success as he had achieved. He was far from pleased with the greatness which had been thrust upon him. He had no wish to *briller* as a *buffo*, and would, no doubt, have willingly sacrificed a portion of his emolument to have established himself in any other line. "I hate—I detest myself," he indignantly exclaimed one night to Klanert, at the Richmond theatre, "for making such an ass of myself." And this was not the only occasion on which he thus expressed himself. On the other hand, it must be confessed, no actor appeared to enjoy himself more before an audience, or gave a greater rein to his humour, than our darling Liston did.

It was some time before Liston's extraordinary comic powers became fully developed. In all probability, he was himself ignorant that he possessed them. The parts he played during his first two seasons in London, were not calculated to display his peculiar talents, and in many instances were written especially for actors to whom, of course, they were better adapted.

"Liston's first season,"* observed Fawcett, "though not an ab-

* At Covent Garden.

solite failure, gave no promise of that excellence to which he afterwards attained. He frequently excited the disapprobation of the audience, which, it must be confessed, was sometimes pretty liberally bestowed upon him. Of course we naturally looked upon him as a dead weight—a detrimental we should be glad to get rid of at the close of his engagement. Liston seemed to feel this himself. He spoke to nobody. Though entitled by his salary to enter the first green-room, he rarely availed himself of that privilege, but roved among the scenes, silent and alone, a disappointed man. It happened that a farce of Allingham's was about to be produced, in which Farley had a part—a dancing part, if I recollect aright*—but which, however, he eventually threw up. Well, nobody else would take it, it went begging about the theatre, until at last, as a *dernier ressort*, it was offered to Liston, who undertook it. His success was immense; to his own, to every body's astonishment, he made a decided hit. From that time authors began to write for him, and he became what he is.

I have said that Liston, like most inveterate jokers, sometimes had the tables turned upon him. Formerly, the only access before the curtain was by two stage doors, which stood on either side of the proscenium, and which, indeed, in most provincial theatres, may still be seen. Consequently the actor appointed to announce the next night's performances, could only execute that duty by entering at one of these two stage doors. Now, it was a favourite joke with Liston, when the actor came on to make this announcement, to enter at the opposite door, as if he intended making the announcement himself, when, feigning surprise at finding himself forestalled, he would exclaim,—“Oh, I beg your pardon,” and, making a low bow, retire, leaving the luckless actor exposed to the derision of the audience, who never failed to laugh at him very heartily on these occasions. One night, Pearman received an intimation that Liston intended playing him this trick, so he took his measures accordingly. As he anticipated, he had no sooner entered to make the announcement at one door, than Liston came on at the opposite one, on which Pearman immediately retired, bolting the door behind him, the door by which Liston entered being at the same time bolted from within by one of the actors stationed there for that purpose. Thus my gentleman was caught. He had fallen into his own trap. He could not make his escape, nor could he announce the performances, because he did not know what they were to be. In vain Liston summoned all his effrontery to his aid,—in vain implored the prompter and those who were behind the curtain enjoying his agonies, to release him. He had shown no mercy to others, and now found no mercy himself, while each successive attempt he made to extricate himself, only increased the laughter of the audience, who roared as soon as they comprehended his situation.

One night Liston sat in one of the stage boxes at Brighton when Mathews was giving his “At Home.”

“Going for two pounds ten; going for two pounds ten,” cried Mathews, who was describing an auction, “who bids more?”

“Three pounds,” interposed Liston, hoping to disconcert him.

“Thank you, sir,” said Mathews, bowing and smiling,—“gone.

* *Iambic Extempore*, no doubt,

It's yours, sir,—Mr. Liston, I believe ;” and noting down the name, Mathews went on with his performance.

Marryat tells a story of some Frenchman, who, coming over to London to consult Mr. Liston the surgeon, was directed, by mistake, to the comedian's, where an amusing equivoque took place.

Alas! alas! our inimitable Liston is no more! Since penning the above, he has made his final exit. Let those actors who strive to emulate his professional excellence, emulate also his private worth; above all, let them emulate that prudence and exemplary moral conduct, which contributed so largely to Liston's happiness and respectability; and without which talent loses half its lustre,—life, all its charms.

There are few things I prefer to a snug private box at The Haymarket, whence I can enjoy, *à mon aise*, a good comedy, with Farren, Webster, Buckstone, Holl, Mrs. Glover, and Julia Bennett in it. But it *must* be a good comedy—not an adaptation, or *murderation* from Scribe, or a *réchauffée* of Parisian-Anglo incidents, so disguised and so deteriorated in the double dishing they have undergone, that it is impossible to recognize, or find any flavour in them.* No. The comedy I mean must be English—English, sirs! from top to toe; a comedy reflecting English manners and English habits, appealing to English feelings and English principles; such a comedy, in short, as “John Bull,” or “The Cure for the Heartache,” or “The Clandestine Marriage,” or “She Stoops to Conquer,” or one of those laughable little three-act pieces which Jameson used annually to bring out at the Old Haymarket, full of pun, and fun, and bustle, and equivoque, which had no mercy on your sides, and defied criticism.

I confess I enjoy comedies of this description more than I do those of Congreve, or even of Shakspeare himself. They are more colloquial, more understandable; they accord more with our habits and sympathies, and depict life as we see it. If they are less witty, they are more humorous; if their characters are less vigorously drawn, they are more amiable; if their plots are less complex, they are more interesting, and better developed; but, above all, they lack that obscenity and total disregard of all moral and religious feeling which characterize the productions of our earlier dramatists.

Perhaps no language is so rich in modern comedy as our own. Fertile as the French writers are, dexterously as they conduct their plots, and hit off the prevailing follies, their comedies, with the exception of Moliere's, want that *body* which is to be found in those of Cumberland, Colman, Sheridan, and their contemporaries. Licentious intrigues, which had hitherto formed the staple of our comedies, were sparingly introduced, or discarded altogether by these writers, who sought to interest their audiences by alternate scenes of humour and pathos, or scenes in which pathos and humour were intermingled, delineating those domestic distresses which it is beneath the dignity of tragedy to appropriate, but which, nevertheless, forcibly awaken our feelings and sympathies. Equivoque too,—that powerful medium for provoking mirth,—was employed with great success by the majority of these writers, and formed a prominent feature in what may be emphatically called *domestic comedy*.

* Such, for instance, as “The Gambler's Fate,” adapted from a French piece compounded of “The Gamester,” and Lillo's “Fatal Curiosity.”

Webster, if he had no other claim to public patronage—and he has many—richly deserves it for the support he has uniformly given to this delightful species of drama. Not only has he constantly kept our best domestic comedies on his stock list, cast with all the strength of his company, and *mises en scène* in the best possible manner, but he has held out every inducement to living dramatists to write pieces of this description, though, strange to say, with indifferent success. With the exception of “Money,” “Young Heads upon Old Shoulders,” and a piece or two by Jerrold and Knowles, nothing deserving the name of comedy has been produced at the Haymarket Theatre, under Webster’s management.

Colman, the Younger, unquestionably stands at the head of the domestic school. His romantic dramas, in which he affected the phraseology of Shakspeare and the early writers, are powerfully dashed off, and contain passages of great poetical beauty. But “John Bull” and “The Heir at Law” are worth a thousand such pieces as “The Iron Chest” and “The Mountaineers.” These two excellent comedies may be pronounced the best of their species, and Morton’s “Speed the Plough” and “The Cure for the Heart-ache” rank next to them. These four comedies, with “The Poor Gentleman,” “The School of Reform,” and some others by the same authors, abound in scenes of pathos and humour, sustained by original characters strongly drawn, and skilfully contrasted; for which reason they are usually among the first selected for representation by amateurs. The principal objection to these comedies is an occasional inflation of language, and the frequent clap-traps which encumber them. Not content with working out the moral in action, and distributing poetical justice, the authors are perpetually lecturing the audience. As the negro said, “It is *floggee* and *vreachee* too!”

Colman’s style is bold and vigorous. His ideas flow freely. He is said to have written the concluding act of “John Bull” in a single night—a prodigious effort! which those who know how difficult it is to “tie up the arteries” of a five-act piece, only can estimate. He is frequently witty, and humorous to excess. With the exception of O’Keiffe, Colman possessed more humour than any dramatic writer we have; but his humour, though not so grotesque, is richer, and of a higher quality, than O’Keiffe’s. This essence, if I may so term *humour*, which more or less intermingles in almost all the occurrences of life, from a christening to an execution, overflows and fertilizes the comedies of Colman, increasing the effect sometimes even of his pathos, in which also he excelled. His dialogue is so alliterative, and so tightly bound together, that it is impossible to alter or improve it, which can scarcely be said of that of his contemporaries. He had a great command of words; nor was he scrupulous in the choice of them, always selecting those which were the strongest and most emphatic. Like *Arcs*, he appears to have thought a *damme* on occasion an improvement; which rendered his extreme fastidiousness, or rather *sqwamishness*, during his censorship, more remarkable, and entailed much ridicule upon him. *Ollapod* and *Pangloss* are excellent specimens of Colman’s style. These two characters, which are whimsical and humorous in the highest degree, display his characteristics in perfection.

Colman was exceedingly tenacious of his literary reputation. On

this point he appears to have been as sensitive as a man just skinned. Witness his angry letter to Mrs. Inchbald, prefixed to that lady's edition of "The Heir-at-Law," as well as his still more intemperate preface to "The Iron Chest," in which he compares John Kemble's voice to "bees in a bottle, frogs in a pond," &c., and eulogizes his own drama, which it would not be difficult to prove is far from faultless, and about the heaviest he ever wrote.* Nor did Colman scruple to vent his spleen publicly against those who offended him. In a note to "The Review," he thus speaks of Arnold, with whom he had quarrelled, "This song was given to me by a bad friend, and worse poet;" from all which it would seem that Master George had been much petted and spoilt by his father; and succeeding him to the management had not improved him.

As a convivialist, Colman was

"The sun of the table,"

even among the luminaries at Carlton House, where he was a frequent guest. George the Fourth—no mean authority in such matters—pronounced him "the best *four-o'clock-in-the-morning* man he ever met." When Sheridan, Hanger, and other planets, began to wane, Colman shone resplendent; quaffing his imperial punch with undiminished zest, and throwing out the coruscations of his wit with increasing brilliancy. With the exception of their illustrious host, a certain capacious peer was the only one of the party who could outsit Colman. This unwieldy pillar of the state has been known to go to an oyster-shop, after drinking down the rest of his *convives*, and make a hearty supper of pickled salmon.

Of course, with such habits Colman was not an early riser. One afternoon, Theodore Hook called upon him. George, who was in bed, inquired of the servant what o'clock it was.

"Past three, sir," said the man.

"Only three!" echoed Colman in a rage; "what does Mr. Hook mean by disturbing me so early? Go tell him to call again at any reasonable hour, and I'll see him."

Then turning his back, he went to sleep again.

* *Sir Edward Mortimer* is represented as having committed a murder with a knife. Now, what does he do with this said knife, reeking as it is with the blood of his victim? Does he bury it, or destroy it, or throw it into a pond or a river, or resort to any other mode of getting rid of such a damning evidence of his guilt, as a man in such circumstances naturally would? No such thing! He locks it up carefully in his "Iron Chest," just as it is, covered with blood; for no other reason, it would appear, than that it may become the means of convicting him hereafter. Besides, what man in *Wilford's* situation, when the watch and other trinkets are found in his trunk, would consider the oath of secrecy he had taken binding, feeling, as he must, that the property has been conveyed thither either by Sir Edward himself, or through his agency, for the express purpose of crushing him? Again, in the opening chorus, why make the child sing,

"Give us food, good brother, pray!
For we ate nothing yesterday,"

when there has been a hind-quarter of venison hanging in the pantry for the last fortnight?

FORGET ME NOT!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Supposed to be addressed to a young soldier summoned to the wars, and taking leave of his betrothed bride.

COME, Herman, soothe this hour of sadness,
Come to thy Bertha's throbbing breast,
The breast which Love once filled with gladness
Is now with darkest woes oppressed.
Too rapidly the moments stealing
Demand obedience to thy lot,
Yet, ere the final hour is pealing,
Receive my prayer, Forget me not!

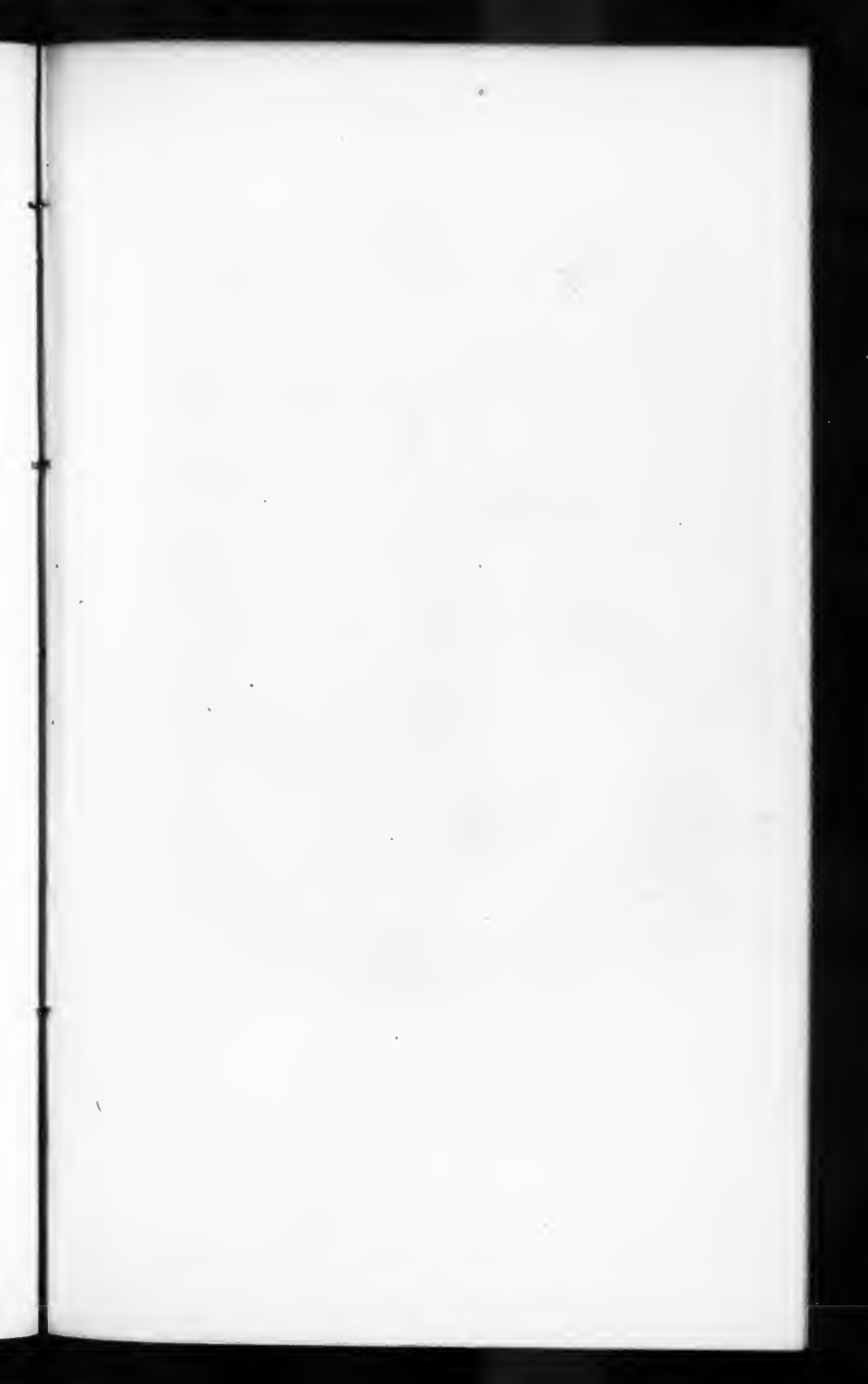
No breast can ever love thee fonder!
Forget not, then, thy faithful maid,
Who oft from home and friends would wander,
To seek with thee the silent shade.
These eyes from thine would rapture borrow,
No cloud then dimmed my happy lot;
But now my voice, oppressed with sorrow,
Can scarcely breathe, Forget me not!

This burning kiss shall be a token
That years thy form shall ne'er efface:
Those solemn vows our lips have spoken
Are sealed in this, our last embrace.
But, see! the emblem flow'rets wither
That bloomed beneath my lowly cot;
And they, till thou returnest hither,
Shall whisper still, Forget me not!

When shadowy branches wave before me,
When murmuring zephyrs charm my ear,
Thy faithful form shall hover o'er me,
And memory wake the silent tear.
Ah! then from yonder verdant willow—
Our names record the sacred spot,—
The breeze shall waft across the billow
My earnest prayer, Forget me not!

Ah! silent then yon weeping fountain,
Ah! scentless then the flow'ret's bloom;
Dark shades will hang o'er vale and mountain,
And heaven itself be wrapped in gloom.
The birds will greet the blushing morrow—
Their amorous joyful notes forgot,
With tones that breathe in fruitless sorrow
The longing wish, Forget me not!

When magic strains are round thee breathing,
Ah! think on her who loves thee yet,
Though fairer maids thy flow'rets wreathing,
May tempt thy spirit to forget.
May *her* afflictions never sadden,
Her tears ne'er dim thy brighter lot;
Yet 'mid the joys thy manhood gladden,
Thou happier one, Forget me not!





The Little Mermaid meets the King of the Sea

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THE MERMAID.

FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

IN the midst of the wide sea, the water is as blue as the bluest cornflower, and as clear as the clearest crystal; but it is so deep that the longest cable cannot reach to the bottom, and that you would have to pile a great number of church-steeple on the top of the other, to reach from the bottom of the sea to its surface. And down beneath this deep water dwell the people of the sea.

Now you must not suppose that there is nothing down there but white sand,—far from it; there are wondrous trees and plants, with such pliant boughs that they wave to and fro with the slightest movement of the water, as though they were living things. Fish of all shapes and sizes glide among the branches, just as the birds up here fly about in the air; and there where the sea is deepest, stands the palace of the sea-king. The walls of this palace are of coral, the high pointed windows of amber, and the roof is covered with shells which open and shut with every wave, and in each shell is a pearl so large and so bright, that any one of them would be the most precious jewel in the crown of a king of the earth.

The sea-king, who lived in this palace, had been a widower for many years, and his old mother kept house for him: She was a clever woman, but very proud of her birth, which was so high that she wore twelve oysters on her tail; whereas the other grand folks of the sea might wear but six. In all other respects she deserved unmixed praise, especially for her affection towards the young princesses, her granddaughters. These were six beautiful children, but the youngest princess was the most beautiful of them all. Her skin was as soft and as fine as a rose-leaf, her eyes as blue as the deepest sea; and her fish's tail was covered with the most pearly scales. The children played all day long in the great halls of the palace, on the walls of which grew the most beautiful flowers. When they opened the great amber windows, the fish swam in just as with us the swallows fly in when we leave the windows open; but the fish were much bolder, they swam straight up to the little princesses, ate out of their hands, and suffered themselves to be stroked by them.

In front of the palace was a great garden, with bright red and deep blue trees, of which the fruit shone like gold; and the flowers in the garden were like burning suns. The ground was of the finest bright-blue sand; and a wondrous azure hue was spread over everything, so that one seemed rather to be up in heaven, than at the bottom of the sea. When the sea was quite calm, the people down below it could see the sun looking like a crimson flower that poured out light from its chalice.

Each of the little princesses had her own garden, which she might plant and lay out as she pleased. One of the princesses shaped her garden like a whale, and another like a mermaid; but the youngest made hers quite round like the sun, and planted in it only flowers which were bright red, as the sun appeared to her. She was a strange child in all respects, that youngest princess, and very reserved and

thoughtful. Once, when a ship was wrecked, and her sisters got all sorts of things out of it wherewith to ornament their gardens, she asked for nothing save the beautiful white marble boy which had been found on board, and she set the statue in her garden, and planted a crimson weeping willow beside it, which grew up and hung its long branches till they touched the blue ground, whereon the shadows played in violet colours, as though the top of the tree were kissing the root in sport.

But nothing pleased the little princess so well, as to hear about the world above the sea. Her old grandmother told her all she knew about ships and towns and men and beasts on the dry land. And, what delighted the little princess most of all, was to hear that the flowers on the land smelt sweetly, which the sea-flowers do not; and that the woods there were green, and that the fish that played among the branches could sing loudly and sweetly. The old grandmother called the birds fish, because the children knew no other creatures.

"When you have reached your fifteenth year," said the old lady, "you will be allowed to rise to the surface of the sea, and to sit upon the rocks in the moonshine, and to see the great ships sail by, and you will also see towns and men."

In the following year the eldest sister reached this happy age; but as for the others, as bad luck would have it, the sisters were each one year younger than the other, so that the youngest had five whole years to wait, before she too might float on the top of the water, and see how things looked in the upper world. But the eldest promised to tell the others everything that she might see on the first day of her coming of age; for all that the old grandmother had told was still very little, and there were so many things of which they wished to hear more.

But of all the sisters, not one longed for her release from the restraints of childhood so ardently as the youngest, who was just the one that had longest to wait; and she grew more and more thoughtful, and at night she often stood at the open window, and looked up through the clear blue water where the fish were playing, at the moon, which appeared to her less bright indeed, but much larger than it does to the people on dry land; and every now and then it was hidden from her by a whale, or by some ship which sailed by, filled with sailors, who had no idea that a little mermaid in the deep sea below them was stretching out her white arms longingly towards the keel of their vessel.

At last the eldest princess reached her fifteenth year, and went to the top of the water. And when she came back she had a thousand things to tell; but what had pleased her best was to sit in the moonshine on a sand-bank, and to look at the great city which lay upon the coast. And there she saw the lights shining like stars; and heard music, and the distant sound of wheels, and men's voices, and the ringing of the bells in the tall steeples. And she longed violently to go into the town, just because she could not.

The youngest sister listened to her words with the deepest attention, and at night, when she stood at her open window and looked up through the still blue waters, she thought of the great noisy town till she fancied that she heard the ringing of the church-bells.

In the following year, the next sister got leave to rise to the surface, and to swim wheresoever she pleased. She reached the top of the sea just as the sun was setting, and this sight delighted her more than anything that she saw above the waves.

"The whole heaven shone like gold," said she, "and I cannot describe the beauty of the clouds; they floated over my head, red and violet, and a whole flock of white swans flew across the waves, with the red light glowing on their wings: whilst I looked after them, the sun disappeared, and the red light gradually faded from the surface of the sea, and from the edges of the clouds."

And now it was the turn of the third sister to visit the world above. She was the handsomest of them, and so she swam up a river that ran into the sea. And on the banks she saw green hills, covered with vines, and castles and houses rising amidst the woods. And she heard the birds sing; and the sun shone so hot that she was often forced to dive, in order to cool her burning face. And she came to a small bay, where a whole party of little naked children, with two legs and without tails, were splashing about in the water. She wanted to play with them, but they ran away from her to the shore, and a little black beast made such a terrible noise at her that she was frightened, and swam back to the sea. But she could not forget the green woods and the vine-covered hills, and the pretty little children who swam on the top of the water although they had no fins.

The fourth sister was not so bold; she stayed out on the open sea, and when she came home, she told how she thought this most beautiful, and how she had seen for miles round her, and how the heavens hung like a great bell over the sea. And she had seen ships, but only from afar, so that they looked no larger than sea-gulls, and dolphins playing merrily on the top of the water, and whales spouting fountains into the air.

In the year after that, the fifth sister reached her fifteenth year. Her birth-day was in the winter, and she beheld a very different scene from that which the others had seen when they first rose to the top of the water. The sea was quite green, and great ice-bergs floated about on it. These, she said, shone like pearls, but were far larger than the church-steeple on the land. She told how she had seated herself on one of these great floating ice-pearls, and had let the wind play with her long hair; but the sailors on the ships that passed were frightened when they saw her, and set their sails in order to escape from the storm. And towards evening the sky was covered with clouds, and the great blocks of ice rose and fell upon the waves and glittered in the red glare of the lightning, and the thunder rolled in the clouds. And now the sails of the ships were furled, and all on board were filled with terror; but she sat quietly on her iceberg, and watched the blue lightning as it struck into the sea.

When these sisters first rose out of the sea, they were delighted by all the new and beautiful things which they saw. But now that they were grown up and could visit the upper world as often as they pleased, the charm of novelty soon wore off, and before long their home seemed far pleasanter to them; for there alone did they feel quite at ease.

Towards evening the five sisters often floated arm in arm on the surface of the sea. Their voices were far sweeter than the voice of any earthly woman; and when a storm was at hand, they swam beside the ships and sang wondrous songs about the bliss of living at the bottom of the sea, and bade the sailors follow them without fear. But the sailors understood not their words, and mistook their song for the whistling of the wind. Nor indeed did they ever enjoy the sight of the glories below the sea; for when the ships sank, the men who were

upon them were drowned, and by the time they arrived at the sea-king's palace, they were mere dead corpses.

Now whilst the five sisters thus floated upon the waves, the youngest princess stood alone at the window of her father's castle, and looked after them, and felt as though she could have cried; but the mermaids have no tears, and therefore is their grief so infinitely more bitter than that of the dwellers upon earth.

"Oh that I were but fifteen years old!" sighed she; "I am sure that I shall grow so fond of the upper world and of the people that live upon it."

At length the long wished for fifteenth year arrived.

"Now we have got you too out of the nursery," said the old grandmother, "come here, and let me dress you like your sisters."

And so saying, she placed a wreath of white flowers upon her head, and each leaf of the flowers was the half of a large pearl; and then the old woman ordered eight large oysters to hang themselves upon the princess's tail, in token of her high birth.

"But that hurts me so," said the little princess.

"Young ladies must not mind trifling inconveniences," answered the grandmother, "when they dress to go out."

She would have been heartily glad to get rid of all her finery and to take off the heavy wreath, for the red flowers out of her own little garden were pleasanter to wear and far more becoming; but she did not dare to do so before her grandmother.

"Good bye!" said she, and rose as lightly and gracefully as a soap bubble.

The sun had just sunk below the horizon when she reached the top of the water for the first time in her life. The clouds were bathed in gold and rose-colour, and the evening star shone brightly in the sky. The air was soft and balmy, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass. A large three-decker lay motionless on the quiet sea, and the sailors sat idly about the deck or in the rigging. There was a sound of music and singing on board; and when it grew dark, thousands of lamps were suddenly lighted all over the vessel, and shone brightly on the flags of all nations which floated in the air. The little mermaid swam close to the cabin window and peeped in every time that she was lifted on the top of a wave. In the cabin she saw numbers of gaily dressed people, but the most beautiful of all was beyond doubt the young prince with the large dark eyes. They were celebrating his seventeenth birth-day, which was the reason of all the festivities on board. The sailors were dancing on the deck; and when the young prince appeared among them, hundreds of rockets rose into the air, making the night as bright as day. The little mermaid, in affright, dived for a few moments, but she soon put her head out of the water again, and now she fancied that all the stars of heaven must be falling upon her. She had never heard of fire, or of the arts of men, and now she saw great suns revolving in the air, and shining fish which were reflected in the smooth sea; and the ship was so brightly lighted up that she could distinguish the smallest objects on board. And the young prince looked so handsome as he shook hands with the sailors and laughed and jested with them, while the music sounded more joyously because of his presence.

It was now late, but the little sea-princess could not tear herself away from the ship and the beautiful prince. But while she was float-

ing on the top of the waves, and gazing at the prince through the cabin windows, a great storm was brewing in the bottom of the sea; and soon the ship began to roll heavily, more sails were spread, and, as she scudded before the wind, the waves rose higher and higher, thick clouds gathered over-head, and distant thunder was heard. And, presently the storm was upon them, and they furled all their sails; the great ship was tossed about like a little boat, and the waves ran high like huge black mountains, and broke over the deck. But the good ship rose again like a swan, and climbed to the tops of the towering waves. The little mermaid thought this fine sport, but the crew were quite of another mind.

The ship creaked and groaned and staggered under the heavy sea, and presently water rushed into the hold; suddenly the mainmast snapped like a reed, and the vessel broke in two, and sunk. And now the little mermaid perceived that the people were in danger, for she had some trouble to save herself from the floating beams and timbers which were tossed about by the waves. It was so dark, that she could distinguish nothing, save when it lightened, and at every flash she looked for the young prince; but she could not see him, and she knew that all on board must have sunk; and at first she was glad that the young prince would come down to her, but then she remembered that men could not live in the water, and that when he arrived at her father's palace he would be dead. So she swam among the floating fragments, regardless of her own danger, and sought about in all directions, until at length she found the prince, who was so tired with swimming that he was just about to sink. But the little mermaid clasped him in her arms, kept him above the water, and drifted along upon the waves. Towards morning the storm abated, and the sun rose blood-red out of the sea; the prince's cheeks seemed to glow in its first rays, but his eyes remained closed; and the young mermaid kissed his smooth forehead and stroked the wet hair off his face. He now looked just like the marble statue in her garden at the bottom of the sea; she kissed him again and again, and ardently longed to see him open his eyes. Presently she came near the coast, and saw high mountains capped with white snow, and along the coast there was a green forest, in front of which stood a church and a convent; and the convent garden was filled with orange and lemon trees, and among these a few lofty palms. And the sea formed a small bay, in which the water was quite calm, and very deep; but close under the cliff, there was a small slip of fine white sand, and hither the little mermaid brought the fainting prince, and laid him on the warm sand, and took care to raise his head, and to turn his face towards the sun.

The bells were ringing in the great white building before her, and several young girls were walking in the garden. So the little mermaid left the shore, hid herself behind a rock, and covered her head and her long hair with foam and seaweed, so that none might see her, and kept watch who should come near the prince.

Before long a young girl approached him, and at first she seemed quite frightened at sight of him; but she soon recovered herself, and ran to fetch some of her companions. And presently the little mermaid saw the prince open his eyes and smile brightly upon the girls who surrounded him. But he did not once look after her, for he did not even know that it was she who had saved him. And when the prince went with them into the house near at hand, the mermaid was

so sad that she dived down again to the bottom of the sea, and slowly returned to her father's palace.

If she had been thoughtful and silent before, she now became far more so. And when her sisters enquired of her what she had seen on the first day when she visited the upper world, she answered them not.

Evening after evening she visited the shore where she had left the prince, and she saw the fruits in the garden ripen, and the flowers fade, and the snow melt on the high mountains, but the prince she did not see, and every time she returned home sadder than before. And she sat in her little garden embracing the statue that was so like the prince, but she took no heed of her flowers; and they grew up, and climbed all over the trees, and covered the whole garden till it was turned into a wild dark arbour.

At length she could no longer conceal her grief, and confided it to one of her sisters, and of course the other sisters knew the secret directly, and so did a few of their friends, but nobody else; and among the latter there was one who knew the prince by sight, for she too had seen the festivities on board the ship, and moreover she knew the country in which he lived, and the name of the king his father.

"Come, little sister," said the other princesses, embracing her; and they put their arms round each other, and rose in a long row before the coast where stood the prince's palace.

This palace was built of polished yellow marble, and in front of it a broad flight of white marble steps led down to the water. A splendid gilt dome crowned the roof, and the palace was surrounded by pillars, between which stood white marble statues. The crystal-clear glass in the lofty windows afforded a view into magnificent saloons hung with silken curtains, and filled with the most beautiful pictures; and in the largest of these saloons played a fountain which rose into the glass dome in the roof, and sparkled in the sunbeams.

Now, then, the little mermaiden knew the dwelling of her beloved prince, and every evening and every night she went thither, and drew nearer to the shore than her sisters had dared to do; at last she even swam up the canal beneath the marble terrace which cast a broad shadow across the water. Here she lingered, gazing upon the prince, who thought himself quite alone in the bright moonshine. She often watched him as he sailed in a gilded barge gaily decked with flags and streamers, and she hid herself among the rushes to listen to the sound of his voice; then, if her long silvery veil floated in the breeze, those on board the prince's barge thought it was only a swan spreading his broad white wings.

She often listened the livelong night to the fishermen as they sat at their lines and seemed never to weary of talking in praise of the prince, and then she rejoiced more than ever that she had saved his life when he was already half drowned, and she remembered how his head had rested on her bosom, and how fondly she had kissed him, though he knew nothing of it, and could not dream how much he owed her.

And she loved the dwellers upon earth more and more, and wished to belong to them. Their world seemed to her far larger than her own, for they could cross the wide sea in ships, and could climb to the tops of the high mountains upon which rest the clouds of heaven; and their country, covered with thick forests and fertile fields, stretched much farther than the eye of a mermaid could reach; and there

were so many things upon the dry land which she wished to have explained to her, but her sisters could give no sufficient answers to her questions ; so she was forced to have recourse to the old queen-mother, who was more familiar with the upper world, as she very justly called the land above the waters.

“Do men then live for ever if they are not drowned? Do they never die, as we do who live in the bottom of the sea?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the old grandmother ; “they, like us, must die, and their lives are much shorter than ours, for we may live for three hundred years ; but then, when we die, we become foam on the waves, and have not even a grave among our friends. We have no immortal souls, and are like the rushes, which, when once cut down, can never grow again. But men have undying souls, which live after their bodies have turned to earth, and which mount up to the bright stars in the heavens. In like manner as we rise out of the water to look upon the dwellings of men, so do they, when they die, rise to unknown and glorious abodes which we may never behold.”

“And why have not we too immortal souls?” asked the little mermaid. “I would gladly give all my three hundred years of life to be like mankind but for a single day, and then to have a place in the heavenly world!”

“You must not think of such a thing,” replied the old grandmother ; “besides we are much better off than mankind, and lead a far happier life.”

“And must I die, and float about as foam upon the waves of the sea? Shall I never more hear the sweet murmur of the waves, or look upon the bright sun and the glorious flowers? Is there nothing that I can do, grandmother, to gain an immortal soul?”

“Nothing,” answered the old lady ; “unless, indeed, some man should love thee so dearly that thou shouldst be more to him than father or mother ; that he should cling to thee with all his thoughts and with his whole love, and should cause a priest to join his hand with thine, and should promise thee everlasting faith and love ; then, indeed, mightest thou become immortal, for his soul would mingle with thine, and thou wouldst share the salvation promised to men. But that can never be, for the tail, which we think the most beautiful part of our bodies, seems loathsome to the dwellers upon earth, for they know no better ; and to please them, one must have a couple of awkward props to one’s body, which they call legs.”

Hereupon the little mermaid sighed deeply, and glanced mournfully at the scaly half of her fair body.

“Let us enjoy life, and dance and sing and be merry for three hundred years,” continued the old lady. “It is no such bad allowance of pleasure after all, and at the end of it one may rest very comfortably in death. To-night we have a court ball.”

The ball was far more splendid than anything upon earth ; the walls of the ball-room were of the thickest and clearest crystal, and all round them were ranged rows of bright rose-coloured and grass-green shells of immense size, and in these burned coloured flames which not only illuminated the whole room, but shone so brightly through the crystal walls that the sea seemed all on fire for a great distance around, and fish with crimson, gold, and silver scales glittered in the light. Athwart the ball-room ran a broad clear stream, and upon this the mermen and mermaids danced to the sound of their own sweet

singing. Now none of all the dwellers upon earth have such beautiful voices as these sea-folks, but that of the little princess was the most beautiful of all, and when she sang all the rest applauded her, and she was well pleased, though she already knew that neither on the earth above nor in the sea beneath was there any voice so sweet as hers. But all her thoughts centred in the world above her, and she could not forget the beautiful prince and her grief because she had no immortal soul; and she stole out of her father's palace, and while all within were rejoicing and feasting, she sat in her neglected little garden and sorrowed. On a sudden she heard the sound of horns above her, and she thought within herself; "Those are the huntsmen of him whom I love better than father and mother, who is ever in my thoughts, and in whose hands I would gladly lay my fate. I will venture everything in order to gain him and an immortal soul. While my sisters are dancing and rejoicing, I will go to the old witch of the sea; for much as I have always feared her, there is none other that can help me."

And the little mermaid left the garden, and went to the whirlpool beyond which dwelt the old witch; she had never come this way before, and no sea-flowers or sea-weed grew here, and the bare grey sand stretched as far as the entrance of the whirlpool, where the waters twisted and foamed and swallowed up whatever came within their reach. She had to pass through this raging eddy in order to reach the possessions of the old witch; and then she had to cross a long tract of boiling mud, which the old witch called her turf bog. Beyond this wilderness was her house, surrounded by a forest of polypi, which looked like hundred-headed serpents growing out of the ground, but as large as full-grown trees. Their long slimy branches covered with twigs, like wriggling worms, were constantly moving and stretching themselves in all directions, and whatever came within their reach they clasped so tightly that it could never again escape. The little mermaid stood aghast before this horrible forest, her heart beat with terror, and she would have turned back again without fulfilling her errand, had not fresh thoughts of the prince, and of the immortal soul she hoped to gain, filled her with courage. So she bound up her long flowing hair that the polypi might not seize her by it, folded her delicate arms tightly across her bosom, and darted, faster than a fish can swim through the water, between the horrible trees, which vainly stretched out their greedy arms to grasp her. But she saw how every tree had seized something which it held with a thousand small branches more tightly than in iron fetters. The white skeletons of men who had been drowned at sea grinned in the clasp of these polypi; and there were chests, and fragments of vessels, and skeletons of animals, and even a little mermaid, whom they had drawn towards them and strangled. You may guess how frightened the poor princess was at sight of this.

After passing safely through this forest, she came to a slimy place where huge bloated sea-snails were rolling about and turning up their loathsome yellow stomachs; and in the midst of this place stood a house built with the bones of shipwrecked sailors, and here sat the old witch holding a great toad to her lips, as with us girls feed a tame Canary bird. And she called the large fat snails her chickens, and let them lie on her lap.

"I know already what you want of me," said she to the little princess; "your scheme is a very foolish one, but I will not refuse to ful-

fil a wish which cannot fail to lead you to misery and destruction, my fair young princess. You would like to be rid of your tail, and to get a couple of stilts instead of it such as they upon earth move with, in order that the prince may love you, and that from him you may gain an immortal soul."

Hereupon the old witch laughed so loudly and so violently, that her pet toad and snails fell upon the ground and rolled about biting one another.

"You come in the very nick of time," continued she; "if you had waited until after sunrise to-morrow, I could not have helped you for a whole year: but I will now make ready a drink which you must take, and swim to shore with it, and seat yourself upon the ground, and then swallow the potion; and when you have so done, your tail will change into those things which men call legs: but this change is a painful one, and you will feel as though a sharp sword were drawn through your whole body. And all who behold you will say that you are the most beautiful among the children of men; and you will keep your floating gait, and no dancer in the world will have such grace and lightness as you. But every step that you take will cause you unbearable pain, and you will always feel as though you were treading on the edge of a sharp sword. Now then, if you are willing to endure all these tortures, I will fulfil your wish."

"Yes, I am willing," answered the little princess, with a trembling voice; for she thought of her beloved prince, and of her hopes of an immortal soul.

"But remember," said the witch, "that when you have once taken human shape, you can never again become a mermaid; you can never more see your father's palace or visit your sisters; and if you fail to win the prince's love, so that he forget father and mother for your sake, and desire nothing on earth but you, and so that he let a priest join his hand with yours, that you may become man and wife, — you will not after all gain an immortal soul. The day which follows his union with another woman will be the day of your death, for your heart will burst with grief, and you will become sea-foam."

"I will venture it, nevertheless!" replied the little mermaid, pale and breathless as one about to die.

"But then you must pay me for my trouble," said the old witch, "and I shall not be content with a trifle. Your voice is the sweetest among all the dwellers in the sea, and with it you doubtless hope to charm the prince; but your voice it is that I demand as my fee. I must have the very best thing that you possess in return for my magic potion, for I shall have to mix my own blood with it in order to make it keen as a two-edged sword."

"But if you take from me my voice," said the princess, "what have I left wherewith to win the prince?"

"Your glorious body, your graceful motion, and your speaking eyes," said the witch. "Are not these enough to madden the vain heart of man? How now, is all your courage fled? Put out your little tongue that I may cut it off and take it as my reward."

"Be it so!" replied the princess: and now the old witch hung her cauldron over the fire to brew the magic draught.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," quoth she, seizing a handful of young toads wherewith to wipe the pot. She then made a gash in her breast, and let her black blood run into the cauldron, from which

the steam rose in such fearful shapes that the poor mermaiden shook with affright: every minute the old witch threw in some fresh ingredient, and the mixture boiled and bubbled, and at length there issued from the pot a moaning almost as terrible as that of the mandragora when it is torn out of the earth. And now the magic draught was ready, and had become clear and sparkling as the purest water.

"There, take it," said the witch, as she gave the phial to the princess and at the same moment cut out her tongue; and, thenceforth, the poor little mermaid was dumb, and could neither sing nor speak.

"If the polypi try to seize you as you pass through my pleasure grounds," added the witch, "you have only to sprinkle one drop of this mixture upon them, and their branches will be shivered into a thousand fragments."

But the princess had no need to do this, for they drew back from her in affright as she passed them, holding in her hand the phial, which flashed like a bright star; and the princess returned safely through the forest and the bog and the roaring whirlpool.

When she reached her father's palace, all within was dark and silent, and she would not enter to take leave of her sisters, for she knew that they were asleep, and, moreover, she could not now speak. But when she thought that she was going to leave her home for ever, her heart was ready to burst; and she went into her sister's gardens and plucked a flower out of each in remembrance of them, kissed her hand over and over again towards the palace, and then rose to the surface of the dark waters.

The sun had not yet risen, and the moon still shone upon the prince's dwelling, as she mounted the well-known marble steps. The little mermaid drained the phial, and the piercing draught seemed to cut her like a sharp sword, and she fell fainting on the ground. But when the sun rose she awoke with a burning pain in all her limbs; and before her stood he whom she loved so well, gazing upon her with his great dark eyes. She blushed and cast her eyes on the ground when she saw that her fish's tail was changed into a pair of the most beautiful legs that ever were seen; and, because she was naked, she covered herself with her long thick hair. The prince asked her who she was, and how she came there; and she smiled upon him, but, alas! she could no longer speak. Then he took her by the hand and led her towards the palace, and at every step, as the witch had foretold, she felt as though she were treading on sharp swords; but she bore the pain right gladly, for she held the hand of him she loved, and, as she floated along, all marvelled at her beauty and her grace.

The prince gave her costly garments, and she was the fairest of all the inmates of the palace. Beautiful slave-girls, clothed in silk and gold, sang before the prince; and he praised one who sang better than the rest. Then the mermaid was very sad, for she could once have sung far better than all the slave-girls.

"Alas!" thought she, "did he but know that for his sake I gave up my sweet voice for ever!"

But now the slave-girls began to dance; and the mermaid rose, and stretched out her soft white arms, and floated along as no woman had ever danced before, and every fresh movement shewed her beauty more and more, and her eyes spoke more feelingly to the heart than the singing of all the slave-girls.

All who beheld her were charmed by her beauty, and the prince

called her his sweet foundling; and she danced again and again, and always more and more gracefully, but at every step she suffered pain like that of treading on sharp knives; but she bore it gladly, for the prince said that she should never leave him; and he ordered a bed to be made for her, with velvet cushions, in his antechamber.

And he set her upon a horse that she might follow him out riding, and they rode side by side through the fragrant forests where the green branches brushed their cheeks, and the birds warbled joyously among the leaves. And with him she climbed the highest mountains; and, when her tender feet bled, she bore it gladly, and smiled as she stood beside her beloved prince on the mountain-top, and saw the clouds floating beneath her.

But at night, when every one else in the palace slept, she went down the marble steps, and bathed her aching feet in the cool sea-waves, and thought of her sisters in the deep.

And one night they swam towards her, embracing each other, and singing, oh! so sadly; and she beckoned to them, and they knew her, and came nearer, and told her how great was the grief for her in her father's palace; and henceforth they visited her every night; and once they even brought their old grandmother, who had not visited the upper world for many a long year, and their father the sea-king, with his crown upon his head; but the two old people would not venture so near the shore that they might speak to her.

And every day the prince grew more fond of the little mermaid; he loved her as one loves a sweet and dear child, but he never once thought of making her his wife; and the poor mermaid was sad when she remembered that she could never gain an immortal soul, but must perish and become sea-foam, unless he loved her as man loves woman.

"Am not I dearer to thee than any other?"—thus her eager eyes seemed to ask when he clasped her in his arms, and pressed his lips to her fair forehead.

"Yes," replied the prince to her inquiring gaze, "I love thee best of all, for there is none other so good as thou, and of all my friends thou art most devoted to me; and then, thou art so like a maiden whom I once saw, but whom I may never hope to see again. I was once on board a ship, which was wrecked in a sudden storm, and the waves washed me on shore near a convent wherein many maidens lead a religious life; and the youngest amongst these maidens found me lying senseless on the shore, and she saved my life. I saw her but once, and yet her image is ever before me, and she is the only woman whom I can ever love. But thou art strangely like her,—so like that at times thy image effaces her from my soul; and she whom I love belongs to God alone, but thou wert sent by fate to comfort me, and never will I part from thee!"

"Woe is me! he knows not that I it was who saved him!" thought the mermaid, with a heavy sigh. "I bore him through the angry waves to the grove wherein the convent stands; I hid myself behind the rocks, and watched until some one should come to help him; and, alas! I saw the beautiful maiden approach, whom he loves more than me!" and the poor mermaid felt as though her heart would burst, for she could not weep. "But he says that she belongs to God alone, and can never live in the world, and that he will never see her more. But I— I am with him,— I see him every day, and I will watch over him and serve him and love him and give up my whole life to him!"

At this time the people said among themselves, "Our prince is going to marry the beautiful daughter of the neighbouring king, that is why such a gorgeous ship has been made ready for him, and why so many attendants are to follow him. 'Tis said, indeed, that he only goes to travel in a foreign country; but we know better. The truth is, that he is going to see the princess."

But the little mermaid only laughed at these words; for she knew what the prince thought and felt better than any one else.

"I must go," he said to her. "My parents have commanded me to see the beautiful princess; but they do not wish to force me to bring her home as my bride. But I never can love the princess, for she cannot be like the beautiful maiden in the convent; and if I must choose a wife, I would choose none other but thee, my dumb foundling with speaking eyes."

And he kissed her red lips, and stroked her long hair, and laid his head upon her bosom till her heart was full of the hope of human joys and of an immortal soul.

"Thou dost not surely fear the water, my dumb favourite?" he fondly asked her, as they stood upon the deck of the splendid ship which was to bear him to the country of the neighbouring king; and then he told her of the sea, of its storms and its calms, and of the strange things that were in it, and of the wonders that bold divers had seen in the deep; and she smiled at his words, for she knew better than any child of earth what was in the depths of the sea.

On one bright moonlit night, when all on board slept save only the man at the helm, she leaned over the side of the ship and gazed upon the sea, and as she watched the ripple of the waves against the side of the ship, she almost fancied that she could see her father's castle in the bottom of the sea. Presently her sisters appeared upon the top of the water, and fixed their eyes mournfully upon her, and stretched out their arms towards her, and she beckoned to them and smiled, and would have told them how all went on according to her wish, when, at that moment, a sailor boy came near, and her sisters dived so quickly that the boy thought that it was but white sea-foam that he had seen shining upon the waves.

Next morning the vessel entered the harbour of the splendid city belonging to the neighbouring king; and all the bells were rung, and trumpets were blown, and soldiers paraded in the streets with flags flying and armour glittering in the sun, and each day brought some fresh ball or banquet. But the princess was not yet in the city; she was a long way off, in a convent where she had been brought up in the practice of every princely virtue. At length she arrived.

The little mermaid was most anxious to see her, and, when the princess came, she was forced to own that on earth she had never beheld a more beautiful creature. She was so fair and white that all her veins appeared through her skin, and a pair of deep brown eyes flashed under her dark eyebrows.

"Thou art she," cried the prince when he beheld her, "who saved my life when I lay as dead upon the sea-shore;" and he pressed his beautiful bride to his beating heart.

"Oh! I am but too happy," said he to the poor little mermaid; "that which I never dared to hope has happened. Thou wilt rejoice in my joy, for thou lovest me more than all the other friends who surround me." And the mermaid kissed his hand in silent

anguish, and felt as though her heart must break before his bridal day, which was to be that of her death.

And once more the church bells were rung, and heralds rode through the streets of the city proclaiming the marriage of the princess, and at every altar fragrant incense was burnt in silver censers, and the bride and bridegroom clasped each other's hands, whilst the priest blessed their union. The little mermaid stood behind the princess clothed in silk and gold, and held up the train of her bridal dress. But neither did her ear hear the solemn music, nor her eye see the holy ceremony;—she was thinking of her death, and of the hopes of love and the world to come, which she had lost for ever.

In the evening the bride and bridegroom went on board the ship; the guns were fired, and all the flags were flying, and on the deck was a gorgeous tent of purple and cloth of gold, and in the tent a soft, rich couch was prepared for the royal pair, and here they were to sleep, for the night was soft and calm.

A favourable breeze filled the sails, and the ship glided smoothly over the face of the blue sea. As soon as it was dark, gay lamps were hung in the rigging, and the sailors began to dance upon the deck. The little mermaid thought of the ship which was wrecked when she first visited the upper world. Then she had wondered at the splendour—to-night she danced like a hunted swallow. All who looked upon her shouted with delight, for she had never danced with so much grace. Her feet, indeed, suffered intolerable pain, but she felt it not, for the anguish of her heart was boundless. This, then, was the last night on which she was to see him for whose sake she had left her home and her family, for whom she had sacrificed her sweet voice, and for whom she had daily endured the most terrible pain, though he knew it not. This, then, was the last night on which she was to breathe the same air with him whom she loved so passionately, on which she was to enjoy the sight of the deep sea and of the starry heaven; for an endless night, a dreamless sleep awaited her. The ship rung with loud rejoicings until long past midnight, and even the mermaid laughed, with the thought of eternal death in her bleeding heart. But the prince kissed his lovely bride, and she played with his dark hair, and, clasped in each other's arms, they went to rest in the gorgeous tent.

And now all was hushed and silent in the ship, and only the steersman remained upon the deck; and the little mermaid rested her white arms upon the vessel's side, and looked towards the east; she was watching for the first ray of the sun, at sight of which she was to perish. Presently her sisters rose out of the sea: they were deadly pale, and the long hair which used to float upon their shoulders had been cut off.

“We gave it to the old witch,” said they, “that she might help thee, and that thou perish not this night. She gave us this knife; see how sharp it is! Haste, take it, and before the sun rises, plunge it into the prince's heart, and let his warm blood run upon thy feet, and they will again become a fish's tail, and thou wilt be once more a mermaid, and wilt live full three hundred years, until thou melt into sea-foam. Haste now, for ere the sun rise he or thou must die. Our grandmother grieves for thee so sorely that her grey hairs have fallen off with sorrow, like ours under the shears of the old witch. Haste, kill the prince and return to us. See yonder red cloud in the heavens

shows that the sun is close at hand ; a few minutes more and thou art lost." With these words they sighed heavily, and disappeared below the waves.

The little mermaid drew aside the purple hangings of the tent, and beheld the prince sleeping on the bosom of his beautiful bride ; and she bent over them, and kissed his broad forehead, and looked again towards the east where the dawn grew brighter every instant. Then the prince's lips moved in his sleep, and he spoke the name of his bride,—she only was in his thoughts,—and in frantic despair the mermaid raised the knife. But in a moment she flung it far from her into the sea ; and where it fell flames rose from the waves, and the water seemed stained with blood. And the mermaid once more fixed her dying eyes on him whom she loved better than her own soul, and plunged into the waves where her sweet body quickly melted away into foam.

And now the sun rose out of the sea, and its rays fell so warm and bright upon the waves, that the mermaid scarce felt the pains of death. She saw the red sun and the white sails of the ship, and the rose-coloured clouds, and, floating in the air above her, thousands of lovely transparent creatures, whose heavenly voices could not be heard any more than their airy shapes can be seen by men. They had no wings, but floated along, lighter than the air which bore them. And the mermaid now saw that her body had become like theirs, and that she was rising out of the foam into the air.

"Whither do ye bear me?" said she, and her voice sounded like heavenly music.

"To the daughters of the air ;" was the answer, "you mermaidens have no immortal soul, save when you gain the love of a son of earth ; your eternal life depends upon the will of others :—neither have the daughters of the air an immortal soul, but we may win one for ourselves by good deeds. We fly to hot countries where the sultry air brings pestilence to man, and we fan him with cool breezes. We scatter the fragrance of flowers, which brings health and delight. And thus, when we have done all the good in our power during three hundred years, we gain an undying soul, and share the salvation of man. And thou, poor mermaid, hast done more than we, thou hast loved and suffered, and therefore thou art raised into the world of airy spirits, where, in three hundred years, thou mayest win an undying soul for thyself."

And the mermaid stretched her transparent arms towards heaven, and for the first time, she wept.

On board the ship, noise and rejoicing were now heard once more ; the mermaid saw how the prince and his lovely bride were seeking for her, and they looked sadly into the sea, as though they knew that she must have plunged into it. And she kissed the bridegroom's forehead unperceived, gazed once more fondly upon him, and followed the daughters of the air as they rose on high saying,

"After three hundred years we shall thus enter into the kingdom of heaven."

THE OLD MANORIAL CHAMBER.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE REFLECTIONS OF THE PIER-GLASS.

THE polished philosophy of the small-sword made me smile, from its strong assimilation to that of many mortal blades ; at its conclusion, I listened anxiously for some one to break the silence. I was not long kept in suspense, for a low and silvery voice filled the chamber. I could not discover, at first, from what object it proceeded, until the few opening words betokened the pier glass to be the speaker.

"My memoirs may not prove uninteresting," said the glass, "for nothing has passed by me during my existence, without having been compelled to pay me a tribute, by giving me the advantage of its reflection, and leaving, as it were, its every action to be registered faithfully on my tablets. I have, in fact, been the repository of the most delicate secrets. Young coquets have consulted me upon the arrangement of a love-lock, when apparently only listening to the sighing of a love-sick swain. *Passé* beauties have trusted me with the secret of the rouge-box, false ringlets, and paddings. Old beaux have made me solely privy to the nice arrangement of an artificial tooth, and the artful delusion of a killing false whisker. But oh ! the greatest delight of my existence has been, the sweet, killing, coquetting looks, that have been practised before me, to be afterwards levelled upon some half caught swain. I bore it as well as I could ! It was cruel ! but I had my revenge, by knowing that what I had taught, worked successfully against the peace of my rival. I felt myself smile, when I thought that I had been the first to receive the impress of her beautiful form.

My birth was, I believe, Venetian, but I remember nothing distinctly until I found myself placed in my present situation with my first master, a dashing cavalier ; the gilding of my beautiful frame tried, but in vain, to outvie me by its brilliancy, but though magnificent in itself, it had not my innate knowledge of the world. I flattered every one who approached me, and I therefore got countenanced by all the vain, who, I assure you, form a great majority, if not the whole of humanity.

Of the good old days then I will speak, when my aforesaid master's roof-tree was darkened with the smoke of the right royal fires of hospitality, where the wanderer had his warm nook, and his share from the reeking spit ; and the servants, from the grey-haired old man to the pert hawking-boy, looked upon service as an inheritance ; and truly it was so, for the old servant's child, was as certain of being servant to the young heir, as the young heir of inheriting the plentiful estate of his father. The first thing I reflected on, worth notice, was the bold, manly, open countenance of my young master. He stood before me and looked himself full in the face ; his heart beamed in his fine hazel eyes ; he smoothed with youthful pride the soft downy moustache which hardly covered his lip, and gracefully arranged the deep crimson feather of his hat, which was placed with a jaunty air over the most luxuriant auburn curls ; he might have been twenty or less, I do not exactly know, for it was the first time I had seen him. Soon came peeping over his shoulder a most lovely face : it was the perfection of feminine beauty ; she was a mere girl, whose light hair flowing in beautiful con-

fusion over her ivory forehead and neck, was more charming, from being careless and unstudied, her deep blue eyes were swimming with joyousness, as she placed her face beside his, and exclaimed,

"Faith, good cousin, have I caught yon, Narcissus-like, courting your own shadow, and throwing away your killing looks upon that cold glass, when so many eyes are weeping to look upon you; come, knight of the mirror, I and my nymphs await you in the park, so follow me, I summon you by a most potent spell,—your own vanity."

She bounded through the door into the park, followed by my youthful master, threatening kisses of revenge. I envied the rascal, and regretted that I could not hold for ever two such bright visions. Hardly had they gone, when the tall figure of a cavalier darkened my surface; as he was following stealthily in the footsteps of the two cousins, his own unexpected reflection startled him, he turned suddenly towards me. His face was magnificent, his moustache like the raven's wing, but his eyes were grey, and shifted with an uneasy motion. As he stopped for a moment to arrange his sword knot, he seemed fearful of even looking himself in the face, he passed from before me and left me to my own reflections. I felt relieved; he was my master's boon companion; he could change his hues like the snake, chaunt his merry canzonettes, sing a war song with enthusiastic ardour, or a love song with all the pathetic tenderness of a lover, without possessing either.

In the evening, my whole surface was filled with the reflection of wine, blushing fruit, and rich viands. My master and his friend were playfully pitching dice upon a large silver salver. They seemed careless of the play, again and again they threw, and my young master's ringing laugh proclaimed his success, which was borne with equal good humour by his jovial antagonist; but soon the wine joined in the game, and the throws became desperate; the friend's hand glided behind him, and he took most dexterously some dice, that had lain unperceived by me, from a small table at my foot. Fortune declared against my master; I watched with intense interest as the friend alternately placed the false and fair dice behind him, what would I have given for a tongue, but a slight form grew upon me, and I beheld the beautiful cousin noiselessly gazing upon the pair; the friend's back being towards her, he was unconscious of the addition to the company; her quick eye soon discovered his manœuvre, and upon his placing his false dice behind him after his own throw, she seized them, and passed through the glass door of the room; the treacherous hand felt in vain for the false dice; a sudden sickness came over him, he would play no more; my master pressed him to try the air. No! the traitor dared not leave the room; a glass of water he thought would recover him; my master would fetch it with his own hand, which was what the adept wished. The moment that he had left, the hurried search amused me; terror-stricken at finding no trace of the dice, he stood confounded.

My master returned, but the pure water did not recover him; they retired, and the lights were extinguished; deep in the night a light faintly illumined me, and I beheld a figure crawling with anxious scrutiny all around upon the rich carpet, but with no success, which of course I knew to be impossible. I saw his disturbed countenance by the light of the small taper placed upon the floor, which threw a gigantic dark shadow at his back, as if the fiend who ruled his black heart was embodied and hovering over him. A deep oath burst from his lips as he quitted the chamber with a full feeling of his insecurity.

Days passed ere I again beheld one of the, to me, interesting two ; it was bright early morning, the sweet breeze floated in through the open doors and windows, the birds filled the air with gushing melody, and the sun shone coquettishly through the stained glass, as if pleased with its borrowed dyes ; it was such a morning as would make the bad man sigh, and look back with regret to the days of his innocence, when he could fearlessly open his whole bosom to receive its purity.

But more beautiful than all, was the bright vision that fell upon me ; the fair cousin stood before me, wild flowers were twined in her long hair, beneath her hat, and her young pliant form was shown to advantage by her elegant riding costume ; she looked around as if disappointed at seeing the chamber unoccupied, for she had evidently intended to surprise her cousin with an early visit, but the blush soon revelled in her cheek as he entered, and seized the morning kiss. She presented him with a bouquet of spring flowers ; delightful was it to behold those two young and pure beings stand irresolute before each other, whilst the mantling colour of their cheeks told each other the secret of their hearts, that morning I heard the first avowal of love, the blush of innocence was reflected in me. Ah ! how seldom has it been repeated ; I rejoiced in their rejoicing, and I became dull as they departed from my surface.

Wedding lights were multiplied by me, I almost reeled by the continued succession of beauties as they whirled past, to be mine only for a moment ; the strains of joyous music vibrated through my frame, and I felt supremely happy, for my two favourites were one ; but I trembled as I beheld the dark form of my master's friend, gliding, the gayest of the gay, amidst the merry throng, he looked to me like a storm-cloud, ready to burst with mischief on those around him ; the lights faded, and the fairy feet at last grew tired, and I was alone.

Months flew by, and a shadow fell upon the young face of my master, for his evil genius still hovered about him, but carefully shunned the house, where the purity of its young mistress made a coward of him, and he sought other places to carry on his nefarious schemes. One night my master was brought to the manor-house apparently intoxicated, a thing which in those wassailing days, he had always avoided ; the tears fell from the eyes of the young wife, as she beheld him she loved unconsicous of her attentions, and her grief. His wine had been drugged.

The next morning the friend came with a bold front, and claimed large sums from my astonished master, which he had lost to him the previous evening ; a warm altercation ensued, upon his producing bonds with the tremulous signature of my master affixed to them ; the claim appeared like a hideous dream to him, for as yet he had not perfectly recovered the effects of the overpowering drugs he had taken in the wine. The amount of the debt of honour was terrible to look upon, and incontrovertible black and white showed the madness of the preceding evening. Ruin appeared inevitable ; the thought of his young confiding wife was maddening, but how to avoid the blow ? the man who demanded on the part of himself and associates so ruinous a sum, was of unblemished fame, and of honourable though impoverished family ; yet why did he tamely stand by, and behold the friend for whom he expressed the greatest affection, ruin himself while in a state that made

him unconscious of his acts. Bitter and indignant were the words that flowed from my master's trembling lips, the villain dared not raise his eyes, for his coward soul shrunk within him, until stung by the well-deserved reproaches and taunts of his injured friend, his rage became unbounded, and in the unguarded moment of passion, he laid his black heart bare before my mistaken and astounded master; too sure did he see the precipice at his feet, the ruin of himself, and of one he held dearer than himself, and his utter powerlessness to prove the baseness of his destroyer, who smiled with a bitter scornful sneer, as he felt his own security, and the despair of his victim.

As they stood with flashing eyes, and the dark blood of passion staining their foreheads, my young mistress, calm, and as beautiful as an angel of mercy, stood suddenly between them. She waved them apart, they retreated and stood abashed before her.

"Husband," said she, turning affectionately to my master, and placing her small hand within his trembling one, "I know all. For you, sir," continued she, approaching so as to confront her husband's traitor-friend, "I know you. You are a villain, and a foul stain upon the escutcheon of an honourable family; for their sakes I will not blast you with the world, but dare to enforce one of those bonds you now hold in your hand, or take them from this room, and I will expose you to the infamy you deserve.

The villain glared upon her like a tiger preparing to leap; the indignity was so startling and sudden, that it almost paralysed him; at last by a violent effort he recovered his self-possession, and bowing with mock respect, he replied,

"Madam, I do not wonder that you should feel very poignantly the disagreeable and dangerous situation in which your husband's weakness has placed you; but the character which you have been pleased to fix upon me remains to be proved. The grumbling of losers will not find much faith in the world. Had your sex been different, I would have answered the foul calumny with my sword; but, as you are a woman, I will answer you with these parchment weapons in my hand, and throw back upon you the obloquy with which you have dared to load my untarnished name. This house is mine, as fast as the law can bind it. Expect no mercy. My revenge shall be justice to myself."

Unmoved was that beautiful face, except by a slight curl of scorn that fitted over her proud lip.

"Boaster!" replied she, "one breath of mine would drive you for ever from the world you love so much, and make you an outcast from the society that is your very life. Fool! look! and let your own eyes read your condemnation." As she spoke she unclosed her fair white hand, and discovered to the trembling villain *two loaded dice* broken in her palm. "An old and faithful servant saw your manœuvre reflected in that glass," continued she, and pointed towards me, "he hastened to inform me, and I secured these little dumb witnesses. Now, sir, decide your own fate."

His eyes glared for a moment, and his ashy face trembled convulsively, when, dashing the parchments on the floor, he rushed from the chamber, and my bewildered master was folded in the arms of his preserver.

Some long time elapsed after this stirring scene before I again beheld the fair and loved form of my mistress; when one morning she approached me, leaning feebly on the arm of her husband. The roses

had fled from her cheek ; but a sweet smile played upon her lip, in answer to his happy look. He placed her tenderly in the chair to inhale the sweet morning air, that breathed lightly through the window, full of odour from the surrounding jessamine and honeysuckles. He left her for a moment. I was quite occupied by the delight of again beholding her loved figure, when he returned, bearing something in his arms. Guess my delight when he turned back the rich lace coverings, and discovered a sleeping infant, so pure, so blooming, that earth seemed to have no claim in it. He held it playfully towards me, when two bright azure eyes turned upon me. I beheld their firstborn !

If I were to attempt to relate too circumstantially the whole of the lives of any that have passed before me, I should take the place of more worthy narrators. I shall therefore state only epochs therein that may be interesting and most worthy of your attention. Suffice it to say, that in course of time many bold boys and bright-haired girls gambolled before me, and filled the measure of my happiness. The lightness left the foot of the fair mother, and the father grew more staid in his gait ; but still with the same fond hearts and cheerful smiles did they minister to the happiness of each other.

About the time I commence my next epoch rebellion stalked over the land, and dark hypocrites slew their brothers with holy prayers upon their lips ; and sought amidst the words of mercy for the commands to shed blood. My master girded on his sword, and flew to the field of honour, leaving his weeping wife surrounded by her wailing family, and a few serving-men to protect them, in case of need. The house soon became dark and desolate, as every precaution had been taken by barricading the doors and windows, and bringing in provision, that they might not lack food should they be besieged. Watch and ward were duly kept by the anxious mother ; who wandered through the chambers, with a pale and anxious face, to see that all was ordered as it should be. By her side always hovered her eldest boy,—a noble-looking child of fourteen ; who, with his arm fondly around his loved mother, seemed to claim to protect and cherish one so dear to all. The grey-haired steward tottered after them, as if he alone were answerable to the master for the well-being and safety of his dear mistress and family. He seemed to have banished sleep from his old eyes ; for, with the feverish anxiety of age, he would wander about in the dark hours, to see to the defences, and that no one slept upon his post ; for every hour brought some calamitous news of the King's losses, and the bloody successes of the rebel soldiers. The kine were driven from their pastures to victual the house ; the shepherd threw by his crook, and grasped the sword, to stain his hands with the blood of his brother. The farmer sowed not his fields ; for, who could say who should reap them ? The bell of prayer no longer sounded from the old ivied steeple of the village church ; for the truant flock dared not seek their pastor. A breathless pause of terror fell upon all, as they expected every hour to see the bloodseeker's foot defile their peaceful thresholds. Day after day did the devouring tide roll on from its dark source, and swallow up some brave and devoted family. Hope at last forsook those who hitherto had thought that their quiet and retired spots amidst the hills would escape the general bloodshed. But, no ; every brave man's name, who had stood forward to protect his sovereign, was registered for blood,

and his peaceful home and family destroyed; as the sure means of deterring others from following his bold example.

A double anxiety was working at the heart of my mistress, — the fear for the safety of her brave absent husband, and the security of the dear cherubs who clustered around her knees. Yet her courage revived as she looked upon the handful of brave men who she knew held her family's honour and welfare as their own, and whose courage was that of the love that has no self; and unalloyed by the base feeling of the hireling swordsman. Her home was theirs; and her life, and that of her family, were to them more than theirs.

The soft twittering of the birds announced the coming dawn, and a roseate tint fell faintly on the edges of the cold, grey night clouds, as the tired sentinel started from his half-dreamy state, and partly unclosed the ponderous shutter of the deeply embayed window, and peeped cautiously out. A slight rushing sound struck upon the ear. He gazed; and beheld a body of horse approaching through the avenue, in the almost phantom-like light of the early morning. He closed the shutter; but, before he could summon the household a trumpet sent forth a shrill sound, which rang and echoed through the deep woods, until its faint wails died away in the distant hills, as though the peaceful sylvan deities wailed in despair at the arrival of the despoilers.

The dreaded moment had come; but no heart quailed. Brown hands clutched each other, with a brotherly promise in the palm, as the pale lady and her children stood in the midst of the few bold hearts who to protect them had registered their promises in heaven, to be redeemed only with their lives. She bade them unclosethe window wide, that she might see and be seen by the summoner. Upon her appearance he approached beneath the windows, and in a loud tone demanded the surrender of the house into the hands of the Parliamentary troops, with free egress and immunity to all within the house that did not resist, excepting only herself and children, who were to be escorted under a guard to the quarters of the Lieutenant-General, for him to bestow them as he should think best fit for the good of the country. A grim smile passed from one to the other of the servants as they heard this, at the same time looking quietly to the fit state of their arms, in a manner which boded no easy conquest to the summoners.

She looked for a moment upon the soldier ere she answered, then, casting aside the woman that fluttered at heart, boldly replied, — "Go back," said she, "to the bold man who disposes of our lives before he has them in his power; I cannot answer him as I would a brave soldier, but as a renegade and a thief, who, like other scum, has been thrown up in these troublous times, to vex the land, and disgrace the name of Englishmen. Why not send his name, if it be an honourable one, which heaven forbid; but it is only men who are unknown in the times of honour or virtue, that in the times of anarchy or bloodshed become famous for their infamy. Tell the recreant that words will not add to his conquests or his fame; bold hearts wait around me, who will teach him the value of the double-proof armour of a rightful cause and a clear conscience; tell him it is a woman defends her children and her husband's rights, that he may know the great honour that will attach to his success." As she concluded, she closed the window, and the soldier rode back to his troop.

A volley soon shattered the casements; the mistress clung to her boy with a momentary shrinking, but bade the women seek a place of

safety with the other children, which order the terrified maidens quickly obeyed. The old steward, with discretion, arranged his force, that commenced firing from the windows upon the assailants, who kept up a continual assault upon every exposed point. His young master stood by his side, and loaded the guns as quickly as they were discharged. The assailants were rather startled at their warm reception, and sought the cover of the wood, for they only expected to find an unprotected manor-house, ill guarded in the known absence of the master, instead of which, a well-directed fire thinned their ranks, and taught them caution.

A short pause gave breathing time to the besieged, who were as yet unhurt. The old steward crept towards the shattered casement to observe the motions of the besiegers, and had just raised his white head above the sill, when a ball struck him in the forehead. He started to his feet, but no word escaped his lips. He extended his hand towards his mistress, and fell a corpse, with a look which seemed to say, "My life was of a piece, spent in your service, dying at your feet." The dark blood stained his silver hair. As the boy raised his head, some few drops fell upon the child's pure white hand; he did not shudder, but, closing the old man's eyes, took the firelock from his grasp, and stood at the window to revenge him. The mother's trembling hand was hastily extended to drag him from his dangerous post, but she instantly drew back, as she saw the fire flash in his eye with a look so like his father; the colour mantled in her cheeks, and the proud feeling at his courage conquered the more tender one.

The rattle of the musketry became loud and continuous, and told fatally upon the occupants of the manor-house, until only one man was left in that portion occupied by the mistress and her son, for their small number hardly showed sufficient force over the great extent of the building. This brave fellow was wounded more than once, and at last he sunk upon his knees from exhaustion. My mistress rushed to him, and putting some wine to his lips, bound the most serious of his wounds. Although unable to stand, he still aided his young master, by loading the pieces for him, and directing him for his safety.

In the midst of the turmoil, a side pannel suddenly opened, and a soldier entered. His plume and sash betokened him an officer of the rebel force. My mistress started as he entered, and thrust her boy beneath the cover of the deep velvet hangings, and boldly confronted the intruder. He first looked cautiously round, and perceiving, as he thought, no one living but herself, approached her with a confident air. He was a man of middle age; his hair silvery white, as was his deep moustache; his countenance, bronzed almost to blackness, looked most repulsive from the extreme lightness of his eyes. He gazed for a moment on the lady before he spoke.

"Lady," said he, "your defence is unavailing. I, who stand before you, know every turn and entrance of the building. I have ventured my life to save you, for as sure as the defence is continued, so will the fate of all concerned be terrible, and no power will save the inmates from the revengeful brutalities of the soldiery. Yield, therefore, for you are in my power, for by the same entrance can I admit my whole force."

My mistress looked intently upon the speaker. When he ceased, she placed her hand upon his sleeve, and replied,—

"Sir, one call of mine would bring a dozen brave men to my rescue, and ere you had gained yonder secret door, as many bullets would be in your body, and if it contains as cowardly and base a heart as it once did,—for I cannot be mistaken in the man who once before, as the friend of my husband, had nearly wrecked the peace of that husband and his family,—fit companion, noble sir, are you for the hireling curs who rush with fire and sword to exterminate all that are better and greater than themselves, can you suppose I have any fear of the man who attacks women and children, and dares not approach until the absence of one, by whose honourable sword he is unworthy to fall, gives him comparative safety. You are in my power," exclaimed she, as, suddenly seizing him by the sash, she attempted to drag him further from the door by which he had entered. He, in turn, seized her by the trembling hands, and, placing his convulsed face close to her's, whispered, in a snake-like hissing noise—

"Foolish woman, to load with contumely a man whom you have already branded beyond his power of endurance. For revenge have I taken up the sword, that I might have the power to crush those who have so long held me under their feet, and to blast my enemy with a fiery wrong—your dishonour! to which your death, and that of all your children, would be preferable, even to him whose existence is enwrapped in yours. I have sought and watched, and I have succeeded. Amidst this horrid din your cries are useless, and I triumph."

He seized her round her slender waist, and dragged her towards the secret door. Her screams for help were drowned in the tumult of the shouts and firing, but her brave boy suddenly sprung from amidst the folds of the curtain, and took from the hands of the dying domestic a loaded piece, and approached the ravisher. He glared for a moment with astonishment on the bold boy; then, with a demoniac smile, snatched a pistol from his belt and fired; but, being encumbered by the almost distracted mother, missed his object; but ere the smoke of the first pistol had risen above his head, an answering report rang through the chamber, and the mother slipped from his convulsed arms. For a moment he stood erect, with his sinister eyes fixed upon the pair, his hands vainly striving to reach the hilt of his sword; his tall form bent, and he fell to the floor with a groan of despair. The retributive shot had reached his heart.

A dead silence reigned in the chamber as those two trembling beings gazed upon the features of their treacherous enemy. The almost total silence startled my mistress from her trance-like feeling. Presently a shout arose upon the air, and a few dropping shots betokened the retreat of the besiegers; the ring of many hoofs sounded on the gravel approach; a few moments of breathless anxiety elapsed, when hurried feet seemed crowding on the staircase; the door flew open, and the noble form of my master rushed into the room, followed by a host of brave comrades; his fond wife was encircled in his arms, with a prayer of thanksgiving for her safety; he then turned to his boy, whose fair brow was blood-stained; fearing that he was wounded, he started with alarm, but what was his astonishment as the mother pointed, with a proud smile, at the body of the villain at their feet. The gallant story was soon told, and the young hero wept in his father's arms, for even, in such a cause, his pure and innocent spirit trembled at the shedding of blood.

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS:

AN ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY,
AND PLAY-MEN.

THE frauds practised by gaming-house proprietors on each other, and by those of officials in confederacy with players against their employers, have been of the most extensive and wholesale character. The *cocked-hat* system of fraud is a proverbial joke amongst the *cognoscenti* of the tribe; and is a term significant of a bank having been broken by means of some concerted scheme.

The origin of the peculiar phrase is thought to have arisen at a very early period of gaming-speculations, and from the circumstance of one of the proprietors of a bank having absented himself from business during the early part of the evening, for the recreative indulgence of the theatre, leaving his *fidus Achates*, and fellow-partner, to superintend the ordinary business of the table, and the care and management of the bank, until he should return. On his return, after the termination of his theatrical entertainment, he was greeted with the no very pleasing intelligence that the bank had been broken.

"Broken!" cried the astonished partner,—“by whom?”

"Don't know the gentleman; never saw him before," was the reply; "but he was a gentleman in evening costume, with a *cocked hat*."

It should be stated that the *chapeau bras*, or opera-hat, was a portion of the fashion of the day; hence, perhaps, the term "*cocked hat*." No further description of the bank-breaker could be given. The matter had doubtless been well arranged. The victimised partner saw that the *cocked hat* had been made successfully available for a purpose which its inventor had never contemplated, and that he was the victim. As may be concluded, he ever after abhorred the sight of the *chapeau bras*. The trick gained notoriety; and all heavy losses by banks under doubtful circumstances were ever after invariably ascribed to the influence of the *cocked-hat man*.

Within a very few years past a *very talented* individual, distinguished by the appellation of "Ankey Pankey Tom," was in the frequent habit of entering the different gaming-houses (by the proprietors of which he was not TOO WELL known) under most extraordinary disguise; and, being a keen hand, and a dexterous workman, would frequently take away the greater part of the capital without detection.

The officials of the table have also occasionally been detected, in concert with some one or other of the players, in fraudulent arrangements and schemes to carry off the bank's capital. There is a person now living about town, and in opulent circumstances, by succession to his father's property, who was in early life a dealer at the rouge-et-noir table kept by his father; and who for many years was banished and discarded by his parent, with a very trifling allowance, for the reason that he had entered into a scheme with a frequenter of the house to rob his father's bank.

Attempts at fraud by players were also of frequent occurrence. One very ingenious scheme was devised by an individual of most respectable family and connexions. The plan was this:—it was usual to supply the players with small wooden rakes, for their con-

venience to reach their money and counters from a distant colour or department of the table. The individual alluded to had a rake made to pattern, which he invariably took with him to the house of play, concealed between his waistcoat and shirt. This rake contained in its head a cavity and spring, which enabled its owner safely to deposit within the said cavity a sovereign, and by the touch or tap of the rake on the spring it would open, and let fall the cash so deposited. His arrangement was to play two or three sovereigns; and, if the event won, to touch them with the rake, under pretence of exhibiting to the man at the table how many there were; in this act the spring was touched by the particular pressure, and an additional sovereign was by this manœuvre invariably added to the winning stock. His scheme, after some successful practice, was at length discovered. He treated the matter, however, with perfect indifference; coolly observing that the bank had its pull, and that his contrivance was a mere scheme to defeat it. A pretty candid and open confession, it must be allowed, whatever demerit attached to it in principle.

The occasional determined and vigorous attacks of the police have, for some three or four years past, excited much alarm amongst the gaming-house proprietors, who have within such period been continually on the alert to gain every possible information of any intended *crack*. Many of them have contrived, by a liberal bribe in some quarter or other, to obtain such information, and have avoided the consequences, while others have paid the penalty of the offence by fine or imprisonment. The most lamentable result of these attacks by the police occurred in the instance of the assault on the house, 34, St. James's Street, about two years back; when a young man got up from his bed in the alarm, and, believing that the house was on fire, made his way to the top of the house, fell from the roof, and was killed. Indictments, too, have recently sent several of the gaming-house fraternity to the labour of a few months at the treadmill,—a punishment that one might naturally conclude would deter them from future offence; but some of these worthies are of most incorrigible compound, as may be conceived when it is known that several who have been so employed are at the old sport again.

The spring of last year gave, as was thought, the *coup-de-grace*, or exterminating blow, to the trade. Plans had long been concocting by the authorities of the parish to get rid of the nuisance; and, all the necessary legal forms of information having been complied with, to enable the commissioners to act, a grand scheme was conceived to attack the whole colony at one fell swoop. Accordingly, about half-past one on the night of the 7th of May last, the assault was made by about five hundred policemen in different divisions, under the chief command of Superintendent Butler and Inspector Beresford, on no less than seventeen different houses. Some of the proprietors had evidently got scent that there was to be a *crack* somewhere; but none knew where. An unusual number of the tribe were met prowling about the streets on the look-out; but there was no indication of the intentions of the police. All was ordinarily still; and alarm in some measure subsided. The more cautious, however, of the tribe closed their houses; and some adopted the further policy of removing all the implements of play from the premises. At the hour named, however, the grand attack was made; crow-bars went to work; street-doors were wrenched from their hinges, or demolished by force; windows were smashed in ever-

direction, and forcible entry made against all opposition ; from some of the houses were taken hazard and roulette tables, and divers implements of gaming. At one house, in particular, in Albemarle Street, the company were all seated at table, comfortably taking their supper and grog, without any type or symptom of play or means for playing. No distinction was, however, made ; all persons on the premises were handed off in the custody of the police, and locked up for the night. The number so taken amounted to nearly one hundred. The hearing of the different cases occupied a whole day ; many were dismissed from want of evidence, in one or two instances the parties were fined, and the fines paid ; but in one case appeal was made to the sessions, and with success, against the penalties imposed. Since this event, and the total extinction of play at Epsom and Ascot, few have dared to speculate on the dangerous proprietorship of gaming-houses, but, as observed at the outset of this paper, so long as Crockford's, or any other notorious gaming-house or club, shall continue to be patronised and sanctioned by authority of law-makers, so long will men have model and precedent for violating the law ; and so long will be found men of desperate and determined character, to imitate the high example. The outrageous attack of the police, though it for a time alarmed the majority of gaming-house keepers, produced no effect whatever on one or two, who opened their houses on the very following night, under arrangements defying all detection of offence ; and within the past six months, six or eight establishments have started again into existence, upon the same cunning and clever system. Superintendent Beresford and a party of his force recently broke into a Billiard-table maker's in St. James's Street, suspected of being a common gaming-house, and took thereout several gentlemen found playing at Billiards ; not a tittle of evidence or proof could be given, that the house was used for any such purpose as that of illicit gaming ; not a die, dice-box, or card was found, even to give surmise of the fact. The case was therefore dismissed, and the whole party discharged ; here then the law was either violated with impunity, or the power of the police was most cruelly and offensively exercised, to the injury of a respectable tradesman, whose business, if not as a Billiard-table maker, yet as the keeper of Billiard-tables, would necessarily be damaged by the constant fear of similar attacks and inconvenience to his visitors.

The number of gaming-houses now in existence, may be taken at seven or eight ; four or five of which are of the objectionable and infamous character denominated *close houses*, exclusively designed for effective and expeditious plunder, by means repugnant to every principle of honesty and fair dealing. The certainty of gain attending the method of business at such houses when play does occur, makes the proprietors indifferent to its frequency. An instance of their patience, perseverance, and success, and at the same time conveying some notion of their plans, may not be uninteresting. At the Doncaster Race Meeting in September last, there was observed by some of these professors, a young gentleman heir to a large property, the son of a celebrated sporting character, who was himself a victim to his love of play. This youth, for he is believed to be considerably under age, was thought to be a prize *in future*, for any one who could succeed in catching him in all the freshness and verdancy of years, and the fullness of estate. He was noted as betting, and indulging in the amusements of hazard at betting rooms ; money appeared abundant with him, and there was a

certain degree of gentlemanly and liberal indifference about him when playing, that bespoke no uneasiness under loss, and marked him out as a fit object for plunder. From that time his movements were watched from place to place by vigilant agents of a party in town, who had intelligence from time to time, of his probable arrival in London, where all was in preparation to receive him. Six weeks passed in anxious expectation of his appearance, (for it was suspected his advent would be sudden) and in nightly rehearsal of the game. Three or four fashionably dressed men, whose

“ Outward show was least themselves ;”

one or two wearing on their chins the “ beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,” all decked with profuse specimens of jewellery, fresh from the economical ormolu mart of the Lowther Arcade, where shirt pins, of attractive appearance, with heads as big as pigeons’ eggs may be purchased at the small price of sixpence, were in regular attendance at the scene of business. Every ring or knock that sounded at the door mechanically moved these gentlemen to a certain position at the table, to which they had been as regularly trained as dogs to their kennel.

At length the victim arrived in town, and by an extraordinary successful effort and arrangement, he was introduced to the long-expectant party by a *gentleman*, as if *per accident*, who had become acquainted with him at Doncaster. Play commenced, and under auspices not very favourable to a successful issue; a lamb amongst a herd of hungry and rapacious wolves, or a fly in the filmy and poisonous web of the spider, would have had the same chance of escape with life as this young gentleman had of winning, or keeping his own. The fashionably-attired gentlemen played their parts to the life, affecting all the consequence which they considered as necessarily appertaining to gentility; displayed their white kids—damned the dice, the croupiers, and their ill luck—called for champagne and soda, and for fresh supplies of money on their cheques. The real victim was in the meantime losing his means with real gentlemanly temper and indifference. Six or seven hundred pounds in cash had already disappeared. The dice had not been at all successful to him in the hands of the gentlemen-auxiliaries of the establishment, and the result of the night was, that he lost, in addition to his whole stock of ready money, £1500 on credit, for which he gave his acceptances.

The business being achieved, and no immediate expectation of any further benefit appearing, the next matter for consideration was that of remuneration to the Bonnets in white kids and velvet waistcoats who had assisted in the work of plunder, and had given six weeks’ constant attendance from midnight to daybreak, under all the sanguine hope of handsome remuneration. The sum realized was between two and three thousand pounds, and out of this sum, it is reported, that the generosity of the winner rewarded the white hats and velvets with three pounds each for their active and meritorious exertions. Outcries and threats were the consequence, but whether with any more beneficial result to the Dunstables and Leghorns cannot be said.

A visitor of a very different kind paid a visit to the same house within a short time either before or after the above occurrence. This was a young nobleman, in appearance as youthful as the gentleman

above spoken of. He went in, accompanied by a friend, and at the table were seated, if not the identical *gentlemen* before described, some persons of the same cut and character, all on the *qui vive* to be operating. The nobleman and his friend took the dice in turn. The former having looked at them, commenced play; he threw in two or three mains and then failed, and passed the box to his friend, who, having thrown out, sent the box round to the other parties, each of whom took the box also in turn, and appeared to wait anxiously for the young noble and his friend to stake their money, but no indication of any disposition to do so appearing, they proceeded to their respective hands. The box again came round to the young scion of nobility, and he now more carefully examined the dice, turning them over, and spinning them, to try their true character. He then took up the box and threw in four or five mains, on which he realized a hundred or two pounds. Again the box passed from him to the stranger players, who waited, with their former *politeness*, for him to stake his money on their hands, but he had no inclination. The box came to him a third time, and, after his usual close examination of the dice, he proceeded with his game, and was again successful in throwing two or three mains; his friend also threw in a good hand, and on the two events he won considerably. The box then took its usual course to the other players, the young noble had now before him a considerable number of notes, and he very coolly took his hat from his head and placed it over his money, then threw himself back in his seat in a recumbent posture, and commenced a conversation with his friend. Looks of hopeless surprise were interchanged by the officials and hireling Bonnets, which did not escape the vigilance of the youthful sprig of nobility; he observed, also, that a degree of impatience was now manifest in the proprietors that the box should go quickly round, so as to give the only chance afforded by his own play, and catching one of these impatient manifestations, as exhibited by the croupier towards the Bonnet who was then throwing the dice, he deliberately and sarcastically, but politely, suggested to him *not to hurry the gentleman*. Two of the auxiliary party, on this hint, terminated their useless endeavours, affecting, at the same time, to have been d—bly out of luck, a good truth, doubtless, if taken as applicable to their hopes of remuneration on the evening's result, which was a loss to the bank of above £500.

On the retirement of the successful nobleman, curses, both loud and deep, were freely vented on his youth and experience; they swore he was the *oldest young one* that had ever been known in London, and a resolution was carried, *nemine contradicente*, that "*he was no catch*," and that the bank should not be again opened to him; a resolution which was strictly adhered to, by the refusal to play to him a few nights afterwards. This is the latest intelligence of the times.

To relate a fiftieth part of the matter of anecdote to be gleaned from a few years occasional observance of the passions and practices of men under the excitement of play at the public gaming-tables, would fill volumes. What has been selected will afford both lamentable and ludicrous example of its effects, and answer the end proposed by the relation, which is to deter from the fatal indulgence, by the lamentable instances of ruin recorded, and to draw attention to instances of mind debased, character destroyed, and honour and principle made subservient to fraud, avarice, and dishonesty, in pursuit of gain.

POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

NO. II.—AN APPENDIX OF GENTS.

1. *Of certain Gents in Society.*

ONCE, when, like Mr. Tennyson, we were "waiting for the train at Coventry," we saw a penny show on the ground floor of an empty house in a principal street of that good city. It consisted of "A Happy Family,"—a collection of various animals of different natures, in one cage, like the travelling menagerie opposite the National Gallery, but on a much larger scale. The members of the "family" were quietly enjoying the pleasure of each other's society, with the exception of two monkeys, one of whom sat sullenly scowling at some mice, as he hugged himself up into a ball in everybody's way: and the other created much discomfort from time to time, by rushing about in a frantic manner, running over his neighbours, performing totally useless feats of agility, and deporting himself generally in an absurd and unseemly fashion.

Now, taking monkeys to be the Gents of the animal kingdom, we were pleased to see how closely they resembled their human brethren. For the Gents you encounter in society are of two kinds. Taking an assembly as the place where you would be most likely to come upon them, you will find them either endeavouring to "do the grand" by not joining in the current amusements of the evening; or overstepping all bounds of ordinary behaviour,—“going it,” to use their own words,—and committing every kind of preposterous and silly offence against the received rules of society.

If you talk to the first of these, whom we may call the Dreary Gent, you will always find "he has been dining with some men," and you will be reminded of cigars. He affects a drawing, indifferent tone, which he considers cool and fashionable: and he prefers keeping outside the drawing-room, upon the landing, because "he don't want to be bored to dance." He wears broad tails to his coat, and most probably the button-holes are brought together over his chest by a small snaffle; whilst hanging by a bit of chain from his waistcoat pocket is a little brequet key, made like a dog's head the nose of which winds up the watch. His stock is of figured satin, very gay and very narrow, and with long twisted ends, in which is stuck a large pin—usually a claw holding a stone as big and as white as a pea of Wenham Ice. He will ask you "if you were at Putney on Tuesday," and if you were not, and do not even know what great event took place on that day, be sure that he regards you with great contempt. Like all Gents he has a great idea of champagne, which at supper he drinks by himself from a tumbler.

Very opposite to him is the Joyous Gent, whom we may term the Perrot of private life. He always gives us the notion of a ballet-dancer spoiled, especially in Pastorale, or the Polka; in which latter dance, if he does not happen to have for his partner a young lady of determined spirit, and a keen discrimination of right and wrong, he will launch off into all sorts of toe-and-heel tomfooleries, such as

simple people used to perpetrate when the Polka first broke out—such as you may still see at demi-public hops, even at the Hanover Square Rooms. The Joyous Gent is very great indeed in dancing-academy figures. He knows the “Caledonians,” and the “Lancers;” he loves the “Spanish Dance,” and patronizes the gloomy “Cellarius.” And we will make any reasonable wager that before the quadrille begins he will bow to his partner, and then to the corner lady, or the one on his left.

The social acquirements of the Joyous Gent are many, and he delights in every opportunity of exhibiting them. His strongest points are his imitations of popular performers, especially Buckstone, in whose manner he says, “Well I nevar!—did you evar!—oh nevar!—oh wlaw!” in a manner that elicits the loudest applause. Next he attempts Macready, as follows:—

“Nay—dearest—nay—if thou—would’st have—me paint
The home—to which—could love—fulfil—its prayers,
This hand—would lead—thee—listen.”

Then Mr. T. P. Cooke, when he pitches his voice in a low falsetto, hitches his trousers, says “My dear eyes!” and affirms that “no true heart is altered by the gilt swabs on the shoulders, but is ever open to the cry of a female in distress!” Possibly the next will be Mr. Paul Bedford, when he rolls his r, and says “Come along my r-r-r-rummy cove: come along, come along, come along: how are you? how dy’e do? here we are! I’m a looking at you like brick-sywickysywickies: I believe you my boy-y-y-y-y!”

All these are sure to be received with the greatest enthusiasm; and as he usually gives the name of the actor he is about to imitate before he commences, he is spared the unpleasantry attendant upon the remark of some guest who says “Capital—it’s Keeley himself!” when the ingenious Gent is attempting an impersonation of Farren. But after all, his surest card is Buckstone.

2. *Of the Gent who goes to the Races.*

The Gent who goes to the races must not be confounded with the Sporting Gent. He knows nothing in the world about the running, nor indeed does he care much about it, beyond the manner in which it may affect a chance he has in a “Derby Sweep.” But he thinks the fact of being seen there gives him a position in society, and he would not miss the races for anything.

As the Gent who goes to the races is closely allied to the Gent at Evans’s, before spoken of, we will describe him in the same fashion.

He buyeth a “D’Orsay blouse,” which he believeth to have been made under the Count’s own eye, a blue cravat, spotted with white wafers, a whip, and a pair of short patent boots, to produce an effect, in which he mounteth a “fast four-horse coach” from the Garrick’s Head. At the Elephant and Castle, being called “my noble sportsman” by the vendor, he buyeth a card, and conceiveth that he is taken for Lord Chesterfield. He asketh the vendor, with a severe look, “If it is Dorling’s?” to show that he is “a downey cove” and not to be done. He also hath a glass of pale ale. On Clapham Common he seeth a ladies’ school, and boweth to the tall pupil; whereupon the tall pupil receiveth a chiding from the

English teacher for unseemly levity, and the tall pupil accuseth the half-boarder of being the true culprit. At Mitcham he hath another pale ale, and delighteth in being recognised by a man on a pony, whom he sayeth is "Bob Croft:" after which he winketh or kisseth his hand to all the housemaids, who, on Derby Day, invariably take two hours-and-a-half to make the front room bed; swinging his leg over the side seat on the roof, that his boots may dazzle the rustics. At Sutton he hath another pale ale, which fully openeth his heart, and he carolleth lustily until he reacheth the Downs, when he hopeth to be taken for one of the Guards. A gipsy woman telleth him that he hath a wicked eye, and that his company is agreeable to various female christian names, whereon he giveth her a shilling and the tail of a lobster, the large claw of which he putteth on his nose, and, in his imagination, doeth the fast thing.

After the race, than which he sayeth he never saw a better, albeit he hath seen but few, he thinketh it "nobby" to throw at the sticks; and insisteth that the merchant do set up a bell, a feathered cock, and a pear that discourseth music most unhappily, by pulling out the stalk, and blowing through it. He seeth Lord —, whom he knoweth by sight, next to him, laden with crockery dogs, and napoleons, pin-cushions, money-boxes, and soldiers of remarkable uniforms, partaking of the Grenadier's, Highlander's, and Turk's; and he striveth to knock down more things than the patrician. But in this he faileth, and, intruding on the other's aim, is called a "snob," which, in the kindness of his heart, he resenteth not, but carrieth his winnings in his hat back to the coach, after which he walketh about "to see the fine women." Next, he hath more lunch, until his heart openeth wider than ever, and he thinketh, "This is life—rather; what a fast one I am, and can't I do it when I choose. Hurrah!" He then challengeth strange men on the roofs of distant vehicles to take wine, because he knoweth "they are the right sort," and finisheth by trying a hornpipe on the roof of his own, in all the enthusiasm of ale, sun, lobster-salad, dust, champagne, and a post-horn.

Going home, his humour knoweth no bounds. He tieth his handkerchief to his stick for a flag, until he loseth his hat, when he tieth the handkerchief round his head. He sitteth on the post-horn, and causeth it to resemble a ram's. He pelteth old gentlemen driving four-wheeled chaises with snuff-boxes, and distributeth pin-cushions to the domestics, breaking windows withal. He liketh to know who any one is who upsetteth him by offensive speech; and tumbleth to the ground at Sutton, where he wisheth for several pale ales, while the coach stoppeth to cool the wheels, which follow the example of the passengers, and begin to smoke. Here he danceth a lively measure in the road before a landau, and smileth wickedly at the occupants. Getting troublesome, he is put in the inside, with the helper, the hamper, and the dirty plates, where he remaineth until he reacheth London, when he sayeth, "Let's make a night of it." But the manufacturing process is not worthy the reader's attention. The next day he sayeth, "I must dine at Berthollini's for two months to come, and give up suppers."

It has been with the utmost gratification that since we last wrote we have seen signs of better things in certain quarters hitherto devoted too much to the Gents, and their interests. In the shoe-shop

we alluded to, wherein the many-pearl-buttoned *brodequins* were exhibited, a change has been effected. They have all gone; and others, which were set forth as "Gents' Patent Alberts," are now labelled "Gentlemen's Dress Half-boots." We were also served with a pair of white gloves the other night at a ticketed haberdasher's, without being asked whether we would not have Gents' yellow-kid. These occurrences may have been the effect of simple accident; but we would rather believe that they were not.

We think it would be an excellent plan for respectable electors to make members pledge themselves to vote for the heavy taxation of various articles in which Gents chiefly delight. In this tariff we would have blue stocks; large breast-pins; snaffle coat-studs; curled hair; collar-galled hacks; Spanish dances; Caledonian quadrilles; lithographed beauties, plain and coloured; cheap cigars; large pattern trousers; gay under-waistcoats or vests; thick sticks; short canes; walking-whips; and boxes of omnibuses, as distinguished from omnibus-boxes. If the Gents could not enjoy these things without paying heavy prices for them, they would go without; for a great effect at a small outlay is the main intention of all their follies.

And we also think it might be serviceable towards the great end of putting Gents out altogether, when any one chances to say, "I know a Gent," to exclaim immediately, either "You know a *what*?" in accents of horror, or, "You look as if you did," in tones of contempt, to bring him to a sense of his miserable position in whichever way you think will best work upon his feelings.

NO. III.—THE BALLET GIRL.

1. *Of Ballet Girls, and Fairies.*

IF any "Gent" just alluded to imagines, from the title of this article that he is "going to be put up to a thing or two," adding to the conventionally circulated notions of the class we are preparing to write about, then is that Gent mistaken. We know what his notions are of the ballet generally. We are perfectly aware that he considers it "rather fast" to have the *pets*, coloured and framed, hung up in his rooms; to induce a belief in the breast of the visitor that he is on very intimate terms with the originals,—that he imagines, when in the front of the pit, he has but to wink at a fairy, and then go round and meet her at the stage-door, to be immediately received as her accepted admirer; and that, in fact, every female connected with the theatrical profession, without an exception, comes in the same category. But for the Gents we are not now writing: we never do so, except for the purpose of insulting them, and putting them in a rage with us. And so the Gent who anticipates "something spicy" from the title of this paper, had better put down the "Miscellany" quietly, before he flings it away in disgust.

For we intend to touch but lightly upon pink-tights and gauze-petticoats. Spangles will only be hinted at, and wreaths almost passed by; we shall knock over theatrical romance for commonplace reality; and try if we cannot make the one as interesting as the other, even by reversing the ordinary effect of *glamour*, and bringing down the innumerable muslin-petticoats,—excelling even

the capes of a night-cabman's coat in the number of their layers, — to the ordinary gown of every-day life.

Once upon a time—that dear old epoch in which we all so steadfastly believe, vague and unsatisfactory as is its real date: that golden age when the world was a series of palaces, forest glades, and kingdoms, peopled only by kings, ogres, virtuous woodcutters, young princes, white cats, and beautiful daughters—there were fairies in our land. They will tell you they are still in Ireland; but we do not believe it. If they were, and did but a tenth part of the good to starving cottagers which their predecessors were in the habit of effecting, the place of “our own commissioner” would become a sinecure. A favourite pursuit of these little people was that of relieving the surplus cottage population, by carrying off some child of earth with golden hair, to live with them. Sometimes, to be sure, they merely made an interchange of infants, and left some remarkable brat in place of the proper one, who behaved in the most unseemly manner always, playing such pranks as we can only associate with Mr. Wieland when he was a baby; but more frequently they simply kept their mortal plaything until it was old enough to return to its parents, with a piece of fairy gold hung about its neck. There is a delightful little German story of a child who was thus carried off, to whom the fairies shewed all their sports. “One while they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks; at another time they skipped from bough to bough among the trees that hung over the cooling streams; for they moved as lightly and easily through the air as on the ground; and Mary went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and directly little trees sprang up: and then they would set their feet upon the branches, while the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air wherever the breezes carried them; and again the trees would sink down into the earth, and land them safely at their bidding. At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen; and there the richest food was spread before them, and the softest music was heard; and there all around grew flowers which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple and yellow, and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of treasure which were piled up in the royal stores; for little dwarfs were always employed in searching the earth for gold.”

This must have been a pleasant life. Clever literary gentlemen will call it all nonsense, and say we are quoting trash. If none of us ever commit ourselves to a greater extent than in placing a little mild, idle belief in the fairies, and loving to talk about them, we shall not become very bad, albeit we may run the risk of not writing “with a purpose.” But things written with a purpose, beyond that of amusing, are sometimes so slow! And when the purpose is now and then so hazy as to be almost altogether invisible, but little is gained thereby.

We are forgetting the ballet-girl though, all this time. Her early life must be something like that of the fairy changeling, and that is why we spoke of it, with the exception of the piece of gold round the neck. This is most probably imitated by a bit of hollowed-out pewter, polished in various concavities, and called, in the terms of theatrical jewelry, a *Logie*. Elsewise she is accustomed to see phe-

nomena quite as remarkable as any that the elfs ever showed to the little girl in the story. But of this anon.

2.—*The Ballet-Girl in the Theatre.*

Did you ever have the ill-fortune to see a theatre by day-light, and in the morning? If not, will you accompany me thither?

Let us suppose that a rehearsal of a spectacle is about to take place. At the stage door there is a 'call' hung up—a little piece of paper, on which is a summons, written in a cramped but clear hand, calling the "ladies of the ballet," at ten; and "all the ladies and gents," and a "full band," at eleven. We pass a few of those anomalous untidy people—whom we always find waiting for something or somebody at stage doors, and whom we never see anywhere else, except, a shade tidier, in the upper tier of boxes when the free list is not suspended, and we reach the stage. The scene is not exhilarating: All the flats and wings are drawn back: above, some dirty daylight is struggling through a wonderful confusion of ropes, borders, pulleys, and frail bridges; and some equally dingy rays pour in, over the back of the gallery. Perhaps on the stage, some of the carpenters are nailing the water to a cascade; or "priming" a scene with whitewash: and at a rickety table at the corner, is the prompter, arranging his papers by the light of a long-wick'd flaring candle. All the fronts of the boxes are still covered by the large canvass cloths, which you always find the men so anxious to let down before the audience have left the house, as though a great wager depended upon their success in this respect. Two or three brooms appear in the obscurity to be knocking about by themselves amongst the dark benches of the pit; and the faint glimmer of a light is now and then seen in the extreme depths of the private boxes.

It is not unlikely, that if you blunder into the green-room, you will there see a small pale child: who looks as if she had been generated from the atmosphere of the theatre as spontaneously as were the galvanic mites of Mr. Crosse, apparently from nothing: undergoing a lesson from the ballet-mistress before the others arrive. She has on a curious dress—ballet from the waist downwards; ordinary walking costume above that point—indeed, her appearance will remind you of the old woman in the nursery tale, who fell asleep on the highway, instead of selling her eggs, and whose petticoats were cut all about her knees by one Stout, an inhuman pedlar, so that even her little dog did not know her. This is the ballet-girl in her first stage of transition from the flying fairy. Hitherto she has only been slung to a wire, and moved across the stage to herald in a benignant genius, or guide a rightful prince; or perhaps she has been perched upon an aerial machine to wave a silver yard-measure with a star on the top, but now, she is for the first time allowed to touch the earth before an audience. Her pay is at present very little—very little indeed; perhaps a shilling a night; and for this she has to trot backwards and forwards, between her home and the theatre, sometimes four times a day; and it is possible that she may live at Islington, or Kennington. Perhaps her father is a supernumerary, and he accompanies her, or she is confided to the care of an older sister *coryphée*, or she makes the journey by herself. This goes on for two or three years; and at last she finds herself competent to dance with the

others, if not in the front rank, at all events immediately behind them; and has fifteen shillings a week—a perfect fortune.

The *coryphées* next arrive,—pretty girls, if it were not for the pallor that overspreads their features, resulting from cosmetics, late hours and heavy work—*petite* in figure, and neatly dressed in dark stuff cloaks, or check “Polkas,” and little black velvet or drawn bonnets. You may, if you desire, always meet with them by keeping near the stage-doors of any of the theatres about the middle of the day, on Saturday, when they go to the treasury. It is curious to see them rehearsing some grand *pas* in their walking dresses,—sinking down and crossing their hands on their breasts, bending back almost to vertebral dislocation, wreathing their arms, and the like; you think, if ballets took place, the scenes of which were laid in every-day life, what preposterously absurd things they would be. You will notice that they have all kept their gloves on; it appears to be a point of etiquette amongst them to do so. And they catch the notion of any particular step or figure with singular facility; especially those to whom the honour of a place in the front rank is assigned. Sometimes, but very seldom, the stereotypical smile of the evening breaks out at rehearsal, beaming at the dark void of the house before them, or even at the stage manager, who is the nearest approach to the Ogres of old that they can fancy. Otherwise they preserve the greatest gravity, at least those in front; the hinder ones always appear anxious to earn their money, or attract attention, both at rehearsal and in the evening; indeed, in the latter case, it is most amusing to watch them—their attitudes and attempts to fascinate, even in the extreme rear, and evidently under the impression that they alone are attracting the attention of the house, are exceedingly diverting.

Apart from dancing, the business of the ballet-girl is to express the most vivid interest in, and sympathy with, the fortunes, sorrows, or joys, of the principal performers. Possibly, no other class of humanity is actuated by so many different sentiments in five minutes. Were the “heart-strings” which poets write of, really bits of cord to pull the feelings into different positions, as the string makes the puppet kick its legs and arms, then you would see that those belonging to a whole *corps de ballet* are tugged at once. For a large party of young ladies, there is singular harmony amongst them. They all feel, with equal acuteness the wrongs of the heroine they dance attendance to; and at the same moment, they are all simultaneous in their allegiance, when they offer her valuable baskets of flowers, apparently only for inspection, as they always pirouette round, and take them away again immediately. And the shock, experienced at the brutality of the rich rival, affects them all as rapidly as the one from the electrifying machine at the Polytechnic Institution, when the misguided visitors on the bottom row are beguiled by the gentleman who lectures into forming a chain with their hands.

3. *Of the Ballet-Girl out of the Theatre.*

We believe that the ballet-girl is the nearest approach to the Parisian *grisette* that we have in England. Our ordinary classes of young females engaged in various manufactures, from milliners to book-stitchers, shoe-binders, and the like, have little in common with their continental sisters. But, putting her connection with the

theatre on one side, the ballet-girl has many points in common with the little *brodeuses*, *couturières*, and *illumineuses* of the transpontine districts of Paris.

She is small, trim — *une petite taille bien prise*, as Paul de Kock would say,—and blessed with a very light heart, that allows her to laugh merrily upon all occasions. And she is passionately fond of dancing. One would think she had enough of it at the theatre; but it is not so: the greatest treat a ballet-girl knows is to go to a public ball, and wear a *costume de société*. And here, though she does not leave the theatre until midnight, she will keep on dancing with untiring vigour until seven in the morning; she would even have the concluding Post-horn Galoppe encored, if the musicians had strength left to perform it. And she never betrays her profession in her dancing: all is orderly, quiet, in great propriety. At the time when everybody was learning the polka, several of the teachers of dancing selected three or four *coryphées* from the theatres for the pupils to practise with; and in this manner they acquired a perfect knowledge of the deportment observed in average society. They picked this up readily, for they are naturally quick and perceptive.

The ballet-girl has generally an *amant* — a sweetheart, — an “intended,” if you will. Understand us. We are not treading on any equivocal ground: it is a fair and honest attachment: and one not often affected by all the plaudits of the audience, or the butterfly attentions of the *coulisses*. He may be connected with the theatre; he may be altogether in another line of life; but he is usually found waiting at the stage-door to escort her home, and he forms a portion of the crowd always assembled there at the conclusion of the performance, — friends of the first peasants and conspirators, and relatives of the trumpet; with real amateurs in theatrical matters, who wait to see the leading actors in their ordinary dresses walking out like common persons, or the *prima donna* stepping into her Brougham, and then go home, more delighted at that sight than at anything they have seen on the stage.

The object of the *coryphée* in marriage is not altogether to be taken out of the theatre, — generally the reverse: indeed a very large proportion of the young persons enumerated in the *corps de ballet* of the various houses as “Miss” Such-a-one, are married. And, married or single, we speak advisedly in saying that nothing can be more exemplary than the conduct of the ballet generally, taken as a mass. Many of them — in several instances two or three sisters, — contribute in a great degree to the support of their parents; either by their salaries — which may be averaged at a guinea a week in the more respectable theatres, — or by teaching on their own account. An intimate acquaintance with the internal economy of a theatre enables us to state earnestly, that amongst no other class have we witnessed more domestic devotion, or readiness at all times to proffer mutual assistance, in the event of accident or other misfortune, than in the *corps de ballet*; and that, in contradiction to the notions of the Gents, by no others have we seen any transgression against propriety, or advances even supposed to be questionable, more effectually repulsed. We do not deny that there are several who cannot lay claim to a reputation perfectly unblemished; but it is as false as it is uncharitable to suppose that the attributes of these few are alike characteristic of the entire class.

4. *Of various idiosyncrasies.*

As the grisette has, above all things, a passion for *galette* and chestnuts,—hot, bursting *marrons de Lyon*—so does the principal weakness of the ballet-girl lie in oysters and porter. A dozen of the former—she is not particular that they be small—and a pint of the latter, perhaps amongst three, carried by hook or by crook into the dressing-rooms, will form a perfect festival, bolted between the *pas des Fées* of the opening scene and the villagers' *Mazourka* of the closing one, whilst the costume is changed. Generally speaking she prefers bottled stout to champagne: she says the wine makes her giddy: and she has a great notion of coffee, even at supper at a ball. Apart from the bouquets left for her, at times, at the stage-door, by the would-be cavalier who sits in the stalls every night to see her wear them, she is, like the grisette again, remarkably attached to flowers. You may see several little *danseuses* lingering about the plants in Covent Garden market, after rehearsal, on sunny spring afternoons; and the chances are ten to one but that at home she has an hyacinth, or some heath; nay, she will sow French beans rather than not have anything. And she has a bird—a smoked canary, who never sings; but this she attributes to his moulting, and so always makes him take saffron.

She is very proud of being permitted to say a few words on the stage. A message, or a small reply to a Peri queen, she thinks more of than the most effective dance; because then she approaches the condition of an actress. And, if the management permits her to wear a wreath of her own purchasing, whilst her sister fays go without, she has achieved another great position, and dreams of one day equalling Carlotta Grisi. For, upon inquiry, you will find that Carlotta is the real "pet of the ballet."

Otherwise her disposition is level enough. Little affected by the circumstances by which she is surrounded, she follows her profession as the merest matter of business, in spite of the spells she assists in working upon the public. And, indeed, however charming may be the transient combination of gauze, spangles, and pink tights, flowers, wings, and coloured fire; yet, the ideality of these attractions is more than knocked over by the mundane oaths of the stage-manager, or the chilling dreary reality of a morning rehearsal.

The ballet-girl is very fond of finery: in a position where so much depends upon effect this passion is, in some degree, excusable, and for this reason effect is the great end desired. She believes in the jewellery of the Lowther Arcade to a great degree; that emporium stands higher with her than ever did the firm of Storr and Mortimer, with its warmest and most wealthy patrons. And herein lies her greatest danger. The handsome presents made to some of these girls, who work so very hard at so very small a salary, might well turn their heads: as might the offers of a splendid settlement, or establishment, contrasted with their, in most cases, very humble homes. But, to their credit be it said, that the most dazzling temptations are, with very very few exceptions, firmly withstood: and that the amount of propriety of feeling inherent in the greater part of them might be divided and subdivided, and each portion would then endow its possessor with very commendable sentiments of virtue and right conduct.

TIPPERARY HALL.—NO. III.

CONTENTS.

University Intelligence. — The little three-quart Pipkin. — Love at all Seasons. — The Irish Surgeon and General Segastibelza. — Vestiges of Flirtation and the True Art of Love. — The Quakeress and General Tom Thumb. — The Battles on the Sutlej. — Alexander the Great and Dr. Carus. — The Phascolotherion, or the real old Irish Kangaroo.

THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER—THE FENMAN—EVERARD CLIVE—
AND THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I WISH most selfishly that Grimgibber was not on circuit. His absence from among us Deipnosophists gives me the lion's, or rather, the jackall's share of the cookery; and the grilling has made me as thirsty as the Ancient Mariner on the rotten sea.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

It's an amiable weakness, that same drought of yours, Everard; and we'll help you to a remedy. Those jugs look promising; and I suppose the little three-quart pipkin is not on the hob for nothing.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Certainly not. They are intended to enable us to reap the benefit of the latest university intelligence.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Do they illustrate degrees or boat-races?—or the town and gown rows?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Something far better. The Bachelor has just obtained the recipe for the real Varsity milk-punch, and we mean to avail ourselves of it. Contemplate the bottom of this jug. There lie blended in equal portions the Jamaica, the Cognac, and the Noyeau. Now, Drinker, seize the pipkin, as you call it. Do you want to know the ingredients of the cauldron? Nothing more than new milk boiled up with lemon-peel and sugar. Now then, steady, my boy; pour it down on the fluid in the jug. Down with it! Be lively, Bachelor, with the other jug. That's right. Now pour and repour. Hold it higher, Drinker. Don't it flash and foam gloriously? It's like a Promised-Land-Niagara. Keep "alternating Elysian brightness" till it's half cool. Now then, tumblers round. What say you, Bibulus, to the invention? Shall you be the worse for imbibing some more of this true milk of our Alma-Mater?

WHISKEY DRINKER (*after a pause*).

"O quam te memorem Virgo!"—"She's lovely! she's divine! Life is worth prolonging, for the sake of such a new and beautiful acquaintance. 'Tis as good as acquiring a new language.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Mind it is not a whole Tower of Babel. But Clive's thirst must be quenched by this time, as he has finished his third tumbler. Come, Everard, your throat must be moist enough for a song.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes ; and while I sing you must drink, and make up for your deficiency. Bibulus, my boy, I am rather partial to your Irish tune of "*Take me when I'm in the humour*," and to Jullien's version in particular. Be ready with the chorus ; and I'll give you something sentimental.

SONG BY CLIVE,—“WHAT CARE I FOR WET OR DRY ?”

Air—“*Take me when I'm in the humour.*”

Oh, what care I for wet or dry,
For the sun that shines, or the storm that lours ;
While thus we troll the flowing bowl,
And the smiles of those we love are ours ?
Your fancied wise may search the skies
For fav'ring hours, with toil incessant ;
Read ladies' eyes, and *they* 'll advise
No time with them is like the present.
Drink, boys, drink !
Fill to the brink ;
Drink to those we love the fondest !
Drink, boys, drink !

The stars may gleam o'er the crystal stream ;
Give me blue eyes o'er the red wine's glow ;
There 's nought above like what we love,
And what 's within our reach below.
Aurora's light is a lovely sight,
When she rises high the east adorning ;
But you, my dear, have a glance more clear,
And a rosier smile when you rise of a morning.
Drink, boys, drink !
Fill to the brink ;
Drink to those we love the fondest !
Drink, boys, drink !

One 's weary soon of the sunny noon,
But beauty's sunshine never tires ;
Though her eyes may gleam like the noon's own beam,
And her soft lips thrill with all its fires.
And, oh ! 'tis sweet the fair to meet
At eve around the bowl we drink of,
When our spirits rise as the daylight dies,
And the less we see the more we think of.
Drink, boys, drink !
Fill to the brink ;
Drink to those we love the fondest !
Drink, boys, drink !

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

That doctrine, Everard, is, like the milk-punch, soft, warm, and pleasant ; and the smallest taste in life of the noyveau, which it smacks of, sure, makes it additionally consoling and comfortable. It does especial credit to an Englishman, who generally depends on the state of the weather for the state of all his feelings.

EVERARD CLIVE.

You 've the advantage of me, Bibulus, in having' *waltzed in sunny*

Spain." How go on your old friends there? Are your Senoras and your Dons as thriving as ever? You gave us a lesson in Spanish geography when we last met. We're ready for another, with a story attached to it, as the Description used to be to the Map at Eton.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Spanish geography! 'Faith it's little they know about geography in some parts of the country. It nearly cost a friend of mine his life in '35, because Don Carlos's General Segastebelza and his staff and chaplain were bad hands at tracing the map of Ireland.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Let us hear the story. I should have thought that the supposed affinity between the Iberians and Hibernians would have made Ireland better known out there.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

They know as much about such affinities as they do about their countryman Cantaber being your grandfather, Bachelor.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Cantaber my grandfather!

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Wasn't he the father, or founder, which comes to the same thing, of your Alma-Mater?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

A mere legend, Drinker,—Irish history.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Well, if he wasn't, he ought to have been; he was a good fellow, by all accounts; and if he was here he wouldn't interrupt a gentleman in his discourse, nor allow his descendants to be guilty of such interpolation. So now I'll tell you how much some of his countrymen knew about Irish geography. I wish that my old friend Doctor Peter Kearney was alive and amongst us to-night, to tell us his own tale, for he could tell it, and a thousand more like it, in style—so droll, so ready, and so natural! Poor fellow! About the time I was speaking of he was stopping at Pau, in the Hautes Pyrenees. He had heard that Don Carlos's troops were badly off for a medical staff, "so who knows," says Peter to himself, "but I might be appointed surgeon-general to his Majesty; and wouldn't it be a great day for ould Ireland when I dated my bulletins from Durango?" On this hint the Doctor acted, and left the pleasant banks of the Adour for the Bidassoa. He arrived at Bayonne on a fine afternoon in autumn, and, having taken a few hours' rest, he determined, the night was so fine, to cross over in the moonlight. He did not think it necessary to consult the British Consul or any other authority about his excursion, not even the Carlist agent at the Hotel St. Etienne, who might have given him a slip of paper or the password, which would have carried him safe to headquarters. That would have been common sense, and all that sort of thing, which he never once dreamt of; but marched into the Carlist territory from the French border, as bold and careless as if he was walking from Kilkenny to Ballyragget. His baggage consisted of a knapsack and a stick. His knapsack contained a shirt, a razor, a case of instruments, and a small volume which I need not stop to particularize. He carried

also with him a decent-sized silver watch for company's sake, as well as to time himself on his journey, and a small fistfull of dollars in his breeches pocket—just enough to swear by that he did not enter the Don's territories a pauper. And so he went on, whistling and soliloquizing, and knocking the heads off all the thistles and poppies by the road side with his stick, like Tarquin. "Whoo! whoo!" says he, as he mowed off the tops of a large bunch; "what slashing wounds the dragoons would give if the foot-soldiers would only wait for them; but no matter, there must be murdering fine practice in the regard of gunshot wounds for all that. They're blazing away at each other, I hear, from morn till night." At that moment a ball whistled across the Doctor; and, before he could bless himself, there came another. He turned round and round, looking about him on all sides, and feeling himself to try was he shot, till he saw at last about half a dozen fellows running towards him, and shouting at the top of their voices. They were all armed, and one ruffian in advance of the rest, had his musket *en couche*, as if he was going to throw a third dose at the Doctor.

"Blood an' ouns! shoot *aisy*, you blackguard! Do you take me for a wild bear, or an Orangeman, that you point the spout of your piece at me like that?" Peter cried out, spitting in his fist, and flourishing his bit of timber; and he danced round to keep stout front to the enemy on all sides. He found out in an instant, however, that peace at any price was his best policy for the present; for they were in on him before he could cut three flourishes, or repeat Faugh-a-ballagh! "Their toothpicks," said he, "would have been rummaging for each other in the inside of me, if I hadn't lowered the point of my weapon, and surrendered at discretion."

"The top of the moonlight to you, gentlemen," says he taking off his hat to them, "I hope! you've had pleasant sport in the hills this fine evening; I'm remarkably fond of the diversion myself, but I scorn the idea of shooting without a licence."

They all shook their heads, to signify that he was talking Sanscrit, and began, all together, to ask him who he was, and what he was, and where he came from, and where he was going to, and if he could give the word, and a hundred questions of the kind, which he could not answer satisfactorily, because he did not know a word of Spanish or Basque. Peter knew a little Latin and less French, but he found the Carlist picquet-guard were as ignorant of them as they were of English and Irish. He discoursed them in all four to no purpose, and damned their philology. They then proceeded to deliver him of his knapsack and his watch, and dollars, and to his astonishment and disgust, stripped him of his shoes. Shoes were, at the best of times, a great luxury in the Carlist army, and Peter's fitted the corporal of the party as if they had been bespoken for him. "Anda!" (march on) at last cried this fellow, and they drove him before them at the point of their bayonets over the hard mountain road. When they fancied that he was not moving fast enough they poked fun at him behind with their bayonets, and roared with the laughing when he put his hand behind to feel for the compound fractures. Peter was fat, and not far from forty; and, as he said himself, they thought it wouldn't be good for his corus or his constitution to let him go slowly over the stones. In this way they rowl'd him along until they entered a village which he guessed was head-quarters, from the number of soldiers he saw

moving about, and a group of officers lounging and smoking at the entrance of the street. The word went before him that he was a Christiano spy, and in a very few minutes he was lodged in a *posada*, under a strong guard for the night.

Next morning the Doctor was marched before a board of officers in the open air, in the porch of the village church. And at the head of the table sat Segastebelza, who was killed in action about a year afterwards in the battle of the Ametzegana, near San Sebastian. There was not a syllable of Peter's four languages amongst them, so the trial went all one way. It was short, sharp, and decisive; and one trifling circumstance was enough to turn things in this direction. Segastebelza took a great fancy to the Doctor's watch, which the corporal, in a soft moment of drunkenness, gave to the general the night before, with the hope of being made a sergeant. His Excellency put it to his ear several times, and kept fiddling and fidgetting with the works during the short time the trial lasted. At last he put it into the breast of his surtout, and buttoned it up snug. He then lit another cigar, and sentenced the prisoner to be shot next evening at sunset. He generously ordered him rations and wine *ad libitum*, and a father confessor.

It was late that night when the holy man called at the *posada*: there he found Peter resigned, and smoking a cigar quite comfortably with a large measure of *val de penas* before him. The conversation that followed was carried on in Latin, not of the most Augustan description, for Peter left school to turn up his shirt-sleeves in his father's surgery at fourteen, and the good padre entertained a scrupulous contempt for the profane literature of the ancients. However, they managed to understand each other very well for all that. The padre was soon satisfied that Peter was not a spy. He was delighted to find that he was an Irishman, for he remembered with affection some of his old friends in the Irish College at Salamanca; and, better than all in the good-natured old man's love and estimation, the Doctor declared himself a Catholic, and small blame to him, poor fellow!

"Write, write, my son," said he; and Peter wrote the following declaration.

"Ego sum verus Hibernicus, Doctor Medicinæ, Socius Collegii Chirurgorum Dublinensium; bonus Catholicus Romanus, et *nullus speculator*, quod juro per Sanctum Patricium, Principem omnium Apostolorum!"

The friar took his little document and his leave for the night, saying "Be of good cheer, my son, and hope for the best in the morning."

Early next day he returned, and told Peter that Segastebelza was incredulous on the point of his being a good catholic, and required some stronger proof of the fact than his boasting of it.

"Sure, he'd believe me to be a freemason or a carbonero if I tipped him the signs; and wouldn't he believe me to be a good catholic if I can bless myself, and go through the serving of mass without staggering?"

"If he wouldn't he ought," said the kind-hearted old man; so he rolled his cassock about him, and trotted back with this new feature of the case to Segastebelza.

"Well, reverendissime! what does he say to that?" said Peter, when the friar came back.

He shook his head in fear and doubt, and looked as if all were lost.

"Ille dicit, sua Excellentia, quod scis plus quam debes? His Excellency says that you know more than you ought; and he added this, too, that you know the Khoran perhaps, as well as the serving of mass, and care just as much about it."

"Oh, the bloody-minded villain!" exclaimed Peter; "he's bent on my murder."

"Valde timeo, rationem habes. I'm afraid your right in that respect," said the friar; "but have you no relic, no rosary—have you nothing catholically substantial besides the mere palabras to prove your case, about you?"

"The Lord be praised!" says Peter, "He is, and always was, merciful to me, though it's little I deserve his bounty, I own; for I have not often troubled this blessed little book since the morning my poor mother put it into my pocket, leaving Ireland, with her blessing, and thirty shilling Bank of Ireland notes, which she put here and there, along with a little fistful of shamrocks, for luck. The notes are all spent, and the shamrocks are all drowned; but here's the darling duodecimo that has stuck to me through all my meanderings! If the rascals thought it worth a brass farthing, I might be whistling for it now. I asked for a bit of paper last night to light my cigar, and it was my own blessed little *Vade-Mecum*, out of my knapsack, they gave me back to do that same with—bad luck to them!"

The friar seized the missal with jey, and examined it for some time. Finding that it contained several holy pictures, he expressed himself greatly delighted, and started off with it to Segastebelza. Back he came again with it, however, more downcast than before, and his head shook more mournfully than ever.

"Quid-est—et qousque tandem?"—"What the devil's the matter now?" says Peter.

"Conclamatum est! my son," answered the poor old man, and the tears absolutely ran down his face.

"It's only joking you are, you funny ould man," says Peter, unwilling to believe bad news too suddenly; and then he shouted out, "Estne omne supra, vel omne trans sinistrum?—Is it all up, or all over the left?"

The friar pointed to the first page. "The general says that the book is an imposture, and that the roguery of it can be read on the very title-page."

"May the divil run away with his schoolmaster," roared Peter; "why doesn't he deny the Trinity when he's in the humour of doubting? Where's the imposture I'd like to know?"

"Where is STEREOTYPE?"

"Is it Where's STEREOTYPE?" says Peter, half distracted, and not knowing what to make of the question.

"The town of STEREOTYPE," said the friar.

"O! the town of STEREOTYPE," said Peter, breathing very freely; and as he said the words he gave the friar a familiar poke of his forefinger almost below the belt.

"Don't keep laughing and coughing that way," said his reverence, getting angry; "tell me where it is?"

"Pon my sowl I don't know," said Peter.

"We have looked out for it on the map of Ireland; we can find Shanagoorden, Skibbereen, and Stonybattery, Saint Patrick's Purgatory, and a hundred places beginning with S, but we can't find Stereotype.

We can't find it on the map of Ireland, and there is not a single word of it in the geography which was published by the great Martinez Del Bosh, at Valladolid, and he knew more about the earth than Ptolemy himself."

"Go back with my compliments to the council of war," says Peter, "and bid them to look out for Belfast, in the North of Ireland; and tell the scoundrels that the word stereotype, which is under it at the foot of the page, does not signify a town in Connaught, Leinster, Ulster, Munster, or the county Meath, but simply in regard of the work that it's plenty and *chape*, and that there's more where that came from!"

The old man went back in finer spirits than ever with what proved an *éclaircissement* at last, and brought Peter back the joyful news of his emancipation.

"What did they say about Belfast?" said the Doctor. "Belfast is a fine place, holy father; I wish we were both there now, and neither of us would be anxious to come back to this blackguard spot."

"Martinez del Bosh writes that Belfast is a place where people get out of a boat," answered the friar, "that it is famous for heretics and whiskey, a fiery obnoxious drink, very much indulged in by all ranks of the Irish population, whom it renders poor and pugnacious, because it is distilled chiefly from black turf."

"He ought to have thrown in *potatoes and other fire-works*," said the doctor; and he proceeded, seeing that his life was so far safe to ask about the probability of recovering his watch and dollars.

"Don't think of them, my son," said the friar.

"Is it my *sum cuique*—my little property?" roared Peter.

"Take it easy," whispered the old man, "unless your life, that's now your own, is of less consequence."

"Murder in Irish! Is it to be robbed coolly and quietly of all I had in the world, and my beautiful stick?"

"Your what?"

"*Meum baculum; shillelium splendidum*—shilelagh that never missed fire."

"Well, it would be hard to lose your pilgrim staff," said the friar, "especially if it has been consecrated—"

"On the skulls of the tithe proctors in Tipperary, and by our own foster-brother," said Peter.

"Very well, my son; be comforted; I'll enquire after it, and send it to you to Bayonne by the first contrabandisto that crosses the border."

"And my other valuables? I suppose I'm not to ask the black villain for them, at all at all."

"His Excellency is at mass, my son. It would be death to disturb him at his devotions, and," said the old man confidentially in Peter's ear, "I can't answer for your life if you stay two hours longer. *Scinde et curre!*—cut and run!"

The Doctor took his reverend friend's hint, which he felt to be a useful one and honestly given. He had no ambition to be *stereotyped* in Spain, so he trudge back, barefooted as he was, and without a dollar in his pocket, across the French border.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Many of Don Carlos's generals and officers were men of low birth,

bigotted ideas, and no education. Such was, I believe, the case with Segastebelza. You must not take such men as specimens of the European intellect beyond the four British seas. Many foreigners, especially the French, are, I think, more enlightened than your average Englishman; and they are certainly more expanded in their views.

FENMAN.

Come, come, Traveller; if we are more limited in our views, we are more accurate in our quotations; and, as we lug in less extraneous learning head and shoulders, for the sake of display, we less frequently blunder.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I know—I know all about it. You'll remind me of the "*Dernier chemise d'amour*," or some such antique blunder, and triumph over my continental friends on the strength of it. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. We are accurate now even in our ostentation.

FENMAN.

Are we? Why, your continental friends are talking of a speech of Napoleon's, and regretting that it was given second-hand. Hear their illustration of the difference,—“We may say, like *Æschylus*, that you should have heard the great man speak it himself.” No less a man than Thiers makes this pretty blunder, as you may see if you look to his "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*.”

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Of course you can find such things. I'll supply you myself with a better specimen than what you have quoted. What do you think of a French translator of a work on the early drama adding such a comment as the following? Speaking of an English interlude on a Scandinavian subject, the text runs thus:—“It was acted in the halls of Graysinn and Lincolnsinn.”

FENMAN.

Well, where's the blunder?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

It's coming. The French translator volunteered the following explanation in a note,—“GRAYSINN and LINCOLNSINN, these were two ancient Danish kings.”

FENMAN.

The blunders which I tell you of are blunders made by your crack French historians. One of these introduces into his work a sketch of the fine old outlaws of England; and he describes Robin Hood and his followers as shrouded in the "*forêts vertes de Lincoln*," i. e. in *Lincoln green*.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Who writes that?

FENMAN.

Merely Michelet.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

We've as bad at home. You know the "*Ebend*" edition of a certain learned doctor's commentary on the New Testament. At any rate you know what *ebend* means in German; it is equivalent to *ibid*, or *dito*, and means "*the above-named*.”

FENMAN.

We're up to all that: what of it?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Why, that an English clergyman, with a reputation for Greek, undertook a commentary on the New Testament. For Hebrew and classics he professed himself no great things in the way of novelty. The Latin expositors had been exhausted; and here he was complimentary to the bishops who had preceded him. French was accessible to all. But German — aye, here he meant to be at once useful, original, and orthodox. There was a new field in the German; a mine reserved for his special exploration. Great men those Germans, and not all of them Neologists. There was Paulus, and Semler, and Hugg, and Tittman, and Rosenmüller, whom he knew by heart; and Schleiermacher, who was no better than he should be; and Bretschneider, who was somewhat worse. But, above all, there was the great Professor Ebend. These German lights did the doctor promise to the English world; and he gave them. His book contained notes from Rosenmüller, Hugg, Tittman, and Co.; but, after a note purporting to be translated from one of these, there every now and then followed a string of notes, at the end of each of which the name of "Professor Ebend" figured as the name of the writer. The book was popular — so popular, indeed, that the first edition was bought up in one week—*by the author*; and the outlying copies are now among the curiosities of bibliography.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

But there might have been a Professor Ebend. The name is not an impossible one.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

And there *may* be a "Dr. Ditto" or a "Professor Ibid." There's not, however. So I've given the Fenman change for his foreigneering sarcasms.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Well, suppose you give us all a change, and try your hand at a song.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I'll do my best; but I cannot promise you anything very jovial.

SONG BY THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR,—“FOR THY FOOT-FALL HOUR BY HOUR.”

For thy foot-fall hour by hour
Anxiously I've listened,
Watching for a glance of thee,
My gaze has ached and glistened.
The night comes on,
But shade and sun
Seem dim alike to be;
The light that lies
In those blue eyes
Is all that shines for me.

Art thou thinking, love, of me?
Dost thou mourn our parting?
Yet I wish thee not to share
This lonely bosom's smarting.

Sweet sleep be thine,
 More deep than mine ;
 Wake free from care or sorrow ;
 But think of me,
 And dream of me,
 And come to me to-morrow.

EVERARD CLIVE.

You are always in the pathetic line, Bachelor. You have procured me a recipe how to make milk-punch ; and now I'll give you one how to make love with ease, jollity, and independence.

SONG BY CLIVE,—“TELL HER THAT HER EYE IS BLUE.”

Tell her that her eye is blue,
 And she'll tell you that she knows it
 Ev'ry bit as well as you :
 Ev'ry morn her mirror shows it.
 Tell her that her voice is sweet,
 That 'tis heaven to behold her ;
 And she'll ask you, “Why repeat
 What a thousand more have told her ?”
 Either coin some awful lie,
 That with novelty may strike her ;
 Or in silence watching by,
 Let *her* try to make you like her.
 Let her speak her mind the first :
 Then the game is most diverting.
 Woman's vanity will burst
 Ere it lose a chance of flirting.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

That is an atrocious theory, Clive ; and I don't think that you have either the heart or the spirit to act up to it. I think I have seen you before now

“Vaunting aloud, but racked by deep despair.”

EVERARD CLIVE.

Thank you for the Satanic comparison. My song is only a development of one of the old Quakeress's Mirabilia. The old lady had lived eighty years, and she said that there were but two things in this world which she wondered at. One was, why people took the trouble of gathering apples, when, if they would but be quiet, the apples would fall of their own accord. The other instance in which she broke the Horatian precept “*nil admirari*,” was in wondering at men taking the trouble to run after the girls, when, if they would but be quiet, the girls were sure to come and run after them. However, it is not worth while to argue about such trifles. Who can give us an account of the last lions? Who has heard the Ethiopians? or seen the fresh dwarf? or the Bushman? of whom Moore might have sung,

The Bushman boy 's on England's shore,
 And in Egypt's Hall you 'll find him ;
 His father's front he bears before,
 And his mother's make behind him.

FENMAN.

The Bushmen boys are queer but disagreeable. So Bushman that they speak only Dutch or English. Their hair is more truly woolly than a goat's. No “*lana caprina*” doubts there. The story runs that

they were kidnapped in their youth by some sanguinary-minded Caffres, who took them into slavery, brought them up like themselves, that is, in comparative comfort, with roasted meat instead of raw; and, finally, let them either escape or be bought back again. I could, however, get nothing in the way of detail. They fed upon antelope instead of mutton; wore deer-skin instead of sheep-skin; threw their assagays rather from the middle than from the end; preferred the wings of macaws to the legs; and thought better of the Dutch than of the English. Little beyond trifles like these could I make out in the way of characteristics between them and the true-bred Bushman. However, the Travelling Bachelor knows more about these things than I.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I'll tell you all about them some day, and all about our other visitors in the savage line, from the original "Belle" to Lord Stanley's Micmacs, and Mr. Eyre's Australians, with reflections on each degree of civilization, from the New Zealand chief to the American ambassador.

EVERARD CLIVE.

How do you classify the dwarfs, who now abound so among us? What with Don Francisco the Marquis of Lilliput, the John Bull dwarf, and General Tom Thumb, London is like the Italian language, very rich in diminutives. I think I shall go to the London Docks, and hire some Cranes to make war upon the Pigmies.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I will give you a classification. Genus, *homo*; species, *nanus*; varieties, *Hispanicus*, *Americanus*, *Indigena*.

FENMAN.

Make a theory as well. Generalize the phenomena. We go back to the time of our pristine beliefs, and hold the doctrines of Pygmies and Trolls from ocular inspection. A cycle of Vico's verified. Our tastes are not morbid—only philosophic: that's all.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Professor Pümpellschnaut has gone deeply into the matter. His book opens with an extract from the Pancha-bathra, a Hindoo work three thousand years old. His first quotation is, "Dwarfs are good men, because their hearts are so near their mouths." He arranges all dwarfs in an ascending scale, according to their stature, and groups them pyramidically, taking their measures, as my tailor seems to have done for me, traditionally.

First come the dwarfs of microscopic smallness, that dance by the thousands upon the points of needles, and pierce the motes of sunbeams with their heads. These are chiefly of eastern origin; and are aerial both in their habits and affections.

Secondly come those that are light enough to be blown about by the wind. These get taken up into the nostrils of men asleep: get blown out of window when there is a strong draught in the room, and are carried up the chimney whenever there is a register-stove in the apartment. They walk about on the earth, taking the precaution to put shot in their pockets when the wind is up. The ladies of the party carry their ballast in their mouths; a plan which has the additional advantage of keeping them quiet.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Like the geese of Caucasus, who are so conscious of their own loquacity that they put stones in their bills when they fly over the haunt of an eagle, lest their clamour should betray them. So, at least, say D'Herbelot and Thomas Moore.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

'Tis a parable; and its meaning is, that you should keep quiet at meal-times.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Or, rather, that a meal keeps you quiet. A parable that applies to political as well as to Caucasian geese. "Ex inanimate ventris loquitur cor." Well, well. Go on with Pimplesnout, or, what's his horrible Teutonic title?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Professor Pümpellschnaut, a very worthy man, and a German. The third class is formed by entomological dwarfs, that take their airings on the backs of emmets, and when weary of a contemptuous and oversized world, commit suicide with spider-webs. These are the active little fellows that play at bo-peep behind needles, and peep through the eyes thereof for exercise.

Fourthly, the historical dwarf. This sort plays a part in the grand affairs of the world. The ground-work of their history is the struggle between wit and cunning in a small frame, against strength and stupidity in a large one. A struggle in which the former invariably win; and a contest in which the latter invariably appear to a disadvantage. These are true Tom Thumbs, whose natural enemies are the giants and ogres. Of this sort are Jack the Giant-killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Hop-o'-my-thumb, and all the short-legged fraternity. Such are Albrich of the Niebelungen-lied, Laurin of the Heldenbuch, the keeper of the Horde in the Edda, and Persians and Arabians *ad infinitum*.

EVERARD CLIVE.

It is remarkable that you find nothing of the kind in the classic mythology; for the fable of the Pygmies is in no respect analogous. The Etruscans, however, had their wise dwarf Tages, who was turned up by the plough from behind a clod of earth.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

Don't forget our Irish Leprochaun,

"Him the sprite,
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glen that 's haunted."

EVERARD CLIVE.

Certainly not. With the exception I have mentioned of the Greek, you meet dwarfs in all traditions, and in all literature. Sometimes the legend of one country is borrowed from the legend of another, and shows their affinity as well as similarity. Sometimes there is similarity between two independent stories. The conflict of art and strength is at the bottom of all; and the exhibition of this in historical action is what the French would call the Philosophy of the Mythology of Dwarfs. I suppose this is Mr. Pimplesnout's doctrine. Is it not? Only he wants a volume to develop it in.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Two.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I thought so. And he talks about *inner* meanings. Doesn't he? I wish these Germans had some *outer* meanings. However, we know all about these puny duodecimos of mortality from Edward Taylor. The next class, I suppose, come to flesh-and-blood specimens of dwarfs, of credible though small dimensions; that are contented to serve as shows rather than as symbols. Your German sage might term these the "Nani Mercatorum." They used to be the "Nani Principum;" but the court-dwarf is now a non-entity, and these pocket-monsters are now, like many railways, valuable only for purposes of speculation.

And now let us keep up the old imagery, and let the dwarf be followed by a minstrel. Drinker, my boy, you have not sung to-night. Make your pipes do the milk-punch justice; and while you sing, I'll replenish "the little three-quart pipkin."

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

What say you to a lay, "De rebus Indicis?" Our lads have been doing their work well out there; and the Sixty Second, after all, were not among the worst of them. Glad was I when the ould Duke spoke a good word for them in the House. A bit of praise from him is better than a whole bulletin from any other general; and so it will be felt on the Indus and the Ganges,

"Ille super Gangem super exauditus et Indos."

And on the Thames and the Shannon to boot. But you want a song, not a speech; so here goes.

SONG BY THE WHISKEY DRINKER.—"WHO'S FOR A SHY AT THE SIEGE OF LAHORE, MY BOYS!"

Air—"Paddy O'Rafferty."

Have you not heard of the fighting in India, boys?
 Sure 't was at Moodkee a beautiful shindy, boys.
 Better than hunting the fox from his cozy shaw
 Was hunting the Sikhs from their camp at Ferozeshah.
 At Alival, too, we completely astonish'd 'em,
 Over the water we coax'd and admonish'd 'em.
 Though bullets fly fast as bad eggs at the pillory,—
 O we are the boys that can spike their artillery!

Chorus.

Come to the Sutlej, where loud the guns roar, my boys!
 Come ere the fun and the fighting 's all o'er, my boys!
 Come where there 's honour and plunder galore, my boys!
 O! who's for a shy at the siege of Lahore, my boys?

II.

Hardinge 's a hero; bowld Gough is another, boys,
 Don't they call Napier "the devil's own brother," boys?
 Ne'er in the East such a gallant commander was
 Since on the Indus the Great Alexander was.
 Under Sir Harry Smith foes we could thump any;
 Who'll serve the Queen and the East India Company?
 Shew them our soldiers the right sort of men are all;
 Fight for the Crown, and the Governor-General.

Chorus.

Come to the Sutlej, &c.

III.

Rid the Rancee of her Punts and her Punches, boys!
 Serve them a mouthful of lead for their lunches, boys!
 Down at their river we will not stay long, my boys!
 Smash into smith'reens their fine *tête-du-pont*, my boys.

If the powther is scarce, and the guns they won't play on it ;
 Try the could steel, and push on with the bayonet !
 When once we are over, 'tis we 'll have a slap at all
 Their camps and their camels, their cash and their capital.

Chorus.

Then come to the Sutlej, where loud the guns roar, my boys !
 Come ere the fun and the fighting 's all o'er, my boys !
 Come where there 's honour and plunder galore, my boys !
 O ! who 's for a shy at the siege of Lahore, my boys ?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

A Portuguese would remonstrate against your calling Sir Henry Hardinge Governor-General. They call their own petty commandant of Goa Governor-General of India, and obstinately refuse to recognise the ruler of our vast possessions under any such title.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I suppose, Bibulus, that your song is intended for the use of the recruiting-sergeant in Ireland. They will have plenty of time to bring their "*Brave boys, who're on for marching*" across the sea to the Punjab before the fun is over ; whether Mehemet Ali lets them take the short-cut by the desert, or not.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

How so? Won't we win?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes, we shall win ; but not so speedily as some people fancy. These fanatic mountaineers are well trained, and not badly generalised. However, as your song says, Drinker, we are on the old Macedonian's battle-fields, and in the long-run we shall do our work as triumphantly as he did, and with more permanent results. Good European infantry, well-officered, and placed fairly front to front with the foe, have always beat the best Asiatics ; and, I believe, they always will. The victories of the early Saracens and Ottomans are apparent, and not real exceptions. The European armies that encountered them, were miserably deficient in infantry. And, in truth, when we recollect how the Janizary force was originally raised and recruited, it is not too much to assert that the Turks in Europe conquered with European foot-soldiers. I'll trust the British bayonets, unless *too* grossly overmatched, or led forward under *too* cruel disadvantages, as I would have trusted the pikes of the phalanx, or the swords of the Roman legionaries. It is most interesting to compare the present strife between Europeans and Asiatics on the banks of the Hesudrus, and the Indus, with the similar struggle in the same regions more than two thousand years ago. *There* did Alexander find "the most warlike of the independent Indian tribes." He stormed the very capital against which we are advancing. Where Sangala then stood Lahore stands now ; and the second assertion on that scene of the superiority of Europe over Asia will, I believe, be as stern and decisive as was the first.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

The most interesting recent foreign event to me has been the renewed convulsive efforts of the Poles to regain their nationality. It may have been madness to try to rise against such colossal masses of

oppression as the three Powers of the North ; but to my mind it was a heroic madness. Sarmatia's long martyrdom—

EVERARD CLIVE.

Σίγα, μὴ μνησικακήσης.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Your quotation is more pithy than complimentary.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Indeed, Bachelor, I meant it in no discourtesy: any more than the Athenian Probulus can be supposed to have done, in whose mouth Aristophanes places it, as a remonstrance against the Lady-Politician's allusions to the national reverses in Sicily. But, in truth, the subject of Poland is too painful for such a time, and such a meeting as the present. One recoils from it instinctively. I can now well understand the spirit which led the Athenians to fine Phrynichus for jarring on their feelings at a time of national festival, by dramatizing the Fall of Miletus. So, when you bring in Poland over our milk-punch, excuse me, if

“ Desplicit ille locus, clamo, ac diludia posco.”

Tell us something of your Continental literary friends. Who is this Dr. Carus, that has been enlightening us benighted islanders about our true character, tastes, habits, and social position?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

He is a highly-distinguished scholar and philosopher. Germany may well be proud of him.

FENMAN.

May “Germany's Pride and Saxony's Glory” keep to his own regions in future. Why, his journey through England “*Ego et Rex meus*” is about as light and airy as one of the old Processions.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Nay, surely better. Carus is a philosopher. Master Laneham of Killingworth was a mere chronicler.

FENMAN.

Do you know his doctrine about the nose-race, and the mouth-race, and the eye-race; and telluric analogies, and his philosophy of hair?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I know that he is a naturalist among men like Oken and Steffen, and that a few of his analogies would enlarge our ideas in England.

FENMAN.

Nevertheless, he is a loose thinker:—like all men whose analogies over-ride their inductions, and whose philosophy replaces their common sense.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Id est., he is a genuine German, capable of enthusiasm on absurdities; but, in general, dull, dreamy, and ponderous: wanting that dash of warm blood and lively perceptiveness which the cross of the Celtic with the Teutonic breed gives to our English temperament.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I am thinking about what Professor Owen says in regard of the

warm-blooded animals, that they were born first in Ireland. And he gave them Greek names in proof of it. According to the Professor, all Northamptonshire was under water a million years ago, and the Irish sea a dry land; the Isle of Man was an inland county; Connaught was the original Atlantis; the whole country ran across the ocean; and the inhabitants were in consequence—

FENMAN.

Half seas over!

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

But he says that same, for all that—doesn't he?

FENMAN.

Why, something of the sort. A little kangaroo, or some animal of the kind, appeared a formation or two earlier than he was expected. He was not only the patriarch of the warm-blooded world; but, what was more remarkable, he left no immediate successors.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

But the little kangaroo was Irish, anyhow; and very respectable for being in advance of his age.

FENMAN.

Very respectable indeed! Here's to him! Health and immortality to the Phascolotherion Broderipi!

Hail to the patriarch Phascolotherion!
Owen has had him to build a new era on:
Grant did the same to found many a query on.

Found about Stonesfield, when limestone so shelly is;
There he's embedded, and keeping right well he is.
Look at his jaw, and you'll guess what his belly is.

With him there dwelt by the primitive river a
Similar genus of small Insectivora;
Free from the then uninvented carnivora.

Nothing appear'd in the scale of creation
Higher than he through the Wealden formation—
Even the chalk could not shew a cetacean.

Hail to the first of the British Mammalia;
One of the order of Marsupialia;
Nearly at present confined to Australia.

EVERARD CLIVE.

If Grimgibber were here he would solemnly protest against such perversions of poetry; and he would argue against them as especially superfluous in the case of a fossil that has such a national immortality of its own.

FENMAN.

Superflua non nocent. However, as the dawn of the morning is coinciding with the dawn of the Creation, and as we have an Eocene state of things about the window, I vote we retire.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Lucet, eamus!

7



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Illustration of a scene from the play 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'.

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER X.

London — Meetings with old acquaintances. — Brian leaves town on a visit to his mistress, and I fall in love with a lady who lives across the street.

"HERE we are, friend Brian, safely landed in the Modern Babylon," I said to my young companion, as we looked into the street from the bay-window of the Gloucester coffee-house, while the bustling waiter was putting breakfast on the table.

"And had that old beldam, the gipsy, told us that we should within a week be where we are this morning, would anybody have believed the jade?"

"But, strangest circumstance in this most singular expedition, that the ruffian with the slashed face—how call ye him?—oh! Captain Dangerfield,—that he, whom we supposed vagabondizing on the Border with that gipsy quean, how strange that the scoundrel's destination should actually have been ours, and the very vehicle that conveyed him should be the same which carried us to London. You did not remark him on the coach-box, I fancy?"

"No," replied the youth; "I was seeking a lost glove within the coach; and, to say truth, I am glad I did not recognize him. I think I have seen as ugly men before; but—I know not why—my blood curdles when I look at him, and there is a fascinating power that rivets my eyes on his. Sometimes a sensation creeps over me like fear; and, at others, I feel an impulse that urges me to strike him. I have read of sympathies and antipathies, and thought them the mere coinage of imagination; but, for the first time, I own this secret influence, and am now become a true believer."

"Well, let's to breakfast, friend Brian. I am not an ardent disciple of Lavater; but, if the gallant captain escape the gallows, there's no faith in physiognomy."

We skimmed the Times; deserted the premier's *exposé* of the quarter's improvements and deficiencies, to make ourselves better acquainted with all the particulars of the mysterious disappearance of a ward of Chancery; passed over a notice of Mrs. Twaddle's grand banquet in the Post—marvelling what interest the public could be supposed to take in a dinner already eaten. Nothing is so attractive to an Irish eye as a paragraph headed "Murder," or "Abduction;" and Brian had just commenced, "The police having received secret information that a man of ruffianly appearance had entered a West-end hotel," when the swinging doors of the coffee-room unclosed, and in walked Captain Dangerfield!

Although my countenance expressed astonishment, and Brian's contracting brows bespoke anything but a friendly recognition, the mariner with amazing assurance coolly drew a chair over, and seated himself at the opposite table.

"A fine morning, gentlemen," said the stranger. "I think the weather is going to take up, as the wind has shifted three points to norrad."

For this piece of interesting information the captain was rewarded by a broad stare; but, perfectly unabashed, the worthy gentleman continued:—

"Is it not wonderful how friends will meet? Why, when I slipped my cable from your father's, in company with that queer craft, the gipsy-queen, I left you snugly moored, I thought. Well; no sooner do I set sail for Lunnon, than you up stick, and run for the same port."

"Really, sir," I replied haughtily, "in the present case, the allusion you make respecting the meeting of friends is quite inapplicable, as no such relation exists between us."

Captain Dangerfield seemed rather taken aback, as, in his sea-parlance, he would have termed it; but his impudence might have been placed on a par with that of a class of gentlemen from "the gem of the sea," commonly intitulated "bashful Irishmen;" and again, as the Fancy say, he "came to the scratch."

"Why, as to that, I know we're no relations; but it doesn't follow, for all that, that we shouldn't now and then splice the mainbrace, or cut our junk together."

"I comprehend your jargon sufficiently to end this interview," I replied. "In the first place, the mutual position which we hold prohibits any familiarity between us; and, in the second, did we stand in the social scale much more closely than we do, to be very candid, Captain Dangerfield, you would not be a companion I should select."

Cool as the ruffian was, the contemptuous tone in which I declined the honour of his acquaintance was irritating, and he evidently felt it so.

"People may come it strong," returned the pseudo-commander, as he rose from his chair; "but I can't see why an honest sailor is not as good a messmate for a farmer's son, as that ere chap, who would be uncommon obliged to anybody who would tell him who his father was."

The last pleasant remarks of the gallant captain brought matters to a very rapid termination.

"A farmer's son! you vulgar scoundrel!" I exclaimed, as I sprang up to eject the mariner from the coffee-room; but, quick as my movements were, they were anticipated by those of Brian. Bounding across the table, he dashed like a tiger-cat at the ruffian, and, hitting left and right, the captain's guard was tried, and found wanting. He staggered at the first blow; but the second was conclusive, and, ploughing heavily over two or three chairs, he came down on his back in the corner with astounding violence.

Here we were,—barely three hours in London,—and, with laudable activity, we had qualified ourselves for the station-house, and afterwards to figure in the leading-article of a police-report! How much in the career of human life hinges on appearances. Dangerfield had entered the room unnoticed by the waiters. His vulgar look; the ruffianly imprint upon his countenance; his blackguard costume; all decided the affair, even before the case of assault and battery was opened, and he was most unceremoniously kicked out

by every waiter, boots, and porter, on the strength of the establishment, the superior of the pantlers excepted, who stopped to count the spoons.

"Brian," I said, "how pleasantly our London visit opens!"

"If ever I saw an eye so regularly darkened as that villain's left one," observed an under-waiter, who had been one of the most active of Captain Dangerfield's ejectors; and then followed numerous interrogatories of who the scoundrel was, and how the devil he got in? Limited as my knowledge was of the ill-used gentleman, who had been just "quoited out like a shove-groat shilling," I kept that little to myself, and merely intimated that the fellow had been an outside passenger on the York mail. The plate being found correct, the captain retreated unmolested; and Brian and I proceeded in a cab to the banking-house, where, according to the dwarf's letter, both money and information were awaiting us.

When we presented ourselves at the counter, and I stated my name and business to the clerk, to whom I was referred, he told me, in reply, that the bankers were authorized to honour our drafts to the amount of three hundred pounds, and then, handing me a note, intimated that therein all further information would be found. Full of curiosity to inspect the missive of the little gentleman, we retired to a neighbouring coffee-house and lost no time in breaking the dwarf's seal—and the contents of the epistle were found precisely such as might have been expected from the extraordinary personage who had indited the same.

"So—you have obeyed my orders, and managed to reach London, and, as I suppose, without upsetting the York mail. If you can further contrive to get any one to direct you, and find out No. 27, — Street, Russell Square, let me see you immediately. Avoid the station-house, if you can, and inquire for

"RICHARD HARDEN.

"P.S. Insinuate to your Irish companion, that if a pot-boy run against him at a corner, or a drayman decline stopping his team to allow him to pass a crossing, it is not expected as a matter of course that he shall demolish the pewter-bearer, or knock down the driver for incivility."

We both laughed heartily; called a cab; gave the little man's address; and in half-an-hour were set down at No. 27.

I have good reason for imagining that our vehicular choice fell upon some fashionable flunkey, who for the evil of his ways was necessitated, as a last resource, to "tool a cab," for the infernal "alarum" he beat upon the knocker, had the street been twice the length it was, would have "disturbed its propriety." The summons for a free entry of the premises seemed rather to be delivered by a member of the fire-brigade than a Christian cabman; and two young females, a boy with books in a leathern strap, a stout gentlewoman—perhaps the proprietrix, and not insured,—with Cupid in the background, all and every responded to the summons. One voice begged to know if the fire was next door; the second was sure it was at the baker's *opposite*,—strong emphasis on the last syllable; the boy with the books laid the venue in the mews behind; and to all these hurried demands but one unsatisfactory answer was returned, and in the Irish manner the question was answered by asking another,

"Was Mr. Harden at home?"

"Hey! hey!" grinned the dark functionary, "him sitting up-stair. Great fright. Him tink house a fire! Hey! hey!"

"Lord! won't we catch it?" ejaculated Brian.

"Heavily, too, my dear boy, and no mistake," was my consolatory answer, as we followed in the wake of Master Cupid, who ushered us duly to the presence.

The little gentleman was snugly ensconced in a huge library-chair, the Kilmarnock cap jauntily dropping its scarlet tassel over his left ear, and in brimstone slippers, as Archy would have expressed it, "his taes were cockit on the fender." His out-o'-the-way features were screwed up into an expression of dignified displeasure. He neither turned the Kilmarnock to the right or the left, not condescending to favour us with the light of his countenance. To the Ethiopian's announcement that Massa Frank and Massa Brian were in his presence, he replied by an inquiry of "What portion of the hall-door had survived the assault?"

"Is it customary in that homicidal land, called Ireland, and the *refugium peccatorum*, ycleped 'the Border,' when you have business to transact with a man, as a step preliminary, to break into his dwelling-house?"

"Really, sir, we are very sorry to have most unintentionally occasioned this confusion; and, for the future, cabmen shall be duly admonished to avoid creating any disturbance, and be obliged to keep the peace."

"Observe the general alarm your onslaught upon the hall-door has caused. That gentle bird," and the dwarf pointed out a malevolent-looking cockatoo, "will probably be unapproachable for a week; and this playful animal," and he directed his long lean finger at a baboon that was sitting on the top of a bookcase, and mowing at us most spitefully, "may not recover his good temper till to-morrow."

Again I expressed regret that the nervous temperament of the little gentleman and his favourites had been discomposed, when he signalled us to take chairs, and Cupid got a hint to quit the room.

"All in that *terra incognita* of yours as usual, I suppose?" he inquired.

"If you mean to ask if all at home be well, I am happy to reply in the affirmative."

"Did the late barbarous carnival," pursued the little man, "go off without a broken neck; and how often were the curtains and chimneys set on fire?"

"No casualty affecting life or limb has occurred; and my father has no claim to make against the County Fire-office that I have heard of."

"Marvellous, by my faith!" said the dwarf. "Well, my young swankie!" and he addressed himself to Brian, "have you managed to keep your hands quiet since your arrival?" and he threw a side-glance at Mr. O'Linn.

The question was a puzzler; and Brian appeared doubtful whether to admit or conceal his pleasant passage of arms at the Gloucester coffee-house with Captain Dangerfield.

"Are ye deaf? Can't ye speak?" exclaimed he of the brimstone slippers. Still Brian hesitated; but I came to the rescue.

"The fact is, my dear sir, as Doctor Pangloss very properly remarks, that 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' and, from this national infirmity, my young friend here is rather averse to sound his own trumpet."

"Humph! would you undertake the task for this bashful Irishman?" asked the dwarf.

"Willingly, sir. We were taking our ease in our inn, reading the *Morning Post*, dreaming of no guile, and in love and charity with all men, when an acquaintance of yours wished to favour us with his company; an honour we had bad taste enough to decline. In return, this personage taunted me with being a farmer's son, and applied to my young friend language still more offensive. As a natural consequence I rose to kick the fellow out; but in this intended operation Master Brian anticipated me."

"Well, what followed next?"

"As pretty a flush-hit as ever floored a private gentleman on the threshold of a coffee-room."

"Humph! the police figured in next, I suppose?"

"Not at all; but in came a strong detachment of the under-strappers."

"What was the next passage in this agreeable episode of your opening visit?"

"Your friend was kicked over the kerbstone."

"And you bailed out of the station-house by the landlord," added the little gentleman.

"Quite in error, my dear sir. We never had the pleasure even of an introduction to it."

"And, what became of the unhappy person you assaulted?"

"He retired; and if an under-waiter may be trusted, with as beautiful a black-eye as London can produce. I think I may depend on my informant; for, he was an Irishman,—and in the quality of that article he should be a connoisseur."

"You named twice or thrice this person as a friend of mine?"

"Yes; although when you last met there was rather a difference of opinion between you."

"On what point?" said the little fellow.

"A very material one. He declared himself alive; and you asserted that he had been gibbeted nine years before in Cuba. The person I allude to called himself *Captain Dangerfield*."

"Ha! how met you that unmatched scoundrel?" he inquired.

"He travelled with us to town; and afterwards was good enough to pay us a morning visit. The rest you know. I can personally prove a clean knock-down—and, as to the kicking out, I depend on the statement of the most active operator in the party."

"Strange!—strange!—strange!" the dwarf muttered between his teeth. "The hand of fate is in it. Humph! Change instantly your hotel; and destroy every clew which could enable Hans Wildman to trace you to another."

"Hans Wildman?" we both exclaimed.

"Or Jan Dangerfield, or any alias you please. Go; I have business to attend to; and a weekly visit from you both will be sufficient. Return on next Tuesday; that is, if you are then permitted to be at large—a circumstance I have doubts upon,—and then the leading objects of your respective lives shall be distinctly pointed

out. One word more. Use the money lodged for you at discretion. Hundreds will test the character as much as thousands,—and now, be off!"

The little gentleman waved his hand; the cockatoo screamed; the monkey chattered; a bell sounded; Cupid re-appeared; and we descended to the hall-door; thus terminating a first visit to our worthy patron.

When we flung ourselves into a cab we held communion, *en route* to the Gloucester, whether we should rebel at once, or knock under to the little gentleman; but, having accepted his money, we resolved that we were bound in honour to submit. According to his earnest injunction, we decided on abandoning Piccadilly; and, after a brief research in the neighbourhood of the Strand, we selected lodgings in Craven Street, which, from its central situation, we considered would facilitate our intended investigation of the Modern Babylon.

This important affair having been accomplished, we adjourned to a tavern in Covent Garden to dine, and discuss our future operations. Here we were—in rude health, well supplied with money, and leave of absence for a week; and with these advantages, and a little ingenuity, much might be effected in the great metropolis within the time allotted by the dwarf, before we should be required to give him an account of our stewardship. But "love will be the lord of all"—Homesdale was but three-and-twenty miles from the capital—there his darling Susan lived; and thither, of course, Brian decided on repairing. He departed accordingly, next morning from the Golden Cross; and I was left to work out the stipulated week to the best advantage. In the space of human existence seven days may appear a trifling section; but, brief as it was, the character of my future fortunes was correctly ascertained.

London is a dangerous place. So said my poor mother; and, upon my soul, the old lady was oracular. I had heard of dangerous localities; been entreated to avoid taking apartments *vis-à-vis* to a dressmaker; warned against Regent Street between three and five P.M.—and bal-masqués, when tickets were under half-a-crown. There may be peril in the passage of a thoroughfare, and gentlemen "whose hearts are weak" may get into trouble in the parks in the evening. White Conduit Gardens are esteemed doubly hazardous to inflammable constitutions; and I knew the peace of mind of an Irish gentleman endangered for a fortnight, from executing a polka at Baron Nathan's monthly ball. But of all the confounded localities that ever an unsuspecting borderer adopted, your genteel and quiet street is by far the worst. I, unhappily, to this established truth can bear my personal testimony—and which in another chapter the reader will probably admit to be true to the letter.

No place on earth is so lonely as a great city when a man is actually alone. I felt it; and while Brian, bound on love's errand, was roofing the Holmesdale coach, I found myself gazing with deep interest at the first-floor windows of No. 5. What was there in pea-green silk curtains, with yellow draperies, to attract the eye? Nothing. The morning was warm and sunny—one casement was unfolded—on the spider-table in the window stood a cage; and the cage was tenanted by a canary. Well, what was wonderful in all

this? Alas! nothing at all; only, that the pretty little canary happened to have a devilish pretty mistress.

Whenever a handsome nursemaid is determined to disturb a young gentleman's tranquillity, she's sure to kiss the baby; and, before I had admired the brass cage, and its tiny occupant five minutes, a woman who would induce a Moslem to abandon a heaven full of houris for one smile, approached the pretty prisoner, and commenced a flirtation with him. A hand, exquisitely white, first provoked hostilities; and then rosy lips, and "teeth of pearl," demanded an armistice, and ratified the renewal of amicable relations with a kiss. Oh! that I could have transmigrated; shuffled off this mortal coil, and become a canary on the spot! Just then, and as I gazed upon her with rapturous admiration, the fair one's eyes encountered mine. She blushed; evinced confusion; and precipitately retreated, leaving me over head and ears in love, and in a situation which Jack Falstaff would describe, as "past praying for."

Half an hour elapsed. I saw a figure flit across the carpet of first-floor, No. 5. It was the sweet unknown, now shawled and bonneted. She was preparing to walk out. I caught up my hat and cane. The opposite hall-door was opened, and out came the beautiful *incognita*, with a fat Blenheim, secured by a blue ribbon from the chances of abduction. I followed at a respectful distance; saw her cross Spring Gardens, and enter St. James's Park.

The air, the dress, and the *locale* of my enslaver—all bespoke the lady, and prohibited any attempt on my part to convey even a distant intimation of my sufferings; and for three mornings and evenings, I worshipped at the shrine I was forbidden to approach. The kisses lavished on the bird, and the caresses with which the corpulent spaniel was favoured, were maddening to a man so desperately in love as I; and it had become a question whether I should be able to survive the week—when, lo! the archer-boy listened to my prayers, and relented.

Indeed, concealment was no longer supportable; and I had come to the desperate resolution of placing my fortune on a cast, and daring the worst. Two circumstances had decided me on "going the whole hog." The preceding evening I had seen a muffled figure knock at No. 5; and, from the occasional appearance of a second shadow, two persons were evidently in the first-floor opposite—and no mistake. Of course I was jealous as a Turk, and restless as an unclean spirit. Still, on the next blessed morning I was regularly at my post; and as I superintended the kissing of the canary, a side-long glance met mine. The lips parted playfully; and when at this unexpected condescension I endeavoured to telegraph the extent of my misery across the street, her eye met mine, and "yet she chid not." "What will not woman when she loves?" says Sam Rogers; and surely a man in that unhappy condition should not sport white feather.

The afternoon was particularly fine; nursemaids pointed out the beauty of the Serpentine to tall gentlemen in shell-jackets, while the half-score juvenile cockneys sent into the Park, for the benefit of fresh air and good example under their especial tutelage, were flinging crumbled bread to the barnacles. It was the third evening—"there's luck in odd numbers,"—I determined to make the intended *coup d'essai*, and fortune favoured it.

In authorship, in the first chapter of a fashionable novel, when not written to order in a regular manufactory, it is said the great difficulty lies ; in war, the initial movement is generally the most ticklish in the campaign ; and, in love, I was unhappily a neophyte ; and, therefore, whether I should commence with an obscure hint at matrimony, or a direct threat of an immediate commission of *felo-de-se*, rather bothered me. In this distressing state of uncertainty, a butcher's boy,—an emissary direct from Cupid,—effected what my modesty prevented me from achieving. Larking with a brother blackguard, he contrived to pass between the fat Blenheim and the fair proprietrix ; down dropped the blue ribbon ; the canine favourite scuttled off ; the lady screamed ; and I hurried to recover the lost favourite, and restore the tranquillity of the pretty owner. Indeed this love-chase was but short ; for Mignon, at his best pace, could not have accomplished the distance between the Duke's Pillar and Story's Gate under the half-hour.

This feat of activity on my part was graciously approved ; and the lady blushed her thanks. Break the ice once, and it is astonishing how matters progress afterwards. An hour's walk,—a short sojourn upon a garden-bench,—a stroll home,—and, by every thing amatory ! the introduction was achieved, and permission granted to pop over the street, and make a passing call that evening. Egad ! had I been born under an Hibernian planet, my luck could not have been more brilliant.

There is sometimes a little delicacy in asking a lady's name ; but the beautiful proprietrix of the canary-bird directed me to inquire for Mrs. Bouverie ; and, at the earliest hour that fashion would allow, I stepped across the street, and knocked at No. 5. It was promptly opened ; and I was conducted to the drawing-room, where I found Mrs. Bouverie, Mignon, and the canary.

Really, everything in the apartment was distinguished by good taste. There was *bijouterie* on the mantel-piece, and knick-knackeries on the tables ; a rosewood piano was open ; and a fashionable ballad stared me in the face. I asked her to sing it ; in a moment she consented, and the voice and style in which this murderous canzonet was delivered completed my destruction.

Coffee was introduced by the lady's maid, and we left the piano for the sofa. I never found a person more at ease. Well, that marked high-breeding. I never met a lady more undisguised ; and, Lord ! how charming in woman is ingenuousness !

Without even a hint on my part, the lady treated me with confidence, and unsolicited, made me a candid disclosure ; and never was a female biography so modestly narrated as her own. Mrs. Bouverie was a widow. Now, I am rather prejudiced against that body generally ; but Mrs. Bouverie was one out of a million. Left an early orphan ; confided to nurses, nursery-governesses, finishing ditto, and eventually to a most ill-natured guardian, she had been induced by that iniquitous personage, who had possessed himself of heaven knows how many thousands in the three per cents., and, like Alderman Gibbs, was pleased to play the unaccountable, to accept a Major-General, who had passed five-and-twenty years in Bombay, and had just returned from the East, with a bad temper, a worse liver, and fifty thousand in East India stock. Of course the sacrifice was awful, and she, poor soul ! led a dog's life of it, until the old

fellow dropped off the hooks, and left her again at liberty. Delivered from a bilious Major-General, and liberated *e vinculo matrimonii*, the fair widow sang "I may be happy yet," when the infernal old "unaccountable" annihilated every hope of that by popping her into Chancery. India bonds, reduced annuities, consols, carriages, plate, and jewels, were all for the present placed in abeyance; and she, poor injured one! necessitated to exist upon the paltry pittance of four hundred a-year; which, being pin-money, thank God! neither the "unaccountable," nor the keeper of the seals, could place their fingers on. With the composure of a martyr she had submitted to the decree of fate, until she could obtain a similar favour from the Chancellor; gave up a house, No. 197, Marine Parade, Brighton, for a Craven Street first-floor; dropped female society generally, and totally abjured the masculine; lived on her reduced income; could pass Howel and James's without a murmur, and declined instructing Smith and Harding in book-keeping. What were her wants, or those of a faithful maid, a fat Blenheim, and her dear canary? Pshaw! a mere bagatelle! It was true that she had heavier claims upon her purse; she had pensioned a paralytic nurse, and provided for a reduced governess.

There was an ingenuous disclosure! ay—and to me, a stranger, too. Were we but a little longer acquainted, I felt assured that every thought her bosom harboured would be as artlessly entrusted to me.

"But, dearest Mrs. Bouverie. Ah! that I dare call you Caroline! Forgive me when I trespass, and probably what you may fancy too heavily also, upon your kindness. Yesterday evening, as I gazed on these dear windows, I observed a stranger, closely muffled, knock at the door, and gain immediate admission. Presently, through an opening in the sun-blinds, I saw a man's figure reflected upon the wall. Dare I presume to inquire who might that evening visitor be?"

Without a moment's hesitation she turned her dark eyes on mine, playfully shook her head, and disclosed a well-regulated set of ivory, that a West-end dentist would have sworn by.

"Ah! Mr. Elliott! How suspicious you men are," and she tapped my cheek. "I am half-inclined to punish you, and play the mysterious. You *are* correct in every particular of this evening visit; and the gentleman was—"

She paused, and smiled.

"Go on, dear Caroline."

"Good heaven! What would Mr. Browning say, think, or imagine, if he heard you address me as you do?"

"And, who the devil, *dearest* Caroline, is Mr. Browning?"

"Worse and worse!" she exclaimed laughingly. "In one sentence, you have regularly arrived at the superlative! To prevent a still higher flight of the endearing, I must reply at once to your inquiry. Mr. Browning was, in sooth, the muffled stranger, and Mr. Browning is—"

Another arch and mischievous *hiatus*.

"A suitor for this fair hand?" I said, and kissed it.

"Oh, no; though not a suitor, he is certainly a solicitor,—not in the court of love; but, alas! in those of Westminster."

Damn it! and had my peace of mind been disturbed, and my

midnight visions nightmared by the apparition of an attorney-at-law? Well, a load was removed from my bosom; and he who in fancy I had regarded as a rival was but a legal harpy after all, and belonged to that rascally brigade, which the Irish so happily call "the devil's own."

I need scarcely say that the sweet widow's confidence was reciprocated; and, in return, I mentioned generally that I knew nothing of the world; had never been in London in my life; had the task inflicted upon me of circulating a small sum, and implored her to allow me to cultivate a closer acquaintance.

Women may be "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," and, after all, as Scott says, make excellent nurse-tenders. What a change in my moral temperament this interview had wrought; and Mrs. Bouverie was a jewel above price. I had risen from my virtuous bed in envy, hatred, and uncharitableness; and now, when I sought my pillow, to the assertion that "this world's a world of woe," I would have joined issue with Captain Morris, and denied it totally.

The fourth day dawned. I rose early; breakfasted; and looked out for the canary. Before five minutes had elapsed Mrs. Bouverie appeared with a bit of sugar for the favourite, and a difference of opinion arose with the bird, which prevented her from observing that I was an anxious looker-on. Somebody declares that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most;" and, had the assertor seen Mrs. Bouverie *en papillotte*, and her morning-gown, he would never have hesitated to confirm the same on corporal oath.

We walked, by appointment, in the Park; dined, at my urgent desire, at Verey's; returned to Craven Street at twilight; and I insisted on seeing Caroline upstairs. In the absence of her own maid, she of the establishment—an Irish importation indigenous to lodging-houses, and stupid to annoyance,—opened the street-door, and gave us free admission. She neither could comprehend the lady, nor, as it afterwards appeared, could the lady comprehend her; and when we were ushered into the drawing-room, there stood a gentleman, apparently quite at home, his face turned to the door, and his back to the fire.

The lady started; so did the gentleman; and I was rather puzzled to know wherefore a lady's apartment should have been invaded in her absence with impunity.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said the lady. "I did not expect you to call this evening."

"I believe not," was his reply; and I *fancied* that the tone and manner of the gentleman were intended to convey much more meaning than the words.

"Allow me," continued the fair owner of the canary, "to present my friend, Mr. Browning, to Mr. Elliott?"

We both bowed ceremoniously; and, as it struck me, neither of us appeared to exhibit any particular satisfaction at the introduction. I observed the stranger run his eye rapidly over me from head to foot; and when I in turn examined Mr. Browning's outer man, I am free to confess, as they politely say in Parliament, that the investigation was anything but agreeable.

Heaven pity my Border ignorance! I had formed my ideas of a legal practitioner from old Willy Crookedplea of Alnwick; and thought that, as a matter of course, an attorney must wear a coat in

the style of the year one, of dingy brown and most capacious pockets; sit on a high stool; insert the stump of a pen behind his ear, and take Scotch snuff by the ounce. Now Mr. Browning did not answer the description. His garments were fashionably cut, and he sported both moustache and imperial. Willy Crookedplea wore worsted mittens; Mr. Browning encased a diamond-ringed finger in light lavender. The Alnwick member of "the devil's own" patronized a pepper-and-salt wrap-rascal; the Londoner had adopted a blue military cloak, lined with white shalloon, and decorated with a King's order button. Egad! "take him for all in all," Mr. Browning looked a devilish deal liker a light dragoon, than a person skilled in the law and intitulated "gentleman" by act of parliament.

Whatever his business was with his fair client, it was no doubt confidential, for he requested and obtained a private interview. During a full quarter of an hour, while the conference lasted, I played with the canary, or beat the devil's tattoo upon my boot. At last the conclave terminated. A mutual "good-night" was bidden. I heard him close the street-door, and Mrs. Bouverie rejoined me in a few minutes, and made a thousand apologies for her temporary desertion. It appeared, that in law a person was subject to multiplied annoyances; but in chancery, they literally could not call their life their own.

I fancied that the widow threw a sly shot at me, to fish for my opinion of Mr. Browning; and I candidly admitted that, to my unsophisticated ideas of a lawyer, the gentleman's general appearance was opposed. Mrs. Bouverie agreed with me that, although amazingly clever in the profession, Mr. Browning did not look the lawyer at first sight; but even within her brief experience of it, the world had marvellously changed. A servant-of-all-work would not now-a-days take in a letter unless a "Miss" preceded the address; nor a green-grocer execute an order transmitted by the penny post, if an "Esquire" were not annexed to his patronymic.

I remained another hour; obtained Mrs. Bouverie's consent to drive to Richmond next day, and have an early dinner at the "Star and Garter." At parting, I ventured to carry her hand to my lips for the second time—crossed over to my own quarters "tarnation bad" in love—but still wondering that a chancery practitioner should assume the blue cloak and hirsute appendages of a light dragoon.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit Richmond in company with the Colonel's widow.—What happened at the "Star and Garter," and during the drive home.—Brian's Journey to Holmesdale, and the reception he met with there.

WHEN I settled myself quietly at my lonely fireside, to blow my cloud in comfort, and afterwards luxuriate with my slippers on the fender over a glass of diluted cognac,—for to these indulgences I lament to say I am given late "i' the afternoon," as regularly as the royal Dane was to snoozing in his summer-house—I thought over the occurrences of the evening with mingled feelings of pleasure and distrust. In Mrs. Bouverie's parting there was a suppressed tenderness not altogether to be concealed, and which returned to memory with flattering delight; while the unexpected discovery of Mr. Browning in possession of the widow's premises, was everything but

an agreeable reminiscence, The ease, too, with which the fellow was standing, with his back to the fire, seemed to tacitly imply that he did not consider himself an intruder; and, when presented to him, there was a puppy-indifference in his manner towards me, that half tempted me to have tweaked his imperial. Curse the insolence of the scoundrel! He, sprang from the *sine nomine turba*; he, whose father—if he ever had one—was some scrivener or sugar-baker; he, presume to inspect from head to foot a gentleman whose progenitors had been hanged, drawn, and beheaded for high-treason, and with as little ceremony as if my name were already recorded in the Hue and Cry. It is pardonable for a West-end footman, when he becomes railroad director, to answer questions touching his respectability in person, and guarantee his solvency in his master's name. I can forgive any of the mailed warriors who occupy by day a niche at the Horse Guards, promoting himself in the evening to a troop, when a dressmaker plays deaf-adder to everything under gentility; but I do think conscientiously, that City apprentices "bearded like the pard," when apprehended for that offence by the detective police, should be committed to the House of Correction—and that any attorney found guilty of moustaches should be struck off the rolls altogether.

At the appointed hour, two o'clock, I was in waiting at Hyde Park Corner, with a well-appointed travelling-chariot, Mrs. Bouverie having, for prudential reasons, declined embarking with me in Craven Street; and, before I had been ten minutes at the place of rendezvous the lady drove up in a cab, and transferred her person into the vehicle which I already occupied. She appeared in the sweetest confusion imaginable; and it would have been difficult to decide whether that or a cottage-bonnet became her best. I looked with conscious pride at the sweet one, who, like another Thais, "sate beside me;" and came to a conclusion that I was the luckiest rascal in the world; that, bereavement added to beauty; and, finally, that a young and charming widow was the most interesting object upon earth. Deep was my contrition when I recollected how profanely I had once thought and spoken of this most respectable community. With the name of widow, I had then associated a stout gentlewoman past her climacteric, given to brown rappee at all times and places, and burnt brandy when she had a qualm, no matter whether of conscience or the stomach. To meet her fairly at whist, a Bow Street officer must have been of the party; and a pretty girl's name was never mentioned in her presence, without her reputation being anything but improved by the recollection of a strong resemblance existing between her and some Aunt Winifred, who, as her enemies admitted, was not a water-drinker; or a cousin, who had been crossed in love by an iniquitous lieutenant first, fell into drowsy next, and had such a miraculous recovery, that no one but the family could understand it. Oh! no. Here, and beside me, was no impersonation of envy, hatred, and malice, but as fine a woman as ever occupied a place in one of Newman's post-chaises. A fine, round form; eyes, at which a Patlander could light his *dudheine*; and the rich *espigle* smile that, if a man gets into trouble at all, finishes him regularly, and no mistake. With such a companion, and a couple of the best horses in the yard, our journey was rapidly accomplished. More than once on the way down I was tempted, as I chafed her

hands. Oh! a chilly day, and a pretty woman in a post-chaise!—between arrangement of boas, and settlement of shawls, and hand-rubbing to promote circulation,—from such temptations may we be delivered! well, I was tempted to have broken the ice, and ascertained whether she intended to play Penelope for life; but then, I thought again that the late Major-General Bouverie was a man of sixty-two, with a bad temper, and no liver; and would this sweet girl of twenty-five reject consolation? Certainly not; but still, overtures towards housekeeping are best commenced after dinner; and, Lord! what an effect on a timid disposition lies in a bottle of champagne!

I confess that I found some occasion for a stimulant even after we had been safely deposited at the "Star and Garter." I was unhackneyed in the ways of life, and foolishly supposed that an hotel and inn were synonymous; that in either a man might take his ease, not being called upon to give place to a lady in silken tire on the stairs, who you afterwards discovered was the second chambermaid; nor warn a gentleman in black that he had entered your room by mistake,—he, the gentleman in black, being only the waiter. These were not my only mistakes; and in the evening I was guilty of one so unpardonable, that, had it been reported at the bar, there is no doubt I should have been forthwith warned off the premises. Hearing an irregular strumming from some stringed instrument, as I supposed, under the window of the apartment occupied by me and Mrs. Bouverie, and, considering that the poor devil was wasting his sweetness on the desert air in harping to an ear more familiar with a border bagpipes, I munificently gave the waiter a shilling, with an intimation to the musician to be off.

"Good God! sir," exclaimed the indignant pantler, "why, that's one of our young ladies, Miss Mariar; she takes her harp-lesson from Mr. Chatterton twice a week."

Of course I blushed, and was silent. Still, it must be admitted that liberality and confidence distinguish this fashionable establishment. You are neither expected to pay for dinner in advance, nor are single gentlemen and their wives required to produce a marriage certificate before the under-waiter lets fall the carriage-steps.

Having been accommodated with private rooms, favoured with an inspection of the *carte*, and ordered a correct dinner at sharp five, we strolled out to view the beauties of Father Thames, and court an appetite. On this eventful day the "Star and Garter" was rather crowded; and, before we had proceeded many yards, we suddenly encountered two fashionable-looking men lounging lazily before the house, and most probably killing time as we were. Yet on both my fair companion and the strangers this casual meeting appeared to have a startling effect. No doubt, struck by Mrs. Bouverie's beauty, both gentlemen muttered a suppressed exclamation of surprise; while she, sensitive soul!

"Abashed at man's approval,"

inflicted punishment on the rude starers on the spot, by eclipsing her sweet features in Valenciennes lace as closely as the Veiled Prophet's. Beauty in woman can hardly be withstood; but, oh! when marked by the modesty which recoils from admiration,—then, indeed, it becomes irresistible.

We walked for nearly an hour, and then returned to the hotel. My fair companion retired to make her toilet; and I lounged out while the waiter arranged the dinner-table. I seated myself on a bench; and presently two personages, who either did not notice, or did not regard me, took possession of an adjacent form. They pulled out their cases, lighted cigars, and commenced a puffing conversation.

"I say, Tom," observed the younger of the strangers, "what, or who has let loose Kate Howard on the town again?"

"Of course, her old friend and protector," was the reply.

"Do you mean Sir Patrick Boyle, or Harman the banker?"

"I mean neither the one nor the other. Sir Patrick has not a feather left to fly with; and the old usurer was so awfully plucked, and so grossly humbugged, that at the bare mention of Kate's name he becomes hysterical. I mean her original and steady ally and admirer—the devil!"

"Upon my soul!" I muttered to myself, "Miss Kate Howard should be gratified at this flattering notice.

"How particularly well the jade looks!" returned the younger of the twain. "But, who can the unhappy man be whom she has got hold of? He looks a soft one—and, faith! if he entertain any doubt that he is a spoon, she will give him convincing proofs of it before he gets clear of the artful gipsy."

"Well, he won't be the first dupe; and that must prove his consolation. But, come along. You told the waiter, *five*, did you not? *Allons! mon ami!* We'll to dinner, and leave Kate and the new simpleton to bill and coo. As long as he can draw a check, Kate will lead him to believe that he's as happy as if the devil had him."

They rose,—retired,—and it was quite evident, from the unreserved manner in which they spoke, that they were not aware I had overheard their conversation. But, who was Miss Kate Howard? and who the simpleton I had heard so pleasantly alluded to? It was idle to conjecture; and I proceeded to the "Star and Garter" to join my pretty companion.

Before I reached the hotel a sentimental pair made their advance in an opposite direction; and, in the course of a very brief experience in love affairs, I never witnessed a gentleman "come it stronger," or a lady so regularly done, could appearances be trusted. That she was extremely pretty, even a woman must have admitted were she on her oath; and, as to the youth, Romeo was a fool to him. She was hanging on his arm, and directing "eyes full, lustrous, dark" on his, while the ill-fated juvenile appeared a private pupil of Tom Moore's,

"His only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught him."

Yes! there were the pictured couple—the lover a confounded muff; and the lady nothing better than she ought to be. May heaven forgive me for libelling one of the most exemplary young hosiers in Oxford Street, who, on that auspicious morning, had led to the hymeneal altar (I read it in the *Herald*) Miss Angelica Juliana Stubbs, of 227, Bishopsgate Within,—a lady in whom the cardinal virtues were concentrated.

O'Connell's conclusive bellow is generally "Justice for ould Ire-

land!" and, in justice to the "Star and Garter," they do give a faultless dinner. Mrs. Bouverie, as the cockneys say, evidently "enjoyed it;" and, considering the state of my affections, my performance was respectable. Against the wines, in common honesty, no charge could be preferred. I was a borderer. At least or fray on a borderer you may place your faith. Mrs. Bouverie was a widow; and she was entitled to stand the table *fusilade* of hermitage and sparkling hock, with a matronly allowance of curious port, wherewithal to pack the lighter commodities. Coffee, *chasse ditto*, a bill, and the carriage,—all followed *selon les règles*; and a very handsome bowing out shewed that the waiters considered me a gentleman, and that I had behaved as such.

"Well, dear Caroline, among the happy days of a happy life, I shall in memory write this down the brightest," I exclaimed, after the first turning of the wheels were heard; and, when with the privilege which wine and twilight will confer, I placed my arm round her waist, and took her hand in mine. She did reprove me; but it was so gently done that I repeated the offending.

"Ah, Mr. Elliott, I confess that to me, whose existence has latterly been one of seclusion and unhappiness, I could faithfully respond to what you in your kindness have expressed. But, alas! the transient gleam of sunshine is already overcast; and when I seek my pillow, pleasure will have been forgotten, and self-reproach bear heavy on my heart."

"And wherefore, dearest Caroline?"

"Can you not guess it?" and, with a sigh which I thought would have rent the snowy tenement from which it came, she laid her head upon my shoulder. As a matter of course, I protested total ignorance of any cause existing that could or should disturb her tranquillity, and implored her to be comforted.

"Dear Elliott, have I not violated the strict rules of feminine propriety, in reposing the confidence I have done in you, comparatively a stranger? What will you think of one, who, on a short and accidental acquaintance such as ours, ventured herself as I have done with you? No—no; speak not. I know, in heart you will condemn the weakness, and, worse still, despise the woman whose folly cannot be palliated even by herself."

Two or three suppressed sobs succeeded; but still her head maintained its reclining position on my shoulder. What was to be done? Of course, I, sinner that I was! who had led this artless fair one into trouble,—I was imperatively called on to alleviate her gentle sorrows, and offer consolation. It was dusk, thank God!—none could witness her distress; and a London postilion always looks straight a-head when driving any couple back to town who dine *tête-à-tête* at Richmond. Sympathy is best expressed in whispers—I sought her ear; but, confound the twilight! by accident my lips met her's. Need I say more? I was a lost borderer. What I muttered on the occasion I cannot recollect; but I do remember that I was astonished at my own eloquence; and, had I graduated at an Irish university, I could not have been more voluble in describing the desperate state I was reduced to. In common justice to Mrs. Bouverie, she evinced a feeling for my sufferings creditable to her humanity—and even went so far as to hint obscurely, that when her dear husband was two years dead, and her estates out of Chancery,

she would endeavour to overcome her repugnance to a second union, and submit to be manacled once more. Heavens! was there ever such an awful proposition? That love should be placed in abeyance, until it pleased the Lord Chancellor to pronounce his decree; or, that a widow of four-and-twenty should mourn two years for an ill-tempered Major-General, a man without a liver, and old enough to have been her grandfather?

Jack Falstaff says "love is not a precisian;" but I say that none can advocate his own cause better, and between argument and kisses, Mrs. Bouverie was induced to limit the period of her mourning to eighteen months, of which term seventeen and twenty-eight days had happily expired; and until the keeper of the Great Seal removed his claw off her goods and chattels, it was agreed that her personal estate, herself, to wit, should be legally conveyed to me.

The details of a *petit souper* at Verey's; of our return to Craven Street; and all that occurred at parting, when love's farewell was spoken, all these were so similar to the most accredited methods employed by lovers in bidding a good night, that it would be idle to detain the reader by entering into particulars. I looked impatiently to Brian's return. In two days the week assigned to us would have expired; and, as in duty bound, we should be expected to call on the little gentleman, and submit our proceedings to him for approval. I felt assured that the conquest of the relict of Major-General Bouverie would justly call down a high eulogium; but whether the financial transactions of the past week would prove as gratifying, was a point much more questionable. The Richmond expedition had annihilated a ten-pound note; and a brilliant ring, which I obliged Caroline reluctantly to accept, in return for a tress of hair in value above rubies, had more than doubled the subsidy to the "Star and Garter."

Having been thus candid and particular in detailing the rise and progress of my own course of love, I must turn to the fortunes which befel my young and adventurous companion. Perched on the Holmesdale Express, every object that he passed was novel, and, of course, interesting to Mr. O'Linn; and, as he occupied the guard's chair, in company with the surgeon of the village whither he was bound, a man who for five-and-thirty years had professionally added to and diminished the population in his double capacity—before the coach halted at the "Red Lion" Brian could have written a veracious history of Holmesdale and its occupants.

The first and most gratifying intelligence which he gleaned from the worthy doctor was, that his mistress was in perfect health; but sorely persecuted, like a maiden Penelope. No sooner was one suitor discarded, but another took the field; and, to the surprise and dismay of every claimant for her hand, the lady remained inexorable. The retired gamekeeper was hale and hearty; and, by singular accident had returned to his native village at the very moment when inquiries were about to be instituted in the Times, under the heading of "Next of kin," to ascertain whether he were dead or living. An affectionate relative, who departed an octagenarian, after amassing a handsome fortune in some part of that *terra incognita* called "the City," and who intended to leave the same for the conversion of Hindoos and Hottentots, and the turning of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo from the evil of their ways, slipped his cable before

he appended his sign-manual to the last will and testament ; and to one whom when living he would not have extended charity, had such been required, to the amount of sixpence, and contrary to his own intention, he gifted the neglected gamekeeper with seven thousand pounds. The village Galen added, that Edwards had borne this unexpected interposition of fortune with the equanimity of a Stoic ; visited the "Chequers" nightly ; occupied the same chair ; drank the same ale ; smoked the same tobacco ; and comported himself generally, as he had done before he was richer by seven thousand pounds. Susan was followed by admirers ; envied by the women ; and all spoke well of her. She, too, bore sudden prosperity with excellent discretion ; and one change only in her conduct had been observed. To the wife or daughter of the villager who required it, she had freely lent the assistance of her needle ; but now she purchased the materials.

If ever man's love were unalloyed by worldly considerations, Brian's attachment to Susan Edwards might be instanced. That she was well ; that she was happy, — to this he listened with pleasure. That she had been admired, sued, and not been won, he listened to with pride. But, when this unexpected accession to her fortune was communicated, his cheeks grew deadly pale ; for in this announcement, he saw the sudden dissolution of those blissful visions which he had formed and indulged in from his boyhood. In his imagination, the enormity of the sum which would revert to his fair mistress would have exhausted El Dorado itself ; and would she, so beautiful, and now so wealthy, not have ambitious aspirations which would prove fatal to his hopes and happiness ? Well might Brian, young to the world as he was, entertain these doubts ; for many a heart that would stand the test of poverty has yielded to the dazzling influence of wealth.

But, when he doubted Susan Edwards, Brian disquieted himself in vain. To say that she was insensible to the boon which accident had so unexpectedly bestowed would be absurd. She felt it ; but what were the feelings which this freak of fortune excited ? She had now the power to prove that he whom she loved in humble life, he whom she loved in penury,—an orphan,—a dependant,—a man without a name, occupied a heart that had never throbbd for another.

As the coach topped a hill it had been ascending for the last ten minutes, the village shewed itself at the distance of a mile, and presented a picture of rustic comfort and retirement which so frequently an English hamlet exhibits — a small, clean street ; a few detached cottages ; a comfortable roadside inn, overhung by an enormous oak, the growth of ages. On one side a richly-cultivated country stretched away ; and at the other a park-wall bounded the village gardens. The domain was extensive and well-timbered ; and now and again a large and venerable mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, threw its shafted chimneys over the trees, or presented a fuller view through some opening vista in the close plantations. The manor-house and hamlet were in perfect keeping ; the one had the auldlang-syne look which nothing modern can emulate ; and the village appeared a fitting appendage to the baronial residence, on which for centuries it had no doubt been dependant.

Brian, who, like most of his countrymen, had the habit of thinking aloud, was struck with the quiet picturesque of the scene.

"Yes," he said; "one reads of village peace. Well, here I should fancy it would be found; and, if one might judge from appearances, that queer-looking old place among the trees has a warm kitchen and a cool wine-cellar."

"It once had," returned the doctor, with a sigh.

"What, is it uninhabited?" inquired the younger traveller.

"Not uninhabited," was the reply. "I wish it were."

"What the devil, then, is it?" exclaimed the young Irishman,—
"a madhouse, possibly?"

"Oh, no; the proprietor is not mad. There is not a cooler head in England than Mr. Hunsgate's."

"And, who is Mr. Hunsgate?"

"Well," returned the doctor drily, "I fancy that question would be best answered by himself."

"Is he the owner of that noble-looking house, and the large domain that surrounds it?"

"He says so," was the cold reply.

"Ha! your language is mysterious."

"Then is it more in keeping with the personage we at present speak of?"

"Whoever he is, he has excited my curiosity," said Brian.

"A common effect, which through life Mr. Hunsgate has frequently occasioned."

"But, my dear doctor, be more explicit," continued the young Irishman.

"Not at present; the story would be too long for the journey. "Strange," he continued, muttering to himself, "the eyes in colour and expression are alike, and the voice intoned so much like hers that I would take it for the echo. Observe," he continued, speaking directly to his young companion, "yonder cottage with the trellised front. That residence is mine. I know not wherefore; but I feel some impulse which tells me you should not be a stranger. Visit me this afternoon, and I will give you the information you require. None know more of the house of Hunsgate than myself."

As he concluded the coach pulled up; the doctor shook his fellow-traveller by the hand; told him he would expect him at eight o'clock to supper; gave his cloak and carpet-bag to a smart Abigail, with red ribbons in her cap, and on drove "The Express."

The leathern conveniency thus named was, in road parlance, but a three-day coach; and its arrivals and departures—it being the only means of communication with the Great Metropolis—were regarded by the Homesdale villagers as circumstances of considerable importance. The winding of a long tin horn, which hung in a basket at his elbow, by the gentleman who tooled "The Express," and the clattering of the horses' feet, brought many a starrer to door and window; but Brian looked in vain for one form, and no Susan met his eye. The coach stopped at the "Chequers;" the youth's light luggage was deposited in the public-house; and the jolly landlord, to his inquiry for the residence of Mr. Edwards, pointed out a neat cottage at the end of the hamlet; and, agitated by all the hopes and fears which career through a lover's breast, the youthful Irishman turned his steps towards the domicile of his mistress.

Since the unfortunate night when William St. George received the accidental injury which had occasioned so much annoyance to all concerned, and compromised alike the guilty and the innocent, Brian had heard only twice from the ex-keeper's daughter. Hitherto the relative positions in society of his mistress and himself had been nearly the same. The pretensions of both were lowly. Susan could boast innocence and beauty, while Nature had been liberal to the island orphan; and Brian had accidental advantages, from his being attached to Mr. Brownlow, of which he had usefully availed himself. Fortune unexpectedly had turned the scale against him. The pretty peasant girl was now an heiress in expectation; and a shrine which, while it contained nought beyond its beauty and its purity, might have been approached only by the humble worshipper, would now be sought by those who before would have passed it unregarded.

"If lusty love should go in search of beauty,
Where would he find it fairer than in Blanche?"

and when wealth was added to it, many a suitor would claim opulence and beauty, thus united. No wonder many an anxious thought filled Brian with visionary apprehension; and when he reached the garden-wicket, which gave admission to the flower-knot before the cottage-windows, a heart that in a faction-fight would have been firm as "bended bow," throbbed like a woman's; and an arm "like arrow free," trembled as it raised the latch.

Alas! while he tormented himself with groundless apprehensions, he little knew that the affections of her he loved were neither to be abated or estranged. He passed the open casement; but Susan was not there. He entered the garden behind the cottage; and, seated on a bench in an open summer-house, there sate the mistress of his heart plying her needle busily, while her father indulged in his evening pipe and tankard at her side.

Brian silently approached. The old man's eyes were turned in an opposite direction, and Susan's were fixed upon the needlework which occupied her. He was within a few paces of the summer-house. Now came the crisis of his fate; and in a few seconds he should know whether he was still loved, and Susan true. She raised her head. One glance sufficed; and, springing from the bench, she uttered a scream of joy, flung her white arms around her lover's neck, returned his ardent kisses, and wept upon his bosom. "Dear—dear Brian!" were the only words she uttered; and ere they had passed her rosy lips the youth to whom they were addressed felt in that one brief sentence, how faithfully the only heart he coveted on earth responded to the feelings of his own.

From the old keeper his welcome was equally warm; and while Susan returned to the cottage to prepare refreshments for her lover, her father and the youth sate down on the bench; and, as he puffed his pipe, the old man thus addressed his future son-in-law.

"I need scarcely tell you, Brian, on my return from the town, whither I had gone to dispose of my deer-skins, with what feelings of grief and indignation I heard of the distressing occurrences which in my absence had taken place. That in my cottage the only son of a kind benefactor, whom I revered so much, should have received, as it was believed, a mortal wound, while making a disho-

nourable attempt to destroy one whom it was his duty to have protected, was sorry news ; but it was rendered doubly painful when the consequences it might have entailed on you were considered. The terrible effect the accident which had befallen his libertine son produced upon his unhappy father you are no doubt apprised of ; and, as I never more could be happy in a place where I had passed my manhood, and had once hoped to have worn out my declining years, I determined to leave the country altogether, and, with the savings of an industrious life, seek a home in my native village, where my mind would be at peace, and my daughter safe from profligate machinations. With deep anxiety on your account, Brian, I watched the tardy recovery of the maimed libertine ; and when the surgeons had pronounced him out of danger, I bade Carramore Park an eternal farewell. One regret alone disturbed me in coming to the resolution I had done. The dust of one still dear to memory was reposing in the neighbouring churchyard ; and had it been the will of heaven, I would have wished to have laid my bones beside those of Susan's mother.

"I knew not how to communicate with you. Where you had retired to was unknown ; and I thought any attempt which I could have made to discover your retreat, might compromise your safety. To Providence I trusted to unite us in happier times ; and you see I have not placed my hopes in vain.

"To see him, whom for years I have regarded as a son, once more beneath my roof, is indeed a happiness I am thankful for ; but, from other causes your return is additionally desirable. Heard ye of the unexpected gift that fortune has conferred ?"

Brian briefly replied, that a fellow-passenger had mentioned the death of an unknown relative, and his unexpected succession to the wealth of the departed citizen.

"Well, Brian," continued the ex-keeper, "I neither desire the trouble, nor feel myself competent to the management of aught beyond the savings of my youth. Within the last few days I have had an opportunity of knowing how Susan feels towards you ; and if the affection you formerly professed for her is still unchanged, in God's name, the sooner you have a wife, and she a protector, the better. And now let us step in doors,—I see that Susan beckons to us,—and no doubt dinner will not be unwelcome to a traveller."

In altered mood to that in which he had entered it, Brian left the garden. No nameless fear disturbed his breast,—no doubt remained touching the tried fidelity of her he loved. To the long-looked-for union with the fair Susan every obstacle was removed ; his path seemed strewn with roses ; and his cup of happiness full even to the overflowing. But, how closely is the page of destiny sealed from human sight ! At this moment, when bliss appeared secure, and nothing remained to be feared, or even to be wished for, — when the haven was in sight, the ocean tranquil, and the sky without a cloud, — the storm was gathering unseen, — and the sternest trial of his young career awaited the island orphan.

LAHORE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE very name of this gorgeous city suggests memories of splendour and magnificence, unparalleled even in the East, and the idea of its becoming a part of the British possessions, is a startling thought. We appear every day brought nearer to objects which have formerly seemed to live only in fairy tales, and there is a promise that the present age will realize all we have ever imagined of wonderful, while modern improvements and inventions carry us within reach of what we have been accustomed to look upon as at so immeasurable a distance, that to attain it was impossible. As nothing can withstand steam and iron, so nothing can resist the valour and resolution of British troops. Mountains, rivers, deserts, are as shadows before the onward march of man's intellect and will, and the awakened spirit of resistance which refuses to submit to insult or endure defeat.

For a succession of years the secrets of India have been gradually disclosed; daring travellers have ventured into the most dangerous and distant parts of this mighty region, and have gathered treasures of knowledge respecting its inhabitants and its productions, but now there is a chance of that, which has hitherto been strange, becoming familiar, and the poetry and romance of India being as well known as that of France or Italy.

The Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, the largest and richest diamond in the world, is at Lahore,* and who can tell whether it may not now be transferred to the crown of England? Surely it would be worn with more dignity by Queen Victoria than by the unworthy Ranee, who at present disgraces the throne of Runjeet-Singh.

But there are other treasures which may yet be found in this golden city. Where is the famous Peacock Throne of Jehangire, which he carried with him, when he and the beautiful Noor-mahal travelled from Lahore to Agra? This throne took seven years to construct, and the expense of the jewels alone, without reckoning the gold which enclosed them, was twelve hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The gold that formed the throne was of enormous value, and the carving which adorned it was matchless. As a back to the seat, were two peacocks, which spread out their wings, every feather being of jewels, and the eyes in

* "When the famous Runjeet Singh died, he directed that the Koh-i-noor, valued at a million sterling, should be given to the high priests of the temple of Juggernaut; but the intention of this bequest was not fulfilled, and from recent accounts the diamond is still in the Lahore treasury. For many years towards the latter period of his life, Runjeet Singh had been hoarding treasure, which may be estimated to have amounted at his decease to about eight crores of rupees in each, or the same number of millions of pounds sterling, with jewels, shawls, horses, elephants, &c., to several millions more. Even at the present time, though much has been abstracted from the royal treasury during the constant succession of troubles, it is doubtful if any court in Europe possesses such valuable jewels as the court of Lahore. Some idea of the vast property accumulated by Runjeet Singh may be formed from the circumstance of no less than thirteen hundred various kinds of bridles, massively ornamented with gold and silver, some of them even with diamonds, being found in the royal treasury."

Lieut.-Col. Steinbach's Account of the Punjab.

each of the largest and purest gems ever beheld ; on a pinnacle between the two peacocks, stood a gorgeous bird of the parrot species carved from a single emerald, the brilliancy of which dazzled every beholder.

The most resplendent jewel of all, however, was a gigantic ruby which had been taken at Delhi by the conqueror Timoor, when he plundered that rich city. Jehangire had caused his name and titles to be engraved on this stone, an act befitting a mighty king, whose pride made him think no meaner tablet worthy of being graced with such exalted characters. Even a monarch like Jehangire, however, found one person at his court bold enough to reproach him with this piece of vanity, but, though he bore the rebuke of his favourite Sultana with equanimity, he had an excuse ready to offer for his action, which conveyed the idea of something like modesty. "Perhaps," said he, "this precious gem, so magnificent, so lustrous, and so renowned, may be the means of making known my name to future ages, when the empire of the house of Timoor shall have been forgotten."

In the East precious stones are believed to possess occult virtues, and each has peculiar qualities assigned to it. The ruby is particularly esteemed. It is told of Mahmoud of Ghuzni, that his first inquiry, when he had entered India as a conqueror, was for the ruby mines of which he had heard such great accounts, and when he found that those of the greatest value were in Ceylon, he was greatly distressed at not having carried his arms so far.

The popular belief in the East is, that gazing on an emerald strengthens the sight, and that evil spirits troop away from the rays of that powerful talisman. The value of gems is better known both in the East and in Europe, since the time when an invading Arab, who had never beheld such riches before, on plundering a caravan of pearls, thought he had obtained a plentiful supply of rice, and boiled them accordingly, though he waited in vain for the meal he had promised himself.

It would seem as though the very pebbles of India must be pearls, when we read of such prodigious waste of them as Eastern monarchs used on great occasions. Al Mahadi, when he married, caused a thousand pearls of the largest size to be showered on the head of the bride ; a rather questionable compliment, considering their hardness, which the beautiful-beloved must have been quite as sensible of on this occasion, as the disappointed Arab whose hunger they would not satisfy.

May not Lahore be the fortunate city, destined to open its gates to the British army, which holds enshrined that famous tree, constructed by order of the same magnificent son of Al Mamon, which had eighteen large branches of gold and silver, all covered with leaves of enamel, amidst which sat birds of all sizes and hues, with feathers of gold and gems, while every bough shook, and every plumed songster waved its wings at the will of the cunning goldsmith who had wrought this marvel of art. Such marvels are not altogether unknown to modern artists, for Venice learned from the East to construct similar curiosities, and Geneva sometimes, even now, sends forth a wonder of this kind.

It was to Lahore that the father and mother of the beautiful Mehr-al-Nissa were journeying from Western Tartary, all scenes made familiar to us by late events, when the future empress nearly fell a victim to the dangers of the desert, being abandoned by her parents in their despair of escape. I have told all the history of this celebrated beauty in a late work on Persian literature, and it is a tale "full of the waters

of the eye," but by her other name of Nurmahal "the Light of the Harem," this fair favourite of fortune is far better known, through that most exquisite of all modern poems, Lalla Rookh, in which an episode of her life is made more poetical than any historian could render it, even though truth is as strange and beautiful as fiction.

It was at Lahore that she triumphed, that she revelled in luxury and happiness with her adoring, though singularly wilful, lover. Lahore, then, is a city dedicated to poesy and romance; a city of jewels and gold, of light and beauty; and Lahore is almost ours! We have conducted the young king back to his throne there, and perhaps already the British flag floats upon one of its royal palace towers, and words that may be heard in Regent Street, echo through the gardens of that fairy palace.

So long there has been a cessation of conquests in India of any important spot, and our repulses in Cabul so checked all expectation, that the great and surpassing successes of the present moment, naturally lead the imaginative mind to the most exalted speculations, as to our future possessions in that region of the sun where we have already claimed the name of master.

Moultan, where the dangerous and formidable Seiks dwell, is by some supposed to be the country from whence that mysterious people, the Gipseys, emanated. There is a mixture of religion there, scarcely deserving the name, and superstition abounds to an incredible amount. Recent travellers have told of the belief entertained there in the power of evil spirits, and how, throughout the Punjaub, and even at Lahore, a hideous goddess is worshipped, who has eighteen arms. This idol is as black as any of the miraculous Madonnas of Europe, and is adorned with rich clothes much in the same way. It owed its shape to the care of a cow, which licked it till it took its present form, that cow being, no doubt, something more than it seemed, for an ordinary animal would have licked in vain to produce so wonderful an image as this eighteen-armed spirit. Burns tells of a powerful being once worshipped in Moultan by the Hindoos, called Hurkanas, a giant, who began by being his own adorer. His son, however, refused to acknowledge him as a divinity, and was threatened with his vengeance, to avert which, a real spirit of good appeared in his defence, in the form of a creature half lion and half man. This apparition seized Hurkanas just as the dusk of the evening came on, and placing him on his knee, tore him to pieces. His destruction was thus effected, because he had boasted that his death would never occur, either by night or day, in earth or air, by fire or water, or by sword or bow.

Moultan is so hot, that to account for its climate a tale is told, which might astonish philosophers.

There was once a certain saint here, who, having caught a fish, seeing no way to cook it, looked up at the sun which was then shining with great brightness, and beckoning to the luminary to approach nearer, was obeyed, and the fish he held in his hand was broiled to his taste in a few seconds. As he forgot to desire the sun to go back to his place, it remained stationary, and it is for that reason that the region is so scorched from one end of the year to the other.

The plain of the Punjaub is, in part, watered by a river, the course of which is serpentine for some distance, and then becomes straight. The cause of this latter fact is, that a saint was bathing in this stream, and his garments were meanwhile carried off by the waves; when he came

forth he looked for his drapery, which was not, and his glance straightened the river.

"Who knows," says the poet, "what is become of the goblet of Jamshid?" May not that long-lost treasure be discovered, with others, in the capital of Lahore? and perhaps be brought home by the fortunate finder, and some day be placed amongst the treasured objects which adorn the saloons of Chatsworth, or figure in a royal palace, well placed in either.

The magnificent lord of the palace in the Peak, has made himself bowers, and gardens of rare plants, sought,

"From the east to western Ind,"

by his messengers, and he will now have an opportunity of collecting gems and gold, or flowers more precious still, if such be his pleasure, by some Ariel whom he may dispatch to the city of the beautiful Sultana. Flowers, it must be allowed, are of greater price than rubies, for they have life and are renewed; a favourite rose-tree of Nurmahal's would, therefore, be a more valuable treasure than her throne itself.

How precious would be a slip from that graceful tree, which the lover Mejnoon named after his fair Leila, because its waving form reminded him of the movements of his adored mistress. What a treasure one of those hyacinths to which Hafiz likens the curling tresses of his lovely fair one, but still more extraordinary would be a shoot of the celebrated tree, described by a voracious Eastern writer, who relates that it bears beautiful women as its fruit!

It is thought in the East that the perfection of happiness is to live amongst plants and flowers, but they do not neglect gold or gems either, for they are fond of describing the trees not only of Paradise, but of their royal gardens, as having bodies of gold, and leaves of jewels. They seldom separate the idea of the Deity from flowers and gems; a Persian poet exclaims:

Whose pencil made the tulip glow
With colours of the rainbow's hue;
And on the rose-bud hangs a row
Of gems all rich in diamond dew?

Who placed in heav'n's blue vault of night
A diadem of starry light;
And bade the ruby's breast receive
The ruddy tint of sunlit eve?

Who placed the silver moon on high?
Who made the garden's incense rise?
Who spread out earth, where water's lie,
And form'd bright pearls from weeping skies?

Birds are also associated with flowers and gems, in Oriental images, "See," exclaimed an Indian minstrel, "see, how motionless the young heron, exquisitely white, shines on the petals of the blue lotus; he resembles a pearly shell placed on a vase of unblemished sapphire."

Great as have been our horticultural acquirements, I know not if we yet possess in any of our great conservatories, any specimen of the real Eastern Spikenard, or Sombol, a flower of a glossy black, often serving as a poetical simile, to express the beauty of a "moonfaced-charmer's" flowing locks; it is said to have tufted braids like curls, and to be very fragrant.

Conjecture has frequently been busy respecting this charming plant, the Spikenard, which grows in some favoured region yet doubtful. Some think it is produced in the plains of Macran, and describe it as a plant "with flowers like violets, and with thorns of such force and size, that beasts are entangled in them, and men who incautiously ride by the brake where it flourishes, are sometimes transfixed by it."

Some believe it to grow in bushes along the banks of the Indus, and to be so fragrant, that the air is all perfume for miles round. It is said that Alexander, when he invaded India, from the back of his elephant, as it proudly paced along, was aware of an odour so exquisite, that his senses were almost overpowered; this he discovered proceeded from a beautiful plant which the huge animal crushed under his feet, the blossoms of which sent up their scent in expiring. Others look upon the Nard as a reed with sweet smelling roots, and some as a grass which covers whole acres of ground with its fragrant breath. Perhaps our victorious armies may be able to solve the question: every step they take on their way through the Punjaub, if the grateful wishes of their admiring countrymen could avail, should be through perfumed fields, and beds of flowers, to the gates of the jewelled city of Lahore.

The *gay* nightflowers, for, as Sir William Jones beautifully observes, "nothing in nature is sorrowful," of the blue Nilica, on which the bees repose, should delight them as they sleep in their tents, beneath the purple Indian sky, and the fragrance of the musky, poet-loved *zambak*, whose blossoms are as white as snow, should refresh them. As they pass through forests they shall be crowned with garlands falling from the jasmine bowers which their bayonets disturb, that odoriferous jasmine offered to the Indian gods in sacrifice; but, warlike and brave as they are, how appropriate will be their march through groves where grows in the shade, that superb grass, which is said to have burst into a flame at the time when the God of War was born amongst it.

When this Indian deity first sprung to light, the stars all danced, as they will now as our soldiers tread upon the perfumed *cáśá*, and one of them descended to nurse the little god, as they ought all to do to welcome the conquering but gentle warriors, who know as well how to spare as to fight; for, even though they are Indian stars, they must be citizens of the world, and unprejudiced admirers of real goodness and valour.

Over wide plains, as white as snow with the flowers of these fragrant grasses, so white, that the plain seems a lake sparkling in the sun, shall our troops advance only to change one beautiful appearance for another, and by a sudden turning find their steps led amongst the *Dúrvá*, whose flowers are the most lovely under heaven, and, when waved by the softest air, look like a waving mass of rubies and emeralds, never still, and trembling with light. There is nothing surprising in this, when it is known that the *Dúrvá* was produced "from the water of Life," and that the heavenly root has "a hundred shoots, and a hundred stems, all capable of effacing sins for a hundred years."

This and the wondrous *Darbha*, holy and fair, shall spring under their feet. *Darbha*, which never fades, "a gem that gives increase to the field, that was produced in summer tempest, pure as a drop of fine gold," and which is an emblem of wit and valour.

Along the five rivers of the Punjaub shall be seen floating the delicate yellow flowers, called in India "the delight of the water," which

sparkle in the sun as if strewn with silver frost, and these shall refresh the weary eyes of our countrymen after a long march.

When they have reached the beautiful city of the young Maharajah, shall there not be prepared for them bowers worthy of Paradise, where the rosy, creeping convolvulus with purple light, shall twine round ivory pillars, and send forth at evening an odour of cloves; while, overshadowing a fountain in their palace court, the most graceful of Indian trees, the Nipa, shall wave its emerald boughs, and shake its gold-coloured globular flowers, diffusing the softest odours, which the Hindus liken to the smell of *new wine*, and dedicate it consequently to their Bacchus.

Would that our great victory were indeed a "tearless triumph," and that the plains of the Punjaub could show only flowers, and had no heaps of slain to deform its face; would that Lahore had been entered by a route less marked by carnage, and that these sunny visions of gems and flowers were not clouded by the sorrows of bereaved hearts at home

We must not, however, number individual griefs, when the glory of a devoted army is the theme, nor dim the lustre of our Indian conquests by tears; let us dwell upon the radiance of the city of King Porus, for it was at Lahore that he kept his state, and there that his power fell before the star of the great conqueror Alexander, whose arms and whose victories have been eclipsed on his own ground, by the late achievements of the British army in India.

PARTING AND MEETING.

BY CHARLES H. HILEBINGS.

GRIEF parted us,—shame parted us,—
 Sin parted us,—weeping for aye,—
 Pitiful dread of the world outhearted us,—
 Memory was poisoned—what should we say?
 Mountains stand up 'twixt our eyes; and for ever
 'Twixt our deep heart-sighings heaveth the sea;
 Tell me if farther on earth we could sever?
 Day breaks with her when it closeth with me.
 Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain
 That could equal the anguish of meeting again.
 God parted us,—frowning upon us,—
 God parted us,—tearful and meek,—
 God then slew the foe that had won us,—
 He was almighty, and Satan was weak.
 Each at the world's limit learn to forget it,—
 Learn there 's a spirit-love deepest of all,—
 Blot out the past now, nor dare to regret it;
 Stamp out the record of passion and fall.
 Best so!—all life's sorrow holds not a pain
 Like remorse for the past hour, that comes not again.
 Earth parted us,—seas parted us,—
 Life parted us, cold and stern;
 Love himself, whom we worshipped so, thwarted us;
 Best friend, bitter foe, each in turn.
 Heaven may have joined us *now* in our loneliness
 Closer than ever we mingled before;
 Making our parted souls grow to a oneness,—
 One, *here* to endure—one, *hereafter* to soar.
 Best so!—all sinful, we parted in pain,—
 Let God speak, and through sorrow we mingle again."

HANS BRENZEL, THE SMUGGLER.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF," ETC.

YEARS ago, ere I had emerged from that joyous period of existence, when life was yet fresh, when care, if it came, was quickly cast aside, and when matters now deemed trifling were looked upon as events never to be erased from the memory—my happy boyhood—I was residing at a small village on the southern coast of England. Passionately fond of nautical affairs, I was a general favourite with the sea-faring men belonging to the neighbourhood, so that when not on board a revenue cutter, a friend's yacht, my own light skiff, or a fishing boat—it mattered not to me, so that I floated on my own darling element, I was invariably to be found in the society of one or other of those hardy sons of the ocean. So intense was the interest with which I listened to the accounts they gave me of their adventures, many of them wild and strange in the extreme, that even at this distance of time I am able to write them nearly in the words of the narrators. Among my friends was an old naval officer; the world had gone hard with him, for although verging on sixty, he was still, owing to one great want—interest—a lieutenant. Yet neither neglect, nor the severe buffets of the world, had succeeded in quenching his ardour for the noble profession, which he, as a youth, with sanguine hopes, had once dearly loved.

On the warm evenings in summer the old man was generally to be found seated on a bench beneath the flag-staff of the coast-guard station, near which his humble little cottage was situated; and it used to be my delight on these occasions to take my post near him, as he never failed to recount some of the varied incidents of his eventful life. One evening I found him at his favourite station. It was on the down-covered summit of a cliff, forming the extreme point of a head-land, whence was obtained an extensive view both up and down the coast. Handing me his long canvas-covered spy-glass, his constant companion, "Look there youngster," he observed, "Do you see that cutter beating up close in shore, out of the strength of the tide? You mark that point she's trying to weather, but with this light breeze she wont do it till the tide slackens. On t'other side of that point is a deep bay, where the trees grow down almost to the water's edge. In one or two places there is a good beach for landing; but in others reefs of rocks run out a considerable distance, though among them there are passages deep enough for small craft to get through, as I have good reason to know.

Some forty years ago, aye more than that, I belonged for a few months to a revenue cruiser, on board which my father sent me just to keep me out of mischief while waiting for a friend of his to commission a ship. The cutter was stationed off this coast, and a hard life we had of it, for in those days the smuggling craft were large armed vessels, full of desperate men, who when they could not outsail, more than once beat off the cruisers of the king.

Among the most daring of his class was a fellow called Hans Brenzel, though from having at different times many other names, it was difficult from them to determine to what nation he belonged, indeed it was suspected that he was an Englishman born on this very coast, with every inch of which he was intimately acquainted.

He seemed to take absolute delight in setting at defiance all laws of God and man, and, among many other acts of atrocity, he was strongly suspected of the murder of a revenue officer. The officer had, it appears, been the means of taking a valuable cargo of goods belonging to Brenzel, who some time after encountered him, when in discharge of his duty, near this place. It is supposed that the smuggler had attacked the unfortunate man, and being by far the more powerful of the two, had grappled with him, and plunging a long knife into his bosom had thrown him over the cliffs. The next morning the body was discovered above high water mark, with a knife known to belong to Brenzel close to it, and on the top of the cliffs were seen the impression of men's feet, as if engaged in a fierce struggle. A handkerchief, similar to one the smuggler had been observed to wear, was found in the dead man's grasp, and at a late hour of the night he had been met without one round his throat. A reward was therefore offered for his apprehension, but, notwithstanding the sharp look out we kept for his craft at sea, and the vigilance of the revenue people on shore, he had hitherto escaped capture.

He commanded at this time a large lugger, called the "Nimble," a fast sailing boat which could almost eat into the wind's eye, and when going free nothing could hope to come up with her; so that our only chance of capturing her was to jam her in with the shore, or to find ourselves near her in a calm, when we might get alongside her in our boats.

So daring was the smuggler that, though he well knew his life was at stake, he still continued to carry on his free trade with the coast, where he had many friends, yet, notwithstanding that his vessel was constantly seen, she was never approached except by those he trusted.

It was towards the end of October, I remember the time well, the days were growing shorter, and the night watches darker and colder, when, after cruising up and down a week or so at sea, in hopes of falling in with a prize, it came on to blow very hard from the south-west. Our skipper was not a man to be frightened by a cap full of wind, so setting our storm sails, we stood off shore and faced the gale like men; for, do ye see, it is just such weather as this was that the smugglers choose to run across the channel, when they think no one will be on the look out for them. Towards evening, however, it came on to blow harder than ever, so that at last we were obliged to up with the helm, and run for shelter into harbour, but just as we were keeping away, a sea struck the cutter, carried away our stern boat, and stove in one of our quarter boats. In this squall the wind seemed to have worn itself out, for before we made the land it suddenly fell, and by daylight a dead calm came on, followed by a dense fog. Our soundings told us that we were within a short distance of the coast, so that our eyes were busily employed in trying to get, through the mist, a sight of it, or of any strange sail which might be in the

neighbourhood. At last for an instant the fog lifted towards the north, like when the curtain of a theatre is drawn up, exposing close in with the land the white sails of a lugger, on which, as she rose and fell on the heavy swell remaining after the storm of the previous night, were now glancing the bright beams of the morning sun, exposing her thus more clearly to our view.

Before we could bring our glasses to bear, the fog again closed in, but every eye was turned in that direction to get another sight of her; we, doubtless, from our position, and the greater thickness of the mist round us, remaining hid from her view.

"What think you, Davis; which way shall we have the breeze when it does come?" asked our skipper of the old quarter-master, who was the oracle on such occasions.

"Why, sir, I should say off the land; it looks clearer there away than it is out here."

As the old man delivered himself of this opinion, he turned his one open eye towards the point he indicated: for, though he had two orbs, and they were piercers, he never used more than one at a time,—we youngsters used to suppose, to give each alternately a rest.

As he spoke the fog once more opened a little.

"And, what do you say to yonder craft?" continued the skipper.

The old man's right eye surveyed her intently before he answered.

"I thought I knowed her, sir. As sure as we're alive she's the 'Nimble,' with Hans Brenzel on board."

How he arrived at the latter conclusion we did not stop to consider. The words had an electric effect on board.

"You are right, Davis,—you are right!" exclaimed our commander; then, in a tone of vexation, "and we have only one boat to chase her. If there comes a breeze, that fellow will sneak along shore, and get out of our way. He calculated on being able to do so when he remained there, and no doubt has information that the revenue-boats belonging to the station are sent off in other directions."

Every glass was now turned towards the direction where the smuggler was seen; for you must remember the mist quickly again hid her from us. Our skipper walked over to where the carpenter was employed in putting the boat to rights; but soon saw that there was a good day's work or more before she could be made to swim.

"It will never do to let that fellow escape us!" he exclaimed briskly. "Mr. Robertson," addressing his senior officer, a passed midshipman,—an oldster in every sense of the word I then thought him, "pipe the gig's crew away, with two extra hands, and let them all be fully armed. Do you take charge of the ship; and if a breeze gets up, press every stitch of canvas on her, and stand after the lugger. That fellow may give us some work; and I intend to go myself."

Having given these orders, he dived into his cabin, and quickly re-appeared, with his cocked hat on, and his sword by his side. As he came on deck I caught his eye.

"May I go, sir?" I asked, touching my cap.

He looked at me for a moment, when, to my delight, he answered,

"Yes; you weigh little, and can handle a cutlass as well as an older man."

The boat was, as you may suppose, quickly ready. The order was given to shove off, and away we pulled, with hearty strokes, in the direction of the lugger. The fog for some time favoured our approach towards the spot where we guessed she was to be found, for we could no more see her than the people on board could us. Never when roasting in the tropics under a burning sun have I wished more earnestly for a breeze, than we now did that the calm would continue till we could get alongside the long-looked-for craft. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, though we knew that the splash of our oars in the water would soon betray our approach to the sharpened ears of the smugglers even before they could see us. We redoubled, therefore, our efforts to get alongside, when a light air coming off the land, much thinned the intervening mist, shewing us the "Nimble," with her largest canvass spread to catch the breeze, and now as she loomed through the fog, appearing twice her real size, while her people clearly made us out. In a moment her sails were trimmed, her long sweeps were run out, and she was moving through the water, though not near so fast as we were pulling.

"Give way my boys, give way," shouted our skipper, all necessity for silence being now removed. "Give way, and the lugger is ours."

With a hearty cheer the men bent to their oars and sent the boat flying through the calm blue water, casting aside the light sparkling foam which bubbled and hissed round her bows, as the story books about sea-going affairs say, such as you youngsters are so fond of reading. Well the breeze freshened, however, before long, and we found that, though still decreasing our distance from the lugger, we were not gaining on her as fast as when she first made us out. We had, however, got within about a quarter of a mile of her, when we saw a man jump on the taff-rail, and wave his hat at us as if in derision. Even at that distance, some of our people declared they recognised him as Hans Brenzel, whom all of us knew well enough by sight. The next instant, a skiff was launched from her decks, into which he jumped, and pulled as hard as he could towards the shore, to which he was already nearer than we were to him.

Here was a dilemma for our skipper. If we followed the outlaw, his lugger would very likely get away, and if we made chase after her, he would certainly escape, and she probably, even if we came up with her, would not be condemned. The thoughts of the murdered man decided our commander, and in a moment the boat's head was turned towards the shore in chase of the skiff. Away we went, as fast as six ash oars in stout hands could send us through the water, while Brenzel, still undaunted, continued his course; yet in spite of his audacity, he well knew that it was with him a matter of life and death. It was indeed astonishing, when putting forth all his vast strength, how fast he sent along his light skiff; indeed we gained but slightly on him in our six-oared galley, and we soon saw that he would reach the shore before we could overtake him.

"Give way, my lads, give way," shouted our skipper, though the men were straining every nerve to the utmost. "Give way, and we shall soon be up with him."

Talk of the excitement of a stag-hunt! it is tame in comparison to the interest men take in the chase of a fellow-creature. There is something of the nature of the blood-hound, I suspect, in our com-

position which delights in the pursuit of such noble game. A few minutes more decided the point, a cry of vexation escaping us as his boat touched the shore, and coolly drawing her up on the strand, he was seen to make towards the woods.

"Shall I bring him down, sir?" asked the seaman who sat in the stern-sheets with a musket, marine-fashion, between his knees.

"No, no," was the answer. "We must take the fellow alive, he cannot escape us, if we put our best feet foremost."

Just as our boat's keel grated on the sand, Brenzel disappeared among the rocks and trees, and we could hear a shout of derisive laughter ringing through the wood.

"After him, my boys, after him," shouted our skipper, as we all leaped on shore. "A five-pound note to the man who first gets hold of him."

And, except a youth who was left in charge of the boat, away we all went helter-skelter in the direction the outlaw had taken. He made, it appeared, straight inland, for we could hear his shouts ahead of us as we rushed on, hallooing to each other from among the trees. Not one of the party seemed inclined to get before the other, not so much that one was unwilling to deprive the other of the promised reward, but I suspect that no one was anxious to encounter Brenzel single-handed, well-armed as of course he was, and desperate as we knew him to be. Our commander, being a stout man, and short-winded, was soon left far behind, though, as he hurried on, puffing and blowing with the exertion he was using, his voice, as long as we could hear him, encouraged us in the pursuit. We had thus made good half a mile or more, when coming suddenly to the confines of the wood, or copse it might rather be called, a wide extent of open ground appeared before us, but not a trace of the fugitive could be perceived. Some of the foremost ran on to a spot of high ground near at hand, whence they could see in every direction, but not a figure was moving in the landscape. In the mean time, our skipper came up, and ordered us to turn back and beat about the wood.

We had been thus fruitlessly engaged for some time, when we were recalled to the shore by a shout from one of our people, and, hastening down to the beach, we beheld to our dismay, our own boat floating some way out in the bay, while Brenzel, in his skiff was pulling towards his lugger, now creeping along shore out of the reach of the cutter, which still lay becalmed in the offing. What was most extraordinary, the lad, who had been left in charge of the boat, was no where to be seen, and, as far as we could make out, he was neither in her nor in Brenzel's skiff. Some misgivings as to his fate, I remember at the time, came over my mind, but I said nothing. You may just picture to yourself our rage and disappointment; indeed I thought, what from his exertions and excitement, our commander would have been beside himself with vexation. After we had stood for a moment, looking with blank astonishment at each other, he ordered us, in a sharp voice, some to run one way, some another, along the shore, in search of a boat by which we might get on board our galley, for she was too far off for any one to attempt to swim to her. At last, some way on, we discovered, hauled up on the beach, a heavy fishing-boat, which with some work we managed to launch, and by means of the bottom-boards and a few pieces of

plank we found in her, to paddle towards our gig. In our course, we picked up two of our oars which had been thrown overboard, and we were thus able to reach her sooner than we could otherwise have done. What could have become of our young shipmate, we asked each other; but not a conjecture could be offered. Brenzel could not have carried him off; he would not have ventured to have injured him, and the lad was not likely to have deserted his post. At last we got along-side the gig, and as we looked into her, a cry of horror escaped from all hands, for there we beheld a sight which still makes my flesh grow cold. Lashed along the thwarts was the poor youth, his head towards the stern, and his throat cut from ear to ear, the crimson blood dropping down and filling the stern sheets with a dark pool of gore. He was quite dead.

"The accursed murderous scoundrel shall pay dearly for his day's work," said our kind-hearted commander. "We may catch him yet, my boys, and avenge this poor lad, so after him again."

Placing the murdered youth in the fishing-boat, and anchoring her to wait our return, with a hearty good-will the crew seized their oars, and were again in full chase of the smuggler. By this time, however, a fresh breeze had come off the land, which filled the sails of the lugger just as Brenzel sprang from his boat upon her deck, and before a breath of air had reached the cutter, he had run her far out of sight, winding his way among those reefs yonder. Seeing there was no chance of overtaking him in the gig, we pulled on board, and as soon as the uncertain air put the vessel through the water, we made chase in the direction we calculated the Nimble would take. For two days we cruised up and down over the ground where we thought we might fall in with her, but could see nothing of her, and we then returned to bury our shipmate, and restore the boat to the fisherman, who, finding a dead man on board, had been afraid to take her.

We with several other cruisers were employed for some weeks in looking out for Brenzel, but neither he nor the Nimble were ever again heard of on this coast.

Ten years passed away, and I was lieutenant of a brig in the West Indies, that clime of yellow fevers and sugar canes. In those days the slave-trade flourished, for, as we had not become philanthropists, we did not interfere with those whose consciences did not prevent them from bartering for gold their own souls, and the blood of their fellow creatures. There was, however, a particular craft we were ordered to look after which had made herself amenable to the laws, having gone somewhat out of the usual line of trade, by committing several very atrocious acts of piracy. She was commanded, it was said, by an Englishman, a villain of no ordinary cast, who never intentionally left alive any of those he plundered, to tell the tale of their wrongs. He sailed his vessel, a schooner carrying twelve guns, under Spanish colours, though of course he hoisted on occasion, those of any other nation to suit his purpose. We all knew both him and his schooner, for before her real character was suspected, we had for some days laid along-side her at the Havanna, and were in consequence selected by the Admiral to look out for her. We had been so employed for several weeks, when one day towards noon we made out a sail to the southward, towards which we ran down with a light northerly wind. As we neared her, which we

rapidly did, we saw that she was a lofty ship—a merchantman evidently, and that she was not only not moving through the waters, but that her braces were loose, and her yards swinging about in every direction. Not a soul was looking over her bulwarks when we came within hail, but the men in the tops sung out, that they could see several people lying about the decks either asleep or dead. We ran almost along-side when I was ordered to board her with one of the gigs. Never shall I forget the scene which met my sight as I stepped on her decks; they were a complete shambles, a dozen or more men lay about in the after part of the ship, the blood yet oozing from deep gashes on their heads and shoulders, not one of them alive, while on the steps of the companion-ladder, were two women, young and fair they appeared to have been, clasped in each others arms, and both dead.

On descending below, we discovered an old lady and a venerable old gentleman on the deck of the state cabin with the marks of pistol bullets in their foreheads, while at the door of an inner cabin lay a black servant with his head completely twisted round.

I will not mention all the sights of horror we encountered; the murderers seemed to have exerted their ingenuity in disfiguring their victims. There were several other dead people below, and at last searching round the ship, we found stowed away in the fore-hold a seaman, who, though desperately wounded, still breathed. When brought on deck and a few drops of spirits being poured down his throat, he after some time came to himself, then told us that they had in the morning been attacked by a pirate, who, after they had made a desperate resistance, had carried them by boarding, when every soul in the ship was cut down or thrown into the sea except himself, that he having fallen down the hatchway just before the pirates rushed on board, had stowed himself away amongst the cargo, and there after some time had fainted from loss of blood. While he lay there, he could hear the shrieks of his shipmates, and the shouts and execrations of their butchers, he, expecting every instant to share the fate of the rest. At last all was silent, the pirates made an ineffectual attempt to scuttle the ship, but were hurried off, probably, by seeing a sail which they mistook for us, or for some other cruiser.

Scarcely had the unfortunate fellow given this account, when the man at the mast-head of the brig hailed that there was a sail on the lee bow, and we were ordered forthwith to return on board. We all hoped that this might prove the pirate, for we were anxious to punish the miscreants. Taking, therefore, the wounded man with us, for being, thanks to the yellow fever, already short of hands, we were compelled to abandon the ship, we made sail in chase. For some time we carried a fresh breeze with us, while the stranger, which we soon made out to be a large top-sail schooner, lay almost becalmed, but before we got her within range of our guns the wind also filled her sails, and away she went before it with every stitch of canvass they could pack on her. We also used every means of increasing our rate of sailing, but though our brig was reckoned a remarkably fast vessel, we found that since we had both the same breeze, we had not in any way decreased our distance between her.

It was, however, a satisfaction to find that she did not outsail us before the wind, though there was every probability that should she haul her wind, she would be able to do so; we therefore kept di-

rectly in her wake, to be ready to run down on her, on 'which ever tack she might haul up. At last, as the breeze freshened, we gained somewhat on her, when she hoisted Spanish colours, she had hitherto shown none, but this did not prevent us from trying the range of our bow-chasers on her, to bring her to. Several guns were fired without effect; when a shot struck her main boom and severely wounded it. I never saw a better aim. After this, finding we lost ground by firing, we did not for another hour throw a single shot, nor had the schooner as yet returned our compliment, though she shewed no inclination to heave to.

Away we bowled along before the breeze, throwing aside the now white crested waves from our bows as we tore through the water. Every brace was stretched to the utmost, our spars bent and cracked, but not a sheet was slackened, though our captain kept his glance anxiously aloft to see how long he might let them bear the pressure. Again we overhauled her, and got her within range of our long guns, when a shot directed more by chance, as the sea was running high, or it might be said a just Providence weary of the miscreants, than by skill, killed the man at the wheel, and lodged in the mainmast. Before another man could run to the helm, the vessel yawed to port, the boom, already wounded, jibbed over, and parted amid ships, rendering the huge mainsail of no use, and creating much confusion on board. There was now no fear of her being able to haul her wind for some time, and coming up, hand over hand, with her, we ranged along side.

If we had before any doubts of her real character, we had now none, for the Spanish Ensign being hauled down, a black flag was hoisted at each mast-head, and the accursed pirate was confessed. The outlaws, doubtless knowing that victory or death alone awaited them, shewed their dark symbols in the hopes of intimidating our men, and made up their minds to fight it out to the last. At the same moment, they let fly their whole broadside, which, though it did some damage, served to warm up the blood of our people, and made them return it with a hearty good-will.

For half an hour, or more, as we ran on, we thus continued exchanging broadsides, considerably thinning their crowded decks, but as some of our spars were wounded, our captain fearing lest any being carried away, the enemy might escape, determined without delay to lay him on board, and to try the metal of true men against their ruffian crew of desperadoes.

After receiving her broadside, and pouring in ours, we put our helm to port, for she was, you must know, on our starboard side, when running our bow anchor into her fore-chains; our grappling irons were thrown, and we had her fast. With a loud cheer, our boarders sprung to the fore-castle, and on to the rigging, of the enemy.

Never shall I forget, if I was to live as long again as I have done, which is not very likely, the set of ferocious countenances which met our sight as we rushed on board. It was fearful work we were about, but our blood was up, and there was no quarter asked or given on either side. We did not stop to think. The pirates knew that there was no pardon for them, and seemed determined to sell their lives dearly. Our onset was too furious to be withstood, and, in a minute, we had cleared a small space on the schooner's decks abaft the foremast, but beyond that every foot was desperately disputed.

We had gained some ground forward, when, from the after part

of the vessel, a determined band, led by the captain, pressed us hard. Twice we were driven back almost to our own ship, many of our men losing the number of their mess, but, finally, determined courage got the better of desperation. Inch by inch we drove the pirates aft—the chief of them, to do him justice, keeping always in the front rank, and I believe he killed, with his own hand, more of our people than did all his crew together, though he himself did not receive a scratch. During all this time the marines kept up a hot fire, pikes and pistols were used through the ports, and such guns as could be brought to bear were fired from each of the ships. I have seen plenty of hard fighting, and let me tell you, youngster, though it is very fine reading about, it is very dreadful in reality; yet never in my life have I gone through hotter work, on a small scale, than I did that day—the vessels, too, all the time rolling and pitching tremendously, and tearing away each others' rigging, indeed, it is surprising we did not both founder on the spot.

Well, we at last managed to clear the fore part of the schooner, by cutting down some, and driving others of the pirates overboard, but fifty fellows still held the after part of the deck, uttering fearful oaths and execrations; they continued fighting on when the deck lifted, fearful shrieks arose, a loud, dull, sound was heard, and many of the pirates were hurled into the air, their mangled remains falling among us. For an instant every hand seemed paralysed, and we looked round to see what would happen next; but the explosion had been only partial, and during the confusion, the remainder of the band making a rush forward, we again set to at the bloody work, and drove them back. A second attempt to fire the magazine was made, and failed. We were, by this time, secure of victory, though the remnant of the pirates refused to yield.

Their captain, whom I have spoken of, I now saw leap into the main rigging, when waving his bloody sword above his head, he hurled it with the fiercest imprecations among us, severely wounding one of our people, and then, with a look of despair not to be forgotten, he plunged into the raging ocean, where a troop of sharks were ready to devour him. At that moment, it struck me that I had seen his features in times long passed, and I found afterwards I was right.

When their leader was lost, the rest of the pirates submitted, and we had barely time to remove them, and to cut ourselves clear of the schooner, when, with the dying and dead on board, she went down; and on the spot where she had been, the hungry sharks were seen tearing their bodies in pieces, while the sea was tinged around with a ruddy hue.

We afterwards fell in with the ship the pirates had attacked, for which we got a good round sum as salvage money, besides other substantial marks of the gratitude of the merchants in the West Indies, for having destroyed one of the greatest pests their trade had for a long time known.

The pirates were hung at Port Royal, in Jamaica, and the evening before their execution, one of them, for reasons I will some day tell you, desired to see me. I visited him in his cell, and from him I learned that the chief of their band, whose dreadful death I had witnessed, the man who had led them into crime and ruin, was, as I suspected, Hans Brenzel, the smuggler.—*End of the old Lieutenant's Yarn.*

TEA-TABLE TALK.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

How old do you take Mrs. Chataway to be?
Really I can't say precisely; but she has long been in her *anecdotalage*.



“L'UNE des marques de la médiocrité de l'esprit est de toujours conter. Mais, Monsieur La Bruyère, que voulez-vous?”

“Better, who prates in *writing* than in *talk*;
Yon I lay down, from *this* I cannot walk.”

Happily, a prosy pen has no button-holding power by which to fasten the reluctant to its tiring prattle; nevertheless, all who write expect to find readers; for, as no waking creature was ever known to acknowledge the crime of snoring, so the dullest writer disallows the possibility of putting his readers to sleep. Authorship is notoriously self-complacent and opiniative. *We alone* form the *great* exception to the rule; and diffidently and unaffectedly dread to have our “heavy lightness” deemed “serious *vanity*.” Wherefore we humbly deprecate “the critic’s stab” for these our unpretending snatches from memory. *Au bout de compte*. We are but the “gatherer and disposer of other men’s stuff,”—the commodity, the common chat of gossips when they meet; and “gossipings must not,” said Mr. Locke, “be robbed of their ancient privilege,”—namely, as we take it, that of feeding on pastures not their own,—for such people are rarely egotistical. There is a French axiom which declares *that* to be no feast which does not leave one for another day. Our gossip’s *fête* is simply a *réchauffé* of scraps from bygone feasts, dainty *morceaux* escaped from other’s lips, of differing quality and savour, suited to different palates, and served up *en portion*, to be repeated *à discrétion*, according to the appetite of the feeders, who are expected to bring with them a little of their own salt, in order to draw out the flavour of the several dishes placed before

them. *Mais, écrivons!* and thou, oh kindly reader, lend us thine ear, and—

“ Listen with attentive sight
To what our prating eyes indite.”

CARLTON HOUSE.

COLMAN.

It has been said that “princes have long ears and short memories.” The former assertion may be figuratively true; but we can give testimony of the latter in a literal sense being subject to exceptions; our own royal family having been at all times remarkable for an extraordinary tenacity on points of recollection. Some years ago the late Duke of Gloucester paid a visit to Mathews’s gallery of pictures at Ivy Cottage; and, in the course of the time, referred to a period of about twenty years back, when himself (then Prince William of Gloucester) and the comedian were at Liverpool; and, after chatting upon the characters which his Royal Highness had seen Mathews perform in the theatre there, inquired with interest whether any inconvenience had resulted from an occurrence at which he had been present, the particulars of which were as follows:— Prince William held a review at Liverpool in 1803, and Mathews having almost as ardent a passion for sight-seeing as the versatile Caleb Quotem himself, had mounted a horse lent him by a merchant of Liverpool, and which never before having smelt powder, at the very first explosion was so startled that by a sudden and unexpected movement he threw his unwary rider to the ground, where, falling upon his head, he remained stunned and motionless. This *exceeding piece of humour* excited a burst of laughter from the humane crowd, not an individual of which attempted to raise the sufferer “each for the time on selfish aims intent.” But Prince William, who had also perceived the accident, promptly descended from his horse to assist the fallen to rise, when, recognizing the young actor by whom he had so often been entertained, he gave orders to have him carefully conveyed home; where the Prince afterwards sent repeated inquiries. This occurrence was not likely to be forgotten by the sufferer; but it was strange to find it yet remembered by the Prince. Passing over many such instances of royal memory within our knowledge, we may mention that of George the Fourth as being peculiarly retentive, both in respect to anecdotes, and in relation to his former associates. Certes, the King of England seldom forgot the favourites of the Prince of Wales,* especially if they needed his friendship.

Amongst the contemporaries of England’s finest gentleman, our late witty George Colman experienced from him an unbroken series of friendly acts, which extended to the end of his life, and were manifested in several valuable ways. The *Prince* remembered the companion of his youth, and the *King* did not forget him in his age. Mr. Colman, besides his appointment of Deputy Licensor of Plays—an office of great emolument,—also held the rank of Yeoman of the Guard to his Majesty. The affability of the Prince of Wales was as admirable as his graceful manner of showing it; at the same time,—as poor Brummel too late discovered,— while the *Heir Apparent*, for the greater ease of those with whom he conversed, appeared forgetful of his own high rank and superiority, he did not therefore allow others

* Although so many years separated from all personal communion with his early favourites, Michael Kelly, Irish Johnstone, and others, of whom he retained kindly recollections, he never omitted to forward on every public announcement of their respective benefit nights annually, *one hundred pounds* to each.

to forget it. In fact, he suffered familiarity to extend to the utmost limit of propriety; but not one step beyond. An instance of this distinctive and discretional license to good sense may be seen in the following pleasant fact:—

Shortly before the coronation of George the Fourth, Colman had the honour of dining with the Prince of Wales at Carlton House. While at table some reminiscence of early days led his Royal Highness casually to observe that he (Colman) was his senior in age. It being considered contrary to *etiquette* to contradict any assertion of royalty, the wit, with his characteristic adroitness and tact, contrived to inform his patron that he was in error, facetiously reminding the Prince that he (Colman) was universally known to be "*the younger*." The Prince, however, persisted in his first assertion, adding playfully,

"Now, you know, George,—you *know* that you are older than I am,—you *know* you are. I don't mean to say *much* older; but you were certainly born before *me*."

Colman finding it unavailing to persist in a serious denial of his seniority, yet unwilling to buckle one hour's age more to his back than really belonged to him, bowed with a serio-comic air before his future sovereign as he exclaimed,

"Oh, I couldn't have taken the *liberty* of coming into the world before your Royal Highness!"

A refutation accepted by the Prince with a good-humoured laugh.

MATHEWS, CURRAN, AND LORD ERSKINE.

It is mentioned in the Memoirs of Mathews that previously to his first visit to that land of universal promise where, as hungry Englishmen are apt to believe,

"The streets are paved with penny rolls,
And houses thatched with pancakes,"

namely, America, he performed at Carlton House, by command of George the Fourth, his "*At Home*" of that season, entitled his "*Youthful Days*." In the course of the entertainment he gave on that occasion a more than usually elaborate imitation of Curran. Now, Mathews was, to use his own expression, one of a very sensitive *class*, as well as of a very sensitive *nature*; and it may be believed that he felt extremely mortified to overhear the King, who had been most flatteringly demonstrative of his approbation of previous efforts, in a half whisper to Lady Cunningham, say, "I don't recognise this imitation, I confess." Whether there was anything in the countenance of the actor that bespoke his chagrin at such a verdict from such a quarter is uncertain; but on the termination of the entertainment the King went to him,—as, indeed, he had done at the close of each previous part,—and in the most gracious manner thanked him on his own account, and in the name of the whole court, for the entertainment they had received, saying things of the entertainer which made him think the eulogist *every inch a King*, adding,

"Amazed as I have been, Mr. Mathews, by the fidelity of your impersonations, I must, in sincerity, own that your portrait of Curran fell short of my expectations, and general report. It is true, I never saw him but once, when he dined with me, and when he spoke but little."

"Am I then, sir," inquired Mathews, "to understand that your Majesty never heard him speak but in private?"

"Never else," replied the King.

"Then it is requisite to acquaint your Majesty that my imitation of

him this evening was as a *public speaker*. If you will allow me, I will give you another view of him."

Mathews then represented Curran as he had so often seen him when he had laid aside with his wig and gown his professional elocutional tone and manner, for the colloquial and relaxed deportment and enunciation natural to him in society. Mathews had not proceeded far in this new version, when the King almost shouted out his acquiescence in the accuracy of the resemblance, exclaiming from time to time. "Oh, perfect — perfect, indeed!" and finally added, "I ought to have considered that I had only seen Curran when divested of his public effects. I ought not to have doubted in a single instance your unerring perceptions and powers of representation."* This was *compensation*. Added to which, Mathews had the gratification of hearing the following anecdote thus related by the King:—

"Yes, strange to say, Mr. Mathews, I never saw Curran but once, when he dined with me at Carlton House. I had assembled a party I thought likely to set him at his ease, and draw him out. It was composed chiefly of men of eminence in his own profession. For some time nothing occurred that could give me any estimate of his intellectual *calibre*; but the very highest sense of his tact, taste, and intuitive good manners. On his introduction, and for some time after, I saw nothing but a mean-looking, ill-favoured little person, very taciturn withal. After dinner, in the hope of eliciting something characteristic from him, I proposed the '*Health of the Bar.*' Infinitely to my chagrin, up rose Lord Erskine, who, after a long, verbose, and rather pompous speech, wound up with some such conclusion as the following,—'that, though descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, he had reason to be proud of the profession of the law which had raised him, an unworthy member of it, to the peerage.' Determined not to be altogether baffled in my aim, I then proposed the health of the *Irish Bar*. Here I had my man. Up he got; and certainly made a most refined and exquisite speech. I was particularly struck with the contrast evinced between Erskine and Curran in the termination of their respective speeches. 'The noble lord,' said Curran, 'in speaking of the high lineage from which he has had the good fortune to be derived, has added that, *proud* as he is of his ancestry, he is not less so of his calling, which has been the means of elevating him to the peerage. If such, then, be the noble lord's feelings, judge, sir, what must be *mine* at this moment towards a profession which has raised the son of a *Peasant* to the table of his Prince!'"

Mathews, in after-times, speaking of the decline and fall of this great man, to whose memory he was so partial, used to relate the following fact. He had not seen Curran for years, when, one day, as he was walking by Apsley House, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, rather loudly *for the streets*, "*Mr. Curran! Mr. Curran!*" as if some person accosted another. Mathews turned in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and—to borrow his own particular phrase, he found it came from "a *second-hand, much worn and soiled* edition of Curran himself, who was seated on a grey *shock* (shocking bad) pony, with a '*shocking bad hat*' on his head, and with a stoop that spoke

* This portion of the anecdote was in substance given in the *Memoirs of Mathews*. The termination of it having been too late recalled to the memory of his biographer, it has now been necessary to repeat the first account, as a requisite preliminary to what follows.

volumes." Mathews instantly grasped him by the hand, telling him that hearing his name mentioned, he turned round, supposing he was near.

"Ah!" replied Curran, with a half sigh, "I saw you, Mathews, and I was sure you would be glad to see me. I knew the genuineness of your nature; and I knew your eye would sparkle, and your heart beat at the name of an old friend, whether that friend was in prosperity or adversity; but," added he, in a lighter tone, that affected playfulness, "in calling out my own name *so*, I had a twofold motive,—I was making an *experiment*, and I have seen the result." Then, again becoming pensive, after a short pause, he continued, "Time was when the name of *Curran*, uttered thus audibly in the public streets, would have drawn a throng around me. I should have seen hats off, and 'greetings in the market-place' from both high and low; but, *tempora mutantur!* you were the *only* man that turned to look at me but now. Ah! my dear Mathews, you are the *only Mr. Curran* that is now talked about!" alluding to Mathews's admired and popular imitation of him.

Before we take present leave of Carlton House, let us relate a trait of Moore the Poet (*Anacreon Moore*), which will serve as a *pendant* to that related by George the Fourth of *Curran*; and is a corresponding instance of innate dignity of character, "which chance nor gives, nor takes away." When Mr. Moore's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His Royal Host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greater portion of his remarks exclusively to him, and exhibiting the most gracious interest in all that concerned his guest. Amongst other points, the prince, assuming that his illustrious visitor must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know whether he was not allied to one of them? To each of these enquiries the Poet, at first, simply replied in the negative. The Prince, whose strong prepossession that "gentle blood" flowed in his accomplished visitor's veins, made him in effect less polite than he was wont to be, reiterated his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark; thus creating unintentionally the curiosity of all present towards the questioned party; all at once it occurred to his Royal Highness that his guest *must*, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore (a man of large fortune and distinguished birth), of —. Thus pressed, the Poet put an end to his Royal Host's persevering enquiry, and with admirable and magnanimous simplicity replied to the last suggestion—"No, sir, I have not the honour of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named—I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest *Tradesmen* in all Dublin."

The Royal questioner felt rebuked—possessing too inherent a sense of politeness not to feel that he had, under a strong prepossession, been unwittingly guilty of undue pertinacity, while it was evident to all present that it gave fresh occasion to him to admire the mind and natural nobility of his guest, to whose talents no birth, however high, could give additional lustre.

SIR J — S —.

This reference to Mr. Moore reminds us of a national contemporary, and sometime coadjutor of his — Sir J —, formerly *Doctor*, S — of musical reputation — a very excellent person—but, devoted to his art,

he certainly had not gleaned from his harmonious association with his illustrious countryman the delicate sense of perception which belongs only to the higher gifted. It is certain that his estimate of gentility and distinguished claims was formed upon very different materials from those that made the Poet the observed of all observers. It must be confessed that, although in deportment and conduct the Doctor was an unexceptionable person, there were times and occasions when he confounded somewhat the Irish *gentleman* with the "Jontleman," in his opinions and expressions, although the *organ of potatoism* was not as plainly developed in him as in many of his countrymen who come under the latter designation.

We well remember when a relation of his had married a wealthy, honourable, and well-bred, not high born, man, moving in the best society in Dublin, the *Doctor* (for such was then his title) felt great pride in the alliance, and was very fond of boasting on every occasion of the *honour* acquired by it—affirming, without chance of any one being able justly to contradict the assertion, that his new made relative was "a perfect *gentleman*." One of those ill-natured people who love to take the conceit out of others, and let them down to their proper level, and so punish their harmless foibles—feeling wearied with the Doctor's nonsensical reiteration, turned one day round upon him, asking bluntly what he meant by always saying that — was a *perfect gentleman*? If, continued he, you mean to say that in education, manners, and conduct, — is a perfect gentleman, every body is willing to admit the truth of your assertion, which, in that case, is supererogatory, but if you mean to imply *more* than this, you had better be silent.

"What do you mane, sir?" asked, sharply, the tenacious Doctor. "I mean," said his corrector calmly, "that — is not a man of descent, that he has no high blood in his veins, that he is not a man of family — in fact he is, as we all know, the son of a wealthy ironmonger. "Well," hotly exclaimed the Doctor, eager to establish, once for all, his invariable assertion, "I know *that* as well as *you* do. But sure if he met his own father in the streets of Dublin he would not be seen to *spake* to him! I say, he's a *perfect gentleman*!"

"It is but *one step* from the sublime to the ridiculous." From the scenes of a palace to the *coulisses* of a theatre is no more.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Hence the association in our mind, which prompts us, *à soute et à gambade*, to descend from England's King to the side of the *greatest* theatrical sovereign ever known.

STEPHEN KEMBLE.

The news of one of Nelson's victories having reached the town of Durham, a general illumination was proclaimed by the authorities to take place the same evening. It happened that the then favourite tragedy of *George Barnwell* had been announced for that night's performance, and the Manager, Mr. Stephen Kemble, quite aware that the out-door attractions, provided *gratis*, would be more popular than Lillo's tragedy, felt unwilling to present himself before a "beggarly account of empty benches." Moreover, sharing in the general excitement, and wishing to witness the *show* without, in common with the townfolk, he determined on providing a substitute for himself in the *Uncle of Barnwell*, and encountering the only person within his

reach at the moment, not engaged in the tragedy, he seized upon Mr. Cooke, a bass singer (well known in after years as a third-rate vocalist at Drury Lane Theatre), whom he thus addressed in his measured Kemble-tones.

"My dear Cooke, you're the very man I want—you must do something to oblige me this evening, my good friend. The fact is, I cannot perform to night—I am announced for Old Barnwell, but you, my good fellow, must do it for me." "Who, I—*thir*?" cried poor Cooke, (who was gifted with a most inveterate lisp), who had also set his heart on rambling about the town in quest of amusement. Quite taken aback by his master's request—he expressed his chagrin as plainly as his lingual impediment permitted, urging in excuse, his objection, and indeed inability, to appear with propriety in any but operatic characters. King Stephen, however, was absolute, and reiterated his desire, expressing at the same time his perfect reliance upon Cooke's services upon this occasion. "My dear *thir*!" remonstrated the unhappy Bass, "I shall never be able to do what you require—I have a thlow study, and I thal ruin the tragedy."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my good fellow," replied Stephen impatiently, "you needn't study at all, the character does not appear until late in the play, and you may see many of the fireworks go off, and go on for Barnwell afterwards, he is not ten minutes upon the stage altogether. Here, here's the book, you can manage to get a line or two into your head to speak as you enter, and read the rest—for Old Barnwell is supposed to be reading—in fact, just enough to give George an opportunity of killing you; then you must add a few words when you die—that will be quite enough, I assure you—just something, anything, as you fall, it doesn't matter what, there will be very few people in the house to hear you."

Poor Cooke was constrained to do his master's bidding; but in submitting to the task imposed, could not make up his mind to be balked of his out-door intents, and paid little attention to the language of Lillo. The early portion of the evening being spent abroad, gazing at the illuminations and transparencies, at the bidden time he forsook the streets of Durham for the romantic wilds of Camberwell Grove—where, book in hand, he entered in meditative mood, taking advantage of the text before him, to give the proper cue for his nephew's murderous attack, and the deed done Cooke duly fell as required under the assassin's blow. Unluckily the book fell at the same time, and wanting words to express his dying impressions, the murdered man naturally was fain to depart and make no sign, but George Barnwell continuing to hold his victim in his supporting arms, as if awaiting his last dying speech, it reminded Cooke of the Manager's injunction to say "something"—"anything,"—before he expired; and quite ignorant of any word set down for him, and full of the glorious theme of the day, he took off the little three-cornered hat which the wardrobe had provided, and waving it most enthusiastically over his grey wig, shouted in his deepest bass, and thickest lisp, the popular exclamation of *Nelson for ever!*

The finest language of the finest author could not have produced a louder burst of approbation from the scanty audience than crowned the final effort of Mr. Cooke in tragedy, who fell satisfactorily to all present, with the exception of the astounded George Barnwell, whose remorse and subsequent speech was entirely thrown away upon the exulting martyr before him, and wholly unheeded by the loyal and discerning "public."

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF RAPHAEL SANTI OF
URBINO.

A TALE OF PAINTING.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY LADY DUFF GORDON.

MASTER Andrea—he who is also called Ingegno—was one day at work upon a fresco, under the light arch which stands beside the north-eastern gate of the hill town of Assisi. He was painting a picture of the Madonna, which in form and features resembled those of his early master, Niccolo Alunno, but which showed far greater breadth and boldness. Andrea paused awhile, to reckon on his fingers the number of weeks during which he had worked at the picture, and the far from magnificent pay which he was to receive for his time. He was disturbed in his calculation by a slight noise close behind him, and on turning round he saw that it was caused by a youth, scarce past boyhood, with a sunburnt face and travel-stained dress, who had mounted the ladder, and stood on the scaffolding examining the half-dried fresco-painting with an attentive and intelligent glance.

Though usually Andrea was easily ruffled, on this occasion his good humour was nowise disturbed, for he looked encouragingly at the young stranger, and said—

“God save you, Master Downright! You seem to scan my poor picture as though you belonged to the craft yourself; and truly, young as you look, I would trust your judgment, if you would but speak it out roundly. You need have no fear, for I make small claim to honour, and am quite content if the work of my pencil be but called honest and praiseworthy. Such tender and lovely faces as those painted by Niccolo, the Alunno, down yonder at Foligno, I can make nothing of. I have to turn my hand to too many other things which have nought in common with painting, for my brothers will not stir a finger to keep together the broad lands which have come to us from our parents; nay, I am forced to help even in the affairs of the town, just as though amongst all the number of folks there were none save myself having sense enough to count the moneys which are paid in, or to write out a receipt thereof.”

Of all these words the youth heard scarce one half, for his attention was rivetted by the head of the Madonna, which being the earliest part of the picture, was already dry enough to produce a very good effect. There was in the strongly-marked, but not uncomely features, something which in a moment, and as if by magic, relieved him from a bondage, which had long oppressed him.

Ingegno, who pursued his art negligently, and as a mere *dilettante*, had by degrees forsaken that set form of features which was so deeply impressed by the teaching of the schools upon the painters of that time, and to which they afterwards adhered from habit, and by common consent. We find features such as were then given to saints and virgins, with a certain contraction about the nostrils and corners of the mouth, and even the general outlines of the face, in the pictures of Luca Signorelli di Cortona, who had been the very first master

of our youthful painter; and the intelligent boy had not exactly copied his master's peculiar manner, but had endeavoured to seize and to follow it. There was, however, much in it that stood in contradiction to his own manner of seeing things,—a contradiction which he had never dared to own, even to himself, until the breadth and simplicity of Ingegno's picture gave him courage to utter his secret doubts. He accordingly replied, in a sweet voice, and with an air of bewitching frankness:

"There is a somewhat in your picture, honoured master, which would please me well, were it only because it is new to me. I dare say that at times you may fail to reach the very countenance and expression that you would fain represent, but the form of your heads seems to me to come far nearer to the natural shape than most that I have hitherto seen. Your outlines have a graceful roundness, and your features a certain massiveness, which I would fain learn to imitate. For, truly, I am a painter, if indeed it besem me to call myself such, that have not yet ended my sixteenth year. Notwithstanding my youth, however, I do at all times seek the company of older men, hoping that my humble desire for knowledge will not by them be esteemed forwardness."

These polite and measured words did not greatly please Master Ingegno. So ready was he to help all who needed it, that for a trifling sum he annually painted the arms of the newly-elected senators on the walls of the townhall. To suit his habits and ideas, a travelling student of painting, like the youth who now stood behind him on the scaffold, should have bluntly asked the question, "Can you give me a night's lodging, and work for the next few months?" But his impatience was calmed by a second glance at the young stranger, whose face reflected nothing but candour and sweetness, and was, moreover, so picturesquely lighted up by the warm rays of the setting sun, that Andrea, enthusiastic though idle in his art, was strangely captivated by it. He gave him a friendly shake of the hand, and invited him to occupy a small chamber, with a clean bed, in his house, and to partake of good homely fare with his brothers and himself. He was welcome, said he, to stay as long as pleased him, if he would but lend a hand in any work that might have to be done. "It must be confessed," added he, "that the town is but poor, and the rich convent of St. Francis is already painted; therefore do I disdain no work, howsoever trifling and mean it may seem; for when great works are wanting, anything whereon to practise one's-self is welcome, so that the needful skill and courage be not lost."

While speaking these words Andrea took off his apron, and then desired the youth to descend from the scaffolding. He followed him down the ladder, but more slowly and carefully — for though slight and tall in shape, he was past forty. He then hung up the ladder in the outhouse of a neighbour, and went towards home.

His house stood high, near the cathedral, in a three-cornered place, enclosed towards the valley by low houses, and towards the hill by high garden-walls overtopped by laurels, pomegranate-trees, a few old olives, and a cypress. Nothing could be more modest than the entrance into the old house; but, after entering it, and passing through the low dark hall, the stranger was surprised by an enchanting view of the plain of Foligno, seen from an arched balcony, which, though level with the house-door on the side towards the hill, was on the second floor of that part of the house which looked down the declivity. Towards the left a chain of mountains stretched as far as

Spoleto. These were covered nearly to their tops with olive groves, and at their feet were scattered villages, so numerous and so straggling that they appeared to run into each other. The wide fertile plain was still lighted by the rays of the setting sun, while towards the west the towers of Montefalco rose high and dark, and stood out sharply against the glowing sky. After a long day's journey afoot, across barren and shapeless hills, this glorious view had a double charm for the new guest. He leaned over the balustrade, and gave himself up to a dreamy enjoyment, whilst Andrea disappeared through a side-door, leaving the young stranger for awhile to his own devices.

At that time it was an ancient and common custom among painters, freely to claim hospitality from their brethren in art, which usually was granted as freely. But there was in Andrea's invitation and welcome a heartiness so uncommon, that it immediately inspired the young painter with confidence and goodwill toward his host, and at once made him feel at home in his house. He had almost forgotten that he was in a strange place and amongst strange people, when suddenly Andrea's eldest brother, a canon of the cathedral, who had been struck blind early in life, entered the corridor by the side door, feeling his way by the door-posts.

As he entered he called out, "Draw near, good stranger and guest, I would fain learn to know you."

The youth slowly and reverently approached him, and the canon took his hand and repeatedly drew his thin fingers over the youth's delicate features.

"Why, thou art but a young creature!" he exclaimed with great surprise: "how could thy parents suffer thee to leave their house so soon?"

"They are no longer living," replied the youth; "and I have none to protect me save those whom God may send."

The canon raised his cap, and said "Blessed are they that put their trust in Him. And what is thy name, my son?"

"Raphael!" answered the boy; "and my father was Giovanni Santi, a man well looked on in Urbino."

"How much is here united!" said the blind man. "The name and face of an angel and a sainted family! verily, thou must use great diligence in order to do honour to such high omens. But I forgot that I had to tell thee that it is owing only to thee that we are not yet seated at table. My brother would set before thee somewhat more than common for supper; he thought thou must be hungry, being young and journeying afoot. But now follow me, for supper is served ere this."

The blind man then led the way, with the security acquired by long knowledge of the place, but not without a few knocks, through a few unfurnished rooms filled with lumber, into the spacious kitchen, at one end of which in a recess was a low open hearth surrounded with benches. At this hearth Master Andrea was busily cooking. Towards the middle of the room, but not too far from the hearth, stood a strong heavy old-fashioned table, covered at one end with a coarse, gaily-bordered linen cloth, and dimly lighted by a ponderous lamp on a stand. On one side stood a huge dish heaped with juicy grapes and tempting figs, and beside it a pitcher of wine; on the other, a newly-cut wheaten loaf and an aromatic salad,—the indispensable beginning of every meal. The canon instantly sat down at the upper end of the bench, where a cushion was laid ready for him, motioned to the youth to sit beside him,

and desired him to fall to at once, for that Andrea would come presently and soon overtake them.

This hospitable meal was most welcome to the stranger; but neither hunger nor thirst could have caused him to begin his supper with unseemly haste, for modesty and courtesy were his inseparable companions through life. Master Andrea, who now seated himself at the table, glanced half angrily at his moderate guest, and could scarce withhold the question, "Whether the meal was not to his mind?"

The table was cleared of all save the wine; and the canon leaned back comfortably considering the good supper which he had just eaten, the new attractive guest, and his approaching hour of rest. Presently Raphael drew from his pocket a book made of hard, coloured paper, and the blunted silver point which he had inherited from his father, in order to take a slight sketch of the strong tranquil features of the blind man. He held the book below the edge of the table, thinking thus to draw unperceived; but his left hand neighbour, Andrea, peeped over his shoulder and watched his work. To his surprise he saw the boy produce, with a few strokes, a striking likeness, and what to him seemed more remarkable, a perfect representation of the characteristics of cheerful blindness—the unconsciousness of outward things,—the tranquil life of one confined within the circle of his own thoughts and feelings. The school in which Andrea had been formed, without, however, entirely adopting its manner, could indeed paint the dreamy longing of enthusiastic saints, or the silent anguish and conscious resignation of the Redeemer, with wonderful and touching grace; but its disciples had a very superficial perception of the manifold appearances of real life, and remained untouched by their beauty and significance. They studied nature, it is true, but only in order to overcome those difficulties which at each step arrest the progress of a painter who is not intimately acquainted with her. But Raphael had followed nature from the very first; not only for the sake of the instruction he might derive from her, but because her various beauties deeply affected his feelings and his imagination. He beheld in real life sometimes the cheerfulness of perfect innocence, the tranquil resignation of a truly pious mind, or the satisfaction of conscious rectitude, but never that expression of vague, dreamy longing, which the painters of that time were so fond of representing; and, accordingly, the total absence of that character it is that so strikingly distinguishes Raphael's early pictures from those of his fellow-students, which outwardly so strongly resemble them.

Andrea muttered to himself as he watched the progress of the sketch. "How true is the saying, that a good tree grows straight betimes! This boy has done that which I never yet saw any master do; in a few strokes—as easily as though it were mere child's play—he has taken down the reverend gentleman on paper, so that he looks more living than life itself. Have you any more such heads and things as those my Raphaelino?" he added in a louder voice, "let me look at that book."

The youth gave it to him with modest reluctance; Andrea found in it a number of studies from real life, some from the works of other masters, but very few of the young painter's own composition.

Andrea looked through the book several times in silence, now and then interrupted by half-uttered exclamations of surprise, but each time he gazed longest at a study from nature to which Raphael had sought,

by a trifling assistance from his invention, to give the air of a Madonna. At length he laid the book before him, and exclaimed,

“How pure and innocent and maidenlike is that sweet face, and yet so loving and tender, like the best of mothers! That is just what the prior of the convent always wants of me, and which I never can do to his mind, whatsoever pains and trouble I take about it. He always bid me let nature go, and hold fast the idea. But this boy, while he sticks closer to nature than any amongst us, renders the idea more fully and more sweetly than we are able to do with all our study and endeavour.”

Several weeks passed away, during which the two painters enjoyed a free interchange of thoughts and opinions. Meanwhile Raphael worked diligently at whatever came to hand, nor was he at all offended when the handier craftsmen of all kinds brought their signboards to him to be painted afresh, or even only to be restored. He gladly exercised his imagination on such subjects. For each craftsman he painted the patron-saint of his trade; for the blacksmith, the legend of St. Alo,—and in like manner for the rest. He then filled up any vacant spaces with graceful arabesques, or surrounded his compositions with appropriate borders.

'Tis said that after Raphael's departure, Master Andrea bought back many of these signs from the townspeople at a greatly increased price, because he was so well pleased with them. But, besides these trifling commissions, others of greater importance were frequently brought to Andrea, the execution of which afforded to Raphael, who had hitherto painted only with size, an opportunity of learning the then newly-invented methods of painting in oils and in fresco, for Master Andrea was well skilled in both. In order to shew his master what progress he had made in fresco painting, Raphael secretly prepared a work which he intended as a surprise for him.

From Andrea's earliest youth the vaulted entrance to the house had served as an arena for the exercise of his vigorous pencil. He had painted on the wall, here a whole composition, there a mere fragment, without any plan or order, just as may still be seen in a few of the houses of old Italian painters. Fond as the young Raphael had been of this corridor, ever since the first evening on which he entered Andrea's house, he never looked without a feeling of bewilderment and disturbance upon the rough and dusty sketches scattered in confusion upon the walls. He had, therefore, privately made a design on paper for uniting these various fragments into a complete decoration; and once, when Master Andrea was forced to be absent for several weeks on business for the town, Raphael determined to execute his design, and to use so much diligence as to finish it before his master's return.

Immediately opposite the door, leading into the interior of the house, was a blank wall within an arch, this he filled up with Master Andrea's arms, supported by two most graceful angels: he then enlivened the corners of the wall, to which he gave a soft and tender tone of colour, with neatly written inscriptions, setting forth in the Latin tongue the date of the painting and the name of the painter, as well as that of the master by whom the arms were borne. All this the unlettered youth enquired of the canon at various times, without, however, telling him the purpose of his questions. In the same compartment of the wall was a small and, even then, ancient looking, picture of the Blessed Virgin, done by Master Andrea in his earliest youth, which could not in any way be brought in as a part of the general scheme. Raphael, therefore,

surrounded it with a graceful frame, the lights and shadows of which were skilfully painted, so that the picture looked as though it were fixed upon the wall, and stood out from it like the pictures of the Holy Virgin, which it was then usual to put up in every room; this frame was suggested to him by the beautiful carved work in the palace at Urbino, which he had so often admired, and of which he had made such careful drawings. He then painted the space between the ground and the semi-circle, containing the arms and the little picture, in imitation of wooden panelling with friezes, cornices, and pilasters. It was usual at that time to leave openings at regular intervals, in the panelling, which were filled by pictures in fresco, oil, or size; in imitation of this practice, Raphael left spaces in his painted panelling, whenever he came to one of Master Andrea's paintings or sketches on the wall; but as these pictures did not always fill the openings which were left for them, he filled up the vacancies by a few arabesques, or flowers, if the blank was at the top or at the sides, and with a bracket or a small under-picture, if it was at the bottom. He worked with so much diligence, contenting himself with merely indicating the less important parts, that by the time when Ingegno was expected home, the whole was sufficiently finished to shew the general intention and effect.

On his return, Master Andrea dismounted at his little farm in the plain, and sent the mules on towards the town, intending to walk the short remaining distance to his own home. He found the farmer just about to go thither with eggs and other provisions for the house, and not caring to break in upon the man's daily work for a mere trifle, he borrowed a leathern apron from him, filled it with the vegetables and other things, and proceeded homewards. He entered the vaulted hall, and went with his load towards the inner door of the house without looking round. At this moment, however, Raphael, who had remained quiet and silent, in order to get on a little farther with his work, accidentally struck one of the boards of which he had himself constructed his scaffolding, with his foot, and the heavy piece of wood clattered upon the floor. Startled by the noise, Andrea turned quickly round, and, in his amazement at the boy's rapid work, let go the corners of the apron; nor did he observe that all the eggs lay smashed upon the ground, and that the apples were rolling about in all directions, for he had no eyes for aught save Raphael's work. That he should have been able thus to combine what was confused and accidental, into one harmonious whole, and, moreover, to complete the whole so quickly, seemed to Andrea like the effect of magic. The beauty and grace of the details continued to afford him inexhaustible pleasure, until the very end of his life.

Ingegno wisely endeavoured, though often in vain, to conceal from the boy the admiration, and indeed the reverence, with which Raphael's whole character inspired him. But he often whispered in the ear of this man and that, both at Assisi and at the neighbouring towns of Foligno and Perugia, that he had a pupil worth his weight in gold, who, unless he himself were strangely deceived, would do wonders in the art of painting. He succeeded in gaining for Raphael the good-will of the nuns of St. Antonio at Perugia, one of whom was cousin-german to Andrea, to such a degree that, after much hesitation on account of his extreme youth, they commissioned him to paint an altar-piece. They, however, made it a condition that the infant Jesus was to be clothed in a little

shirt, and sent one, curiously embroidered with red thread, to Assisi, to serve as a model to the painter. This little shirt had hitherto been worn by a waxen Jesus, greatly revered by the worthy nuns, but which was now constrained to wear a more homely shirt during the absence of the best one.

This altar-piece was the first considerable work that Raphael had ever undertaken. In it the Madonna was seated on a throne, surrounded by four Saints, among whom were St. Peter and St. Paul, with whose antique type Raphael was already acquainted. When finished, the figures, 'tis true, turned out rather stiff and meagre; but the heads were so grand and so expressive, and the colouring so rich and glowing, that this picture excited general admiration at Perugia; and the artist was invited thither in order to receive his meed of praise, and to undertake further commissions.

This, added to another very important circumstance, led Raphael to the painful resolution of leaving Assisi, and his kind friends there, much sooner than he had at first intended. The celebrated painter, Master Pietro Vanucchi, of Castel della Pieve, upon whom the town of Perugia had recently conferred the rights of citizenship, now determined, after leading a wandering life for upwards of twenty years, to take up his lasting abode in that healthy, populous, and handsome town. From far and near, young painters and pupils came to learn the admired manner of Perugino (as Vannucchi was called henceforth). There was no lack of work for them, for every town within the utmost limits of Italy wished to possess one or more pictures by Pietro Perugino. In those days, the various towns vied with each other in honourable rivalry which should possess the most excellent works of art wherewith to adorn their churches, town-halls, and other public buildings.

In such favourable times, an intelligent scholar was always welcome to the enterprising and active Perugino, more especially one who like Raphael had already given proofs of his ability. But Perugino took care to conceal far better than Andrea had done, how much value he set upon the entrance of so hopeful a pupil into his workshop. His whole demeanour was that of a man proud of having been honoured and employed by Sixtus IV. and other Popes, and by the Medici at Florence. His works in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and those in the church of the convent of St. Gallo, in the chapter-hall of the Cistercians, and other churches at Florence, were among the most admired paintings of Italy. Well-earned fame, considerable wealth, the habit of living on an easy footing with the great men of this world, and a prudent calculation of his own interest, all combined to render Master Pietro's manner cold, measured, and at times even repulsive. In all matters of business, he was clear-headed and careful, avaricious, but not mean, and most faithful in keeping his word.

Raphael adapted himself to his new position with surprising readiness. He met Perugino's formal manner with tranquillity, his pretensions with a full acknowledgment of their justice, while towards his own deficiencies he was inexorable.

The constraint which he felt during the first months of his apprenticeship, was atoned for to him by companionship with so many and various apprentices and pupils as then filled the workshop of Master Pietro. Hitherto he had associated only with men much older than himself, who had ascertained the nature and extent of their own powers,

and who had reached the goal of their pilgrimage. Now, however, a new world was opened to him, a world often of doubt and of anxiety, but also a world of hope, of endeavour, of aspiration after some still higher excellence. Already the youthful artists whispered into each others' ears that a revolution was about to be achieved in painting by the unheard-of efforts of Lionardo da Vinci, and the impetuous Buonaroti. They dared not utter these things aloud, for they were far from welcome to Master Pietro's ears. He had reached his fiftieth year amid honourable exertion, and had now long been deservedly acknowledged the most graceful and elevated of painters, and also the most skilful,—he now wished to rest upon his laurels undisturbed, and to enjoy the fruits of his labours.

Ever since Raphael's first entrance into his workshop (in the year 1500), Master Pietro had bestowed a larger share of attention upon him than upon any of the other apprentices. The youth's free, firm touch, and ever equal finish, insured his master a good profit, he therefore determined to employ him in painting pictures on commission, instead of letting him work by the day. He accordingly removed him from the house into a separate painting-room, which he caused to be made ready for him. He likewise forgave, or overlooked the circumstance that in transferring his invariable and motionless figures to the panel, Raphael infused into them life, and often materially improved their features, limbs, and general bearing. In this manner the young artist felt it less irksome to paint from his master's old designs; but at length it was not without a sigh that he wrote the words *Petrus de Perusia fecit*, under pictures which were now more than half his own.

About this time, too, the fame of Master Pietro began very sensibly to decline, though the number of orders sent to him did not decrease. But Raphael, who never listened to hasty or unjust judgments, did not suffer himself to be disturbed by this. It was indeed true that Master Pietro was growing old, that he had become inconveniently fat, that his feelings were blunted, and his activity impaired; but, on the other hand, a countless treasure of the most beautiful studies and designs, to which his pupils had free access, shewed how high he had stood among the contemporaries of his early years, how unrivalled he still was by those of his later life. What Raphael most admired and chiefly studied was Perugino's taste and judgment in the distribution and arrangement of his figures, which, when most closely crowded were never confused, when most scattered never looked meagre or scanty.

When Pietro entrusted the execution of a work to the more skilful among his scholars, he usually directed them only by word of mouth, occasionally referring them to one of his former designs, in order to keep them within certain limits. Among his innumerable books were the studies for the celebrated entombment painted for the nuns of Sta. Clara, at Florence, and those for the frescoes in the Cistercian convent in the same city. Performances of this kind gave Raphael frequent occasion to call the attention of his fellow-students to the depth, dignity, and artistic grace of their master's works, and to inspire them with fresh admiration of his high excellence; and he at the same time kept Perugino in a favourable state of mind by thus letting him feel how highly he thought of him. He was in this manner indirectly the cause why Master Pietro offered no opposition to many of the innovations which gradually reached even Perugia,—though he by no means countenanced or encouraged them.

Raphael had worked for Perugia a long while, and in spite of his master's avarice, he had by industry and frugality amassed a small sum, when, in the nineteenth year of his age, he determined to leave his apprenticeship, and to paint on his own account. With this view he had accepted commissions for three altar-pieces for various churches in the neighbouring town of Castello, when Bernardino Pinturicchio came to Perugia to hire a few assistants from Master Pietro's workshop. The newly-elected Pope wished to have the most important events in the life of his uncle Pius II. painted upon the walls of a hall which had been built by the latter fifty years before, close beside the cathedral at Siena. Pius III. had commissioned Pinturicchio to execute this great work with the least possible delay.

In his youth, Bernardino had been one of the most graceful and finished painters of his time. He at first imitated the manner of Niccolò Alunno whom, however, he far surpassed, especially in his picture at San Anas, in a suburb of Perugia. Subsequently, however, he forsook the less profitable pursuit of excellence, and adopted a slighter manner, better calculated to satisfy the caprices of his patrons at a cheaper and quicker rate. Although he thus greatly lessened the value of his own productions as works of art, he originated the custom of decorating palaces, and even houses of a less splendid kind, with fresco paintings, a style which required an entirely new set of subjects, and opened a far wider range to art than she had hitherto enjoyed; history, mythology, allegory, and even landscape, now took their place in the domain of art by the side of religion.

To the new class of subjects belonged the life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., which we have already mentioned. He belonged to a noble, but indigent family, and great care had been taken to cultivate his mind, and to stimulate his energies very early in life. A series of paintings was to set forth his youthful promise, his faithful services, embassies, and adventurous journeys, to shew how the emperor had honoured him with a poet's wreath, and, somewhat later, the church with a cardinal's hat, to celebrate his elevation to the Papal chair, the efforts which he made, when in that position, to unite the whole of Christendom against their arch enemy, and his canonization of several saints. For this series, Raphael, whose inventive genius Pinturicchio had quickly discovered, designed, amongst other things, the departure of an embassy on a journey by sea and land, wherein he himself was introduced as one of the retinue, seated on a horse and looking back over his shoulder. These designs, of which two very neatly finished and coloured are still extant, were all that Raphael could do, as he had pledged himself, before the arrival of Pinturicchio, to finish the three altar-pieces for the town of Castello within a year, and was thus prevented from accompanying that master to Siena, in order to assist in the execution of his own designs.

Bernardino and Raphael resolved, as they were forced to part, at any rate to leave Perugia on the same day, and, together, to give a parting entertainment to the other artists, which, however, Bernardino insisted on arranging and paying for. Not far from the town, in a hollow where the roads branch off towards Castello and Cortona, stood a tavern more distinguished for the excellence of its cook than for the beauty of its situation; the latter, however, was cool and shady, and at this early season the turf beneath a group of elms was still green and fresh: on

this spot, a few of the apprentices whom Pinturicchio had sent on before, knocked together the necessary tables and benches out of whatever materials came first to hand, with truly artistic readiness. By the time the guests arrived the board was spread, and the sadness of approaching separation was gradually changed almost to rejoicing by the cheering influence of feasting and wine. In this frame of mind Master Bernardino opened his lips and spoke as follows: "My heart must surely be made of stone if, in the presence of so many young men, I were unmindful of the days of mine own youth. At your age I too was full of hope, free from care and of good cheer, as you are now. My endeavours to achieve something really good and worthy of fame were earnest and true; but I was seldom well pleased with that which I had done; here and there I succeeded, but the rest looked all the worse by the contrast. It was not until my name was in all the people's mouths, and that it became matter for dispute which of us deserved the highest praise, whether it were Pietro or whether it were not rather myself, that I felt a comfortable assurance of my own merit. For, truly, it was no small matter to be compared at all with such a master, even though he does stand (as I then thought and do still think) several degrees above myself. There is one thing in which I may safely place myself on a level with him, namely the art of turning my fame to good account. Pietro, who had more ambition than I, never grew slack in his efforts to excel in art, while I, disdainful the admiration of posterity, adopted a slight and easy method whereby I earned not only greater profit, but also greater popularity than by my earlier and better works; for I was now able to fulfil the wishes and commands of my noble patrons far more quickly than before, and that is, after all, what they chiefly value. Great lords have not often the time to examine every hair stroke in a picture, but they like to have their whims gratified speedily, before they have lost their mind to them, or perhaps even altogether forgotten what it was that they wanted. In this easy way I have already earned so much that I could afford any day to fold my arms and do nothing; indeed I only paint now to pass away the time. — But do not you young men imagine that fame and fortune can now be gained in the like manner; ere long there will be an end of such a slovenly manner of painting, for folks are already beginning to prick up their ears and put on their spectacles, and I would have you to know that the time is coming when people will no longer be satisfied with mere every-day performances."

Here Raphael, who had hitherto listened attentively, interrupted him and said — "The matter which you, worthy master, have just touched upon, has more than once been discussed amongst us: nevertheless, neither myself nor any of my comrades do fully comprehend it. It floats before our eyes, and moves our hearts to hope or to fear, according to the nature of each one among us. But you who have journeyed so far, and seen so much, must needs be better able to inform us minutely and aright concerning these things, than any other."

"There are," continued Bernardino, "two things which threaten to give a fresh impulse to painting, wherewith few among us will have power to keep pace; least of all we old ones, who are hardened in our sins. The first of these is, that the works of the old sculptors are now admired even by those who know nothing about art. Formerly, none, save builders and sculptors, talked about that which is called "the antique," whereas the painters, from whom no one ever required anything but

saints, took little heed of the old broken bits of marble; but now-a-days, when I am desired to decorate a hall, a gallery, or some such thing, straightway folks ask, whether I be not minded to paint some fable therein, with fauns, nymphs, and the like. For, say they, there are saints enough to be seen in the churches and convents. I have, indeed, noted down a few things of the kind in my books, the which I often bring into the side-pieces and decorations; and I have remarked, that great lords, and even prelates, do oftentimes look askance thereat, whilst I shew them the chief paintings, and expound the subjects thereof. But I have never ventured to compose a great work out of these subjects, as I feel that that which they most require is wanting to me. Moreover, the old statues have this fault, that they spoil the eyes of all those who do not themselves belong to the art. Such persons have oftentimes said to me: 'But, good Master Bernardino, whence comes it that you modern painters give to your figures such thick joints, such hollow thighs, and such crooked limbs? Why should not they be fair, and strong, and wholesome, like those antiques which we see in all parts of Rome?' And pray what can I answer? for, between ourselves, the people are not so far wrong. Not long since, I was painting the new rooms in the Vatican and Belvedere for the late pope, my noble patron, — whatever else folks may say of him. I sought to satisfy the critics with plenty of gilding and fine landscapes, wherein I introduced houses made of plaster in relief, with gold upon them as thick as my hand. 'How splendid!' cried the gentlemen. 'How it glitters!' For the raised brackets and cornices shone with every ray of light. And I was well paid, as I ever have been when I put plenty of gilding into my work. But presently there came others, who shrugged their shoulders and said: 'This is mere trifling, which dazzles the eye, but fails to satisfy the mind.'

"But the greatest evil will come upon you from Florence. There dwell two men, one old, the other young, Lionardo and Michel Angelo. Sooner or later these two men will bring total ruin upon us of Perugia, by their uncommon knowledge of the bones and muscles of the human body. They assert, that no man can draw a figure aright unless he have exact knowledge of all that lies beneath the skin; that a general conception of the appearances of life will not suffice, but that it must be known in all its parts. Now, I have nothing to say against all this, save that I am too old and stiff to begin my art all over again, from the very beginning; but as for you, who are young, do you set to work, and learn all that you have time and power to learn.

"I have made good use of my time, and may now be allowed to sit down at peace and look on at these things. The work I am about to begin at Siena, is not unlikely to be the last of its kind that I shall be commissioned to execute. Nay, even Master Pietro, who will not yet believe a general change to be possible, may still be forced to bate somewhat of his high demands. He is well placed, and ought, like me, to be able to look upon the new turn which things are taking, without grudging or ill-will. At some future time, people will open their eyes, and be forced to confess that our heads have great expression, and that we succeeded better in sacred subjects than those who came after us.

"In following this new system, things may in time come to such a pass, that many a one who can paint a beautiful trunk and fine limbs, may nevertheless be quite unable to find the suitable head thereto."

"Surely," said Raphael, "the first thing that all men, whether learned or ignorant in art do require, or at least ought to require of a picture, is, that it should express its subject-matter aright. Hence it seems to me almost impossible that a painter should neglect the face wherein the human soul doth display itself in a more lively manner than in the movement and attitudes of all the other parts of the body."

"Thou must not conceive, my Raphael," replied Pinturicchio, "that because things ought to be done after a certain fashion, they therefore will be done accordingly. On the contrary we painters are but too apt to make a boast and a display of that which has cost us the greatest trouble."

"Well then," said Raphael with some warmth, "he who cannot conceal his study and his labour, who cannot keep them entirely out of sight in his pictures, who, instead of placing before people's eyes those things which he has undertaken to represent, shews them rather his own laborious efforts; such an one may indeed fall into the error of neglecting that which is most important, in favour of that which is merely most difficult. But I, for my part, will never cease, above all things, to study the expression of the face. It is indeed true, that the various postures and turns of the figure have a certain grace and expression, the which, oftentimes, is not rightly seen in the pictures of our painters, because they know not how to treat the body and limbs, and hence they readily fall into the error of placing their figures in postures so strange and unnatural that they look as though they were bewitched. When I first went to Master Pietro, I was astonished at the variety in the attitudes of his figures, and thought that he could not be surpassed in that respect; but when I had grown familiar with his studies, designs, and pictures, I began to consider within myself, what—if his figures moved from their places, or changed their positions, must be their next posture after leaving the one wherein they were depicted. This question I was very seldom able to answer, and at length I was forced to confess that they stood in their places as if by the power of magic, and must tumble down in all directions if they were shaken. Accordingly I resolved never again to paint any figure, whereof the posture did not naturally arise from some preceding one, in which case, that which ought to follow can never be doubtful. To this end I make constant use of nature; my good comrades there, Domenico Alfani, and the black-haired Spaniard, Giovanni, have stood in an easy and natural manner as models for most of the figures in the picture of the marriage of our Lady which I am to paint at Castello. I did not, according to the common practice, force them into any predetermined attitude, but let them fall spontaneously into the kind of action or posture that I wanted to study. I intend in this picture to preserve the beautiful grouping which Master Pietro has already given to this subject but I hope to give more life and freedom to each separate figure."

"Go on as thou hast begun, my Raphael!" exclaimed Master Bernardino, "methinks thou canst never swerve from the straight path which thou hast entered. All, or most of those who surround thee, will excel thee in some one point; but what will that avail them? give me above all an even measure in all things;—and thou alone wilt be all of one piece, thou alone wilt always achieve in all things that which is sufficient, satisfactory, and appropriate."

The saddle and pack-horses of the two travellers had long since arrived, and stood close at hand, impatiently pawing the soft turf, and

tormented by the flies. The moment of departure could no longer be delayed. When Raphael had mounted his horse, and looked back once more at the companions whom he was leaving, none were unmoved. Bernardino Pinturicchio rode silently towards Cortona with his new apprentices. None but the merest handicraftsmen had joined him, whereas, had Raphael not been prevented from accompanying him, the best of the workshop at Perugia would have followed him to Siena. On their way home to Perugia these last talked only of Raphael; they felt as though their guardian angel had left them. And when, ere long, the school of Perugia sunk into a mere manufacture of soulless pictures, they all clearly saw that it was Raphael alone, who, so long as he remained in Perugia, had given them life and inspiration, and that with him their soul had fled.

 THE YARD OF CLAY.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

Air—"The Ivy Green."

A FINE old thing is the yard of clay,
 The zest of a social throng;
 It driveth the clouds of grief away
 From the old as well as the young;
 The heart may be wrung by the hand of care,
 Or with joyous mirth be crowned;
 But a lofty hope for the spirit's wear
 In the yard of clay is found.
 Puffing all our cares away,
 A fine old thing is the yard of clay.

God Bacchus hath many a trophy won
 From the pipe, for his glorious shrine,
 And till his career on the earth is done
 It ever must be divine.
 It heeds not the frowns of the rich or poor;
 It beareth no faction's sway;
 And where is a friend in the world so sure
 As this fine old yard of clay.
 Puffing, &c.

The beardless boy, with his meerschaum fine,
 Or famous princepee,
 To fashion's strange follies may still incline;
 They never will do for me.
 The stoic, too, dead to our joys, may blame,
 And barter his peace away;
 But, while life still throbs in this mortal frame
 I'll cling to the yard of clay.
 Puffing, &c.

Our fathers, who loved the pipe, have died,
 Their vacant seats we find;
 And we will cling with a steadfast pride
 To the faith they left behind.
 And when from the spot where we now appear,
 Our spirits are called away,
 May those who are sent to succeed us here,
 Still honour the yard of clay.
 Puffing, &c.

THE CAVALIER'S HAT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

GADS my life, my friends, ye are but scurvy companions ; ye make a dark night darker by your melancholy fanglements, your murders, and your morals, exclaimed the deep curled Beaver, with a sorry remnant of a feather still attached to its faded loop and band ; I lived—for after being buried by the hands of an antiquary, I have naturally felt myself dead ever since—I lived, I say, gentlemen, in the reign of the merry monarch, who returned to his kingdom with such a tail of harum-scarum dogs, that morality packed up the few trifles fashion had left her, and absconded. She was rung out by many a merry peal ; and the puritan locked up his psalm book, and took to the conning of roundelays.

The sudden severing of the bonds that had under the puritan reign confined society and its passions, caused a rebound which threatened to upset all rule and regulation ; vice stalked with its painted face in broad day, and no one felt abashed at owning its acquaintance.

My master was handsome, and he knew it, who does not when nature has been kind to them ? His glass showed him a fine manly form, redolent with youth and health ; what the mirror told him was confirmed by the ladies' eyes, who watched him with many a lingering look in the saloon and in the Mall, and as he was of an age to put faith in their judgment, he consented to believe himself irresistible.

The first morning we went out together, what shafts from bright eyes were levelled at me and my gallant master, as we passed the be vies of beauties on the Mall ! I towered above the crowd of beauty and fashion, as if king of the universe ; upon approaching a pond, around which were numerous lordly dressed people, my master raised me elegantly from his scented curls, and lowered me before one who was chatting and laughing to the circle, and ever and anon feeding the ducks that clustered round him to receive his bounty. This gentleman slightly touch his beaver, but did not return my master's courtesy in full, for he still kept on his richly plumed hat ; this I thought strange, for my master was much his superior in appearance ; the stranger was past the meridian of life with a slately face, and rather an unbecoming black periwig ; yet the few words he uttered were of much sweetness and great courtesy, but still I thought there was an overweening patronage about the tone in which he addressed us, but guess how my very beaver stirred when I found we were before the King—the King ! Charles the Second ! In the hat-maker's warehouse from which I was first taken I had heard from the conversation of some old hats his eventful history, and I was in his presence ! It was a glorious day ! When my master had finished his short interview with the king, we passed on with increased honour ; all eyes were upon us ; we could neither help their looking nor their envy. As my master entered one of the long alleys of the park, a page, doffing his plumed cap, presented him with a billet, a common occurrence at that time ; he thrust it into his pocket to keep company with some dozen others, which he facetiously called Cupid's petitions.

He passed the rest of the day in the company of some merry blades, who managed to get through it by the help of rackets, dinner, and a throw or two with the little dice. As night came on, he returned to his home, and, throwing a large dark cloak over his gay dress, sallied out after conning over carefully one of the before mentioned *billets doux*, which appeared from its peculiar shape to be the one last received in the morning.

My innocent surprise was rather great, I must own, as I found my dear master introducing me into a window of a noble mansion, by means of a rope staircase, which was apparently opened for his expected ingress; the moon slightly illumined the apartment, which seemed, by its faint beams, to be gorgeously furnished; he stepped cautiously into the chamber, and listening for a moment, laid me on the table, and gave a low signal like the note of a nightingale. He again listened, when the loud tones of a man's voice were heard, demanding admittance into an adjacent chamber; the dark tapestry on the opposite wall was cautiously opened, and the figure of a man appeared, who with stealthy tread approached the table where I was lying, and without perceiving my master, seized and threw me on his head, quickly gained the ladder and descended, but was met as he placed his foot upon the ground, by the rough voice and rougher grasp of a person who had evidently been watching for him. To draw his sword was the action of a moment, and to it they went, but ere they had made three passes, a second joined in the attack against my wearer.

My master upon hearing the clash of weapons, hurried down and joined in the fray, taking the weaker side; but what was my surprise to see him with the stranger's plumed hat upon his head; both the wearers seemed to have been on the same errand; both hats had been placed on the same table, and each mistaking his own in the dark, had taken the wrong one. My master soon stretched one of the assailants on the grass, the other took to his heels, leaving the two cavaliers to do the same, which they very quickly did, without waiting to exchange a word, or waste their breath upon compliments. I really think I never felt such a pang of regret, as when I saw my own respected master dwindle into a shadow in the moonlight, and then entirely vanish amidst the trees.

My new wearer, however, kept on gallantly, and soon distanced all pursuit; he gained a side door which he quickly opened, admitting him into the grounds of a large mansion which rose palace-like before us. As he made fast the inside he gave a congratulatory chuckle which bespoke his inward satisfaction at his fortunate escape, and walked slowly and deliberately towards the mansion which he entered with his master key, and after groping his way through a corridor for a short distance, opened a door of a sumptuous chamber, where burnt a large lamp, which threw over it a warm bright light, flung himself upon one of the rich ottomans, and casting me from him on a gilt table that stood before him, gave way to an immoderate fit of laughter.

After indulging himself in this way for some time, he cast his eyes upon me and his laugh subsided. As he scrutinized me a frown came over his brow, and he exclaimed, "Oddsfish! I have unwittingly crowned some rogue in my hurry, this must be looked to; he shook his black periwig. It was the King!

The next morning, the King with his own hands placed some jewels around me, and with a cunning smile threw me upon his dark curls; I heard a half-stifled oddsfish! escape from his lips, as he walked slowly into the presence chamber, where, whilst apparently listening to the circle of flatterers who were thrusting their many petitions into his hands, which he received with smiles and promises, his penetrating eye was wandering from face to face amidst his courtiers, to see if any furtive glance was cast at me; no, none!

Though placed thus by accident upon the greatest head in the kingdom, I still felt anxious and concerned for the fate of my previous wearer; my thoughts were thus running on, when he appeared making his way through the surrounding throng. As he knelt to kiss the hand of the king, who welcomed him with a smile, he perceived that my former master carried no hat in his hand; he started, and exclaimed in a low tone, "Oddsfish man where is your hat?"

"Your Majesty will pardon me," replied my master, "but I discovered this morning, that it was placed so high that I might over-reach myself by attempting to take it, so have I come to pay my duty without it. The King smilingly whispered in his ear, "Come thou most discreet of Cavaliers to my Cabinet this evening, I will give orders for thy secret admittance, and I will there show thee that prudence is the safest ladder through the aid of which thou mayst reach any height!"

Bright visions of happiness floated through the brain of my young master when I next encircled his brow, for I was again in his possession; what passed in his interview with the King, I am bound as a courtier not to divulge, but on that same night, the two hats were on the right heads, and my young master had gained considerably by reason of two gallants having in their intrigue been disappointed, through the unexpected return of a husband.

Time flew on, but not without dropping from his wings something beneficial to my master, whose improved situation and good standing with the King soon became apparent to the many envious idlers of the court; even the all-powerful and favourite Duke of Buckingham beheld with some anxiety, the mysterious commencement and rapid progress of my master's favour in the sight of the King. The whole affair being kept secret from him gave him great cause of distrust; he, above all others, knowing the fickle and changeable mind of Charles, and jealous of being thrust aside through a fresh favourite, accordingly set on a party of his dissolute followers, to dog the steps and watch the actions of my master, and endeavour to trace out what he was engaged in, or what he had done, to have secured the patronage of the monarch.

This kind of *espionage* continued for some length of time, of course without success, as the habits of my master appeared to be unchanged; he still frequented the same spots, and the same companions, his means alone seemed altered; much of his property pledged, during the troubles to the money lenders, was returned upon advantageous terms, and his old home secured from the gripe of an unjust possessor, who could shew no title to it, and who retired from the contest when he saw who espoused the cause of my defrauded master. These things could not escape the watchful eyes of the favourite, but the motive of his royal master was still hidden in obscurity, and, like other things that are obscure and hidden, soon took the form that was uppermost in the suspicious mind of the favourite, who, had he known the cir-

cumstance that led to my master's rise, would have only laughed at it, nor envied the luck of the young aspirant; but its mystery was its terror.

My master entered one evening a tavern, to discuss a flask with one of his intimates, threw me on the table, and called loudly for the drawer, who soon placed between him and his friend a most satisfactory measure; hardly had they wetted their lips, when three swaggering blades rolled in, and, seating themselves at the same table, roared out their commands with a drunken air, and then fixed their eyes upon my master and his friend. Their stare was too impertinent to be mistaken, but my master, who knew them to be the dissipated followers of Buckingham, took no notice of them, but continued his quiet conversation with his friend, for he knew no cause why such conduct should have been directed personally to himself. They soon commenced, in no very measured tones, to shout out some ribald songs of the day, with the seeming intention of annoying all present, but more especially a person who sat reading, with a small measure of wine before him, at an adjoining table. His appearance was noble and soldier-like; his grey hairs and worn habiliments bespoke many years of toil and service; the staid color and plain cut of the latter smacked as much of the puritan as the times rendered safe; in fact, he was just the kind of object to attract the attention of bullying roysterers like them. But, after raising his eyes for a moment at their first outburst, he dropped them on his book and resumed his reading as if he had been alone.

There was evidently a design to pick a quarrel, and, after many unavailing attempts to rouse some one to be first, they spied me on the table where my master had thrown me on his first entrance. One bearded flushed-faced ruffian, slyly winking at his comrades, took off his greasy cap and forcibly thrust it down over my crown, most grievously crushing my feathers. The moment this act caught my master's eye, he rose, and, with one blow, struck the facetious gentleman to the floor. All swords flew out of their scabbards on the instant, and his companions lifting him up, joined him in the attack upon my master; but he was soon relieved from the odds by his friend and the stranger, the latter of whom sent one of the bullies' swords spinning in the most dexterous manner to the other end of the room, whilst the other, whom my master's friend had engaged, gave up an unequal contest, leaving my master to finish off the provoker of the quarrel, which he soon did by very satisfactorily making the very hilt of his sword knock upon the ruffian's ribs, who fell with a groan upon the floor, and yielded up his base spirit in a crimson stream.

A horrid clamour instantly arose, which, for the moment, bewildered my master; but the stranger, seizing him by the arm, forced him through the crowd, who at once made way for him, and led him into the street.

Here I must beg your indulgence, for of many scenes of which I was actually the cause, I was not, if I may use the term, an eye witness; although, in after times, when produced, as it were, as a party concerned, had I heard the true facts related, and am therefore able to add these corroborating links to my relation, without which your curiosity would remain upon the stretch and unsatisfied.

My master was then hurried by the stranger down streets and alleys, until he approached the water side; here all was silent, except the rush of the tide, for the evening had set in, and all the pliers and

bargemen of the stream had pulled up their craft on the strand, or anchored their boats and left the river in its solitude.

The stranger, after looking cautiously round, whistled once or twice a low note, which was soon replied to, by a man rising from the bottom of a small wherry, where he had been concealed, and whistling the same notes.

He bade my master enter the boat, and, stepping in after him, placed himself by his side, and the man rowed off, for some glancing lights, as if in pursuit, warned them to be quick in their escape—no word was uttered on either side for some time, when, at length, the silence was broken by the stranger, who, addressing my master, said, "Young man, I know not who you are, or whether you are one of those roystering blood-seeking brawlers, of which yonder city is so full; but I feel, that in the punishment of that debauched Buckingham's brutal follower, you have acted but as a man should who deserves to carry good steel by his side; there is also something about your face that tells me I may trust you. For your safety then, I will peril myself; for I know the power of that bad nobleman, with his weak master and King, and also that he will stop at nothing to revenge on you the death of his follower; therefore you stand in a great danger; your hat which, in your hurry, you have left in the tavern, will jeopardize you further, as it will lead to the recognition of its owner; all this considered leads me to trust you, and to save you from imminent peril. I intend taking you to my place of hiding; for from the part I took during the banishment of your King, so great is the risk I run, that I dare not as yet appear boldly in public. Swear then that you will not betray me; for my own part I would put faith in you, but am bound to be cautious for the safety and happiness of another, whose well-being depends upon my own."

My master, accordingly, swore solemnly to keep inviolable the place of retreat to which his preserver was bearing him.

They were borne quietly up the river by the flowing tide, without meeting with a single boat in their progress; the moon illumined with a sickly light, the haze that lay thickly upon the bosom of the water, giving an indistinct and phantom-like appearance to the trees which clustered upon its margin. My master endeavoured, but vainly, to make out their course, which he judged must be bearing him some distance from the metropolis, for each successive clime sounded more distant in the stillness of the night.

At last the boat, with one vigorous pull, rushed into what appeared to be a bed of reeds upon the bank; the stranger rose, and, offering him his hand, guided him upon a hidden causeway of a few yards' length on to the firm bank; here, at first, all appeared desolate, until a more minute scrutiny shewed an indistinct form of some old gable-building, rearing itself amidst the marshy grounds in the dip of the embankment. Towards this they proceeded, which needed a good pilot, for the glitter of water ever and anon shewed itself amidst the dank herbage, and the gurgling of many tiny waters warned them of their close vicinity to dangerous footing. A few planks placed across a more impetuous water, led them to the door of an old deserted water-mill, at which the stranger knocked, and whistled the same signal which had brought the boatman to their aid. After waiting a few seconds, the fall of cumbersome fastenings was heard, and the door slowly opened, but no light or person could be distinguished. The stranger grasped

my master's arm, and led him forward into the darkness ; he did not feel quite comfortable as he noted the slow and cautious tread of his guide, and heard the rush of many waters beneath his feet, and felt the damp wood-work that occasionally met his hand.

His nervous feeling was, however, soon put an end to by a door being thrown open, showing him a comfortably lighted room, the only occupant of which was a young fair girl, who rose with a startled look as she beheld a stranger, but was soon in the arms of my master's guide, whom she tenderly embraced, and called father!—he returned her embrace with much affection, and explained, in a few words, the cause of my master's appearance.

To return to myself, now I have lodged my master in security, I must tell you that I, of course, was seized upon immediately by the officers of justice, as an excellent mute evidence against my master ; and, for the first time in my life, I felt contemptible for being the cause of danger to one I loved so well—the hue-and-cry was up, and the disappointed Buckingham, who had evidently depended upon the dead bully giving instead of receiving a quietus, set every engine in motion to trap my unfortunate master. I assure you my very feathers often trembled as I thought of his danger—but the revengeful Duke was foiled, for weeks flew by and he was still in successful hiding.

At last the very noise made about the matter caused the story to reach the ears of the King, who immediately ordered the witnesses before him. These were parties who had witnessed the affray, and who were unknown to my master ; while the bully's companions never made their appearance, but thought the safer course was to keep out of the way. As to the foiled Duke, he seemed profoundly ignorant of the whole affair. He, indeed, had hoped to rid himself of my master by some of the many means within his power, without having recourse to the intervention of justice ; but, what was his astonishment when I was produced, to find the King instantly recognize me, and order full notice to be given, that my master might come out of hiding, with the surety of a fair trial, for that he would see even justice dealt out in his own royal person.

How I quivered from feather to brim as my master upon this assurance claimed me in open court, and in a plain and simple manner told the beginning and the fatal ending of the brawl ; as to how he was set upon, and would have fared, but for the interference of the good sword of his friend, who was there to corroborate all that he had said ; which he did accordingly, to the full clearance of my innocent master, and the great discomfiture of the Duke, whose chagrin could only be equalled by his astonishment, when, upon the acquittal of my master, the King said loud enough for all to hear,

“Oddsfish, man ! thy good genius is within thy hat-band !”

How happy was I, how happy was my master ; yet he left the gay ring in the Park, and the light gallants of the Mall. His voice no longer sounded in revelry ; but he lay chanting soft songs the livelong day to the twang of his guitar ; and in the evening shrouded himself in the folds of a dark cloak, and sought the weedy banks of the Thames, rowing himself gently down the stream to the ruined mill in the marshes. Here he patiently listened for hours to the wrongs of his old puritan friend, with an earnestness truly admirable. This in one of his temperaments would appear somewhat marvellous ; but when I inform you that another listener sat at her tambour-frame, and occa-

sionally raised her dovelike eyes to look for a moment at the noble and expressive face of her father's young friend, the mystery is at once unravelled. But still he felt grateful to her father for the service he had rendered him, and resolved by every exertion to use his influence with the King for the future safety and comfort of the old man; who now, seeing the stability of the throne upon which the King was seated, felt the expediency of abandoning the cause to which he had been so firm an adherent. My master's kindness and disinterestedness were considered to be most noble by both father and daughter, who gave him full credit for both qualities; but, in truth, as far as I was concerned, I did not go the whole length of their panegyrics, for I had been a great deal in the world, and was given to observation; and if the young people did not love each other in a very old-fashioned way I am no judge of blushes or sighs; and I, of course, considered that this accounted in some measure for the very great interest he seemed to take in the old man's affairs. I don't like to be censorious, or I might say very often, in the twilight, I have heard such a sharp smack, which sounded to me very like a kiss; but its being twilight, and the old gentleman snoring rather roughly at the time, I would not swear to it.

Few persons would have imagined that the solitary mill, apparently falling to decay amidst the willows and reeds of the swamp, could contain inhabitants, so cautious were the inmates to avoid notice; but, in those days, the traffic up the river was trifling, and the temptation so little to land upon a shore nearly half water, that there was hardly a chance for any wayfarer discovering it to be the abode of any human beings. Yet, notwithstanding its forbidding outside, my master, tired of courts and courtiers, had there taken up his abode; and in that small spot two fond and affectionate hearts beat for each other with all the purity of a first affection. This was too apparent to be hidden from the eyes of the old father, who felt proud when my master, with the frankness of youth, laid his petition of love at his feet. The old man, knowing full well the instability of his own protection for his loved daughter, who now was his only care and anxiety on earth, was delighted, as he felt convinced that he had now secured an honourable and worthy guardian for his innocent and unworldly girl, who in the course of nature must soon lose him, and be thus left alone in the wide world, to buffet with its freaks and fortunes.

The tears fell from his eyes as he embraced them. That evening where could have been found three happier beings? With the exception alone of the clouding anxiety which was naturally felt for the fortune and dangerous position of the noble old father; but, with the elasticity of a young spirit, my master would not suffer it at such a moment to gather upon the happiest moment of his life, and, endeavouring to dispel all mournful thoughts, he drew glowing pictures of success, and bright days of happiness yet in store for him who had been too faithful to a cause which he had espoused conscientiously, and for which he had fought with bravery, and in the struggle for which he had lost all but honour and his child.

The next day was to be the one in which my master was to seek an interview with the King, and ask a pardon for the grey-haired veteran. Their hearts were filled with hope; and they felt not even the shadow that was fast spreading, to darken the prospect, and inflict another pang upon them.

With a wariness and caution, taught to all world-seekers of those

troublesome times, Buckingham, the king of craftsmen, had continued to watch my master's movements; for he well knew that trifles had been the making of him, and might be the marring of him; he, therefore, soon discovered the absence of my master from the gay nightly orgies of the town, and hoped to find that he was mixed up with some of their fanatical meetings, the continual gatherings of which were no secret to him. What was his delight when one of his creatures brought him the information of my master's nightly mysterious wanderings, and his being traced to the opposite bank of the river, where he was constantly lost sight of, from the absolute necessity of the watcher keeping a safe distance, amidst the trees, and overhanging banks of the stream.

Every engine that Buckingham could devise was set in motion, and he soon discovered that some mystery was hidden of value to my master, beneath the shattered walls of the old mill, and coupled with the secret account brought to him, after the death of his bully, by my master's hand, he concluded that he had now obtained a clue to the retreat of the stranger who had so effectually espoused my master's cause, and who, it will be remembered, had fled with him and had not appeared at my master's justification; therefore there must be a plot! Men's heads, at that time, were crammed with nothing else; plot became a household word, and a bugbear! Buckingham hugged himself in anticipation of his triumph, and laid his blood-hound myrmidons on the track.

Around the rude hearth that was well supplied with logs, that blazed cheerfully up the chimney, and dispelled the chilly feeling experienced from the swampy vicinity, and the fog which rolling in thick clouds around the mill, almost hiding it from sight, sat the lovers in silent musings on their expected happiness, whilst the old man gazed in deep and anxious thought upon the crackling logs. It was one of those moments when the rush of thought upon the mind refuses to the tongue the power of speech, and the young and innocent, full of hope, paint the future with the brilliant colours of their own imaginings, and the old dwell with melancholy mood upon the past.

The reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old soldier's follower, the last of the many who had been with him in the day of his success, and who had sworn to share his fortune either for weal or woe. He entered with alarmed look, for the stillness of the night had been broken by the dash of oars. Ever on the alert, he had gone to his look out, and as clearly as the gathering mists would allow, had discovered figures evidently in search of the mill, but the many streams, and the swampy nature of the ground, had bewildered them. He placed pistols and a carbine in the hands of his old master, who ordered him to get the boat ready, if possible, so that they might, should their secret retreat be found out, endeavour to escape in the shrouding mist.

My master enveloped the trembling girl in his cloak, and, drawing his sword, prepared himself to follow the footsteps of her father, who, cautiously undoing the fastenings, moved noiselessly along with my master, and the daughter in the rear. They pursued their route across the fragile bridge of planks. At the moment of their emerging from the mill, they heard the low voices of men, apparently from the bank of the river, and ever and anon a phantom-like figure appeared for a moment, indistinctly, and then disappeared.

Clinging together, the three fugitives trod cautiously the dangerous path that led them to the concealed boat amidst the willows. They had not proceeded far when they were joined by their anxious attendant, who had prepared the boat, and who informed them that he had perceived a boat full of men, part of whom had landed close to them, and that no word must be spoken or oar plied, for fear their close proximity should be detected; but when once safely aboard, they must trust to the rapidly running tide to bear them from their present danger, and, as by former agreement, repair to my master's house and abide the event of his application to the King.

They had hardly gained the boat, and were gently pushing off, when the loud voices of some of their seekers proclaimed that they had reached the mill, and discovered that their prey had escaped. No moment was to be lost! The oars were seized, and one vigorous push launched them into the current! Their hearts sunk as they felt a sharp breeze was springing up, dispersing the mist, and exposing them to the sight of their enemies! In their anxiety the pulling of their oars became distinctly audible to their pursuers, and the rapid strokes from a well-manned boat were heard in their wake. A few moments sufficed for the breeze to roll back the mist in heavy clouds upon the banks, and shew distinctly our little labouring boat. A cheer from the pursuers announced our discovery, and a few vigorous pulls brought them close to us, when one in the stem of their boat seized our stern with a boat-hook and locked us fast. The terrified girl sank to the bottom of the boat; her father discharged his carbine and tumbled the captor into the current, but hardly had he done so when two or three of the assailants endeavoured to step into our frail bark and seize him, but in doing so turned it completely over, and immersed the whole of us in the rapid tide. My master seized with a frantic grasp the form of his mistress, who had fainted at the first attack, but sank with her in his arms; as he rose to the surface, he grasped her more firmly with one arm, and struck out boldly with the other for the shore, which he gained unperceived; the assailants being busily engaged saving their comrades.

When my master sank, the tide swept me from his head, and I floated on the water, unable to tell whether he was saved or not.

I was seized upon by one in the boat, who imagined he had secured a prisoner; the old man and his servant were likewise saved, but he buried his face in his hands, and groaned in the deepest despair; he had seen the only two beings for whom he cared sink before his eyes, and he now no longer feared what would become of him; the sooner now he met his fate the better. That night saw him fettered with his faithful servant in a dungeon, and his brave name was too well known to expect any mercy at the hands of his captors.

Again was I placed before the King by the exulting Buckingham, who showed beyond a doubt to his credulous monarch, that my master was deep in the plottings of some remnant of the dark and discontented men, who yet continued to trouble the quiet of his reign.

The King sighed as he felt my master's ingratitude, and the apparent justice of the Duke's suspicion, and would have given a gold ransom for my master's life; at this eventful moment an usher entered, and, to the monarch's unfeigned astonishment and the Duke's, announced my master as praying for an audience, "Oddsfish! bring him in," exclaimed the King.

My master entered, but started with surprise as he saw me lying between the King and the Duke upon the table. The King smiled as he beheld his astonishment, and said, "Egad man, here you see your witch-hat is before you, and I hope presages as good an end to your present dilemma as your foregone ones, for I must needs believe that it is your guardian genius! Speak, man, hide nothing from us, and we promise you an indulgent hearing."

Short and simple was the explanation given by my master, convincing by its brevity and frankness, and earnestly did he plead the cause of the father of his love, and the King listened with a grave but kind countenance to the eloquence which was inspired by his gratitude.

Needs it be said that it was successful, for the Duke himself became his advocate when the unravelment set at peace his politic mind, and he beheld that he had been deluded by a shadow. That same evening the King placed me in my master's hand, with papers in my crown that secured a pardon and protection to the father of her who was so soon to become his wife, and I became again the bearer of good to him.

Years have rolled on, yet I still exist to regret the days of my glory, but it will not be for long, for a myriad of tiny moths have made me their board and lodging.

The Hat ceased somewhat suddenly just as I began to hope that I should have listened to the full, true, and particular account of the bridal and the condescending King dancing with the bride, and shaking hands with the old grim Covenanter, even unto the smallest particular of etiquette, but I was disappointed; some inward grumblings too indistinct for me to make out, were all that fell upon my ears.

 VINUM ROMANUM.

"*Hock* erat in votis," bene dixit Horatius olim,
 Ergo si sapias, *Hock* sine fine bibas.
 Virgilius clamat, "nimium ne crede *Colori* ;
 Interdum vapidum quod bene "*Claret*" erit.
 Forte *Madeira* placet, ne dicas nomen ineptum,
 Heu nos insensim quippe "*Madere*" facit.
 "In vino verum," ne dilige ficta, sodalis,
 Nec veram in *falso* pone *dolore** fidem.
 Displicet at multis, ni fallor, *Lachryma Christi*,
 Quam nemo ob nomen religiosus amat.
 "Occupat at *Portum*" qui rectè navigat heros,
 Et sapiens *Portum* portat ad ora suum.

CHARLES DE LA PRYME.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

* Sham pain.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DAVID HUME.

HUME's reputation as a philosopher and an historian has long been on the wane, his views in both are regarded as partial and one-sided; it is believed that in his science he gave exclusive prominence to one set of faculties and that in his estimate of facts he was almost as exclusively guided by one set of authorities. Praised by one school of critics beyond his merits, depreciated by another below his deserts, there is reason to suspect that he has been more frequently judged by the supposed consequences of his doctrines than by the doctrines themselves, and though in the examination of principles it is not possible to neglect their obvious tendency, yet there is a danger that these tendencies may be measured by our own preconceived notions rather than by the necessary and immediate inferences from the author's writings and statements. For this reason we hail Mr. Burton's publication as a valuable aid to form a correct appreciation of a man and of a system which exercised great mastery over public opinion in their own day, and are not wholly uninfluential in ours. We take the man and the system together because the one is the interpreter to the other; indeed, it is difficult at any time to apprehend thoroughly any set of opinions without some knowledge of the circumstances by which they were moulded and formed.

David Hume was born at Edinburgh, April 6th, 1711; he passed through the usual course of Scottish education with some credit, and, in his seventeenth year, commenced the study of the law, which he soon abruptly relinquished. From his early letters to Mr. Ramsay, and from the fragment of an Essay, published by Mr. Burton, we find that his reasoning powers were very early developed, while his imaginative and emotional faculties were almost studiously neglected. Dialectic skill, united to literary ambition, is one of the most powerful stimulants to exertion; the play of reason has as great charms for some minds as the play of fancy for others, and has the further advantage that it seems to lead to real conquests instead of ideal pleasures. In a letter addressed to an unnamed physician, Hume gives a very candid and interesting account of his studies in which he also unconsciously reveals his mental peculiarities.

"You must know that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an arduous natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it."

We should, perhaps, at first be inclined to regard the study of poetry as a corrective of the hardness of mind likely to result from too exclusive an exercise of the reasoning faculties. But Hume carried his dialectics into his poetical studies more deliberately and extensively than Aristotle himself; he loved no poetry that was not pre-eminently artificial; verses to please him should accord with every rule of prosody; poesy should square precisely with the critical standards of Horace and Boileau; the muse should be a piping bullfinch, and should never "warble native wood-notes wild" on pain of being banished as a vagrant. He required poetry to be as logical as a syllogism, and shrunk from everything which was original or impulsive. This was, indeed, the general characteristic of the first school of Scotch metaphysics; it is very perceptible in Adam Smith and Lord Kames, and it forms the very essence of Blair's over-rated lectures. It is easy to conceive how this dialectic cast of mind influenced the course of study described in a subsequent part of this very important letter.

"I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us, have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions."

Having quitted the profession of the law, Hume went to Bristol for the purpose of becoming a merchant, but finding mercantile pursuits even less suited to his taste than legal studies, he quitted the office and removed to France, where he resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of philosophy, and by rigid frugality to supply the deficiency of private fortune. Two out of the three years he spent in France were passed at La Fleche, and he seems to have lived in friendly if not affectionate intercourse with the members of the Jesuit College which had been there established. He has only recorded one incident of this portion of his career, he informed Mr. Campbell that the argument against miracles, which has since acquired such celebrity was suggested to him by an account which one of the Jesuits gave of some apocryphal miracles wrought in their convent. We should be glad to have known more of this period of his history, for between Hume's system of morals and that of the followers of Loyola there are some striking coincidences which we can hardly regard as quite accidental.

In 1787 Hume returned to London for the purpose of publishing his *Treatise of Human Nature*, which appeared in the following year. In this work are contained nearly all the philosophic principles which he subsequently developed in his essays, but it is so confused in plan, so illogical in arrangement, and so indefinite in language, that without the subsequent development it must speedily have passed into oblivion. We have been sometimes astonished in looking at the many controver-

sies which have arisen from this work and its doctrines, that no one has perceived the curious fact that Hume has stated the whole matter at issue in his title-page! The second, or subsidiary title of the work declares it to be "An attempt to introduce the experimental method of reasoning into moral subjects." The fallacy which runs through the whole course of Hume's system, and the entire source of his scepticism, is simply that he did not investigate, and that he consequently did not comprehend, the genuine conditions of a determining experiment. That the principles of Inductive Reasoning may be applied to mental and moral sciences as well as to the physical and mechanical, is a simple truth beyond the range of controversy. The works of Mill, and, with somewhat less success, those of Whewell, may be adduced as modern illustrations of such application. But that the facts on which the induction is based are the same in both instances no man can venture to assert. In the Physical sciences we may regard an experiment as an observation, or a series of observations; if we fail to notice any one of the agencies in operation the experiment is just worth nothing, or next to nothing. To discover these agencies we can vary or repeat the experiments at pleasure, we can alter the proportions of the substances brought together, and can resolve back the compound into its original elements. Even when matter is not wholly subject to our command, when Nature produces the phenomena independent of our will, we can at all events vary and repeat the form of observation. We do not command mind as we thus command matter; we cannot experimentalize on a feeling as we can on a substance, and we cannot observe the transition of ideas as we do the transit of a planet.

It is evident that Hume's theory of metaphysics led him to suppose that mental operations were just as cognizable by dialectics as physical operations. We quote the very accurate summary of his system given by Mr. Burton.

"The great leading principle of the metaphysical department, and a principle which is never lost sight of in any part of the book, is, that the materials on which intellect works are the *impressions* which represent immediate sensation, whether externally as by the senses, or internally as by the passions, and *ideas* which are the faint reflections of these impressions. Thus to speak colloquially, when I see a picture, or when I am angry with some one, there is an *impression*; but when I think about this picture in its absence, or call to recollection my subsided anger, what exists in either case is an *idea*. Hume looked from words to that which they signified, and he found that where they signified any thing, it must be found among the things that either are or have been impressions. The whole varied and complex system of intellectual machinery he found occupied in the representation, the combination, or the arrangement of these raw materials of intellectual matter. If I say I see an object, I give expression to the fact, that a certain impression is made on the retina of my eye. If I convey to the person I am speaking to an accurate notion of what I mean, I awaken in his mind ideas left there by previous impressions, brought thither by his sense of sight. Thus, in the particular case of the external senses, when they are considered as in direct communication between the mind and any object, there are impressions: when the senses are not said to be in communication with the object, the operations of the mind in connexion with it, are from vestiges which the impressions have left on the mind; and these vestiges are called ideas, and are always more faint than the original impressions themselves. And a material circumstance to be kept in view at the very threshold of the system is, that there is no specific and distinct line drawn between impressions and ideas. Their difference is in degree

merely—the former are stronger, the latter weaker. There is no difference in kind; and there is sometimes doubt whether that which is supposed to be an impression may not be a vivid idea, and that which is supposed to be an idea a faint impression.

“When Hume examined with more and more minuteness, the elements of the materials on which the mind works, he could still find nothing but these impressions and ideas. Looking at language as a machinery for giving expression to thought, he thus established for himself a test of its adaptation to its right use,—a test for discovering whether in any given case it really served the purpose of language, or was a mere unmeaning sound. As he found that there was nothing on which thought could operate but the impressions received through sensation, or the ideas left by them, he considered that a word which had not a meaning to be found in either of these things, had no meaning at all. He looked upon ideas as the goods with which the mind was stored; and on these stores, as being of the character of impressions, while they were in the state of coming into the mind. When any one, then, in reasoning, or any other kind of literature, spoke of any thing as existing, the principle of his theory was, that this storehouse of idealized impressions should be searched for one corresponding to the term made use of. If such an impression were not found, the word was, so far as our human faculties were concerned, an unmeaning one. Whether there was any existence corresponding to its meaning, no one could say: all that the sceptical philosopher could decide was, that, so far as human intellect was put in possession of materials for thought, it had nothing to warrant it in saying, that this word represented any thing of which that intellect had cognizance.”

This is a revival of the system of the old Nominalists, with a forced extension of the Idealism of Locke and Berkeley. But on the very threshold there lies an objection which Hume never ventured fairly to meet. No truths have a clearer and more distinct existence in the mind than the abstract truths of the exact sciences; but, according to Hume's theory, our cognizance of their truth was only possible in their concrete form, so that the abstracts were virtually no truths at all. Furthermore the abstract laws of physical science have as much evidence to a trained mind from mathematical deduction, and perhaps more than they have from their concrete existence. We find from Hume's notes that he had solved this difficulty for himself with a vengeance; he actually records, “*A proof that natural philosophy has no truth in it, is, that it only succeeds in things remote, as the heavenly bodies, or in things minute, as light.*” This precious absurdity cannot need refutation in a day when it is notorious to school-boys that the physical laws of motion are as successful in the explanation of the shooting of a marble or the spinning of a peg-top, as in the occultation of a star, or the trajectory of a comet.

When Hume had once resolved every thing into impressions and ideas, he tacitly inferred, for himself and others, the non-existence of any laws of being save those which are cognizable by human and almost individual experience. This is the source of the whimsical misapprehension of Natural Philosophy which we have already noticed. Astronomers have frequently noticed anomalies and variations in the physical laws applied to the Planetary motions, but when minutely scrutinized, these have been found to be secular variations, explicable by, and resulting from, the general law of attraction. We may mention, as an instance, the exceptional phenomena which led some eminent astronomers in the last century to believe that all the planets were gradually approaching to a common centre, there to be crushed into a common chaos, an error which we cannot regret, as it

suggested to Darwin the most sublime passage in the whole range of English poetry, but which is now known to be a secular vicissitude, requiring only larger generalization for its explanation.

A second and better known instance of this misleading principle is Hume's definition of a miracle. He says, "a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature." Careless reasoners accepted the definition without seeing that it involved as a consequence "a miracle is an impossibility." But define miracles as they truly are, phenomena belonging to some more general law than comes within the range of ordinary experience, and which cannot be calculated on account of the very rarity of the phenomena by which the existence of the law is manifested, and the whole of Hume's argument falls to the ground. He says, "no evidence can prove a miracle, for it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." Archbishop Whately, in the *Historic Doubts*, has ably shewn that we may fairly prove from Hume's *Canons of Historical Criticism* that no such man as Napoleon ever existed! But our business is not so much to confute the error as to detect its source. We certainly derive our impressions and ideas from experience, and if they were alone the constituents of mind, it might follow that experience is and ought to be the sole standard of belief and disbelief. But mind is more than a bundle of impressions; it has instincts and impulses which embody themselves in no shape, and express themselves in no language, but which have real existence notwithstanding. One of these impulses is a confidence which induces us often to receive testimony in direct contradiction to experience. Hume would doubtless have laughed at the African Prince who refused to believe that water could ever become so hard as to bear the weight of men and animals, but the savage was acting in strict accordance with the philosopher's aphorism. The Newtonian system is contrary to the experience of ninety-nine out of every hundred who firmly believe it, perhaps including Hume himself, but it is received on the testimony of those who have studied the laws of real motion, while ordinary experience is based on the observation of apparent motions. The cardinal error in Hume's statement is, that we readily and universally acknowledge a uniformity in the sequence of events,—a principle he subsequently extended to human motives and actions; but we do no such thing; we look for exceptional cases, and in them we often find the best test of historic truth. Perizonius was first led to suspect the veracity of the earlier books of Livy's Roman history by observing that the events had a logical sequence which could only result from Providential connection. The proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction" rests on this very basis, that a novelist holds himself bound to assign adequate motive, which inadequacy of motive to result is one of the most common phenomena of life.

The part of Hume's theory which has excited most controversy is his account of cause and effect; he resolves causation into simple antecedency, and explains our belief in the similarity of future sequences of events simply by the influence of custom. Hence it would follow that if shoals had been frequently formed on the coasts where tall spires had been erected, it would be quite philosophical to assign Tenterden steeple as the cause of the Goodwin sands. Here again the foundation of the error was, that the mind could only grasp what it saw, that there was no feeling, instinctive or impulsive, beyond and behind the mere perception

—and as the mind only received an impression of the fact of sequence, that its knowledge could not go beyond that fact. Now, that our demonstrable *knowledge* of causes does not go beyond the fact of invariable antecedency may fairly be conceded; but that our *belief* in the power of a cause goes much farther is obvious, for we not only remember past sequences, but predict future effects. Hume's theory leaves unexplained this conversion of the past into the future, for he would not concede any original or instinctive tendency in the mind to form certain conclusions, irrespective of the force of impressions derived from material and external objects. The fact of invariable antecedency is a very different thing from the belief in efficiency, for the belief exists long before the observation of the fact commences. Antecedency, however, may be made the subject of direct experiment, which efficiency cannot, and therefore it must always be the *test* and *evidence* of causation; but this is very far indeed from antecedency being causation itself. Expectation and Confidence exist independent of Experience and Knowledge; we all know that the most positive opinions are usually given by the most ignorant. The politician of a village ale-house will pronounce judgment on a complicated question of policy with greater positiveness than the most eminent statesman, and the cobbler of a conventicle will readily attempt the solution of controversies in theology which have perplexed the most eminent divines. But instead of placing Experience, Observation, and Knowledge (which is only the experience of others collected, recorded, and stored for our use, as checks on the unregulated exercise of instinctive and emotional faculties) Hume made the correctives substitutes for the faculties, and passed from one extreme direct into the other.

Hume's success as a philosopher was owing full as much to the blunders of his adversaries as to his own merits; his system was denounced as wholly false; but it is, to a great extent, true. Its error is, not that the principles of his philosophy are baseless, but that he has applied those principles where they are quite out of place. It is right that we should not believe without evidence, but it is unreasonable to demand evidence of a kind which the nature of the case will not admit. Within the limits of perceptive knowledge, or the knowledge based simply on ideas of sensation and reflection, Hume is equal to any of the Scotch metaphysicians, and indeed superior to all but Dr. Thomas Brown; but when he goes beyond those limits, he is like one of the ancient navigators, accustomed to steer by the stars, but who could not tell how the helm should be guided when the heavens became clouded.

His "Theory of Morals," which measures the virtues of actions by their utility, and represents the most perfect uprightness as nothing better than the most enlightened selfishness, has lost much of the influence which it once possessed. It is not, indeed, stigmatised as false, but, what is far worse for its reputation, it is accepted as partially true. No one denies the acuteness and subtlety with which the author develops his views, but all complain that these qualities, and the result, is, that even where his arguments admit of no answer, they produce no conviction. Even in his Political Essays, which appeared in 1752, and which being legitimately based on observation and experience, came more within the natural range of his system, he more frequently commands assent than he wins belief. Lord Brougham, who too often imitates the architect of the Martello Towers, of whom it was said that he produced his works for the express purpose of puzzling posterity,

has extravagantly praised these essays, because they contain the first germs of those economic truths, which, without his lordship's aid, seem likely to guide our political future; but we feel that those principles were better understood, and more clearly expounded by Adam Smith, simply because Smith has not only brought them down to the level of our reason, but has placed them within the range of our sympathies. It was the bane of that mixture of Utility and Necessity which Hume advocated in Moral Science, and which we have shewn to be the result of his metaphysical theory of mind, that so soon as the passions, emotions, and affections mingled in a question, he knew not how to set about its solution. He had but one standard for everthing;—but there are countless events, to which it would be as absurd to apply utilitarian weights and measures, as to test the strength of medicine by the yard, the weight of gold by the gallon, or the quantity of fluids by the hundred-weight. Every man confesses, that all virtuous actions tend in some greater or less degree to utility; but few men will now contend that the specific amount of advantage is the measure of the approbation which we bestow on such actions. Watt's improvements of the steam-engine have conferred greater improvements on mankind than Howard's improvements of prison discipline; but there is hardly a man to be found who would award to Watt the same amount of moral approbation that he bestows on Howard.

The examination of Hume's merits and demerits as an historian would require volumes, but, fortunately, he has facilitated criticism by briefly setting forth his canons of historical evidence in his "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding."

"It is universally acknowledged, that there is a great uniformity among the actions of men, in all nations and ages, and that human nature remains still the same in its principles and operations. The same motives always produce the same actions; the same events follow from the same causes. Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit; these passions, mixed in various degrees, and distributed through society, have been, from the beginning of the world, and still are, the source of all the actions and enterprizes which have ever been observed among mankind. Would you know the sentiments, inclinations, and course of life of the Greeks and Romans? study well the temper and actions of the French and English: you cannot be much mistaken in transferring to the former *most* of the observations which you have made with regard to the latter. Mankind are so much the same, in all times and places, that history informs us of nothing new or strange in this particular. Its chief use is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature, by shewing men in all varieties of circumstances and situations, and furnishing us with materials from which we may form our observations, and become acquainted with the regular springs of human action and behaviour. These records of wars, intrigues, factions, and revolutions, are so many collections of experiments, by which the politician or moral philosopher fixes the principles of his science, in the same manner as the physician or natural philosopher becomes acquainted with the nature of plants, minerals, and other external objects, by the experiments which he forms concerning them. Nor are the earth, water, and other elements, examined by Aristotle and Hippocrates, more like to those which at present lie under our observation, than the men described by Polybius and Tacitus are to those who now govern the world.

"Should a traveller, returning from a far country, bring us an account of men wholly different from any with whom we were ever acquainted, men who were entirely divested of avarice, ambition, or revenge, who knew no pleasure but friendship, generosity, and public spirit, we should immediate-

ly, from these circumstances, detect the falsehood, and prove him a liar, with the same certainty as if he had stuffed his narrations with stories of centaurs and dragons, miracles and prodigies. And if we would explode any forgery in history, we cannot make use of a more convincing argument than to prove, that the actions ascribed to any person are directly contrary to the course of nature, and that no human motives, in such circumstances could ever induce him to such a conduct. The veracity of Quintus Curtius is as much to be suspected, when he describes the supernatural courage of Alexander, by which he was hurried on singly to attack multitudes, as when he describes his supernatural force and activity, by which he was able to resist them. So readily and universally do we acknowledge a uniformity in human motives and actions, as well as in the operations of the body.

"Hence, likewise, the benefit of that experience, acquired by long life and a variety of business and company, in order to instruct us in the principles of human nature, and regulate our future conduct, as well as speculation. By means of this guide we mount up to the knowledge of men's inclinations and motives, from their actions, expressions, and even gestures; and again descend to the interpretation of their actions, from our knowledge of their motives and inclinations. The general observations treasured up by a course of experience, give us the clue of human nature, and teach us to unravel all its intricacies. Pretexes and appearances no longer deceive us. Public declarations pass for the specious colouring of a cause. And though virtue and honour be allowed their proper weight and authority, that perfect disinterestedness, so often pretended to, is never expected in multitudes and parties, seldom in their leaders, and scarcely even in individuals of any rank or station. But were there no uniformity in human actions, and were every experiment, which we could form of this kind, irregular and anomalous, it were impossible to collect any general observations concerning mankind; and no experience however accurately digested by reflection, would ever serve to any purpose. Why is the aged husbandman more skilful in his calling than the young beginner, but because there is a certain uniformity in the operation of the sun, rain, and earth, towards the production of vegetables, and experience teaches the old practitioner the rules by which this operation is governed and directed?"

It is quite clear that Hume constructed his History on these principles; he recognizes no exceptional cases, but seeks everywhere to establish a level uniformity in human motives and actions; where he cannot deny the fact of great deeds springing from peculiar motives, he ascribes them to diseases of the mind rather than to noble aspirations. He extends this levelling necessitarian principle to nations, and endeavours to prove that the British people had no fundamental liberties distinct from those possessed by the French, and other European nations. Another source, not merely of error, but of intentional misrepresentation, is indicated by Mr. Burton in the account he gives of the extravagant eulogy lavished by Hume on Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, a poem which has long since sunk into unhonoured but not unmerited oblivion.

"In his conduct on this occasion, Hume exhibited strong national partiality. It may seem at first sight at variance with some of his other characteristics; but it is undoubtedly true, that Hume was imbued with an intense spirit of nationality. It was a nationality, however, of a peculiar and restricted character. He cared little about the heroism of his country, or even its struggles for independence: Wallace, Bruce, and the Black Douglas, were, in his eyes, less interesting than Ulysses or Æneas,

—*carent quia vate sacro.*

But in that arena which he thought the greatest, in the theatre where

intellect exhibits her might, he panted to see his country first and greatest. No Scotsman could write a book of respectable talent without calling forth his loud and warm eulogiums. Wilkie was to be the Homer, Blacklock the Pindar, and Home the Shakspeare, or something still greater, of his country. On those who were even his rivals in his own peculiar walks—Adam Smith, Robertson, Ferguson, and Henry, he heaped the same honest hearty commendation. He urged them to write: he raised the spirit of literary ambition in their breasts; he found publishers for their works; and, when these were completed, he trumpeted the praises of the authors through society."

The History of the Stuarts was written to shew how insensible the English were to the blessing of having been ruled by a Scottish dynasty, and to reprobate the perversity of that national ingratitude which had sent Charles I. to the scaffold, and driven James II. into exile. These partialities were embittered by the popular clamour raised against the Earl of Bute and his countrymen at the beginning of the reign of George III. In the successive editions of his history he deliberately altered or suppressed every passage in which there was the slightest tendency to favour popular principles. In fact, he aimed at constructing a kind of political Hagiology, in which James I. represented the Saint, Charles I. the Martyr, Charles II. the Restorer, James II. the Confessor, and Elizabeth—for want of a better—the Virgin. Such a legendary garland of royal virtues admitted of a logical sequence in events, and in the mode of treating them, that belongs neither to history nor the historian. Great actions have been performed from perturbing causes, from generous and exalted impulses, which were never subject to the trammels of dialectics. Earnestness, enthusiasm, devotion, and self-sacrifice, are something more than folly or hypocrisy, whatever Hume may have said to the contrary. There is no estimation of humanity which can be fixed by the rules of syllogisms. In the great Civil War the argument from precedent, adduced by Charles I., had its antecedents and consequents logically arranged;—in Hume's view it was therefore right. The Puritans had the worst of the argument, and thence he inferred that they had the worst of the principles. Now, argument and principles are two very different things. It is well for the world that there are men who make precedents.

Hume's philosophical scepticism so obviously guided his religious opinions, his moral theories and his historical deductions that we have been compelled to bestow a greater share of attention on his metaphysical views than such abstract subjects seem to demand; but our limits have compelled us to trace his errors to their source, rather than to combat them in detail. We now take our leave of the subject, more convinced than ever, not merely that Hume's system is wrong, but that his errors are so repugnant to the best feelings of our nature, as to render its revival hopeless.

PAYMENT IN KIND.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

"Hiss-ss-sh! Ya-a-ah! Shoo-oo-oo! Down with him. No admission. Turn him out!"

Such were the outcries wherewith the jovial society of the Chaffinches, assembled in the upper room of a tavern in the vicinity of Bow Church, greeted the ingress of a member of their fraternity. The gentleman, however, took his seat amid these noises, by no means disconcerted at his reception. When these sounds of welcome, for they were intended as such, had subsided, several of the company inquired after his health; addressing him by the familiar appellation of "old chap." To which question he replied, that he was not only quite well, but also perfectly sober; and he hoped that all around him were in a similar condition. So saying, he called for a jug of milk and water; and the waiter, understanding him, went to fetch him some punch.

Then did Mr. Drinkwater, the President of the society, officially entitled the Cock Chaffinch, inform him, Mr. Pickersgill, the new comer, that the assembly were quite prepared for a recitation from him, or a song, or any other absurdity that he might be disposed to be guilty of; but that, if he were not inclined that way, they would be glad if he would tell them what was the news.

"The latest intelligence," said Pickersgill, "is, that the Grand North and West Junction, is about to go the way of all bubbles"—

"In which, I believe," observed Drinkwater, "you are a considerable shareholder—Well; you seem to take your misfortune pretty coolly."

"Why," answered Pickersgill, "you won't wonder at that, when I tell you that my informant was Bulstrode."

"Who's Bulstrode?" asked the President's next neighbour.

"Why Bulstrode's Bulstrode," answered Mr. Drinkwater. "What he is, is a question. He looks as if he had been a sort of Major; perhaps more like a retired Quartermaster, or a *quondam* Purser in her Majesty's Navy. A pleasant man!"

"Very," said Mr. Pickersgill. "He makes such agreeable remarks. Did he ever favour you in his peculiar style?"

"Did I ever meet him?" replied the President. "I was never in his company five minutes without either hearing that I was looking bilious, or shaky, or that my hair was falling off, or my front teeth were going, or that some frightful misfortune had befallen one of my friends:—or something or other equally delightful and entertaining."

"He's a regular night-raven then," remarked one of the company.

"No," said Pickersgill, "he's not such a gloomy bird. On the contrary, his manner is that of a bluff, jolly fellow; and he frightens, vexes you, or puts you out of spirits, with the most provoking cordiality."

"He boasts," added Drinkwater, "that he never had an illness, or an ache, or pain, in his life."

"He can hardly say that now, however. When I met him just now he had his hand in a sling."

"The deuce! What was the matter with him?"

"He had been bitten by Mangles's terrier a week ago. The dog had attacked his French poodle, and he was trying to separate them."

"Oho!" exclaimed the President, his countenance radiant with the expression of a new idea; "When shall you see him again, Pickersgill?"

"It so happens, that I am to dine at Baxter's the day after tomorrow; and he is to be of the party."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Grimshaw, one of the Chaffinches, "I am going there too."

"You are?" cried the President eagerly. "And Mangles as well?"

"No, Mangles is gone to Brighton."

"Capital!" shouted Mr. Drinkwater. "Gentlemen, if you please, we will resolve ourselves into a Committee of the whole Club, of which, with your permission, I will constitute myself Chairman, for the purpose of taking into consideration the ways and means of carrying into execution, in accordance with the objects of this Association, a measure of importance, in relation to practical jocosity."

The speaker sat down amidst much applause, intermingled with the jingling of tumblers and glasses; and the Chaffinches immediately formed themselves into committee, where, leaving them, we will pass forward to another scene.

A numerous party of ladies and gentlemen had assembled around the dinner-table of Mr. Baxter, at Clapham. Why should we speak of the Wignys and the Munnses, the Gunners, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries, or of any other of the guests who are of no consequence to this narrative? Suffice it to say, that Mr. Bulstrode was present; also Mr. Grimshaw and Pickersgill.

Mr. Bulstrode was a stout, hale, thick-set personage, of about forty-five, reddish-visaged, and very tight in his clothes, which were a semi-military frock-coat, buff waistcoat, and white ducks. His hair was dark, short, and stiff; his whiskers were shaved at the base, in a line parallel with the cheek-bone; and when he laughed, he shewed, and apparently meant to shew, a fine, strong set of teeth. It may be added, that he wore a black stock, and was very erect in his carriage.

"Ha-ha-haw! Ma'am," guffawed Mr. Bulstrode, "Nothing like a good appetite. A good appetite, Ma'am!" and he sent his plate a second time to Mrs. Baxter for fish.

"Nothing indeed!" sighed the lady, who was afflicted with dyspepsia. "But you are always so well, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Hearty ma'am! ha!" cried Bulstrode, swallowing a huge mouthful between the apostrophe and the interjection. "Sound as a roach, throughout! scratch—cut—wound—sure to heal directly." So it seemed; for his hand, which had been bitten, was out of the sling; and there was nothing else on it but a bit of black court-plaster.

Grimshaw looked at Pickersgill as much as to say "now?" and his friend answered by a shake of the head, equivalent to "not just yet," and a wink, which seemed to signify—"wait—let him come out a little more."

Nor did Mr. Bulstrode fail to come out, as he was wont. The first of his polite and flattering comments was addressed to a gentleman opposite him, sitting next to a lady to whom it was understood that he was about to be married. Him did Mr. Bulstrode agreeably remind that he was getting enormously stout; adding "Why Brownjohn, your waist-

coast gets shorter and shorter every time I meet you." He vivaciously remarked to another acquaintance that the effects of good living were telling, betimes, on his nose. He told a third, who peered about a little in looking for the salt, that he was afraid his sight was beginning to fail; in a tone that would have suited the observation that his friend was looking well and hearty. Nor did he—albeit, as we should have before mentioned, a bachelor—let the fair sex alone. He congratulated one very young lady, who was morbidly sentimental, upon being in robust health, and complimented another, who was not very young, by telling her that she seemed to have lost ten years since he last saw her. Mention being made of a beautiful blue-eyed and fair-haired child, Mr. Bulstrode took the opportunity to suggest that such eyes and hair were indications of a consumptive tendency; the child's mamma being within his hearing. Moreover, he related with much relish divers pieces of disastrous intelligence relative to certain public securities, and also to various branches of commerce, in which several of his friends then and there present, were interested. In the mean time, to judge from his manner, not only was he highly self-satisfied, but even labouring under the impression that he was making himself rather agreeable.

The promiscuous conversation, interlarded, from time to time, with similar observations by Mr. Bulstrode, at length happened to turn, on the subject of Shakspeare; in reference to which, somebody mentioned Herne's oak, as still extant in Windsor Home Park.

"Ah!" observed another, "it is on the right-hand side of the Park as you look from Windsor."

"Anywhere," inquired Pickersgill, "near her Majesty's kennel?" and he trod, gently, on Grimshaw's toe.

"No;" said his friend; "quite near the path; a good way from that. By the by, the Queen has some handsome dogs there."

Here ensued a short pause.

"Oh!" resumed the last speaker, suddenly—"Baxter."

"Sir, to you;" answered the gentleman addressed.

"You know Mangles?" said Grimshaw.

"Know him? Nobody better."

"Then you have heard what has happened to his beautiful Scotch terrier."

"Hush!" cried Pickersgill, violently nudging Grimshaw, and at the same time appearing to whisper to him.

"Heard what?" asked Baxter with surprise.

"Oh!—never mind—not now—I'll tell you by and by."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bulstrode, who had only in part overheard the foregoing colloquy. "What was it that somebody said about that cur of Mangles's:—the brute that bit me the other day?"

"Nothing—nothing particular," answered Grimshaw. "Broke its leg:—that's all."

"I'm very glad to hear it,—the beast!" declared Bulstrode.

A few words were here interchanged between Grimshaw and Pickersgill, in an under-tone: their conversation, seemingly, relating to Mr. Bulstrode, whom they kept eying askance, in such a manner that at length he looked inquiringly at them, as if to ask what they were saying about him. Whereupon Mr. Pickersgill asked him to take wine; and whilst he poured out and drank the liquid, Mr. Grimshaw watched him narrowly. Again Pickersgill and Grimshaw ex-

changed looks. Then the latter filled a tumbler before him with water, and having drunk a little, remarked to the former that it seemed to have a strange taste. Mr. Pickersgill tried it too, and protesting that he could discover nothing particular in it, handed the jug across the table to Bulstrode, inquiring if he could taste anything extraordinary in the water. Mr. Bulstrode, on trial, said it was very good water, and wondered what was fancied to be amiss with it. Still more did he marvel at the interest with which his experiment was regarded by the gentlemen who suggested it; nor did he quite know what was meant by one of them, speaking behind his hand into the other's ear, saying, "No symptoms as yet," and the other replying in the same manner, "It may lurk in the system for years, mayn't it?" Indeed, he was just on the point of demanding what was this mystery relative to himself, when Mr. Baxter, who had been watching these proceedings, came behind Mr. Grimshaw's chair, and put some question to him in an inaudible voice, the answer to which appeared greatly to shock him.

"Best say nothing about it," said Grimshaw.

"No, I don't think so," replied Baxter, looking very serious. "He ought to be told of it. There may be means of prevention. He should have medical advice. I'll tell him."

"Don't;" urged Grimshaw.

"I wouldn't, certainly," added Pickersgill.

"I shall, I ought, I feel that I ought," said Mr. Baxter. "Bulstrode, may I speak a word with you? Our friends will excuse us."

Mr. Bulstrode, with some astonishment, followed his host into a corner of the room, where the latter thus addressed him.

"I am very sorry, Bulstrode, to have to mention to you an unpleasant circumstance; but it is right that you should know it. I understand you have been bitten by a dog of Mr. Mangles's."

"Yes," said Bulstrode, "the mongrel I hear has broken its leg."

"Not that exactly. The animal has been shot."

"Shot!"

"The fact is, I regret to say—but in such a case every precaution should be taken—the fact is that the animal has shown symptoms of hydrophobia."

Mr. Bulstrode's complexion changed from the radish to the turnip.

"So," continued Mr. Baxter, "I hear from Grimshaw."

At once the meaning of the experiment with the glass of water was obvious to Mr. Bulstrode, and a horrible idea flashed upon him.

"Now don't be frightened," pursued Baxter, "only I think, in prudence something had better be done."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bulstrode, "what is to be done?"

"Immediate excision, I should say," answered Pickersgill, whom Mr. Baxter and Grimshaw had beckoned to join them.

"The application of caustic," suggested Grimshaw.

"Or wouldn't the actual cautery be preferable?" subjoined Pickersgill.

"But the wound has healed," said the thunderstruck Bulstrode, "it's all over with me!"

"Hydrophobia," observed Baxter, "does not necessarily, I believe, follow from the bite of a mad dog."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Bulstrode, shuddering.

"Still I would consult a medical man," counselled Mr. Baxter.

"Yes," added Grimshaw, "I would send for a lawyer."

"You appear faint," observed Mr. Baxter. "Don't be alarmed—come, sit down again and take a glass of wine—it may be nothing after all."

"Thank you," stammered Mr. Bulstrode, "I—I feel that I had better go; I'll see some surgeon instantly."

"No, no," said the host, "don't do that, we'll send for one here, that will be better. At any rate, let us think the matter over for five minutes or so—come." So saying he led Bulstrode, in a state of utter prostration, back to the table.

"I say," whispered Pickersgill, "we must not carry this too far."

"No, no; we won't do that," answered Grimshaw, "let us wait a little, and see how he takes it." And they resumed their seats.

In the mean time, Bulstrode sat looking the very image of consternation; his eyes dilated, his lips blanched, his hair on end; whilst he shivered to such an extent as visibly to shake the table. He continued sitting, whilst the ladies retired, apparently unconscious of what was passing round him. In vain did his host exhort him to "cheer up." The occasion of this change which had come over him, and which had given rise to the idea that he had been taken ill, was in the mean time whispered round the board; whereupon various suggestions, of a medical nature, were proposed on different hands, for his benefit; most present strongly recommending the water cure.

"It would serve him right," said Grimshaw, privately, to Pickersgill, "to be brought to undergo a course of hydropathy. I should like to give him a couple of hours of the wet sheet."

"He does not seem," returned Pickersgill, also speaking under his breath, "to require a sudorific. Look at the drops on his forehead. Come, this is enough."—"Grimshaw," he added aloud, "are you certain of the fact as to Mangles's dog. From whom did you hear it?"

"From Bill White."

"Who is Bill White?"

"Mr. William White," answered Grimshaw, "is a gentleman of some eminence in the profession of canine surgery. I obtained my information whilst visiting him on behalf of a patient."

"Where are his quarters?"

"In all probability he is at this present moment at the Fox-and-Goose, hard by; suppose we send for him."

"By all means," said Mr. Baxter, "and ascertain the rights of the story. Pluck up your spirits, Bulstrode—never be downhearted—fill, and pass the bottle."

Mr. Bulstrode swallowed his wine with a spasmodic gulp, as if already, by anticipation, in a hydrophobic paroxysm. In the mean time a servant had been despatched for Mr. White. The man was gone for about half an hour, which seemed an age to the individual on whose account the messenger had been sent. Consolation and joke, alike failed to rouse him.

At length the anxiously expected arrival took place; and Mr. White was ushered into Mr. Baxter's dining-room. Professionally attired in a suit of fustian, he entered, smoothing his cropped hair; whilst with an appropriate obeisance, he proffered his services to the company.

"Well, White!" said Mr. Grimshaw.

"Well, sir!" echoed Mr. White.

"Now, then. How about that dog!"

"What dog, sir, is it as you 're a speakin' on."

"That dog that you were told to shoot."

"Oh! that 'ere dog, sir, as they said was mad. Ah! what a pity to be forced to kill him."

Mr. Bulstrode fell back in his chair nearly senseless.

"But was Mr. Mangles quite certain that the dog was mad?" enquired Grimshaw.

"Muster Mangles, sir?" repeated Bill.

"Yes, Mr. Mangles. You told me the dog was Mr. Mangles's. A Scotch terrier."

"No, sir, beggin' your pardon. Not Mr. Mangles's. Mr. Mangnall's, sir. The dog was his'n and not Mr. Mangles's."

Bulstrode breathed again.

"Surely," said Grimshaw, "I thought you said Mangles."

"You was mistook, sir. But I s'pose 'twas my fault, for not pronouncin' of the name quite proper. No harm I hope, sir?"

"None," observed Mr. Baxter, "except, that between you, you have frightened that gentleman there, almost to death."

The individual alluded to, laughed almost hysterically.

"Well, sir," said Mr. White sympathetically. "I'm very sorry for it I'm sure—very."

"Really, Mr. Bulstrode," apologised Grimshaw, "I beg ten thousand pardons. I am extremely concerned, sir, that a mistake of mine should have occasioned you such dreadful apprehensions."

"Don't mention it, sir," replied Bulstrode, his voice still quivering, "All's well that ends well. But I hope, sir, that you will be rather more cautious another time how you excite terrors, which, to a person of weak nerves, might have done serious mischief. Of weak nerves, sir. Ha, ha! mine—mine are pretty strong."

"Certainly, sir, certainly. I assure you words cannot express my regret."

"Mr. Bulstrode's is a very judicious caution," observed Mr. Baxter.

"One," added Pickersgill, "that should be borne in mind by everybody. Your health, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Thank you, sir—thank you—ahem!" answered Bulstrode. The force of the maxim appeared to come home to him.

"Well, White," said Mr. Baxter; "we are much obliged to you. Here's a shilling for your trouble, and perhaps you would like a glass of something warm in the kitchen."

"Thankee, sir," said Bill White. "Mr. Grimshaw, might I speak a word with you?"

Grimshaw rose and retired with him, out of hearing.

"I say, sir," whispered Mr. White, with a grin, "I hope you won't forget that five bob you promised me, when you put me up to the sell."

"No, no, Bill. Here you are," said Mr. Grimshaw, slipping a crown into the hands of his confederate, who, thereupon, made his bow, and vanished.

The recital of the above incidents, at the Chaffinches' on the next evening, gave great satisfaction to that harmonious society. Mr. Bulstrode, since the hoax that was thus played upon him, has discovered considerable amendment of conversation, and having once had his own nerves thoroughly harrowed, has learned to be tender of other people's; so that he no longer enjoys his former celebrity for rendering his acquaintance uncomfortable.





Portrait of A. ...

17

LISTON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.



LISTON made his first appearance in London; June 10th, 1805, as *Sheepface*, in "The Village Lawyer," at the Haymarket Theatre. His success was far from that anticipated by the proprietors, especially: as the *Monthly Mirror*, — a work whose theatrical reports and opinions were at that period a standard on which every reliance could be placed, — in noticing the talents of Liston in its Newcastle report, after commenting on the talents of other performers, says, "Mr. Liston is, if possible, a still greater favourite than ever. In country boys, or ridi-

culous old men, and in Mr. Fawcett's grotesque farcical characters, and comic songs, he is without a rival. He possesses a rich and sterling vein of comic humour; and, whatever he performs he is sure to render conspicuous and irresistibly entertaining. Even in tragic characters, where no violent exertion is required, he is very respectable. He is yet young; and his natural good sense, and remarkable diligence and attention to his profession, must in time lead him to a very distinguished situation in the theatrical world."

Liston himself felt so perfectly that he had not been successful, that he the next morning, (with his wardrobe tied, like *Dick Dowlas*, in a blue-and-white pocket-handkerchief, accompanied by his favourite pug-dog,) waited on Mr. Winston, the stage-manager, and partner with George Colman the Younger, to request the articles of agreement might be cancelled, using at the same time these words:—"I am sure I shall never do. A London audience is so terrific. I know the people in the north; and I would much rather return." Winston observed, that he had no power of cancelling any engagement without the concurrence of Mr. Colman.

His second appearance was in *Zekiel Homespun*; but with little better success. Thus he continued for some time playing the cast of characters usually enacted by Emery, Farren, &c. No impression, however, was made upon the public until he appeared as *Lord Grizzle* in O'Hara's alteration of Fielding's "Tom Thumb," which, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, was revived with the following cast:—*King Arthur*, Mr. Downton; *Noodle*, Mr. C. Taylor; *Doodle*, Mr. Grove; *Gaffer Thumb*, Mr. Denman; *Tom Thumb*, Master West;

Queen Dollalolla, Miss Tyrer (Mrs. Liston); *Hunncamunca*, Mrs. Taylor. Liston's performance of *Lord Grizzle* took the town by storm. His caricature dancing, in the style of Deshayes and Periset, produced him a nightly encore to the song. The richest portions of this burlesque are *Queen Dollalolla* and *Lord Grizzle*, and were certainly never "more fooled to the top of their bent" than by Mrs. and Mr. Liston. Many have failed in *Lord Grizzle* by endeavouring to be too droll. But Liston's gravity caused him a success greater than was bestowed on Shuter. His first essay in tampering with the text, and playing *with* the public, was at Covent Garden in the lines to the queen, which are written, Act I., scene 3,

"Giants! why, madam, it's all flummery;"

for which he substituted,

"Giants! why, madam, it's all my eye and Betty Martin."

On this night his dancing-song was encored a second time, when he came forward (although he had not performed in the comedy,) to excuse himself, he being so fatigued. This had nearly destroyed all the favourable impression he had made, as the audience evinced great disapprobation. After some time, however, tranquillity was restored, until the battle commences, in which *Grizzle* has a combat with *Tom Thumb*, and another with *Noodle*; during which some wag called from the pit, "Don't do too much, you'll *fatigue* him." This created much merriment; and next morning a bulletin was stuck up in the green-room, stating "That *Lord Grizzle's* physicians were happy to declare that his lordship had greatly recovered from his *fatigue*."

At the time of the celebrated O.P. riot at the new Covent Garden Theatre, on the night of the 13th of November, it having been stated that Mr. Liston had said, "The proprietors would have conquered long since, had it not been for the opposition of the blackguard citizens," on making his appearance, he was saluted with loud yells, and a shower of orange peel, and other missiles. He consequently came forward, and with much interruption declared that he had never used any such expression.

In January, 1823, he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in his favourite character of *Tony Lumpkin*, which did not draw; and his second in *Sam Swipes*, in "Exchange no Robbery," which did. He subsequently performed *Dominie Sampson*, *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*, and *Apollo Belvi*, all of which were marked by that drollery so peculiarly his own.

From Cibber's description of *Nokes*, the celebrated actor of his day, Liston appears to have been his very counterpart; the same vacant countenance,—the unexpected expression of vacuity, yet glowing in richness. He scarcely ever made his first entrance in a play, but he was received by an involuntary applause, not of hands only, but shouts of laughter.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Liston's praise—he is so droll.

Among the many effusions with which the press teemed was one known as LISTON'S DREAM.

As Liston lay wrapt in delicious repose,
Most harmoniously playing a tune with his nose,
In a dream there appeared the adorable *Venus*;
Who said, "To be sure there's no likeness between us."

Yet, to shew a *celestial* to kindness so prone is,
 Your looks shall soon rival the handsome *Adonis*."
Liston woke in a fright, and cried "Heaven preserve me!
 If my *face* you *improve*, zounds! madam, you 'll starve me!"

Brompton, 1814.

T. B.

We subjoin *Liston's* puff advertisement of his benefit, June 10, 1817.

"MR. LISTON TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR, — My benefit takes place this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, and, I doubt not, it will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform *Fogrum* in "The Slave," and *Leporello* in "The Libertine;" and in the delineation of those arduous characters I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with much taste in my dresses, and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause their most decided approbation.

"When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the loveliness of my person, and the fascination of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never pinched my children, nor kicked my wife out of bed, there is no doubt but this *puff* will not be inserted in vain.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN LISTON."

"28, King Street, June 10, 1817."

Mr. *Liston* died on the 22nd March, 1846, at his residence in St. George's Place.



POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

NO. IV.—THE COUNTRY MEDICAL MAN.

1. *Of different classes of Society.*

THERE are a great many very painful methods of earning a livelihood. Haberdashery appears to involve a large proportion of human suffering, affecting everybody connected with that branch of trade, from those who make the articles, to those who sell them. A chimney-sweep's cannot be a very eligible profession; and we should pause some time before we decided upon following that of a policeman in St. Giles's, a waiter at a night-tavern, a break-of-day coffee-retailer, or an after-midnight cabman.

Then there are the comic writers; wretched persons, who are obliged to be funny by the page, and make any quantity of jokes to order that may be demanded: but who are supposed by the world at large to live in a state of constant merriment at their own productions, throwing down their pen from time to time to scream with laughter at what they are inventing. And there are gentlemen in dirty tights and trunks, and braces worked with faded spangles, who dislocate their limbs through the bars of chairs, and walk on their heads in the gutters, upon mere speculation of the available halfpence to be pitched into the ring upon the promise that "the young man will now go through his extraordinary performance as the Bounding Ball of the Pyrenees, performed before her Majesty and Prince Albert, and at the parties of the nobility." There are also the wandering artists, who draw mackarel on the pavement, in cold weather, and in coloured chalks; until ordered to walk them by the policeman. There are, too, steamboat stokers in the Dog-days; and morning-paper newsvenders in the winter; toad-eaters of every denomination, who work hardly enough, Heaven knows, for their livelihood: and questionable *parvenus* struggling for a position, who also undergo much misery and privation, constantly making the humble mutton of private life atone for the turbot and venison of the party; and sinking from the patrician wax to the would-be-so-if-we-could composite, or even the domestic mould, when they consider themselves safe from the clown's announcement in a pantomime of "Here's somebody coming!"

But, much more terrible than the position of all these classes, and, indeed, of any others that may strike the reader, when he endeavours to add a few more types of suffering humanity to those already enumerated, is that of the subject of our present paper. For the distressed shirt-makers know that when they do get to bed they are tolerably sure of their night's rest: and the shopmen can defy late purchasers after the shutters are once up. Policemen are not always on the beat; harmonic waiters never find gentlemen wanting to eat baked potatoes, and listen to convivial glees at ten o'clock in the morning; and the proprietors of night-cabs and coffee-stalls can crouch when owls don't fly—in the day-time—in their resting-places.

Comic authors, too, have certain holidays, when proofs are corrected, and the last quarter of the month arrives; and the Athenian Athletæ, or Bedouin brothers, or Gymnastic Gordians, or whoever they may be,

know the period will arrive when they can sit on a chair in the normal fashion, instead of tying themselves in a knot round its bars, and enjoy a single pipe between their lips, instead of balancing a dozen on their forehead ; or make use of a plate (with something on it) on a table, in lieu of spinning it on the top of a fishing-rod ; or devour a beefsteak instead of a peck of paper-shavings. All have their moments of repose — stokers, newsvenders, toad-eaters, and *parvenus* ; and all can reckon, however hard their lot, upon some few minutes of relaxation. But the only one of all who have to gain their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and wear and tear of mind, body, and boots ; who never knows rest, nor can calculate upon one minute's quiet beyond another, is the *Country Medical Man*.

2. *The establishment in the country place.*

The condition of a medical student assimilates closely to that popularly assigned to a young bear—all his troubles are to come. He may resemble that animal in other points ; but this by the way.

Perhaps the country student experiences the greater contrast to his hospital life when he passes his examinations, and goes back to the rural districts to commence practice. For his life in town has been a somewhat boisterous one ; indeed, the men who "come up to London" for their sessions are those who labour hardest to earn that distinguished reputation which hospital pupils enjoy, for facetious conduct of different descriptions. Those born and brought up in London seldom launch out into much mischief ; they are already *blasé* with respect to the irregularities which prove so attractive to the provincials : they have friends in all directions, and they go into private society. But the country student finds himself,—escaped from the large bell-metal mortar, and its eternal resonance to the blows required for the proper home-formation of *Conf. Aromat.*, *Pulv. Cretæ Comp.*, and *Pil. Cathart.*,—thrown upon town ; living in lodgings ; his own master ; knowing nobody respectable, and, in most instances, not caring to know anybody ; and, accordingly, he resolves to make the most of his three winter's sojourn, and "go it like beans" all the time, trusting to a three months' final "grind" to coach him up to examination pitch. And then, having passed Hall and College, his fun is all over. He returns as an assistant, for a certain period,—perhaps makes a voyage to India or Australia, in the capacity of "experienced surgeon ;" and, finally, with all his London devil-may-care irregularities so rudely knocked out of him that not even a trace of them remains, starts in practice on his own account, either by going into partnership, purchasing a business, or setting up by himself.

Let us take a country village ; not one of those villages which now only exist in the imaginations of poets and painters, and in the opening scenes of pantomimes, but a dull common place, that would be a town if it could, only it hasn't got the spirit. Somewhere in the principal street you will see a brass-plate on a door, inscribed "Mr. Lane Barnes, Surgeon, &c."—the "&c." implying that he is an acconcheur, dentist, cupper, aurist, oculist, and professor of every other branch of his calling, of which a perfect knowledge is necessary to constitute a general practitioner. If he goes in for the illegitimate drama of existence, he will put coloured bottles in the window ; if not, he has a wire-blind, over which you can see the white jars of his surgery, and per-

chance his own head, whilst he is making up "doctor's stuff," as sanative compounds are somewhat irrespectfully called by the lower orders,—or listening to the interminable description of her complaints by some elderly female patient, who has come with an order from the relieving officer. For Mr. Lane Barnes attends a large union; and, when he considers he has been ill-treated by the authorities, derives tacit consolation from reading the leaders in "The Times." On the door-posts you will see two bell-pulls, one of which is appropriated to nocturnal disturbance, and the other to the domestic business of the house; and, perhaps, at one of the upper windows you may perceive a lady's head. For, a brass-plate, a wife, and a night-bell, are the three first things that it is incumbent upon a medical man to procure and exhibit.

In his surgery the diploma of Apothecaries' Hall is the chief ornament, and this is elaborately framed and glazed. It is headed by a coat of arms. The crest is a rhinoceros, balancing himself very nervously on the top of a helmet, as the elephant did whilom upon the tight rope at Astley's. And on the shield is an individual, in the most approved *pose plastique* undress, riding on an animal that certainly never existed, but in that remarkable zoological collection which heralds have been celebrated from time immemorial for believing in; and the motto is "Opiferque per orbem dicor," which means that a medical man is considered as a "help" all over the world, and treated as a servant accordingly.

This, then, is so much of the medical man's home as the public are acquainted with. His domestic arrangements are much the same as other people's, except that his dinner hour is somewhat vague, and he does not believe in quiet evenings. How his time is passed whilst this home belongs to him—for he cannot be said to live there—we will now consider.

3. *Twenty-four Hours of a Country Surgeon's Life.*

We will begin at midnight. They go to bed early in the country: one has only to walk along the principal street of a village after ten o'clock P. M. to see this. The lights all leave the lower windows and congregate about the upper ones; and now and then the illumination is extinguished all of a sudden, marking the exact moment of getting into bed. Mr. Lane Barnes has managed to retire at the usual time, after a fagging hard day's work, in which he has booked two pounds ten of money, to be reasonably hoped for when the bills go in at Christmas. He is in his first grateful sleep when the night-bell rings with a violence that threatens to shiver it. There was no occasion for all this force; Mr. Barnes is so delicately alive to its sound that the slightest vibration would arouse him. He springs out of bed and throws open the window. "Who's there?" he asks.

"Please zur," says an agricultural voice, "you's to come to Mrs. Humphrey's, on Choam Common, directly."

"Well, but she never spoke to me to attend her," says Mr. Barnes. "Have you got an order from the relieving officer?"

"Noa, I aint got no order, only they thinks she'll die afore you gets there."

Now, Choam common is a deuce of a way off,—four miles, made fourteen by rough roads. Mr. Barnes would ride, but there is no place to

put up his horse when he gets there, for the hovel in which the census is about to be increased, stands quite by itself at the edge of a fir copse. It is pitch dark too, and raining. Mr. Barnes cannot be *made* to go as there is no union order, and he knows the people are not in a condition to pay sixpence—nay, not one penny. But he hears the woman is very bad, as the messenger declares; that is to say, he knows that if any thing goes wrong there will be a terrible to do at the board, and that he will be bullied by the clerk, who is a lawyer, and like all lawyers makes a good thing of everything, and appears sometimes to forget, in his speeches to the medical man, that he is quite as respectable a gentleman as himself, and equally well educated and connected. And the provincial press would also take up the affair, and articles would be written upon his brutality, and votes of censure passed, and he would lose a great portion of his practice. So he gets up wearily, hangs on his clothes in yawning and dreariness, and leaving a rushlight up in the surgery, starts off with the messenger.

It is a terrible journey. The man will go short cuts over ploughed fields, diagonally, with all the furrows rained full or flooded; and through intricate plantations, and across rushy marshes, bad enough to traverse in the day time. At last, at the end of the common he discerns a faint light. Towards this beacon the course is steered; and after tumbling down gravel pits, and into furze bushes, and over peat heaps, he arrives at the two-roomed tenement of whitewashed mud, in which Mrs. Humphreys is preparing to add a unit to the registry of births.

The place is very wretched. A turf fire, with a few green sticks added to it, moulders and hisses on the hearth, or smokes in the house generally. The wind comes through the rough doorway, and the broken casement. The chairs are wooden; and the wretched supplementary beds in the invalid's room, are occupied by the fleas and the children, so that the doctor cannot sit down on them if he would. Everything is squalid and dirty; for we say it in sorrow, the cottagers naturally love dirt; that state of domestic affairs commonly known as "hugger-mugger," if that is the way it is spelt, for we do not find it in a dictionary—is most dear to them. "Virtuous-indignation" writers may snarl at us for increasing "the wrongs of the poor man," but we are speaking from experience, very hardly acquired in parish practice. In the country pure air and water are within the reach of all; they might turn out their bedding upon the sunny turf, and open their windows, or they might bathe in the nearest stream. But they prefer dirt, that is to say if left entirely to themselves.

In this unenviable position Mr. Barnes remains for six hours, thinking himself very lucky if he gets away so soon, for it may be two days before he can return home again. Sleep of course he cannot think about, and any refreshment is out of the question; there is nothing but some tea of the roughest kind, and some butter that skins the tongue: and the room is blocked up with those magging crones who always assemble on the occasions of a mortal coming into the world, or going out of it—amateur Mrs. Gamps, if we may be permitted to term them so—who talk unceasingly during the whole time of the performance usually *at* the medical man, and obstinately persist in doing everything most calculated to oppose nature in a process, in which of all others, she ought to be left to herself.

However, that joyful cry, more grateful to the ears of the medical man than any other sound is to any body else on earth, which announces the infant's "first appearance upon any stage," is at last heard, just as cold grey morning is stealing through the patched windows; and in another half hour, chilled, wearied, and blinking in the sunlight, Mr. Barnes returns home and creeps into bed.

But, at half-past eight, the surgery bell begins its day's diversion, and any more sleep is out of the question. He must turn out again; the new gentleman at the cottage, near the green, has cut his wrist with a pruning knife. Mr. Barnes is obliged to go, for no medical man has, as yet, been called in there, although all the five in the village left their cards. So off he starts, and when he gets there finds a troublesome case. The radial artery is severed, and it must be taken up—that is to say the severed ends must be tied: it will require much attention, and certain anatomical knowledge. This Mr. Barnes bestows upon it, and all would be well, but one morning it is discovered that the new gentleman, with his family, has been marksman enough to shoot the moon in the night, and so fitting, is never heard of again.

Upon his return, the parish *levée* has commenced, and the surgery is blocked up with the poor. Only those who have had much to do with them can know the odd anomalous complaints with which they are afflicted.

"If you please, sir," says one, "Mrs. Ridge can't get the fire out of her burnt arm all she can do; will you send her some doctor's stuff to take it out?"

The belief that a portion of the fire is actually incorporated with the scorched flesh of a burn is very common.

"Please where Tom cut his hand the proud flesh do come wonderful to be sure."

The healthy granulations on a wound are always termed "proud flesh," and destroyed by every possible method.

"Please, sir, mother wont have baby vaccinated, because it always turns to small pox."

The majority of the cottagers entertain a violent dislike to vaccination, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be persuaded, at times to allow the operation to be performed on their children.

Some feel "so fluttery all over, and such a sinking they dont know whether they are on their heads or their heels," nor will any assurance convince them, albeit that position may be soon correctly defined. Others have got the "fluency," which means the influenza: and others inquire for wild remedies,—"*pillycochy*," "*ites* to rub their rheumatiz with," and "*hicory piccory*:" nor will they believe in any other medicines. And in all matters connected with medical treatment belief is a great point.

But, besides all this, a number of orders have arrived for Mr. Barnes to go and see some sick poor at all corners of the parish, which is very large. And although he knows that, in some cases, the illness is half feigned, yet he must go: for there are, in all country places, sundry unemployed members of the leading families, who are always poking about in the cottages, not to relieve the wants of the inmates, but to lecture them, or lend them tracts, which they have neither leisure nor learning to read: and the medical man is to such good people what a barbel is to an angler. Having caught him they like to worry him,

and drag him wherever they please, until he is well nigh exhausted, merely for their amusement. And if he is not almost cringing to them, they say things to his prejudice at the large houses where he attends, and will gradually undermine his practice. For the country surgeon is looked upon as little more than one of the respectable tradesmen of the place, by the families. That is to say, not by those who are connected in any way with the court, or senate, or have a London residence; for their minds are expanded, and their behaviour always marked by courtesy; but by the two classes of old family stickers, and delicately poised *parvenus*: the first loving better to be giants in the country than nobodies in town, and expecting everybody to touch their hats to them from long conventional usage; and the second, knowing how fine is the balance upon which they are vibrating between the nob and the snob, and in their struggle to be thought the former, usually overdoing it, and going down at once to the latter.

Mr. Barnes, at last, has seen everybody, and gets home again about half past five, when his dinner consists of something half cold that has been put by for him, but which he is not allowed to finish. For the surgery bell rings at the first mouthful: and he must get up to take a tooth out, for which operation he receives, perhaps, a shilling: perhaps, nothing, beyond a promise to pay next Saturday, which might as well be Doomsday as far as the chance of settling went. And, by this time, the people he has seen in the day begin to arrive for their medicine, in the middle of dispensing which, (or prescribing, if he has an assistant) he finds the time is come for him to meet a London physician at the house of one of his neighbours, in consultation. The London physician, who has a fee of a guinea a mile for his visit, wishes to cut down the expences of his patient accordingly, that he may not so much grumble at this heavy charge. And so, instead of making good for his professional brother, by ordering four draughts a day, which is six shillings, he contents himself with giving the *recipe* for a box of pills—which is half-a-crown—to be taken night and morning, so that they will last a week. And, as the neighbour lives near, he objects to pay visits, but feels offended if Mr. Barnes does not see him daily nevertheless; and perhaps thinks of employing another medical man.

Tea-time comes: and with it Mr. Barnes enjoys a little rest, and can talk to his family for the first time in the day. But scarcely has it passed, when the bell begins again—this time very violently—and he finds that a party of tramps, who are bivouacked in a lane near the village, have been fighting, and one of them is nearly killed by another jumping upon him. So he has to start off again, and finds a terrible case of laceration and contusion, with broken ribs and a dislocated wrist, all requiring the greatest care, for which no remuneration can reasonably be expected. But he brings the edges of the cuts together, with adhesive plaster, and reduces the luxation, and bandages the ribs—the man being intensely drunk all the time—and then gets back again to see those of his remaining patients who will expect a visit from him before bed-time, and hear all their symptoms and complaints, over and over again, for at least the hundredth time. At last, somewhat tired, and with good cause for his weariness, he gets to bed: but the chances are, that it is only to be rung up again in half an hour and learn that the tipsy tramp has torn off some of his dressings; and that one of the wounds is bleeding furiously: or, it may be, that the

lying-in patient, from the injudicious administration of stimulants has been attacked with puerperal convulsions. In either case, his immediate presence is imperative.

The foregoing sketch is no mere article, invented with an eye to comic literary effect. Every country practitioner will bear witness that it is rather underdrawn than exaggerated; for we have altogether omitted any of the major annoyances of the profession, such as the loss of good patients from their mere caprice; the inevitable, but unfavourable, termination of an important case, or the crushing insults which must be occasionally submitted to, if the medical man wishes to support his family by his business. Everybody else can, at some time or another, reckon upon a holiday, but the country surgeon knows no rest. Or if, perchance, he does, once in twenty years, take a few days' vacation—never any longer—it is only to find that, through his absence, he has either lost one of his best patients, or missed the chance of getting another equally desirable, whom it has fallen to his opponent's lot to secure.

4. *Of various miseries incidental to the profession.*

Making a morning to go and call upon a new comer, and when you get to the house, seeing your opponent's gig at the door.

Being disturbed from your dinner by a feeble-minded stranger who mistakes the surgery for a chymist's shop, and wants "a penn'orth of diaklum."

Being summoned on a commission of lunacy, where your evidence, either way, must give the deepest offence to some of your best patients.

Kicking your heels at a cottage for two nights and a day, at the end of which, the affair goes off altogether for a month. Sarcasms of the neighbours on your apparent ignorance, and loss of practice in the interim.

Taking a warm bath for incipient bronchitis before you go to bed, and being rung up twenty minutes after you have fallen asleep to go a couple of miles through a fog you could almost climb over.

Finding yourself most unexpectedly out of bottles; and commencing a hunt all over the house for a "Reading Sauce," or "Essence of Anchovy" half-pint, to send out a mixture in; domestic embroilment in consequence; and process of shotting and cleaning, out of sight of the public.

Rolling out pills (with a machine) that have got a bit of thread in them, which strings them altogether, instead of separating them, like the penny imitation coral necklaces, the men sell about the streets at present.

Receiving the prescription of a physician, from your most important patient, to make up, composed entirely of new-fangled preparations, not one of which have you got by you.

Making a plaster in a hurry, and shrivelling up your last heart-shaped bit of white leather, with an over-heated spatula, into a cicatrized mass, something in shape like an Isle of Wight cracknel.

Observing, during a visit to a patient, some strange bottles on the mantelpiece; and being told that the family hope you will not feel offended, but were afraid you did not quite understand the complaint, and so they asked Dr. Cole to write a friendly prescription.

Settling in a locality where "district visiting" is fashionable; and

where, as long as the cottagers can excite commiseration, by appearing ill, they will never give you credit for getting them better.

Losing your very best patients, through your unremitting attention to a parish case of scarlet-fever, which they are afraid you will bring into their house.

But these might be continued to the end of our half-yearly volume. Every one in the profession, and we hope many out of it, will, however, enter into the discomfort of the troubles just mentioned,

“Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!”

“NEW SOUTH WALES.”

THERE is a land in distant seas,
Full of all contrarieties.
There, beasts have mallards' bills and legs ;
Have spurs like cocks, like hens lay eggs :
There, quadrupeds go on two feet,
And yet few quadrupeds so fleet :
And birds, although they cannot fly,
In swiftness with the greyhound vie.
With equal wonder you may see
The foxes fly from tree to tree ;
And what they value most—so wary,—
These foxes in their pockets carry.
There parrots walk upon the ground ;
And grass upon the trees is found.
On other trees, another wonder,
Leaves without upper side, or under.
There, apple-trees no fruit produce,
But from their trunks pour cid'rous juice.
The pears you'll scarce with hatchet cut ;
Stones are outside the cherries put :
Swans are not white, but black as soot. }
There the voracious ewe-sheep crams
Her paunch with flesh of tender lambs.
There, neither herb, nor root, nor fruit
Will any Christian palate suit ;
Unless, in desp'rate need, you fill ye
With root of fern, or stalk of lily,
Instead of bread, and beef, and broth,
Men feed on many a roasted moth ;
And find their most delicious food
In grubs picked out of rotten wood.
There, birds construct them shady bowers,
Deck'd with bright feathers, shells, and flowers :
To these the cocks and hens resort ;
Run to and fro, and gaily sport.
Others a hot-bed join to make,
To hatch the eggs which they forsake.
There, missiles to far distance sent
Come whistling back with force unspent.
There, courting-swains their passion prove
By knocking down the girls they love.
There, every servant gets his place
By character of foul disgrace.
There, vice is virtue,—virtue, vice,
And all that 's vile is voted nice.
The sun, when you to face him turn ye,
From right to left performs his journey.
The north winds scorch ; but when the breeze is
Full from the south, why then it freezes.
Now, of what place can such strange tales
Be told with truth, but *New South Wales* ?

TIPPERARY HALL.—NO. IV.

CONTENTS.

Dr. Reid's Ventilation.—"Hail to the Barrister back from the Circuit."—The Irish Whiskey-Drinker's Bulletin of the Battle of Sobraon.—Yankee Invitation to Erin.—May-Day, and the Gall-up on the Downs.—Grote's History of Greece.—Greek Lyrics to Jessie, with an Irish Translation.—Youthful Reminiscences.—The Lay of the Cambridge and Oxford Boat-Race.—The Baron Von Reichenbach's new Imponderable, and the Light of the Magnetic Ladies.

Scene.—The Travelling Bachelor's Lodgings, where the meeting is held by adjournment.

Present.—THE WHISKEY-DRINKER, THE FENMAN, EVERARD CLIVE, RICHARD GRIMGIBBER, and THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

The Scene of action is a first-floor drawing-room, Dr. Reid's Ventilating Apparatus occupying the parlour below. The apartment is learnedly and fancifully decorated. There are American rocking-chairs round a horse-shoe table, cocoa-nut mattings, bear-skin hearth-rug,—the hunting-dress of an Ojibbeway Indian and the Sunday clothes of a German Professor lying about promiscuously. Many books on bad paper, and in strange characters: the novels with the ugliest of heroines, cut in wood. Lithograph pictures of a Polish Countess, two opera-dancers, Cardinal Mezzofanti, Professors Liebig, Pümpellschnaut, Gesenius, Rumanmilch, the Gebrüder Grimm, Jenny Lind, the Austrian Ambassador, Soyer, and Chinsurah Doo. Accordions and segar-boxes alternately. Autographs of the original contributors to the Kamskatkah Philosophical Transactions. Green glasses strangely cut, both for sight and drink. Kirschenwasser, and some undoubted Hock. Innumerable foreign coins, to the amount of five shillings; and a ream of paper-money, value ten-pence. The room is papered with passports. Rules and Regulations of the Cosmopolitan Fraternity, and the Exotic Society on the walls.

Just as the first libation commences, there is a sudden sensation among the furniture. The carpet swells from below, and the maid-servant's gingham grows balloon-like. The curtain whistles in a sudden breeze. Jenny Lind rattles against the wall. Professor Pümpellschnaut's head turns. MSS. fly in different directions. The paper-money, like Timotheus' airs, ascends the sky *in trembling notes*. The documents grow confused. The punch gets cold.

EVERARD CLIVE AND GRIMGIBBER (*simultaneously*).

Bachelor, bachelor, this will never do.

FENMAN (*earnestly*).

Bachelor, bachelor, these are travellers' tricks upon your friends.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Its blowing my boots off.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Wait one moment, the valve is a little out of order. We'll let in the aromatics directly, and fan you with the breath of the sweet south. Drinker,

"Of a' the airts the wind can blow,"

which will you have? Name your gales, and you shall have one of Erin's own, fresh from the west. Fenman, turn the right-hand cock. We call him Zephyr, he's so balmy. Grimgibber, what will you have a draught of?

Punch.—

GRIMGIBBER.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Umph!

Fenman, should you like an ague? I keep the malaria for my creditors. We can let you in for any thing, from carbonic oxide to simple hydrogen. The chimney serves for music as well as for warmth. Hark! its Æolian airs. You have not been at the House lately, have you Clive?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Hardly in the Easter week. It is not the lively time of the year for our orators. Why?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Ah! you mistake me. I always go there at Easter and Christmas, and during the recesses.

FENMAN.

What cross-purposes are you two playing at! I'll wager that Viator after ventilating his wits, is after the ventilation of his dwelling; and that the only House of Parliament that he studies, is Mr. Barry's, the Great Unfinished Temple of the Winds.

GRIMGIBBER.

Adjourn, adjourn; we'll have no ventilation halls *loco* Tipperary. Shew reason, Bachelor, for the agues that you are candid enough to promise the Fenman, and the rheumatisms we prophecy for ourselves.

EVERARD CLIVE.

De gustibus non disputandum. If the Bachelor *will* try newfangled inventions, and raise the wind at the expense of his friends, why we must—

GRIMGIBBER.

Move to the back-parlour downstairs. Betsy, blow up the fire, and move down the glasses; and when we get down in the snuggerly, we'll drink to the *Reid shaken by the winds.*

EVERARD CLIVE.

And enjoy our liquors as sailors do on shipboard—all the better for the storm that rages above them.

Suave mari magno, &c.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

I protest against that. Viator knows more about it than he shews. Have you not heard of the *Wind versus Wine* case, where ventilation saved the headaches of a whole drinking party? 'Tis the Doctor himself that describes it in his book. The jovial fellows let in the air and the fumes went out. The tea-totaller took his pint with impunity; the *pinter* became a setter; the bottle-man rose to a magnum; and the average magnum swelled to a gallon. I'm thinking 'tis the Bachelor's hospitality that makes him blow us up. He means us to make a night of it, and he's getting us into good wind at starting.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Thank you, Drinker, for your just appreciation. I assure you I had no design of giving myself airs at your expense. But will you give us some melody?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

May be you'd like something philosophical and meteorological in honour of the room and the occasion. So I'll sing you about Spirit versus Gravity, or, if you like it better, Gravitation.

SONG BY THE WHISKEY DRINKER.—“UPON MY SOUL IT'S
THE ALCOHOL.”

Then upon my soul, it's the alcohol
That makes the world go round ;
And gravitation is botheration,—
It's just when the liquors abound
On earth down here, that each higher sphere
Sets to at spinning away ;
And toe and heel, keeps up the reel,
And rests nor night nor day.

If it were not so, 'tis the heads below
That would take up the fumes instead ;
And it's we that would spin, when the liquors were in,
Whilst they would be quiet in bed.
But now it's the sky, 'stead of you and I,
That reels when the wine mounts up,
When, instead of our ears, it sings in the spheres,
To the tune of the bowl and cup.

FENMAN.

Thanks to Clive and his mixings, and to the Drinker and his music, I am warming. As the valves are out of order, and the apparatus has determined against acting, I vote we stay as we are. Grimgibber, I'm glad to see you amongst us. Here's your health, and many similar happy returns to you.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I'll sing you a triumphant ode on it.

SONG BY CLIVE.—“HAIL TO OUR BARRISTER BACK FROM THE
CIRCUIT.”

Air—“Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.”

Hail to our Barrister back from the Circuit,
Honour and strength to the curls of his wig :
Long may he live o'er his forehead to jerk it ;
Long at a witness look burly and big.

King of the Pleaders,
One of the Leaders,—
His name 's in the papers wherever you go.
Guildhall repeats his fame,
Westminster does the same.
Here's to the learned Dick Grimgibber, oh !

He is no delicate Equity Counsel,
No Draftsman, or other mute limb of the law ;—
Fellows scarce fit to cry chickweed and groundsell,
Laden with learning, but wanting in jaw.
Grimgibber's able
To thump on the table,
To storm and to bluster with eloquent glow.
Struck with his fury, men
Acting as jurymen,
Find for the learned Dick Grimgibber, oh !

Hear him in Banc in the dull Special Paper,
 Or in New Trials, when the Motions are o'er,
 Drawing distinctions so subtle and taper,
 Quoting decisions and texts by the score.
 If he writes treatises,
 None are so neat as his :
 Still to a second edition they go.
 May I and you see
 Him soon a Q. C.
 Here 's to the learned Dick Grimgibber, oh !

GRIMGIBBER.

Your parodies, Clive, are, generally, simply annoying ; but this one makes me feel sorry for you.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Surely you are not offended. There 's no harm in wishing to see you a Queen's Counsel, when

“Ye shall walk in *silk* attire,
 And siller hae to spare.”

GRIMGIBBER.

No, Clive, I am not offended. That which is given in joke, I can take in joke, however much I may question the taste of the jocularity. But I said I was sorry on *your* account, and so I am. You have learned just law enough for the purposes of buffoonery, and there you stop. I have no doubt but what you try to palliate to yourself your want of resolution and perseverance by repeating and remodelling the old hackneyed claptraps against the alleged dryness and narrow-mindedness of our profession.

FENMAN.

Come, come, Grimgibber, you are using the rough side of your tongue a little in earnest.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Never mind,—at least do not interfere on my account. I began the sparring, and if I catch a rap over the knuckles, I have no right to cry out. Grimgibber's in the right, and we ought to admire resolute energy even when displayed in an eminent pleader or an industrious flea.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Come, a song, a song. Drinker you sang last about the upper regions. Can't you give us something about earth ?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

After that little bit of harmless sparring, I'll give you a real fight.

SONG BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER—THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON.

Brave boys, now the war is all ended,
 And the peace is come back from Lahore,
 If e'er I saw fighting so splendid,
 I wish I mayn't fight any more.
 Though you've heard, both by land and by water,
 Of mighty grand battles, I own,
 They're all, in regard of manslaughter,
 But cock-fights compared to Sobraon.
 A fig for their musketry flashes,
 Artillery, swivels, and stuff !
 'Tis the bay'net that settles their hashes,
 And lets the smoke out of their buff !

At the brink of the Sutledge the Sirdar,
 The Sikhs, and the Sings were drawn up ;
 Says Sir Henry, " Boys, shove 'em in further,
 For I 'd like in their camp for to sup."
 " It was rousing strong tay," says Sir Hugh, " boys,
 That we got, when we blew up Hongkong ;
 But this morning for breakfast with you, boys,
 I prefer the Ranee's Tay-du-pong."
 A fig for their musketry flashes, &c. &c.

The trumpets play'd up a bravura,
 The great guns they open'd the ball,
 And the Sikhs who were train'd by Ventura,
 They didn't object to the small.
 They 'd been drill'd too by ould Avitabile,
 And, if the plain truth I must tell,
 Faith he hadn't instructed them shabbily,
 For they fired most remarkably well.
 A fig for their musketry flashes, &c.

Now what you call brisk cannonading
 Our infantry thought mighty slow,
 So 'twas after some little parading,
Faugh a ballagh, and at 'em we go !
 To the Tenth our brave General beckon'd,
 " Twenty-Ninth," says he, " charge 'em in line !"
 Lead the way there, my brave Sixty-Second,
 And the Fifties won't loiter behind.
 A fig for their infantry flashes, &c.

Not a shot we fired off in advancing,
 Each man to his orders was true ;
 But such howling, and growling, and dancing
 Was inside, when the breach we dash'd through.
 There was Lal Sing, and Fal Sing, and Ral Sing,
 And ev'ry great Sing of them all,
 Crying out, " Oh, we never more shall sing,
 Or we 'll sing most confoundedly small.
 A fig for their musketry flashes, &c.

Bould Thackwell the batteries surmounted,
 With the ould Third Dragoons, one by one,
 Which for cavalry horsemen was counted
 A feat very handily done.
 Their fortifications we shiver'd,
 Their pontoons we broke up and down,
 And those who escaped being skiver'd,
 Leap'd into the water to drown.
 A fig for their musketry flashes, &c.

So, Sergeant, my boy, drop your halbert,
 The powder we 'll rinse from our throats ;
 Let us drink to the Queen and Prince Albert,
 And the Houses of Parliament's votes.
 Here 's the Generals who took their surrender,
 And the heroes of every corps,
 Who march'd in the utmost of splendour,
 All round the proud walls of Lahore.
 A fig for their musketry flashes,
 Artillery, swivels, and stuff !
 'Tis the bay'net that settles their hashes,
 And lets the smoke out of their buff.

FENMAN.

Sir Harry Smith, like Hereward the Saxon, is a hero of the fens.
 He was born near Whittlesea Mere.

EVERARD CLIVE.

His health then, with due honours, to Fenmen in general, and to him and our friend here in particular.

Here 's to Sir Harry Smith, native of Whittlesea,
Let the Mere froth at his name like a little sea.
Mix me a tumbler, and sweeten it, Sally, well ;
Here 's to the health of the Victor of Alliwall.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

All due honour to your English generals, whether they come out of the fens or off the firm ground, whether they are web-footed or cloven-toed Saxons. But recollect that one of the three new Stars of the East came from our isle of the West. Gough is a Paddy.

We 'll drink to Smith and Hardinge, oh,
But then, I 'll beg your parding, oh,
You 'll not get off
Till you 've drunk to Gough,
Whom the Queen has been rewarding, oh.

GRIMGIBBER.

There is justice in what you say. I believe your countrymen have done their duty well in all our wars for many a century.

FENMAN.

I suppose that is why the Yankees want to get them away from us. Of all the cool specimens of Transatlantic effrontery that Jonathan has favoured us with, I admire most the speech of their Mr. M'Connell (not O'Connell) about proposing to annex Ireland *à la* Texas and Oregon.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

That invitation was thrown by a distinguished friend of mine, who is a Member of Congress, into Heroic verse. I have a copy and will read it to you.

THE FREE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S HORTATORY INVOCATION OF THE IRISH CELT.

Friend of Mankind, who lovest all that are,
But hatest Saxons in particular ;
Speak but the word, complete the social plan
That gives his full-blown dignity to man,
And links the Canadas with Yucatan.
Come to the land where no proud Saxons vex,
And breathe the one inspiring word, "Annex."

Come to our land—we 'll seek some favour'd spot,
Where buffaloes may run, and writs may not.
Come to our land, bid Saxon ties adieu,
Come to our land, though we be Saxons too.

I see thy smiles !—from those stern eyes are cast
A look that England hopes may be the last.
I see thy moves !—Ride fast across the waves,
Lo, the Great Western leaves a land of slaves.

Come not alone ;—the Union welcomes you,
Erin ; but then she 'll welcome Scotland too.
Tear all from Albion ; Orkney if you can ;
Tear Shetland, and the shielding arms of Man ;

Tear Sky, and Mull, and Muck of meaner mark ;
 Tear Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark ;
 Let Cornwall miss each Scilly satellite,
 And hoggish Hampshire mourn in vain for Wight.
 So shorn of all which fixes her,—alone,
 And spoil'd of all that now she calls her own,
 That vagrant land shall float, unpitied and unknown.
 Ay ! she shall drift, unheeded, meanly free,
 Reft of her moorings in her vaunted sea,
 And gnash her teeth, now drawn, against the recreant lea ;
 Drift, e'en as Delos drifted, errant earth,
 But, unlike her, give no Apollo birth ;
 Now as the shackled Black, in fetters roam,
 Now as the Flying Dutchman, find no home.
 I see her moves—tyraunically strong,
 She 's boasted of her chinks, and shown them long,
 Paraded them with bold insolvent brow,
 Before her rival France—she walks them now.
 She drifts by France,—France laughs to see her go,
 And Spain looks daggers on her fallen foe ;
 "Emancipate Gibraltar," hails Tangier ;
 Morocco joins the universal cheer,
 And Abd-el-Kader grins from ear to ear.
 The small Canaries strain their throats with glee.
 And Cape de Verd with joy grows green as green can be.

But yon small isle, a speck on ocean's waste,
 Thither, oh, Britons, let your thoughts be cast ;
 Think upon St. Helena if you can,
 And envy that small isle its one great man.

No more.—Sweet Erin, land of smiles and showers,
 Cut the connexion, and be truly ours.
 Thy "*finest pisantry*" shall finer be,
 And grow enlightened citizens like me,
 And think, admitted to that honour high,
 Their faithful pig shall bear them company.

Come, Erin, come ; cease from thy Orange jars,
 Come to the banner of the Stripes and Stars ;
 Let England see thee part with wistful eyes,
 And for the first time learn to sympathize,

Ay ! she does sympathize ; yet sneers the while ;
 She weeps in falsehood like the worm of Nile ;
 Thou king-bestridden arbitrary isle !—
 Among impostors archest of the arch,
 Stinting majestic Intellect its march,
 And stiffening Progress with a food of starch.
 Thy Tyranny can e'en potatoes blight,
 And blast their eyes for fear of Freedom's light.

GRIMGIBBER.

I suppose the bull about gnashing the teeth after they were drawn, is thrown in to suit the taste of the nation who are addressed.

EVERARD CLIVE.

You call it American, do you, Bachelor ? Don't you think the cut rather Parisian than Transatlantic ?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Whoever asks the question, I'll give the answer.

To Cousin Jonathan his Cousin Pat,—
 "We won't have you at any price, that 's flat :"
 "Our isle is green, but not so green as that."

EVERARD CLIVE.

That "Free and Enlightened" Address may deserve a Declamation prize, Bachelor, but it must not excuse you from your duties as a chorister. Come, give us a song. Let the Recitative be followed by an air.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

You really must forgive me. In arranging the ventilating valves this morning, I unfortunately turned the cock of an iced North Easter a little too long. It has given me an incipient cold, which quite stops me from singing. Will you favour us, Bibulus?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

'Faith, to be sure I will; and, as we have just had an invocation of my beautiful country, I'll give you one of a most beautiful creature, whose equal is not easily to be found in that or any other country in the world. She reminds me, with "the tear and the smile in her eye," very often of Erin. I wish I could add, that they "blend like the rainbow" in my regard; however—

SONG BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—MAY MORNING.

OH the May-morn of yore was a blithe one, I ween,
When they danced round the pole on the old village green;
When the maids gather'd dew at the break of the day,
And they wove a bright wreath for the Queen of the May.
Though the good times are past, and the world has grown cold,
Still the dew and the flowers are as sweet as of old;
Still the sky laughs with love, and the earth with good cheer,
And the birds sing their merriest song of the year.

Wake up, Marion, wake—come away, come away!
'Tis the morn that we love,—'tis the morn of the May!

Our steeds but thy coming, fair loiterer, wait;
Hark the neigh of Black Gipsy below at the gate!
Her bridle I've wreathed with the freshest of green,
And I've cull'd thee a rose, love, that's fit for a queen.
The hedge-rows are sweet, and the meadows are fair;
But the breeze of the Downs is more racy and rare:
O'er their soft turf careering, together we'll go,
As the sea-birds skim light o'er the waters below.

Wake up, Marion, wake—come away, come away!
'Tis the morn that we love,—'tis the morn of the May!

Now, Clive, it's your turn.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Let me off this time. I've been lyrically lazy lately.

GRIMGIBBER.

Have you, then, been at any serious occupation during the last month?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes. I have read Grote's History of Greece, and heard the Ethiopian Minstrels. I have examined some Roman antiquities, and seen the Cambridge and Oxford boat-race. I have projected twelve books, and have written from two lines to two pages of each of them. I have had my horse fired, and my bull-terrier's tail shortened. I have had three flirtations with dark girls, two with fair ones, and one with a half-and-half one. I have learned how to make Mush, and have improved my mixture of Gin Twist. I have—

GRIMGIBBER.

Pray, pray, stop your farrago of follies. The only rational topic you have touched on is Grote's Greek History. I should really be glad to hear an opinion about that. The time that I can spare for unprofessional reading is but limited, and I am glad to learn from others what books are best worth the hours I can devote to them.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I cannot say that I like the book. But it is merely fair to observe that the two volumes which have at present appeared, embrace only a very small portion of the subject of the work. Indeed, according to Mr. Grote's idea of Greek History, they are little more than mere Prolegomena. The part which he is best qualified to deal with, the working of the Athenian democracy, is not yet touched upon. I shall watch for the forthcoming volumes with interest, to see how a practical English statesman judges the Athenian system of voting and speaking in the public assemblies, their extensive use of the ballot in the election of magistrates and in their courts of justice, their graduated property taxes, their theories on public education. These, and many other similar matters, are things on which Mr. Grote's opinion cannot fail to be valuable, for he is undoubtedly a good scholar, and he has the just industry and honesty of purpose which always ought to mark, but which unfortunately do not always mark, writers of history.

GRIMGIBBER.

And yet you do not approve of his book.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Not of the portion which he has already published. I dislike the spirit in which he writes, I do not admire his style, and I differ from nearly all his conclusions.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

Pretty sweeping censure that. And yet I have read some favourable reports of the book.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Such there have been, and made by good judges too. Still the impression produced by it on me is what I tell you. The whole of the first volume, and a large part of the second, are wearisome in the extreme. They consist of dry dull prolix statements of all the various Greek legends. Grote strips all the old poetical ones of all their poetry, and adds a cumbrous mass of others from those solemn humbugs the Alexandrine Grammarians and the New Platonists. His theory is that the real history of Greece only begins with the first recorded Olympiad. All before this he treats as a confused heap of shadowy fables: not as exaggerations and poetical versions through which a basis of truth may be explored, but as sheer unmitigated falsehoods and dreams. I differ from him most broadly here. I believe that the Real may be traced through the Ideal. The Greeks of 776, B. C. (the period at which Grote first acknowledges them as real beings) must, from the high state of civilization in which we find them, have had ancestors active in arms and energetic and eminent in arts. It is *à priori*, most probable that those ancestors were aided in their progress towards civilization by immigrant adventurers from Egypt and the East. From the

traces of kingly government surviving in later times, it appears almost certain (as it is in itself probable) that royal houses then were founded whose heads ruled with limited sway and defined prerogatives, as Homer describes and Thucydides asserts. It is self-evident that the wars and the adventures in which these chiefs must from time to time have engaged, would be sung by the poets of the time, and that the most glorious ones, if they met a worthy bard, would thus be handed down to after-times. The various migrations of the different Greek tribes, the degree of ascendancy acquired by them over each other, their brilliant expeditions and foundings of colonies beyond the sea, as they are usually reported and believed, all seem to me likely in themselves, and supported by the best evidence that the nature of the case admits of. At any rate I cannot believe in Grote's anti-Olympic blank, or that the warriors and champions who must have fought and shone in Hellas before Coræbus' time have left no trails of historical light which may be discerned among the legendary mists with which I of course admit they have been overcast. Early Greek fiction is to me

The thin grey cloud that spreads on high,
It covers but *not* hides the sky.

GRINGIBBER.

Are you similarly large in belief as to the legends of early Britain?
Do you take as historical personages Spenser's

"Chronicle of British kings
From Brute to Uther's reign?"

EVERARD CLIVE.

No! the cases are not analogous, though Grote thinks them so and continually reverts to the now admitted absurdity of believing in that catalogue of early British sovereigns, as a parallel with a scholar's believing in the actual existence of Theseus or Cadmus, or in the historical foundation of "the tale of Troy divine." But the early British legends are actually *disproved* by historical evidence. We know, for instance, from Cæsar what a set of uncivilized savages the Britons were before Rome tamed them. The Greeks, on the contrary, at the epoch when Mr. Grote first condescends to notice them historically, were highly advanced in civilization. They had *fringed* the Mediterranean with their colonies (as Cicero expresses it); they had already produced a Homer. They could not have *jumped* to this intellectual eminence. Their *progress* to it may be satisfactorily traced and understood by believing a current of truth to run through the old lays and traditions. So thought Thucydides. So think Thirlwall, Clinton, and Bulwer, and to that belief I will hold, at least until Mr. Grote offers me something better in exchange for it than his present cold chaos of negatives.

FENMAN.

You say that Greece had before the first recorded Olympiad, produced a Homer. Grote would tell you to say "produced the Homeric poems."

GRINGIBBER.

That does not matter for the purpose of Clive's argument. Indeed, the existence of a numerous body of men capable of writing parts of the Iliad, would go further to corroborate his point as to the high civiliza-

tion of the early Greeks, than the phenomenon of one genius in advance of his age and of all ages, living then, and writing the whole.

EVERARD CLIVE.

The Fenman is right in correcting me. Grote is unequal to faith in the one Homer. He would also except, Grimgibber, to your phrase of "writing" as applied to the Iliad. Though writing must have been long known and practised in Egypt, Phœnicia, and Palestine, before the earliest date ever assigned to the composition of the Iliad, Grote is one of those who think it impossible that writing could then have been known by an Asiatic Greek.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Recollect, Clive, how many first-rate men have not merely doubted, but utterly denied, what you would term the Unity of Homer.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes. One of the best things in Grote is a note in which he collects and contrasts the dogmatizing assertions of the disputants *pro* and *con*, about the Homeric question. But the truth is that extensive scholarship and cool judgment are not enough to qualify a man to determine such points. There must be warmth of feeling—there must be some degree of poetical temperament. Never was Pascal's remark that "The Heart has its arguments as well as the Understanding" more true than in these matters.

FENMAN.

The upshot of which is that it is useless for men to argue against each other on them. Brain may furnish arguments to brain, but heart cannot do so to heart.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Except in love-matters.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

From what I read of Mr. Grote's work I was much struck with the great range of his German learning. He seems quite familiar with the great men of that nation.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes! and some very excellent notes and sound critical remarks are the fruits of it. His taste, however, for Germanized metaphysical phraseology I think sometimes misleads him. Where he speaks of the Spartan costumes, and of the young ladies of that nation exhibiting at the public games in a light tunic, cut open at the skirts so as to leave the limbs both free and exposed to view, he goes on gravely to remark that such an education must have imparted to the women a *demonstrative* character. This is worthy of a Teuton.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

How very *demonstrative* our opera-dancers must be.

FENMAN.

I dislike the incoherence of his orthography. Why not Pisistratus as it used to be, instead of *Peisistratus*, &c. All these affectations exhibit but a little learning as a set-off to the indefinitude of idea which makes a man seem ignorant as to what language he is writing in. I've been

bitter against these things ever since they got up an orthographic edition of the Arabian Nights, full of inverted commas and unpronounceabilities. I've a respect both for my eyes and habits, and won't have them interfered with.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

You'd think different if you saw how we send out our Irish ballads now-a-days. Gaelic spelling and Gaelic characters for the Irish names. All national above board.

FENMAN.

I know the pie-bald specimens of typography: one-half English, one Gaelic. Such an alphabet and such spelling! Seriously speaking all this is Brummagem. Do you think "The British Grenadiers" would look like a Klephtic march by printing

Some talk of Αλιζανδρε,
And some of Πειρικλης,
Of Έκτωρ and Λυσανδρε,
And some of Ηρακλης.

GRIMGIBBER.

But the remedy?

FENMAN.

Sound learning. If they knew Gaelic well, they would act differently. At present it's like the French in a silver-fork-school novel—just a measure of the *pitiful ambition of the fool who uses it*.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes: if a man writes Greek, let it be Greek; and if English, English. No half-and-half.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

How, if you want to filch a Greek compliment?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Why, tell it in Greek. I even make (not filch) compliments in that tongue occasionally.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Almost the only ones you ever do make, Clive.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes. "The obscurity of a learned language" makes me more Irish than I otherwise might be. I strung together some Anacreontics the other day to a very pretty convalescent, with a very pretty name.

"Οτ' ἀσθενείς, Ἰέσση,
Συνασθένουσ' Ἔρωτες.
Φρούδη μὲν Ἀφροδιτῆ,
Φρούδοι γέλωσ, χάρις τε.
Σοί δ' αὖθις εὐπαθούση,
"Οτ' ἐν καλῇ παρείᾳ
Θάλλει τὸ πρόσθεν ἄνθος,
Ἐφήδεται τὰ πάντα.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I had no idea that the name of the "Flower of Dumblane" sounded so prettily in Greek. Can't you give us a translation, Everard, of your Teian lyrics?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Ay, an Irish one, if you like.

SONG BY EVERARD CLIVE.—" 'T WAS WHEN YOU WERE AILING,
DEAR JESSIE."Air—" *One bumper at parting.*"

'Twas when you were ailing, dear Jessie,
Our hearts were as heavy as lead :
As for laughing or loving, why, bless ye,
They never came into one's head.

Now your roses return, you sweet crayture,
And the physic is laid on the shelf,
There 's a general rejoicing in Nature,
That Jessie again is herself,

FENMAN.

I see you recollect the Eton Greek weeks, Clive. Can you tell me who's our friend in this little volume.—Robert Noland, publisher, in the character of sole executor, of the Legacy of an Old Etonian—author unknown ?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Ask the Bachelor. His reminiscences go higher up than mine.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Ask Clive. His go lower down.

FENMAN.

Well, neither of you know. The best part about him is his honesty of purpose, and straightforwardness of style, and the worse part his interjections. I suppose his descriptions are true, and his anecdotes natural.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I think so, and so does the Bachelor. If " Old Long Chamber" has a slight tinge of that conventional sentiment which is always expected when you go back to your old floggings and faggings, it shews nothing more than what the public look for on such occasions. The enthusiasm is as essential as the metre. When a man is past forty he must cultivate simplicity of character in order to get up his boyishness.

FENMAN.

At the price of much affectation. For my part I would rather be the most moderate of men than the most magnificent of boys. I won't dye the whiskers of my mind. All reminiscences are bad, some worse than others ; and a man only takes to them in poetry when he has not the *stamina* for an impression.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Well! if ever I commit rhyme I will find some place amongst my stanzas for the spot where I learned scanning and sculling ; and shall be very satisfied to tell my tale as well as the ex-Etonian. Fenman! he measures swords against your countryman, Tennyson, who made an Idyll out of the feat of some schoolboys who stole a sow, kept her during her accouchement, and roasted her babes and sucklings. This was at Westminster. The Eton feat was the abduction of a jackass.

FENMAN.

Was it! Men are easily pleased when they can contemplate all this

with pleasure, and clever when they tag it to rhymes. Real mischief comes when they get morbid on the strength of having been young.

EVERARD CLIVE.

That may hit Gray and other greater men than our nameless friend here. I am like the Bachelor, and love to revert to "Father Thames," and to pull over in memory my old boat-races.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

How exclusively English that love for boat-racing is. So indeed is cricketing also. An oar and a bat should be the emblems of youthful John Bull.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Ay, and good emblems, too. Lord John Manners was right in his recommendation of good out-of-doorsinewy pastimes at the Birmingham Athenic the other day. He truly called them indispensable for the acquisition of the "mens sana in corpore sano." You can hardly have the "mens sana" without them. The lad who gets his shins best kicked at football, and his hands well hardened at the oar, will never grow up a puny sentimentalist or a morbid dreamer, which is too often the case with apron-string geniuses. Spartanize the body while you Atticize the mind. You'll then have a Byron or a Scott instead of a Rousseau or a Keats.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Your system is not infallible. Recollect how it nearly crushed Cowper and Shelley.

EVERARD CLIVE.

It wants wisdom, not mere book-learning on the part of those who superintend it. Would that it had been more wisely applied in the two cases you mention. Had Shelley past through Eton, and Cowper through Westminster, as a little judicious kindness and some preparatory *home-training* might have enabled them to pass, Shelley would have given us more poetry in the style of the Cenci, and less in the style of Queen Mab; and Cowper would not have spent half his life in a state of semi-maniacal imbecility.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Well, I hold with you in loving our old Eton pastimes, and the boating most of all. I was very sorry that I missed the match between Cambridge and Oxford the other day.

EVERARD CLIVE.

• Shall I bore you if I give you an account of it à la Scott?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Let us have it by all means. As Dhu Roderick in listening to the minstrel's song of the battle fancied himself actually present "In the fair field of fighting men," I'll try to fancy myself on Hammersmith Bridge looking on at the eight-oars.

EVERARD CLIVE.

You must first fancy yourself at Stangate. I shall take you up the river with me in the Steamer, and shew all in order.

THE LAY OF THE CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD BOAT RACE.

The morning breeze of early spring
 Ripples the river with its wing ;
 And men who roost in London, wake
 A somewhat hurried meal to take :
 Then up the Thames they speed.
 For this is the appointed day
 When Oxford oars-men must essay
 The laurel wreath to wrest away,
 That now is Granta's need.
 Awake, arise—we must be boune
 To see the gallant strife e'er noon ;
 They start where Mortlake's waters flow,
 And down to Putney piers they row.

Oh well I call to mind the time
 When I was in my boating prime,
 When such a match as this to view
 I used to join some eight-oar's crew ;
 Or, doomed in solitude to float,
 Could sport at least a wager-boat.
 Now, as the Queen of Hamlet saith,
 I 'm getting fat and scant of breath.
 So at mine ease to watch the race,
 I in a steamer took my place :
 'Tis nine o'clock : we're all on board,
 The bottled-porter safe is stored,
 Cigars are lit of various sizes
 And cheerily their odour rises,
 As high the thin smoke curls ;
 The engines champ, the wheels begin
 Their spattering, fizzing, seething din,
 Merrily up the Thames we spin.
 (" Childe Harold " is the boat we're in,
 She's chartered by the Searles).

Flat Chelsea, on thy Reach's tide
 The racing shouts are heard no more,
 No more contending cutters glide
 Along thy dank and dismal shore.
 Still, as we pass thy banks of dirt,
 Full many a former desperate spirt
 Comes back upon my mind.
 No more, no more of reminiscence,
 Our steamer's paddles swiftly hiss hence—
 Soon Fulham's left behind.
 The Crabtree's past, and Chiswick's bower,
 And now we puff near Mortlake's tower,
 And as we gain the chosen scene
 A merry sight it is I ween.
 Steamers are there with jovial freight,
 Rowers of various skill and weight
 In pair-oar, four-oar, six and eight ;
 And funnies small and barges great
 That almost stop the way.
 And horsemen on the shore are there,
 And carriages with ladies fair,—
 'Twere worth a morning's snooze I swear,
 One glance at their array.

And lo upon the glorious tide
 A glorious shape appearing,
 The Cambridge boat in all the pride
 Of conscious swiftness steering.

As if the beauteous thing enjoyed
 The racing strife and glee,
 She putteth out her light-blue oars,
 And glideth gracefully.

From Trinity her captain came,
 Her number Seven did the same,
 And Two, and Three, and Four ;
 As Bow and Six two Johnnians strive ;
 And Magdalen sends as number Five
 A stout and stalwart oar.
 Oh proud was every Cambridge heart
 Their sinewy frames to scan,
 And blithe and hearty was the cheer,
 That, as the starting place they near,
 Along the waters ran.

And gallant was that rival bark
 Whose hues of blue so deep and dark
 The Oxford colours showed.
 A manlier and an abler crew,
 A bark more light and fair to view
 Ne'er upon Isis rowed.

Now fairly marshalled for the strife
 The eager rivals lie ;
 Thrown back in row the light oars quiver
 Over the surface of the river
 In keen expectancy.
 Each tongue is hushed ; with throbbing heart
 Each watches for the sign to start :
 'Tis given—the mooring lines are slipped,
 With light half-stroke the blades are dipped,
 Like greyhounds from the leash set free,
 The boats spring simultaneously,
 And dash along the tide.
 By wave and shore the shouting throng
 Follows their fleet career along,
 While still with hope and courage strong
 They struggle side by side.

And swift and swift with rapid lightness
 The flashing oars dip evenly,
 Alternating their feathering brightness
 With sweeping strokes—By Chiswick, see,
 With unabated speed they glance ;
 The light-blue bows are in advance,
 And “ Cambridge ” is the cry.
 Still pressing on with desperate burst
 Through Hammersmith our men are first,
 As if in victory.
 But no—again abreast we view
 The “ darkly beautifully blue ; ”
 The goal is full in sight ;
 The Oxford holds her own once more.
 Say ye who betted six to four,
 If odds like these were right ?

Speed, Cambridge, speed. Thy champions' pride
 In fiercer struggle ne'er was tried :
 Quick ! quicker forward on the feather !
 Pull the good stroke out well together !
 One effort more for honour's meed,
 The bridge is near—speed, Cambridge, speed !
 Again she claims her pride of place,
 Again she heads the breathless race,

Close pressed by her unflinching foe,—
Gallantly to the end they go.
The arch is shot—the strife is o'er—
And Cambridge has one laurel more.

I rhyme not for the seedy elf,
Who cannot fancy for himself
How peal'd the cheering from the crowd,
And little cannons thunder'd loud,
How, as the crews the shore regain,
The corks popp'd high ; and bright champagne
(From which, as long as oarsmen trau,
With other things they must refrain)
Refresh'd with its immortal rain
The thirsty soul that drinks amain,
Then gasps for breath, and drinks again :
How sweetly Mrs. Avis smiled ;
How some rejoiced, and none were ryled :
And how we hope as good a crew
Will come next spring from either U-
niversity for us to view
At Putney, Hammersmith, or Kew.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

That allusion of yours, Clive, to deep thirst after long exertion, is very affecting. So here 's a tumbler of something better than Thames water for you to rinse your recitation with.

FENMAN.

Bachelor, how often have you been at Berlin, and what did you make of the ladies there ?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Much.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And they, I hope, returned the compliment, and made much of you.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

The old rule. The more pains you take, the less you get in acknowledgement.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

What say you to that, Clive ?

EVERARD CLIVE.

"*Labor ipse Voluptas.*" I follow the variety system in these matters on my own account, and not for the effect it may produce on others. I like the amusement, but wish to remain my own master ; which, if you concentrate your sentimentalities too long on one object, is a difficult matter. "*Divide et Impera,*" is a good maxim to apply to your affections, as well as to your enemies.

GRIMGIBBER.

A very heartless maxim, and I believe a very false one. I think it was through adopting it, that the Bachelor had the ill success he mentions.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Well, if a man will attempt more love than he can get through, and distribute his feelings amongst his female acquaintance, as freely as he

would *bouquets*, he must not be surprised, if the fair objects of his admiration get rid of his impressions with their ball-dresses.

FENMAN.

Serve him right too. An honest man should put earnestness in his sentiments, and amaranth in his wreaths. Clive, there's an image, Drinker, there's a principle for you. However, what I wanted to know was, whether our Traveller knew any of the following Mademoiselles — Maix, Reichel, Nowotny, Sturmman, or Atzmanns-dörfer.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

What five at a time enquired after? You're worse than Clive or myself.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Yes, and what is more, it is their respective susceptibilities that he's curious about. The fact is, the ladies in question are magnetic, and it is on the strength of their sensations that Reichenbach has ascertained a new force in Nature, and indicated the existence of a fresh Imponderable, called *Od*.

EVERARD CLIVE.

The *odds* are against its becoming current. Why it's as fit an appellation for a principle, as the King of Basan's was for a prince. However, there is the mystic *om* of the ancients to keep it in countenance. I wish those Germans would make their words more ship-shape. I suppose Animal Magnetism is to be called Ther-*od*, and Palmistry Cheir-*od*.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Just so. The force in the abstract is to be called *Od*, whilst its modifications are Magnet-*ods*, Bi-*ods*, Therm-*ods*. Phot-*ods*, &c., as the case may be.

FENMAN.

The Odd-fellowship, then, consists of the above-named ladies, who have the special privilege of feeling beyond the limits of sense, and taking a sight of all things invisible. Of course they behave like iron to a common magnet, with as much ease as they do to a common lady-killer.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Just the contrary. The iron attracts them. Reichenbach, however, can attract them with half the things in nature, with sharp-pointed crystals, glasses of water, hot beams from the sun, and cold ones from the moon. He can also produce all sorts of sensations by all sorts of things *without touching*. However, for the sake of justice, I had better tell you what Reichenbach's doctrine is *not*. It is not clairvoyance, and has nothing to do with phrenology.

Certain persons are susceptible to the influence not only of magnets, but of crystals, of human fingers, of the light of the sun, of the light of the moon, of different forms of heat, *cum multis aliis*, and all this in way of attraction, or in the way that iron follows a loadstone.

GRIMGIBBER.

And the certain persons are—who?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I see your drift. They are the weak, the nervous, the hysterical, the epileptic, the deranged, and—

GRIMGIBBER.

No one else? A precious cloud of witnesses in proof of a new imponderable! Why do these things affect only living beings, and, out of those, the weak, the nervous, the hysterical, &c., &c.?

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

They do not. The light evolved from a magnet affected a daguerrotype.

FENMAN.

It did, did it? Do your work in that way, Herr Reichenbach, and you may make out a case. Dumb animals, and inorganic substances, furnish tests like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion; but it is a hard thing to make your Misses Atzmannsdörfers, and Co. unexceptionable.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Mr. Schuh could only sleep when his head and feet lay north and south. Mr. Schmidt had rheumatism, if he lay otherwise than in the magnetic meridian. Mamzell Nowotny's hand always followed a magnetized glass of water, as regularly—

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

As mine does a spiritualized one.

GRIMGIBBER.

Et cetera, et cetera. However, all the sensitive had a screw loose somewhere, Traveller! I wish you luck of your privileged morbidities. Clive! theorize out an explanation of the primitive beliefs in the wisdom of the moon-struck. Whiskey-Drinker! fill your glass, who knows but that an *extra jorum* may screw up the nerves as well as a catalepsy? It's not every one who can see the colours of the rainbows at the finger ends' of his companions.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I am sorry for the whole doctrine. It will abrogate the good rule of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

FENMAN.

And give the credit of a sixth sense to the people who are least fit to use it. However, the question is not whether it be desirable, but how far it is true.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

So it is. Now hear the Poet.

Forces of Od, as Reichenbach observes,
Are two-fold; each a separate purpose serves:
This acts on iron, that on human nerves.

The two in magnets have for years been known;
And e'en to sceptics definitely shewn:
Whilst one, the last, in crystal lives alone.

Incapable of influencing steel,
It acts on patients, privileged to feel,
Through chills and flushes spread from head to heel.

Far stranger things than man e'er deem'd could be,
In Earth or Heaven, these chosen subjects see ;
And deal with facts beyond the Rule of Three.

They walk at ease where common Science halts ;
Correct Induction, and amend its faults ;
And find Polarity in Epsom Salts.

For them each crystal darts the visual ray ;
For them the dark becomes a Milky Way,
And horse-shoe magnets bear the steeds of day.

E'en as of old, when some fierce maniac's rage,
Pass'd for the inspiration of the sage ;
And none but madmen were before their age—

So now—the mighty privilege to share,
The sight of things unseen in earth and air,
Begins when other senses want repair.

And so those mystical sensations, whence
Philosophers draw faith,—

FENMAN.

—and vagrants pence,
Are incompatible with common sense.

Don't think me unfair. You want a theory. Here's one for you. Just as the chemical forces of decomposition are arrested by the action of life, and tell only upon the tissues that death has made obnoxious to their influence, so also the integrity of the senses may override the force of Od, and only leave our frames in a state of susceptibility, when the organism is impaired.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I see your analogy.

GRIMGIBBER.

I only see that the influence is not magnetic, after all, and that it merely appears so, because it is associated in the loadstone with the true magnetic power of attracting iron. I am told that the crystals that do these wonders with the cataleptic Germanesses, find it easier to affect a woman than a needle, and that they can attract a lady, when their fascinations are wasted on iron-filings.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Yes, and *vice versa*. When drawn along the body downwards, without contact, a bar of iron incapable of attracting iron-filings, or affecting the needle, can produce quite as powerful an effect as a real magnet of the same size.

GRIMGIBBER.

I believe that firmly, and without any reservation.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Never mind what you believe or disbelieve. Change the subject and speak to the merits of my ventilation. Own after all it's not so bad. Look at the bowls, and feel your foreheads. Never a fume amongst you. It's all the ventilation that has done it. Treble allowance and no head-ache.

GRIMGIBBER.

Wait till the morning.

FENMAN.

We've done that already. Come Traveller, immortalize the ventilator, and let us go.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

What want we of chaplets of roses,
To wear as we moisten our clay?
We've lots of fresh air for our noses,
And never a headache next day.
So fill up the fullest of glasses,
To him who keeps skies in repair;
The man that contracts for the gases,
And lets out the Spirits of air.

ALL.

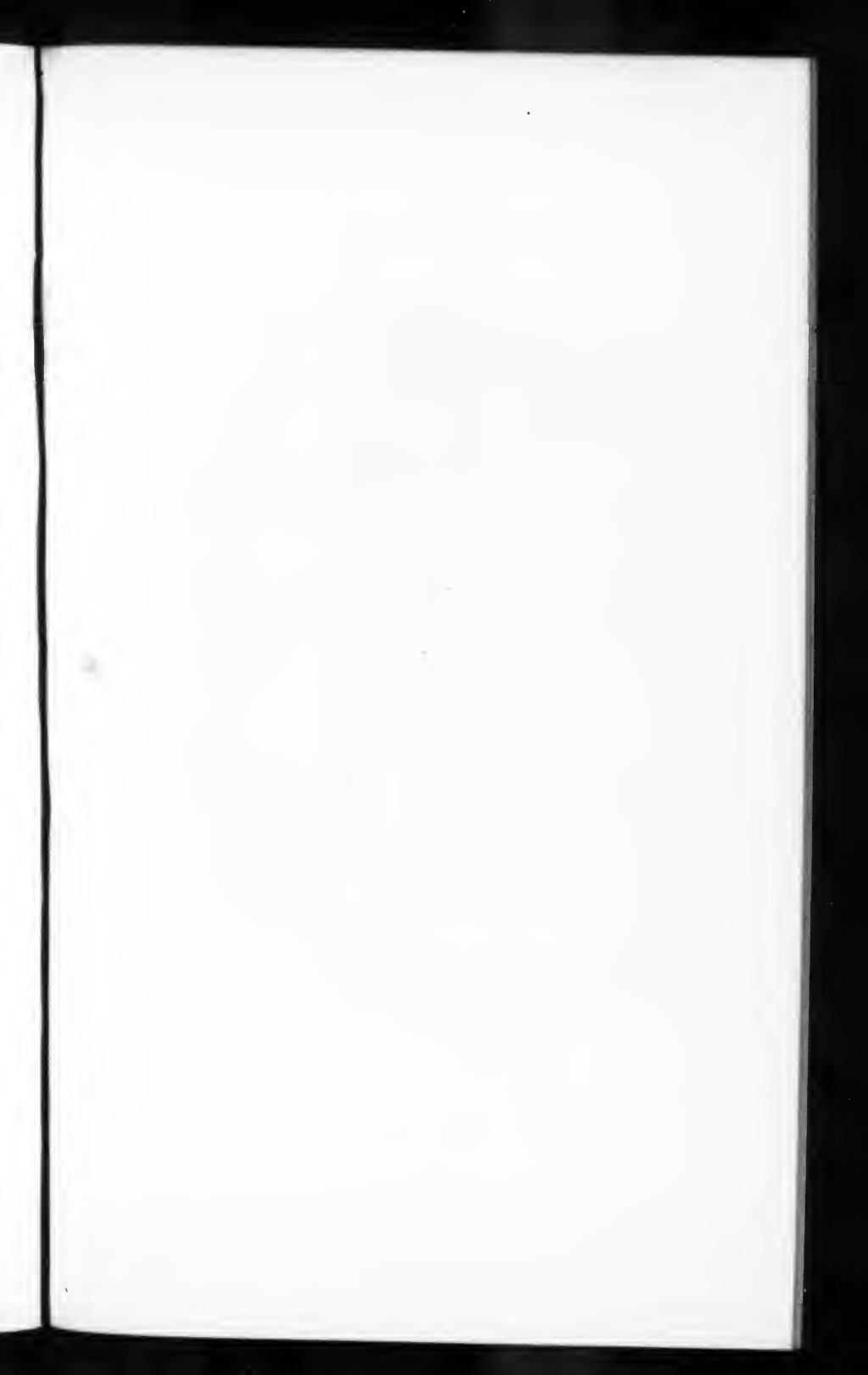
A health to Reid,
May he succeed,
There's nought on earth so great as his
Aerial views,
And chimney-flues,
And windy apparatuses.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

From him whom we read of in Homer
That bottled up winds for the road,
And gave them Ulysses, the roamer,
To take to his wife and be blow'd;
To Parsey, who's tried condensation,
And sends, without fuel or smoke,
Expresses from station to station,
With never a charge for the coke;

ALL.

There's none like Reid,
May he succeed;
There's nought on earth so great as his
Aerial views,
And chimney-flues,
And windy apparatuses.





A. S. D. 1840

BRIAN O'LINN ;

OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XII.

Love Lane.—Mr. Hunsgate makes a new acquaintance, and renews an old one.—
Evening Conferences.—Suppers and *Symposia*.

"Is there a heart that never loved?" says a song that I first heard issue from rosy lips, which Sir John Suckling would have sonnetized, and were nearly the death of me. If there be such, then say I, "devil take the proprietor!" I talk but of the past. Many a year has flown since, in the parlance of that inflammable little gentleman, Tom Moore,

"My delight,
From morn till night,
Was love—still love."

It is high time for a man, *anno ætatis* the wrong side of forty-five, to shake hands with Cupid, and part company; but still, may he not cherish the dearest passages in mortal existence, and call back to memory the almost agonizing rapture attendant on reciprocated passion, when, in the spring of life, like Brian O'Linn, he was but approaching his twentieth summer?

Three days passed, and never was there a happier Irishman than the young gentleman just mentioned. The old keeper dawdled the morning through his garden; dozed after dinner in his high-backed chair; and in the evening puffed the time away, and discussed village politics at the "Chequers." Brian and his pretty mistress were consequently left to their own resources; and, whoever may discover that time flies tardily, lovers make no complaints.

Through the park we have already described as flanking the gardens of the hamlet a footpath ran, shortening considerably the distance between Holmesdale and a neighbouring market-town. It was said that this liberty of passage through the domain of Mr. Huns-gate occasioned much annoyance to the owner, who had vainly endeavoured to close his park; but the usage of centuries had too firmly established it as a right, beyond the possibility of interrupting. Winding through thick plantations, and generally overshadowed by spreading trees, from its beauty and seclusion the villagers had called this avenue "Love's Lane." Here many a rustic suit had been listened to or rejected, and hither, on the third evening after his arrival, Brian and his fair *fiancée* repaired *selon le règle*, to commune with themselves, when the old keeper, as was his custom, had paid his evening visit to the parlour of the "Chequers."

"Twilight grey" gave signal to the lovers that it was time to return to the cottage; and, accordingly, they were leisurely retracing their steps, when, where a by-path crossed the lane, a man, muffled in a cloak, suddenly presented himself. To avoid a meeting was impossible. Susan, startled at the unexpected appearance of a stranger, clung to Brian's arm, while the intruder, in a harsh and angry voice,

demanded "Why they loitered there when evening was closing?" and the young Irishman, *more Hibernico*, responded to the question by demanding "What business it was of his?"

This system of interrogatories appeared to give satisfaction to neither party, while Susan, fearing that her lover's fiery temper might lead to an altercation, whispered an entreaty to be quiet.

"Who are you, fellow?" said the man in the cloak.

"One," replied the youth, "who, if you fellow him again, will lay you at full length upon the sward."

"Know you who I am?"

"Not I, by Saint Patrick!" was the careless return; "nor would I give a brass-button for the information."

"My name is Hunsgate," said the stranger. "What is yours?"

"When you acquaint me by what right you ask, I may favour you with the intelligence you require, and not till then."

"You are a trespasser in my domain."

"It is false as hell!" was the fiery reply. "I am on a road the property of any one who pleases to make use of it."

"Ha!" returned the muffled stranger. "I suppose you will next question my right to the mansion and estate."

"Not I," returned the youth, with a scornful laugh. "I presume you have some legal claim to the property, or the right owner would kick you out."

"Fellow!" exclaimed he in the cloak, and, in a threatening attitude, he made a step forward, while the young Irishman gently disengaged himself from the fair arm that rested upon his.

"I warn you once more," said the youth. "Apply fellow to me the third time, and down you go!"

Susan, born and educated in a country where, however pecuniary obligations may be postponed, personal ones are promptly cleared off, saw that it was full time for her to resort to active mediation.

"Mr. Hunsgate," she said firmly, "we are not intentionally trespassers on your path. This pathway is open as the King's high road, and you know that full well. We are quietly returning home. My father is Hugh Fleming; and this youth is my affianced husband, and his guest." Then, turning to her impatient lover, she whispered in his ear, "Would you distress *me*, Brian? For my sake — for your own sake, remember this is not a country where a little whiskey salves a damaged head."

Brian silently gave promise, by a pressure of his hand, that he would defer to the entreaty of his mistress.

"Come," she said, "supper will be waiting us. Good night, sir," and she bowed to Mr. Hunsgate as she passed.

"Good night" was sulkily returned; and, in passing, Brian's face approached the stranger's. The latter suddenly recoiled.

"Great God!" he uttered, "is it a vision, or reality?" and, while Susan and her lover walked briskly down the lane, Mr. Hunsgate remained in a fixed attitude, as if some magic influence had rooted him to the spot.

"Well, upon my conscience, my darling Susan, that Mr. Hunsworth, or Hunsgate, or whatever you call him, may bless you for treating with unbroken bones. During our short conversation, if ever the devil stood at the elbow of an Irishman, the old gentleman was stuck hard and fast at mine. With the exception of a scoundrel

who calls himself Dangerfield, I never met living man yet who I longed so much to measure strength with.

"Your feelings towards Mr. Hunsgate are not peculiar, dear Brian; for he is a man feared by many, and disliked by all."

"We must find some other walk out, Susan, and give up Love Lane in future. If I meet that man again, and he ventures to look crooked, or rub skirts, down he goes, though I get a month upon the treadmill for it."

"Well, dear Brian, I must not attempt to dissuade you. My father hinted something last night about our marrying within a fortnight. But that is a matter in which there need be no hurry, you know; and, as you have never yet been in a House of Correction, why a month's exercise, and an introduction to genteel society, might be desira——"

The sentence was unfinished; the lady folded in her suitor's arms; and the penalty of love exacted on the spot.

"Ah, Susan!" exclaimed the youth, "my vaunt indeed ends an idle threat. I'll keep the peace, though Mr. Hunsgate *fellowed* me a thousand times."

While with light and joyous hearts the lovers hastened home, he who had been the cause of robbing Susan of a kiss remained standing on the spot from which they had departed, with folded arms, and feet rooted to the ground, as if under some spell or fascination. Minutes passed after the youth and his mistress had disappeared, shut from the stranger's view by a bending of the path, and still he spake not. Feelings for a time too powerful for expression kept him silent; but words slowly came at last.

"Has hell banded against me, and the grave given up its tenants?" was the first desperate sentence the lord of Holmesdale Priory gave utterance to. "That voice was her's; such as I heard even in this very park some twenty years ago. But, deeper damnation still! that flashing eye was his—ay, his—his—his!" and the words came hissing through teeth clenched in agony together. "Methought, as I looked from the window of the library, the figure of one whom on earth I wished only to avoid, glided past me, and vanished in a clump of evergreens. My fears induced me to venture forth. I came to seek the living, and found the dead!" A long pause followed. "Yes; voice and eye were neither to be forgotten; and, could there have been a doubt, the youth's bold manner,—the tone in which he hurled defiance back,—the hand prompt to back the tongue,—all, all remind me of him I strive to forget in vain. 'Tis strange, too, how painfully men present likenesses to others. Search the world over, and a counterpart of that unmatched scoundrel, Hans Wildman, could scarcely be produced. He's distant, and,—could my wishes effect it—drowned, or hanged, and yet, to my heated fancy, crossed the lawn this evening. Pshaw! 'tis idle to disturb oneself. Henry Devereux and Ellen Hunsgate sleep together in the island grave; and the only being who lives, and knows the secret, is ignorant of my name, divided from me by the sea, and from his dissolute and drunken habits not likely to cumber the earth long. I'll home, and——"

"Not bid an old acquaintance welcome!" exclaimed a coarse voice, which thrilled to the soul of the lord of Holmesdale Priory.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, starting back horror-stricken. "Can it be

possible ; or do my eyes deceive me ? and is it—" He made a pause, as if unwilling to pronounce the hated name.

"Your staunch and valued friend, Hans Wildman," said the ruffian, with a fiendish laugh.

"I thought ere this you were hanged."

"Oh, no ; you only hoped it," returned the mariner. "Had that misfortune overtaken me, I tremble at the misery you would have suffered. Of course you would have bent a suit of sables, and clapped up a figure-head of me in the next gospel-shop."

"Hush, fellow ! your ribald insolence is offensive," and Mr. Hunsgate endeavoured to awe the intruder by assuming a cold and formal dignity. "What brought you hither?"

"I think they call it," said the ruffian, with marked indifference, "the Holmesdale Express ; and a cursed slow craft it is. Give me the York mail for my money. D—n me ! they *do* spank along !"

"But, wherefore visit England?"

"Bah ! what a question !" returned the mariner. "I'm getting old, squire,—ay, that's what they call ye here,—and where would a man, when his vessel's no longer sea-worthy, and fit to be commissioned, wish to moor himself, but under the lee of a grateful friend and wealthy patron?"

Mr. Hunsgate trembled ; and well he might. Fear succeeded anger ; the blood deserted his pallid face, and he turned his eyes away from enduring a villain's glance, which spoke determination of purpose, and the consciousness, that the means to effect the object were in his power. What could a man steeped in crime like Mr. Hunsgate do ? Nothing, but submit to the dictation of a ruffian despotism, too absolute to be resisted. Still, though his heart was terror-stricken, he strove to shew a bold front, and hide from Hans Wildman a truth of which that scoundrel was fatally assured,—that his former patron would now be his future slave.

"This is no country for you," said Mr. Hunsgate.

"And wherefore, my dear friend ?" returned the mariner, with surpassing impudence.

"They hang men here for murder," remarked the lord of Holmesdale Priory.

"Egad ! I have heard as much," responded Hans Wildman ; "and, as they tell me, they make no distinction between the person who operates himself, and him who does the job by proxy."

"Humph !" was the only notice which Mr. Hunsgate vouchsafed to the stinging observation of his infamous confederate.

"Have you never a tingling here ?" and the ruffian, with matchless effrontery, touched the collar of the person he was addressing,—"no crick i' the neck ? nor an apprehension that it and hemp may be rather too familiar yet ?"

Could he have dared it, Mr. Hunsgate would have stabbed Wildman to the heart ; but he was too fatally within his power, and his reply was an agonizing groan.

"Come—come," said the mariner, "'tis idle for old friends to trifle. Act as you should, and I'll be true to you, old boy ! as flint to steel. D—n it, my demands shall not be beyond the mark neither. I don't wish to become a justice of the peace, or even to set up shop in my old days as a gentleman. Let us see. A safe roadstead, with good holding-ground, to let go my anchor in ; a

warm berth, and well-stored locker. No banyan days throughout the week; and the evening put in at the "Chequers." Well, a couple of hundred pounds, paid monthly, would do the trick,—ay, and do it well. D—n me, they tell me in the village that you're worth seven thousand a year. You're not incommoded with a family; and I have been better to you than a bad step-son," and the scoundrel laughed, while Mr. Hunsgate writhed with impotent rage.

"Hang it!" continued the mariner, "are we to spin a dry yarn out of doors, and remain here till cock-crow? In my poor opinion, a steady friend like me should half an hour since have had his legs snug under your mahogany. Had you washed the cobwebs from my throat with any Christian liquid I could have told you news. They say down at the 'Chequers,'—I'm riding there at single anchor till you find me safer moorings to bring up to,—they whisper that the want of a heir annoys you. Well, to tell you that I can provide you with one, and to inquire after your general health, were the objects which brought me here."

"And, how the devil did you devise means to find me out?"

"Why, for once, our master, the gentleman you have just named, came to my assistance. I had been unceremoniously kicked out of a coffee-room into the street; and, when gathering myself up from the kerbstone, saw your well-remembered countenance inside a passing stage-coach. I could barely manage to read the word "Holmesgate" on the vehicle, until the carriage drove out of hail. Well, that clue once gained, a little inquiry did the rest; and here we are, once more united, and—if I can prevent it—never again to part."

"It is useless to strive against the hand of destiny!" Mr. Hunsgate muttered, with a groan. "What will be, will be. It is dangerous to talk here."

"And devilish disagreeable, as I dined at one o'clock," responded the mariner.

"Accursed lot!" said, or rather thought, the proprietor of Holmesdale, "to be firmly in the thrall of this ruthless ruffian, who knows his power, and will make his victim feel it."

"Well, squire! what the plague are you mumbling about? If you don't like to bring me to the hall, or the priory, or whatever they call that dark building, that looks far liker a rasp-house than the dwelling of a gentleman, there is the "Chequers,"—ay, and a better place by odds than the old dancing-shop in Flushing, where Dangerfield introduced us to each other. It's an old story now. Twenty years old! One who passes that space sees a deal. When I think of it, what a capricious jade is Fortune! Two old and valued *camarados*!—one in undisputed possession of seven thousand pounds a year; and the other ornamenting a gibbet! I can't say he held an undisputed possession of it, for, d—n me! the night-hawks used to have a peck or two, until they cleaned his ribs. There's nothing left of Dangerfield but bare bones; and the hoodie-crow would not waste time in whetting his beak upon a skeleton. A pebble would do it better."

Mr. Hunsgate shuddered. The disgusting remnant of mortality which Wildman described, had been his own criminal confederate; and he had paid a more than ordinary penalty for guilt and bloodshed. Generally, the grave closes on the just and the unjust; but that resting-place was refused to Dangerfield.

"I pray you," he said, turning to the mariner, "to keep these ruffian recollections to yourself."

"Well; it's a weakness of mine; I never forget old friends. You see the trouble I have taken to find you out. But, what say you to the "Chequers?"

Mr. Hunsgate started at the proposition.

"I enter an alehouse, and in such company as your's! I, who never lay my foot within the village! Is the fellow mad?"

"No," returned Wildman; "but the fellow's cursedly tired of talking out of doors. Then are we not to sup at the Priory?"

"Such must be the case, I suppose," replied Mr. Hunsgate with a sigh. "Remain in the thick plantation you entered this evening; and, when you perceive a light placed in a lower window, come forward. The sash reaches to the lawn; and it will give you easy admission. There the refreshment you require shall be prepared; and then you can communicate the intelligence you hinted at. Keep that path; I take this," and, as he spoke, the owner of Holmesdale Park entered a narrow alley, and disappeared.

The mariner's eyes followed his retiring patron, until a bending in the path shut Mr. Hunsgate's figure from his view, and then broke into a soliloquy.

"Hans Wildman," he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "thou hast fallen on thy legs at last! Little did the scoundrels imagine, when they were bundling me neck and crop out of the hotel, like a mangy dog, that every kick they gave was sending me direct into the path of fortune. One half minute, and the golden opportunity would have been lost. Mr. Hunsgate — it's pleasant to find out the name of an old friend and benefactor, — would have escaped my recognition; and the chances would have been a million to one that no exertions of mine could have ever led to the discovery of a person who wrapped himself in such mystery as seemed to defy detection. Am I safe in trusting myself in that gloomy house? Might he not have me done to death, or ease his fears by a slight infusion in the wine-cup, merely to ensure pleasant dreams, and such as would last until eternity! Ha! friend Hans, look to yourself sharply! You have made the land; and, if you don't turn fortune to account, you deserve to beat hemp in the rasp-house for life, and die a pauper. Well, we'll follow in the commander's wake; and, before we part to-night, I'll let him into a secret that will not make him sleep the sounder."

So saying, the ruffian strolled slowly to the appointed place, ensconced himself in the clump of evergreens, and waited the signal to rejoin his worthy patron.

Hans Wildman was not kept waiting long. A light appeared in the window, and the mariner approached the mansion. The casement was unclosed, the ruffian stepped in, and found himself in an old-fashioned library, well-furnished, largely stocked with books, and its gloomy proprietor standing with his back against the mantelpiece.

"Close the shutters, draw the curtains, and then for supper first, and business afterwards."

The mariner obeyed; and, having made the casement secure against external *espionage*, he advanced to the fire-place, and regarded the meal prepared for him with keener interest than a hungry man generally bestows upon his supper.

"What call you this?" he said. "This thing with claws above the pastry."

Mr. Hunsgate carelessly applied to the glass hanging at his breast for assistance.

"It is a pigeon-pie,—at least, I fancy so," he replied; and his lip curled with ill-suppressed indignation at the easy familiarity of his ruffian guest.

"Then the same pigeon-pie shall content us. Its coating is a sort of security,—and, forgive me,—only one more remark, you'll permit me to draw my own corks. I have become particular of late; but, after to-morrow you may play butler, should you please it."

"Scoundrel! ruffian! what mean you?"

"Oh! nothing particular. By the Lord! your cook's a treasure. I trust your dove-cote is amply stocked; for, when we sup, give me the pigeons."

"Mr. Wildman!"

"Oh! d—n it! don't 'Mr. Wildman' me; it looks unfriendly. But, touching the bottle,—any of those chaps upon the sideboard will do, provided the cork is sealed."

"What mean you, villain?"

"Why, only, that the shortest road to heaven, barring that through a gashed throat, is often found in the wine-cup."

"Now, by everything man hopes for, this is not enduring. Wretch! monster! murderer! Dare you say that to remove one so low I would stoop to homicide?"

"I am but a plain and simple man, *Mr. Hunsgate*." He placed strong emphasis on the title. "Well, I cannot help laughing, for the life of me, to think how a simple devil of my kind could have weathered a crafty old fox like you. As to homicide,—if by that phrase you mean throat-slitting,—why, my belief is, that throughout wide England there is not a man who would by the hands of others do it more unscrupulously than yourself. I am privy to one instance; and did the trick in person for you a second time; and, I have no doubt, could you but drug me from the world quietly, that I should this night sleep with—Captain Devereux. Well, I'll help myself to wine, for all that. This looks like port. I don't object to it. Ay, here's the screw. Come, out goes the cork; and now to business, if you will."

"Go on. What is the information you promised me?"

"Why, what I promised in the park I'll fulfil to the letter. You want an heir. I have one for you, cut and dry, in London."

"Bah! stupid trifler!"

"Yes; no mistake about it, *Mr. Hunsgate*. Devereux's orphan is at this moment in London."

"False as hell!" replied the host.

"I say he is," returned the mariner angrily.

"I repeat it; he is not."

"By heaven! if I do not produce him in a week, I'll forfeit this right hand!" exclaimed Hans Wildman.

"A week!" observed the lord of the Priory, with a sneer. "Why consume a week in doing what I can effect within an hour?"

"Mr. Hunsgate, I do not comprehend riddles, but I will tell you facts; I met, and under strange circumstances, with young Devereux on the Border. Under still stranger we arrived in London in the

York Mail. The morning I fortunately recovered your traces, I lost his—accident again befriended me, and when I half despaired of finding the youth, I ran against his companion in the street—followed him home, and found that I had the younker once more upon the hip. I came here like your guardian angel, to apprise you that this noble property is not without an heir, and that, if you are in a hurry to find him, you have only to drive to No. — in Craven Street."

And having delivered this long and circumstantial detail, the worthy mariner filled and turned down a bumper.

"I thank you for your information, friend," returned the host drily, "but as I neither wish to undertake a useless journey, or commence a wild-geese-chase, I'll not go further than the village. If there be on earth a son of Ralph Devereux, he is this evening in Holmesdale, and most probably at supper in the cottage of Hugh Nevill."

"I saw him five days ago in London!" said the mariner, as he struck the table with his hand.

"And I spoke to him this evening in my own park, five minutes before I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the worthy gentleman I have now the honour of entertaining."

The mutual disclosures made by the host and the mariner, produced on both sides unqualified surprise, and on neither any pleasure. To Mr. Hunsgate the discovery was astounding, that he had steeped himself in crime to no avail, that he held the wealth and position he sought out and obtained so foully, by a tenure as dangerous as if he sat beneath the fabled sword of Damocles; that, as if conducted thither by the hand of Providence, the ill-used heir had miraculously survived hardships and abandonment, and, directed by some mysterious agency, returned to his own domain, to push from the stool, the false relative who had usurped it, and deprived him by a double murder, of parents and patrimony together. Nor had the wanderer come home, as might have been expected, helpless, and destitute, and unfriended. All about him augured danger. He was just bursting into vigorous manhood, buoyant in spirit, confident in his own strength and courage, and protected by a personage, whom Wildman had, in his strange description of the dwarf, invested with mortal power and superhuman knowledge. From such an enemy what might not be reasonably dreaded? Detection, exposure, and disgrace. Nor was the mariner exactly on a bed of roses, notwithstanding he had attained the grand object of his life, and ascertained the identity and position of his patron. Terror and superstition disturbed his guilty conscience, and when he called to memory Miriam's prophetic warnings, he trembled as if he felt that in that youth's person, his own evil genius was embodied. Never did a more lowering future darken a course of crime. To him who planned, and him who executed the deed of blood, Brian's sudden appearance was equally unaccountable and alarming, and while the true heir lived the base employer and his baser slave, felt that their existence had no security, and, like the avalanche which overhangs the Alpine traveller, ruin impended above their guilty heads.

When the singular meeting and stormy interview between the lord of the Priory and the young Irishman had fairly ended, Susan, with love's privilege, taxed her affianced lord with his impetuosity,

and prudently urged the necessity which existed in England, of bringing matters to an argumentative, rather than a physical conclusion. To the gentle and playful remonstrance of his pretty mistress, Brian turned an obedient ear, and admitted that her reasoning was correct.

"But, dearest Susan! Have you never met people from whom by some secret impulse you revolted? Has no stranger's voice grated on your ear—no eye met yours from which you did not turn away with satisfaction?"

"I have really, dear Brian, experienced the feelings you describe, but they were restricted to one, and I never was comfortable in the presence of Arthur St. George.

"Then make some allowances for mine, Susan. Deeply as that scoundrel sinned against you, and insulted me, when I saw blood flow from an injury himself had inflicted, I could have almost forgiven him. But within the brief space of a fortnight I have encountered two persons, whom I never met before, and of whom I know nothing, and yet I hate these men, ay, to the very death. I met upon the Border, and by sheer accident, a scoundrel, who, called himself Dangerfield—and, would you credit me, that every time the fellow looked towards me, I found my hand creeping towards a pointed knife which was lying on the supper table. To-night, and in his own domain, though right prescriptive may have established liberty of passage, yet some allowances should be made for the proprietor of the park, even if he did assume something on the score of ownership; and yet I feel assured, but for your fortunate presence, dearest love, I should have committed myself most desperately, and possibly be now under the surveillance of the police, and Mr. Huns-gate under the hands of the doctor. Good heavens! I remember that Mr. Faunce volunteered to tell me every particular regarding this Mr. Huns-gate, and invited me to supper. Dear as you are to me, will you, Susan, find excuse for some secret prompting of the heart which impels me to seek the promised information? Say nothing to your father of what occurred to-night, and I shall be only absent for an hour."

* * * * *

On reaching Doctor Faunce's cottage, Brian found that useful and important personage at home, and indulged himself with a meditation pipe, in a small den he called "the surgery," while his hand- maiden was making active preparations for parading her master's supper.

"Ha, my young traveller, is it you? I need not ask after your health. Had a screw come loose you would not have been so tardy in visiting the doctor. Well, we must admit that Hugh Nevill's cottage contains metal more attractive. You are welcome. Hurry supper, Polly, and tell your mistress a friend has come to share it."

To judge by general appearances, there was not a happier man in the parish than Doctor Faunce, and as he sat in an old-fashioned elbow chair in the sanctum clypeid surgery, surrounded by nests of drawers, a long array of lettered bottles, and a brigade of antiquated blue china vases, which seemed a sort of hybrids produced between a jar and a teapot; as with outstretched legs he reposed in slippers indolence, he looked the very picture of one of those exceptions to

ordinary mortality, whose stream of life glides gradually away, without a want or a wish to ruffle the unbroken surface of the water.

Brian had remarked already the extreme neatness which distinguished the exterior of the doctor's domicile from the cottages of the wealthier villagers. Within-doors, this neatness was even more remarkable and while the regular alignment of every blazoned phial and nondescript jar, would have elicited the commendation of an adjutant, when summoned by Polly to the supper room, the youth confessed that, if what Ollapod would term "the Galenical department," of Faunce's establishment might charm an apothecary, that, under female management, was fully equal to the sanctum itself. The doctor's helpmate was comely and respectable, his maid had black eyes, good legs, short petticoats, and a clock in the stocking, to invite attention to the same. The spoons and forks looked as if plate powder was lavishly consumed, and the table linen so white, that it might have been supposed just returned from a visit to the bleaching field. The supper was in keeping with all, very simple and very excellent.

When the lady with the black eyes and clocked stockings, had removed the cloth, Doctor Faunce produced a bunch of keys, and extracted from one of those antediluvian conveniences, called a "*guard de vin*," sundry foreign bottles, to all appearance as carefully secured as those rare medicaments in the sanctum, designed to arrest the sinner's march, and oblige old narrow-back to wait a little longer. While the host, evidently bent upon hospitality, was making all preparations for the approaching symposium, the young guest more than once observed Mrs. Faunce examining his features with more than common interest. Whenever she fancied that Brian noticed her observation, the lady turned her eyes away, but before long, and as if under some secret impulse, a side-long glance would stray to the object again.

"Mary," said the doctor, suddenly addressing her. "Trace ye any resemblance between this young gentleman and any person you once knew?"

"Forgive my apparent rudeness," she said, turning to Brian. "There is in your face a mixed expression, a peculiarity of features, which painfully recalls to mind, one whom I once knew, and another whom I dearly loved."

"Is not the likeness marvellous?" said the doctor. "I did not mention it to you when I named the youth, to see whether you would discover it, as I did."

"Ay," returned the lady, as she fixed her looks upon the guest, "there, indeed, are the eyes and nose of Ralph Devereux; and mouth and voice are poor Miss Emily's."

"It is very strange, madam; but some imaginary or real resemblance to persons to whom I have no reason to suppose myself even remotely connected, has been noticed by several. May I inquire who this Ralph Devereux was, and who Miss Emily?"

"Of the former my husband can give you more information than I possess. As to the lady, you speak to one who knows more,—or, rather, I should speak in the past tense, and say *knew*,—than any person in existence. I watched her infancy,—her childhood,—and saw her reach woman's years. I was her nurse,—her instructress,—her confidante,—her mother."

"Was she of the family of Mr. Hunsgate? Connected with him, I suppose?"

"Alas! I fear too fatally."

"He was her relative?"

"Yes; a little more than kin, and less than kind, she proved him."

"It is no idle curiosity which prompts the entreaty. You promised me, Doctor, when we parted, that you would confide to me some particulars about this Mr. Hunsgate," said the young Irishman to the host.

"And which promise I will perform. Mary, my dear, we will not trespass on your domestic engagements, and the disclosures I am about to make have no novelty in them to interest you, who know the Hunsgate history so well."

The lady, obedient to this broad hint, rose, shook Brian kindly by the hand, bade him good night, and left the learned leech and his guest *îlêlê-a-îlêlê* together.

When the door was closed, Mr. Faunce prepared himself for the expected narrative, by a fresh admixture of lemon, rum, and sugar, fabricated, as he called it, "*secundum artem*." It was not a little amusing to Brian to remark how curiously the worthy man united the polite with the professional. Drawing forth a huge time-keeper, with a second hand that traversed a whole circle of the dial, he observed that it was time patients had their composing draughts, and that I should replenish my tumbler. The bell at his elbow was sounded, the black-eyed attendant responded to the call, and an order was issued that she should assume cloak and bonnet, bring hot water and the basket, and the order was promptly obeyed.

"Polly, my dear, put the jug upon the doily as your mistress can't bear a mark on her mahogany—and step into the surgery for the night's supplies. I always," and the Doctor addressed the guest, "take time by the forelock, and I had compounded all I wanted before you came."

Polly returned with a tray, tolerably filled with phials of various dimensions—small, large, green, and white—and received medical instruction as Mr. Faunce, one after another, delivered these inimitable preparations of pharmaceutic skill, to the safe custody of her with the clocked stockings.

"That green bottle, Polly, you'll give to the miller's wife. It is to lubricate the ankle, and not mollify the intestines. Explain this to her, and tell her not to swallow it as she did the last. This square phial is a composing draught for Mrs. Snapper. It's effect will be two-fold, I trust—if it arrest the action of her tongue, poor Snapper may get a quiet night—and it is seldom he's allowed to sleep, honest man. This is an ante-anthistic for Captain Carbuncle—great chance of staving off gout from an elderly gentleman, who manages a gallon of ale—treble X—and a pint of brandy between cock-crow and sun-set. These pills, are for Miss Kershaw—tell her not to wet her feet,—not that the pills require confinement, they are simply farinaceous, *vulgò*, called "bread,"—and now, Polly, you know where to disperse the remainder. Don't let the men tousle ye, as ye go along. It's not respectable, and they might break the bottles."

Thus admonished, Polly, of the black-eye, proceeded on her tour

of duty—and whether she received any rustic civilities on the route, which the Doctor intitulated “tousling,” or, escaping gentlemanly attentions, delivered draughts and boluses correctly, does not appear.

While the worthy leech essayed himself, after securing the safety and repose of his patients, to gratify the young Irishman’s curiosity, we shall reserve his revelations for the next chapter, and look back at the library in Holmesdale Priory, where we left Hans Wildman in comotation with his patron, the proprietor.

As misfortune introduces people to strange bed-fellows, so do circumstances accustom men to companions they would not have selected had choice remained with them. In such a difficulty, the mariner and Mr. Hunsgate were placed. The more the latter reflected on the position he was placed in, the more hazardous it appeared to be; and Wildman’s intrusion, which he would have considered, under other circumstances, a great calamity, seemed now an occurrence rather calculated to prove fortunate in the end. Forgetting his ascetic habits, Mr. Hunsgate did not decline the wine, and this free interchange of bottle, put the mariner’s suspicions to rest, and restored confidence, apparently, on both sides.

“I have carefully thought over this singular affair, and compared your information with that which has fallen to myself,” said the host, after a thoughtful pause, “and my deliberate conviction is, that the greatest danger incident to the appearance of this youth lies in the character of him you describe as his most mysterious protector. This unknown being to whom you attach such extraordinary sagacity, influence, and wealth, were enough alone to render this young adventurer most formidable. Had he come to England unfriended and unsupported, without aught to depend on but his rights—were they clear as noontide, he might have wasted a life away, before any lawyer could have been found rash enough to venture to assist him. Here, justice and money go hand in hand. Possess the latter, and no matter how tangled be the web, you may have a lineage traced back to the Conqueror, if you desire it. Be poor, and could an alibi be established in the next town which would save your neck, I question but you would mount the gallows; that is, if you could not afford money to pay the messenger. If this man, or dwarf, or devil, be what you describe him, is there a corner within the four seas of Britain safe from his investigations? I foresee more peril in that unshapely portion of humanity, than in all my enemies united. Who is this personage? Where does he reside? What is his name?—How is—”

“Stop, stop,” exclaimed the mariner. “Clew up. Who in the world could answer you, what is only known to the devil and himself? The Elliotts knew no more of him than you do; the ablest quean that ever told a fortune, or looked upon a palm, turned his over in despair, and in two sentences had so much of the past opened up by this infernal dwarf, that she implored him to be merciful. I was scarcely in his presence five minutes, until I would have wished myself half the voyage to hell. He demolished my story in a twinkling, and told the very day, I believe—for I was taken so suddenly all aback, that I can’t exactly say for that—when Dangerfield was gibbeted in Cuba, ay, and every circumstance connected with the murder of the planter, for which poor Dick had to walk

the plank—or, worse far than a leap into the sea swing between sky and earth while a bone of him hangs together."

Guilt often goes hand in hand with superstition. Mr. Hunsgate, who, under other circumstances, would have laughed the mariner's credulity to scorn, felt as if fatality directed his fortunes, and that the malignant influences which should mar them, were neither to be imagined nor controlled. Again he repaired to the bottle, either to drown thought or quicken himself to fresh exertions. The foundation of his house was upon sand. Would cementing it with more blood secure the tottering edifice from falling? He strode thrice across the room—his hand laid upon his forehead, and his walk and manner betraying uncertainty of purpose and mental agitation. Before, he had drunk wine sparingly from a claret glass—now, with a desperate resolution, he filled a goblet to the brim, and to the manifest surprise of his ruffian confederate, he drained it steadily to the very bottom.

"Ha, Squire!" exclaimed Hans Wildman, "I'm blowed if you don't come out at last like a good-un! Come that's what I call companionship. D—n me! I respect the man, who, when he gets hold of an old acquaintance, takes his liquor like a Christian, instead of sipping it, as if it were bilge-water."

"Out with another cork, and fill thy glass, Hans Wildman!" was the reply.

"Now, governor, that's what I call hearty," returned the ruffian, with a grin.

"Off with thy liquor; and then answer me, honest Hans," and the lord of the Priory strode over the apartment, while the mariner obeyed his injunction faithfully, and discussed half the bottle at a draught.

"I like the wine marvellously," he repeated to himself, as he smacked his lips. "But, d—n me! that word, *honest*, looks suspicious. Well, *honest* Hans,—an' it must be so,—look out for squalls! I always stand by sheets and halyards when between people of our kind there is over much civility."

"Hans," said his patron, returning to the table, and fixing his keen eyes upon his guest, "had you rank and position, should you like to forfeit both?"

"Squire, that is a question I cannot answer, inasmuch as I never had either of them. I have a couple of keepsakes, it is true. A "D" from the navy, for desertion, on the breast, and a private mark between the shoulders, to bring to mind a two year's residence in the rasp-house."

"Well,—to come more plainly to it,—had you a goodly estate, means to secure worldly comforts for yourself; ay, and affording you ample power to confer benefits on others, would you, good Hans, like to quietly surrender them?" He paused a moment, and then continued, "Hadst thou worked hard, dared much, and succeeded; been the acknowledged heir of a goodly inheritance; obtained, enjoyed it for nearly nineteen years; wouldst thou, my friend Hans, be inclined to resign it to a stranger?"

"If I would," was the *brusque* reply, "may I be gibbeted, like a mutual friend of ours."

"If an interloper unexpectedly appeared, honest Hans, wouldst thou suffer him quietly to step in?"

"I'm d—d if I would!" returned the ruffian. "But, don't call me *honest* Hans. I never could stand nicknames."

"And, what would ye do, Hans?"

"Keep him out of it, if four or five inches of tempered steel were procurable for love or money."

"But how, Hans?" inquired the host.

"By making an additional opening in his wind-pipe," returned the ruffian, with a grin.

"But—but—" and Mr. Hunsgate stammered.

"But what?" returned the mariner coolly.

"How—how is it to be done?"

"Sleeping, if you would do the trick discreetly. If you have pluck enough, why you need not take that trouble; but do it like a man."

"I could not do it. I want nerve—"

"Ah! then, my dear friend, I sincerely pity you. It's a sad want when it comes to throat-slitting!"

"But, Hans, could not one with the power to mark his gratitude to him who stood by him in extremity,—could he not, dear Hans, find some bold spirit to do what himself lacked courage to attempt?"

"Well, I know nothing more likely," returned the mariner. "Had I missed the mark that brought me to London, emptied the locker of its last shilling,—and the devil himself volunteered a new supply—"

"What then?" inquired Mr. Hunsgate eagerly.

"I fear I should have shipped myself under Beelzebub's command," said the mariner.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Hunsgate, taking the scoundrel's hand, "still the warm-hearted companion, and ever the friend in difficulty!"

"What the devil's to come next?" said the mariner, astonished at the ardent expressions of regard he just received.

"Hans, *thou* wilt remove this obstacle, and relieve me from the insolent pretensions of this froward boy, who, after all, may be an impostor?" and he fixed his eyes in painful expectation on the ruffian's.

The mariner precluded his reply by a long and peculiar whistle.

"Ha! sits the wind in that quarter? Come, come!—belay! belay!"

"Will you desert me, then?" returned the lord of Holmesdale Priory. "Will you not stand to me now, Hans, and secure my everlasting gratitude? You hinted at some little plans for passing the future comfortably. Earn it by this good service, and with a liberal hand the means shall be placed at your disposal."

"Have I not already earned all that I so modestly confined myself to? Was Ralph Devereux a person lightly to be disposed of? Was there a man in England he would have shewed his back to? and was ever a wild job so promptly and so neatly executed? I tell you, had my demand upon ye doubled what it is, you should not, could not, dare not, refuse to grant it."

"I admit all you say, good Hans!" returned his worthy patron, "but one other friendly act binds me to thee for life, and secures us both from future danger."

"This may be so," replied the mariner, and so far as you are concerned, the thing is right. But to me, 'tis a different matter alto-

gether. After weathering many a breeze, have I not reached a snug harbour to moor in? Where then would be the wisdom, in one who has cheated the devil and the hangman a dozen times, to run my neck into the noose again, and that, too, without any necessity? No, no; one of your gamekeepers will shoot him by accident for a hundred; if you object to the expense, offer the first wandering Irishman you meet begging his way home—offer him, I say, a five-pound-note, and, d—n me, he'll do the trick willingly, and give you his blessing into the bargain."

But Mr. Hunsgate had no intention to increase his murderous agents; and the prudential objections made by Hans Wildman to undertake the removal of the returned heir, by promises and entreaties, were finally and satisfactorily adjusted.

"I cannot," observed that worthy, "hold out against the arguments of a friend I have such regard for as yourself, but still, I have not forgotten the old story of the pitcher, which took a turn too many, as the fable goes. But I am a plain-spoken man, and I will confess that other causes have gone far to overcome my conscientious scruples."

At this delicate allusion, on the part of Mr. Wildman, the lord of the Priory with some difficulty suppressed a smile; but the mariner, either did not or would not notice it, and proceeded.

"Much reason as you have to wish this rock ahead of you removed, I am not without some private considerations on my own part; one who, if ever mortal eye was permitted to look into the book of fate, can read the past and future, has warned me against this youth;—ay, even so far as hinting, that I am doomed to sustain some mortal injury by his hand. Forewarned men are fools, who turn a deaf ear to timely caution. But another score between that lad and me, a small matter, remains for clearance. I fancied there was not a man in Britain could lay Hans Wildman on his back, but I recently made a discovery to the contrary. I was scarcely aware that I had affronted this youth until I was stretched, full-length upon the floor of the Gloucester coffee room; and since I fell from the fore-yard-arm reefing topsails off the Cape, I never had such a bone-bruising! Egad, my ribs ache yet—no matter—we'll square accounts ere long."

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven, and the conference between "the ruffians twain" concluded; a meeting was named for the next day, in a secluded plantation, when ulterior plans should be matured; Hans retired, as he entered, by the window, and his employer was left alone to commune with his conscience—anything, one would fancy, but an agreeable occupation.

The night was pitch-dark, and as Wildman issued from Holmesdale Park, Brian bade his friend, the doctor, "a fair good night." As the youth hurried towards the cottage, the mariner hastened to the village inn—and, all unconscious that they were in the presence of each other, as they proceeded in opposite directions, the murderer and his devoted victim, to use an expressive phrase, actually "rubbed skirts."

JEFF. LINTON'S OAK ; OR, MAY-DAY.

BY F. P. PALMER.

ONCE, in a solitary part of South Staffordshire, now densely populated by miners, and filled with those black, desolating operations, which have by degrees swept away inclosure and forest, garden and hall, and sheltered grange, there was a picturesque village consisting of about fifty habitations, cottage and farm,—a "Green," divided upon either side of a wild, neglected highway, and a grey manorial residence. Upon the skirt of the Green was a wooden cross, rotten to the core with age, which had bravely survived the ruinous freaks of change; and near to the sculptured porch of the manor-house was a rich fountain, which welled forth a succession of tiny, twinkling waves.

When our story commences, in the summer of the year 1738, the members of this primitive rural society were about to celebrate an annual festival. In other places, at home as well as abroad, the young persons of both sexes, are wont to rise a little after the midnight on the Eve of the First of May, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they break down branches of trees and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; and when this is done, they return homeward about sunrise, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil; and, as is universally known, they spend the rest of the day in carousing and capering round a tall May-pole, which is garnished also with plunder from the woodland store. Here there was a different custom, and to a tradition, long years ago current in the vicinity, may be attributed the variation. In the warlike and turbulent reign of King Stephen, one of the ancestors of the Pipe family, had a strong homestead in this village, and he left his manor and outlying possessions for awhile to the custody and defence of Tonkys de Rowley, his chief steward, whilst he carried aid and arm to the forces of a more powerful lord, who fiercely advocated the royal cause. An outlaw of the name of Goodrede, of Saxon birth, unexpectedly came into the field to do mischief for Queen Maud, and harried the low irrigated lands between Dudley and Wolverhampton. At the same period, and after a hard fight upon the hills, the steward, who was grievously wounded, succeeded in bearing away his mistress and her female infant, Alicia, to a place of security near Tettenhall, where he soon afterwards expired and was buried. The arrangement for the possession of the Crown having been proclaimed, the lord returned, and regaining his right, he gave in fee simple to Durant, the son of Tonkys, and his heirs by testament for ever, the land all round the spot where the steward was hurt, for the length of a bow-shot, for and upon an agreement worded in a Latin deed to this purpose:—"That upon the first day of May, and the fourth day of January selectively, according to hindrance of storm or accident, (these were the birthdays of himself and his wife Mab,) the inheritor should grant willingly, free sports and convenience, to the inhabitants of the aforesaid village, from cock-crowing of the morn in summer, and from sun-rising in the winter month, to be proclaimed by sound of horn in every year." Afterwards Roos de Morley, in the year of our Lord 245,

and upon the news of Prince Edmund's birth, in the time of King Henry the Third, planted with much solemnity of knights, and clerks, and yeomen, an acorn upon the centre of the same hereditary portion of land, which he then inclosed with a new plantation of forest-trees, and the oak which sprung from this hallowed seed flourished in the time of King Henry the Seventh, 1495, when several who were implicated in the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck, the counterfeit Duke of York, were chased into this part of the country, and were hung upon the same tree. Also, in November 1603, a recusant, who had openly wished the Spaniards would come over to set the Lady Arabella Stuart, the king's cousin-german, upon the throne, was suspended to its branches and left to putrefy there as a terror to many such, who were hidden about Boseobel and Chillington, and the wild fastnesses thereunto adjoining. The first tradition thus fearfully strengthened, the village people always assembled for the May-feast at the withered oak, and when the year turned round with its throng of months and festival days, no joy was so dear, as to keep up with a hearty good-will the observances of merry ancestors.

Brightly glistened the brook and the cottage windows, and the juicy plumes of the verdant bending spray; the flushed, exhilarated birds, delirious with affection, sang in the whispering orchard trees, and were answered by the fuller throats of feathered choristers, in the dewy cloister of the distant grove. As the delicate mist which clung to the tender pastures vanished by degrees to the bosom of the upland, light and rapture filled the rural scene; and then from every nook and lane and coppice stile, and every by-road of the tangled and overgrown space outpoured, one by one, and in groups of well dressed twos and threes, and dozens, the untaught sons of hardihood, labour, agriculture, and simplicity. All at once the retired village seemed a deeply-coloured spot upon the map of fair Old England! The manor-house, to be sure, looked as gloomy as could be, for it was tenanted by a carl, whose heart was like the iron-stone, now the treasure of the soil, but what of that? One sulky child must not spoil a summer's day, or a summer's day's festivity; and if bad people frown at honest mirth, let them keep out of mirth's fanciful ways, and let them pine away to rust, and kick their own shins at home. The chamber windows of each cottage, snugged up in the indentations of comfortable thatch, were opened wide: at one a lean grandmother hung out her chattering bird;—at another a flaxen-haired girl sang thrillingly her love-carol to the yellow morning cloud, or held chirping conversation with her neat companions upon the village green. Here was discussed the propriety of a silken hood; there the gracefulness of a sash, or the effect of a dainty frilled cap. There were lacing of boddices and jackets, and buckling of in-steps; and much science in curls; and an eavesdropper might listen to well preserved valentines, and amorous letters of proposal; and to sentences of wrath about cruel parents, obstinate uncles, and economical parents of every degree.

At the third cock-crowing every kettle was upon the wood fire of the hearth; all the holiday clothes were removed from the oaken press, and every looking-glass was occupied by a pair of eager eyes. Then was made provision for breakfast, and for the whole day's refreshment. In a short time was heard a treble huzza! and a fiddle, and a clarionet, and a pipe and tabor, a bag-pipe, and a French-horn, which, from the

several points of the village, proclaimed the rousing of a merry May ! Then the May-boughs appeared, borne to the centre of the village, decorated with ribbons of every known variety, and with drooping bands of the early flowers. What a running to and fro of youth and damsels from threshold to threshold, with kisses warm as fire ; gifts, and sincere good wishes for parents, brethren, and loving friends ! At last, the French-horn blew three loud notes, which went capering away over the woodland like a fire of musket-shot ; and at the usual signal every tenement outpoured its trimly host. The creaking carts and waggons drew into one line, horse and tiller were furbished with blooms and nosegays, and branches of laurel, and such friendly evergreen. The May mummers, the sporting boys, and the morrice-dancers, with the music, occupied two carts, and led the van ; with them were the boughs and the "bower," upon a framework of peeled osiers. Never was such a tittering as when Clem Dickenson handed into the second vehicle Peg Winspur, the Queen of May, with Naney Chambers and Sarah Langston, her lusty maidens of honour. Next came two other carts, laden with the like virgin store. The sweet-hearts, neighbours, and relatives of the ruder sex, on horse and foot went by the side, and each one carried a gallant hawthorn-bough. Then in two long waggons came the old folks of the village, with all the cripples and the grandchildren, and with these were the leathern bottles of ale, and an over-calculation of beef and ham, and cakes of oaten and wheaten flower. The respectable farmers of the village, out of sheer modesty, rode as a rear-guard, and very handsome men they were, with their black riding wigs, triangular cocked hats, broad-skirted coats with hanging cuffs, and square-toed shoes, with plated and pearl buckles. So all were ready for the start—the wives, the husbands, the men, the maids, the boys, the girls, the babies, and the very house-dogs.

Early in the day, the holiday swarm arrived at the tavern near to the scene of action, which was a most extensive building with a farm attached to it, where the road made an ugly turn before crossing a shady and precipitous lane, full of sand-ruts and stumbling hollows. This lane, upon the right, conducted through an aspen coppice to the oak, which stood upon a terrace faced with unhewn limestone, with a deep trench in the rear, and a lawn or pasture in the front of it, hemmed in by a dusky warren, and a brake filled with bramble and broom and other luxuriant impediments. At this house of refreshment, all save the infirm and infantile, who were bowled on to the Maying-ground, alighted and gossiped, and stretched their limbs awhile in the sultry sunshine which shone down more like the hay-making gleam of summer, than the mild radiance of the light and breezy Spring time. The host's tap was in immediate requisition, and produced a welcome shower of peace and illimitable praise ; and Patty West, the tapstress, and plump waiting-maid, skipped here and there, tittering and blushing with her streamers of "love ribbon" from her shoulders, and her light cork heels, as full of life and mischief as if all the customers were her beaux, and she had absolute power to select her own darling, and to fix her own wedding-day. A few minutes sufficed for resting and recruiting. The country people of the immediate vicinity, small as were their numbers, had already gone to the place of trysting. Our new comers, however, always claimed the privilege of dressing

the oak at the annual celebration : so into a line they formed three deep, or a dozen, as the case might be, and with the music and boughs, away they hied to display their noble presence in the year 1738. Too much of this small space it would occupy, to say how featly and well, the preparation was made for the accommodation of the noisy multitude, and how sonorously and solemnly the ancient proclamation for the commencement of the holiday was given forth by Jerry Hart-hill, the club-footed trumpeter, who was also the orator and buffoon in-chief for our village and its unpretending vicinity. Peg, the May-queen, was famously and devoutly escorted to her beautiful bower, under the tree; and Clem Dickenson, her horny-knuckled admirer, and reigning favorite, was appointed distributor of prizes.

It is not difficult to imagine the confusion of the Roman girls, when the Sabine bachelors suddenly broke up the games of the Circus ; but no one can describe the fulness and breadth of the picture of tumult, into which the assembly of happy country people was suddenly converted, when in the midst of a general dance, and burst off of musical instruments, the news pervaded the whole, that the ill-tempered bailiff, Jeffery Linton, from the old Manor-House, was hot afield, and under the oak-tree with a bevy of his ugly fellows ; that he had dared to forbid the "Maying" as the representative of the lord of the manor ; and had, with his own hands, overturned the queen's bower, rent asunder the flowery garlands, and was preparing to eject Jack, Jill, and Babe from the hallowed enclosure, where they exercised their merry limbs. At once, a discordant outcry, a scream, and curse lighted upon him. In a few moments the intruders, at the foot of the tree, were hemmed in by the infuriated throng, who involuntarily armed themselves with stones, and sticks, and shafts of timber from the surrounding thicket. The case was this, Bernard Rowley, the inheritor by the ancient grant, had died in the previous Easter at the Manor-House. Earlier in life he had adopted a brother's child, one Kit Heywood, who rambled away from home, and had never been heard of more. In the friendship and the good graces of this uncle, the bad fellow, Linton, who was universally detested for his unmerciful nature and selfishness, endeavoured to secure a firm footing ; and a few months before the deceased left the world, he strove to induce him to discard Christopher, and to have a will signed in his own favour. He failed,—for the old matron Bet Roberts, who always attended the debauched invalid, spoke openly in behalf of her young favourite, and kept a sharp look out on the guileful conspirator. As soon as Rowley was in the grave, then Linton who had been spoken of as sole executor in the presence of one of his own designing witnesses, proclaimed he had died intestate, and that nothing like his will could be discovered. It was of no use that parties came forward, who had witnessed the signing of the will in favour of the nephew, the villain caused a sale of the effects, and pocketed the amount, pretending he kept the papers and produce for the decision of the proprietor of the estate. Moreover, he removed to the old house, and took up his quarters there, for the lord was beyond the seas, expiating the natural visitations of a life of extravagance and criminal pleasure.

Jeff Linton was a short, full-featured man, unusually slender in the limbs, and deformed by the uprising of one shoulder above the other, and by a stupid fall of the under lip, the result of a recent palsy. His tremulous cheeks were tanned of a dull mahogany colour ; and his

eyes were tinged with a yellow bile, which, together with the dark and shifting lustre of the eye-balls, and the tangled masses of wild black hair, gave him an expression of dramatic wickedness. He was hasty and revengeful, and had escaped the fang of justice more than once by the hard swearing of his unprincipled associates in felony. They were present with him; *Hackes* the exciseman, *Flint* the auctioneer and land-agent, *Jack Martin* the horse-dealer, and his two elder brothers; *Roper* the charcoal-burner, and a gipsy-looking knave named Longbottom, who had once been a hedgeside schoolmaster, and was now his counsellor secretary, and willing faetotum. The bailiff spoke to the angry multitude, "Adown! every one of you, I say, and away! It is now my lord's ground. Adown! and away, I tell you, or you shall have an iron hoof over you, and repent your fine day's bargain." "*A Rowley! A Rowley!*" answered the throng. He replied, "Devil take you all! there is *no Rowley* now, to give license to you for your vagabond tricks."

This of course was hailed, as it should be, with hisses, and a loud halloo and cries of irony, and jests of most bitter imprecation. Then the others of his party harangued in insulting manner the honest people, and bade them say "Good bye!" to their old tree, and to their sweet-hearing grounds for ever; to which were added all kinds of scoffs, and allusions in retaliation for the jests of the auditors. This was intolerable, and the people looked here and there and whispered afar for a spokesman to advocate their firm resistance. At last old Goody New-man, the Midwife, at this critical moment, exhibited her renowned masculine energies; she drove her lumbering donkey cart bang through the rear ranks of her people, and with a loud, shrill, crackling voice, demanded to be heard, for the *Village!* against "the little mean slip-the-gibbet! who interrupted their innocent gay days." With a few tite, rapid sentences, well hung together and venomously pointed, she recited the breed, seed, and generation of Mister Jeffery Linton, the *blood-sucking bailiff* and the *born oppressor of the poor*. "Bet Roberts," she said, "who died on Shrove-tide, didn't sleep in Bernard Rowley's garret for nothing, the night Bernard Rowley died;—and didn't she swear on her own death-bed, that in the very midnight, when there was hail and storm, that Linton took gold and deeds too out of the poor man's seeret places, in the little dark chamber over the big stairs? and didn't the bailliff's half brother Will, earry the papers off with him into Norfolk, just before the make-shift of a funeral? What was done *she* saw—and what *she* saw, she told. They said Kit Heywood was dead. All a lie! They said his uncle never left him a King Charles's pocket piece, to hinder from having the name of a beggar—all a lie! They said Jeff Linton could break up the Maying of more than three hundred years,—all a lie! In conclusion, she wished the infernal gentleman might fetch him out of the way of better folks, in just such a pother of hail and storm as happened, whilst he was rifling dead Rowley's breeches' pocket, and his seeret slide in the oak safe, and the top shelf in the gilt corner cupboard!"

The bailiff turned of a deadly hue with rage and shame at this audible public denunciation,—and dashed out, full speed, staff in hand, to dismount the woman from her standing place on the rickety tumbrel, which had conveyed her to the gathering. Just then, the trumpeter, Jerry Harthill, rushed singly to the rescue, and with an ash club, which had come to hand, the Lord knows how, he struck the angered man a deadly

thwack at the back of his head, and laid him by the sharp heels of his frightened steed. Hawkes and the rest of the intruders at once made a direct charge upon the people to rescue their captain from the foe. Boldly and successfully they were encountered. A volley of heavy limestones, torn from the terrace, brought them to a halt, and faced by desperate enemies, they fought for their very lives. Wounded hip and thigh, and bleeding from every wide rent in their torn apparel, they turned about with cries for mercy, and fled to the woods in agony and dismay. Jeff Linton lay speechless at the foot of the oak, seemingly a corpse, for his affrighted steed had gone with the rest, and of the "Maying people," many were wounded by stones and the tramp of horses, and limped about, making a piteous wail for comfort and immediate aid. Luckily none of the children were in such distressing condition. The lifeless bailliff was taken to a chamber in the tavern; a grand consultation was held and the Prize-Blacksmith again addressed the company in a speech which, to adopt the modern cant, "*did honour both to his head and heart!*" Now the broken May-bower—the poised wands, the festival boughs, the wounded, and the frightened, were once again collected together, and the dull procession, with its low mutterings of discontent and grievance, proceeded home. Once in the village, and alighted, their fury was renewed by the eloquence of Dame Hunpage the wise-woman, and they circled the Manor House, and even lighted brands for its destruction; but an hour or two after sunseting, Jeff Linton was borne into the porch upon a litter attended by the apothecary, who spoke dubiously of the recovery of his patient, and beckoned them away from the gloomy dwelling. Next day, Jerry Hart-hill, as first and foremost, and about half a dozen of his more active abettors, were conveyed before a Justice, and were committed to Stafford gaol, where the brave trumpeter died a few weeks afterwards of typhus fever then raging in the loathsome prison.

Premising then, for want of time, that Jeff. Linton, from blows and kicks, was unable to ride on horseback again until the middle of Autumn, and that with all the perjury that could be furnished by gold, only two other convicted persons suffered long incarceration, and that the bailiff was obliged in December to travel to Fakenham in Norfolk, to bury his half brother, who died of grief for losses sustained in the memorable conflagration of August the fourth, in that year, we will re-visit the tavern near the Old Oak, and contemplate the rustic company enjoying themselves in the bonny fire light of a snug and welcome Christmas Eve. Only a few of the inhabitants of the distant village were there, and one was a person of interest in the story, viz., the mariner Kit Heywood who had been at sea all the long while, and had been dismissed the service, having a musket shot lodged in the joint of his shoulder, in an engagement with the pirate Angria, and a wound from a boarding pike in the ribs, in a previous fight with a Spanish privateer, in the Pacific Main. Under the favour of friends incog. and the assistance of an honest lawyer, (an unique specimen) he had determined to prosecute his claim against the Bailiff and the brother of the manorial lord who came into possession, his kinsman having died recently in Germany. Blithely the conversation, the quips and querks, and songs went round, whilst the warm ale creamed in the flagon, and the long white tobacco pipes almost met bowl to bowl in middle space, which was occupied by a table upholding a brown porringer replete

with spice and sugar, and crisp rounds of toast bathing in a profusion of heady ale, a free gift to wanted customers, on Christmas Eve. Suddenly the door opened wide, and a figure entered, first stealthily, and then strode, almost ran, to the deal table, as if, but for its contents, he would have dashed it from before the blazing fire. He was a nightly traveller, for a dark blue coat was girt around his waste by a leathern belt, secured by a wide pewter buckle; a fur cap was drawn over his ears to his collar, and his legs were protected by close unvarnished riding boots. In his hand he held a hammer-headed riding whip. His face was blue and pinched with a piteous expression of dreadful starvation. His breath was frozen upon his hair and eyebrows, and his muffler was fringed with a border of sparkling white. He stared into the fire for a few seconds, and then he said with a husky voice "Host, host! here I am dying with cold! Help me! you know me, don't you? You know *Mister Linton* I hope. Come here, host, and help me off with my head covering!"

"Bless my heart and body!" said the willing landlord, "why Jeffery Linton! sit ye down, sir, and give me your gloves, and your riding-whip."

If a barrel of gunpowder, labelled in full, had been placed upon the roaring fire in the grate, it would not have caused a more peculiar sensation. Every man started from his seat, and laid down pipe and drinking-horn. Jeffery surveyed them, not, but drew to himself a mug, and, filling it from the porringer, hastened to warm his frosted interior with the seasonable draught. At this moment Kit Heywood stepped forward, and with one blow of his fist dashed the mug into pieces, and sprinkled the contents upon the crimson window-blind.

"Stop!" he said, laying his hand on the bailiff's collar, "let me ask you one question, my hearty: what did you ply into Bernard Rowley's food when you came home from the marketing one day, and sent Bet Roberts over the village to get a darning worsted for your Sunday hose?—speak fast and soon!—or by Saint Jago I'll clap you under hatches and fire the brig about your ears for you!"

No sooner was the helpless Jeffery confronted by the bold-whiskered visage and keen laughing eyes of his unexpected enemy, than, as if by a sting of madness, he regained strength, and started up from his confined posture in the chair. Shaking the young sailor from the hold he had upon his strong lappets, he flung down the cumbrous seat between himself and the foe, and flew like a hunted rat to the door, which had winged open in the keen draught of air, and presented a means of escape into the darkness of the night. With curses and a savage outcry, they drew their hats over their brows, and followed immediately to arrest his quick and amazing flight. Away they went, along the road, about and about in the cross-ways, down the aspen coppice-lane, and through the pastures, shouting and repeating threats of the most furious description upon the wretched old creature, now far a-head; but when they had passed a couple of furlongs beyond the ancient tree, which frowned sadly upon them in the dusk of the black frosty night, they came to the thickets and the quarried ground, overgrown with brushwood and broom, and they did not venture to seek him in so dangerous a place of security and concealment. That evening, by the tavern fire-side, there was a great effusion of liquor, and laughter, and as soon as excitement was subdued, the wonted order of carols and Christmas songs. The

company retired but a few seconds before midnight, and many with a drunken opposition of legs arrived at their thatched hovels in the veil of the morning mist. Morning dawned—"Christmas day in the morning!" Jeff Linton never reached his home; he had been expected at the Manor House late on the 24th of December; a messenger went to the tavern to seek news of his delay; thereupon the search was redoubled; it was continued the whole week; it was the talk of the hill-side; he was never found. The Justice of Peace, his boon companion, took up the case, and Kit Heywood was harshly sent to prison, as having compassed the death of the man by the contrivance of his cunning fellows at the inn.

"Upon the fourth day of January, in the year 1739," says an old magazine of sporting and general literature, "and in the morning about two o'clock, began a violent storm of thunder and lightning, attended with a furious wind and rain, which continued two or three hours. Such thunder and lightning was scarcely ever known at this time of the year." About five o'clock of the same morning, our host of the tavern was roused out of the sheets, where he had been praying and trembling from the commencement of the whirlwind and lightning, to attend to a summons at the gate of his dwelling. Opening the window he heard the voice of the shepherd, Abraham Stones, who, in the hoarsest of all hoarse voices, declared that a fire-ball had shivered the old oak into a thousand splinters, that with much fear he had carried his lanthorn found the root of the tree, when he pretty well guessed the fire-ball *had cooled a bit!* but that he had found nothing but the body of Jeffery Linton, dressed just as he was when he ran away from the big kitchen on Christmas Eve.

The landlord and all the servants, male and female, were speedily awakened and summoned to prove the words of the affrighted messenger. They went with lanthorns, torches, and a cautious hesitation. They were horror-stricken to find the story perfectly true. The oak was destroyed as if it had been blown up by a barrel of gunpowder. The body of Linton the bailiff lay in a channelled piece of the original stem, scooped out by rottenness and age into a coffin for the attenuated victim. No one durst touch the body; and it lay in that same place and manner, till rumour spread with the light of day, and drew the far-off inhabitants of the village, and the cottagers and farmers of the immediate vicinity, to the remarkable scene. A surgeon, who arrived at the place soon after the multitude assembled in such hurried numbers, unloosed the belt from the riding-coat, and unbuttoned it to the knee. A parchment fell from the bosom to the ground, and the title was read aloud to the people. It was the *true will and testament of Bernard Rowley*, dated as formerly attested by the witnesses; and it declared Christopher Heywood, his nephew, to be his rightful heir! The body was removed—the crowd dispersed—Goody Humpage went home and died for joy. Kit Heywood was loosed from prison. All this, and more fell out in a short time, and occasioned gladness far and near; but there was no more "Maying" in that rural village, as in the olden time, and there were no more light feet dancing in the summer grass around the Old Oak Tree.

TATTERSALL AND TATTERSALL'S ;
WITH A GLANCE AT THE LIONS AND LEGS OF THE BETTING-
RING.

“ Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
 Multa tulit, fecitque puer.”—HON.

Gownsmen with jockeys hold an equal place,
 Learned in the turf, and students of the race.

THE Emporium or Repository so universally known and pre-eminently distinguished as “Tattersall’s,” and which has obtained just repute for being the most celebrated mart in the known world for horse flesh, and the grand exchange for extensive speculation connected with turf sports, was first established above sixty years back by Mr. Richard Tattersall, who is said to have been born in Yorkshire, and to have been by trade or calling a woolcomber. Whether this be correct or not cannot be strictly vouched, but it is so recorded; certain it is that circumstances bordering on indigence first brought him to London, and introduced him to Beevor’s Horse Repository, in St. Martin’s Lane, at which place he became a constant attendant and close observer of business there carried on, which had remote resemblance to that which now characterises the present establishment, excepting that the sales were of very inferior character, occasional only, and irregular in their occurrence. Mr. Tattersall here gained much of that knowledge of the then prevailing system of training and treatment of horses, which proved so beneficial to him in after life; he gained acquaintance also with the business of auctioneering. His conduct happily secured to him the friendship of Mr. Beevor, who gave him advice and assistance in all matters, and may indeed be said, from his generally kind and generous conduct, to have been his first patron in life. By Beevor’s recommendation Mr. Tattersall was appointed to superintend the stud of the Duke of Kingston, who, at that period, was one of the most distinguished lovers and patrons of turf sports, and in his service Mr. Tattersall continued up to the period when he commenced business as an auctioneer on his own account in the locality of Hyde Park Corner, on which spot the same business has been continued for upwards of half a century, and without interruption, until the present time. The ground is said to have been given, and the buildings and premises expressly erected for Mr. Tattersall by Lord Grosvenor, who, in conjunction with other noblemen and gentlemen of the turf, had become patrons of Mr. Tattersall, and to whom he had frequently represented the great convenience and accommodation that would arise from the establishment of a repository for the regular sale of horses at the western end of the metropolis, and who immediately fell in with Mr. Tattersall’s views, and promised their support.

It is the great end, object, and pursuit of men to realize a fortune, but the means to obtain it, and the path of pursuit, are widely and distinctively diversified; it is rarely that the great desire for and possession of wealth unite with the generous and charitable nature to apply it to noble and praiseworthy purposes. The avowed object of Mr. Tattersall was to obtain fortune, and his untiring industry and application led him on to the timely possession of it. He had no vanity in its attainment beyond the just pride of independence and its useful

and legitimate power: to this end were his judgment and skill directed. His business enabled him to avail himself of many of those favourable opportunities which frequently presented themselves to him in its course and practice, and his speculations in such respect being suggested by sound judgment and experience, failed not in beneficial results. His great and most successful hit was the purchase and possession of the celebrated racer, called *Highflyer*, of which he became the owner at the price of 800*l.*, and which is said to have netted him from first to last, above 25,000*l.* profit, and to have formed the basis of the great wealth he subsequently accumulated; indeed, he himself was accustomed to ascribe his good fortune to the united efforts of the hammer and the unrivalled powers of his horse, to both of which he invariably paid his daily grateful reminiscence in a bumper, prefaced by the alliterative toast of "*The Hammer and Highflyer!*"

Mr. Tattersall was generally esteemed no less for his probity and respectability in business, than for his charitable heart, and kind and liberal disposition. He was a most hospitable man, and a firm and generous friend—virtues which appear to have descended to his kindred in succession, and to have attached a kind of hereditary respect to his name, to which the present possessors are each, *sui juris*, respectively well entitled.

At a later period of Mr. Tattersall's life, when possessed of ample wealth and still increasing means, he became a partner and chief proprietor of two daily papers, *The English Chronicle* and *The Morning Post*, a speculation which he had himself conceived, or been induced by others to believe, would be the means of still farther extending his business, and of giving greater celebrity to his name; and much good and profitable results might have proceeded from his connection with the press, had not party politics and bitter personal satire characterized the editorial department, and involved the proprietorship in continued actions for libel. On one occasion alone a verdict of 4,000*l.* was recovered against the proprietors of one of the papers alluded to, for a libelous attack on a lady of rank, and although much effort was made, and much additional money spent to set aside the verdict, the attempt was unsuccessful. It is no disparagement to the memory of Mr. Tattersall, nor can it in any way detract from the general merit and esteem which were due to him to say that though a man of shrewd judgment and general knowledge in business, he was not a man competent to decide on the niceties of language in their strict legal construction, nor to penetrate the subtle meaning and insinuation which the ingenuity of private malice may convey through the medium of a newspaper. For some time he could not be prevailed upon to abandon this speculation. This course, however, he at length happily determined on, and fully carried out, and his attention was again wisely and wholly directed to his former lucrative occupations and pursuits.

Mr. Tattersall became the owner of a very handsome mansion and estate in the county of Cambridge, which was known as *Highflyer Hall*, from the circumstance (as report went) of the purchase having been made from the produce of the victories and services achieved by his celebrated horse. To this his country mansion, Mr. Tattersall occasionally retired, and both there and in town, entertained his friends, amongst whom he had the honour to rank royalty, nobility, and the most intrinsic gentlemen of the day, with true English hospitality. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, and that distin-

guished statesman Charles Fox, both patrons of the turf, honoured Mr. Tattersall by their friendship, and occasionally graced his table by their presence.

In reference to his royal visitor, an anecdote is related of Mr. Tattersall which will at once exhibit the plain, honest, and unsophisticated nature of the man, how unstudied he was in hypocritical ceremony and time-serving sacrifice of truth. The prince was, at the period alluded to, in the prime of life, a *bon vivant*, and a good judge of the flavour and quality of wines. Once, when dining with Mr. Tattersall, he took occasion to compliment his host on the excellence of the sample they were discussing at table, and with great *gout* pronounced it superlative. Tattersall, delighted by the approval of such undeniable taste, expressed himself in due terms of gratification; but the honesty of his nature outrunning his politeness, and the quality of his wines making him suddenly oblivious of the quality of his illustrious guest, he most incautiously popped out that "*he had some finer in his cellar*;" a communication that might have sounded harsh and uncourteous in the ears of a more fastidious personage than the prince, who knew the intrinsic worth and genuine character of his host, and applied no other signification to the communication than that which the heart of the man whose honest tongue had uttered it, intended to convey.

Mr. Tattersall, after a long life usefully and benevolently employed, died in February, 1795, in his seventy-first year, respected and regretted. We are told of persons having died on the scaffold with a jest on their lips; and certain it is that on the most serious occasions and melancholy events, there will ever be found some waggish spirit to indulge his harmless wit in reference to the name, calling, or other point available to his purpose, as will be seen by the following lines suggested as an epitaph for the deceased Mr. Tattersall.

" Here lieth Tattersall of turf renown,
Who, with his hammer, many a lot knock'd down.
Now 'tis his lot death's stronger arm to meet;
Who, with his hammer, laid him at his feet!
Not like his lots, who, instantly knock'd down,
Got up, took to their heels, and left the town!"

Since the death of Mr. Tattersall, the original projector and proprietor of the establishment bearing his name, the business has without interruption been continued by his descendants, Messrs. Edward and Richard Tattersall, the present proprietors. The premises have from time to time been enlarged, and have undergone alterations adapted as far as possible to the extent of accommodation required by the immense increase of connection, and the vast accession of patronage by the sporting world; the system of business has also been improved with the times; and the arrangements and management of the establishment at the present day are of the most perfect kind. The accommodations are most extensive and compact in character; system, discipline, and order are discernible throughout every department of the place. Pay a visit to Tattersall's at what time you will, you never discover, even in the most obscure corner of the premises, other than minute observance of rule, and the strictest attention to appearance; the stabling and carriage departments are worthy inspection, and will fully establish the truth of the assertion. There is, if it may be so termed, an aristocratic character attached to the establishment; the very servants of the place appear to partake of this distinction; there is a superiority of appear-

ance about them ; in cleanliness of exterior, and civility of manner, they are infinitely above others in similar occupation and employ.

The Tattersalls in the pulpit of their avocations are no less proficient than in the other departments of their business. They are most technically minute in all preliminary description of the respective horses as they make their appearance before the hammer—the most impartial endeavour is used alike to dispose of the thorough-bred, and the worn-out hack. Principle is observed in every respect, and unqualified satisfaction is the common result.

There are few persons of any class in London who have not at one time or other, from curiosity or other motive, dropped in at "*The Corner.*" It would be superfluous and unentertaining, therefore, to go into a description of the sales, or to refer to the clear, distinct, and candid statement which invariably accompanies the putting up of a horse for sale ; suffice it to say that the establishment of Messrs, Tattersall is the safest place a stranger can possibly resort to for the purchase of a horse of any description, for if he lack judgment or entertain the slightest doubt or suspicion in respect to the quality of the animal he would become the owner of, he has but to seek direct information from Messrs. Tattersall and he will have the strict truth to guide him.

A distinct branch of the establishment known as Tattersall's, is the Turf Subscription Betting Room, adapted exclusively for the accommodation and convenience of betting men, *professedly*, for such as can give references as to their honourable character and responsibility, but in *reality*, it must, with some degree of regret, be admitted, for as heterogeneous an assemblage and motley a group, in point of grade and character, as can be well conceived. On days of business, immediately approaching any great race, such as The Derby, St. Leger, or the equally important and exciting events at Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, &c., men of almost every class and description there congregate. The subscription of two guineas per annum (to which may be added a fee of five shillings to the keeper and attendant of the room) gives the right of admission to the subscription room, that is to say, for the year, unless there should attach to the proposed candidate the disqualification of previous default in payment of stakes or settlement of bets (which he must first pay), or unless he should have been convicted before the Jockey Club, or other competent tribunal, of gross fraud, conspiracy, or other delinquency on the turf or in the betting-ring. It has frequently, and with just propriety, been suggested through the medium of the press and other channels, that exclusion should be carried to a greater and more healthy extent, and be applied to individuals of known bad, or even suspicious character—men whose lawless and debasing occupations and pursuits in life degrade them as men, and disqualify them altogether for association with anything in the shape of respectability. Money and assurance should not hide the real deformity of character of such men. It is, however, notorious that such objectionable parties have found their way to the subscription list, and that their presence amongst men of rank, honour, and respectability, has been most strangely countenanced. The intentions of Messrs. Tattersall are by no means involved or questioned in this oversight of character and qualification, inasmuch as they cannot by possibility know the history of every candidate ; they rely on the testimony of referees to respectability.

The present Subscription Betting-room is of recent erection, and is much larger in space, and far more convenient in its general arrangement than the very confined apartment formerly used for the purpose; which at times of high change was frequently crowded to suffocation. Of the hundreds of members on the subscription list not one-fifth could find admission to the betting-room; and when they did perchance work their way to the interior of the sanctum, it was to be wedged in like one in a crowd at a theatre, on the night of a benefit, and to very little purpose of practical concern in the business of the place, which, owing to the limited space, was necessarily confined to the few Rothschilds of the ring who usually took early possession of the one small table which stood in the centre of the room, and around which "crowds upon crowds hung bellying o'er," to roar themselves, with stentorian energy, into notice for a bet, or for the more still and mysterious purpose of learning the state of the market, and becoming acquainted with the whispers and reports of the day. Now, however, things are different; the arrangements of the new Subscription Room embrace all the accommodations necessary for the convenience of the members. The space is sufficiently large for the purposes of all ordinary meetings; and the apartment, having outlet, as it has, to an extensive piece of grass-plot, or meadow, belonging to Messrs. Tattersall, and adapted to the occasional use of the subscribers, gives facility for perfect accommodation to all, even on occasions of extraordinary attendance, — such as the settling-days for the Derby and St. Leger events. At such times this space of ground is most necessary; for it may be affirmed that many hundreds of persons attend on these days only throughout the year; the speculations of such parties on the turf being limited to these two great and attractive annual events, they become subscribers, of course, for the exclusive advantage of the convenience which is afforded, by right of *entrée* to this great mart of settlement.

At the particular periods spoken of, tables are set out in the meadow, at convenient distances from each other, and supplied with all necessary writing-materials, for the use of the subscribers. These tables, although equally available to all, are usually occupied by the principal noblemen and gentlemen in attendance, and not unfrequently, also, by some few individuals of the class exclusively distinguished as betting-men, whose accounts are of magnitude and extent, and who are frequently occupied throughout the whole business day, in paying and receiving in settlement. The Subscription Room itself may, on such occasions, be compared to a hive of working bees; for all are most industriously employed in gathering in the mellifluous store of cash; and the continual hum and buzz of conversation in the adjustment of accounts increase the similitude. The immense amount of money which throughout the day passes from hand to hand on the mere result of a horse-race, would scarcely be credited by a novice; and, as regards the accounts themselves, as kept by these professors, and as exhibitory of their respective balances of loss and gain on any great sporting event, it is questionable whether they would not on a first reference perplex the brains of the best head that ever solved a problem in Euclid, and puzzle the capabilities of the most efficient official assignee that ever attempted the arrangement of a disputed account in bankruptcy. It is not to be denied that very many of the professors of the betting-ring are, to use a technical term, *vulgar fractions* in themselves; but they are masters, nevertheless, of a peculiar system

of figures and comprehensive practical arithmetic, which seldom fails to work out the great principle of profitable result.

The betting-ring has (somewhat incorrectly, it is opined) been described as composed only of two classes,—the one consisting of noblemen and gentlemen, and the other of the class of persons known as betting-men. This description and distinction may have been perfectly correct in its original application, when racing speculations were chiefly confined to the nobility and gentry, members of the Jockey Club, and their immediate friends and connexions, and to some few distinct characters known as legs and sharpers, before the mania for betting had infected, as at the present time, all classes of persons, from the peer to the pot-boy. The two classes alluded to have been jocosely termed "*The Lions and Legs of the Ring.*" The betting-ring is now composed of as many grades and distinctions of individuals as can be well conceived,—in fact, of all sorts and samples of men,—without regard to calling, character, or condition. First come the nobility and gentry, members of the great tribunal of the Jockey Club, with the same class of persons patrons and supporters of the turf, but not of the sporting council; then follow gentlemen amateurs of racing, with others originally of the class of betting-men, whose successes on the turf have raised them to wealth and condition, from their original airy-nothingness, and given them "local habitation and a name;" next succeed a host of professionals, tradesmen, clerks, sporting-publicans, stewards, valets, &c., all infected more or less with the mania for betting; and lastly come the riff-raff, or non-entities of the ring, consisting of a motley and heterogeneous mass or group of indescribables, the real legs of the profession, who are prepared to *cut and run* on occasion of necessity. The most conspicuous of this class are certain well-known members of the Metropolitan Gaming-house fraternity, fellows of most consummate arrogance and insolent bearing, whose honourable "occupations are gone," by reason of the late stringent laws in respect to hells. Classed with these, and of the same kidney, are *ci-devant* grooms and flunkies, low-lived pugilists, card and billiard sharps, and fellows who are ever on the prowl for prey, men who have nought to lose but their chance of gain, and all to gain by their assurance.

Looking to the names that head the list as members of the honourable tribunal for the regulation of turf sports, it might naturally and fairly be inferred that a better system of business than that which is recognized in betting, and that a more perfect code of honourable principle in respect to the rules and regulations of racing, would have marked their deliberations, and emanated from their councils; but there are some strange anomalies in the jurisprudence of the Jockey Club; much, indeed, that is altogether at variance with common sense, and apparently with common honesty. Too much is left to the imaginary possession of the honour of gentlemen, without consideration that gentility is human, and may be affected by the infirmity of man's nature; that honour may be lost in necessity; and that the temptation of wealth may be too strong for some gentle natures to resist. The law which recognizes in the owner of a race-horse the right to enter the horse for a great race, to represent him from day to day, for months, through the medium of official report, as an animal of great capability and promise, in order to excite the confidence of the public to back him; and then permits the owner, on the very day of the race,

and within a few hours of the event, to withdraw his horse from the contest, for the reason that his *honourable* master has, throughout the period of betting, been most actively engaged, by himself and agents, in the more sure game of backing his horse to lose, is, in the common sense construction of motive, a direct fraud on the public, and in its moral delinquency not a shade lighter than the blackest robbery ever recorded. Yet the annals of the turf and the ring are not without examples of the kind; and it is in evidence in the courts at Westminster, and from the mouths of one of the members of the Jockey Club, that the principle which such acts involve comes within recognition by the rules of an assembly constituted of some of the most noble and distinguished of the aristocracy, and of the most wealthy and respected gentry of England. The play or pay system opens a wide field for fraud and imposition on public credulity; and, the sooner it is blotted out from the system of betting the better.

Racing sports have within these few years lost many great patrons; amongst whom may be named the late Dukes of Cleveland and Grafton, that highly-respected nobleman, the late Earl of Verulam, and Mr. Thornhill; but the turf still boasts of many noble, wealthy, and spirited patrons, — of whom are the Dukes of Rutland, Portland, Richmond, and Bedford; the Marquis of Exeter; Lords Stradbroke, Chesterfield, Glamis, March, Maidstone, Miltown, Eglinton, Lichfield and Lowther; Colonel Anson, Major Yarborough, Captain Rouse, Messrs. George Payne, Cockerell, Irvine, and a long list of distinguished gentry, who form the first class of the betting-room at Tattersall's. The most efficient nobleman on the turf is Lord George Bentinck; to whom every respectable man connected with racing, and every honourable amateur of the sport (and this embraces a large portion of the respectable public), are indebted for his untiring energy to detect fraud, and to defeat knavish design; the vigilance of Lord George is ever alive to discover and expose the roguish practices that have of late years characterized racing, and to expel from the course all persons in any way connected with, or countenancing, such malpractices. Infinite good has already resulted from his lordship's exertions, which have been most successful, and to which has been justly awarded the honourable meed of public opinion and applause. Lord George is indefatigable in every respect. He has contrived by his influence to bring under wholesome rule and discipline the conduct of those *little great* men, and hitherto unruly *employés*, the jockeys, and to keep them under certain wholesome restrictions and fair observance in their practices, particularly, in the *start* for a race, and has subjected them to a fine for any breach of rule. His lordship does not confine his exertions to legislating on turf matters, he is personally active on the course, and on occasions when more than ordinary method is necessary in the arrangements, takes on himself the task and trouble of superintending the same, and seeing that all due attention to racing is paid. He is particularly *au fait* at that very difficult job of starting a large field of two-year-olds, which often occupies much time, as well from the restless and spirited nature of the animals themselves, as from the shifty designs of their riders. In fact, Lord George may be termed the Premier of the Turf; and, when he shall retire, it is questionable if any nobleman, or member of the Jockey Club, will be found qualified or disposed to fill, or take upon himself, the office. His lordship has the

largest racing-stud in the kingdom, and is unquestionably one of the very best judges living of the points and qualities of a racer.

The Dukes of Portland, Rutland, Richmond, and Bedford, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Stradbroke, and many others of the distinguished class of sporting-men, are patrons and amateurs of racing, and confine their speculations to the stakes contested for; consequently they are seldom or ever seen in the betting-room at Tattersall's.

Lord Chesterfield, and others of the nobility and gentry, take deeper interest, and at times venture considerably in support of their own stables, or others of which they have a favourable opinion. It is due to these distinguished persons to say that they are most courteous in their system of betting, never (unless the party be notoriously bad in repute) questioning the capability or correct principle of any person offering them a bet. If there be a fault in their system of condescension and affability, it is that some of them are a little too familiar with the man who has, perhaps, robbed them overnight at some den of plunder in St. James's Street. There are one or two exceptions to this rule of courteous conduct in the nobles of the ring; individuals who most ridiculously appear to shut themselves up, for fear of contamination, by the vulgar herd, who are, in vulgar similitude,

“Proud as peacocks of their gaudy feather,
And stiff as codfish in the frosty weather.”

Such specimens are, however, rare; and, as before observed, form exceptions to the general politeness that is characteristic of an English gentleman.

One of the most respected of his class is Mr. Payne, who is the true specimen of a British sportsman, and one of the most spirited patrons and supporters of the turf. Mr. Payne cannot, we believe, and we regret it, congratulate himself on any very successful results to his early love of the sport. He has contributed liberally, and paid dearly, it is said, in the outset of life; but he has stuck to the sport like a Trojan, and, with his experience and determined spirit, that man must be exceedingly clever, it is thought, who could now hoodwink him in respect to racing matters, or impose on him with impunity by any quibble in betting. He is, nevertheless, most generous and considerate to those whom temporary inability sometimes obliges to trespass on his indulgence for settlement.

Foremost amongst the class of successful betting-men — for in such character he first made appearance in the ring, notwithstanding his subsequent elevation to Parliament — was Mr. G—. A sketch of this gentleman appeared in the biography of Mr. Crockford, and is tolerably correct. He was ever considered one of the most quiet, unobtrusive, and prudent of speculators; and these qualities he turned to good and deserving account. The only dissatisfaction expressed in reference to Mr. G— conduct on the turf, was that occasioned by the withdrawal of his horse, Old England, from the St. Leger race, on the very morning of the event; and this act, to say the least of it, smacked of an ungracious course towards the public, who had sympathized so strongly with him, and expressed their indignation so loudly, in regard to the attempt which, it was reported, had been made, and partially effected, to poison the same horse prior to the day of the Derby. It will be remembered, that on that day Old England was brought out, weak

and amiss as he was, from the effect of the infamous attempt to destroy him, and that, notwithstanding his incapability, he was nearly winning the race, and might, and probably would have been the victor, had he not been thrown out of his distance, and considerably retarded in his pace by the accident of one of the horses falling. He had, however, in spite of this interruption to his course, good place at the coming in; and opinion hence became pinned on his capability to win the then coming St. Leger. In the due and natural course of things, he became a favourite, and rose to particularly high position in the market, and he continued to hold such place until within a few days of the Doncaster races.

Newspaper report had been busy to impress on the public mind the determination of Mr. G—— to win with the horse, if he could, in order to prove to the world how shamefully he had been defrauded of his chance for the Derby, and with the honest feeling of sympathy for the wrong done to Mr. G——, desire to see him win, and confidence in the power and speed, and pedigree of the horse, and in the honourable character of his owner, that portion of the public who had backed him could not be shaken in opinion, but relied upon him up to the hour of his being withdrawn, which, strange to say, was at eleven o'clock on the morning of the race!

The horse was said to be amiss at that very late period. It might be so—and if not, it is not pretended to say (seeing that the regulations of the Jockey Club recognize the right to do so) that Mr. G—— was wrong. It was, however, a most serious disappointment, and another lesson of sad experience to hundreds, teaching them the folly of reliance on any result of racing, proceeding from the absolute qualities and capabilities of a horse, when at the eleventh hour his owner can scratch him, and leave his backers in the mire of their own credulity.

Another specimen of successful betting-men will be recognized in the fictitious cognomen of Mr. Huckaback, who is the very contrast of the gentleman just referred to. He is vulgar in appearance, and equally so in manner, and, in his ludicrous attempts at importance, reminds one of the frog in the fable. This little *gentleman* (for he keeps his equipage, and this has been established as the test of gentlemanly qualification) was formerly a *linen-drafter*, but having failed in trade, he took to the then very accessible occupation of The Ring—a speculative pursuit, which experience had proved to require no great capital to commence with. He is said to have made his first grand hit on a horse of Corinthian notoriety, named *Jerry*, and to have proceeded for some time in a fair course of success; but the day of reverse came, and he was (in the language of the ring) hit off his legs. His principal creditor happened, however, to be a man of policy, and one to whom the amount of his debt (3000*l.* or 4000*l.*) was no immediate object. Instead of a harsh creditor, he became a friendly adviser; suggested to him to arrange with his other creditors, assisted him so to do, and thus enabled him to continue his betting speculations.

The course turned out to be a very prudent and successful one, for the little linen-drafter, having an aptitude for business, went to work again, and turned up trumps, and has since realized a handsome independence. He may frequently be seen at Tattersall's, or met in Hyde Park, on his way to "The Corner," twisting his little body in all fanciful forms, to give importance to his gait, his arms in motion

like a Dutch minchinello. In the betting-room he is loud in his address to *My lord This or That*, and most grandiloquent in his offers to bet thousands.

There is ample field to individualize, from out the same class, many samples of ignorance and arrogance, for the exhibition of the one is proportioned to the possession of the other. Amongst others, is the little quondam groom of a noble lord, whose apish and consequential attempts at quality are about as natural as would be those of a donkey in a dance.

The Crockford of the day in the betting ring is Harry H——, who is unquestionably the most active and enterprising man of the fraternity. This individual has worked himself from a very humble situation in life — (no disparagement to him) — to a position of independence, and that by unceasing energy, and constant pursuit of information necessary to success. He pretends not to what he is not; but, though lacking the advantages of education, he possesses the grand essential of common sense, which ever turns to good account, and, like the virtue of pure water, as described by Apemanthus, “never leads man into the mire.” His bets are taken to any amount, and he is most extensively and profitably commissioned. He makes his circuit round the country on business as regularly as a judge of assize; and if his arrival be not announced in the respective localities of his visits with as much ceremony, he is as eagerly looked for at stated periods. He is, indeed, of ubiquitous character, for he is to be met with in all places of sporting notoriety and meeting. His favourite resort is The Coach and Horses in Dover Street, where, when in town, he pretty regularly comforts his inward man, after his day's important business is ended.

There are many others of each respective class of the betting-ring who might be selected as samples; but it would occupy a volume in the mere brief description. Independently of which, it might not be in keeping with the object of the writer, which is merely to glance at the system of betting, and to touch lightly on the peculiarities of one or two of the most prominent characters. In other respects, he speaks of men and character in general, leaving each individual to fit the cap of individuality to his own head, if he shall think it made for him.

The summary of the account is, that the Messrs. Tattersall are persons of high and deserved repute in business, and respected and esteemed in social life; that their repository is the greatest throughout the habitable world, and is the best and safest place where a man can lay out a cool fifty or hundred pound note in the purchase of a prad; that the betting-ring is of a mingled cast in its component parts, and presents a vast *mélange* of persons, and immense variety of character; that one and all are in pursuit of gain and advantage; that some are seeking it at the risk of large capital, others at the hazard of nothing: from which it follows, that the nothings must have the best of the game.

POPULAR ZOOLOGY.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

No. 5. THE BOYS IN THE STREETS.

1. Of "The People"—the source of all Boys.

WE have been some time making up our minds as to the real attributes of the class denominated "The People;" and who, in reality, "The People" are supposed to be.

A long time ago we imagined them to be something unpleasant: for their name was always coupled with a depreciative epithet. We heard of "Horrid People," and "Strange People," and "People nobody liked, or visited;" and these were generally amongst the middle classes. Next, we set "The People" down as a mass of weak-minded individuals, from the things we saw especially addressed to them. Whenever anything was advertised for "The People" it was generally some cheap rubbish that nobody else could be expected to buy. "The People's Picture Gallery" was probably a reprint from worn-out plates, upon bad paper, of uninteresting subjects. "Holidays for The People" were chiefly characterized by crowds of the lower orders tumbling about the streets tipsy, at late hours on Monday evenings; meetings of thousands at dreary suburban festivals, ringing with the rude joyless riot, so nearly degenerating into absolute brutality, which, unhappily, characterizes all the dull *fêtes* of the masses in England, compared to those on the continent; sweltering in close meeting-houses at the end of dirty courts, or National Pantheons, or Athenæums, or other patriotic temples to swill weak infusions of cheap black tea, diluted with spoiled water, as they listened to the noisy gabble of uneducated professors of the "I'm-as-good-as-you" theories of social life; gaping through the British Museum, not from any interest they felt in the collection, but because there were thousands of things they did not understand to be seen there for nothing; availing themselves of the permission to stream through the National Gallery and Hampton Court Palace, and stare at the pictures with precisely the same feelings in which they would look at the paintings outside shows, with the exception that they would like the latter much the best; or returning in the evening—with very, very few exceptions—dusty, tired, and quarrelsome. All this did not elevate "The People" in our estimation.

Anon came the epoch of "Virtuous Indignation" in literature: by which authors found they could turn their pens to as good account as the spouters on the same subjects did their lungs; and various phrases, such as "the wrongs of the poor man," and "the imbecility of aristocracy," "the nobility of nature" and the "crimes of respectability" were without doubt stereotyped, from the frequency of their occurrence, for their use. The professors travelled about to be stared at, having stirred up "The People" with their long pens, until they got the freedoms of the towns presented to them in tin saucepans, or pipkins, or razor-cases, or lucifer-boxes, or other specimens of local manufactures.

And then we learned that "The People" never had any holidays

at all, nor any amusements, nor any anything. And yet by tracking them slyly into various resorts, we found they filled the uproarious galleries of the theatres; or composed the masses who shouted at the election of candidates, not having the ghost of a vote; who blocked up the streets on Lord Mayor's Day, or swarmed round the Old Bailey scaffold. We then began strongly to suspect that the classes known to the old novelists and essayists by the certainly not too elevating titles of "riff-raff" and "tag-rag-and-bob-tail," were "The People" of the Virtuous-Indignationists of the present time.

Finally, we read what M. Michelet had to say upon the subject; and we left off in a greater haze than ever as to who "The People" were. We, therefore, thought it best to amalgamate the leading points of the various physiologies we have glanced at—and which seemed to be nearest the mark, from observation of the simplest kind—and form our own ideas of "The People" from them. And as from this class it seems to us that the boys in the streets take their origin, entirely forming themselves "The People" of the next generation, we have begun at the beginning in endeavouring to give some idea of the stock from which spring the branches we are about to describe.

2. *The early days of the Boys.*

There are several spots in which with very little trouble you may see the embryo boys to great advantage. During fine weather they swarm in broad-paved courts, or *cul-de-sacs* in crowded neighbourhoods. Punch's show is a capital ground-bait for them, bringing a hundred instantaneously together, where not a single one was visible a minute before. On the broken ground, about to be formed into a new street, or built upon, you may at all times make sure of them. The more irregular it is the more they love it, and if the cellar arches are already built the attraction is paramount to every other, except, perhaps, the spot where wood pavement is being taken up, or put down; for there they storm and defend forts, or make perilous excursions over mountains all day long.

The boys in this tadpole state—which reptile they somewhat resemble in their active wriggling, and love of puddles of water—stand only in awe of one person, and that is the policeman. Their notions of his functions are somewhat vague: but they are certain he can take them up and punish them—for nothing, and from mere wantonness—whenever he pleases. They spy him out quicker than a crow in a field does a man with a gun: if you suddenly see a flying army of street children bolting from a court or round a corner in terror, you may be certain that a policeman is close at hand. At a more mature age, they will chaff him and run away; but at present their belief in his greatness is unbounded. He would be the Giant or the Dragon of their nursery story-books; but in the first place they have no books, and, in the second, no nursery to read them in. And, indeed, the reading is, itself, a question.

The children of the London streets are acute from their birth. The very babies, crawling on the kerb, or burrowing in the dust of a building-plot, have a cunning expression of face which you do not find in the white-headed country infants; and, as soon as they can run alone their sharpness breaks forth most palpably—they are

never to be "done." In fact, as far as their wits are concerned, they are never children, but miniature men.

We have said that it is only in fine weather you see them about, and then they come out like gnats, and are just as troublesome, especially if you are driving. We have no clear notions of what becomes of them when it is wet: we hardly imagine that the neighbouring houses can contain the swarms that we have spoken of. If they do, we pity the other dwellers: we conceive on no other portion of the community can a continuance of rain bring so many discomforts.

The street children have no regular toys: they have seen them in small shop windows, and on stalls, and long barrows, but never possessed any: all they have they invent. Not that their playthings are the less diverting on this account; in any circle of life you may give a child the costliest toys with which it will only be amused for a time, to return to the mere furniture of the nursery. We question if the noblest horse and cart just bought opposite St. Dunstan's Church, or in any of the bazaars, ever excited half so much whip-enthusiasm in the young charioteer as the footstool harnessed to the rocking-chair. No boxes of bricks would amuse the street child so much as the oyster-shells with which he makes the grotto: he would not care half so much for a trap and ball as for his little "tip-cat" of wood, cut from a fire-bundle: and he has no occasion to buy large marbles when the first heap of pebbles will find him in as many "boncers" as he wishes. You will seldom see these street children with dolls. They would not know what to do with them; for never having been nursed, fondled, dressed, or put to bed themselves, they are incompetent to exhibit the same attentions to sham infants. But they can set up ninepins of brickbats and broken bottles; and make carts of old saucepans to fill with rubbish and drag after them; and lay out banquets of dirt dressed in various fashions upon services of bits of tile and crockery, and tureens of old shoes. And as all these things can be immediately replaced when broken, and excite no sorrow when lost, their state is, in this respect, rather to be envied than otherwise.

And so, leading a life all holidays, and turning the great world into a play-room for his especial enjoyment, the street infant passes to the boy.

3. *The Boys, properly so called.*

"The Boys" are as characteristic of our London streets as the *Gamins* are of the Quais and canal-banks of Paris. Let us consider a general type of their class.

He hath eight years of existence to answer for. He weareth a paper cap, or a cloth one without a peak, set forward on his head, which he considereth knowing. He standeth on his head with ease, and without apparent necessity to do so; and is outdone only by the sable musician of Ethiopia, whom the gallery honoureth by the name of "Bones," in his handling the castanet bits of slate. He danceth, to piano-organs, a measure not taught by any advertising professors; and at times waggishly turneth the handle himself, to the indignation of the Genoese performer. On being remonstrated with, he sparreth playfully at the foreigner, treateth his hat with insult by compressing it as though it were a French mechanical one, and then runneth away.

He loveth all street performances, but contributeth nothing to their support, albeit he taketh the front place. He followeth a fire-engine with ardour, and when no one is looking, bloweth a lusty note through the metal hose-pipe; after which, he runneth to the opened water-plug, which he compresseth with his shoe, and causeth the stream to spirt over the passengers,—which diversion he concludeth by pushing the little brother of some other boy into it. And then he quarrelleth with the other boy, and saith, "I should like to see you do it!" But on neither side is anything ever done.

He loveth the freedom of shirt-sleeves, and doth not think an apron beneath him, so that he tucketh it up. He returneth speedy answers intended to wound the feelings of those reproving him,—and by this token it is dangerous to chaff him. He detecteth rapidly peculiarities in dress, and hath an ideal type, which he calleth "a swell out of luck." And he doth not think the question "Does your mother know you're out?" at all worn-out or *passé*, but still indulgeth in it,—imagining thereby that he inflicteth a pang whose sharpness precludes reply. If he runneth against you, he will turn away reproof by saying first, "Now then, spooney! can't you see where you're a drivin' on?"

He hath the merit of being an indirect author of burlesques, albeit *Blackwood* hath not yet impotently attacked him. For from him do Messrs. Planché, A'Beckett, Charles Kenney, Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Stocqueler, and another, with whom we are upon terms of great intimacy, borrow the lines and tunes which chiefly set the house in extasies. His whistle abroad (which, disguise it as they may, all composers covet) suggesteth the air that shall be encored above all others; his by-word of the day causeth the laugh which Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Woolgar love to provoke; and, above all, his "Brayvo!" from the heights of the Haymarket, Lyceum, or Adelphi, chiefly inspiriteth both audience and actors. For he is no mean feature as connected with "the present state of the drama." His voice keepeth the scene-shifters to their duty; his call, from the gallery, of "Higher!" hath power to raise the very skies; and he even commandeth Macready to "speak up!" when contiguous noise drowneth the sound of the eminent voice. And he often dispelleth the *ennui* of the audience during the *entr'acte*, by making his dangerous journey along the front of the rails from one side of the house to the other, when he wisheth to exchange greetings with a half-price friend. He believeth that the whole orchestra is composed but of fiddlers, for he mentioneth them all as "catgut-scrappers;" and he crieth out perpetually, throughout the entertainment, for "Bill Simmuns!" whom he expecteth to join him. He is anxious that every body who is noisy, except himself, should be thrown over, or turned out; but he liketh the commandatory rather than the executive power.

He hath a merit of discovering ephemeral horsemen and livery-stable nags, with a quickness scarcely inferior to that of a turnpike-man; and if he detecteth in the equestrian a nervous temperament, he calleth out, "You'd better get inside, sir." Or he kindly saith, "Mind his tail, sir, or else it'll be shook off;" or he facetiously commendeth him "to lay hold tight by his ears." And to all coachmen he cryeth "Whip behind!" more especially when there is

nothing to whip. Or he telleth John Thomas to "look sharp after his calves, or else they'll pull him off his perch!"

To coachmen generally he is a terror, and to none more than those who are waiting outside the theatres, half-asleep upon their boxes, with their whips hanging over the pavement; for the thongs of these he tuggeth in succession, exclaiming, "My eyes! there's a bite!" as the lash flieth back, and possibly waketh the dozing Jehu with a cut across the face. And also by anglers at the Serpentine is he held in dread, inasmuch as he constantly recommendeth the fisherman to "pull him up, sir," when there is no necessity. Or he examineth the contents of the fish-kettle uninvited; or if the bites do not arrive so quickly as he desireth, he maketh artificial ones by pelting at the float, thereby causing it to bob. And this hath been known to disturb the fish in no small measure, so that they incontinently depart to distant waters; and is above all others an intrusion which your angler cannot abide. But herein doth lie the boy's greatest pleasure.

4. *Of the reasonable rate at which the Boy procures his Amusements. Of his Refreshments.*

The sources of income of the Boy are numerous; but at the same time their results are small; and so he is driven to patronize those sports and pastimes of the people of England which require the least outlay. His living is either earned or picked up. By the first we mean that he may be in a regular place: but if he is detained in-doors many of his most striking characteristics are destroyed; for confinement to him is like a flower-pot to a forget-me-not. He must have air, and light, and water, and plenty of them, or he loses his richest attributes: and so, of the ways of living he prefers the second. When you land at Hungerford, he is there, anxious to carry your carpet-bag the greatest possible distance for the smallest conceivable amount; or if you shoot a cab flying in the street, he opens the door, pushes you in, bangs it to again, and touches the place where his hat ought to be if he had one, before you know he is near you. He will run miles after your horse, even after saluting you as aforesaid, upon the chance of holding it; and were he certain that you would make a long call, he would endeavour to turn a few dishonest halfpence by letting the aristocracy of his class have a short ride. But this is a species of money-making attended with some risk.

All these payments, however, are a long time making up the sum of a shilling; and when he gets this together, he goes to the play on a Monday evening, not caring how early he arrives, or how long he waits at the gallery-door. Indeed, his patient expectation at this post appears to be part of the evening's entertainment; for he will cluster there with his fellows sometimes as early as half-past four. And spending his money in this way, he has none left for promiscuous diversions: and so he studies in what way the greatest amount of amusement can be procured for nothing, or at least, next to it.

All street-amusements, depending for support on the voluntary contributions of the bystanders, we have before observed, he liberally patronizes—with his presence; at times contributing to their effect

by allowing the wandering necromancer to fasten the padlock on his cheek, or becoming the victim whose head is to be cut off the minute ninepence more is thrown into the ring, to make up the sum under which the decapitation, by some mysterious law of nature, cannot be performed. But in this respect the boy is pretty safe; for the ring resembles in some degree the toy of 'Tantalus' Cup: you may throw hundreds of coppers into it, without ever getting the sum to rise above sevenpence half-penny.

Generally speaking, all the enjoyments which those who have money purchase, the Boy procures for nothing. He gets to the Derby by riding behind a number of vehicles, and changing them as he is successively whipped off. He sees an execution from a lamp post, even obscuring the view of those wealthy amateurs in such matters who have paid a high rent for the first floor of the Lamb Coffee-house. The crater of Mount Vesuvius at the Surrey Zoological Gardens is sufficiently visible, above the palings, to allow him to enter into all the glories of the rockets and eruptions, from the road; and he sees much more of Mr. Green in his balloon, from Kennington Lane, than any of the company who have paid for admission to behold what is termed "the process of filling," consisting of the diverting application of a gas-pipe for several hours to a valve at the bottom of the huge looming machine in question, and not being a sight, in the abstract, provocative of great joy or merriment.

At fairs and festivals it has long been received as a fact that the outside of the shows is the best part of their performance; and this the Boy enjoys to the utmost. He sees all the actors, and then, if he chooses, he can hear the dialogue of the tragedy, and the comic song of the countryman, by listening at the side of the canvass theatre. He gets a ride in the merry-go-round by contributing his share of communicated force to impel it, or responding to the master's command of "Holler, boys!" and raising a shout of enthusiasm to light up the glow of ardour in the breasts of waverers, who are debating between the hobby-horse and the half-penny. And he sometimes, even, is admitted to the grand arena of Equitation, as a reward for forming one of the awkward squad which Mr. Merriman drills on the platform. At races he lies down at the feet of the people at the ropes, and gets a better view than anybody else; and at reviews he comes off equally well by climbing a tree.

Whatever the Boy does not spend at the theatre goes in things to eat. For his consumption are those remarkable penny ham sandwiches chiefly manufactured, as well as the numerous unintelligible comestibles sold on the stalls which border the pavement. In fact, the kerb is his club, offering all the advantages of one of those institutions, without any subscription or ballot. Had he a few pence, he might dine equally well as at Blackwall, and with the same variety of delicacies, without going twenty yards either way from the pillars in St. Clement's Churchyard. He might begin with a water *souchée* of eels, varying his fish course with pickled whilks, cold fried flounders, or periwinkles. Whitebait, to be sure, he would find a difficulty in procuring; but as the more cunning gourmands do not believe these delicacies to be fish at all, but merely little bits of light pie-crust fried in grease,—and as, moreover, the brown bread and butter is, after all, the grand attraction,—the Boy might soon find a

substitute. Then would come the potatoes, apparently giving out so much steam that the can which contains them seems in momentary danger of blowing up: large, hot, mealy fellows, that prove how unfounded were the alarms of the bad-crop-ites; and he might next have a course of boiled feet of some animal or another, which he would be certain to find in front of the gin-shop. Cyder-cup, perhaps, he would not get; but there is "ginger-beer from the fountain at 1d. per glass;" and instead of mulled claret, he could indulge in "hot elder cordial;" whilst for dessert he could calculate upon all the delicacies of the season, from the salads at the corner of Wych Street, to the baked apples at Temple Bar. None of these things would cost more than a penny a-piece, some of them would be under that sum: and since, as at Verey's and other foreign *restaurateurs*, there is no objection to your dividing the "portions," the Boy might, if he felt inclined to give a dinner to a friend, get off under sixpence. There would be the digestive advantage, too, of moving leisurely about from one course to another; and, above all, there would be no fees to waiters.

We believe that of late years the taste of the Boy in the matter of street refreshments, is altering for the better; and we are led to think so by the improvements which the travelling vendors of them are making in their establishments, and which now appeal to his artistic feelings rather than his idle curiosity. We remember the time when kidney puddings—uninviting constructions of the size of small oranges—were sold in the New Cut; and the stalls were adorned with rude transparencies to catch the eye of the Boys. We recollect there was the courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once for a kidney-pudding—a small reward, it is true, after such a perilous journey, but characteristic of the contentment of the Russian empire. And there was Richmond winning the kidney-pudding from Richard III. by single combat,—the viand, without doubt, being intended to typify England in general; and on another lantern was Mr. Grimaldi as clown, making a face, with a string of sausages hanging out of his pocket. The connexion of this with the subject was somewhat vague, unless it was intended to show him as he appeared after swallowing a kidney pudding. If this was the case, the expression of his face was not favourable to the desire of following his example. But now all these things are gone: the vendor no longer makes a hole in the pudding with his little finger, and pours in something like lamp-oil and hot water shaken together, from a ginger-beer bottle. The stall is a portable kitchen in itself, with three elegant brass lamps at the top, in lieu of the paper lanterns; the kidney-puddings have yielded to *entremets* of a less ambiguous description. The neighbouring ginger-beer stand boasts elegant glass apparatus, and tumblers instead of mugs, and is even elaborately painted in arabesque patterns. One we saw, the other day, upon wheels, was green, and red, and gold; and on it was written *LA POLKA*. The general effect was good, but the analogy was difficult to trace. However, one thing is certain: the merchants have found that Boys now bestow the greatest patronage upon the most elegant stalls, and ornament them accordingly..

But of all these eating-stands, the chief favourite with the Boys is the potatoe-can. They collect round it, as they would do on 'Change, and there talk over local matters, or discuss the affairs of

the adjoining cab-stand, in which they are at times joined by the waterman, whom they respect,—more so perhaps than they do the policeman: certainly more than they do the square-keeper, for him they especially delight to annoy. And they watch any of their fellows eating a potatoe, with a curiosity and an attention most remarkable, as if no two persons fed in the same manner, and they expected something strange or diverting to happen at every mouthfull.

5. *Of the final Destinations of the Boys.*

We believe that if birds or animals, who have been taken into private life, are again cast forth upon the world, their fellows directly insult—not to say pitch into—them in a cruel and heartless manner.

And it is so with the Boys. The instant one of them is thrown into society—by which we mean some position above that of the mere errand-boy or printer's devil, in either of which situations he is still, to all intents and purposes, the *gamin* we have been describing—that instant he is turned into game for his late companions. If he is a "page," they will ask him "what he will take for his jacket without the buttons?" If he is a doctor's boy, arrayed in that comical conventional costume which medical men put their lads into—that sad struggle to combine the groom, footman, tiger, page, and knife-cleaner all in one—they will, if he is in the gig, shout out "Ullow, Doctor!" after him, to the indignation of his master; and if he is on foot with the oil-skin covered basket, they will stop him, attempt to bonnet him, and insist on looking into it. And here it sometimes happens, that instead of draughts and mixtures, they will discover half-pounds of tea, eggs, or, indeed, mutton-chops. For one of the earliest maxims instilled into the mind of the doctor's boy, is, never to go out without his basket. It looks professional, and gives neighbours the idea of extensive practice. Whereas three draughts carried in the hand, bear four-and-sixpence on the very face of them. If he turns his thoughts towards learning the art and mystery of a baker, they will rap on his basket as he carries it on his shoulder, or even go so far as to call him "Doughy;" or at night, when they see him down in the hot lighted cellars, underneath the places where the pavement is always dry when it rains, and the snow always thaws when it falls, they will say, "I say, Joe, how are you off for hallum?" or allude to "bones" and "sally moniac" and other popular prejudices. If he is a butcher they do not insult him except at a great distance, or when he has got a heavy tray of meat that he cannot well put down. For they know that in this state he is pugnacious; and that, unlike his threats in the boy state of existence, if he says he will punch their heads he is pretty safe to do it.

We have done with the Boys as they grow up, for then they cease to be so, and we lose all interest in them. Few of their attributes remain: they become grave and dull: you would not recognise in the porter, the journeyman, or the carman, any of the eccentricities that marked their early career. The only positions in which their repartee remains of use to them, and is still cultivated, are those of omnibus cads, cab drivers, and the touters at the pier-heads of rival steamboat companies.

LEGENDARY CITIES AND TOWNS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

LEWES.

ON a gentle eminence, in an exalted nest amongst the turf-covered hills which undulate around higher than that on which it stands, the pretty town of Lewes, protected by the lofty towers of its proud castle, invites the stranger to inquire into its history. It is only between seven and eight miles from Brighton; and to the idlers who have wearied themselves by continual parading up and down the cliffs, and seen, for the time, enough of the magnificent sea which is nowhere grander in its vastness than there, Lewes is a most agreeable variety. The drive is extremely pleasant; and those who, from long residence at the city of the Pavilion, may have forgotten the shape of a tree, may renew their memories by the sight of some fine specimens as they pass along, particularly as they approach the town.

The peculiar beauties of the South Downs, quite unique in their kind, are here singularly apparent, and their graceful swell, and rich hollows filled with shade, present a tranquil and reposeing picture, strikingly contrasted with the bustle of the gay and brilliant scene which moves and shifts for ever between Kemp Town and Adelaide Crescent.

Lewes is one of the most cheerful, clean, and happy-looking of country-towns; charming as to position, full of health, and promising pleasure in the walks and rides which invite from its height amongst the chalky retreats which fairies seem in a night to have faced with delicate green velvet peculiar to their looms, so thin and soft is its texture. Thanks to the care of these industrious spirits, every mound is green, though Nature herself seems to have forgotten to let grass grow there, so close is the turf to the soil. The little round, snow-white sheep scattered over these downs appear to be always thanking the unwearied fairies, for their persevering noses are continually revelling in the perfumed and thymy treasures provided for them.

Coming from Brighton, the town is announced by St. Anne's Church, a venerable building, with a pretty, ancient spire, on the top of the hill. As the sun falls full upon it, it would seem that the warm beams had from year to year bleached its roof, until it has become grey and hoar as the time it represents. It formerly bore the name of St. Mary Westout, and St. Anne and St. Peter were joined in its title, though one only of the three survive in honour.

It has been so often repaired and renewed, that its date would be difficult to discover but for a beautiful circular door of entrance, lately made almost new, where the Saxon zig-zag runs sharply round, giving its usual effect of richness, in spite of the simplicity of the pattern.

It still preserves a curious barrel-shaped font, much ornamented with rounds and quatrefoils, but there is nothing else antique within the walls. This irregular pile looks far over hill and dale, and its high spire is a land-mark from a distance. Recent restorations have given back to the porch its curiously involved cross, and placed a more simple one on the summit of one of the gables, so that, if the shades of the monks

of St. Pancras are ever wandering in the opposite meadows, they may imagine the good old times of their sway are come again.

A street called Antioch ran from this part towards Southover, where stood the famous monastery, but Antioch changed its high designation in the course of time, and sadly degenerated into Pudding-bag-lane, after a tremendous fire, which probably destroyed many of the most ancient houses here, and left the open space which now improves the entrance of the town. This calamity happened in 1559, as an item in the borough records proves, by naming expenses incurred "for men to watch when the grete fyer was in Westout."

Just beyond this spot stands a pretty old fashioned house of Elizabeth's time, but considerably changed outside, which was once called the Vine. Opposite, a tenement was, at the time I saw it in October, covered with a thick drapery of that rich American creeper which becomes crimson at the close of autumn. Where the poor-house is now placed, stood formerly a pest-house, fortunately a building no longer required in these days, when health has so improved by care and cleanliness, and the destruction of town walls, which cooped the wretched inhabitants of cities in a space so narrow that the breath they drew became pestilential, for, like the coil of the huge serpent in Lewis's tale of the Anaconda, they poisoned the dwellings within their fatal circle.

Nothing is now left of St. Nicholas's hospital, once conspicuous near the church, where thirteen brothers and sisters offered hospitality to wayfaring pilgrims, on their pious route to the Priory of Saint Pancras at Southover, and where they refreshed themselves before they descended the hill to remount to the answering Hospital of St. James, where they were lodged by the good brothers, ever ready to receive devout wanderers whose vows were directed to the presiding saint to whom the rest were tributary.

The first object of attraction in Lewes is the castle, or rather the castle keep, for of the once immense and extensive building nothing now remains but two towers clothed from *top to toe*, with a panoply of ivy, and standing on a high artificial mound, overlooking the town and country, and commanding a magnificent view. The green platform which forms the area for these towers, and a portion of the wall, is reached by a steep flight of steps, which wind round the mound amongst gnarled and twisted trees, peering through which is seen the Castle gateway below, and here and there the rugged remnants of a wall.

A bell fixed in a tree is rung to summon the guardian of the ruin, who opens a little wicket gate, and admits the stranger into a grassy square surrounded with shrubs, where numerous birds keep holiday. The red-breast, fly-catcher, and sparrow twitter merrily amongst the branches, which wave where once a banner floated; and the silent and solitary height, where mailed feet trod, does not now echo even to a footstep on the soft grass which has replaced its stones. From this platform the view is very beautiful of the circling downs and meadows beneath the towers, with the venerable church of Saint Anne conspicuous on its elevation.

The old watch-tower is in so precarious a state, that it is not safe to attempt to scale it; for it is in fact little but a shell, kept together by the strong branches of embracing ivy which wreath it round and round. The other tower, which is hexagonal, and diminishes as it rises, is in

good preservation, and can be ascended to the top, whence the views are delightful of the wide range of hills, soft and green, and the singular chalk cliffs which rise boldly amongst them, the huge excavations in their sides gleaming white amidst the emerald turf which creeps to their edges. The gentle river Ouse winds along at the foot of these cliffs, scarcely seen in its doubling course along the plain. Far away stretches the far-famed Weald of Sussex, and the Reigate Hills close in the view. There is no want of wood in this fine prospect, the *shaws* of the enclosed fields clothing the hills with the appearance of a forest, and still retaining, at a distance, the aspect which the extensive Weald once wore, when all was forest land for one hundred and twenty miles from east to west, and thirty miles from north to south. In those days large herds of wild deer roamed beneath the thick shade, and droves of swine fed on the acorns fallen from those majestic oaks. Sylvans and fairies and strange creatures then inhabited the shades of St. Leonard's, Tilgate, Ashdown, and the rest: tales have been told of dragons living there in caves which it required the valour of determined knights to drive from their dens, whence they occasionally sallied forth and devastated the country.

The wonders that excavators have brought to light in Tilgate forest, and the wizard Mantell has produced to the world, might explain some of the traditions which cling to the spot. Geologists say the gigantic *Saurii* found here, belong to a bygone world, but the less learned historian of the place may be allowed to enquire whether these creatures were not in fact the dragons of the legends of knight errantry, which once overran the Weald, and whose breath poisoned those smooth hills now covered with the fragrant wild thyme, whose perfume is said to enliven the spirits as well as delight the senses.

Mount Harry is pointed out from the beacon tower, as the spot where the famous battle was fought, so important in its results to English liberty, and Mount Caburn is shown where antiquaries have found so much in its barrows and entrenchments to excite their curiosity and enthusiasm.

It is impossible, while looking on the range of downs before one, not to agree fully for the time with the author of the *Natural History of Selborne*, when he exclaims in delight, "For my own part I think there is something peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspect of chalk hills, in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless. . . I never contemplate these mountains without thinking that I perceive somewhat analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth protuberances, their fluted sides and regular hollow slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilation and expansion."

The town of Lewes with its clustering roofs of red tiles and slate, has a curious effect from the height of the tower, and all the spires and turrets of its churches, lift themselves up above their lowly neighbours as if desiring distinction like the churchmen of old who cared not to remain unnoticed in obscurity. The new church of St. John's now replaces an ancient Saxon pile, where the bones of *Magnus* were laid "after life's fitful fever." Who was this chief whose tomb-stone was discovered on the floor of St. John's church, and the mutilated inscription round which, has so much troubled and puzzled the learned? The question even yet remains to be answered, for the replacing of inscribed stones, which supply a lost meaning, will not satisfy the scep-

tical enquirer who doubts those letters belonging to the original inscription. Some have read the following sentence on the mysterious scroll above the coffin lid, and been content to believe that a son of Harold, the last Saxon, was there commemorated.

"Here lies a soldier of the royal house of Denmark, whose name, Magnus, denotes his noble lineage; laying aside his greatness he assumed a lamb-like deportment, changing a busy life for that of a humble anchorite."

This may be sooth, but there is a great mystery about this Magnus; it might seem, that even in death a secret was kept respecting him, and some have rejected altogether the idea of this inscription relating to the son, and have determined that the father is intended. Yes, it is thought probable, that the unfortunate Harold himself, after his overthrow by the successful Norman, fled to this spot, and here ended his days;

"Like hermit poor,
In pensive place obscure."

It has been recorded that the Saxon fled much further from the scene of his defeat, and died in a cell near St. John's at Chester. I sought, when wandering round the walls of that famous old town, for the spot where Harold might have dwelt, and was satisfied with the tradition which gave him a retreat there, but now I find him again at Lewes, and am bound to believe that his resting place is found at last. The explanation of the mistake which attributes to Chester the spot of his retirement from the world, is thus given.

St. John's church at Lewes was formerly described to be *in Castro*, because it stood on a place once occupied by a fort, erected to guard the pass into the town from attack. Alfred is said to have built the old church which was fortified, and served as well for defence as devotion, and here there is reason to believe that Harold was really buried, rather than at Chester; and that a similarity of sound in words alone, has occasioned the belief of his having retired so far from the scene of his latest misfortune.

Who shall now decide whether Harold really died on the field of battle, or, like Roderic the last Goth, fled far away, and became a solitary in some desert wild, discovered only by his death-bed confession to an obscure monk?

Across the valley appear the buildings at Southover, and behind them, in a meadow, stand a few ruins so rugged and unformed, that, at so great a distance as from the castle tower, they have the effect of being merely heaps of stone. This is all that remains of the once powerful abbey of St. Pancras, whose monks of the order of St. Benedict of Cluny, possessed unbounded riches in lands and goods in this part of the country.

I descended afterwards nearer to this interesting object, which is imperfectly seen at the elevation at which I stood when it was first pointed out to me, and roamed about through the streets and lanes of Southover, where all that antiquity has yet remaining, is to be met with.

It is thought that the original foundation of the Castle of Lewes is Saxon, though some contend that the Romans threw up those mounds on which the western keep stands. When the Conqueror gave, with unsparing hand, lands to all the followers whose valour had placed

him on the English throne, William de Warren, his son-in-law, had the barony and castle of Lewes for his portion of spoil in Sussex, and to him it owed its dignity and strength, as he rebuilt and added to the fortress which he found standing.

It does not appear that the family of De Warren, as long as the castle belonged to them, harassed or oppressed the towns-people of Lewes, but were rather their protectors than their tyrants, although the latter character generally suited better the haughty lords who had usurped the soil. They well deserved that their dwellings should be called "very nests of devils, and dens of thieves," for there was neither hay corn, beer, or other commodity which could be said to belong to the owner; no sooner was it ready for use, but down came the mailed bands from their heights, and carried off everything for the consumption of the revelling tyrants, who gloried in their captives. There were dungeons always ready for the refractory, even less agreeable to dwell in than the hovels of the peasantry; therefore they starved and mourned over the loss of the produce of months of industry in silence for fear of a worse fate.

There are such dungeons in the keep of Lewes Castle; but the De Warrens used them less frequently than their neighbour chatelains, and their sway was gentle in comparison.

Besides Lewes Castle, Earl Warren had numerous other lordships, and built the castles of Reigate, in Surrey; of Castle Acre, in Norfolk; and of Coningsburgh, in Yorkshire.

However lenient to the people of Lewes Earl Warren might have been, he does not seem to have shown himself particularly humane in his usual actions, for it is recorded of him that he had no better mercy to shew to prisoners who fell into his hands after a battle, than to cut off their right foot. It might be a few of these gentle ministerings that in after-days occurred to his mind, and caused some pangs of conscience, which he hoped to allay by undertaking a pilgrimage to Rome, a plan which he carried into effect, accompanied by his pious lady, Gundreda, one of the Conqueror's many daughters. It was on occasion of this expedition, for the saving of their souls, and the pardon of their sins, that the penitent pair arrived at the great Cluniac Monastery of St. Peter, not far from Macon, situated in the midst of a fertile country, where corn and wine were never wanting to the holy brotherhood, and whence the mighty monks could issue their mandates to the six hundred religious houses dependent on them.

These powerful brethren knew, however, when humility and simplicity would answer their purpose, and nothing could exceed the devotion and charity which they displayed while offering hospitality to the Earl and his Countess, who were detained there for some time, owing to the danger of travelling occasioned by the war then carrying on between the Pope and the Emperor.

Nothing appeared more likely to the Earl to conciliate the favour of heaven than to put a design in execution which he had already formed; this was no other than to erect a monastery near his castle of Lewes. He consulted with the abbot of Cluny; and, after some hesitation on his part, the excellent monk consented to allow twelve of his brethren to cross the seas to England, and accept the advantages proffered by the generous and devout De Warren.

The abbot of Cluny, therefore, received a grant of the church of St. Pancras, with lands, charters, and privileges, such as were conformable

to the grandeur of the mother establishment ; in return for which, the monks were to undertake continual prayers for the repose of the souls of the founder, his wife, the soul of King William, and all others of the family after death ; also for the health of all of his relatives then living. In which list Queen Maud was not forgotten, nor her son William, for the Earl was, by birth, their near connexion.

The abbot made a journey to Normandy, to confer with King William on these important matters, and that monarch confirmed the grants of his subject. A very strict bargain having been made, in which the interests of the parent monastery were not neglected, the charter thus concludes :—" May God visit with the sword of his anger, and wrath, and vengeance, and everlasting curses, those who act contrary to, and invalidate these things ; but those who protect and defend them may he reward with peace, favour, compassion, and everlasting salvation."

The priory was begun about 1072, and completed about 1078, although great additions were made to it afterwards. Caen, the city of the Conqueror's preference, furnished the stone, which skilful artists worked into beautiful forms ; but, of all they did, and of all the treasures of art which its walls contained, one single arch, and one marble slab, remain alone.

St. Pancras was the first of the Cluniac monasteries established in England ; it was the chief, and most wealthy of all, and was the only one out of France distinguished by the appellation of " The five daughters of Cluny." Its continental relatives were those of La Charité sur Loire, St. Martin des Champs at Paris, Souvigny, near Moulins, and Souxillanges ; but St. Pancras was called " The second daughter of Cluny."

From this establishment rose no less than twenty-seven of the same order in England, to which eleven more were added before the time of Henry the Sixth. Still it grew, and flourished ; and there seemed no end to its power and its wealth ; yet, during the long reign of its glory never did St. Pancras of Lewes produce a single monk who was distinguished for learning, or for any species of literary knowledge.

The sanctity of the place was looked upon as so great, that there was scarcely room in the holy precincts for the bodies of the great and noble, who begged " a little earth for charity." Warrens, and Surreys, and Clares, and Sidneys ; Fitz-Allens, and Bohuns, and Veres, and Nevilles, besieged the convent-gate with " frequent hearses ;" and heaps of gold poured into the monastic treasury, in return for the hospitality accorded to the dead.

But the thunder-cloud which was hovering over the land burst at length, and the rapacity of the Defender of the Faith swept all the long-hoarded treasures of the Second Daughter into his coffers. His vicar-general, Cromwell — a name fatal to art — is thus addressed by the emissary whom he had charged to destroy the gorgeous pile.

" MY LORD,—I humbly commend me to your lordship. The last I wrote to your lordship was the 20th day of this present month, by the hands of Mr. Williamson, by which I advertise your lordship of the length and greatness of this church, and how we *had begun to pull this church whole down to the ground*, and what manner and fashion they used in pulling it down. I told your lordship of a vault on the right side of the high altar, that was borne with four pillars, having about it five chapels, which be compassed in with walls seventy steps of length,

that is 210 feet. *All this is down* Thursday and Friday last. *Now we are a plucking down* an higher vault, borne up by four thick and gross pillars, fourteen feet from side to side, about, in circumference, forty-five feet. *This shall down, for our second work.*

"As it goeth forward, I will advertise your lordship from time to time that your lordship may know with how many men we have done this.

"We brought from London seventeen persons, three carpenters, two smiths, two plumbers, and one that keepeth the furnace. Every one of these attendeth to his own office: *ten of them heweth the walls*, about the which are the three carpenters. These made props to underset where the others cut away; the others brake and cut the walls. . . a Tuesday they began to cast the lead; and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be, so that our trust is that your lordship shall be much satisfied with what we do, &c.

"JOHN PORTMARUS."

"At Lewes, March 24, 1538."

To Lord Cromwell, who took so active a part in the destruction of the Priory, all its enormous possessions were granted by the fickle and cruel king, whose wrath afterwards fell on the minister then in favour. When Henry repudiated the *fortunate* Anne of Cleves, he bestowed much of the land on her, and in Southover I was attracted by a curious old house, bearing the date of 1599 on the porch, which tradition says was a mansion in which she resided, although it is by no means ascertained that she really did so.

The house is now divided into several small tenements, and the antique front has a venerable effect, part of the walls still retain the striped wood-work which probably once covered them. Some pretty little children were playing in the porch, and their young mother seemed quite entertained at the curiosity her domicile excited in me.

Further on, at the corner of a lane, I was again arrested by the aspect of a large building, with several ranges of ancient windows of very peculiar character. I inquired of a workman near if the house was called by any particular name, or had any story attached to it. He looked up with a perplexed air, and told me it was a malt-house. I persisted in asking if it had ever been anything else, a church, or a convent? He had recourse to the usual Sussex expedient of scratching his head; but could find no assistance to his fancy, and could only keep to the fact of its having always been a malt-house ever since he remembered it. This satisfied me, and I no longer felt any doubt that I was standing before the original "Priory brew-house," mentioned in a list of receipts in 1601, where, questionless, the good monks were careful to keep up their character, and that of Lewes:

"A blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Descending this very lane, towards Winterbourn, I was much struck, on looking back, when I again began to mount the rising ground leading to St. Anne's, to observe the dark high roofs, and lofty walls, which rose at the back of the malt-house in a solemn group, telling their own tale of antiquity, for it could not be otherwise than that they all formed a part of the domestic dependencies of the monastery.

Where now the Priory terrace is built may be observed a beautiful, low, circular archway, with delicate pillars, and still retaining a few of

its flower-shaped ornaments in stone. This arch is quite perfect, and is the only one remaining of all the magnificent doors of entrance into this proud pile.

At the back of this pretty row of houses is a terrace-walk, which commands a charming view; and close to this, in a field, stand the deformed remains of all that Cromwell's emissary was so zealous to destroy. A curious mound of earth rises near the end of the terrace, which was, perhaps, formed by part of the ruins: it would seem as if a tower of defence might have stood there; but antiquaries appear puzzled to account for it. Close to this is a piece of ground unpoetically called "The Dripping Pan" by the townspeople of Lewes, who do not seem very refined in the designations they bestow.

In the church at Southover, which is restored and rendered fit for service, but has lost all trace of its former shape and size, is to be seen a great treasure in the black marble-slab, which once covered the monument of the Countess Gundreda, the pious foundress, with her husband, Earl Warren, of the priory of St. Pancras. It is singularly perfect, except a portion at one end, which, apparently, was forcibly broken off, that the slab might fit the corner where it was placed in Isfield church, from whence it was transferred to its present position, and raised on a sculptured stone. It had been covered with white-wash, that favourite adornment of all parish functionaries; but that is happily removed, and the inscription can be easily read. It runs along the edges and down the middle of the slab, between the sharp-cut sculptured leaves and the grotesque heads from which the wreathing festoons issue. There is great boldness and much grace in the forms, and not a leaf or a stem is injured, so hard is the marble, and so true must have been the steel that cut the pattern.

Owing to the mutilation at one end, part of the inscription has disappeared, which has thrown some difficulty in the way of its interpretation. It, however, appears to convey the following meaning:—

"Gundred, the noble descendant of a ducal race, brought the balsam of religious grace into England. Her kindness was like Martha's, and her piety like Mary's. Her Martha's part rests here; her Mary's lives for ever. Oh, holy Pancras! keep the ashes of a mother, who makes thee her heir.

"On the sixth calends of June the alabaster box of her mortal body was destroyed."

This amiable and pious princess died in childbirth, and was buried in the chapter-house of the priory with great pomp. This marble is the record left of "how loved, how honoured once" she was: and this is all that is preserved of the gorgeous establishment which owed its existence to her zeal.*

* Within a few days after I had visited Lewes, and seen the inscribed marble just described, the following interesting announcement appeared in a country newspaper:—

"ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—LEWES, Oct. 28.—The usually quiet town of Lewes this day has been thrown into considerable excitement, in consequence of a most unexpected discovery in that part of the Priory grounds on which the workmen are engaged in the necessary excavations for the Brighton, Lewes, and Hastings Railroad. In digging close by, in fact amidst the ruins of the old Priory, the workmen hit upon a hard substance, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a leaden box, surrounded by a few square Caen stones. After clearing away the soil, it was carefully removed, and turned out to be a cist, in which were human bones. Further examination led to the still more important discovery that it contained the

The De Warrens are the great lords of Lewes in its traditional period. One succeeded the other for several ages, until the name was lost, and the favourite castle deserted for the more magnificent dwelling of Arundel.

When the Conqueror died, in 1088, his son, William Rufus, then a minor, came from Normandy, and was lodged in the chapter-house of

remains of Gundreda, daughter of William the Conqueror, the name Gundradu, as it is spelt, being cut in upon its lid. The size of the cist is about a yard in length, a foot in width, and nine inches in depth. The lids, sides, and ends, are in excellent preservation, but the bottom is destroyed; an effect apparently produced by the bones, for where they lay, there the lead is, as it were, corroded away. The lead is ornamented by being cast in beaded compartments of the lozenge form, five inches by three, and the lid fits on, or rather, laps over the sides. Shortly after this curious and interesting relic had been found, the workmen lit upon a second cist, precisely similar in form, shape, character, and material; being, however, slightly longer. The bottom was eaten away in the same manner as that of its companion, and on the lid was inscribed the word Willelm, with an abbreviation for the *us*, an old but usual way of writing Gulielmus. This our antiquaries readily interpret into the name of William de Warren, by this means establishing the fact that these cists contained the remains of Gundreda and her lord, William de Warren, the first Earl of Warren and Surrey, and founder of the monastery. Ancient records prove that Gundreda died in 1085, and William de Warren in 1088, and that both were interred in the Chapter-house of Lewes Priory, the latter being, as is stated, "buried in the Chapter-house, in a tomb adjoining that in which his Countess Gundreda was laid." Since this morning two skeletons have been found, as also the remains of an ecclesiastic. The latter were laid in no coffin, but merely in a grave, the sides, ends, and top of which were formed of Caen stone, the bottom being strewn with coarse sea-gravel, two inches in depth. The figure was in the usual form, the hands being crossed over the breast. The body had been buried in its clothes, shoes, &c, which were still, though greatly decomposed, perfectly distinguishable—the leather of the shoes especially so, while the cow, drawn over the face, was also apparent. These discoveries have naturally excited the greatest curiosity, and crowds have been to visit these interesting relics throughout the day. The cists, with their contents, and the remains of the ecclesiastic, have been removed to the new entrance in Southover Church, where they will be for the present kept for public inspection."—*Surrey Gazette*.

I was struck with the merit of these lines, which appeared in another paper, on the popular subject:—

"ON THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF DE WARRENNE AND
GUNDREDA.

Stern Time his silent course has sped,
And nigh eight hundred years have
 fled

Since royal Gundred died;
Where rose St. Pancras' stately pile
The green grass clothes the sacred aisle,
The ivy climbs its side.

Here often have a gladsome throng,
With merry dance, and jocund song .
The passing hour beguiled:
How little thought they in their mirth
That deep beneath the grass-grown
 earth

Reposed the Conqueror's child,

For ages here lay side by side
De Warrenne and his royal bride,
Deep in their silent tomb:
Here rested, too, the hooded friar,
Perchance the abbey's saintly prior,
Sharing their narrow home.

And shall we not these relics save,
The ashes of the good and brave,
From every curious eye?

Oh! gaze not here with lightsome
 thought,
But rather read a lesson fraught
With deep humility.

Well has the earth redeemed her trust,
And treasured up this sacred dust
For many a changing year:
Now, yielding to the stern behest
Which tears them from her faithful
 breast,

She gives them to our care.

Within God's temple's hallowed bound,
Oh! let some vacant spot be found,
There may these bones decay;
Remember, how God's word declares
That 'in his sight a thousand years
 'Are but as yesterday?'"

Lewes Priory. When Rufus was succeeded by Henry the First instead of Robert, whom he had named, the Earl Warren of the day sided with the weaker side, and fell under the displeasure of the successful monarch. He fled to Normandy to Robert, who had sold his birthright; and had afterwards to supplicate to his brother for the restoration of his adherent's possessions.

The earldom of Surrey was given back to De Warren; and he was thus brought over to Henry's interests, for, in the unjust war which ensued against Robert in Normandy, Earl Warren's banner did not float on the side of right.

"Alas! whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be!"

From Lewes to Lyons, even in these days of railroads, is a long distance; but, without either rail or steam, these Sussex knights seem always hurrying between one town and the other. Earl Warren attended Henry Beauclerc on his deathbed at Lyons, and brought his remains to Reading, where he was buried in 1135.

This Earl completed the monastery of St. Pancras, begun by his father, and was there buried at his feet. His tomb is not now found, nor is its inscription recorded. That of his father, the first Earl, was engraved on white marble, and is recorded to have run thus:—

"Here lies Earl William, whose fame this dwelling sustains, of which he was the founder, lover, and large supporter. It beautifies thy grave, because the offerings of thy generous mind and hand are grateful to the poor servants of Christ. Thy ashes will be preserved within these holy walls by St. Pancras, who is thine heir, and will be thy companion amongst the stars. Blessed St. Pancras! help one who glorifies thee! Give him a seat in heaven who has made thee a temple here."

The third Earl Warren was more pious than fortunate, and more zealous than true. He fought sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and was seldom successful in arms, either in the contentions of Stephen and Matilda, or when he

"Fought the holy wars in Palestine."

The unfortunate Earl, bent on his fate, after confirming the numerous grants which he had made to the priory of St. Pancras, sufficient to have constituted him a saint, quitted his castle of Lewes, whose towers he was never more to behold, and joined that army of four hundred thousand fanatics who set forth to

"Free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall."

William de Warren left his bones to whiten in the Arabian deserts; no miracle of St. Pancras rescued him from the power of the infidel; and, whether he fell on the field of battle, or perished in a dungeon, was never known. His vassals looked for his return in vain; and many a night the warder started as he heard a bugle blown, and thought it was his lord returned.

Isabel, the orphan daughter of De Warren, the heiress of all his land, was not a person to be allowed to spend her days unnoticed in the dreary halls of the castle of Lewes. She was beautiful, and wealthy; and, while yet a child, was presented with a baby-husband in the per-

son of William de Blois, King Stephen's youngest son; who loved her so entirely, that, rather than quit her to contest his claim to the crown of England after the death of his elder brother, he gave up all to the son of Matilda, the Empress, and lived with him in uninterrupted amity. He died at Toulouse in 1160; and his rich and lovely widow, after three years' mourning, became the bride of Hameline, the nephew of Henry the Second, and bestowed on him her great possessions.

Hameline did not forget the monks of St. Pancras, who revelled in his bounty, and could boast of having and holding *Soc*, and *Sac*, and *Thol*, and *Theam*, and *Infangthef*, meadows, pastures, highways, footways, parks, fisheries, watermills, and numerous other treasures, in sight of Crowborough Hills and Caburn Mount. This generous Plantagenet, whose name of Hameline is still a favourite in some old Sussex families, died in 1202, and was buried with his Isabel in the chapter-house, whose fretted roof and marble pillars seemed then to defy time.

Lewes Castle, in Henry the Third's time, was governed by a foreign prince, Peter of Savoy, the young heir of De Warren being yet a child. He was still too youthful to think of love or beauty, when the Lord Peter came to England bringing with him from Savoy, "certain young ladies and damsels to be bestowed in marriage on such young lords and gentlemen as were wards of the King." To young John de Warren was accorded Alice, daughter of Hugh le Brun, Earl of the Marches of Aquitaine, sister by the mother's side to Henry the Third.

It does not appear that the Earl at a later period was remarkable for patience, or gentleness. Violent are the deeds recounted of him, common enough amongst the tyrannical and turbulent lords of that day: of his fighting pitched battles with his neighbours, drawing on his adversaries in a lawsuit in Westminster Hall, and cutting right and left, without respect to the presence in which he stood; but a more honourable part was that in which he afterwards distinguished himself when by his boldness he repressed the grasping extortions of the ruthless King Edward the First, who tried hard to wrest from the nobles of the land their rightful possessions, that he might swell the royal treasury.

King Edward sojourned a brief space in the castle of Lewes, from whence some of his commissions are dated in 1289, when he had just returned from Gascony, having suppressed the insurrections there. This was twenty-five years after the great battle of Lewes in which his father and himself had borne so remarkable a part.

De Warren was a friend of King Edward, but when he found that the monarch was giving way to oppression, and had employed commissioners to enquire throughout the kingdom, by what warrant or title estates and possessions were held by his subjects, in the hope of finding some flaw which would transfer their wealth to the crown, John de Warren boldly stepped forward in the cause. Holinshed thus relates the scene.

"Many were thus called to answer, till at length the Lord John de Warren, Earl of Surrey, a man greatly beloved of the people, perceiving the king to have cast his net for a prey, and that there was not one which spake against those so bitter and cruel proceedings, and therefore being called before the justices about the matter, he appeared, and being asked by what right he held his lands, he suddenly drawing forth an old rusty sword, 'by this instrument' said he, 'do I hold my lands, and by the same I intend to defend them. Our an-

cestors coming into this realm with William the Conqueror, conquered these lands with the sword, and so will I defend me from all those that shall be about to take them from me ; he did not make a conquest of this realm *alone*, our progenitors were with him as participators and helpers.'

"The King understood into what hatred of his people by this means he was fallen ; and, therefore, to avoid civil dissension and war, that might thereby ensue, he left off his begun practice, so that the thing which generally should have touched and been hurtful to all men, was now suddenly stayed by the manhood and courageous stoutness of one man, the aforesaid Earl."

This Earl Warren was not an unworthy foe of the immortal Wallace, though he was more fit to have been his friend, as the assertor of liberty, in opposition to a tyrant. He commanded the forces sent against Wallace, and sent a message to the Scottish hero to demand his submission ; to which the bold answer was returned, that "his army was not come to treat of peace, but to try the cause by battle."

Earl Warren died at Kennington, near London, in the seventieth year of his age ; and once more the high altar of St. Pancras blazed with lights, and the vaults re-echoed to the voices of the monks who sung the *Miserere* for his soul. He was buried in the midst of the pavement, and on his tombstone might be read the following lines:—

"Vous qe passer ou bouche close
 Priez purely ke cy repose :
 En vie come vous este jadis fu,
 Et vous tiel serretz come je su ;
 Sire Johan Count de Gareyn gyst ycy ;
 Djeu de sa alme eit mercy.
 Ky pur sa alme prieria,
 Troiz mill jours de pardon avera."

It does the monks of St. Pancras some credit, that though Earl John was less a benefactor to their priory than most of his predecessors, they appear to have had a reverend care for the welfare of his soul. Perhaps, as he stood up so stoutly for the rights of those who had much to lose, all the clergy felt he had been a useful friend to them ; it would at least appear so, by the indulgences they granted to all those who should exert themselves to secure his eternal happiness.

The Archbishop of Canterbury promised a remission of forty days from the pain of purgatory to every good Christian who should pray for him. The Bishop of Chichester did the same ; he of Rochester promised *thirty* ; of Durham, forty ; of Carlisle, forty ; of Lincoln, forty ; of Coventry and Lichfield forty ; and others followed with the same offer, so that the soul of the Old Woman of Berkely herself never had a better chance, though "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," prayed night and day for her rescue from the powers of ill.

Isabel, one of the daughters of this Earl, married John de Baliol, afterwards King of Scotland.

His heir was his grandson, who became nearly connected with King Edward by marrying his grand-daughter, Joan. The Peak Forest, and the castle of the Peverels, which crowns that strange cavern, and looks as if intended for the abode of some giant of the mine, were granted to the young Earl, the last Peverel having forfeited his possessions in consequence of poisoning the Earl of Chester in 1153.

It is probable that the marriage of the Earl with the Lady Joan was

compulsory ; and, the consequence was, a life of wretchedness for the unhappy wife, and of disgrace to the imprudent husband. There was one fairer and dearer, who occupied all his thoughts ; and for her sake he braved the anger of royalty, and the thunders of the church.

It might be true that he had formed a contract with the beautiful Maud de Nerford before his fate was sealed to Joan ; such he asserted to be the case ; and, in spite of all endeavours, he persisted in keeping her near him, and openly acknowledging her children, while his wife "sought, with an indignant mien, counsel" from the ecclesiastics, who, taking up her cause, and that of morality, excommunicated the lover of Maud. There is a strange story of this Earl, which tells little for his knightly honour. Where was the frail Maud at the time when "fair Alice's shrieks disturbed the air" in vain, and the ruffian Earl carried off the wife of the Earl of Lancaster to his castle of Reigate, from her husband's seat of Canford, in Dorsetshire ?

That very Canford, so long the dwelling of an old English family, has lately passed into new hands, having been purchased by a wealthy commouer, whose riches have displaced the ancient possessors.

The history of Alice de Lucy is one of those tragedies which belong to the lawless times of the second Edward, when morals were at the lowest ebb, and the strongest alone had mastery. The beautiful bride of Lancaster, in her husband's absence, was at Canford, where an emissary of De Warren obtained access to her bower, either by bribery or artifice, and carried her forcibly from her home to that of his master. Whether De Warren was in love with her himself, or had made a compact with his robber-followers to divide her broad lands, does not clearly appear ; but she was made the victim of their rapacity, and the actress in an extraordinary drama. A certain Richard St. Martin, hideous and deformed, a perfect Quilp in aspect and in mind, claimed the lady as his wife, insisting that he had obtained her promise before the Earl of Lancaster obtained her hand. Probably threats and violence were used to induce the unfortunate lady to agree to his tale, and St. Martin claimed, in her right, the earldoms of Lincoln and Salisbury, which were part of her dower. The cause was tried ; and, though the wretch, St. Martin, was unable to carry his point, and could not dispossess the Earl of Lancaster, he obtained the divorce between him and the sacrificed heiress, whose after fate is unknown.

Lancaster took deep revenge on Earl Warren for the desolation he had brought to his hearth, and ravaged and destroyed his lands wherever he could seize on them. He demolished his castle of Sandal, near Wakefield, and wasted his manors on the north side of Trent, without remorse.

Yet this degenerate lord did some good to his vassals and dependants ; and it is somewhat amusing to see the names of places familiar to the fashionable world mentioned as having been benefited by this brigand chieftain. The permission to hold a market at Brighton was obtained by charter from this Earl ; and Reigate and Cuckfield gained the same advantage ; and he also established fairs at Hurst and at Portslade.

By him was built the fine old gateway leading to the castle, which is one of the chief remains of antique beauty at Lewes ; and much and richly did he endow the priory, where, at length, his remains were interred. With him ended the line of De Warren ; and, pity is it that the last of the name should have left a stain upon it. The son of his

sister Alice, who had married a Fitz-Alan, became the heir of his estates in Sussex, and was lord of Lewes and Surrey.

The town of Lewes, however, owes its fame in history not so much to its fine castle, or its rich priory, as to the celebrated battle fought beneath its walls, between Henry the Third and his insurgent barons, the results of which produced the ratification of those charters which John, the meanest and falsest of kings, had granted and revoked almost at one and the same time.

Henry the Third, a prey to his foreign minions, profuse and extravagant, unprincipled and careless of the country's good, had so exasperated his barons by his incorrigible conduct, that at length they rose *en masse*, and asserted the violated liberties of England. The famous Simon de Montford, a warrior whose name fills the pages of history for many years, was their head; and, though his character is little to be admired, he was the instrument of that great success which secured the freedom of the country, and rescued it from the yoke of unprincipled foreigners, and a degraded King who thought only of his own gratification.

At the important period of the approaching contest, King Henry had taken up his abode in the priory of St. Pancras, and Prince Edward was lodged in the castle. The Barons sent to the King a humble message and remonstrance, which was received with contempt and scorn by all of the royal party. The young Prince, and the King's brother, called the "King of the Romans," with the pompous addition of "always Augustus," in particular; who, in their answer, could find no terms harsh enough to express the indignant defiance which they hurled at their rebellious subjects.

It was on the 14th of May, 1264, that

"This sore bataille was doomed to be,"

and Mount Harry, which we see from the battlements of the castle-court, was the scene where it took place. Here it was that King Henry whose courage seemed his only merit, having drawn up his army in battle-array before that of the equally ready chiefs on the opposite side, gave forth his signal-words, "Symon, je vous defie!" and the fierce encounter began.

Then followed havoc and confusion, such as might make the angels weep; then the demons of civil war glared frightfully over the ensanguined field, and sent forth all their horrors; then these soft downs were purple, not with the fragrant thyme, whose perfume now scents the fresh and cheerful air, but with the blood of brothers and of countrymen; and the silver Ouse, so calm and silent, ran crimson to the shuddering sea.

"Is not yon steed Aurelia?" Yes, it is King Henry's, who has fallen beneath the expiring charger, and with difficulty extricates himself from his dying struggles, only to fly for his own life. Open your gates, ye monks of St. Pancras, a fugitive monarch is sinking exhausted at your portal! Double your guards, and hold out to the last! The rebels are behind; and, in spite of all resistance, the proud King Henry is their prisoner, for he has now no road of escape.

"Come down—come down, thou wicked miller!—come forth—come forth, thou unlucky master of the mill!" cried the conquering party, as they surrounded the windmill, which stood on that height which we can see from this shrubbery where the robin is singing so gaily,—

“Come down, thou King of the Romans, always Augustus, we have chains and safe custody for as great a warrior as thou art.”

Fires are blazing in the stacks of the priory; soldiers are busied in endeavouring to extinguish the devouring flames; shouts re-echo from the castle-walls, where still float the banners of Prince Edward; there are shrieks and cries in the town, and bitter wailing, and loud execrations, and the clashing of arms, and the braying of trumpets; and there are monks walking in the midst, holding aloft the symbol of salvation and peace,—the monks of St. Pancras, and the Grey Minorite Friars, who exhort, and entreat, and supplicate to be heard.

Then follows a pause, a sullen pause: those who were deaf to reason and to justice are forced to listen now; those whom no arguments could before convince have been taught wisdom by violence; and King Henry can no longer refuse the demands of his victorious subjects.

Prince Edward's boast is hushed;—the voice of triumph and defiance is heard no more;—five thousand dead lie on the field of battle; and ended is the famous “Mise of Lewes.”

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

“He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”—GOLDSMITH.

GUIDE of my young days! would this heart	His own lot had been chequer'd o'er,
Were tutor'd to express	Which made him feel more keen
The deep emotions that it feels	The bleak misfortunes of the poor,
Of grateful tenderness,	So oft unhelp'd—unseen!
For seasons of requiteless toil,	To us he was a patient friend,
To harmonize the mind,	And more than friend to some,
And make the barren waste yield fruit	Who, parentless had found with him
When years became less kind.	A cheerful, shelt'ring home.
Thy days have long been number'd here,	And I was one on whom his look
Revered and cherish'd friend,	Benevolent would rest;
In honour'd age and worth thou didst	No love more anxious in its care
The path of glory wend!	Could warm a father's breast.
Guileless in spirit as a child,	He labour'd hard to store our minds
Though rich in wisdom's light;	With wise and useful lore;
A brother e'en to those who cross'd,	Though many liked the task far less
But could not stay thy flight.	Begun, than when 'twas o'er.
Firm in resolve, yet mild withal,	The satchell, laid aside, we took
To such of us who err'd,	Again, with downcast brow;
And wander'd from the beaten track,	The pain it often caused us then
Like some bewilder'd bird.	Doth oft amuse me now!
The voice long used to rule breath'd soft,	Even our sports delighted him,
The eyes with tears grew dim,	For, 'neath an elm-tree's shade
And joy subdued the chast'ning hour	He sat, and smilingly would watch
That brought us back to him!	Our gambols as we play'd;
The good man! earth hath had her sons	While oftentimes a shade of thought
Of emulous degree;	Would cross his features wan;
But none in Virtue's pure domain	As though his heart was dwelling still
More truly great than he,	On days for ever gone.
Upright, sincere in all he did,	But all is past—he resteth now
No selfish thought prevail'd:	For whom this lowly verse
The breath of Scandal never once	In tributary strain hath sought
His honest fame assail'd!	His virtues to rehearse!
Small though his means, he freely gave	Fadeless for ever wave the grass
His mite to aid distress,	Above the hallow'd sod,
And in the voice of pity, would	Where he, who pass'd a blameless life,
The kindly pittance bless.	Now sleeps in peace with God!

ROMANCING.

BY A FIBB.

ROMANCING, or lying, is more general both as a vice and a luxury, than the world is pleased to allow, for every grade and profession has its peculiar manner of using up the staple commodity, each colouring and flavouring it according to its own fancy, and denying it to be the original article. Therefore, for me to attempt anything like a paper, comprehensive enough to embrace the whole family of lies, would be ridiculous, as no railway plan, or anti-corn-law petition in their most imposing magnitude, would stand a chance beside the manuscript.

I therefore throw overboard the lies of trade—of love—of diplomacy, and many other things in which it is from necessity used, and merely take it up in its most amusing form, called romancing.

This peculiar branch of the art is cultivated by gentlemen of few brains, who, from want of application, have never been able to realize enough information, or stock in trade, to stand a fair chance in society, where they have a continual wish to shine. These fools, anxious therefore to say something, romance, or lie, to make themselves amusing; many of these little romances attract attention, and of course are treasured up accordingly by their authors and told again and again, until they themselves believe them to be true, which is the most extraordinary effect of this system.

One peculiar specimen of the romancer, is the man who lies upon any subject impromptu; this style requires an old hand and great tact. Thus, if the conversation should turn upon feats of prowess and strength of limb, his romancing organ is immediately touched, and he bursts forth with a florid recital of "what he could lift, and what he could knock down, with the most perfect ease, before he sprained his back, by throwing a sixteen-stone man, over a ten-feet garden wall!"

The cleverness here does not exist in the lie, or the proper introduction of it; the sprained back is the magnificent point, inasmuch as it comes in beautifully as a proof of the fact, at the same time, observe, disabling him from doing it again, to satisfy any doubts upon his veracity, and further, that a sprain is very difficult to see, so that he do'n't leave you one single chance of calling him a liar.

Some romancers have a foolish habit of lying about their ancestors, as how a grandfather or a deceased uncle ran faster than a race-horse or did some American shooting! This is a great weakness, a complete throwing away of the most brilliant part of the talent. There is never any interest created by these post obits. This mistake is only committed by timid tyros, who fear to venture upon personal narratives at first, but who will, with careful cultivation, which is done by good listeners, soon become adepts, and lie with confidence on their own account.

I once knew well, a gentleman of good family, who had, I understood, commenced in the beforementioned style, but when I became acquainted with him, had most decidedly taken all his degrees, for a more perfect romancer it has never been my luck to meet. He was one of the spoiled children of fortune with an almost unlimited banker's account, a pretty estate in Scotland, a good figure, but no brains. In the little clique in which I used to meet him, which assembled al-

most daily in a well-known painter's studio, were many choice spirits, with whom he soon found that he did not come up to concert pitch, he laughed at the wit, and enjoyed the song, but felt himself sadly in the back ground when he attempted his share of the amusement; he accordingly threw himself upon the only chance left him, his romancing talent: this was a wise resolve, if he had used it with judgment, but unfortunately a few trifling successes threw him off his guard, and he became rash, drawing at once upon our credulity to such an extent, that, after a few weeks, we could not muster enough to believe a single word that he uttered; so that if on entering the room he declared that it rained in torrents, we went to the window before we were convinced of its truth.

It was very amusing to see the struggle of his slow brain in a state of incubation, and hear his soft and lisping voice dropping out the impossible lies of his own feats and prowess. One day as we surrounded the artist at his easel, he entertained us with an account of his having driven for a heavy wager a blood mare, the foal of some celebrated racer, twenty-two miles over a Highland road within the hour, in a light dog cart, with his black servant who weighed ten stone! "Astounding," said a wag who was present, and had the interest of the artist in his eye, "why not have that painted, it is a feat well worth commemorating."

The romancer having plenty of money, accordingly sat for the portrait, and actually made a rough sketch of the dog cart that he had never possessed, and brought an old sporting print, with a portrait of the supposed mother of the supposed trotter, which he said was exactly like, in all its points, the valuable creature, which had unfortunately died soon after the match.

His next feat, was that of landing a leviathan trout from his stream in Scotland, which had dragged him over the rocky bed of the stream, from noon until sunset, sometimes immersing him up to his neck in the water, notwithstanding which he held on "like grim death," until he succeeded in grasping the enormous fish, and then fell exhausted amidst the herbage on the banks, where he and the fish were found, equally unable to move, and staring at each other, by one of his gillies, who had traced him down the stream; this extraordinary picture was also painted by our friend of the brush.

His red deer shooting was of an equally wonderful character, and made another gem for his gallery. The artist's room soon became almost filled with his favourite rifles, fishing tackle, shooting jackets, and stream boots, all of which were really his own, although we knew from good authority, that his timidity and constitution both denied him the active use of them, yet were they all painted in his gallery of exploits, and hung in his mansion as mementos, taken at the time, to perpetuate his sporting prowess.

This character is really from nature, without the slightest exaggeration. I therefore introduce him here, as a splendid specimen of the genus, and surpassing almost all the fraternity, inasmuch as he had his lies painted.

Vanity being the main-spring of all romancing of this kind, however the romancer may flutter about in the sportiveness of his fancy, he still settles down quietly at last upon his own aggrandisement. Like the young lady in Wales, (for young ladies, as well as old, will sometimes romance,) who was debating with her school-fellow

upon the comparative length of their pedigrees, which has always been a fruitful source of dispute and heartburning in that country, and was suddenly thrown "*hors de combat*" by her friend offering to bring a positive proof that the ancestor from whom they traced, was on intimate terms with Noah, and was of course in the ark during the deluge.

This was a terrible blow, but the young lady, who would not have told a lie for the world, took breath and replied, to the complete discomfiture of her fair opponent,

"Very likely, Miss, I don't contradict or doubt that, he might have worked his passage with Noah as a last resource, but we all know from the Herald's college, that at the time of the deluge, my Pa's ancestors had a boat of their own!"

Some men in this busy world, who feel that anything like the truth concerning themselves, is better hidden, devote their talents early to the purpose of attempting to hide by an outer coat of lies, or romancing, the unenviable original; and in their hurry and want of skill, having much to cover, they mostly lay it on too thick, and it drops off with its own weight, and only adds to the ridicule and contempt which such characters deserve.

Of this class is a well-known money-lender upon town, whose vanity and continual struggles for self-aggrandisement, coupled with his total ignorance of anything but £. s. d., surpasses all belief. He has risen by his discounts to a premium, and nods with perfect coolness and familiarity to young bloods and sprigs of nobility, in the Park and other public places, in which he feels perfectly safe, as he holds their little bits of paper in his iron chest at home, and therefore flatters himself into the belief that he is nearly one of them.

He is of the lower order of Jews, therefore not much given to the graces, but he firmly believes that a true gentleman should dress strictly according to the prints in the French Fashion books.

He has, of course, during his extraordinary career, studied lying in all its branches; his money, accumulated everybody knows how, has now given him the opportunity of cutting all little dirty lies, and luxuriating in large and magnificent romances, which are carefully prepared, and beautifully arranged with such proofs and corroboratives, as at once to place his listeners in the awkward position of appearing to believe him respectable.

His crowning story, of which there are many living witnesses, is perhaps one of the most finished pieces of romancing ever attempted, and would have been resigned, after one or two trials, by any man of less brass or effrontery; it is of course slightly mixed up with his profession, but needs the man before you, and his voice in your ears, to give you the true idea of how far romancing can be carried.

The man himself of course is dressed in the very extravagance of the mode, the buttons on his wrapper are enormous, his stocks of the most brilliant colours, his waistcoat Parisian, and highly ornamented, his boots dress polish, and of a thinness to require the continual attendance of his dashing turn out.

But these have nothing to do with the story. It is when he draws off carefully his primrose kids that he may scratch the tip of his superb nose, that you see the moving talisman; your eye is dazzled by a superb brilliant ring of a size almost startling; you gaze at it, he waves it gently, and you can but admire it; the genius of the ring

wakes up, and he speaks; for he must speak himself, or you lose the very aroma of the story.

"Yas," exclaims he "de ring is warry val, and of himmanse walue no doubt, de vater is axcellent, and its davalish veighty, but dat is'nt de valley of de ting, it vas a prassent on which I shall always stand proud, gass who gave me dat ring, you never would if you were to gass for a munt of Sabbaths; vel den, *the Duke of Vallintone!* you may jump, but it's a fact, he gave it me mit his own hands, at his own table! in his own ouse. I'll jist tall you, look'ee here now, you knows my ouse, next door to the Duke of P——'s. Vel I was a settin von mornin in my heasy chair in my pack drawing room, ven de door opens, and in enters my man *Grice*, you know my man *Grice*; vel he comes into my room, after viping his shoes carefull, for my carpets are all 'Turkey real, and says, 'Sir, here's a jantleman below, a settin on one of the hall chairs in de hall, as says he vants to see you particular.'

"'Vats his name?' says I, 'I vont see no gentleman, vere's his card?' Vel, my man *Grice* goes away; presently he comes up mit a card upon a large silver vaiter; Captain *Granby* vos on it. 'Shew Captain *Granby* up says I.' According he shewed him up immediate; he enters my room, and bows very polite. 'Take a chair,' says I. He does. 'Vots your business?' says I. 'Money,' says he.

"'You've come to de right shop for it,' says I, 'but vots de vant, vots de security?'

"'Vy,' says he, 'I vant two hundred and fifty pound, if you'll draw de peel I vill accept it. I'm good.'

"'Vot,' says I, 'nopody ou de pack of de peel. It vont vash,' says I, 'get me some goot names on de pack, and I vil do you to any amount.'

"He dropped his jaw and valked, my man shewed him down-stairs and I vent to shave myself in my drassing room.

"I had just put de sope on my chin, when in rushes my man *Grice*, mit his hands extended like fans! and says, 'here's dat gent come pack, and he's got de *Markis of Doo-o-ro* mit him.'

"'Mein Got!' I says, 'de *Markis of Doo-o-ro!*' mit dat I vipes de ladder from my chin, and arranges my person, and bolts into de room jist in time to see dem pop in at de oder door. Vel, I makes my pow, dey do de same; my man *Grice* sets de chairs, I vait on course, ven de *Markis* opens de talk by saying quite off-hand like, 'Mr. *Lipey*, my friend vants two hundred and fifty shelled down immediate, I vil pack de peel vich you shall draw for three hundred,' I makes my pow again, and I pulls out de stamps vich I have always ready, and de ting vos jist done, ven my man *Grice* enters de room mit his hands more extended den before, and says, 'here's a old gentleman vots a coming up de stairs, and I can't stop him.' 'I vont have no old gentlemen come up my stairs,' says I. 'Kick him down *Grice*,' says I, 'I dare'nt,' says he.

"Vel I immediately persedes to go to do it myself, ven gass my horror, ven de door opens, and in valks de *Duke of Vallintone*, exactly like de pictures. Mein Got, tinks I, how near I vas a kicking a *Iron Duke!*

"Vel, sir, before I could get out of my quandary, for I kept powing as he valked into de room, he opens his mout and speaks.

"'Mr. *Lipey*,' says he, 'I understand you are taking as security for some money, my *poys*' name, it's varry kind o' you, I feel it as

complimentary to me, and as I was going by, I could'nt help calling to tall you so.'

"'Yonr Grace is very kind,' says I, 'and I powed, so did de Captain, and de Markis, and de Duke just ris von finger to his hat, to acknowledge vot ve'd done, and den mit a right veel he brings himself facen o' one of my picturs, a rale Rubens.

"'Rader prime,' says de Duke in his varry short way. 'Proud to hear your Grace say so,' says I. 'You have collected a good many prime uns vile you vere abroad.' 'Humph!' says he, 'vot do ye ax for dis.'

"'If your Grace fancies it your Grace shall have it for vot it cost, £250.'

"'It's mine!' says he, quite peremptory like.

"'His Grace den vips out a remarkable small cheque book, and does a cheque for de money.

"'Take down de pictur Grice,' says I, who stood staring like a stuck pig.

"'Halt!' says de Duke, 'I naver lets anybody do for me vot I can do for myself.'

"'Vith dat he leaps in a chair, unhooks de pictur, pops it under his arm, puts his finger to his hat, as before, and walks down to his cab at de door followed by us all; de door vos shet, and I vos by myself.

"'Evans!' says I, 'de Duke in my own ouse.'

"'Now comes de best, in de evenin my man Grice comes up mit a letter as big as a cheese plate, and an himmanse seal. I busts it open, when my astonished eyes beheld de following words.

"'F. M. de Duke of Vallintone forgot in his hurry to ask Mr. Lipey to meet a few friends to-morrow at dinner at Hapsley House, sharp eight; at vich time de Duke of Vallintone vil be proud to see Mr. Lipey.'

"'In course I answer it on de spot, and writes,

"'Mr. Lipey persants his compliments to de Duke of Vallintone, and I vil be dere.'

"'And I goes in my new cab, mit my new livery; I enters de drawing-room, vere de Duke receives me in full regimentals, and his brast covered vit horders, very kind he introduces me to Lord Normanby and a lot of oders. Vel, de dinner vos announced, and ve goes in, I sets by de Duke's laft hand, he was very polite, and de vittles vos axcellant, and lots of it. After dinner de Duke says to me, 'Lepey are you found of port.' 'Vel,' I said, 'anyting your Grace likes to put on de top of de table,' 'Smit,' says he, turning round to his man vot vaited behind him, I knowed de man vary vel, for I had done paper for him and his friends. 'Smit,' says he, 'bring me some of de N. B.' Vel, it comes, de Duke pours me a glass mit his own hands, I drinks, 'axcellant your Grace,' say I, 'I suppose,' says he, vinking at me, you dont know vy I calls dat vine N. B.' 'Certainly not,' says I. 'Den,' says he it's because it is the last of a four dozen dat I took out of Napoleon Bonipart's carriage after de battle of Vaterloo.' My gracious! and I vos a drinking of it.

"'De Duke had got one of his thumbs poked in his coat, and patting his stomach with his fingers, ven I seed on de littlest a putiful timond ring. 'I hope your Grace vil axcuse me,' says I, 'but vot a putiful prilliant!' 'Pretty vel,' says he, 'but I've got some twice as pig,

but as you seems to admire it, and you 've acted very polite to my poy, take it Mr. Lipey.

"With no more vords he pokes it on my finger. Dats de ring!"

With that he extends his little finger for you to admire the ring, and give you time to swallow the first instalment of the lie.

"Vel," continues he, after he has sufficiently astonished you with the ring, and gained another supply of assurance, from your not having laughed outright in his face. 'Vel, all dis was mighty plasant and social, and de Duke turned coolly, as if he had only give me something worth a fi' pun note, and addressed himself to de oder gents, and begins a splendid argument on de Corn Law, vich opened my heyes to de question more dan anyting vot I had hever redd; just as de debate vos getting vorm, in pops von of de servants, and says, 'Coffee!' vel, ve all gets up and persedes to the drawing-room. I should tell you dat during dinner I had kept my coat buttoned, just by vay of keepin myself in de shape of de party, vich I told you vos all millatary, but ven I comes to de coffee, I unbuttons, and opens my brast. I saw my vascoat caught de heyes of everybody; de Duke, who vos stanning at my helbow, perceives it immediate, and he takes de collar 'twixt his finger and thumb, and axclaims, 'Vot a axquisite vascoat! vot hambroidery! vot valvat!' he couldnt take his eyes off on it. Seeing his great hadmiration, I jantly draws him on von side, and vispers in his hear, 'Vould your Grace do me de honour to axcept dat vascoat?' vidout a vord he shoves his harm through mine, and walks me jantly into a kind of wastible room, vere vidout de slightest sarymoney he changes vascoats!"

He hereupon stares in your face, which is of course full of astonishment, and quietly unbuttoning his coat, exposes to view his waistcoat, no matter what one he happens to have on, and with a smile of triumph exclaims, "Look on dat, tousands should not buy dis, *dis is de Duke's vascoat!*"

SONNET.

WHILE yet I gazed she woke! Not suddenly,
 But slowly coming back to life, as Venus might
 Have risen from the foaming of the sparkling sea,
 And shaken from her hair the wave-drops bright;
 And then, as slowly, she unclosed her eyes,—
 Eyes, like unto the deepest hue
 Of Adriatic's waters blue,
 And not the pale carulean of the skies.
 And what an ocean is a woman's eye,
 With bright thoughts ever floating through
 Its deepest depths of bluest blue,
 While lurking at the bottom, Love doth lie!
 And yet those deep blue waters are so bright, so clear,
 That you can view yourself reflected there!

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THE ALBIGENSES AND THE TROUBADOURS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

WE rejoice at the increasing attention paid to the religion, the literature, and the politics of the Middle Ages; the world has been too long accustomed to regard them as ages of barrenness, but as reasonably might we stigmatize our fields as desolate while the seeds were germinating beneath the surface of the soil. They created a childhood for us to enjoy a maturity—they sowed that we might reap; they planted that we might collect the fruit; they laid foundations that we might erect the edifice. Few men have entered so deeply into the spirit of the Middle Ages as M. Fauriel, late Professor of Foreign Literature to the Faculty of Letters at Paris; he had deeply studied the mediæval languages and dialects of Southern Europe; as well those which have developed themselves into existing tongues, as the Italian, the Spanish, &c., as those which have either sunk into oblivion, as all the branches of the Langue d'Oc, and those which still exist in the form of a *patois* as the Basque and Bas Bretagne. The History of Provençal Poetry, a posthumous work, edited by one worthy to be Fauriel's successor, Dr. Jules Mohl, now before us,* manifests at once the great extent of the author's acquirements, and the commanding powers of his intellect; it would not be easy to find three volumes containing so much valuable research and so much originality of view; the learning so perfectly supporting the theory, and the theory so completely elucidating the learning. It was in the South of France that the chain of connexion between ancient and modern civilization was preserved; it was there that Christianity escaped from many of the corruptions which the prevalence of Teutonic barbarism introduced into the Western churches; it was there that municipal institutions preserved some elements of liberty and social justice in spite of prevailing feudalism; and it was there that romantic literature rose against the tameness of classical imitations, and won for itself a permanent place in the highest creations of mind. The Albigenes, the Mercantile associations, and the Troubadours, sunk under the barbarism of the Franks, but their spirit died not with them; the living thoughts to which they had given birth were diffused over Europe, and like the impalpable and invisible seeds of various plants grew up vigorously wherever they found a soil prepared for their reception.

Among the many blunders which disfigure Michelet's strange work, "The People," the most startling is his claim of an unbroken national history for France, and his assertion that the Gallo-Roman civilization was the basis of French Policy. The French monarchy was as essentially Germanic as that of England; Clovis and his Franks were notoriously Teutons; Charlemagne was a German in language, religion, and blood, residing in a German capital, and basing his capitularies on German institutions. The Capets were more closely allied to the

* Histoire de la Poesie Provençale, par M. Fauriel. 3 vols. Paris, Labitte; London, Dulau.

Gallo-Roman race, but it was in right of their Germanic descent that they claimed the inheritance of the throne. Down to the revolution at the close of the last century French feudalism was essentially Teutonic in its character, and Napoleon alone represented in any way the Gallo-Roman type. M. Michelet's preference for that type of civilization, and his assertion of its superiority over the Teutonic, are subjects which may be discussed at some future time; but we must remark that war, the panacea recommended by M. Michelet for all the ills of suffering humanity, has always given preponderance to the Teutonic elements of European civilization; under its influence Napoleon, following the track of Charlemagne, was fast becoming more attached to the Protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine than to the Empire of France.

But the original type of civilization in the South of France was not Roman but Greek. No event in Ancient History is more interesting than the migrations of the Phœceans to Marseilles; unable to withstand the power of the Persians, they abandoned their beautiful city on the shores of the Ægean, and sought refuge in their ships; brought back by contrary winds within sight of their homes, abandoned to the invaders, they re-landed and took dreadful vengeance on the new occupiers of Phocæa, then they once again departed, and having made a solemn vow never to return, they sought a new home on the unknown shores of the western Mediterranean. Regarded as intruders by the Carthaginians and the Tyrrhenians they had to maintain a naval warfare for existence during the greater part of two centuries, and yet amid these fierce and protracted struggles they studded the neighbouring coasts with their colonies, and extended their commerce to the remotest bounds of the known world. Distant as the Massiliotes were from Hellas, they never ceased to be Greeks; they had intimate relations with Athens and Rhodes; they sent memorials of their conquests and victories to the temple of Delphi; and they frequently sent for priests and priestesses to the Ionian cities. Greek, even in the time of the Emperors, was the prevailing language of the southern towns of Gaul, and the only written language in general use. It is unnecessary to accumulate further proofs that Ionian Greek, not Latin, was the civilized language of southern Gaul; a more difficult question is the extent to which they cultivated Greek Literature. We have abundant proof that the Massiliotes were fondly attached to the Homeric Poems, indeed the Massilian edition is that which is most frequently quoted by the Alexandrine critics. We know so very little of the local literature of the Greek colonies that we cannot venture to say that Marseilles was destitute of native authors. The manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum show that the Greek cities of Italy had local authors who never seem to have sought a metropolitan reputation; the epitaphs and inscriptions found at Marseilles display all the purity and all the simplicity of Hellenic taste. It would not be easy to find a more exquisite specimen of sentimental conciseness than the Epitaph on an unknown wedded pair, "Here repose two bodies and but a single soul."

The people of Marseilles sided with Pompey in the great civil war; Cæsar conquered their city, seized its navy, destroyed its arsenals, annexed most of its colonies to the empire, and deprived its senate of the jurisdiction which it had exercised over a large part of Gaul. These districts were formed into the new province of *Gallia Narbonensis*, and

Narbonne not only received the supremacy which Marseilles had formerly enjoyed, but was even represented by some of its citizens in the Roman senate. At the close of the civil wars a large colony from Rome itself was located in the lands round Narbonne, and thus the Latin language became the language of fashion and ascendancy, as Greek had formerly been. We have, however, abundant proof that Greek continued to be written and spoken for several centuries in Marseilles, and its dependencies, and we may not unreasonably conjecture that the New Testament, in its original language, was familiar to the Christians of southern Gaul. There was probably never an entire cessation of commerce between the ports on the Gulf of Lyons, and the marts of the Levant; these communications brought the Christians of Languedoc into more intimate connection with the Greek and Syrian than with the Italian churches, and we find that they shewed more sympathy for oriental than for western usages. This is particularly the case with the hymns introduced into divine service. Cedrenus informs us that profane lyrics were introduced into the Byzantine ritual, some of which were of an immoral and lascivious tendency; now, one of the earliest specimens we possess of the Provençal literature is a kind of idyl or ode, which, though it contains no passages of an improper tendency, blends so strangely ideas and images derived from paganism with Christian doctrines, that it is almost impossible to comprehend how it could have been received into any ecclesiastical ritual. It is impossible in a translation to preserve any of the characteristics of a style in which Greek, Latin, and Celtic words give evidence of an unformed language, but we may be able to convey some notion of the strange jumble of ideas and images by taking the poet's description of Spring, and his invocation to the nightingale, or Philomel, as the classic monk names the songster.

“ Angelic choirs in upper air chaunt with their golden tongues
 The praises of that mighty king to whom the world belongs;
 Who bade the stars to shine in heaven; who severed land from sea;
 Who gave the fishes to the deep, the cattle to the lea.
 The beauteous Spring begins its reign; the woods are in their bloom;
 The verdant trees put forth their leaves, the flowrets shed perfume;
 The birds commence their twittering songs,* and of the feather'd crowd,
 The smallest has the notes that are the sweetest and most loud.
 'Tis Philomel, who in the grove has sought the highest spray,
 And thence pours forth sweet melody from eve to dawn of day.
 Ah, gentle bird! incessantly why dost thou thus bewail?
 Wouldst quell the sounds of lyre and harp by thy more plaintive tale?
 The maid who strikes the timbrel stops to lend a willing ear,
 And princes in attention stand thy thrilling song to hear.
 Cease, gentle bird, to strain thy throat with notes so wild and deep,
 And let the weary world at last resign itself to sleep.
 Ah! wretched bird, thou wilt not cease, but through the livelong night,
 Neglecting food, wilt persevere the listeners to delight.
 All hear with joy, but in return none succour will afford,
 Save He who gave the power of song, the all-preserving Lord.
 But summer comes, the bird is hush'd, by parent's care engross'd,
 Forgotten then, unknown he dies by chill of winter's frost.”

It was from a perverse imitation of Greek and Pagan models that the ecclesiastics of Langue d'Oc dramatized the principal events of Gospel

* In this line the original makes the sound echo the sense by a large admixture of words without meaning.

History, and the legends of their favourite saints ; but, unlike the mysteries of the other western churches, the representations were usually pantomimes with little or no dialogue. We have before us a Christmas piece of the eleventh century,* which may be described as a masque founded on the Parable of the Ten Virgins, and nothing can be conceived more rude and simple than the structure of its plot. The personages introduced are, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, the angel Gabriel, an oil-merchant, the principal prophets of the Old and apostles of the New Testament, Nebuchadnezzar, and the poet Virgil. The play opens by Gabriel's announcing the advent of the Messiah under the name of the Bridegroom ; the Wise Virgins then appear with their lamps trimmed ; soon after the Foolish Virgins rush in with empty lamps, and ask their sisters to lend them some oil. They refuse, but recommend them to seek a supply at a neighbouring warehouse, but here they are doomed to be disappointed, the oil-merchant scolds them for their folly in no very measured terms, and declares that neither for silver or gold will he sell them a drop of oil. While they are bewailing their misfortune, the Bridegroom arrives, refuses to recognize them, and sentences them to perdition. Troops of demons rush on the stage, and bear off the Foolish Virgins to the flames. The patriarchs, the prophets, and Virgil then recite the various predictions of the Messiah's advent, and with the announcement that all these predictions have been fulfilled, the piece abruptly terminates.

Though the language of this piece is Latin, the structure and the style of thought are essentially Greek ; there are passages identical with the relics of the Byzantine age, but this identity is still more remarkable in a Legend of the Cross, which is clearly derived from the same source as the traditions collected by Malalas in the Paschal Chronicle. As this strange fiction has been but recently brought to light by Fauriel's researches, we shall give a sketch of its story.

Adam, after his expulsion from Paradise, retired to the valley of Hebron, where Abel was murdered, and where Seth was born. After living four hundred and twenty years in this valley, Adam became anxious for death, and calling Seth, said to him,

“ Beloved child ! I send you to the angel of the Lord,
 The cherubim who Eden guards with double-edged sword.
 Then Seth replied, ‘ Respected sire, I ’m ready to obey ;
 But, tell me, to this cherubim how shall I find the way ? ’
 Then Adam said, ‘ The angel tell I ’m weary of my life,
 And only wait one precious boon to end this painful strife,
 The ointment of atonement, which, when from Eden driv’n,
 Was promised as a sign that my errors were forgiven.
 The road lies to the east, through yon difficult ravine,
 Where yet the traces of my steps distinctly may be seen.
 When Eve and I came down that vale, the power of God’s wrath
 For ever mark’d with barrenness the traces of our path ;
 No grass will grow, no herb will spring where’er our footsteps fell,
 And these said tracks to cherubim will guide you safe and well.”

Here we may remark that the mistake of the plural noun Cherubim for the proper name of a single angel is found in many of the Greek legends preserved by the Byzantine Chronicles, but so far as we know is not to be found in any of the Latin traditions. This incident then may help to shew that there was a system of Christianity, and a Christian church

* It is preserved in the second volume of Raynouard’s Collection.

in Langue d'Oc independent of Rome, and that the Albigenses were not revolted heretics, but a christian community unconnected with the Western Churches, and having their own traditions, and their own historical faith derived from their fathers. It is only possible to establish this historical fact by legendary evidence, and it is for this reason that we attribute importance to what in itself is but puerile and trifling. We resume Seth's adventures.

Following his father's directions, Seth reached the gate of Paradise, and having delivered his message to the angel was permitted to look into Eden. A long description is given of its beauties, and of the tree of knowledge, which he perceived to be a huge trunk without bark or leaves. Having satisfied his curiosity he was about to retire, when the angel desired him to look a second time. He then saw an enormous serpent coiled round the tree. At his third and last visit he saw the tree flourishing in beauty, raising its head to heaven, and sustaining on its summit a child in a cradle, surrounded with tongues of flame. The angel thus explained the vision to Seth.

“The child you see is God's own son, who wails your parent's sin,
And in due time will come on earth a remedy to win;
From him alone you can obtain the boon that you require,
The ointment of atonement, which God promised to your sire.”

Having obtained the ointment, Seth was about to return, when the angel gave him three pips from one of the fruit that grew on the tree of knowledge, telling him that Adam would die three days after his return, and commanding him to place these pips in his mouth before laying him in the grave, predicting that one would grow into a cedar, the second into a cypress, and the third into a pine.

The poet then digresses to shew that these trees were emblems of the Trinity, and in his speculations on this subject, he adopts the views of the Greek and Oriental churches, in direct opposition to the peculiar theories of the Latin fathers. He tells us that in the time of Abraham the three trees had not grown to more than a yard in height. Moses discovered them in Hebron, dug them up, and carried them through all his wanderings in the wilderness, and at last planted them in the valley of Comfrafor. This unknown valley appears to be a corruption of the Cimmerian Phreai or “dark well,” which is mentioned as a place of concealment for sacred things in the time of persecution. After the lapse of a thousand years the trees, still little larger than shrubs, were brought to Jerusalem by David who planted them near a well, where they grew so fast that in thirty years they formed one tree of marvellous beauty and unparalleled size. Solomon cut down this tree to procure a beam for the temple, but he was miraculously prevented from using it, and he ordered the beam to be preserved as an object of veneration. One day as a lady accidentally leaned upon it, her clothes caught fire, and she cried out, “Christ Jesus save me!” upon which the Jews expelled her from the city, and threw the beam on the dung-heap, where the blood and offal of the sacrifices were thrown. But their malice was disappointed, for an angel came down nightly from heaven, and cleansed the beam from its impurities. It was afterwards used as a kind of bridge over Siloam, and was finally cut up to form the cross on which our Saviour suffered.

The title of this strange legend, in the only copy of it known to exist,

is "A Treatise on Original Sin;" and this little circumstance adds to the evidence of its Greek or Oriental origin, for we find several instances in Ephrem Syrus of a romance occupying the place of a dissertation. It has been recently put forth, and not without some show of plausibility, that the supremacy claimed by the Romish See over the Western Churches is justly its due, because it was through Rome that those churches were founded, and from Rome that they derived their articles of faith. But we have given strong reasons to believe that Albigensian Christianity was derived directly from the Greeks and Syrians without the intervention of the Latin Church. It is not our purpose to enter into any controversial examination of the doctrines of either. We may, however, remark that the Albigensian creed was strongly tinged with Manicheism; the doctrines of two great Principles, the one supremely good and the other supremely evil, which Mani had borrowed from the Persian Dualism, may be very clearly traced in the Provençal literature, and even in the writings of some usually regarded as Orthodox, such as the Monk of Montandon and Peter Cardinal.

Peter Cardinal was educated for the Church, but he was of too gay and ardent a disposition to submit to ecclesiastical restraint; he became a troubadour, but he belonged to the aristocracy of the order; instead of entering into the service of king or noble, he had a band of minstrels and musicians in his own pay. He was one of the few bards who refused to make Love the subject of his song. His boast of freedom from the yoke of the softer passion is curious—

"I can praise love, because its pains have never made me weep;
 It never yet has hindered me to eat, or drink, or sleep;
 It gives me neither heat nor cold, I neither laugh nor cry;
 I yawn not from satiety, nor disappointed sigh.
 My heart obeys no lovely dame, I bear no lady's chain,
 But boast, and ever trust to boast, a freeman to remain."

The compositions of this unloving Troubadour are Satires, or as they are technically called *Sirventes*; to some of these he gives the name of Sermons, discussing in them various points of religion and morality. In one of these he alludes to the Manichean theory of the origin of evil in terms too devoid of reverence to be quoted; but we may state in general terms, that the *Sirvente* professes to be the plea which he intends to offer on the day of judgment, and that it is in effect a prayer for the annihilation of Satan by an act of omnipotence.

Between the Troubadours and the Latin clergy established in Languedoc, there was a literary and political feud long before the spirit of persecution kindled the Albigensian war. The clergy regarded Latin as the proper language of civilisation, the Troubadours deemed their Provençal idiom far superior; the ecclesiastics were interested in maintaining the supremacy of the Pope and the sovereignty of the King of France, the Provençals asserted their independence in religion and government. The poets preceded the preachers in denouncing the scandalous lives of the priests; songs as well as sermons were directed against the doctrine of transubstantiation, the sacraments of Confirmation, Confession, and Marriage, the homage paid to images, and the use of bells in churches. The way was thus opened for the great movement of religious reform commenced by the Paterins in the twelfth century. They declared that it was necessary to resist innovations intro-

duced by foreigners to corrupt the faith handed down to them by their fathers; they appealed to the spirit of nationality which the songs of the Troubadours had developed and sustained; they showed how closely the foreign creed of Rome was connected with the foreign yoke of France, and they identified their native faith with their native chivalry. Hence, when Rome preached a crusade against the Albigenses, it prepared to destroy not only a religion, but a literature, a language, and a political system. All were included in the dread anathema, all subjected to the same sweeping sentence of annihilation.

One of the most remarkable features in the Albigensian war was the ardour and unanimity with which the troubadours embraced the cause of the Paterins, or Reformers, and the bitterness with which they reviled their persecutors, the Latin Clergy, and their allies the French. "Iniquity and Perfidy," says an ode, which it is difficult to translate adequately, "have declared war against Truth and Rectitude. Avarice and Treason conspire against Liberality and Loyalty; Cruelty triumphs over Love, and Baseness over Honour; Crime prevails against Sanctity, and Craft against Innocence."

There was but one exception to this nationality; a single traitor was found in the ranks of the Troubadours; and this exceptional case affords singular confirmation of the fidelity of the rest. The troubadour to whom we refer was Perdigon, the son of a fisherman of Toulouse, who had been taken into the service of the Prince of Auvergne. He accompanied the deputation which went to Rome to procure the excommunication of Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse; on his return he published a *sirvente*, recommending the crusade which had been proclaimed, and took up arms against his countrymen. His whole subsequent life was a career of misery; the prince of Auvergne took back the lands which he had bestowed upon Perdigon; no prince or noble would receive him into his court; no minstrel would recite songs known to be of his composition; the doors even of the monasteries were closed against him, and it was with difficulty that the interest of one of the crusaders procured him admission to a Cistercian Abbey, where he died in great misery.

The Albigensian religion, or heresy as it was called, was only part of a nationality, it was combined with all the other elements which give a nation individuality and independent existence; it was conjoined with a rich language, an enlightened literature, and a peculiar system of policy. We must, therefore, regard the Albigensian crusade as an epoch in the history of literature, and we shall take an early opportunity of examining its literary aspect.

A TREATISE OF THE PUMP.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

PERADVENTURE there be some folk who coming to peruse this treatise shall somewhat boggle at the manner thereof. Forasmuch as it is indited, not in the modern and lightsome vernacular, wherein the wits of this age are wont to trip it, but in that more grave and ancient form of speech in which our forefathers, now nigh some three hundred years gone, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, did expatiate. Wherefore it behoveth me to declare the cause that hath moved me to the choice of this, so to speak it, lingo, lest any one, having gotten no more than thus far, should exclaim, haply with a profane ejaculation, "Here, marry, is an affected fellow for ye! 'Sprecious, here is a conceited Jack-an-Ape! Cannot he, forsooth, write as other men now use, but needs must he counterfeit Sir Walter Raleigh? I trow he thinketh to seem quaint and original, and to persuade men that he is some one egregious. A marvellous empty coxcomb, I warrant you!" For such exclamation, indeed, is made against divers, I mean authors, (who albeit they be of no small name, shall here be nameless), for that they, forsaking the fashion of their mother tongue, have betaken themselves unto the idiom, or, as some will have it, idiotism of the German. With whose revilers and detractors I by no means consent, seeing that there may be urged for these said authors the like apology that I shall allege for myself. The which is as followeth. If, now-a-days, one have in mind aught that he would fain propound unto the world, the same not being matter of merriment, nor tending to the commotion and stirring up of the passions, but rather a point of philosophy or wisdom, he must, of necessity, give it peculiar utterance, whereof the strangeness, monstrousness, or preposterousness, may acquire and beget attention. For this cause are they who by their books would teach sound maxims, wont to deliver their doctrine, as it were, through a mouth-piece, which giveth unto their discourse a tone or twang, and so commendeth it unto the general ear. Even as though a reverend Doctor should squeak out his homily through the instrument that Polichinel useth in the streets. For this purpose one chooseth an ostler or a groom, and so preacheth his principles and precepts in the common-talk of the mews and the stable. Another, in like sort, doth employ an old wife; another a laquais; another a bumpkin or Johnny Raw. Nor are those wanting who promulgate their opinions in the Hibernian or Irish dialect; or in the barbarism of the Transatlantics, vulgarly called Yankees. Insomuch that he who would talk good sense is constrained to speak bad English. It shall also much profit him if he be facetious withal, and wrap up a moral in a quibble or a pun; or enclose an admonition in a conundrum. And truly, methinks, un a man were an orator, he should find his account in disguising himself as a Merry-Andrew, and with grinnings and grimaces, mopings and mowings, distorting his visage, in yerking forth his harangue through an horse-collar, which would be, as the phrase is, a going of the whole hog, greatly to be preferred to the wearing of a hat, or coat, or cloak, or other vestment of strange device, whereunto many great orators are accustomed, to the end that

they may appear eximious. For this it is in the first place needful that they should accomplish; and the like, also, may be asserted of an author, as touching his mode or style. Or else no more must he think to be heeded than a man who should beseech Boreas to abate his rage, or should discourse reason unto his wife in her tantrums. Wherefore likewise, it hath seemed fit to me, this necessity agnizing, to seek for this my poor thesis some signal garniture, that it may not for the lack thereof be pretermitted. And I have preferred an ancient English apparel as being chiefly decorous, sith modern vestments of this kind do for the most part grievously partake of slang. Your ancient English, moreover, hath this commendation, that it savoureth of a certain ruggedness, by reason whereof, having entered one ear, it glideth not athwart, and so straightway out at the other; but doth hitch and stick in the fibres of the brain, and thereby twitch and vellicate them up. Whereas your modern is too glib for this purpose, and slippeth through them, in a manner unmarked, even as a sword of exceeding temper is related to have cut off a man's head; the which, certes, would not have happened had the blade been jagged and rusty. Thus have I explained and set forth the reasons wherefore I have chosen to write after the manner of Queen Elizabeth her reign, and in troth I would also use the spelling thereof, but that some would opine, perchance, that I knew no better. Go to, then! If any man shall now call me puppy, i' fackins, I will only say (by his leave, mark you, and under favour), that he is another.

The subject whereof I am about to treat is concerning the nature of the Pump; and haply the reader may now expect to be entertained with an hydraulical discourse. But this, truly, is none of mine intent; i' faith I have other fish to fry. The Pump, indeed, that furnisheth me with a handle for this treatise, is no device for the raising of water, but a machine, if I may say so, of the human species. And very needful it is that I should expound the Pump; sith, whilst the word is daily in our wits' mouths, and aboundeth in their writings, it is to be found, I reckon, in no dictionary.

Your Pump is a sort of mortal man, of feeble understanding, and small fancy, but with such weak faculties as he hath, disposed towards philosophy, and the liberal sciences. Add hereunto a methodical turn, and a disposition to live by rule and compass; so that, in sooth, he is in temperament a sage, but in his intellectuals a noodle. He is, as it were, an unrequited lover of learning, whom, with a marvellous constancy he pursueth, she never recompensing him with the smallest favour. Yet doth he, after all, but shilly-shally with his charmer; for of aught that he applieth himself unto, he never mastereth the rudiments. For example's sake, your Pump shall be a dabbler in the science chemical. He shall go you unto the lecture-room which he frequenteth, and shall there hear, for the hundreth time, that water, wherewith, at least you would think a Pump acquainted, which by the ancients was erringly esteemed an element, is, verily, no such thing, being, indeed, compounded of two airs or gases, whereof the one, heretofore called Phlogiston, now beareth the name, Hydrogen, and the other, denominatèd whilom vital air, rejoiceth in the title of Oxygen. And this alphabetical stuff, mark you, shall affect him with all the pleasure of novelty, as though spring water from the well of Truth were evermore fresh unto the Pump. And well, methinks, is

he called a Pump: which engine doth hold little water, however much may pass thereinto.

Of visage and demeanour, the Pump is staid and sedate: his raiment is for the most part of sober fashion, and sable, or sad coloured. Wherefore it should be I know not, but true it is that your Pump commonly weareth spectacles. Hereby is augmented, in no small measure, the natural gravity of his countenance; which, thus adorned and set off, hath an aspect wondrous solemn; and at the same time vacant: insomuch that his physiognomy doth closely resemble that of the owl, which fowl, indeed, was reputed to be the bird of wisdom; and unto which the Pump hath this further resemblance, in that, in his claim to be accounted wise, he correspondeth to and equalleth it exactly.

Of the habits and manners of the Pump, it may be noted, that they are singularly systematical; and this in small matters; for seldom is he found amongst those men who are versed and exercitiated in great affairs. So that, truly, he hath in general little else to attend unto than the disposition of his household, and the ordering and regulating of his body; whereunto he applieth himself with exceeding diligence. He oftentimes riseth by an alarum-bell, set over night, he breakfasteth, dineth, and suppeth, at a fixed hour by the clock. Hour do I say? nay, minute; and much it vexeth and disquieteth him if his time-piece shall, by any means, have failed even by one second. He keepeth a weather-glass and a thermometer in his study or library, and many times a day doth he consult these oracles, and usually setteth down their responses in his journal. So, whensoever he goeth to church, he omitteth not to make a note of the text; so that a year hence, by going to his book, he shall be able to certify you what it was; albeit one hour after church ended, he shall remember nought of the sermon. He hath mostly a stated portion of the day which he spendeth in the reading of books, without respect to his humour and frame of mind, whether it be such that he is like to profit therefrom or no; and herein, perhaps, he hath reason, since truly it may well be doubted if he be like to derive more of benefit from his reading at any one time than at another. In manner similar, at a time prescribed, he walketh diurnally a given distance. In the matter of food and drink he is governed, not by his appetite, but by a scale or table which he hath drawn out for himself, of so many drachms or ounces. And the like practice he endeavoureth to enforce upon his household, but mostly without success, and only to the breeding of bate with his wife. For, strange to relate, the Pump is often married; and stranger still unto a right comely woman. Nay, yet more strange, he hath as often a comely daughter also; but who, it is a point worthy to be noted, doth generally in no-wise resemble him. Which thing I, having well observed, have many a time marvelled at exceedingly. It is a practice customary with not a few Pumps to weigh themselves duly, every day; and also, at certain seasons, to take medicaments. Of which, and of other trivialities they do keep entries, as a mariner doth his log-book.

But now as concerning the business and employment wherein the Pump hath principally his being; I mean the sucking in according to his capacity of knowledge scientific and philosophical. This he goeth about to do, not by the taking up of some goodly volume, and with pains and labour grappling with and so conquering the same; but he

chooseth rather to lounge and loiter about those halls and temples of Pallas whereunto, in these modern days, the name Institutions is given. There shall you mark him, with great seeming delectation of mind, sitting and listening unto a discourse of physics, the which he hath before heard times out of number, and will hear as many more, still vainly flattering himself that he understandeth what he heareth; under the pleasing hallucination that as he listeneth he groweth wise. For whether or no it be from an instinct of vacuity in that upper story of the human edifice, the head, your Pump seemeth to trust, and take it for granted, that he hath no more to do than to set open his ears to take in any amount of doctrine that shall be uttered. And so of the matter delivered before him, he maketh no question whether he comprehendeth it or not; insomuch that he will receive, with entire contentment, a lecture of the abstruser parts of astronomy or the mechanics, albeit he would be puzzled to pass the *Pons Asinorum*. But it seemeth that the sounds of the phrases of Art are, I know not in what manner, musical unto his ear, and you shall perceive that they lull him into a kind of waking rest; as circumforaneous professors of the mesmerical *arcantum*, it is reported, are wont to effect.

There is, among the modern sects of philosophers, a species of concourse or meeting, unknown by name at least among the ancients, it being denoted by a word taken from the Italian, videlicet, *conversazione*. It is, indeed, an assembly convened to the end of bibbing and babbling; the bibbing of tea, and the babbling of matters pertaining unto the study of those present. Now, your Pump mostly delighteth in tea, and no less in this kind of tattle. Here again shall you find him, cheek by jowl with his like, together gossiping of that they know not, yet each mightily entertaining the other. And on this wise do they disport themselves. One Pump more erudite than his fellows, having compounded a tractate, concerning somewhat whereof he hath a slight knowledge, doth stand up in his place, the rest being seated, and with much ostent and gravity, recite, and read forth the same. The matter whereof he discourseth is for the most part of exceeding insignificance. Peradventure it shall be concerning the anatomy of the flea, or the habitual doings and way of living of the blue bottle fly, or the cockroach; or he shall describe you at large, the economy that subsisteth in the interior of a lump of mouldy cheese. Sometimes dilateth he upon an handful of old moneys, or a rusty battle-axe that hath been dug out of a tumulus or barrow, or hath been lighted upon in the sinking of a drain. Or he proseth on the number of single persons that do die in a given time, in comparison with those married, or he expatiate, in a traveller's fashion, upon some foreign clime. Or he prateth of poesy, or of the art pictorial, and pretendeth to lay down the law of taste. And herein, with much pompousness and parade of gesture, doth he, even as a pump, spout forth versicles and fragments of plays, which when he hath uttered, he bloweth his nose, and his audience do incontinently set to clapping of their hands. All these things do Pumps discuss as seriously as though they were weighty matters of state; for your Pump, sir, will break me your butterfly on your wheel, or mount me your piece of heavy ordnance before the door of your hog-sty.

After another fashion doth the Pump also prosecute science. It delighteth him to amass and rake together, a medley miscellany, which he calleth specimens, of shells, pebbles, fossils, ores, and minerals; where-

of many do much resemble the cinder of a blacksmith's forge, in the vulgar tongue called a clinker. He hath likewise divers moths, beetles, dragon-flies, centipedes, and spiders, which he pinneth against sheets of paper. He commonly, moreover, boasteth of a *hortus siccus*, the which is a huge folio book, with weeds and plants, as chickweed, groundsel, ground-ivy, rag-weed, pellitory, pimpernel, and moon-wort, with their names in the Latin under-written, pasted against the leaves thereof. And when your Pump, which is not seldom, is a Chirurgeon, he bottleth and corketh up in spirits of wine, frogs, toads, lizards, serpents, newts, salamanders, efts, and a gallimaufry of the like reptiles; as well as bits and fragments of parts, which do show forth the workings of disease. And when he hath gotten his bone in his bottle, he persuadeth himself that he hath his fact in his head.

In the particular of polite letters, the authors whom the Pump most affecteth, are they who set forth with a rotundity of phrase, old time-worn saws and precepts of morals, which, be they never so ancient, to him have ever a newness. You shall note that your Pump doth, of all figures of speech, rejoice most in the allegory; wherein, of virtue and vice, pain and pleasure, love, hate, and envy, and divers other things, merely abstract and qualitative, the writer conflateth as it were, persons, and, saving your presence, ladies, dresseth them up in farthingale and petticoat; ascribeth unto them sons and daughters; and maketh them to discourse and act as human creatures. The like whereof is observable amongst such Pumps as cultivate painting and statuary; unto whom the world is indebted for such conceits as fame crowning *Britannia*, wisdom inspiring justice, and the like. The pompousness of which is after the Pump's own heart; sith pompousness and pompousness are near akin. Whilst their imbecility in no-wise sickeneth him; for absurdity and ridiculousness are imperceptible unto the Pump.

Lest examples amongst the ancients should be wanting unto this treatise, I shall take leave to instance the ancient Romans, of whom many were notable Pumps. Insomuch as this; that whatever they did, were it never so small a thing, was marked by a sort of stalking stateliness, very characteristic of the Pump. Also in that they mightily affected method and principle, for the most part erringly, and that with a stolid obtuseness truly admirable. Nay, even with a cruel dulness and unnaturalness; as when Brutus did deliver his own son to death. For then, as now, there was a military Pump, whom the moderns do entitle a martinet. But of all Pumps commend me unto Cato the Censor, who so good-naturedly lent his wife unto Hortensius. Than which action of an egregious Pump, a more signal existeth not upon record.

Thus far having spoken concerning Pumps, it now behoveth me expressly to say, that I by no means class with that herd, such true disciples of philosophy as they who zealously thereunto applying themselves do aid the advancement of learning. Amongst whom Brewsterius amongst the Scots, and our Herschellius and Faradaui, shine forth conspicuous. And now, time it is that I draw unto an end; having, as I trust, happily achieved my labour, and disposed of my subject, whereunto, reader, betwixt you and me, look you, it striketh me, that the language I have chosen hath been, marry, not altogether unappropriate.

DANGER OF DEBATING SOCIETIES TO YOUNG MEN.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I transmit to you the substance of the letter I addressed to the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in reference to the proceedings of the "Historical Society" there established. If you think what I have said likely to be useful to those connected with any other Debating Societies elsewhere, you are welcome to make whatever use of it you may think fit.

The occasion of my offering these remarks was a letter addressed to the Provost by a member of the College (of which the writer sent a copy to me, as one of the Visitors,) in reference to one of the questions proposed for debate, and announced as such in the newspapers: "Whether a member of Parliament should vote in accordance with the expressed opinions of a majority of his constituents when they differ from his own?" And the writer deprecates the discussion of such deep political questions by persons who cannot be expected to possess the requisite knowledge. This he considers as likely to generate a habit of talking without thinking, and to "weaken the action of the mind while improving the volubility of the tongue."

I cannot but think that the remarks contained in that letter are deserving of the most serious attention of the governors of Colleges.

The practice of discussing in extemporaneous* speeches, or in writings not revised by competent judges, and deciding by the votes of an assembly of young men just entering into life, some of the most difficult and most practically important political questions, cannot but have a powerful effect, for good or for evil, on the minds of the rising generation. And to me it does appear very clear that the evil, both intellectual and moral, must very greatly predominate.

Several of the subjects for debate, relate to some of the most intricate and difficult questions of political science; questions which require, and which, from their importance deserve, careful and regular study: for the ablest statesmen, who have devoted their lives to them, will be found to be the most fully aware of their difficulty. And such questions it cannot surely be profitable to have discussed in extemporary or hastily written discourses, and decided on according to a majority of votes, by young men, however intelligent, who have barely brought to a close the elementary part of their education.

* Some persons have assured me that in the Historical Society it is very rarely, if ever, that any extemporary speeches are made. On the other hand, I have the assurance of unimpeachable witnesses that, when they were present, a large proportion of the debate was extempore. The two accounts can be reconciled only by supposing that there are occasional variations in this respect; and that each reported what he or his informant witnessed. But the question is of minor importance. The practice of speaking extempore might be not only unobjectionable, but useful, supposing that the *subjects were judiciously selected*, in reference to the persons engaged in the exercise; and also, that the decision as to the question itself, and as to the merits of the arguments urged, were left, not to the votes of the assembly, but to a Moderator, presiding, as in the Universities in ancient times, at those disputations which formerly constituted so important a portion of the academical exercises.

It may be urged by way of reply, that to preclude young men from ever exercising their minds on any subject that is above them, would be like resolving not to venture into the water till one can swim. Would you, it may be asked, never put before any student a question relative to any science that he has not completely mastered?—never set him to write a theme on any subject which he is not competent to treat as ably as the best writers in our language?

Far be it from me to make any such suggestion. My own practice,—and I have been more or less engaged in the work of education for above thirty-five years,—has been of no such character. A passage from the introduction to the “Lessons on Reasoning,” published not long ago, adverts to a practice which was always especially characteristic of my method of instruction; and it was a method which I found attended with the most satisfactory results.

“It may be worth while to suggest to the teacher to put before his pupils, *previously* to their reading each lesson, some *questions* pertaining to the matter of it, requiring of them answers, oral or written, the best they can think of *without* consulting the book.

“Next, let them read the lesson, having other questions, and such as may lead to any needful explanations, put before them as they proceed. And afterwards let them be examined, (introducing numerous *examples* framed by themselves, and by the teacher,) as to the portion they have learnt, in order to judge how far they remember it.

Of these three kinds of questions, which may be called, 1. *Preliminary Questions*; 2. *Questions of Instruction*; and 3. *Questions of Examination*; the last alone are, by a considerable portion of instructors, commonly employed. And the elementary books, commonly known as ‘Catechisms,’ or ‘books in Question and Answer,’ consist in reality of questions of this description.

“But the second kind, what is properly to be called instructive questioning, is employed by all who deserve to be reckoned good teachers.

“The first kind, the preliminary questioning, is employed (systematically and constantly) by but few. If any well qualified instructor will but carefully and judiciously try the experiment, he will be surprised to find, to how great a degree this kind of exercise of the student’s mind on the subject will contribute to his advancement,” &c. pp. v. vi.

I also paid especial attention to the themes composed by my pupils, in respect both of the subjects that were set, and the manner of treating them. But I always considered it as essential, that the questions proposed to the students, and the subjects for their exercises in composition, should be carefully chosen by the *tutor*; and that the answers should be subjected to *his* correction and decision. The questions should always be a little, and but a little, beyond what each student is completely master of; the deficiencies and mistakes which are to be expected in the answers, should be carefully pointed out, and suitable explanations given; and thus, each science being *begun at the beginning*, the learner should be led gradually upwards, step by step, from the first elements to the higher branches of the study he is engaged in. And of course, as part of such a system, the tutor should point out what books are to be read, and in what order; and should ascertain that they have been carefully studied, and thoroughly understood.

I have heard it urged in defence of the debates alluded to, that the

proposal of such subjects leads young men to read useful books, for the sake of furnishing themselves with suitable topics.

But far different will be the course of reading selected by a judicious tutor (who, moreover, I may add, does not content himself with selecting them, but, as I have just said, *examines* the learner as to his proficiency in them,) for the purpose of giving his pupils a *thorough well-grounded elementary knowledge* of any science;—far different will this be from the course of reading which will naturally be resorted to, when the object is to qualify him in the shortest possible time for making a fair-sounding speech, whether extemporary or written, before an assembly of persons, most of them very little acquainted with the subject. According to the *object* proposed in each case respectively, both the books read, and the mode of reading them, and also the mode of employing the knowledge gained from them, will be not only different, but completely *contrasted*. The one system tends to form accurate reasoners, able statesmen, sound divines, good lawyers; the other, showy declaimers, agitating demagogues, popular preachers to ignorant fanatics, and pleaders qualified for appealing to the passions of illiterate jurymen.

It is very true that it is highly important for a man who is to take a part in public life, to be able, readily, clearly, and forcibly to state what he knows,—to express his opinions,—and to explain his reasons for them, to the persons he has to deal with. But the *first* point, if it be his object to be a useful and really respectable member of society, is, that he should *have* accurate knowledge,—that his opinions should be *well-founded*,—and that he should have *good reasons to give*. And accordingly, Pericles is represented by the great historian of Greece, as placing in that order the qualifications on which he founded his claim to the confidence of the Athenians; first a *sound judgment* in political matters, and next, the power to *explain* his views to the hearers; ἸΝΩΝΑΙ τε τα δεινὰ, καὶ ἘΡΜΗΝΥΕΙΝ ταυτὰ. An early acquired habit of superficial fluency is so far from being a help, that it is one of the greatest obstacles, as the governors of every college, and all others practically conversant with education, must be well aware, to the attainment of solid and truly valuable mental habits.

I feel no doubt that the course of instruction pursued by the tutors of any well-conducted College, in respect of all that is taught by them, is substantially such as I have been describing as the most desirable; that they *begin* at the *beginning* of each branch of study, labouring to ground their pupils well in the elements of each branch of learning, and leading them on, step by step, according to the proficiency and the powers of each. They never, I am persuaded, set a young man to calculate the orbit of a comet, before he has mastered the first book of Euclid; or to compose a disquisition on a disputed passage in a chorus of Æschylus, before he is acquainted with the Greek declensions and conjugations.

In those proceedings, therefore, of Debating Societies, which I have been adverting to, there is evidently a complete *anomaly*; there is an entire, and most inconsistent departure from the course of training adopted, generally, by the academical teachers; and this anomaly takes place, not in respect of any insignificant matter, but in subjects of even higher moment than those of the College-lectures! Even of the students themselves there is no one, I presume, who would adopt an analogous procedure in respect of the ordinary affairs of life. No

one of them who was beginning to learn to ride, would venture to mount, like the Peons of South America, one of the wild horses of the Pampas, that had never before been touched by man. No one of them would take medicines prescribed and made up by one who had never been educated, or had any study or practice, as a physician or chemist; nor would he even think of wearing shoes made by one who had never served an apprenticeship to a shoe-maker.

I will take the liberty, in conclusion, of extracting some remarks on the present subject, from the Introduction to my "Elements of Rhetoric."

In reference to the passage which I have there cited from the "Edinburgh Review," I would remark that though I quite concur in what the writer says respecting the ill effects on the mind, of very early practice in Parliamentary speaking, yet this evil—which we must make up our minds to submit to, as being beyond any complete remedy—is of small extent compared with what I am now adverting to. The number is not very large of men who enter Parliament at a very early age; and of those who do, there is a considerable proportion who have the good sense to take no part in the debates at first, but wait till study and experience shall have advanced them towards maturity of mind. On the other hand, the practice I am deprecating, tends to aggravate the evil he alludes to, and to extend it indefinitely among a far greater number than even all the Members of Parliament put together.

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

"One kind of exercise there is,—that of Debating Societies,—which ought not to pass unnoticed, as different opinions prevail respecting its utility. It is certainly free from the objections which lie against the ordinary mode of theme-writing; since the subjects discussed are usually such as the speakers do feel a real interest in. On the other hand, it differs from the exercise afforded by the practice of public speaking on the real occasions of life, inasmuch as that which is the proper object of eloquence,—to carry one's point, to convince or persuade, rather than to display ability,—is more likely to be lost sight of, when the main object avowedly is, to learn to speak well, and to shew how well one can speak; not, to establish a certain conclusion, or effect the adoption of a certain measure.

It is urged, in favour of this kind of exercise, that since in every art a beginner must expect his first essays to be comparatively unsuccessful, a man who has not had this kind of private practice beforehand must learn speaking in the course of actual business; and consequently at the expense of sundry failures in matters of real importance. Compared with those who have learnt in Debating Societies, he will be like a soldier entering the field of battle without previous drills and reviews, and beginning to use his weapons and practise his evolutions for the first time, in actual combat.

And there is, undoubtedly, much weight in this reason. But, on the other hand, it is urged that there are dangers to be apprehended from the very *early* practice of extemporary speaking, even on occasions of real business; dangers, which are of course enhanced, where it is *not* real business that the speaker is occupied with.

When young men's faculties are in an immature state, and their knowledge scanty, crude, and imperfectly arranged, if they are prema-

turely hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a careless facility of pouring forth ill-digested thoughts in well-turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection. For, when a man has acquired that habit of extemporaneous speaking, which consists in *thinking* extempore, both his indolence and self-confidence will indispose him for the toil of carefully preparing his matter, and of forming for himself, by practice in writing, a precise and truly energetic style; and he will have been qualifying himself only for the "Lion's part" in the interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. On the other hand, a want of readiness of expression, in a man of well-disciplined mind, who has attentively studied his subject, is a fault much more curable by practice, even late in life, than the opposite.

In reference to this subject, I cannot refrain from citing some valuable remarks from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"A politician must often talk and act before he has thought and read. He may be very ill-informed respecting a question; all his notions about it may be vague and inaccurate; but speak he must; and if he is a man of talents, of tact, and of intrepidity, he soon finds that, even under such circumstances, it is possible to speak successfully. He finds that there is a great difference between the effect of written words, which are perused and re-perused in the stillness of the closet, and the effect of spoken words, which, set off by the graces of utterance and gesture, vibrate for a single moment on the ear. He finds that he may blunder without much chance of being detected, that he may reason sophistically, and escape unrefuted. He finds that, even on knotty questions of trade and legislation, he can, without reading ten pages, or thinking ten minutes, draw forth loud plaudits, and sit down with the credit of having made an excellent speech. Lysias, says Plutarch, wrote a defence for a man who was to be tried before one of the Athenian tribunals. Long before the defendant had learnt the speech by heart, he became so much dissatisfied with it, that he went in great distress to the author. 'I was delighted with your speech the first time I read it; but I liked it less the second time, and still less the third time; and now it seems to me to be no defence at all.' 'My good friend,' said Lysias, 'you quite forget that the judges are to hear it only once.' The case is the same in the English Parliament. It would be as idle in an orator to waste deep meditation and long research on his speeches, as it would be in the manager of a theatre to adorn all the crowd of courtiers and ladies who cross over the stage in a procession with real pearls and diamonds. It is not by accuracy or profundity that men become the masters of great assemblies. And why be at the charge of providing logic of the best quality, when a very inferior article will be equally acceptable? Why go as deep into a question as Burke, only in order to be, like Burke, coughed down, or left speaking to green benches and red boxes? *This has long appeared to us to be the most serious of the evils which are to be set off against the many blessings of popular government.* It is a fine and true saying of Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, talking a ready man, and writing an exact man.' The tendency of institutions like those of England is to encourage readiness in public men, even at the expense both of fullness and of exactness. The keenest and most vigorous minds of every generation, minds often admirably fitted for the investigation of truth, are habitually employed in producing arguments such as no man of sense would ever put into a treatise intended for

publication ; arguments which are just good enough to be used once, when aided by fluent delivery and pointed language. The habit of discussing questions in this way necessarily reacts on the intellects of our ablest men ; particularly of those who are *introduced into Parliament at a very early age*, before their minds have expanded into full maturity. The talent for debate is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian Improvisatore. But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning, or for enlarged speculation. Indeed, we should *sooner expect a great original work on political science*,—such a work, for example, as the ‘Wealth of Nations,’—from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a *statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater* in the House of Commons.”

It may be said, however, in reference to the above remarks, that they do not prove anything against the beneficial effects, with a view to *oratorical* excellence (which is the point now in question) of early practice in extemporary speaking, and accordingly, of that afforded by Debating Societies. This excellence may indeed, we will suppose, be purchased at the expense of impairing the philosophical powers, and on the whole, deteriorating the mind ; but the present question is as to the mere improvement of oratory. I will not indeed undertake to say that a man may not obtain an earlier, perhaps even a greater, proficiency in public speaking (especially with a view to immediate effect) by sacrificing to that object every other. But I doubt whether the advantage to be gained, even at such a cost, is not sometimes itself overrated. One speaker may have over another, who is a sounder reasoner and a man of more generally well-cultivated mind, an advantage more apparent than real ; he may excite more admiration, and be received with greater present applause, and yet may produce less conviction and less of permanent influence : the words of the other may sink deeper. And again, a showy and fluent, but superficial orator, who may seem at the moment to be carrying everything before him triumphantly, may be *answered* by those capable of discerning and exposing any weakness in his arguments.

Moreover, that which will “only bear to be heard once,” may subsequently be read over calmly, and its emptiness detected. There are, in short, but few cases in which accurate and well-digested knowledge, sound judgment, and clear and well-arranged arguments, will not have great weight, even when opposed by more showy but unsubstantial qualifications.

But a *premature readiness* is more likely than the opposite extreme to lead to *incurable* faults. And all the dangers that attend this kind of exercise, the learner who is engaged in it should frequently recal to his mind and reflect on, that he may the better guard against them ; never allowing himself, in one of these mock debates, to maintain any thing which he himself believes to be untrue, or to use an argument which he perceives to be fallacious.

The temptation to transgress this rule will often be very strong ; because, to such persons as usually form the majority in one of those societies, (youths of immature judgment, superficial, and half-educated,) specious falsehood and sophistry will often appear superior to truth and sound reasoning, and will call forth louder plaudits ; and the wrong

side of a question will often afford room for such a captivating show of ingenuity as to be, to them, more easily maintained than the right; and scruples of conscience, relative to veracity and fairness, are not unlikely to be silenced by the consideration that, after all, it is no real battle, but a tournament; there being no real and important measure to be actually decided on, but only a debate carried on for practice' sake.

But, unreal as is the occasion, and insignificant as may be the particular point, a *habitus* may be formed which will not easily be unlearned afterwards, of disregarding right reason, and truth, and fair argument. And such a habit is not merely debasing to the moral character, but also in a *rhetorical* point of view, if I may so speak, often proves hurtful. It has often weakened the effect, to a far greater degree than most persons suppose, of what has been written and said by men of great ability: by depriving it of that air of simple truthfulness which has so winning a force, and which it is so impossible completely to feign.

I will only suggest this additional consideration, which appears to me to be at least as important as any that I have urged. *Political agitation, and party spirit*, have long been, as you cannot but be aware, one of the greatest curses of our country. Half-educated political enthusiasts, or men skilled in rousing the passions, and taking advantage of the weaknesses or prejudices of such persons, have done more than almost any other one cause to create, and perpetuate, and aggravate most of the existing evils, and to counteract the efforts of sober-minded, well-informed, and impartial men for improvement.

Ought any national university to be a school for the training up, in perpetual succession, of a supply of agitating political orators? And yet, if such *were* the design, consider, I entreat you, what would be the most effectual mode of carrying it into execution. I can think of none more adapted for the purpose than the practice I have been deprecating.

What practical steps should be taken by the authorities of any University or College, I leave it to their wisdom to decide. But if,—as I know some have suggested,—they apprehend in any case that interference on their part would have the effect of driving the members of a Debating Society to hold meetings elsewhere, I would take leave to suggest, that, even in that case, there would at least be the advantage of not giving *the sanction of the University or College* to a bad practice: the evil would be wholly at the door of the individuals concerned; and the governors would avoid the responsibility of making that practice a *part of the academical system*. I cannot, however, but entertain a hope that the introduction of reasonable and judicious regulations, and of a careful superintendence on the part of the constituted authorities of any university, would not be refused or complained of; at least, by the majority of the best-disposed and really best-educated of the members. They would probably even feel honoured by the attention and interest their proceedings were exciting among their Superiors, and grateful for the pains taken to promote their improvement in an important branch of education, and one likely to lead to either very beneficial or very mischievous results.

I concluded by an assurance of my unwillingness to give unnecessary pain to any one by the freedom of my remarks, and of my earnest desire to promote the real well-being and usefulness of academical institutions. And for this, you also, I have no doubt, will be ready to give me credit. I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully, R. DUBLIN.

To W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL.D.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

At a very early age the subject of our brief notice appeared before his countrymen as an author, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Paulding. This latter gentleman has since attained a considerable reputation in his native land; but the name of Washington Irving is, and long has been, illustrious, and is destined to maintain a rank of classic eminence only second to the honoured name of Addison.

Mr. Irving's first independent book, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," is full of wit and humour; but it is a quaint exercitation of exquisite abilities, which had not yet discovered their true bias. "The Sketch Book," which appeared in 1820, was the work to shew that a new essayist had arisen, fresh, vigorous, and original,—more various, and perhaps more elegant than Goldsmith, and as delicate, if not as rich, as the rare genius who painted Sir Roger de Coverley, and unfolded the vision of Mirza. "The Sketch Book" was followed in rapid succession by "Bracebridge Hall," the "Letters to Jonathan Oldstyle," and the "Tales of a Traveler." In 1828, after an interval of four years, appeared "The History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus." In the following year "The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" was given to the world. In 1831, "The Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus" were published; and, in less than a twelvemonth afterwards, "The Alhambra" issued from the press. In 1835, we had from the same pen the "Crayon Miscellanies," and "Legends of the Conquest of Spain; in 1836, "Astoria;" and, in 1837, "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

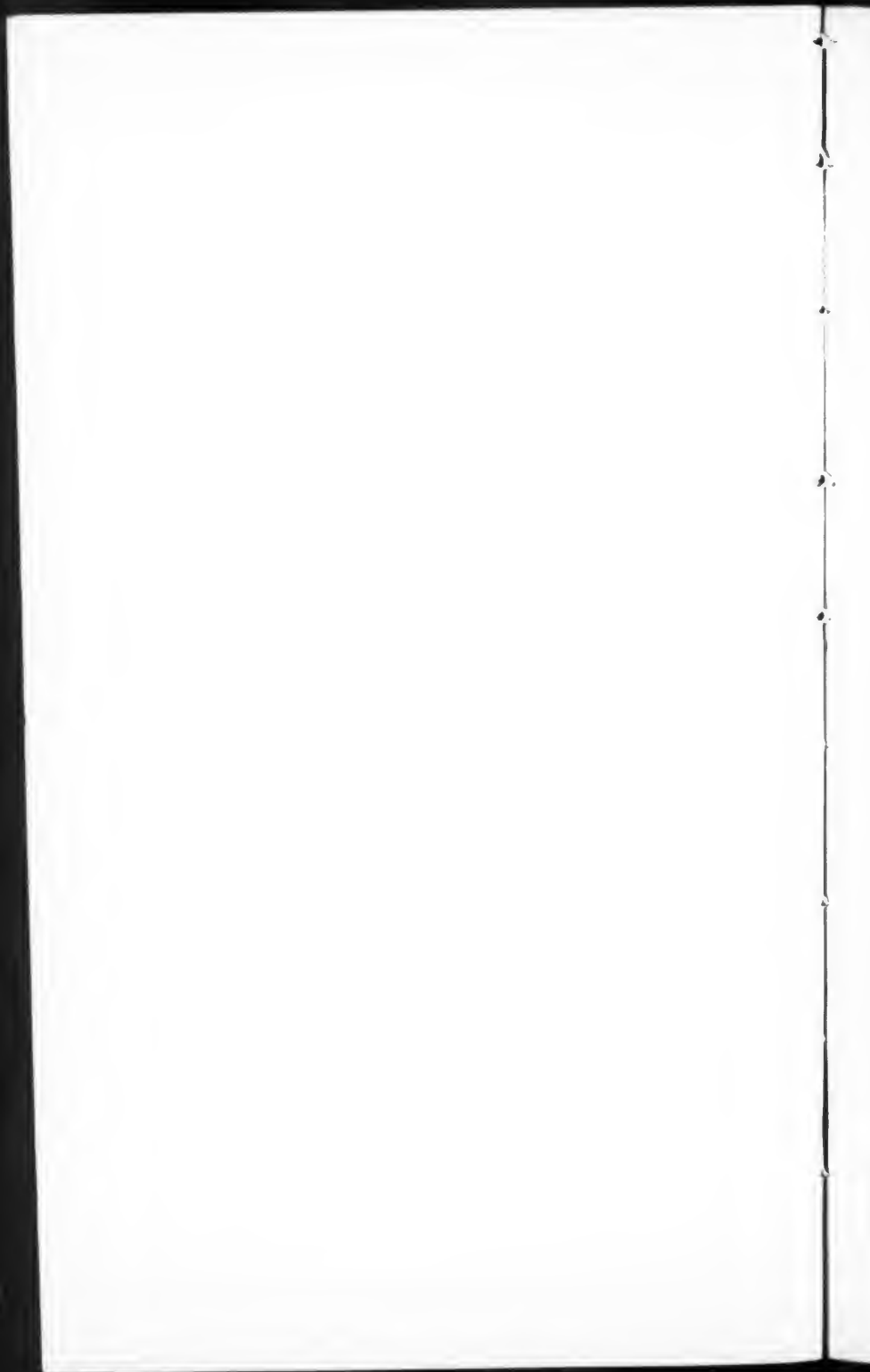
All the world is aware of the sensation created in England by the publication of "The Sketch Book." To say the truth, the people of these isles were hardly prepared to expect so elegant and accomplished a writer from the other side of the Atlantic; nor was the marvel much lessened when it was discovered that the new author had merely reflected himself in his writings, and that he was, to all intents and purposes, an elegant and accomplished gentleman. The higher circles did themselves honour by their cordial reception of Washington Irving, from whose first visit to this country may be dated the commencement of that right understanding between the two nations which none more than himself has contributed to encourage, and which injudicious or perverse writers, English and American, cannot now for any length of time disturb or endanger. Such men as Webster and Calhoun wisely and gracefully repeat sentiments that more than five-and-twenty years since were eloquently expressed by Mr. Irving, and that at the time subjected him to ill-advised imputations, which probably he did not despise, because he is too good and great a man to admit into his breast feelings of scorn or contempt.

We have not space to enter into an examination of the various writings of this delightful author, even were such an inquiry not a work of supererogation; but we cannot refrain from pointing attention to the example this writer's productions afford of the most exact and exquisite taste, and to the perfect harmony that subsists between his writings and



WILLIAM LUTHER BURTON

1840



his character. That admirable propriety discoverable in every page of his performances has been preserved in all the circumstances of his public life. It was the boast of a great man, that, although beset by many temptations, no author had ever lived by literature more independently than himself. We do not know that Mr. Irving has needed or desired the emoluments his labours have so fairly earned for him ; but the popular favourite has other temptations to encounter, and has not always resisted them. It may be affirmed of Irving that no man ever more legitimately won public approbation, or has more legitimately retained it. There has been no busy and impertinent exhibition about him. His whole course has been manly, sincere, and modest ; and his example is calculated to dignify the profession of literature.

MACKINNON ON CIVILISATION.

THE very important subjects which Mr. Mackinnon has discussed in these volumes, with equal temper and ability, have an enduring interest, which demands attention while it limits criticism. He has surveyed the progress of civilization from the days of the Pharaohs to the reign of Queen Victoria, pointed out the sources of the evils that arrested its progress, and developed the circumstances which accelerated its course. He has subjected the great question of the influence of public morals on the destiny of nations to a rigid analysis, in which many great truths are evolved, and many great principles elucidated. Instead of attempting to give an abstract of his views, which are already presented in a very condensed form, we shall rather select some specimens of his style and reasoning, which we feel assured will allure our readers to a careful study of the volumes for themselves. Our first extract happily displays the characteristic difference between the civilisation of ancient Egypt and modern England.

“ On considering the magnificent cities and structures erected in former ages, either Thebes, Baalbec, Palmyra, the Pyramids, the Coliseum, &c., we are naturally struck with awe and amazement at the magnitude of the undertaking, and are inclined to imagine, that the civilisation or power of a government or people must have been considerable, to attempt and bring to maturity such gigantic and laborious works. This conclusion, however, seems not warranted. How few great works of a useless character have been undertaken of late years in Great Britain ! The energies and power of our empire might, if so directed, raise works incomparably superior to any production of former ages : such, however, is not the case. The reason is evident. In a civilised and free country the energies and wealth, or command of labour, is employed by individuals for their own convenience, comfort, or luxury ; in former days, where the command of the labour of the nation, or the means for payment of that labour, depended on one man, there the population was forced to apply their mans and energies to gratify his wishes, not to their individual advantage. Even in the middle ages this appears to have been the case.

“As civilisation advanced, and in modern days, great structures formed by the labour of an entire people are less common: the labourers must now be paid. In those days the stupendous edifices we see were the labour of slaves, or of a conquered people. The result is, that no national undertaking is attempted except for the benefit of the community, and the mass of wealth and labour is expended on individual comfort.”

The present course of social progress, which seems especially to favour the middle classes, is explained with great force and simplicity. Recent events have given this part of Mr. Mackinnon's work something of a prophetic character, for he has anticipated changes which are passing before our eyes while we write.

“Without entering into any dissertation on the benefits arising to mankind from the use of steam-power, or indulging in trite remarks on the subject, we may very briefly consider how far the general adoption of that power will affect the relative proportions of the several classes of society. The operation seems to take place in the following manner. Commercial and manufacturing industry and trade are the chief and leading agents for pouring wealth into all communities. Steam-power increases all these in a prodigious manner; indeed, in a ratio almost beyond calculation. By increasing the means and facility for production, the value of the article so produced is diminished considerably. The natural consequence of this cheap production is, that it can be disposed of at a much easier rate, and consequently a much greater demand is occasioned. From their low price, articles of necessity or enjoyment are attainable by those in the poorer classes, by whom formerly they could not be obtained, and who are in consequence induced to labour with greater earnestness and perseverance to procure them. Thus steam-power increases wealth, not only in manufacturers, but in consumers.

“That an abundant supply creates an additional demand,” is a trite remark, but it confirms the argument. If in former days, and in almost barbarous times, the little trade or manufacture that existed, rendered the towns where they were exercised wealthy when compared to the rest of the community; if the Hanse towns (the few free places on the continent) and the republics of Holland, Genoa, Venice, and Florence, were able by those means to form themselves a middle class, and to enjoy advantages in many respects superior to the benighted and barbarous and despotic governments by whom they were surrounded; if this occurred two hundred years ago in these petty states, and rendered them flourishing, what can be expected from a people more active, fully possessed of the requisites for civilisation, besides a knowledge and command of steam-power, the free navigation of the seas, with colonies and possessions in every part of the world, all requiring to be supplied with goods from the mother country! The creation of superabundant capital cannot but lift many out of the lower into the middle class; of course the same operation will advance a few into the upper class. Probably the cause already mentioned may be more powerful in diminishing the upper class, than those now stated in causing its increase. If allowed to refer to the simile of the three lakes in the introductory chapter, representing the upper, middle, and lower classes of society, we should say, the flow is constant and steady from the upper and lower lake into the middle, which has now nearly drained the upper, and may probably, in the course of time, by the aid of steam-power, very considerably lessen the lower.”

The passage in the Introduction, to which reference is made in the last sentence of the preceding extract, is too good a specimen of felicitous illustration to be omitted.

To exemplify the almost uniform tendency towards increase in the middle class, let us, by way of simile, imagine three lakes near each other in a line, the two extremes communicating with the middle by any channel. Let these respectively represent the upper, middle, and lower classes of society. The use of machinery creates capital, which, being subdivided among the children or next of kin of the party by whom it is realised, lifts so many out of the lower rank into the middle; that is, forces so much of the water from the lower lake into the next above it. The parties by whom capital is possessed, become purchasers of land, and thus encourage the tendency in the upper class, both by facility of sale, and temptation arising from increase of luxuries created by machinery, to dispose of part, if not the whole, of their landed estates. In proportion as this is effected, they merge into the middle class. Accordingly, there is a constant flow from the upper and lower lake into the middle, to the increase of the latter at the expense of the two former."

The following observations on speculation and over-trading, received an impressive comment from the railway-mania, while the work was still in the press.

"Another evil, much felt by those in active pursuits, has been that which has arisen from over-trading, that is, either entering into some speculation in trade or commerce, or, from the hope of gain, being induced to give longer or more extensive credit than prudence would justify. Both to the trading part and to others much injury is thereby occasioned. It seems difficult to encourage an extensive trade at home, or a great commerce abroad, without a very considerable extent of credit, but this, like all other regulations, may be abused and extended too far, and it may be repeated, that the system so prevalent in England of giving long credit, in place of paying at a short period, ought to be avoided. It may be argued, that the immense money transactions that take place between England and all parts of the world could not be carried on without credit. This is true; but often that credit is extended much beyond any reasonable time. How many failures have been occasioned by this system—how many worthy and honourable men have, by giving too extended a credit to their foreign correspondents, lost the fruits of years of anxiety and toil! Such has been the case in many mercantile establishments in our outports, and even in the metropolis, during several years past.

"In Holland, in former days, bargains were made almost always for ready money, or for a short date,—six weeks or two months. Profits were not great, but quick returns made them considerable. Failures were rare even in that distressing time, when all maritime commerce with the Dutch possessions in India and America was stopped by the occupation of Holland by the French, in 1793. Look at France, since the year 1814, where very little credit has been given, and where business has been usually carried on for ready money from necessity, as formerly in Holland from choice."

These extracts need no comment to direct attention to their importance; they speak for themselves, and any observation of ours would only tend to weaken their effect.

TIPPERARY HALL.—NO. V.

CONTENTS.

The Tipperary Skiff.—Flowers of Transatlantic eloquence.—Yankee War-Song on the banks of the Rio Grande.—John Bull's Navvies giving settlers to Uncle Sam.—The Beauties of a Richmond tide.—Ladies on land and water.—Apologia Levitatis.—The Triumphs of an Irish Jaunting-car.—Serenade.—A poetical Legend of Kildare; how the Devil rode out with Lord Luttrell and his Stag-hounds.—The Witch of the Fens.—Idealities of the Exhibition.—Philosophy of the Turner School.—A Derby-Day Dithyrambic on King Pyrrhus's last victory.

Scene, the Thames. The Tipperary skiff is making her way with the tide. EVERARD CLIVE and the TRAVELLING BACHELOR are at the oars; the WHISKEY-DRINKER and the FENMAN are in the stern-sheets.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

EASE off a little, Everard—the tide will carry her on—and give us some of your conversation, such as it is.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Easy it is. We'll just give a stroke or two to guide her, and draw it mild down to Kew. Bachelor, you will not object to a little "*otium cum dignitate*," I suppose.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Certainly not. We, "*Laboriosi remiges Ulyssei*," have brought her smartly enough down from Twickenham. Drinker, give us the Canadian boat song.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Let us have something a little more novel. The Ohio boating-lay for instance. Or is there any song from the Oregon streams? I wonder whether the Yankees will get up any boat-races on the Columbia.

FENMAN.

They must get possession of it first, which will not be effected quite so easily, in spite of all the blustering of their press and orators. These "Sweet creatures of bombast" are like Falstaff, more prone to the exercise of the tongue than of the sword.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

America has enriched the English language with some really noble specimens of oratory. Recollect Patrick Henry and her other early stars. Now, too, she has Webster, Everett, Calhoun, and Clay.

FENMAN.

Never was the English language spun into such fustian as each packet of American news has brought us over by balesfull ever since the commencement of their Oregon debates. Much of it has been

"So sublimely bad,
It was not poetry, but prose run mad."

What must the Senate be that could tolerate such raving rhodomom-

tade as Mr. Hannegan's was about their President and the last trumpet? Do you remember the passage?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Quote it, Fenman. I love the echoes of these thunders from Sir Robert Peel's "small cloud in the West."

FENMAN.

It was something to this effect—that if the President should now recede from his claim of Oregon up to 54° 40' he would annihilate himself into such political infamy that not even the last trumpet should be able to call him from his grave.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Did you read the Yankee officer's pompous narrative the other day of the march of their troops upon the Rio Grande, where they have no more business than they have on the Thames, and whence I heartily hope the Mexicans will soon send them to the right about; for if Mexico had not abolished slavery, Texas would not have revolted, nor would the Yankees have taken up Texas.

FENMAN.

You mean, I suppose, the passage about "Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle!"

EVERARD CLIVE.

Yes. The whole sentence is worth remembering and quoting. Captain Jonathan thus describes their arrival at the point on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamores. "The 'Army of Occupation' arrived at this point about two o'clock yesterday evening. A temporary flagstaff was erected, and the 'stars and stripes' unfolded to the breeze within a stone's throw almost of the Mexican batteries. Our troops defiled along the bank of the river to the airs of 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail Columbia,' from the different bands, and encamped immediately at the ferry crossing to the town."

FENMAN.

The march of such Cæsars upon such a Rubicon ought to have its Lucan. Clive, you remember the Spanish ballad of "Rio verde rio verde," which Percy paraphrased. Won't that give you a hint?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Rio Grande—Rio Grande,
 Silent are thy streams no more;
 Notes of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
 Float along thy rocky shore!
 'Gainst the towers of Matamoras,
 Heralded by fife and drum,
 Singing "Hail Columbia's chorus,"
 See the fierce militia come!
 Lo! a Star-bespangled banner,
 Leads the host on glory's track,
 And they stripe it in the manner
 That they stripe a nigger's back.
 Mexico released her niggers;
 Texas armed for slav'ry's right;
 Yankees, with their rifle-triggers,
 Aid her in the holy fight.

See where Major Peleg Needham
 Glares upon the gurgling waves :
 He 's the man to fight for freedom :
 He 's the man that deals in slaves.

* * *

FENMAN.

Parody as much as you like, Clive, but you will never produce a finer bit of burlesque than an American stanza which was gravely quoted and adopted a little time ago as a poetic expression of an earnest sentiment, by one of their leading reviews, the Democratic.

"Tis we will let the British know
 That we 're the true descendants
 Of those that flogged their fathers so,
 And won their independence."

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

By St. Bridget of Kildare that bangs Bannagher ! It tops Paddy's affectionate little inquiry of his old friend

"Were you at Vinegar Hill,
 Or at the battle of Tara ?
 Did you see Holt and his men,
 And the gun they called Tantararara ?"

EVERARD CLIVE.

I should think that gun must have been christened out of Ennius.
 You remember his line upon the trumpet

"At tuba terribili sonitu Tarantara dixit."

FENMAN.

There was a quiet little paragraph in a corner of the "Chronicle" the other day, that contained a full and eloquent answer to the boasts and threats of our transatlantic rivals. I cut it out, and kept it, you shall see it.

"THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORY.—Two sergeants, two corporals, two bombardiers, and twenty gunners and drivers of the Royal Artillery, volunteers, were selected yesterday afternoon and medically inspected at the Ordnance Hospital, at Woolwich, for special service on the borders of the Oregon territory, and will proceed about the latter end of the present month or beginning of June for their destination, under the command of Captain Blackwood. The Terrible (war-steamer) is expected to take them to America with a supply of guns and stores. 3,000 excavators are also to proceed from various ports in this country, and assemble at a certain place on the Hudson Bay Company's territory."

If Jonathan proceeds from barking to biting, I think our friends the "navvies" will astonish him exceedingly.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Come, Clive, let us recall our thoughts from the Rio Grande and the Columbia, and attend to the Thames a little. Pull a few strokes, and take her through Kew Bridge.

EVERARD CLIVE.

"Volat ilicet ocius Euro." Now pull steadily again. We've got plenty of way on her. This is the beauty of Thames boating, to be able to hit the turn of the tide, and saunter up with it to Richmond, and then float for an hour or so, till it turns and complaisantly wafts

you back again towards town. Tide is an agreeable partner, but an exceedingly unpleasant *vis-à-vis*.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

I must own I prefer being under canvas on the open sea.

EVERARD CLIVE.

So do not I. Come, I'll let her float again, and sing the glories of a Richmond Tide.

SONG BY EVERARD CLIVE.—“THE RICHMOND TIDE.

'Tis very well
For a yachting swell
To talk about the sea,
His flowing sheet,
His bark so fleet,
And breeze so fair and free.
You may call it dull
On the Thames to scull,
But 'tis good enough for me.
Oh, I like to glide
With a Richmond tide,
And a pretty girl with me.

The deep to rove
With your ladye-love
Sounds well in poetry;
But the fairest face
Will lose its grace
With the heaving of the sea.
I'm very sure
Such "*affaires de cœur*"
Had best avoided be.
Oh, I like to glide
With a Richmond tide,
And a pretty girl with me.

So come, my dear,
To the Temple pier;
We'll steam to Battersea;
'Tis there my boat
Doth leisurely float,
Expecting you and me.
We'll go at our ease
As high as we please,
From the swell of the steamers free.
Oh, I like to glide,
With a Richmond tide,
And a pretty girl with me.

My skiff she's neat,
And quite complete,
To carry a fair ladye.
And I'm the man,
That manage her can,
As you, dear, manage me.
By gentle skill
We work our will,
And taking it easily.
Oh, I like to glide
With a Richmond tide,
And a pretty girl with me.

TIPPERARY HALL.

With my sculls so trim
 I'll lightly skim
 By lawn, and flower, and tree ;
 And look up, and view
 Your eyes so blue,
 Still looking down on me ;
 And the music hear
 Of your voice so clear,
 In its soft and silver key.
 Oh, I like to glide
 With a Richmond tide,
 And a pretty girl with me.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Alter your pronunciation of "*cœur*," Everard, before you next go to Paris, or the French girls will think that there's something wrong with your heart.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Why "heart?" but never mind. It is not desirable that one's heart should be the same on the banks of the Seine as it is near the banks of the Thames.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Still in the levity line, Clive. If Grimgibber were here, you would get a lecture.

EVERARD CLIVE.

I got a lecture for imagined want of earnestness the other day from much sweeter lips than Grimgibber's. I'll repeat to you my defence,

APOLOGIA LEVITATIS.

It is not that the eye is bright,
 Or that the lip is rich with laughter,
 Can tell you that the heart is right,
 And no repining follows after.

It is not that in idle jest
 You hear my voice to your's replying,
 Should make you fancy mine a breast
 In which no deeper thoughts are lying.

Oh, many a time, in bitter gloom,
 I've sighed for you from eve till morning ;
 Yet when we meet we still resume
 Our careless tone of mutual scorning.

A girl less fair I'd gladly woo
 A little while, in mild flirtation ;
 But if I once made love to you,
 It could not be in moderation.

I will not stoop to be your thrall,
 And own there's nought I prize above you,
 For though I like you best of all,
 I dare not trust myself to love you.

WHISKEY DRINKER.

A lame and impotent conclusion, and I hope it was thought so. For my part, absent or present, when I think of or speak to the dear creatures, I always laugh. If they love me I laugh. If they don't love me I laugh. I consider laughing one of the greatest bles-

sings of life, one of the noblest faculties of human nature. If we have troubles and disappointments—and who has not—“*ridendum est atque ferendum*,” grin and bear it, is my motto.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Come, Bibulus, you sit and criticise, but you neither pull nor sing.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

So I do. I'm on my wrong element, and have no great voice for the quarter-deck. At any rate, I must have a parasol to sing to. I'm worse than yourself, Clive, in that matter, and twice as bad as the bachelor; for his heart was evidently set on some maiden of the sea when he spoke of canvas. Never mind! there's a chance for you yet. Here's a wherry coming up, with something worth sending your voice to;—and here's another. The first looked like husband and wife: the second has two men at the oar, and a lady steering; so they can't be all husband and wife. When within call, I'll sing, and tempt the fair mermaid to capsize the boat by looking round. How beautiful!

EVERARD CLIVE.

The scenery or the crew? They're breaking the monotony now, and coming up to us. How well that lady steers!

FENMAN.

Bless them! they do everything well when they'll only let you give them a lesson first. What a pity it is they are so fond of heavy boats.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

It is. Take a fair face abroad, and you'll find that nothing less than a brig will contain her. They look all like lady-mayoresses in a city barge, swan-hopping instead of love-making.

FENMAN.

Well, the small jewel in the big ring. It is, however, strange that all ladies believe land-carriages will hold every body, and boats no one.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

They're over-timid; that's the real truth of it; and more's the pity. It is I that would risk my life to save dozens of them a dozen times over if they'd only run the chance of getting drowned.

FENMAN.

For which the Humane Society would cover you over with medals. You can swim very well I suppose?

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Like a ten pound shot. Faith, I forgot that part of the business, which is more in your line, Everard. You could swim like Leander, I believe, if you were equally tempted.

EVERARD CLIVE.

After all, it only requires a little coaxing to get them to try the chances of your light bark. She to whom my lay was addressed would go out with me in a wager-boat, if I would take her.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

And well she'd look, sitting opposite you,—wouldn't she? And all you could do would be to look and laugh at each other. I tell you where she'd look better, and where she'd like to be better; and that's beside some one I won't mention, on the side of an Irish jaunting-car.

FENMAN.

An Irish jaunting-car! A mere national fancy. One of those traditional ones which are clung to long after the reason which gave them birth has ceased to exist.

EVERARD CLIVE.

It is more probable that for the Irish fancy no reason existed whatever.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

For the Irish jaunting-car, a reason has long existed, and still exists. Indeed I might bring forward to support it half a dozen reasons. It's not half the price of a cabriolet or a brougham, and holds twice the number of either. Now the car is light and handy for our small breed of Irish horses; and its lightness does not hinder it from being strong. Each of its springs is as vigorous and elastic as the bound of the wild Irish girl on the spring-board at a dance. It has the strength of a flying artillery carriage, and you might have a day now and then with the harriers on one of these bone-setters, unless the country was too stiff where it wouldn't be polite or pleasant to be driving so many holes in the bushes. I wonder they don't take them out boar-hunting in France, as they follow the system wolf-hunting in some parts of Russia. Travelling in a mountainous district, the car is the quickest thing on wheels in the world. Going up hill you can jump off to ease the horse without the slightest trouble in life, barring you have the gout or the rheumatism, or that you can't see single, and might land on whatever brains you boast of instead of your *pasterns*. Then should your nag frolic away at racing speed you can jump off also, without bruise or breakage, from the footboard which is within a couple of feet from the ground, keeping the invariable rule in mind, to jump with the motion. There is only one thing more that I'll tell you concerning the Irish car; and that is, when you wish to make love upon it, choose the right side. It is deemed the lucky one. In my boyish days in Ireland I often found to my cost that cooing on the other side was as unlucky as the raven's croaking from the oak on the left "*sape sinistra cavá*," &c. I can laugh at all that sort of thing now, however, as I said before.

EVERARD CLIVE.

And can sing about it also, altho' it were but to amuse the pretty listener slightly astern of us. So then, Drinker, a song. Perhaps when you've done your best as an Orpheus, "the lady in the boat" may try her hand as a Syren.

SONG BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—“THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.”

Air—“*The Hunting of the Hare.*”

You may pull away—scull away !
 Float away—boat away !
 Rince out your throat away, smoke your cigar ;
 Such slow navigation
 Is all botheration,
 Compared with the Irish jaunting-car.
 'Tis sporting and spacious,
 'Tis genteel and gracious,
 Likewise efficacious
 'Gainst hail, rain, or snow ;
 To keep care in abeyance,
 From Dublin to Mayence,
 Bis. { Take the Irish conveyance wherever you go.

Pelides, Tydides,
 The great Alcibi'des,
 When each of them tried his proud foemen in war,
 And likewise bold Hector,
 Troy's valiant protector
 Of fleet steeds the rector, rode out on a car.
 Cytherea and Rhea,
 Queen Boadicea,
 And that charmer, Medea, who wandered afar,—
 Old Ossian's great heros,
 Singing lillybulleros,
 Bis. { They all of them rattled away on a car.

Long life to car-driving.
 And long be it thriving,
 For courting or wiving,
 In peace, or in war.
 If in love you 're devout, sir,
 And at elbows you 're out, sir,
 Put your coat up the spout, sir,
 And hire a car ;
 To shew the girls' faces,
 And set off all their graces
 At reviews and at races,
 Wherever they are ;
 And, for soft conversation,
 There 's no situation
 Bis. { Like the side of the Irish jaunting-car.

Now, Bachelor, give us something sentimental. Recollect there are fair ones within hearing.

SONG BY THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.—“SOFT BE THY SLEEP, MY LOVE.”

Soft be thy sleep, my love !
 And sweet thy dreams to-night ;
 No mortal watch is kept above
 O'er one so pure and bright.
 The angels flock to guard thy bed,
 Throughout the night they stay,
 And, as they hover o'er thy head,
 Scarce deem thee formed of human clay,
 For heavenly thou seem'st as they.

Soft be thy sleep, my love !
 My lay shall wake thee not ;
 No look entreat I now to prove
 That I am not forgot ;
 But here, till morning's early smile
 Shall gild the eastern sea,
 I linger on, and hope the while
 That I shall gain one, then, from thee,
 In guerdon of my minstrelsy.

Soft be thy waking, love !
 The night is well nigh o'er ;
 May I not have one smile, dear love ?
 I ask but one—no more ;
 For that will be so sweet a one,
 That I shall still delay,
 Till morn shall own her smiles outdone,
 And, all o'erclouded, pass away,
 Or, blushing, redden into day.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Very pretty ;—but the ladies have rowed away from you. What is this long winding place we are passing ?

EVERARD CLIVE.

Either Mortlake or Barnes, but I never know which. Lilly and Dee, the astrologers, used to raise the Devil on these banks.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Have you got a legend about it ? But you Londoners are not well-off in myths.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Just as well off as you Anglo-Irishmen of the counties of the Pale.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Don't be quite so sure of that. We have something better in *diablerie* to sing about than Giles Scroggins or the Cock Lane Ghost ; and can sing them quaintly to : at least one Leinster man, with your permission, will try.

LEGEND BY THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—THE DEVIL'S RACE.

Bold Lord Luttrèll
 Did whilom dwell
 Near Dublin's fair citie ;
 And the Hell-fire Club
 They did him dub
 The king of their company :
 But he sore did grieve
 On a New Year's Eve,
 'Mid the jovial Hell-fires' cheer ;
 And for being so sad
 The reason he had
 You all shall straightway hear.

A gallant steed
 In the hour of need
 He lost in chase that day ;
 And the strange black knight
 Who sits at his right
 Had borne the brush away.

Said the knight in black,
 " My lord, your pack
 Is not of the first degree ;
 Though, I fain must own,
 Fair sport they 've shewn,
 They 're not fast enough for me."

Now this knight in black
 Rode a mare as black ;
 And blacker none mote be ;
 She was, he said,
 In the black North bred,
 And her name was Hecatè.

Her blood and breed,
 Her bone and speed
 Could beat aught else, he 'd swear ;
 And that he 'd outride,
 And tame the pride
 Of the riders of Kildare.

" I scorn thy word,"
 Said the proud proud lord ;
 " Thou 'rt a braggart knight," quoth he,
 " With my brave stag-hounds,
 For ten thousand pounds,
 I 'll ride once more with thee."

Oh, then looked at him
 That stranger grim,
 With a dread unearthly stare ;
 " Ay, let it," says he,
 " Ten thousand be,
 And double it, if you dare."

" Twice thousands ten
 We 'll make it, then ;
 I 'll take you, sir, quite free ;
 If the devil 's out that day,
 I 'll ride from him away,
 Or may the devil ride away with me!"

Then the stranger wrote
 A red red note
 In a book as black as jet ;
 " At your own word
 I 'll have you, my lord ;
 Good faith ! 'tis a sporting bet !

Uprose the morn,
 And the merry bugle-horn
 Rang thorough the valleys clear,
 And merry rode out
 The " hell-fire " rout
 That morn to hunt the deer.

Threescore and ten
 Down the forest glen,
 'Twas a glorious sight to see,
 As they rode in line,
 With their coursers fine,
 And their scarlet toggery.

The lord that day
 Rode an iron-grey,
 Of all his stud the best ;
 And close by his side,
 In gloomy pride,
 Rode out the stranger guest.

TIPPERARY HALL.

At the "Hell-fires'" array
 With a sharp, sharp neigh
 The black mare neighed in glee ;
 And the black knight low,
 To his very saddle-bow,
 Saluted them courteously.

Of his steed so proud
 Then praise was loud ;
 Of horse-flesh she was the queen ;
 Such paces, such points,
 Such limbs and such joints,
 'Twas sure they had never seen.

"The land," they said,
 "Such brave steeds that bred,
 And brave riders eke as he,
 Be it hill, vale, or plain,
 Or far across the main,
 They'd like very much to see."

"'Tis a far countrie,"
 Said the knight smilingly,
 "A low, dark, burning strand ;
 You shall see 't, I swear,
 For you 're all going there,
 And I 'll meet you when you land.

Hark ! loud and shrill
 From the crest of the hill,
 'Tis Luttrell's cheering cry ;
 He hounds the pack
 On the wild deer's track,
 And waves his cap on high.

"Sir Knight," said he,
 "Of your victory
 This day shall turn the tide !"
 "Proud lord, ride your best,"
 Cried the gloomy guest,
 "'Tis the last you may ever ride !"

Ardrass ! Ardrass !
 I swear by the mass,
 'Twould old Nimrod cheer to see
 The sight of pride
 Down thy heathery side,
 Now bursting gloriously !

Away ! away !
 'Neath the glad sun's ray ;
 Away o'er the meadows green !
 The black mare's away,
 And the iron-grey
 Is on her flank, I ween.

Away ! away !
 The Hell-fires that day
 Rode at a thundering pace ;
 Though none could gain
 The side of the twain
 In front of the Devil's race.

Through dewy copse,
 Down the sunny slopes,
 And they leave the vales behind ;
 O'er ditch, wall, and briar,
 Like furze on fire,
 Or the rush of a roaring wind.

They 'll turn, you think,
By the Liffey's brink ;
That wintry high flood-tide
The brave stag bore
Down a mile or more,
Ere he reached the other side !

That headlong clash
'Mid the hounds, splash ! splash !
'Tis the bound of black Hecatè ;
The boiling spray,
As she cleaves her way,
Hisses most fearfully !

Of threescore and ten,
Those " Hell-fire " men,
Who chased the deer that day,
Not one all round
Took that dreadful bound,
But the lord and his bonny grey.

With hand on mane,
And a loose, loose rein,
And the good steed's head let free,
He steered him o'er
To the shelving shore,
Like ship through a stormy sea.

Off ! off ! again
Those coursers twain,
Refreshed by the cooling tide ;
First, the knight in black,
But the lord at his back
Full fifty yards must ride.

" Sir Knight, 'tis well,"
Cried Lord Luttrell,
" Your speed and your racing skill,
But the churchyard jump
Your mare will stump
On the top of Lyons hill.

Away ! away !
For that old church grey
Speeds the stag unerringly,
At a glorious bound
Over wall and mound,
And he 's gained the sanctuary.

Like thunder-burst
Came the black knight first ;
Right at the stones went he ;
But made full stop
On the old wall top,
And yelled exceedingly.

" Now, gallant grey,
Shew them Galway play !"
Cried out the bold Luttrell ;
" Clear the churchyard stone—
The day 's our own !"
Ah ! that call was answered well.

" Sir Knight ! Sir Knight !
Though, in strange plight,
Perched up so high you be ;
I little reck,
If you break your neck,
So you pay your bet to me."

“Those holy grounds
Are beyond my bounds ;
In another place to you
My debt I ’ll pay
Some other day ;
Till then, my lord, adieu ! ”

As the demon spoke
The thunder woke,
And flash’d the lightning’s flame,
With a brimstone scent,
Through th’ air as he went,
To the place from which he came.

On Lyons hill,
Say the old men still,
On each New-Year’s Eve of grace,
They hear hard by
A pack in full cry,
And the noise of the Devil’s race.

FENMAN.

I’ll give you in change for your Irish legend, a real English witch-story, that I can myself vouch for. For I saw and conversed with the witch myself.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Give it by all means. Let us hear all about the web-footed Canidia.

FENMAN.

The venue lies in the moist county of Lincoln: not amongst its fens, but in the marshes, where there is no peat, but where there is a fine salt-water flavour from the ocean, and where the land will fatten a bullock upon grass, and grass only. The natives thrive, both socially and physically; most of them having some land, all getting good wages, and the farmers being for the most part their own landlords, and that to the extent of some four hundred or five hundred acres of the best land in England. There is no great superabundance of churches in these districts: to make up for it, chapels are as thick as poplar-trees, and more numerous than hedgerows. The general scenery on a November evening is the scenery of Tennyson’s Mariana; with its *moated grange*, its dark-green flower-pot, the characteristic long shadows of the poplars, and the white tremors of the aspens—pre-eminently *ἑννοσίφιστοι*—that *turn their silver linings to the sun*, and may be seen shining white, miles away.

Well! the clergyman with whom I was staying heard that one of his oldest and poorest parishioners was being persecuted as a witch. It was harvest-time, and she was forbidden to glean. She was not only baited out of every field she entered by the pauper gleaners, but, with two exceptions, she was formally forbidden by the farmers, both tenant and landowner—and that not in obedience to the prejudices of the other gleaners, but in the full belief that she had done them, the said farmers, mischief by her witchcrafts. So we went to see her: calling at two or three isolated houses in our way. In each they spoke of the persecution, and in none did they express surprise at it. We went on to the house. It was poor to an extreme, and,

if the expression may be applied to a mud-cabin, wholly dilapidated. The garden ran rank, and a well-grown weed might have looked down the chimney. Here she lived—alone of course. However, now she was from home.

The next day we found her in a large field, gleaned after the other gleaners had left it: for she had not put foot in it before. She was plain and old—neither more nor less; and told us her grievances. The main was that farmer —— had started the persecution of her because his cow either cast her calf, or had gone mangy. For this she was excommunicated among the gleaners.

She was talked to, and sympathized with; and a civil tongue, and an attendance were particularly enjoined. All went well until unluckily my friend said at parting—“and tell the people that vex you how foolish it is to think that a poor woman like you who can't help herself should be able to injure them.”

In one instant her countenance changed. Her eyes flashed, and she looked as diabolical as she had the credit of being. She shook her head and muttered significantly, “*Ay! helpless old woman: perhaps she can do more than people think of.*”

The pride of art had evidently become paramount; and she preferred absurd persecution to rational pity.

She still keeps her reputation, and loses her gleaned. Upon closer enquiries we found that her bad character was reflected upon her from her late husband; since, on her own part, there was nothing much against her. He, however, more privileged than the Danaides, could talk up water in a colander, and after his death a copy of either Gerard's or Culpepper's Herbal had been found among the chattels of the widow.

Here then, in the year 1843, was there an undoubted specimen, in civilized England, of what would not only have been punished two centuries ago as witchcraft, but would have been owned to, and gloried in as such, by the sufferer.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Magna est Pocsis et pravalebit. I suppose that, from Canidia downwards, the witches, both the Lyric and the Epic, are made out of materials as unpromising as the Fenman's. An old woman with a bad temper, a long chin, and some poetical ornaments—this does for the Sybills and the Ericthos. Young ladies in hysterics supply the Pythonesses. Art ennobles nature.

FENMAN.

Art oftener distorts, and generally exaggerates it. What you like for your taste, but simple truth for the intellect.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Whiskey-Drinker, you have been chaperoning whole groups of fair ones to the Exhibition lately. Tell us what you saw there. What was there pre-eminently natural, minute, and unexaggerated? How many faces looked out of the canvass, and were there any broomsticks that took three days' painting for the handle? This is our friend's line. The ideal is superfluous. What he wants is the best *fac-simile* of the commonest objects.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Then, to tell you the truth, there was nothing much to boast of in that way. ETTY'S women would have been natural enough if his models had not worn stays. As it was, Pandora, although a trifle perhaps too much of a lady on a grand scale, was the best specimen of flesh and blood in the room. COOPER'S horses were natural; several terriers were natural; the stag at bay was one of the most natural things I ever saw, at least I can fancy it to be so, for I never went deer-stalking in my life; I could fancy also in looking on it, that it was not the only stag at bay at the present moment; numerous landscapes were undoubtedly correct; and you could tell the portrait of the Duke of Wellington at once. So you could the Queen's; so you could Prince Albert's. I suppose this is all that he would have looked at.

FENMAN.

I shall follow you higher in the idealities than you perhaps expect. What you accuse me of being alone able to appreciate are just the things that were non-existent in the collection. You have started with lowering my taste, and ended with a seeming disparagement of the artists that you fancy suit it. Rise up higher, into the more ambitious compositions, where the groups tell their own story. I'll follow.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Clive, he is coming out. The Drinker, however, will not have far to carry to him. All Landseer's paintings tell their own story, and tell it poetically; although his "Peace and War" might as well have been "Sheep and Cannon," and "Horse and Bullet," respectively. Allegories are hard things, and should never be even approached, unless you have either the run of a Mythology or the Seven Cardinal Virtues. COOPER'S "Mountain Group" is satisfied with being a mere group on a mountain. This is as it should be.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Go on. Take him up to the *opera majora*—the Wedding Gown.

FENMAN.

All physics. Chemistry will give the colour, and optics the juxtaposition of them. I have an utter contempt for all specimens of the sort. Sir David Brewster or Sir John Herschell could paint them *à priori*.

TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

Bravo! And the "Trial by Ordeal" you could paint yourself, I suppose.

FENMAN.

Putting the drawing and colouring out of the question, I deliberately answer—yes. In other words, I would write a receipt for the grouping, and explain how the Passions should be distributed. Any man may make his groups into pyramids who has children of all ages, and soldiers of all heights. Pyramidize a body of grenadiers, and I'll say something to you. You may write receipts for half the things in art, and a third of the things in literature. The Trial by Ordeal, however, tells its own story—an easy one, to be sure—so does Leslie's Scene from

Roderick Random, and so does Eastlake's Visit to the Nun. Tell me a fourth that does. Turner's my man.

ALL.

Fenman! Fenman!

FENMAN.

Strange, but true. I can stand before a picture of Turner's, and wonder. I know no single second thing, with the exception of some of the most impressive scenes in nature, the most original efforts in literature, and the most prophetic generalizations of science, that I can say the same for. It is just a fact that mere combinations of colours will give the results in question. I envy and admire the man that reaches it.

EVERARD CLIVE.

Very well. I thought for my own part that the good old fashion of having running horses, &c., painted simply as portraits, instead of having them in groups or fancy pictures, was reviving. The Exhibition rather prepared me for Epsom.

WHISKEY-DRINKER.

Describe it, Clive, you know that I lost the sight of the running horses, and what was worse the society of the fair faces that beamed on you during the day.

EVERARD CLIVE.

From them comes my inspiration. Hear the triumph of the son of Epirus. "*Instat vi patriâ Pyrrhus.*"

THE LAY OF THE DERBY.

The cloudless sun of May shone forth o'er the array,
 Where joyous thousands cluster'd along the course's line,
 And the fairest of the fair with sunny smile beamed there;
 Oh! brighter than the skies above, those eyes appear'd to shine.

The fated hour is near, the gallant steeds appear
 In the lustre of their beauty, in their pride of strength and speed;
 Oh! many a heart beat high, gaz'd many an anxious eye,
 And many a fortune lay upon each bonny, bonny steed.

They part with gentle bound, they have gained the destined ground,
 They are forming into line for the desperate career,
 And hark! a gathering shout from the watching crowd breaks out,
 "They are off! they're at the turn! they are coming, they are here!"

Like the sea bursts o'er the dykes, rushes first Sir Tatton Sykes,
 Close, close, the bold Epirote is thundering on his flank.
 They are here—they rush past—swift, swiftest at the last
 Springs Pyrrhus by the orange to the victor's vanward rank.

"Twenty-two, twenty-two." the conqueror's symbol view,
 The talisman of triumph, or beacon of despair.
 The race is lost and won; the banqueting's begun,
 Fill high the sparkling crystal, and the blithe repast prepare.

Aloft on circling wing the feathered heralds spring,
 O'er many a town and hamlet to waft the winner's fame,
 How Mr. Gully takes as his own the Derby stakes,
 And Pyrrhus is the First in fact as well as name.

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