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THE INNOCENT RAILWAY.

WHILE the railways in general are the scene of so many dreadful accidents, it is pleasant to know there is one which never breaks bones—namely, the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway. A friend of ours calls it *The Innocent Railway*, as being so peculiar for its indestructive character, and also with some reference to the simplicity of its style of management. It is really quite refreshing, after being upon any of the whizzing, whistling, shorting, puffing, and blowing railways, and having one's imagination exasperated by their frantic speed, to get a quiet excursion by the Innocent Railway, where you reach Dalkeith or Musselburgh, five or six miles off, in not much less than an hour, dragged all the way by an honest work-horse. An easy, unpretending business does the Innocent Railway carry on—passenger carriages every two hours, and only a few coal wagons besides, moving along half asleep continually. No racking bustle is there at the St Leonard's station; no hurryscurry at the Fishersrow terminus. You pass through no ticket-stamping office—you pay not at all till seated in the carriage, or perhaps half gone in your journey. It is like what railway business would have been in the vale of Tempe long ago, if railways had then and there existed.

The fact is, that the Innocent Railway dates from the infantine age of its class, having been set agoing some fifteen years ago, when as yet men thought ten miles an hour a very rapid rate of personal transit, and had not given up the ancient idea, that there was some virtue in a horse as a means of locomotion. The primeval arrangements with which it started, it has ever since retained. It is a leisurely, respectable old railway, that would evidently think it a mark of decline in the world to profess a great anxiety for business. It pitched the right tone at first, and there it remains. There is, accordingly, a vast deal of food for amusing observation about the Innocent Railway. I feel a journey along its lines to be much like reading a chapter in Bracebridge Hall.

On arriving at the St Leonard's depôt—about the spot where Scott locates the Deans family—you are at once ushered into a great wooden carriage, where already perhaps two or three young families, under the care of their respective mammas, have taken up their quarters. But probably you prefer an outside seat—for there are outsides on the Innocent Railway—and so you get mounted up in front beside the driver, or else upon a similar seat behind. Your companion is perhaps a farm-servant, or a sailor, or one of those numerous indescribable blue-and-drab men who live about Dalkeith; and have a great deal to say about markets. An open carriage full of fishwomen from Fishersrow is placed judiciously in the rear; and there they sit,

smoking their pipes or counting their money in their tenfold laps—the labours of the day all past—nothing now to be done but to cruise home by the Innocent Railway, 'in maiden meditation fancy-free.' Singly and in groups come up the passengers, country-people—most of them, with a great tendency to cotton umbrellas and bundles, but also a sprinkling of more lady and gentleman-like personages. There being only one set of carriages, with one set of charges, the conductor makes an eye selection of passengers for a certain set of seats, and contrives to gratify most, without offending any. Perhaps, however, an ancient dame with a black cotton shawl, and all hung round with baskets and parcels—her purchases in town—comes up rather late, and clamours for a seat beside some friends who have preceded her.

'Ye canna get in there. Dinna ye see it's filled?'

'On ay; but they'll mak room for me.'

'I tell ye ye maun come in here. Od, ye'll be owre late. There's the bell ringing.'

The carriage accordingly begins to move—the old lady gets into a state of excitement; and crying, 'Aich, sic an unceevil man!' projects herself, with all her appendages, into the compartment indicated, where you hear her grumbling for the next quarter of an hour. But even after a movement has commenced, you can hardly be said to have taken leave of the station. There is always a woman with some children seen running after the carriages, flagrant and sudorific, in a needless fright at the idea of being left behind, and who has to be taken in, juveniles and all, during the pause which is made before descending the tunnel. This reminds me, by the by, to say, that nobody is ever too late for the Innocent Railway. One day we had started from Fishersrow up the inclined plane, when a washerwoman, with a huge burden of clothes upon her back, was seen making after us along the line, occasionally waving a hand, in the hope of its prevailing upon the conductor to stop. We thought the poor woman had no sort of chance of making out her passage; but, wonderful to say, she overtook us, burden and all, at a place where a short pause is made, a mile and a half forward. The Innocent Railway has a great consideration for such of the dilatory as heroically persevere.

The first pause, while the rope is fixing for the tunnel descent, suffices to take in the perspiring female and family. There is a second stoppage—quite leisurely—at the bottom, to detach the rope and yoke the horses to their respective carriages. Off they then go, trotting at a brisk pace past Duddingston Loch; but we have not advanced above a quarter of a mile, when a lady with a parasol and ten handboxes is seen waiting for us at a cross-road; and there is of course a pause to get her taken in. This accomplished, on we go again; but lo, ere we have gone another mile, we have to stop at

another cross-road, to let off a farmer. Once more in motion, we advance rather briskly—that is, at the rate of about eight miles an hour—in order to make up for lost time; but this has not lasted half a mile, when we meet the carriages proceeding to town, and have to stop, in order that the drivers may pass some message in the one or the other direction. Such are the incidents which mark a passage by the Innocent Railway. ‘Hasten slowly’ is its motto.

The prime event, however, of a journey by this railway, is the stop made at a cabin near Brunstain, where the passengers are reckoned, and interchanges take place for different towns, to which there are branch lines. Here half a dozen vehicles will be seen clustered together on the different rails, waiting while a man with book and pen goes through them all, to take the sum of the persons bound in different directions. As there is thus an interval of about five minutes, the conductors are always able to have a little gossip with each other about the topics of the day, and if you have open ears, you will be very apt to hear how Jock’s ‘meare’ hanked yesterday in her bridle, or Tam was fined for being ten minutes too late in getting to the bottom of the tunnel. Very probably, at first stopping, you heard one voice saying—

‘How mony hae ye the day, Willie?’

‘Thirty-nine and a half.’

‘How mony came off?’

‘Six—two Leith, and four Da’keith.’

A pause ensues, during which you may amuse yourself by studying the productive powers of a neighbouring turnip field, or observing the bustle about the door of the passengers’ room. But hark! there is a stamping and kicking, as of horses. Jock’s meare has once more become disaffected. ‘Haud her head! Haud her steeve! Man, ye’re no worth a fardin. Gi’e me the whup. I’ll learn her to gang on that gate.’ Then a stamping worse than ever, mingled with the cracks of the whip, the execrations of men, and the clamours of women from the coach windows. At length peace is restored, and you hear a former dialogue continued—

‘There’s forty, Willi. How could ye say there’s only thirty-nine and a half?’

‘Ye’re blind, man. D’ye no see the callant sitting ahint?’

‘That a callant! He’s as muckle a man as ever he’ll be.’

‘Nae matter. I only got twopence frae him. Canna ye mak haste, man?’

‘Weel, weel—ca’ him a half. Thirty-nine and a half. A’ richt noo.’

‘Gi’e me the book, then.’

At length the business of reckoning and interchanging being over, the carriages are all allowed to go on to their various destinations, leaving the cabin to two hours more of rural quiet. The Musselburgh carriage, upon which we are supposed to be bestowed, is drawn forward about a quarter of a mile, and there another stoppage takes place. We have now reached the top of an inclined plane, of a mile and a half long, down which the carriage is to proceed by its own weight, and at the bottom of which the Musselburgh, or rather Fisherrow, station is situated. There is therefore no longer any need for the horse, and it is accordingly unhooked, and led away by a boy. During the pause, and the first slow movement of the detached carriage, you observe one or two carbonaceous youth from the village of Wanton Wa’s quietly attaching themselves

to the rear, as an unlicensed addition to the passengers—nobody has any fear of accidents on the Innocent Railway. The driver is now a man at ease, and for the first time does he take a snuff. A rustic friend, to whom he imparts the box, asks—

‘Carrying mony eenoo, Willie?’

‘Ay, a gude wheen.’

‘Ye wad hae a few additional on the Edinburgh fast-day last week?’

‘An awfu’ day Thursday. Five thousand!’

‘The yeomanry races, too, will do something for ye.’

‘Yes, the races is aye three thousand gude. We’ll gang every quarter of an hour a’ day.’

‘Ay, and the Da’keith fair ’ll be sune on. Everything helps.’

‘Ou ay. What are they saying o’ the potatoes down bye wi’ you?’

‘Ou, they’re saying they’re no sae bad.’

But agricultural speculation is quickly broken off by the necessity of stopping the carriage at the Stonyhill crossing, in order to let off Sir Charles’s servant with a basket. This being accomplished, a few more minutes bring us into the station at Fisherrow. The passengers land in a place like a farm-yard, where ducks and hens, and a lounging dog, and a cottager’s children, are quietly going about their usual avocations, as if undreaming that they are within fifty miles of such a thing as machinery. And so ends the journey of exactly four miles and three quarters by the Innocent Railway. On consulting your watch, you find it has required exactly forty minutes.

And now, my co-mates, I would ask if a railway of this simple and primitive character be not something infinitely better than your whisking locomotive lines, where you never have leisure to look a moment about you? There cannot, in my opinion, be the shadow of a comparison between the two. By the Innocent Railway, you never feel in the least jeopardy; your journey is one of incident and adventure, you can examine the crops as you go along; you have time to hear the news from your companions; and the by-play of the officials is a source of never-failing amusement. In the very contemplation of the innocence of the railway, you find your heart rejoiced. Only think of a railway having a board at all the stations forbidding the drivers to stop by the way to feed their horses, under a penalty of half-a-crown—the ‘way’ being altogether only a few miles! Just conceive a railway where the carriages have barefooted boys to come off and run on in advance to change the switches! Or imagine any other railway on earth where such a circumstance as the following could take place. During the pause of a Musselburgh up-train at the bottom of the tunnel, a quiet-looking man seated on the back of a carriage, said to a friend, whom he recognised on the front of the next behind, ‘Is the charge for this railway raised lately?’ ‘No.’ ‘Why, I’ve paid sixpence.’ ‘You should only have paid fourpence.’ The inquiring party asked for an explanation of the driver, who came up at the moment. An answer was given in a voice that made the quiet man shrink up into half the space—

‘Didna I tell ye at Fisherrow that I couldna gie ye change till we got up to the town-u-n!’

Or the following incident. A lady proceeding to town, with (as she thought) a basket containing a head-dress for a dinner-party, was alarmed at the Edinburgh station to discover that no basket was anywhere visible. Had it dropped off? Where in the world was it? She made public offer of a shilling for the recovery of the

missing article, when one of the Stentors of the railway was presently heard exclaiming—

'Tin awa doon the tunnel, Jock, and look for the ledly's basket!'

Jock, however, was not successful, for the head-dress was quietly reposing amongst the hens and hairs at the Fisharrow terminus, whence it was duly hauled forward by the next train.

There is only one possible objection to the innocent Railway—the antiquated ratio of speed; but if you have time to wait, this will be felt as no disadvantage, in connection with so many recommending circumstances. Reader, if you ever wish to dispel the blues, or put to route the megrims, and are at what Oliver Cromwell calls some reasonable good leisure, take a forenoon trip by the Innocent Railway!

THE MIDSUMMER MANUSCRIPT.

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

The blessing of our youth be on you, bright days of midsummer, prime of the seasons, noontide of the year! The men of our woods deepen beneath your mantle, and our hills rejoice to the heart of their utmost solitude. There was joy at your coming among the nations of old, for your power and glory mingled with the faith of the elder time. The Celt kindled the beltane fire on his mountain for you welcome, and the men of the far east spread 'the feast of roses' by the lovely lakes of Cashmere. The world has outlived the memories of her former records have been forgotten; gods have come and gone; but the toiling stirring multitude of earth still rejoice as ye gladden the span of their passing existence with the breath of your retaining roses and the bloom of your eternal youth. So thought, or should have thought, the Monsieur de St Leon as he sat one long bright evening of that rosy time, surrounded by the chosen companions of his learned labours, engaged in winding up the work of the season. Monsieur de St Leon was a mighty man in Paris: the title of authors, and the special dras of publishers, hung all upon his pen; his word was law at the Théâtre Francaise, and more than law at the Opera Comique; for Monsieur de St Leon was editor of 'Le Voix de Paris,' a work whose sentences on the volumes of the period were unquestioned as the mace in the dominions of the court. In short, he was the Janin of his day; but he swayed the sceptre of criticism in a more despotic fashion, for the days of his reign were before the Revolution. Well-instructed, highly connected, and blessed with good abilities, Monsieur de St Leon had early devoted himself to literature, and now, in the meridian of life, he was known as one of the most discerning spirits of his age, the associate of *savants* of the first distinction, and grand master of the French reviewers. We shall not stay the current of our tale to say how much friends and fortune had to do with building up the fabric of his fame, but there sat the chief of critics and his band, well pleased with both himself and them; for the last review for the season had been written; the last opera had received its doom, and the latest novel was dismissed with its proper share of well-talented praise and blame. No more was expected at least for some time, for the days of midsummer are not the days of books; and Monsieur de St Leon felicitated himself on the promised pleasure of a trip to the south, to meet the Summer amid her laden olive, and leave the crowds of Paris and the cares of criticism to less fortunate hands, till the light of her presence was passed.

Their work was done, but still his colleagues sat on Monsieur's elegant bureau, for they had much to talk of. Most of them were amateur assistants of St Leon: some were young and ardent, some were old and prudent, and some had grown cold and cautious before the time; but were distinguished in the world of letters, and many in the world of fashion too; but among them there was only one female face, and that belonged to Senore, the orphan niece of Monsieur de St Leon. Her uncle ima-

gined there was a marked resemblance between himself and Voltaire, because he was a bachelor, and intended to publish something original; so, by way of completing the picture, he had taken Senore to manage his domestic concerns, admire his own genius, and be in all respects a second Madame Denis. Little likeness had poor Senore to that immortalised dame; the girl was portionless, and but seventeen, a small bright-haired brunette, with a face whose expression of subdued intelligence told of long subservience to another's will, and time not spent for herself; but the sunshine of the heart played over it at times, for the light of the clear black eye had not yet grown dim and dreamy, as in the winter of years.

Projects for the future, *bons-mots* at the expense of their contemporaries, and literary gossip of all sorts, filled the bureau, when St Leon's valet opened the door, and announced, with rather a conical expression of countenance, that there was a stranger below who wished to see monsieur on very particular business. 'Show him up,' said St Leon, to whom the mention of business was at that moment anything but agreeable; and he added, in no very good-humoured tone, 'What can the fellow want that he comes at such an hour as this?' The words were scarcely spoken when his servant returned, ushering in a young man of dark pale face and low stature, rendered almost dwarfish by a habitual stoop. His dress was poverty-stricken, and made in the fashion of the provinces; his manner awkward and hesitating, like one not sure of his errand. In his hand he held a small, bad-looking manuscript, which with a awkward bow, and a few half-articulate words, he presented to Monsieur de St Leon. It was accompanied by a note from the manager of the Theatre Francaise, stating that it contained a tragedy written by the bearer, which the manager would purchase if Monsieur de St Leon approved of it, and earnestly requesting that, whether favourable or not, his opinion should be given without delay.

St Leon had been hard at work for the last three weeks, and that evening was to him like the Jew's preparation for his Sabbath, and to be obliged to read over a new play, was a task he had not expected; but felt it just then inexpedient to refuse the manager's request, and therefore consented, with little grace, and less good temper. If there was one thing in this world which St Leon delighted to criticise more than another, it was the work of a poet, for monsieur had worked the muse on his own account; and with a few cold and hurried questions to the stranger touching his name, profession, and birthplace, which were as coldly answered—for the youth had got time to collect himself, and said his name was Joseph Fauquet, his birthplace a village in Auvergne, and profession he had none at present—the great reviewer glanced once more at his shabby appearance, and proceeded to read the manuscript.

Monsieur went to work, determined not to be pleased; and many and marvelous were the faults he found in that unlucky tragedy. The plot was bad; the story was deficient in interest; the characters were unnatural; the poetry defective; and, in short, there was no possible error of style or composition into which it had not fallen, in the estimation of monsieur; and he despatched on the said error, with an eloquence highly satisfactory to his own spleen, and edifying to his friends, who seemed to concur in his opinion; for those who did not join in the censure, remained entirely silent. Among the latter was Senore; but there was deep interest in her young face and slight figure, bent forward with eagerness to catch the sound; and her eye would often kindle with pleasure and admiration at passages which her uncle unhesitatingly condemned. Fauquet sat also silent; at first, indeed, his gaze was riveted on St Leon with such intense anxiety, as it was painful to witness; but as the critic went on, his countenance gradually settled to a cold and almost stony calmness, except when he caught the eye of Senore, and then his glance would brighten with a fire that seemed from the altar of Hope.

The piece was called 'La Reine Blanche;' its subject was a story of the old romantic times, and there was poetry in it; for, as St Leon reached the climax, Senore started to her feet, exclaiming, 'Oh, uncle, is not that splendid!'

'Nonsense, child,' said St Leon; 'it wants originality.' But before he could utter another word, Fauquet bounded from his seat, snatched the manuscript from his hand, and casting on Senore one look of wild but unfathomable gratitude, darted down stairs, and rushed into the street.

'There's assurance for you,' said the critic, as soon as he could speak from the effects of surprise and anger; 'some runaway apprentice no doubt, or turned-off servant, who has mistaken his sphere, and presumed to write plays; but he has got a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life.' And with this gentle conclusion Monsieur De St Leon dismissed the subject from his mind.

• It was in the summer of 1786 that the scene we have just related took place; but there came after summers, which ripened the bloody vintage growing through ages of unchecked oppression for the crown and the coronets of France; and the name that swept from their bases both throne and altar, shipwrecked the fame and fortunes of Monsieur de St Leon. The storm had dispersed his friends, and some it had turned into enemies; and 'Le Voix de Paris,' the sword of his power and the stronghold of his glory, perished, unwept and unlamented, amid the clash of contending interests and the fall of the old institutions. His family were among the first on the lists of republican proscription. Most of them died in exile, and some in poverty; and he had wandered from land to land, with no means of life but his literary profession, which he practised with more or less success in every city of Europe. But years had passed over him, and St Leon had grown old, and alone; for poor Senore, who had long been the faithful companion of his wanderings, at length agreed to the proposal of an eminent German publisher, to become Madame Wessendorf. The match was a good one, but the girl had hesitated long, as if there was some old love that rose up in her memory. But at length the declarations of her uncle, 'that she had no fortune, and must be provided for,' and Wessendorf's handsome settlement, prevailed. She had been married five years, and now resided in Paris; there also St Leon arrived in the summer of 184-. He had three good and sufficient reasons for his coming: the first was, to see Senore; the second, to recover a small property lost in the Revolution; and the third, to fulfil the darling design of his life—the publication of an original volume, which he hoped would revive his former fame in the memory of the Parisians. He had collected its materials for years: many a sleepless night and troubled day it had cost him. Through the terrors of the Revolution, and the privations of his exile, he had kept it, like Caesar's Commentaries, held above the wave, even at the risk of drowning. His dream was the same, but he found the city changed. A new generation of writers and critics had arisen, who thought and spoke not like the men of his youth: for these were the days of the Empire. The intended volume was a philosophic work, which St Leon designed to be splendidly illustrated, and published by subscription; but he had now no friends in the capital; and when he explained the plan to his German nephew, that skilful trader in taste and genius shook his head solemnly, and assured him that his only hope of success lay in an immediate application to Monsieur Marzette, whose name at the head of his subscription list would be a sufficient recommendation to all the savants in Paris.

'Marzette?' said St Leon, for the name had reached him in many a far city as that of a rising star in the new system of things.

'Yes,' said Wessendorf, 'Monsieur Marzette, who is known as far as the tricolour streams as the first of

our living authors, and the most accomplished critic in France. He is now a member of the French Academy, and will likely soon be a peer of the empire; for the emperor, though more partial to the genius of the sword than the pen, it is said, has expressed a high opinion of him; and Madame La Mere, Cambaceres, and all the people of influence, are his friends; but he is very amiable,' continued Wessendorf, 'and receives everybody. All Paris crowd to his hotel on the reception nights; to-morrow is one of them; and as I have the honour of knowing him, and am going to introduce madame, I think I might manage to do the same for you.'

Next evening found Monsieur de St Leon, with his niece Senore and her German husband, entering a splendid hotel of the Place de Luxembourg, in which was the residence of Monsieur Marzette. All Paris seemed indeed there: the street was crowded with brilliant equipages; and crowds of fashionables poured in, till the scene reminded Senore and her uncle of the last great ball they had attended in this very house, when it was occupied by the Count de Marigny, two months before the taking of the Bastille. With some difficulty they got through the crowded house to the principal saloon, in which the great man sat. That room was no less gay and magnificent than when St Leon and his niece last stood within it; but the years that intervened had done their work on them. St Leon was an old and a worn-out man, and Senore had grown a large and handsome matron, with a brow that told of many trials, and hair which the winters of life had touched early with their snows; but Wessendorf presented them to a small dark-complexioned man of graceful bearing, and somewhat stern, but strikingly fine countenance, dressed with a taste which spared no expense—and that was Monsieur Marzette. He saluted Madame Wessendorf with cordial and habitual politeness, but St Leon thought he looked long and earnestly upon her; and when his own name was pronounced, a strange expression, like that of great pain, passed quickly over his face; but he recovered himself in a moment, and saluted him with great frankness and affability, professing to have heard of his well-merited celebrity, and even made room for him beside himself. St Leon's heart was gratified; for seeing the principal person pay him so much attention, all the rest of the company followed his example, and the old man felt as if the far-past days of his glory were returning once more. But he did not forget to turn so good an opportunity to the advantage of his long-projected volume, and soon found means to introduce the subject, and enter into all its details. Monsieur Marzette listened most graciously; and when St Leon wound up his discourse by requesting the aid of his influence and name, he said, in an under tone, 'Most willingly, my dear monsieur; but will you have the goodness to remain till the company have retired, for I wish to speak with you in private?'

St Leon of course assented; but all that evening he puzzled himself in vain to guess what Marzette could have to say to him of such secrecy; and Marzette himself, though courteous and friendly to all, and especially to him, seemed strangely absent at times; and his looks often wandered, as if unconsciously, towards Madame Wessendorf. Never had St Leon looked so earnestly for the close of a soirée; but it came at last, to his great relief. The company began to depart; and when the greater part of his guests were gone, Marzette requested his presence in the library. It was a large and noble apartment; and the two sat there alone, opposite to each other, and silent for some minutes. At length Marzette, fixing his eyes upon St Leon's face with a sad and a searching look, said, 'Monsieur St Leon, do you remember the 20th of June 1786?'

St Leon mused a moment, but in all the dusty archives of his memory there was no record of the day, and he answered, 'Indeed, monsieur, I cannot say that I recollect anything particular of the date you have mentioned.'

'Well,' said Marzette, 'do you not remember one, with mean attire and awkward manners, who came on that day to ask your opinion of a production on which his hope may, almost his life depended? for oh, St Leon, he was young and poor—and I am Joseph Fauquet!'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, it could not have had a more startling effect on St Leon than this announcement produced. He sat rivetted, to his chair, as the whole scene thus recalled passed rapidly before his mental vision; but awkward as his own position now was, all thoughts of the kind were lost in amazement at the transformation wrought by eighteen years.

'Do you remember it now, monsieur?' said Marzette; but his tone was still calm and sad.

'I do,' said St Leon—who was too much a man of the world not to see the ground on which he stood, when the first shock of his astonishment was over—I do; and though I cannot believe you to be the same person, of course I do not now expect your patronage; and he rose with all the composure he could command.

'Stay, monsieur, stay,' said Marzette, grasping his hand; 'my name, my influence, and all in my power, are at your service. I had wild thoughts of anger and revenge, which haunted me for years; but I have lived to learn better. And after all, though the lesson was hard, you did me no wrong. But stay, and tell me why you cannot believe that I am indeed the same.'

Monsieur de St Leon would have preferred almost any other place to that where he now was, but curiosity and interest both forbade his going, and he resumed his seat, saying, though scarcely conscious of what he said, 'Beane it is impossible to identify a member of the French Academy with one who seemed so poor in mind as well as in purse.'

'Such is the world's wisdom,' said Marzette earnestly. 'Pop and philosopher, peasant and politician, none can see farther than the mere external trappings or accidental position. Man, there was wealth in my early poverty which I can never own again—the full fountain of youth's unfrozen affections, the strength of an unwasted and a then unwaried hope, and the faith in this world's good—which has past from me for ever. Tell me, what value do you place on these? Listen: I was one of many in a peasant's family, dwelling in a mountain village of Auvergne; my parents knew no other means of life or its comforts than that produced by the labour of their hands; their other children were strong and rosy, fitted to prosper in their narrow sphere, and they were proud of them; but I had been weak and sickly from my childhood, and they had neither love nor hope to waste on one so worthless.'

'Surely, then, they were not your parents,' said St Leon, 'for parents love their children under all misfortunes.'

'Believe it not—believe it not,' cried Marzette; 'human affections are swayed by human pride or interest, from the palace to the hut. They love the son who will be the heir of their fortunes, or the daughter whose beauty will insure a brilliant alliance; but those who have not such claims can expect only toleration, and it was so with me. The voice of one hearth finds its echo in all others. My neighbours looked upon me with the eyes of my kindred. It might have been that the iron which entered into my soul so early, had left its rust behind; but no one loved me in the place where I was born. I need not say how far my spirit wandered from the beaten path in search of the healing waters, which it found not there; nor know I whether it was loneliness of heart, or what men have called genius, that turned my steps to the boundless fields of thought; but a thirst for the old forbidden tree came early on me, and as years increased, I grew weary of my peasant lot, and left my native village with nothing to grieve for, and none to lament me. I have never seen it since. The graves of my parents are green, and my kindred have forgotten me; for my fame is linked with a name they never knew; but my dreams go back at times to the shadow of the old vine, and the light of autumn's sun-

set shed upon our hills. I went forth into the world alone, and scarcely knowing a step of the way; but I had many hopes, and many schemes that were bright in their vagueness, and I trusted to time and my own energies for success. You may guess the circumstances, under which I came to you, when experience had partially schooled me. That was my first attempt, and it may be that it deserved your censure; but oh! monsieur, had you remembered then that the great gulf fixed between us was but the work of fortune, and given me but one word of friendly advice and encouragement, how precious should its memory have been to my after-years! I have made my own way, and learned darker lessons since then—as who has not that ever climbed ambition's precipice with their feet on the narrow ledge, and their hold on jagged rocks or thorns? But there is still a higher ledge to be gained, and they cling and struggle upwards, though sorely pierced and torn: but, monsieur,' said Marzette, and his look grew far more earnest, 'there was a girl who sat with you that evening. I know not her name, but they said she was your niece.'

'Oh, my niece Senore,' said St Leon, glad to seize any opportunity of changing the subject.

'Yes, monsieur; and what of her now?'

'Oh, she is well, and well married.'

'She's what?' almost screamed Marzette.

'She is married, monsieur,' said St Leon, involuntarily glancing towards the door, for the man's eyes were wild. 'This night her husband presented her to you. She is Madame Wessendorf.'

'Good night, good night, monsieur,' said Marzette, growing strangely and suddenly calm. 'Command my services when you please, but speak nothing of this interview, for it would serve neither you nor me.'

'What a fortune my poor Senore has missed,' said St Leon to himself, as he accompanied his niece and her German husband home.

Madame Wessendorf never visited that hotel again, and was the only person in Paris who did not speak of Monsieur Marzette. His stay in the French capital was not long; for six months after St Leon's arrival, he disposed of his effects, and emigrated to America, leaving nothing but his fame behind him. His after-progress we cannot trace; but before his departure, St Leon's property was recovered, and his volume published. It has died since, like many of its kindred. Its learned author lived and died a *savant*; but he never saw an ill-dressed stranger, particularly with papers in his hand, without looking kindly upon him—it was said in memory of the Midsummer Manuscript.

'SIX MONTHS AT GRAEFENBERG.'

This is a somewhat curious production,* purporting to be an account of a water-cure performed by the celebrated Priessnitz, and we bring it under the notice of our readers, in order that they may know something of this modern heresy in therapeutics. The author, Mr. H. C. Wright, a devout believer in the water-cure, is, we presume, a citizen of the United States, where, as well as in England and Scotland, he has spent twelve years in making addresses to the public, for the promotion of Sunday Schools, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, and Peace; from which we may understand that he is an enthusiast in carrying out to a practical issue the theories and opinions which he adopts. Besides lecturing on the above topics, Mr Wright tells us that for fifteen years he had drunk nothing but cold water; no alcoholic liquors, fermented or distilled, no tea, no chocolate, no warm drink of any kind, had passed his lips during that time; neither had he indulged in tobacco in any form. He had further been exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, from 100 degrees above, to 10 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), by night and by day, by land and by sea. For the sake of invigoration,

* In one volume. London: Charles Gilpin. 1845.

he accustomed himself to bathe and wash himself in cold water every morning. Notwithstanding all these precautions, his labours affected his lungs, and for three years he took great care of himself, by using flannel next the skin, fur or wool mufflers round the neck, besides otherwise averting the effects of cold. All would not do; medical advisers said his lungs were ulcerated; he had a dry and painful cough; and, in short, he was in a very bad way. Thus knocked up in health, he betinks himself of proceeding to Graefenberg, in Silesia, there to put himself under the cure of Priessnitz, the originator and head of the water-cure system.

He arrived at Graefenberg on the 9th of January 1844, along with two companions, and, as the main building was full, he got an apartment in a neighbouring house. 'We were,' says he, 'to pay three and a-half florins, or seven shillings British, per week, for the use of the room, and for firewood, until the 1st of March; at which season the increased demand for lodgings, occasioned by the greater influx of guests, generally raises the rent of the lodgings. Our room was furnished with a tile stove, which was of course a fixture; three deal bedsteads, which were simply ok-long boxes on legs, without hangings above or below; a sofa covered with leather; a small mirror; a clumsy washing apparatus of coarse earthenware; with tables, chairs, and chests of drawers made of unpainted deal. The furniture in all the lodging-houses is of the very simplest construction. We engaged a badediener, or bath-man, to take care of our room, make our fire, and attend us in our baths, for one florin or two shillings each per week. We then hired our beds and bedding by the week, purchased blankets, sheets, and bandages, and bespoke our board in the saloon, or great dining-hall in Priessnitz's establishment, for which we were each to pay nine shillings per week.

As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the saloon, which is the great centre of reunion, gossip, and social intercourse for the cure-guests, I may as well describe it here. The saloon is a large and lofty room, about one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It is plainly coiled, and the walls are whitewashed. In the centre of the west end is the entrance-door, over which is the orchestra for the musical performers at the dinners on Sunday, and at the entertainments occasionally given by the guests. The east end opposite to the entrance is furnished with a portrait of the emperor, and is lighted by four windows in two rows, one above the other. There are also two rows of eight windows each on the south, and two rows of four windows each on the north side. The end of the saloon next the door is occupied with rows of plain deal tables, extending about half way down the length of the room, at which the guests take their meals. These can be laid out to accommodate three hundred guests; but the greatest number who sat down together during my stay did not exceed two hundred. Priessnitz presides at the first of these tables, and it is here that he is generally consulted by such of his patients as board in the saloon. The lower end of the room below the tables is surrounded by sofas, and furnished with several large mirrors, and with a piano. The vacant space between the sofas and the ends of the tables, as well as the space between and around the tables, is used as a lounge and promenade. The saloon is hung round with the flags of fifteen different nations, which have sent patients to Graefenberg. Nowhere will you find a greater variety of character within a small space, than in the saloon at Graefenberg. Attracted thither in search of health from all parts of Christendom, upwards of one hundred individuals sit down to table daily, and the diversity of language, costume, complexion, and manners, may be imagined. Materials for romance, and subjects of absorbing interest to the observer of human nature, lie thickly around you in this little republic—this pure democracy in the midst of a pure despotism. The patients looked so healthy, and ate so heartily, that our first impression was, that

there must be some mistake, and that these persons could not be on the sick list. We supped amongst them on the evening of our arrival, and made our arrangements to have an interview with Priessnitz on the following day.

Priessnitz having examined him, and given directions to his badediener, or attendant, how he should be treated, the process of cure commenced. It was on the 12th of January, when the thermometer was nearly at zero, that the first movement was made. 'All my flannels were laid aside; my silk, cotton, worsted, and fur mufflers were thrown off. I was ordered two leintuchs (wet sheets) daily, one at five in the morning, the other at five in the evening, with a cold bath after each. At first, for about a week, I took the abgesecktebad (tepid shallow bath) instead of the cold bath, after the leintuch. At eleven A. M. I had a sitzbath (sitting bath) for fifteen minutes. I wore the umschlag (a damp bandage covered by a dry one) round my body, and changed it four times a day. Every morning before breakfast, be the weather ever so inclement, I walked far, six, or sometimes eight miles, and drank six or eight tumblers of cold water. I also took a walk after the sitzbath and evening leintuch, to excite reaction. This treatment lasted for three months. I afterwards took the douche or waterfall bath once a day, and instead of the evening leintuch and cold bath, two abreibungs (wet-sheet baths) at intervals of an hour.'

This perpetual wrapping in wet sheets, rubbing, plunging into ice-cold baths, and exposure in all weathers, was trying, and sometimes painful; the very thoughts of the cold-plunge bath, when lying in bed in the morning, being horror; but the effects were not of the deadly kind which might have been anticipated. 'From the first,' continues our author, 'I found the cure exceedingly stimulating. The various external and internal applications of cold water, the out-door exercise and pure air, which in my walks I allowed to circulate about my neck, throat, and chest as much as possible, had, during the first three months, a most invigorating effect. A rash appeared upon my neck, chest, and shoulders, and around my body under the umschlag, and was rather annoying, from the burning and itching which it occasioned. My cough ceased; I had a voracious appetite; I found that my breathing grew deeper, stronger, and easier, and that I could climb the mountains more rapidly, and with less panting.'

But a painful change was at hand. About the first of April all my joints, and especially my knees, began to grow stiff, sore, and weak; walking became painful; and after sitting a few moments, I found it difficult to straighten my knees. I became gloomy and disheartened, but was assured by those about me that these were favourable symptoms, being evidences that the cure was taking effect. The whole surface of my body, even my hands and face, became very sensitive to the touch of cold water. It seemed as if my nerves were laid bare. I had a perfect horror of cold water—a kind of hydrophobia. As the spring advanced, and the weather grew milder, but damper, the cure became more intolerable. I found the damp weather of April and May far worse than the cold of January and February. I became afflicted with acute and throbbing pain in my teeth, jaws, and face, for which I was directed to rub the back of my head, and my neck and face, with my hands, wet in cold water. I was also ordered to rub my knees frequently in the same way. This was the crisis; and for some weeks I was as miserable as the most enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure could desire. Indeed I was often congratulated on my misery, which was regarded as the prelude to a speedy cure. At the close of April I had boils on my arms, hands, fingers, and chin, and nearly all over my body. They suppurated and discharged; and during the month of May they healed; and none have since appeared. And so the cure was completed. While it was going on, nothing surprised me more than the perfect safety with which I

cast away my comfortable warm flannels and mufflers. A terrible cold upon my lungs, and an increase of cough, were the least that I expected; but I was agreeably disappointed. In my walks, for three months, I had no hat or cap on my head, no handkerchief around my neck, not even my shirt collar buttoned. My clothes have often been completely drenched with snow and rain, and my hair filled with snow; but I have not had the slightest cold upon my lungs, nor any which a leintuch or one night's rest has not cured. My only remedy has been to take an abridging, and put on dry clothes, on returning to my room to take off my wet clothes. This simple process has not only saved me from taking cold, but also from the effects of over-exertion. . . . I went to Graefenberg resolved to submit implicitly to Priessnitz's directions. I did so, and was restored to health. I am certain that my long abstinence from all alcoholic and warm drinks, and my disuse of tobacco in all its modes, and of medical drugs, have been powerful aids to my recovery. If any one will make cold water his only beverage, and abstain entirely from the use of medicine, he will find the water-cure sufficient to cure any disease that may assail him; if it be not absolutely incurable, and if he be determined to persevere in whatever process may be requisite for his recovery. But whoever expects to find health by the water-cure while wrapped up in flannels, and lounging in easy chairs and on sofas, in a warm, air-tight room, without personal exertion and activity, will certainly be disappointed; for persevering exercise in the pure fresh air is an essential element of the cure.

We have thus let our enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure tell his own story, excluding only the details of the different steps in the process, for which we must refer to the work itself. It appears to us that the success of such remedies is in a great measure traceable to what ordinary medical men too frequently neglect—attention to air, exercise, amusement, and diet; or, more properly, the development of the natural powers and functions of the system, some of which, in the ordinary circumstances of an artificial existence, are dormant, or almost extinguished. Why, in therapeutics, there should be so little insisted on in the way of general re-invigoration, by recalling nature to her post, and so much done by the artificial stimulus of medicines, is more than we can understand, unless it be that the duty of prescribing and charging for drugs is a much more easy one than that of studying a man's whole constitution, and giving him rules for keeping it in health. Perhaps, however, the medical profession is not alone to blame. In England and the United States there is a fanatical love of medicines, and men often resort to them as an off-hand mode of cure, having, or thinking they have, no time for more deliberate, though more natural and effectual measures.

Priessnitz, whose proceedings are so much at variance with those of the medical world, is not a physician, neither is he an educated man, and we are informed he is seldom seen with a book in his hand. He writes no prescriptions; all his directions are verbal, and given to the attendants in whose hands he places his patients. Priessnitz, in fact, is nothing more than a German peasant or small farmer; a man with much shrewdness, who studies nature only, and probably never read a book on medicine in his life. Visited by hosts of people, many doubtless with imaginary complaints, and others labouring under the effects of intemperance, late hours, and other excesses of various kinds, he seems to set about restoring the abnormal pith of the constitution by some simple modes of treatment. How far the application of water, internal or external, has a direct curative effect, we cannot pretend to say; but we entertain no doubt that many would recover at home, without water in any extraordinary style of application, if they would refrain from certain indulgences, put away cankering cares, and take plenty of exercise in the open air daily.

In the establishment of Graefenberg there appears

to be a studied absence of comfort. Much of the time of the patients is occupied in walking among the hills, drinking water at every spring they pass, and also in hard out-door labour. Sawing wood appears to be one of the occupations most generally admired and followed; many work in the fields; and others, ladies as well as gentlemen, may be seen carrying grass on their backs to the cows. In the evenings, after an early supper, all enjoy themselves with in-door amusements, among which dancing to a band of music is the principal. Ladies who in the morning were working with bare heads and arms in the fields, are now dressed in white gowns, kid gloves, and satin slippers, and going through the mazures of the dance with counts, barons, and captains. In winter, when field-labour is at a stand, sledging is a common recreation; and when tired with this gleesome and rough sport, there are always billiards and other games. Concerts are occasionally given in the saloon by some of the guests, at which they sing, play on the piano and violin, and sometimes read extracts from English, German, French, and Italian authors.

Labour, exercise, and amusement, are thus parts of the cure; and one would almost be inclined to think that a considerable degree of petty discomfort was also indispensable. The buildings are homely, and the accommodations to the last degree mean. There are no bedchambers for the servants. The bacheliers, both male and female, sleep on the floor in the passages, on straw or in blankets, as the case may be. In going to the baths, both men and women must descend the same public stairs, and thread the same public passages, enveloped in sheets and blankets. One can hardly pass through the establishment at certain times of the day, without meeting guests of all conditions, ages, and sexes, going to or from the baths in this strange attire. The cow-houses and stabling belonging to Priessnitz being under the same roof with the saloon, the offensive exhalations from them are a continual source of annoyance and disgust when the doors of these offices are open, which is frequently the case. Indeed nothing can exceed the discomfort of the whole arrangement, as Englishmen count comfort. Then the work inside is all of the plainest and rudest kind; no painting, no papering, no carpets, no English snuggeries whatever.

The presiding genius of this half-cow-house half-dwelling-house, seems by no means underpaid for his services. 'I should suppose,' continues our author, 'that his income, from the weekly rent of his rooms in that part of those houses in Graefenberg which belong to him, amounts to about £1,500 per annum. Then there are at least one hundred guests boarding in the saloon the year round, at four florins thirty-eight kreutzers each, or rather more than nine shillings per week. It is said that the thirty-eight kreutzers are expended in keeping the walks and fountains in order, and that Priessnitz receives the remaining four florins, which, for one hundred guests, comes to something more than £2,000 per annum. This, added to the receipts for lodgings, amounts to £3,500. Then we must add four shillings per week as his fee from each guest, which, at an average of 500 guests, amounts to £200 [in reality £100] per week, or £10,000 [£5,000] per annum, and forms a grand total of £12,500 [£8,500] per annum. So that, allowing for the expenses of the establishment, Priessnitz cannot have less than £800 [possibly £350] of clear annual income.'

Our author protests against the assumption that Priessnitz is a charlatan—merely operating for the sake of gain. He describes him as invariably commanding the respect, and winning the affections, of his patients. The Austrian government, however, views his establishment with great jealousy, and would willingly seize on any excuse for putting him down. A register is kept by the police of all the patients who are and have been under Priessnitz's care, recording their names, the places from which they come, and the number of deaths.

Mr Wright was informed that about 10,000 individuals had taken the water-cure at Graefenberg since the opening of the establishment, and that only twenty had died. 'What medical doctor,' he adds 'could point to so small a number of deaths in proportion to the extent of his practice?' If this statement really be consistent with facts (and we do not see any reason to doubt it), the system of Priessnitz ought certainly to engage the careful consideration of the medical profession, with a view to testing its merits.

We take leave of Mr Wright, with thanks for the amusement we have had in perusing his volume, much of which, including some of the doctrines he propounds on general subjects, we do not agree with, but we give him credit for sincerity, and for that still more rare quality in the present age, an honesty in announcing his convictions.

OLIVER CROMWELL VINDICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THERE was lately in the London newspapers much controversy touching the propriety of permitting the statue of Cromwell to have a place among the rulers of Britain in the new parliament houses. To many, it seemed that a regicide among kings would not only present an anomalous appearance, but be of bad example; others, disposed to give up the political point, were nevertheless among the objectors, on account of the doubtful character of the individual. In the two bulky volumes now before us, Mr Carlyle presents the documentary evidence upon which a more favourable estimate than usual of the character of Oliver Cromwell is founded. There is perhaps no thinking mind that has not, allowing for the circumstances of the case, often suspected great partiality in the usual historical delineations. Such is the natural horror of regicide, that it was not to be wondered at if a lurid glare were thrown over the portrait of the man and the picture of the events in which he was the principal figure; but still, it was to be expected that there was some basis of truth in the general statements; that they were, at worst, but exaggerations, from which, when due abatements were made, we might get at something near the exact likeness. If, however, we are to adopt Mr Carlyle's account, there is not a single line of the accepted historical narratives that is deserving of the least credit; the whole of them must be negated and repudiated, so that room may be made for one diametrically opposite in all its details, however similar in the mere outline—wholly different in whatever is of essential and vital importance, and as contrary, alike in both minute and large particulars, thereto as a truth is to a lie. Never, therefore, were mankind (and such is the importance of the question involved, that the appeal it includes applies to the race) called upon to an investigation of the historical kind more suggestive, more full of weight and weighty consequence, than that now demanded by Mr Carlyle.

Any popular history will help us to the general impression acknowledged of Cromwell's character. Born of a good family, but early given to dissipation; afterwards pretending religion, and acting the hypocrite with such consummate skill as to deceive the most truly pious; suffering his affairs to fall into ruin 'by the length of his prayers and the general abstraction of his manner;' urged by want to rebellion, fanaticism, and ambition; indebted to accident and intrigue for his success, he thenceforward contrived to build up his fortunes

on his country's ruin—waded through blood to the supreme power, being deterred by no crime from the prosecution of his own wilful designs—suffered at the end of his career the agonies of remorse; and though, in his domestic relations after his marriage, altogether exemplary, yet leaving to posterity no better reputation than that of a character which (to give it in the language of the school-books) 'was a compound of all the vices and all the virtues that spring from inordinate ambition and wild fanaticism:—' such is the man as painted to our imaginations, in the customary authorities, from Lord Clarendon's history downwards, whether of more or less pretension. The biographies of Cromwell that exist, Mr Carlyle tells us, are despicable. 'Criticism,' he adds, 'of these poor books cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in stupidity all the celebrations any hero ever had in this world before. They are, in fact, worthy of oblivion—of charitable Christian burial.' Perhaps there are few who can compete with Mr Carlyle in this judgment, since he professes to have examined all the original biographies enumerated by Mark Noble for his own compilation—and more also. Of James Heath he speaks with the utmost contempt, calling him 'Carrion' Heath, as being one 'who in fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion, and not Humanity.' For our part, we cannot help thinking that such a style of writing is prejudicial to the end in view, and, but that these volumes are documentary, and not inductive, would go far to destroy the author's credit with the reader. But such faults, grave as they are, fortunately cannot interfere with a book of documentary evidence; and we are bound to add, that never did editor exhibit more pains and sincerity in so editing his documents that the reader should properly understand both them and their relations beyond the possibility of a mistake. Such an editor was especially needed on this occasion, and it is but fair to say that Mr Carlyle has fulfilled every requisition.

The letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell had indeed been previously edited, but in such a manner as to be worse than useless; because misrepresenting the writer and speaker as one manifestly ignorant and inept; exciting, indeed, the wonder of the merely cursory student, that an individual so incapable of expression should have persuaded parliaments, conciliated authors of supreme genius, and men of unquestionable intelligence, and so swayed the destinies of a great nation as to command general admiration. The plan adopted by Mr Carlyle has removed all the impediments that stood in the way of their intelligibility. He has corrected the old spelling and punctuation, divided them into sentences and paragraphs, indicated the reticencies and deficiencies of incompetent reporters, with such idiosyncrasies in the character of the orator, or the passion of the moment, as would lead to incomplete utterance (that is, incomplete to the reader *now*, though complete enough to the hearer *then*), and added such comments, explanations, and elucidations, as clear up every point that can at all be cleared, and so left the smallest possible amount of obscurity remaining. The result has been, that, though much in these volumes may be obsolete, and beyond the range of modern sympathies, there is scarcely anything but may, with a little patience and earnestness, be brought home and appreciated by the humblest student deserving the name. We are even inclined to give a much higher character to both the letters and speeches of the Protector than Mr Carlyle himself. His account of the former we sub-join:—

'I called these letters good, but withal only good of

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, Strand. 1845.

* This quotation is taken from Dr Mavor's 'History of England,' as presenting a sort of neutral popular statement, in which, moreover, youths are generally educated at school.

their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone; but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality can be dispensed with, is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step, he presses through towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous; forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence, and soul of a man, greater than any speech. The intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small intelligence. He that works and *does* some poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour, and belief, without words—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!

We now proceed to give such a representation of Oliver Cromwell's conduct and character as Mr Carlyle has furnished the materials for in his present important publication.

Oliver Cromwell, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St John's parish there, on the 25th of April 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month, as the old parish registers of that church still legibly testify.

His father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary farmer of the cathedral tithes and church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to one "William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne, in Cambridgeshire," had lasted but a year; husband and only child are buried in Ely cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589. The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given, but seems to have been in 1591. Our Oliver was their fifth child, their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all, of whom seven came to maturity; and Oliver was their only son.

The mother of Oliver Cromwell is said to have been descended from the royal Stuart family of Scotland.

The house where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon; but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the town, beyond the market-place, on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled courtyard, occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse, which is not far off, still flows through the courtyard of the place, offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that before Robert Cromwell's time it had been employed as

a brewery; but of this, or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration, and confusion, little or no certainty to be had.

As to the events of Oliver Cromwell's boyhood, alleged by Heat and subsequent biographers—such as his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, his seeing prophetic spectres, robbing orchards, tyrannising over his schoolfellows, acting in school-plays, and such like, Mr Carlyle considers them one and all as stupid inventions. He was, however, educated at the public school of Huntingdon, by Dr Beard, and lived from his infancy under religious influences; to which Mr Carlyle fairly enough adds those proceeding from the public events of the time, such as the Hampton-Court Conference, the Gunpowder Plot, and the general struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism, which of course was then the chief topic of discourse, as it still is of the history of Europe during that period. These are the things which account for the growth of private opinion and principle, though this mode of putting the case is not much adopted by biographers in general. It, however, told with good effect in the 'Life of Savanorola and his Times,' published a year or two ago, and is adopted with similar results in Mr Carlyle's introductory chapters. On the 23d April 1616 (the very day on which Shakspeare died), young Oliver was entered of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge; his tutor being one Richard Howlet. At the age of eighteen he was left heir to his father's property, and in charge of his father's family, and, it would seem, consequently left Cambridge; thus early exchanging his speculative studies for practical duties. To these it would appear that he specially attached himself, for the tradition that he was soon after entered of Lincoln's, or any other inn of court, turns out, upon investigation, to be unfounded. He might indeed have studied law a while at the private chambers of some practitioner; but of this, and the kind of life he is supposed to have lived while in town, there is no proof whatever. The supposition is mere calumny, without any foundation at all. At no period of his life, then, was Cromwell a wild liver; and at this particular period he seems to have behaved himself so well, as to have been admitted on visiting terms at Sir James Boucher's, whose daughter Elizabeth he married 22d August 1620, when he was no more than twenty-one years and four months old. Secured by an early marriage against temptation, he then returned to the home which was both his widowed mother's and his own at Huntingdon, and there applied himself to the business of his farm, labouring for ten years assiduously and honestly, not omitting such civic, industrial, and social duties as his father before him had undertaken.

"In those years it must be," continues Mr Carlyle, "that Dr Simecott, physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick; unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight." Mr Cromwell for many years was very "splenic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross." Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson, too, had hypochondrias: all great souls are apt to have—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague abyss of life knit itself up into firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself, and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of sympathy he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness." The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black

smoke, as of Tophet, filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become flame, and brilliancy of heaven. Courage!

'It is therefore in these years, undated by history, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unweakenable joy, would name his conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of eternal death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man; properly the one epoch—the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join with the dragons; wilt thou join with the gods? Of thee too the question is asked—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in "four surplices at All-hallow-tide," with words very imperfect; or by no man, and no words, but only by the silences, by the eternities, by the life everlasting and the death everlasting. That the "sense of difference between right and wrong" had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan old Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of heroic had ever been among us.

'For many centuries, catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble; and here, in England, in the century called the seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man—believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases.'

Leaving the reader to make what he can of this statement (involving as it does a religious theory, upon which opinions differ), it is sufficient for the general argument that the facts stated conduce to the proof that Oliver was from the first a sincerely religious man, both in thought and feeling. In further evidence of this, we find him also a contributor to what was called 'The Feoffee Fund'—a scheme originated by Dr Preston, a Puritan college doctor of great celebrity, to counteract the grievance of lay impropriations, through which the country was insufficiently supplied with preachers. The plan was, to buy-in such impropriations when possible, support good ministers in destitute places, and otherwise encourage the ministerial work. The wealthy London merchants took it up, and by degrees the wealthier Puritans all over England. The funds thus subscribed were vested in 'Feoffees,' who from time to time proceeded to purchase such advowsons as came to market; and to hire lecturers—'persons not generally in full priests' orders (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in deacon's or some other orders, with permission to preach'—some of them preaching, as supplemental to the regular priest, and some as 'ranning lecturers,' preaching successively in different districts. Such was their success, that at length they excited the jealousy of Laud, and his proceedings in relation to this matter may be understood as laying the first stone of all the troubles that after followed. He (in Mr Carlyle's words) 'took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay, brought the feoffees themselves, and their whole enterprise, into the Star Chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them.' Such were the wrongs of which the Puritans had to complain; and Oliver, we learn, 'naturally consorted with the Puritan clergy, and attended their ministry.' Many of the Puritans were gentry of his own rank; some of them nobility of a much higher rank. They were now numerous: among them, John Hampden, his cousin; John Pym; the Lords Brook, Say, and Montague; in a word, 'already, either in conscious act or clear tendency, the far-greater part of the serious thought and manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.'

Such are the facts in which we are to seek for the sources of Oliver Cromwell's conduct and motives.

It is generally stated that Oliver Cromwell was returned as member for Huntingdonshire in King Charles I's parliament (1625); but this is an error. It was his uncle, Sir Oliver, who was then elected, and had been to former parliaments—a fact, however, showing that the family were accustomed to public life and political considerations. This uncle, who was a royalist, was afterwards, being a generous liver, so reduced, as to be compelled to part with his estate.

'The purchaser,' says Mr Carlyle, 'is "Sir Sidney Montague, knight, of Barnwell, one of his majesty's Masters of the Requests." Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendour, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the fens, to a place of his near Ramsey Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old books. The reduced knight, his uncle, was a royalist or malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the king, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigour for the arms; while the captain respectfully conversed with his uncle, and even "insisted," through the interview, say the old books, "on standing uncovered;" which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead books. The arms, munitions, furnishings, were, with all rigour of law, not with more rigour and not with less, carried away; and Oliver parted with his uncle for that time, not "craving his blessing." I think, as the old blockhead books say, but hoping he might one day either get it or a *letter* than it for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his uncle; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances who suppose there was any likelihood or need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

'As for the old knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper, given to sumptuousness of hospitality, and averse to severer duties. When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered, with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the civil war, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis: in the next parliament the knight of the shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, "Sir Capell Bedall, baronet."

'In these same years—for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague—there is record given by Dugdale—a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters—of a certain suit instituted, in the King's Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged this Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny; whereupon Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs in an incapable, or semi-capable manner, and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany—if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, that poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver

his heir-in-chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas! all calumny and carrion: does it not necessarily cry, "Earth, oh, for pity's sake, a little earth!"

We must inevitably leave the concluding portion of our article till next number.

THE UNHAPPY.

We are not of those who are inclined to denounce this as a miserable world, or who love to magnify its shadows and undervalue or deny its lights and pleasures. No: the earth is full of the beautiful, the animating, and the encouraging; and it is as ungrateful as untrue to imagine that the great Father of the human family has so far forgotten his paternal character, as to doom his children to pass their 'threescore years and ten' in a world where the chief business is to sigh, and the great mass are of necessity to be the unhappy.

And yet it is not to be gainsaid that the majority are the unhappy, if their own complaints are to be taken as the only evidence. The complainers immensely predominate, and if any cure could be discovered for grumbling, it would certainly be a great relief to that small minority who are now unceasingly tormented with the complaints of their neighbours. On all sides we hear men murmuring at their circumstances, despising their situation, and nursing and magnifying their troubles; and the less and the more unreal these troubles are, the more provokingly are they obtruded upon others.

There are two great mistakes which men fall into, which seem to us to produce and aggravate this state of things: the first is, the common belief that our happiness depends upon our circumstances and station; and the other, that there are certain favourable conditions in which alone perfect happiness is to be found. The sooner our minds are disabused of these mistakes the better. Circumstances and station have far less power to promote happiness than is generally supposed. We do not wish to be understood as implying that persons may be happy in every situation: there are certain conditions, such as slavery, extreme poverty, prolonged and severe pain, in which it would be unreasonable to expect happiness. But such circumstances as these are the exceptions: the mass of mankind are not in pain, nor extreme poverty, nor slavery. They are placed in those circumstances which are most conducive to happiness; that is, possessing more than a sufficiency of the necessaries of life, and in a situation of labour, either with head or hand, not only having work to do, but work which they must do; which we believe will, after all, be found the precise condition most favourable to happiness. Such employment calls forth the energies, keeps the body in healthy activity, preserves the mind from care and anxiety, cherishes feelings of independence, exhilarates the animal spirits, and in every respect promotes the well being of the entire man.

We therefore assert, that unless this work be very severe, the health infirm, the employment decidedly unadapted to the capabilities and tastes, or the real necessities of life almost unattainable, a fair share of happiness is within reach, and if it is not found, we had need rather to blame ourselves than our condition—to suspect something wrong in the disposition within, rather than in the circumstances by which we are surrounded. And yet how many sigh for this or that place in society, and refuse to enjoy the present and daily comforts that drop thickly upon their path till that end be attained, and which indeed is rarely the case! Ambition is a ladder whose summit is nowhere, though its base is everywhere, and he who places his discontented foot upon it, is entering upon a course of feverish restlessness, and bidding adieu to settled comfort and enjoyment. The eminence desired becomes only the second step in

the ladder, and is but an additional spur to something still more elevated and ambitious; and the higher the point gained, the more fear of retrograding and losing the ground already won. There must be a certain amount of discipline of the passions, a certain amount of self-denial, a certain amount of universal love—in short, an agreement between our convictions of what is right, and our earnest endeavours to practise it; and if this point be attained, it will do more to secure our happiness than any remove of situation or change of circumstances that we can possibly imagine. But where our convictions and our practice are at variance, and the great laws by which we are governed are disobeyed, it is absurd to expect happiness in any position. We will give two or three illustrations of unhappy characters to be met with every day, which may serve to explain more fully what we mean:—

Edward is a young man of some talent certainly, and, with his decent and comfortable circumstances, and his mental capacity of enjoyment, might surely be happy; yet he is not so. He is proud of his intellectual superiority, is eager for a wider sphere to display his talents, and is moody and misanthropic because he thinks his superiority is not sufficiently recognised and admired. The position he desires is that of an idol, and the attitude of his circling friends should be, in his modest estimation, that of humble worshippers. Those that are his equals or superiors he envies, those that are beneath him he despises. Because the world naturally refuses to pay him the homage he claims, he rails at it, and affects to despise that praise which in reality he so much desires to secure. Now, nothing can be plainer than that his unhappiness is his fault, not his misfortune—the result of his own inordinate desires, rather than any real cause of complaint, and that if he would get rid of that sourness that is preying upon his temper and heart, he must revise his principles, moderate his expectations, and refuse not to appreciate that talent in others which he desires to be appreciated in himself, nor to render that respect to his superiors which he expects his inferiors to render to him. He is violating habitually the great laws which his Maker has ordained; and as they will not alter for him, the change must be on his side, and his life and those laws brought into greater harmony: then, and not till then, will he be happy.

Another illustration. My neighbour Temple is a friendless man: he confesses it, he complains of it. He declares that he never met with a mind he could fully sympathise with (and I am sure it is not because his own is so transcendently superior); that mankind are so selfish and so cold that friendship is a thing scarcely to be hoped for. The consequence is, he feels isolated, is melancholy, and suspicious. But has he ever set about making friends in the right way? Has he ever, by acts of good-will, kindness, friendly feeling, himself made proper advances to those whose friendship he complains of not possessing? Is he himself prepared, by self-denial, respect for the feelings of others, and warmth of affection, to play his own part in the harmonious duet of friendship? We are afraid not; we fear his own heart is out of tune—that there is too much pride, misanthropy, doggedness of opinion, and want of delicacy in himself, to allow of his reciprocating the friendship of any one, even if it were thrust upon him. If he wish to be happy, if he would enjoy the blessings of friendship, let him, instead of railing at the 'cold, selfish world,' as he calls it, set it a better example than he has hitherto done; let him come out of his selfishness, his pride, his sarcastic bitterness—let him make proper advances, and he will find friends; and many who come into contact with him will be attracted, and pay back to him with interest his offered love and friendship.

Again: Mr F— is a large capitalist, and employs in his extensive manufactory upwards of a hundred hands—men, women, and children. He keeps his carriage, lives in a splendid mansion, and if circumstances could make happy, one would think he could scarcely help being so. And yet he has a heavy dis-

satisfied heart, and a countenance more woe-begone or less indicative of enjoyment is not to be seen among all his poor workpeople. How is this? It is the very eminence he looked up to when a young man, the one desire which has influenced him from youth, and yet, as he has risen in station, just in the same proportion has his happiness decreased. The reason of his unhappiness is, this: when he was a poor youth, his simple duties were tolerably well performed; industry, patience, self-denial, were exercised, and he was happy. But now his duties have somewhat altered with his change of station; the duties of industry and patience have given place to those of influence and liberality; he is now a man of authority rather than obedience, and many of his new duties are utterly neglected. He is a hard master; the poor creatures he employs, by scores are utterly uncared for by him; they are employed by him for his own purposes; he calculates upon a certain profit on the labour of each, and cares not to know anything more about them than as far as they do that work cheaply and effectively. He is continually complaining of unprincipled and dishonest workmen, but he exerts no influence to benefit them, and their conduct at most is but a gross copy of his own selfishness and cunning. They are uneducated, immoral, irreligious, but he cares not; all his thought is to add from the profits of business so many hundreds a-year to that heap of useless treasure which he has already amassed. No wonder there is that scowl on his countenance, no wonder that the nightmare of discomfort sits heavily upon his spirit; he is not doing his duties, nor using his influence and wealth for good. We could prescribe for him. Let him look at his responsibilities and duties honestly; let him break out of that bondage of self which enthral him, and live for his God and his neighbour; let him remember that these poor workpeople are really his brothers and his sisters, and let him grudge not to appropriate a part of his gains to the rendering their circumstances more comfortable, and their characters more elevated. Let him do this, and he may be happy; but till then, he may tyrannise as he may, hoard as he choose, add hundred to hundred, and acre to acre, but he will still remain what he is now—a useless, selfish, unhappy man.

Such persons as these require not so much, therefore, an alteration of circumstances, as an alteration of themselves: the heart is the deficient mainspring, which throws the whole machinery out of order. The selfish man, the proud man, the avaricious man, must expect to be unhappy, for they are drying up in their own hearts the very sources from which their happiness must flow, if it flow at all. As well might a man put out his lamp, and then complain of the darkness, as such persons put from them the sympathies and charities of life, and then complain of their unhappiness.

The other great mistake—that of supposing that there are some stations and circumstances on earth of perfect happiness, is another fertile source of dissatisfaction. Many seem to imagine that their own station and condition is of all others the most miserable, and that there are others to which, if they could but attain, all their cares and sorrows would vanish. And yet a greater absurdity never found a lodging in the human breast, hope never leaned on a more rotten staff. There is no Goshen in this world where there is light amid the surrounding darkness: pain and pleasure, sickness and health, disquiet and happiness, are scattered among mankind with an impartial hand; none are so high but they must have their troubles; few are so low as not to have their pleasures. The aching head and the feverish pulse are as often found in the palace as in the cottage; the titled lady weeps over her dead child as bitterly as the poor cottager; the master has at the least as many anxieties as his workmen; and trouble, how unwelcome soever the truth will be found, in one form or other, in every condition. We may change servitude for command, poverty for riches, obscurity for distinction, but perfect happiness will be as distant as ever; and the future will,

in any condition, even the most favourable, be chequered with pain and pleasure, the proportions of which will mainly depend upon ourselves. Whatever our situation may be, it is what we are, and not what we have, that must constitute our happiness. Let us make the most of the comforts which Providence has placed within our reach, cultivate happiness in ourselves, increase it as much as we can in all around us, and seek it in the knowledge and obedience of Him who is its source. If at any time we should feel unhappy, let us review our principles and our practice, and see if the fault be not rather within than without, and remember that, by whatever name we may seek happiness, whether pleasure, honour, power, or wealth, we shall seek her quite in vain, except under the familiar and too often repulsive name of—Duty.

WATER-CRESS.

Most persons are acquainted with the water-cress and its salutary properties; they know generally that it grows in brooks, and on the borders of fresh and running streams. Few, however, of those who, in the busy thoroughfares or quiet suburbs of London, hear the cry of 'water cre-ess,' or see in their daily walks the old red-cloaked women sorting the little bundles at the corners of streets, have any idea that the cultivation of this esculent now forms an important branch of horticultural and commercial industry; which, from the increasing consumption, and use made of the plant in pharmacy, is gradually rising into consequence.

In the present day, the water-cress may be found on almost every table, from the highest to the lowest. It is one of the most powerful antiscorbutics with which we are acquainted, and is said to possess the property of exciting the appetite and fortifying the stomach. We have no certain information that it is cooked in any part of England, as is occasionally the case in France; but in the north of Germany, to which country we owe its original cultivation, it is boiled and eaten as spinach.

In an old botanical work,* we are told that the watery part of Tothill Fields, Westminster, was over-run with water-cress, and that it grew on the banks of the Thames in several places. The same work also enumerates many places in England where this refreshing vegetable was abundant; and it is now known that, like many other of the simple but useful productions of nature, which, in their natural varieties, abound wherever they may be beneficial to man, it is to be found in most parts of the world.

It is of the Cruciferous family, which comprehends about twenty species, all possessing high antiscorbutic properties, and of the genus *Nasturtium*, 'said to have been so called from the effect its acrimony produces on the muscles of the nose—*nasus tortus*, signifying a convulsed nose.† The common cress is known as *Nasturtium officinale*, and presents two varieties, the green and the blue, which by cultivation have been rendered far superior to what they were in their wild state; being less acrid, and not so liable to contract the taste of slime and mud as those found in ditches and marshes.

Fifty years ago, a considerable proportion of the supply that found its way to the metropolitan market was gathered from the numerous little streams which intersect the meadows near the towns of Newbury and Hungerford, in the county of Berkshire, from which places it was brought in sacks by the stage-coachmen of the day, who shared in the profits of the sale. The first attempts at regular cultivation in the neighbourhood of London, appear to have been made in the year 1808 at Springhead, a village near Gravesend. This plantation still exists, and is sometimes visited by the frequenters of the well-known semi-watering-place just mentioned, for the purpose of regaling themselves with a fresh-plucked salad and bread and butter. Another planta-

* Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary. 1807.

† London. Encyclopædia of Plants.

tion was afterwards commenced in Surrey, but subsequently abandoned. The culture, however, continued to spread, particularly in localities favourably situated with regard to springs of water. Near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, where there is a fine stream running over a chalky bottom, there are now about fifteen acres under cultivation. The Springhead plantation consists of four acres, while on the opposite side of the Thames, at Waltham Abbey, in Essex, is another of six acres. These, though extensive, are insufficient to meet the demand of the huge metropolis. Other supplies are obtained from greater distances. From Uxbridge and Salisbury great quantities are forwarded to London, packed in hampers, every day in the year excepting Sundays; and some idea may be formed of the enormous consumption from the sum-total of the annual sales, which amounts to more than L.10,000.

The culture of cress requires much attention and watchfulness, especially in winter, in which season, during a single night, a sharp frost may destroy a whole plantation, if too remote from the springs to retain their mild temperature. The ground is generally laid out in parallel trenches, separated by small mounds, on which succulent vegetables may be grown. The bottom should be covered with several inches of sandy vegetable earth, perfectly level and equalised, so that the water may have a regular flow in every part. The months of March and August are the most favourable for putting in the plants, which are generally set in suckers or tufts, eight or ten inches apart. A well-planted trench will be in full bearing after the first year, according to the temperature of the water and the nature of the soil. The activity of the vegetation depends particularly on the state of the atmosphere; but if the plantation has been made with care, and the plants well chosen, it will require no other precautions, with the exception of occasional weeding, than those necessary to guard it from winter frosts, and the irruption of foul and muddy water in thaws and storms.

In favourable seasons the cress may be gathered every three weeks; but in cold weather, two months are sometimes required to bring the plants to perfection. After these gatherings, it is customary to roll and level the bottom of the trench, or to manure when required. A good plantation will last a long time; but it should be renewed by the same process as at first, whenever it shows signs of decay. Sometimes, in frosty weather, the supply of water is increased until the plants are completely covered; but as this submersion weakens them, it should not be continued longer than absolutely necessary.

Mr Loudon describes the process as follows:— 'Some market gardeners, who can command a small stream of water, grow the water-cress in beds sunk about a foot in a retentive soil, with a very gentle slope from one end to the other. Along the bottom of this bed, which may be of any convenient length and breadth, chalk or gravel is deposited, and the plants are inserted about six inches every way. Then, according to the slope and length of the bed, dams are made six inches high across it, at intervals; so that when these dams are full, the water may rise not less than three inches on all the plants included in each. The water being turned on, will circulate from dam to dam; and the plants, if not allowed to run to flower, will afford abundance of young tops in all but the winter months. A stream of water no larger than what will fill a pipe of an inch bore, will, if not absorbed by the soil, suffice to irrigate in this way an eighth of an acre. As some of the plants are apt to rot off in winter, the plantation should be laid dry two or three times a year, and all weeds and decayed parts removed, and vacancies filled up. Cress grown in this way, however, is far inferior to that grown in a living stream flowing over gravel or chalk.'

The history of the cultivation of this plant on the continent affords some interesting particulars, which serve to exemplify the advantages that accrue, with

proper attention, from the apparently humblest objects. About the beginning of the present century, an attempt was made to form cress grounds in the neighbourhood of Paris, similar to those then common on the banks of the Rhine, by the Count de Lasteyrie; but without success; while the markets of that capital were supplied only by persons who travelled to distances, sometimes of forty leagues, collecting the cress wherever it could be found. The supply was seldom sufficient to satisfy the limited demand, although it frequently consisted of nothing more than bunches of marshy plants, masked by a few sprigs of the genuine vegetable.

In the winter of 1809, Monsieur Cardon, then principal director of the hospital chest of the grand army, was quartered with his staff at Erfurt, the capital of Upper Thuringia. Walking one day in the environs of the city, when the earth was covered with snow, he was astonished by the sight of several long trenches, from ten to twelve feet in width, covered with the most brilliant green. Curious to know the cause of what appeared to be a phenomenon at that season, he walked towards them, and perceived with the greatest surprise that the trenches formed a large plantation of water-cress, presenting the aspect of a verdant carpet on a surface in every direction white with snow. In answer to his inquiries, M. Cardon learned that the plantations had existed for many years, and belonged to the authorities of the city, from whom they were rented by the cultivators at the annual sum of L.2400. Since that time, however, their value has greatly increased. From a statement published in 1830, we find that the annual return then amounted to more than L.8000; and that the cress, highly esteemed for its purity and superior qualities, was sold in all the cities on the Rhine, and in the markets of Berlin, at a distance of 120 miles from the place of its growth.

M. Cardon foresaw the benefits that might be expected to arise from the introduction of this branch of horticultural industry into the neighbourhood of Paris; and, after a long search, found twelve acres of a thin sandy alluvium at St Leonard, in the valley of the Nonette, between Senlis and Chantilly, which, containing many beautifully limpid springs at a temperature of 59 degrees, appeared to be well adapted for a cress plantation. He engaged two well-informed individuals from Erfurt who were acquainted with the method of cultivation. The ground was laid out in trenches of 250 feet in length by 12 feet in breadth; which, were, however, afterwards reduced to one-half of those dimensions, as it appeared that the water lost its natural temperature, and froze in the winter, by flowing over so large a surface. In a few years, after an expenditure of L.3200, there were 92,000 square feet under cultivation.

It was no longer the cress clandestinely gathered, often in flower, or run to seed, that was exposed for sale in the French metropolis. The cress of St Leonard arrived, packed with a care to which the Parisians were strangers. Its freshness and purity were such, that the market-women, of their own accord, offered double the usual price before any demand had been made; and, in testimony of their high satisfaction, feasted the journeyman cultivator who had come to superintend the sale, and the wagoner, and sent them home decorated with ribbons and flowers.

Much greater precautions appear to be taken in the packing and transport of the cress in France than in this country. The French growers are particularly careful in warm weather, and guard the plants from exposure to the least storm, as they then turn yellow. They pack them in baskets, which contain from twenty-five to thirty dozens of bunches, so arranged as to leave a circular opening or chimney up the centre, which always remains empty. The baskets are then placed on rails fixed across a wagon, so as to permit a free current of air through all the openings; and in the summer, before putting on the wilt, the whole are well watered, to preserve their freshness during the night,

and they are delivered at the market early in the morning in the most perfect condition.

The regularity of the arrivals and constant freshness of the cress sent every day from the grounds at St Leonard, not only insured the success of the scheme, but brought forward a host of competitors. M. Cardon's German workmen left him to commence rival establishments; and there are now in the environs of Paris sixteen plantations, producing annually 1,350,000 dozens of bunches, valued at £37,800; and, adding the charges of transport, and expenses of all the individuals employed in this branch of trade, which, a few years ago, had no existence, the sum actually circulated amounts to not less than £60,000.

Formerly, the sale in Paris seldom amounted to more than £20 daily in the best season; while at the present time, a supply of not fewer than twenty wagon-loads, worth £240, is required to meet the daily demand.

Column for Young People.

VIRTUE AND GENEROSITY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

Monsieur de Flammont.—Would you like, my children, to hear two stories of robbers that I have read in an English magazine?

Children.—Oh yes, papa; are they very long?

M. de Flammont.—No; but I think you will be a good deal puzzled to give me your opinion of them.

Children.—How so, papa?

M. de Flammont.—You shall see. Here is the first. An English stage-coach, full of passengers, was travelling towards a large town. The conversation fell on the subject of highwaymen, who frequently robbed travellers upon that road, and they began to inquire of each other how they would be able to save their money in case of an attack; when all declared that they had taken precaution, and were safe. A young woman of the party, with more caution than prudence, exclaimed, 'Though I have all I am worth in the world with me (bank-notes for two hundred pounds), yet the robbers could never find them; they are inside the foot of my stocking.' A few minutes after, the coach was attacked, and the passengers were ordered to deliver their purses. The robbers found so little money in them, that they were much dissatisfied, and declared that, if they did not immediately get a hundred pounds, they would search them strictly, and give them some rough treatment. They were about to execute their threats, when an old man who sat in a corner of the coach, and had hitherto scarcely uttered a syllable, said, 'You will find double the sum you demand if you will only make that lady take off her shoes and stockings.' The robbers followed his advice, took the notes, and went off. What do you say of this old man?

Clementina.—Ah, papa, what wickedness!

M. de Flammont.—All the passengers thought as you do. They loaded him with reproaches and abuse, and threatened to throw him out of the coach. The grief of the young woman was beyond description. The old man seemed insensible to their abuse and their threats; the only excuse he made was, that every one had a right to take care of himself. When the coach arrived at the town in the evening, the old man got off before any of his companions had time to make him feel their vengeance. The young woman spent a sorrowful night; but what was her surprise when, the next morning, she received four hundred pounds, a very beautiful comb, and the following letter:—

MADAM.—The man whom you had yesterday so much reason to detest, sends you the sum which you lost, interest to double the amount, and a comb of nearly equal value. I am grieved at the trouble I was under the necessity of giving you; but a few words will explain my conduct. I have just returned from India, where I spent ten years of hardship; the fortune I realised there amounts to thirty thousand pounds, the whole of which I had in bills yesterday in my pocket. If I had been searched with the strictness which was threatened, I should have lost all. What was to be done? I could not run the risk of being obliged to return to India empty-handed. Your candour furnished me with the means of averting this calamity: I beg, therefore, that you will not scruple to accept this

little present, and that you will believe me over to remain your devoted servant, &c. &c.

Gustavus.—Ah, papa, the young woman had no longer any reason to complain; and the old man was not to blame, since he gave so much more than she had lost.

Clementina.—Yes; but if I had been in her place, I would rather not have been obliged to take off my shoes and stockings before the robbers.

Gustavus.—Oh, that did not do her much harm.

Henry.—But, papa, if the robbers, notwithstanding their promise, had searched every one strictly, and had taken from the old man his thirty thousand pounds, he would not have been able to return the young woman her two hundred pounds, and he would have been the cause of her losing it.

M. de Flammont.—Henry is right: the old man did a positive injury, without having any certainty of being able to repair it.

Henry.—Of course no confidence can be placed upon the word of a robber.

Gustavus.—But then he was sure that if he did not do that, they would have taken from him his thirty thousand pounds.

M. de Flammont.—That is true; but do you think, my dear Gustavus, that we are permitted to save ourselves from any great misfortune, by causing one equally great to another? For, after all, the loss of the two hundred pounds was as great a misfortune to the young woman, as the thirty thousand would have been to the old man, as it was her whole fortune.

Gustavus.—Yes, papa, but he knew that he would return it.

M. de Flammont.—He intended it, no doubt; but Henry has shown you that it might not have been in his power to do so. Other accidents might have occurred to prevent him, he might have lost his pocket-book on the road, or he might have died suddenly, &c.

Clementina.—Oh yes; and then the young woman would have had neither her two hundred pounds, nor the other two hundred pounds, nor the beautiful comb.

M. de Flammont.—He would also have left his integrity, and the fate of his fellow-traveller, to the chances of the future—necessarily uncertain—and all to spare himself a misfortune which, though undoubtedly a great one, he had no right to evade by causing one equally great to another. It is here where the difference lies between prudence and virtue: prudence begins by considering the best means of getting out of a difficulty, and thinks it enough to make reparation for any evil it has caused to others: virtue is not satisfied with the hope of being one day able to repair an injury; it will not commit one, and therefore, though it may be sometimes less fortunate, is always more peaceful. It is by doing wrong, even with the prospect of good arising from it, that men fall into difficulties, and often into errors, from which they can never be extricated. However prudent a person may be, he cannot flatter himself that he has foreseen every consequence that may arise, or know that some of them may not be very disastrous; whilst, by imposing on ourselves the law of being first virtuous, we possess the certainty of never doing an injury to any one with which we can afterwards reproach ourselves for being the cause.

Gustavus.—But, papa, what ought he to have done?

M. de Flammont.—I do not know; all that I am sure of is, that we ought not to do as the old man did. You will some day see for yourself how many misfortunes happen in the world by the false notion men so often entertain, that they can arrange and direct events to suit their own purposes: they regulate their conduct according to this expectation; and afterwards events multiply, become so entangled, happen in such unexpected ways, that they often see their projects fail, as their virtue invariably does, and they are unable to recover themselves. We ought, on the contrary, first to secure our integrity, and afterwards take what advantage we can of circumstances; besides, who knows what resources may be presented to the mind of a man firmly determined not to do anything against his conscience? It is undoubtedly very convenient to make use of the first means that offer themselves, but can we be sure that they are the only means, and that, were we to take a little more pains, we might not find another equally efficacious and more creditable? Whoever holds fast his integrity, and is, besides, active and industrious, will almost always get out of difficulties. I do not at this moment see in what way the old man could have saved his

thirty thousand pounds; but perhaps, if he had not so immediately determined on informing against the young woman, some other expedient might have been presented to his mind that would have been much better.

Joshua. I agree with you, papa; but you promised us another story.

M. de Flammont.—Here it is. You will now see, that if we must not do an injury that we can never be sure of repairing, neither must we do wrong even with the best intention. An English nobleman, on his way from London to one of his estates, was stopped in a wood by six robbers. Two of them seized the coachman, two others the footman, while the remaining two, placing themselves on each side of the carriage, presented pistols to his head. 'Your pocket-book, my lord,' said one of the robbers, who was a hideous-looking fellow. His lordship drew from his pocket a tolerably heavy purse, and gave it to the robber, who felt its weight, and appeared dissatisfied. 'Your pocket-book, my lord,' said he again, and presented his pistol. His lordship quietly delivered his pocket-book, which the robber opened, and, while doing so, the nobleman had time to examine his countenance: he had never seen such small and piercing eyes, so long a nose, such hollow cheeks, so large a mouth, or so prominent a chin. The robber took some papers out of the pocket-book, and then returned it. 'Good journey, my lord,' said he, and withdrew immediately with his companions.

On reaching home, his lordship examined his pocket-book to see what had been taken, and found he had been robbed of two thousand five hundred pounds, and that there was left in it five hundred pounds. He congratulated himself upon that, and told his friends that he would willingly give a hundred pounds that they might see the fellow. Never had highwayman a countenance better adapted to his trade. The nobleman soon forgot his loss, and thought no more of the matter, when, some years afterwards, he received the following letter:—

My Lord—I am a poor Jew. The prince of the states in which I resided deprived us of everything. I came, with five other Jews, to England, in order to save my life. After suffering severely at sea, the ship we were in was wrecked near the coast. An Englishman, a perfect stranger to me, swam to my assistance, and saved my life at the peril of his own. Nor was this all; he took me to his home, called in a doctor, and had me taken care of till I was quite recovered; and for all this he asked me no remuneration. This man was a woollen-factor, and had twelve children. Some time afterwards I found him in great grief. Disturbances had broken out in America, and the American merchants with whom he was connected were dishonest enough to take advantage of circumstances, and not pay him. In one month, said he, I shall be ruined, for I expect draughts upon me which I am totally unable to meet. His grief drove me to distraction; I took a desperate resolution; 'I owe my life to him,' said I, 'and I will sacrifice it for him.' With the five Jews who accompanied me to England, I took my stand upon the high-road—you know what followed. I sent my benefactor the money I took from you, which saved him for that time; but his creditors did not pay him in the end. He died a week since, without having been able to clear off all his debts. On the same day I gained a prize in the lottery, of four thousand pounds. I now return you the sum of which I robbed you, with the interest of it. Send the thousand pounds which remain to the factor's unfortunate family (whose address I will give you at the end of my letter), and inquire of them respecting a poor Jew who was generously received and saved by them.

P.S. I declare to you, that when you were attacked, not one of our pistols was loaded; neither could our cutlasses be drawn from the scabbard. Spare yourself all search or inquiry. When this letter reaches you I shall be again at sea. May God preserve you!

The nobleman made inquiry, and found that what the Jew had stated was true in every particular, and from that time he took care of the factor's family. I will give a hundred pounds, he would often say, to whoever will bring me information of the death of my frightful Jew, and a thousand pounds to whoever will bring him to me alive.

Henry.—Why did he wish to hear of his death, papa?

M. de Flammont.—Because this Jew was in reality a dangerous person to society. A man capable of resorting to such an action, even from the best motives, is always a person to be feared. The safety and happiness of society depend on respect and submission being paid to the laws,

which preserve its order, by defending the person and property of every one. The laws cannot enter into an examination of the motives which may induce one individual to attack the person or property of another. Had the nobleman been a judge, and the Jew brought before his tribunal, he could not (even though he knew his whole history) do otherwise than condemn him to the penalty prescribed by the law, except by endeavouring to procure for him the pardon of his sovereign.

Cuskens.—The Jew had not, however, loaded his pistols; he would not commit murder.

M. de Flammont.—He would consequently have suffered a less severe punishment than that inflicted upon a assassin; but he was not the less a robber.

Clementina.—Yes; but it was to save his benefactor that he risked his own life, out of gratitude. It was such a great sacrifice; he would not have robbed for anything else.

M. de Flammont.—Undoubtedly this Jew was susceptible of the most generous sentiments and the greatest delicacy of conscience, and this ought to weigh a great deal with us in forming our opinion of him. It would also most probably procure him his pardon, or at least a great mitigation of his punishment; but for morality, and the interests of society, firm and correct principles are more essential than fine feelings. We cannot allow individuals to adopt what measures they please, to gratify their feelings or display their generosity. Even virtue must be subservient to those laws which wisdom acknowledges to be of incontestable advantage, and that marks the way in which it may be exercised, and the barriers that it must not pass. Thus, in the conduct of our Jew, in all that preceded and followed his act, there were circumstances that were even praiseworthy: he only wanted to save his benefactor; he took no more than he required for that purpose; he kept nothing for himself; and even scrupulously repaid both the sum and the interest of it; he did not even keep a farthing of what he gained in the lottery, as, after having repaid the nobleman, he gave what remained to the children of his benefactor. All this is very fine, very disinterested, but it does not prevent the action itself from being blameable; and it is what often occurs when people allow themselves to be governed by their feelings, let them be ever so good, instead of regulating their conduct by the steady immovable principles which sometimes restrain the feelings, but always insure our virtue.

Henry.—Yet, papa, the nobleman promised more to him who should bring him the Jew alive, than to him who should bring the account of his death.

M. de Flammont.—Because he well knew that a man who was capable of such strong and devoted feelings, was one who only required stronger principles, and a less embarrassing situation, to become a person of distinguished virtue. He undoubtedly intended to teach him that, if it is noble to sacrifice our life to a benefactor, that this sacrifice should never be made at the expense of our virtue. He perhaps also wished to attach him to himself, and relieve him from the difficulties of his situation, which had caused him to consider generosity of feeling of more importance than strict principles of justice. Generosity may lead us even farther than duty, but it should never take us out of the direct line, or make us deviate in the slightest degree from the straight path of virtue.

CONDUCT TOWARDS INFERIORS.

Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice, as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child. Wherever, therefore, you see a person given to insult his inferiors, you may assure yourself he will creep to his superiors; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But though servants and other dependents may not have it in their power to return the injurious usage they receive from their superiors, they are sure to be even with them, by the character they spread abroad of them through the world. Upon the whole, the proper behaviour to inferiors is, to treat them with generosity and humanity, but by no means with familiarity on the one hand, or with insolence on the other.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

EMULATION.

Those natural inclinations of the human mind ought to be encouraged to the utmost (under proper regulations) which tend to put it upon action and exertion. Whoever would wish his son to be diligent in his studies, and active in business, can use no better means for that purpose than stirring up in him emulation, a desire of praise, and a sense of honour and shame. Curiosity will put a youth upon inquiring into the nature and reason of things, and endeavouring to acquire universal knowledge. This passion ought therefore to be excited to the utmost, and gratified, even when it shows itself by his asking the most childish questions, which should always be answered in as rational and satisfying a manner as possible.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

PROMISERS.

There is a sort of people in the world of whom the young and inexperienced stand much in need to be warned. These are the sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of flattery upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of promising to do great kindnesses, which they have no thought of performing. The other are a sort of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, the sanguine fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bulbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment.—*Burgh.*

HABITS OF THE PUMA.

The puma, or South American lion, has a wide geographical range in that continent, being found from the equatorial forests, throughout the deserts of Patagonia, as far south as the damp and cold latitudes of Terra del Fuego. I have seen its footsteps in the Cordillera of Central Chili, at an elevation at least of 10,000 feet. In La Plata, the puma preys chiefly on deer, ostriches, bizcacha, and other small quadrupeds; it there seldom attacks cattle or horses, and most rarely man. In Chili, however, it destroys many young horses and cattle, owing probably to the scarcity of other quadrupeds. I have heard likewise of two men and a woman who had been thus killed. It is asserted that the puma always kills its prey by springing on the shoulders, and then drawing back the head with one of its paws, until the vertebrae break. I have seen in Patagonia the skeletons of guanacos with their necks thus dislocated. The puma, after eating its fill, covers the carcass with many large bushes, and lies down to watch it. This habit is often the cause of its being discovered; for the condors wheeling in the air, every now and then descend to partake of the feast, and, being angrily driven away, rise all together on the wing. The Chilian then knows there is a puma watching his prey; the word is given, and men and dogs hurry to the chase. It is asserted that if a puma has once been betrayed by thus watching the carcass, and has then been hunted, it never resumes this habit, but that, having gorged itself, it wanders away. Unlike many of the feline family, it is easily killed. In an open country, it is first entangled with the bolas, then lassoed, and dragged along the ground till rendered insensible. At Tanduel, south of the La Plata, I was told that within three months one hundred were thus destroyed. In Chili, they are generally driven up bushes or trees, and are then either shot or baited to death by the dogs. The dogs employed in this chase belong to a peculiar breed called Leoneros: they are weak, slight animals, like long-legged terriers, but are born with a peculiar instinct for this sport. The puma is described as being very crafty: when pursued, it often returns on its former track, and then suddenly making a spring on one side, waits there till the dogs have passed by. It is a very silent animal, uttering no cry even when wounded, and only rarely during the breeding season.—*Darwin's Journal.*

INFLUENCE OF VEGETABLE DIET ON LONGEVITY.

It is said that in no other part of the world (in proportion to the population) are there more instances of extreme longevity than among the Norwegian peasantry, who scarcely ever taste animal food. In the severe climate of Russia also, where the inhabitants live on a coarse vegetable diet, there are a great many instances of advanced age. The late returns of the Greek church population of

the Russian empire, give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above a hundred years of age; many between one hundred and a hundred and forty; and four between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. It is stated that, to whatever age the Mexican Indians live, they never become gray-haired. They are represented as peaceable cultivators of the soil; subsisting constantly on vegetable food; often attaining a hundred years of age, yet still green and vigorous. Of the South American Indians Ulloa says—'I myself have known several who, at the age of a hundred, were still very robust and active, which unquestionably must in some measure be attributed to the perfect sameness and simplicity of their food.' Both the Peruvian Indians and the Creoles are remarkably long lived, and retain their faculties to a very advanced age. Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty years of age.—*Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.*

THE POET'S MISSION.

WEAVING light fancies, lay a youthful poet,
Idly extended on the sunny grass,
Listening unto the brook that ran below it,
Watching the cloudlets o'er the blue sky pass.
Sleep fell upon him, and a low voice stealing,
Breathed his own songs—vague dreams, ideal woes;
Until in nobler strain the music pealing,
Diviner far the god-like song arose.
'Is this,' it said, 'the heaven-born poet's mission,
Ingloriously to dream away the hours?
Forgetful of his spirit's home Elysian,
To taint its freshness, grovelling in earth's bowers?
Behold the glorious work becomes the poet!
To scatter wide the light his soul within;
To lift his voice for truth, that men may know it,
Unto the pure and good all hearts to win.
To be, as was of old, the poet-preacher,
And Orpheus-like to strive against night and wrong;
In his own life becoming a mute teacher;
Cheering the weak and suffering by his song.'
The strain dimly faint away in distance slowly:
The poet rose—a dreamer now no more;
And boldly entered on his course most holy,
To linger not, nor cease, till life be o'er.

D. M. M.

COLOSSAL MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT.

There is now in full operation at St Petersburg perhaps the most extraordinary, as well as gigantic, commercial establishment which can be found in the history of the world, ancient or modern. Messrs Eastwick and Harrison, the famous locomotive engine and boiler makers of Philadelphia, having succeeded in obtaining the great contracts for the construction of the locomotive requirements for the system of railroads about to be carried out in Russia, have located themselves there—built a manufactory of immense extent, in which 3500 men are constantly employed, and in the conducting of which there are some curious features. To keep order among such a congregation—exceeding the whole population of a good-sized town, and consisting of English, American, Scotch, Irish, German, and Russian—a company of soldiers is kept on duty at the works, and a perfect police force, whose duties are confined to the establishment. Refractory men of every nation are discharged for irregular conduct, excepting Russians, and these are, for the slightest offence, immediately tied up to the triangles, soundly flogged, and sent again to their work. It is but justice to Messrs Eastwick and Harrison to say, that they have strongly appealed against this treatment, so peculiar to this semi-barbarous nation, but without effect. The plan of paying this enormous multitude is ingenious: on being engaged, the man's name is, we believe, not even asked, but he is presented with a medal, numbered; in the pay-house are 3500 wooden boxes, and on presenting himself on Saturday night for his pay, the clerk hands him his money, takes his medal as a receipt, which is dropped in the box of its number, and gives him another medal, as a pledge of engagement for the following week.—*Mining Journal.*

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A JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI.*

LEAVING Suez, and sailing along the eastern shores of the Red Sea, we arrived at Tor—intending to proceed thence to Sinai, which is distant about two days' journey inland, at a camel's walk. While waiting for the camels which were to convey us to our destination, we frequently resorted to the famous *Waddy Moosa*, or Valley of Moses, for the purpose of bathing in a hot spring which tradition asserts to have been used as a bath by the great Jewish lawgiver. The *Hummam Moosa*, or Bath of Moses, is about ten feet square and five deep, partly enclosed with stones; and the waters, although they emit a highly sulphurous odour, are, in consequence of their temperature, exceedingly agreeable to the bather. The exact spot at which the Israelites passed through the Red Sea, in their flight from Egypt is a matter of controversy; but travellers have generally concluded that the *Waddy Moosa*, with its wells and its numerous palm-trees, is identical with the Elim of the sacred narrative, where the Israelites, wearied of the bitter waters of Marah, encamped, having found 'twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees.'

Tor is a wretched collection of hovels built of gray coral and mud; and so close to the water's edge, that on looking at the petty embankment, consisting of stems of date palms laid along blocks of coral, whose duty it is to resist the inroads of the sea, one could not help entertaining an idea of insecurity. The inhabitants, however, do not appear to be at all incommoded by such a reflection. They are an indolent race of Greeks, consisting of about a dozen families, whose spiritual interests are attended to by a priest from the monastery of Mount Sinai, the contented occupant of a domicile not less squalid than those of his parishioners. Fishing, the sale of dates, and the supplying of water to such ships as touch at the spot, constitute their chief means of livelihood.

May 4th, 1839.—Our camels having arrived, we left Tor, and striking into the *Waddy Moosa*, halted at the wells of Elim, to fill our sheep-skins, and give our camels drink. In this we lost much valuable time; for the Arabs, accustomed to regard water as the prime necessary for a journey, insisted upon taking in the whole supply here, though they knew we should meet with abundance of it next morning.

We had just extricated ourselves from the multiplicity of small ravines formed in the chalky soil of the valley, and were entering another water-course, on the farther side of which lay an extensive plain, when darkness came on. By the advice of our Arabs we came to a halt, until the moon should appear. Unbuckling our

mattresses, blankets, and cloaks, we sought for the softest places of the water-course to spread them in, while our servants prepared coffee—our Arab conductors doing the same for themselves. I was sipping the refreshing beverage, when one of my companions drew attention to the picturesqueness of the scene before us. There sat the Arabs around their fire, which was casting up its ruddy glow against the bank under which they had chosen their resting-place, and ever and anon flashing upon some of their bronze faces—bronze both in their natural hue, and in the imperturbable gravity of their expression: near them were the camels, in their meek and patient attitudes of repose. The savage and dimly-discerned scenery around, harmonised in a strange but effective manner with the little warm picture which it enclosed, the only foliage visible, that of the shaggy tamarisk, constituting a principal feature in the whole. The first artists of Europe might have envied us the pleasure of such a sight. Upon me the effect produced was exactly that 'jocund and boon' sensation which I recollect as having been described by a young Frenchman whose travels formed part of my boyish reading. Not having seen Laborde's splendid work at the time of my journey, I was not then aware that the power of causing this peculiar sensation is held to be characteristic of Arabian scenery. In contradiction, indeed, to this observation, I was informed afterwards by one of my companions, a man of highly-cultivated mind, that the emotions experienced by him on the occasion, and which he considered to be alone appropriate, were those of a wild inexpressible melancholy. Laborde, I believe, has remarked on similar instances which came within his own knowledge, of contrary effects being produced on different minds by the same scenery; and the subject is certainly a curious one. As for me, in addition to the 'jocund and boon' sensation which I have mentioned, there soon rose another of a different kind. I felt in a more profound manner than ever I had done before my historical relationship to the past ages of the world, to those ancient Israelites wending through this same wilderness, and bearing on, within the bosom of their singular economy, a load of blessings for all mankind. Here was I on the ground which they had trodden, and under the same sky which had canopied them, without, it is true, the pillar of fire by night, but not without the presence of Him who led them in all their wanderings, and bore with all their perverseness.

The moon rose about eleven o'clock; and, greatly refreshed by our short repose, we recommenced our journey, having previously, however, had recourse to the never-failing coffee. After a few hours of travel, day dawned upon us as we were in the middle of an extensive stony plain; after traversing which we entered the mountain ravines which lay beyond it. These *waddies*

* This paper has been forwarded to us by Captain Michael Maxwell Shaw, of the Indian army.

or water-courses vary in breadth from twenty to eighty yards, and though dry at the period of our journey, presented the appearance of having recently been filled with water. I was informed, however, that it is only after the melting of unusually deep snows on the hills that they exhibit any considerable stream—a circumstance which happens probably once in five years. If embankments of masonry, such as are raised in India, were built across these waddies, perhaps few parts of the world would excel this in fertility, for wherever the slightest moisture can lodge, the surface is seen throwing forth vegetation. To create a soil by pulverising the rock, and to secure a plentiful supply and equal distribution of water by means of embankments, would be works of no great difficulty or expense; and it occurred to us, that if the pasha of Egypt had visited Sinai, the notion of adding this new territory to his dominions would have very readily suggested itself.

The waddies are covered with a profusion of bitter and aromatic herbs, which afford nourishment to the camel, and which at times exhale a pleasing perfume; and these, together with the wiry-leaved tamarisk or bastard-cypress, and an occasional palm-tree, give a touch of Oriental character to the scenery, without detracting from the accuracy of the poetical description of the sacred narrative—a waste howling wilderness.* Perhaps of all the waddies on the way to Sinai, none impresses the traveller more than that called *Waddy Habroon*, or the Valley of the Hebrews; though why it should have received this name, rather than any other of the ravines through which the Hebrews must have passed, it is not easy to conjecture. We halted here, and took breakfast under a little projection of the rock which bounds one of its sides. But for a streamlet which trickled its feeble way through grass and rushes, wild cypresses, and a meagre sprinkling of date palms, and which raised some of the sweeter home-feelings, this ravine would have outrivalled all the others for sublimity and solemn grandeur. The Scriptural expression—a waste howling wilderness—characterises, as exactly as language can, the style of the scenery of these waddies all along the route to Sinai; but one must have been there—one must have seen the ragged, shattered, and splintery pinnacles of bare red rock frowning above, and literally listened to the unbroken silence of the waste below, before one can understand the full force of the description. Never before had I experienced to such a degree that fullness and almost sickness of emotion which, in the common phrase of authors, defies the power of language to express it. Not only did language appear too feeble; the very habit of speech seemed, for the time, an imperfection which belonged only to a low condition of being. In his more glorious moments, a poet might rise to a level with the spirit of the mountain scenery of Europe; but here the highest powers of description would have been unavailing.

In the haunts of men, morning, mid-day, and evening are distinguished by their appropriate incidents; but in the desert, the progress of time is measured only by the great horologe of nature. There are three distinct aspects of earth and sky in the wilderness. At one time the traveller gazes with delight upon the mountain tops as they begin to be pencilled out by the rays, and to separate themselves from the heavy masses beneath; he inhales delicious refreshment from the cool bland winds, fragrant with scent from the scattered shrublets; and bies him onwards, as if motion were enjoyment. This is morning. But soon mid-day approaches, and the traveller begins to droop under the glare of the angry sun, which looks down upon him like a great bloodshot eye. Hemmed in between the piles which rise on both sides, and, as it were, sternly prescribe his path, he sinks under an aching sensation of fatigue; his eye drinks in molten fire from the burning sands, and finds no relief in turning to the rocky boundary; he is fain to seek rest on every spot of scanty herbage,

and his soul and body are occupied in one single feeling, an intense longing for the evening. At last it comes; and who shall describe the night of the desert, whether with the light of the moon or with that of the stars? O how beautiful is moonlight here! Streaming down in a silvery flood, it bathes the barrenness around in soft and gentle radiance. Night in every land is the season for the heart to speak; but nowhere so peculiarly so as here, where man roams a houseless wanderer under the open canopy of heaven, with the silent stars looking meekly down upon him. An eastern night is truly glorious; and I am strongly of opinion that the pictures of this part of the world which I have seen, have all been taken under the influence of its mellowing witchery.

Anxious to press on, we did not halt till late in the afternoon, when our path, which had for several hours been ascending, brought us to a petty nook, where we resolved to remain during the night. Although we should have scarcely thought of dignifying the little declivity with the name of a ravine, we found that it boasted of the designation of *Waddy Sumbra*; indeed every bend and alley of this thinly-peopled country is known by a distinct name to its wandering inhabitants.

May 6th.—We arose with alacrity, and felt braced for our journey, as well by the cold, which had increased very perceptibly since our leaving the coast, as by our anticipations of a sight of Sinai. Quitting an extensive valley which lay at right angles to *Waddy Sumbra*, we entered, after some hours' travelling, a mountain-pass of dark-brown rock, differing from such as we have already seen in this, that the water-channel which ran through it, instead of occupying the entire breadth of the pass, was not more than twelve feet broad, while the breadth of the pass between the ranges was at least three hundred yards. Aware that, after we had entered this pass, Sinai could not be far distant, I dismounted, with the view of hastening forward at a more rapid pace than that at which the broken nature of the ground permitted the dromedary to advance. Full of excitement, and prepared by the descriptions of certain travellers to expect a sight of the most unusual and impressive kind, I had reached a slight elevation on the borders of an oval-shaped plain of considerable extent, when one of the Arabs exclaimed, '*Gibbel Moosa*' (Mountain of Moses)—the name given to Sinai. Our disappointment was extreme. We looked in vain for some awful, isolated mountain, such as we had supposed Sinai to be. All that we saw was the fore-mentioned oval-shaped plain, bounded on the right and left by a chain of vast mounds of stone, or rounded hills, quite different in character from the other broken ranges. Opposite to us, separated from the plain by a shallow water-course, which wound half round its base, and disjoined from the range on both sides—more, however, on the right than on the left—was a mountain, seemingly about three hundred feet high. This was the mountain the sight of which had drawn forth the exclamation of the Arab—St Catharine's, with its famous convent,* behind which, and concealed from us as yet, lay Sinai proper. The convent, as seen from where we stood, presented an appearance the very reverse of imposing; indeed the whole scene was disappointing to our excited imaginations. Was *this* the plain through which the Israelites had passed when about to receive the law? Was *that* the mountain where, for forty days and forty nights, Moses had remained hid from the people, amid incessant thunders and lightnings, and a constant smoke ascending from it, like the smoke of a furnace, and the mysterious intermitting blasts of a trumpet, exceeding loud? Such, in spite of ourselves, were our reflections; and we all agreed, both then and afterwards, that we had seen mountains far more sublime. We forgot, in the imme-

* The convent of St Catharine's, at Sinai, was founded, according to tradition, by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century.

diate feeling of disappointment, that the Scriptural narrative nowhere warrants the expectations which we had entertained, of seeing in Sinai a mountain different from others in its conformation; and that the tremendous transactions which occurred on it, stood in no need of the scenic effect which our hasty imaginations were demanding.

Crossing the plain, and approaching the monastery, we could better observe the massive masonry of its walls. The monastery gardens, with their irregular and unsubstantial enclosures, lying between St Catharine's and the plain, had no doubt detracted from the appearance of the edifice, as seen from a distance. Admiring the industry of those who, without the assistance of any of the appliances of science, had rescued from the barrenness of nature the patches of cultivation which I saw, and deeply impressed at the same time by the thought, how deep and strong must have been the feeling which could have led men to renounce the world, and come to dwell in such a dreary and forbidding solitude, I arrived at the monastery of St Catharine's.

The worthy fathers had descried us at a distance with the aid of their telescopes, and were quite prepared, not to open their gates for us—for that is not the way in which visitors are admitted into the monastery of Mount Sinai—but to hoist us up by a windlass, into what may be described as an overhanging window, or a balcony without a floor to it. A rope as thick as a man's arm is lowered, the loop at the end of which being placed under the person to be raised, in the manner of a swinging-rope, he gives a signal to those above, who hoist him up accordingly. In this manner we soon effected our entrance into the monastery, servants, baggage, and all. One cannot help thinking, that if this device is intended to secure the place against Arab aggression, it is somewhat insufficient; besides that the mere name of the pasha is an ample protection. If, however, the design of the romantic mode of entry be to create an impression on visitors, one can pardon the harmless trick for its success. There was, in fact, something pleasing in being hoisted up some thirty or forty feet of deal wall, and swung into a curious-shaped apartment, among a number of good-humoured-looking fellows, with long beards, and robes of camels' hair, who, both the workers at the windlass and the lookers on, gazed at you with the most unsophisticated curiosity.

When all had ascended, we were conducted to the part of the convent appropriated to visitors, where we were accommodated with a suite of apartments both for ourselves and our servants. The room which we selected had an abundance of cushions and Syrian carpets, necessary to form that indispensable convenience in the East—a divan. We stood, however, in greater need of food than of rest, and the kind-hearted superior accordingly ordered bread and dates to be set before us. The former was a great luxury, after the acid composition which for some days we had been eating under the name of bread; and the dates were an excellent substitute for butter—an article which the abstemious monks never see. Simple as the fare was, we made a hearty meal, and the crystal water of Sini tasted as if expressly designed to allay the thirst caused by the saccharine matter of the dates. It may here be proper to inform all who are interested, that the life of any animal is not permitted to be taken within the walls of the monastery; the good fathers, however, are accommodating in their spirit, and your servants may slay a whole flock of goats outside if they choose, and the carcasses will be hoisted in for your use. As the goats of Sinai are reared on aromatic herbs and grasses, their flesh surpasses the finest venison in flavour. Sheep and cows are not procurable in this part of Arabia. The monks themselves live for the most part on fish and vegetables. Having fortunately been informed, before setting out from Tor, of their penchant for the former article of diet, we had brought six baskets full as a present for them. Not having been salted or prepared for the journey, they had

certainly not been improved by their carriage through the wilderness; our dragoman, however, informed us that a slight, or even a considerable degree of taint, would not prevent them from being greatly relished by the fathers. It was a severe fast with them at the period of our arrival; and it was provoking to think that two days more must elapse before our fish could be tasted. It is expected at the monastery that you pay for whatever you require, with the exception of bread and water, which are regarded as free to all comers. In the English spirit, we first insisted upon defraying all our possible expenses, after which we exhibited our present of fish. The discipline of the monastery is very rigid; and at whatever hour of the night you may awake, the same incessant heart-breaking chant assails your ear.

And now let us take a view of the interior of the monastery. From the veranda or balcony of our quarters, we were bewildered by seeing, piled up along the inside of the heavy walls of the quadrangle, an endless series of little lodges, almost like children's card-houses. As we looked at this jumble of little cells, we could hardly help thinking, notwithstanding the incongruity of such an idea with the locality, how admirably the borders of the quadrangle were suited for a game of 'hide and seek.' Becoming at length familiar with the appearance of these little tenements, we turned our eyes to the more important buildings which occupy the centre of the enclosure—the church of Justinian, or *Ostiniatous*, as the monks call him, and the mosque, which, to gratify the Mahometans, is singularly enough, allowed to exist within the monastery walls. Continuing the glance till the eye rested on the bare and verdureless masses of dusky shattered rock which surround the convent like a rampart, the effect was peculiar. The walls of the monastery, by hiding the more adjacent ground from the view, produced the impression that you were in the bottom of a crater, of which the mountains round you were the sides. Few situations could have been selected better suited for the purposes of self-mortification; and the prolonged endurance of such a place must be inexpressibly painful. The fathers consider residence in this convent a hard service, and are glad to exchange it for that of Cairo when they can. All things considered, however, they are a wonderfully cheerful set of men; and they seemed anxious to do all they could to amuse us. We were happy in finding in their number a venerable individual who had been a merchant in Bengal, and had visited many parts of India, but had at length, for some cause or other, retired from the world, and come to end his days at Mount Sinai. This person attached himself to us during our stay, and was of essential service, in pointing out and explaining much that was curious about the monastery. Although he professed to have abjured all interest in the world which he had forsaken, and even so be careless as to the fate of the relations he had left in Hindostan, I did not fail to perceive, that to speak a language which his tongue had long disused, but which was still familiar to his heart, gave him pleasure; indeed, all the while I continued addressing him in that language, which had perhaps in by-gone days uttered his tenderest emotions, his eye seemed to say, no less plainly than the voices of the Hindoo shopkeepers I afterwards met with in Mocha, 'O speak to us once again in that dear Hindoostanee, for we do love to hear it!'

On the day after our arrival, we were taken to inspect whatever was considered worth attention in the monastery. We passed through the church built by Justinian. The exterior impressed us with the idea of great antiquity, but possessed no title to the praise of architectural beauty, resembling a vast powder-magazine rather than a church. The interior has also a very ancient appearance, but little more can be said for it, and the traveller who seeks gratification in the sight of beautiful paintings or superb furniture, would be disappointed here. There are, it is true, silver candlesticks at least seven feet high, but their size and their

value are their greatest recommendations, the workmanship being rife enough. The paintings on the roof and walls are the veriest daubs that ever issued from a brush. The mosaic of the church is simple, and, although in excellent preservation, appears to be coeval with its foundation. After surveying the church itself, we were conducted into a spacious recess at its farther extremity, where, besides the marble chest or sarcophagus in which the uncorrupted body of St Catharine is said to repose, we were shown the exact spot where Moses beheld the Burning Bush. Here, in the spirit, or rather according to the letter, of the sacred narrative, we were required to take off our shoes before we made our approach. Nor was the penance in the slightest degree inconvenient, for the passage was covered with rich Syrian carpet. A lamp is kept constantly burning within the shrine, casting a dim religious light through the gloom of the holy recess. The outer coating of the shrine consists entirely of splendid silver plates, a minute description of which would occupy several pages. Standing looking at them, I could not refrain from reflecting on the grossness, albeit the naturalness, of that taste which, instead of leaving a spot so sacred in our associations in its primeval state, a patch of ground on a barren hill-side, with the free winds of heaven blowing over it, could think of walling it in, and roofing it over, and covering it with Syrian carpet, and besilvering and beslobbering it with such in-door attentions.

Before leaving the church of Justinian, I inspected the splendid curtain of tapestry said to have been worked by the fingers of St Catharine herself, and which certainly, if she worked the whole of it, does credit to her patience, as well as to the forbearance of time. It is a rich web of crimson silk, about twenty feet long and ten broad, wrought with a skill which few ladies of the present age could emulate. The figures are embroidered of silk, plentifully intermixed with the richest gold twist, and represent scenes from the Scripture history—palm-covered landscapes, men and women in Oriental costume, and flocks and herds, among which the camel is always a conspicuous object. Altogether, the curtain, if not one of the most tasteful things in the world, is certainly one of the most rare and costly: it would sell, I should think, for ten thousand pounds in any capital of Europe.

Outside the church of Justinian were shown to us, growing in a small bed of earth, three or four reputed lineal descendants of the Burning Bush, in no very thriving condition. It struck me that the plant thus selected by the monks (not the present race, who evidently believe the tradition, but those of some former generation) to represent the Burning Bush had not been judiciously chosen. It is a rare plant in the district, and resembles the raspberry in its leaf, so much so indeed, that I could not help inquiring if it produced fruit. The plant which would have agreed better with my fancy on the subject was a small scraggy one, bearing a pretty but diminutive pink flower, and whose branches are so thick and close, that, if carefully cultivated, it could be shaped into seats by the pruning shears. So hardy is this little inhabitant of the desert, that it grows plentifully even on Mount Sinai, which also exhibits patches of various kinds of aromatic herbage, including a species of thyme with larger leaves than that of England.

Having made the tour of the interior of the monastery, we were prepared to ascend Mount Sinai proper. We were first ushered out of the monastery into the garden, through a low subterraneous passage defended by two massive iron gates, either of which was capable of resisting anything but artillery. The venerable superior himself opened these gates and led us into the garden—a sort of terrace about fifteen feet above the level of the ground outside, and containing abundance of fruit-trees, especially plums and almonds. Rosemary and similar herbs grow in perfection here; vegetables were not in season, but we were told they are produced in great plenty.

From a door in the wall of the garden we were required to let ourselves down, by taking hold of a rope, and walking down the wall backwards—a task of no great difficulty, owing to the roughness of the masonry. We were now fairly beyond the precincts of the monastery, and the ascent began. It was greatly facilitated by a sort of rough stair of large stones, for which pilgrims are said to be indebted to the piety of the Empress Helena. For my part, however, I saw no difficulty in the ascent of Mount Sinai sufficient to prevent any youthful lady, with a loving heart, and a stalwart arm to lean upon, from accomplishing it. An hour's walk brought us to a small flat or landing-place, where we refreshed ourselves at a well of excellent water. From this a winding path brought us to a second landing-place, where, besides plenty of water, there was soil enough to form a garden, had the monks so chosen. The only thing, however, which we found growing here was a large and beautiful cypress-tree. (On this part of the mountain is an ancient chapel, of no great size, and of as simple architecture as the church of Justinian. This chapel, our guides informed us, was erected over the burial-place of the prophet Elisha; but as we have no account of Elisha's having ever visited Sinai, and as we are told in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings that he was buried in Palestine, this must have been a mistake. Possibly the purpose of the chapel may have been to commemorate the scene in the life of Elisha's predecessor, Elijah, recorded in the nineteenth chapter of the first book of Kings; although the absence of all appearance of a cave near the spot would seem to indicate that, even under this supposition, the founder had fixed on the wrong locality. Continuing our ascent from the neighbourhood of this chapel, we came to another flight of steps resembling the former, but in a better state of preservation. Ascending these, we were told that we stood on the top of Mount Sinai.

Mount Sinai proper, as has been already mentioned, is not visible on the road from Tor, being concealed by the intervening mountain of St Catharine's. There is a striking difference between the colour of the rock composing Mount Sinai and that of the rock composing St Catharine's—a circumstance which is rendered all the more noticeable by the close juxtaposition of the two mountains; so close, indeed, as only to be expressed by the word *contact*. The stone of St Catharine's is the same porphyry-coloured granite which appears to compose almost all the ranges of the desert; the stone of Sinai, on the other hand, whatever be its composition, is of a dirty white and gray colour, with a thin black or brown scurf, produced by the action of the weather. In this appearance our imaginations tried to find evidence of the great elemental warfare recorded in the sacred books; but unless in the whiteness of the summit, which might be supposed to have been the effect of the bleaching action of fire on porphyry-coloured granite, we could not find traces so palpable as we desired. Sinai rises like a vast tower from the plain, and is a more roundly-shaped eminence than is common in this region. Creeping close to the brink of the precipice, on the side opposite to that by which we had ascended, I gazed downward, not without feelings of dread, as the wind swept over me in sufficient force to carry me away. On this side, the mountain is not devoid of sublimity, which, however, is not increased by the small chapel erected on the spot. The plain at the foot of Mount Sinai is of greater extent than the oval-shaped one mentioned as stretching out before St Catharine's; and, contrary to the assertions of some, is, with the small hills which bound it (even without having recourse to the opinion, that geological changes have been brought about in this locality by convulsions which have happened subsequently to the period referred to by the sacred historian), quite large enough to have afforded encamping room to the Israelites while the law was being delivered. However, we are not bound to consider this mountain the true Sinai, although there seems to be little room for doubting that it is. There is one mountain in the vicinity of Tor,

with an immense plain at its base, which some are disposed to think is more entitled to the honour.

The Gulf of Suze is said to be visible from the top of Mount Sinai, but the weather was too hazy to permit our seeing it. We enjoyed, however, at one view all that sublimity of desert scenery which we had seen only in detached portions during our route. A vast extent of rocky wilderness lay before us, the shattered and verdureless pinnacles in which seemed like the up-sputterings and spray dashes of a sea of adamant, rolling its reluctant billows under the hands of the Creator.

After luxuriating for some time in the prospect, we prepared to descend the mountain by a different route. In the descent, the worthy father who acted as our guide pointed out to us the spot where Moses broke in pieces the two tables of stone, and also the place where his hands were supported by Aaron and Hur while he prayed for the discomfiture of Amalek. Reaching the base of Sinai, we pursued a path leading round that of St Catharine's; and here we saw well-cultivated olive-gardens, belonging to the convent; also a huge stone, which we were informed was the very rock out of which Moses had brought water. It is a weather-rounded mass, of about ten feet high and six broad, which appears to have been detached from the mountain-cliffs above. According to the Scriptural narrative, Moses smote the rock only twice; but here we saw *twelve* goodly gashos. The propriety, however, of a separate outlet for the water of each tribe, will be apparent to every one.

From Moses' Rock we were led to the place where the Israelites worshipped the golden calf—the spot being marked by a hole dug into the rock immediately in front of St Catharine's, partly filled with rubbish, in token of abhorrence for the idolatry of which it had been the scene. Close to this locality we saw an encampment of Arabs, miserably poor in their appearance, but with large herds of goats—the Arab's wealth—browsing near them. It is quite a puzzle to conceive how these men can live under their slight tents of black goats' hair during the snows of winter.

Our walk ended, we re-entered the monastery by the same route as we had used for our exit. A few curiosities still remained to be seen. In the library, the superior showed us a manuscript Greek New Testament, said to have been written by a young lady in the fifth century; and a surpassingly beautiful specimen of calligraphy it was. We were shown also a paper purporting to be a copy of the firman granted by Mahomet to the monastery, the original, on which the prophet, who could not write, had stamped the impression of his hand, covered with ink, by way of signature, having been taken away by one of the sultans, who deemed it too precious to be left with the monks. The paper which we saw bore the delineation of the back of a hand, and appeared to be a copy of a copy, made expressly to bear handling.

And now came the time when we must quit this wonderful place. We parted with friendly regret from our kind-hearted entertainers, to whom we kept waving kisses with our hands while we remained in sight. Under the monastery walls we found a vast *posse* of Arabs, who offered us rock crystals, and rods resembling hazel, for sale. Mesentangling ourselves from these people, we recommenced our journey through the scenes of grandeur which we had formerly passed. We had an opportunity, before leaving the neighbourhood of the monastery, of observing the exceeding hardness of the granite of which the desert ridges are composed. Some Greeks and Arabs in the service of the monastery were at work, shaping blocks of it into building stones; we examined their tools, and found them much blunted by the operation. I may mention here, that within the monastery are forges, anvils, and almost every implement necessary to assist human labour in a rude state of the arts. From the date the monks manufacture a spirit which, when tinctured with the juice of the southernwood, which grows profusely in the desert, is

called *aqua ardente*—a name, however, which it scarcely deserves. The southernwood and other aromatic herbs of the desert possess the property of being ignitable in a green state—an unspeakable advantage to the traveller, as otherwise the refreshing coffee would be unattainable.

Much has been written respecting the dangerous character of the Arabs of the peninsula of Sinai. So far as my experience goes, I am bound to say that, in all my intercourse with them, I met with the most genuine politeness—that politeness which Lord Chesterfield defines as 'a desire to please.' The Greek inhabitants of the peninsula likewise, both lay and clerical, merit equal praise. The clergy are simple and dignified in their deportment; they possess in a high degree the affections of their flocks; and their morals appear to be unimpeachable. The monks of Sinai have been accused of covetousness; of this, however, I saw no evidence. Though not rich, they are not servile or cringing. The free-will offerings which flow to the monastery from Europe, together with a small revenue arising from the sale of their dates, and of the spirit which they manufacture from them, support them with decency, and enable them to show much kindness to their poorer brethren, and to the Arab population.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

'When I wed,' said young May to a friend with whom he was one day in conversation, 'it shall be with a woman who is pretty; I could not love any other. She must also be accomplished; I should not otherwise feel happy in society with her. She must be good tempered, or we might be eternally squabbling. She must be young, or her attractions would soon fade.'

'When I wed,' replied his friend, 'it shall be with a woman who is wealthy; I shall then be sure of being comfortable for life.'

In the course of time both May and his friend, whom we will call Matthews, went in search of a wife. They were both of respectable connexions, comely young men, and possessed fair opportunities of making a selection. May first entered upon his matrimonial expedition, resolving that he would adhere implicitly to the combination of qualifications which he believed could alone secure his happiness. Many months passed away, and among none of his acquaintances could he select a lady whom he conceived either sufficiently pretty, or accomplished, or good tempered, or young: they were all tolerable; but did not attain the necessary standard in either of the requisite qualifications. His was a persevering temperament, or he might have despaired. At length he was fortunate enough to meet a young lady, then in the zenith of her beauty, with blue eyes, auburn hair, and a complexion of alabaster and vermilion in their most approved proportions. May was smitten. Had his heart been less under the control of his head, he would have fallen straightway 'in love'; but he recollected that beauty was only one of the necessary ingredients of his matrimonial compound, and he paused. Here, however, was one requisite to begin with—something on which he might base his hopes—upon which he might have an assurance to proceed in search of the remaining qualifications. He procured an introduction to the family of the young lady, and was soon on intimate terms. Everything advanced prosperously. The lady was accomplished in the most extended signification of the term. She was evidently young, although—ladies will be so close—he had not been able to learn her precise age; and he had watched narrowly, but had never succeeded in discovering that she possessed any infirmity of temper. He paid her a visit one morning, for the purpose of presenting her with tickets for an approaching concert, and, being ushered suddenly into her presence, discovered her in the act of pulling her younger sister's ears, the latter not having properly learned a French lesson to which she had

been set. This was improper, but should scarce have been an unpardonable offence. May was, however, so surprised and shocked at the occurrence, that he curtailed his visit to the shortest dimensions commensurate with good-breeding (taking care to make no reference to the tickets he had brought), and never returned to the house. He was undoubtedly a fastidious young gentleman.

Beautiful as the morning, and gentle as the dove, was the next damsel who passed under his review. A winning kindness lurked beneath the glances of her dark hazel eye, and the tones of her voice resembled softest music. She was indeed the impersonation of goodness and meekness. May was enchanted with her appearance; but with his enchantment was mingled the cold calculation which had influenced him, probably for good, in the preceding case. He thought he could be happy with this fair creature, were she but accomplished. Unfortunately she was not: her circumstances and condition in life were such as had led rather to the cultivation of the amiable, than of the more brilliant qualities of a female education. There was stability of character, mingled with infinite taste, but an absence of extrinsic adornment. May was too much wedded to his standard to be content with this, and he thus lost a 'pearl of precious price.' Some time elapsed ere he was enabled to make a third essay towards obtaining a wife possessed of beauty, accomplishments, good temper, and youth. He had found youth, beauty, an accomplished, and next, good temper and beauty, but with these he had not been content. He now met youth, good temper, and accomplishments, but was as little so. The young person who now attracted his attention had just passed over that period of life which has been so aptly compared to the earliest of the seasons. Her mind partook of the elasticity of her youth, yet had it acquired a certain degree of maturity, which told of her approach to womanhood. She was the breathing representation of the point of transition from the freshness and verdure of spring, to the brilliancy and the brightness of summer. She was, however, deficient in personal beauty, nay, particularly 'plain,' as the phrase is; and as May had resolved that he could 'love no woman who was not beautiful,' why, he passed her by also. Those persons who were aware of the objects of his search predicted an utter failure—not so much on account of the rarity of the stated combinations, as of the fastidiousness of the party who was to judge of their extent. It was, however, May's good fortune to be at length enabled to test the propriety of his standard. After many researches, and many disappointments, he met a lady at once young, accomplished, beautiful, and good tempered. What a day of joy was that to our fastidious friend! how numerous the congratulations he bestowed upon his zeal, his patience, and his perseverance! He would certainly have become insane from an ecstasy of delight, had he possessed an excitable temperament; but he did not, as has been already perceived.

May experienced no difficulty in placing his suit in desirable progress; and when it appeared to him that he had submitted to all reasonable delay, he 'proposed,' and was—rejected!

The lady entertained, and perhaps more justifiably, ideas not less exalted than his own relative to the party whom she should select as her partner for life, and it had occurred to her that May by no means coincided with those ideas.

Such a consummation of all his hopes, of all his perseverance, had not been expected, and it inflicted a fearful blow upon his pride. He endeavoured to reason himself into the belief that he had been grossly ill-used; but he could not conceal from himself that a freedom of selection was not his right alone. The result of his reflections was, that if he hoped to obtain a wife at all, he must in future abandon one or more of the qualifications which he had regarded as so absolutely necessary. He determined on abandoning accomplishments.

These could be acquired in after-life, when youth and beauty could not; and to create good temper where it had not originally existed, was very problematical.

Having come to this determination, he had to traverse much of his old course again, but with the disadvantage of new faces and new acquaintances. While he had been loitering on his way, now rejecting this beauty, now that, time had travelled onwards, and those whom he once knew as 'disengaged,' either had become the partners of less fastidious persons, or now regarded him with different eyes. A manly elegance of person had in him given place to extraordinary corpulence, and suavity of demeanour to somewhat of pomposity and irritability. 'The good things of this life had enlarged his bulk, self-esteem had given a disagreeable turn to his conversation, and mortifications and disappointments in the progress of his matrimonial plans had rendered his temper uneven. He was therefore no equal competitor with younger and buoyant-spirited persons in the new field on which he was entering, and it was not to be wondered at that he was vanquished in many set encounters. After very characteristic perseverance, it became again evident to him that he must lower his standard for a wife another peg.

A love of the beautiful had rather predominated in May's mind, and he now resolved that, if he encountered beauty and good temper, he would be content. This would of course sometimes include youth; but it was a great modification of his original conceptions. Alas, however, for May's good fortune! Beauty had so many admirers, that he seldom succeeded in securing attention to the offerings he presented at her shrine; while good temper playfully hinted that the gentleman who had for so many years shown so much fastidiousness with regard to others, could not himself prove a desirable acquisition.

Well, thought May—willing to make one more effort ere he resigned himself to despair—beauty is but transitory after all, and good temper a lottery—I will be content with youth. It is so delightful to watch the expanding of the young mind, and to mould the character of one's wife to the perfection of our standard. My wife shall certainly be young. But alas for the vanity of our expectations! May had forgotten that he was now old, and that it is not every one's good fortune to meet with a young woman who would 'rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave.' He proposed to youth, and he was rejected. From this moment he abandoned what appeared to him a hopeless task, and passed the remainder of his days 'an old bachelor.'

Matthews, in the interim, had entered upon his search after wealth—unsatisfactory and humiliating as it is under most circumstances, but particularly so when made to influence considerations respecting marriage. It was necessary for him to veil his interested motives; and for a time he succeeded in doing so. As, however, his attentions were ever in the direction in which wealth was to be found, they were soon imputed to the right cause. This was unfortunate, as it subjected him to many rebuffs. Mothers would bid their daughters be cautious of encouraging advances on the part of Mr Matthews; and guardians would delicately hint that his views in certain quarters were presumptuous. Our hero was, however, clothed in 'triple brass,' and was not thus to be deterred. It was remarkable to observe how, in despite of all the defences which surrounded his objects of pursuit, with what ingenuity and intrepidity he would surmount them all, and procure an intimation of his 'ardent and devoted suit' to be conveyed to its destination. Every similar act recorded in ancient or modern times is, upon comparison, cast immeasurably into the distance. Well, unlike his friend May, he was ultimately successful. Despite all the precautions which had been taken to prevent his approach, and in the teeth of all the dangers which beset him, Matthews succeeded in obtaining the affections of a young lady of fortune, and married her.

To do him justice, he was not wholly unprincipled. He had wedded for wealth, but was quite disposed to love, and to do all honour to his wife. The latter was high-spirited, confiding, and affectionate. Reared in the midst of luxury and profusion, she scarce knew the value of wealth, and had given little heed to the exhortations of her friends concerning Matthews's interested views. 'He has told me he loves me,' she would reply, 'and I believe him. He may be poor, but he is not mercenary.' Accustomed to the gaieties of a fashionable circle, Mrs Matthews contemplated rendering her house, after marriage, the agreeable resort of all the *élite* of the society in which her wealth entitled her to move. Being at the same time benevolent, she mentally arranged plans of extensive usefulness. On these two points it seemed probable that some unfortunate collision would occur between her husband and herself. Matthews had no enlarged views of benevolence; and his idea of society was limited to an occasional dinner, or a party at cards. At any rate, he was not disposed that for which he had yielded his liberty, and fought so strenuously, should be what he considered 'foolishly squandered.' For some months, however, he felt a delicacy in stating his views to his wife, simply observing on one occasion, 'I fear, my dear, that we must begin to keep our expenditure within more circumscribed bounds.' 'Nonsense, Henry,' replied Mrs Matthews: 'of what value is wealth if it ceases to minister to the necessities of the unfortunate, or the gratification of social intercourse? If you love me, you will offer no opposition to my views in this matter.' Matthews was about to reply, but his wife placed her fingers playfully on his lips, enjoining silence, and the subject was discontinued. A few days after, he had another opportunity of adverting to the matter, of which he availed himself. His wife contemplated giving an entertainment on a more than usually splendid scale, and was desirous of consulting him relative to some of the arrangements.

'I suggested the other day, my dear,' he remarked, 'that we should place some limit to these entertainments.'

'I think I replied to you, Henry, that if you loved me you would urge no objection?' she said pettishly.

'I know you did, my dear, but I cannot longer defer speaking plainly; we *must* retrench.'

'*Must*, Henry; did you say *must*?'

'Certainly, my dear; the money may be more advantageously disposed of than in giving these parties.'

'Is it not *mine*, Henry?'

Matthews reddened to the eyes; he had not anticipated so pointed a question. 'It is yours; but remember that the law gives me control over it,' he replied somewhat sharply.

Mrs Matthews coloured deeply in her turn; and then, a moment after, the blood fled from her countenance, and went back rushing to her heart, till it produced a feeling of suffocation. Her husband's language and sentiments were of a nature to which she had been totally unaccustomed: his declaration concerning the control which the law gave him over her property, brought back vividly to her mind the caution of her friends concerning his interested motives in proffering marriage. The whole was the occurrence of an instant. 'Henry,' she said, as the thought presented itself, 'it is not true what my friends reported of you previous to our marriage, is it?'

'What did they say of me?' he asked.

'They said you sought my fortune rather than myself.'

Here was a direction given to the discussion which Matthews did not expect, and the suddenness with which it first occurred completely discomposed him. His wife perceived his discomposure, and reiterated the question. He said abruptly, 'It is not true,' and quitted the room.

Here was a disavowal of the suspicion which had occurred to her, but the mode in which it had been given was not calculated to produce belief. If it were not

well-founded, wherefore the agitation, the delay in giving a reply? Suspicion, once excited, overthrows every barrier of confidence, and Mrs Matthews felt convinced that her friends had spoken truth. Pride, self-esteem, vanity, love, all brought the tears gushing to her eyes, and she wept bitterly.

Matthews, after composing himself, returned to the apartment, to assure his wife of the falsity of her suspicions. She permitted him to believe that he had succeeded, but never again did Mrs Matthews repose that confidence in her husband's affection, and that reliance on his honour, which are among the surest safeguards of the happiness of wedded life. They appeared to the world a contented, if not happy couple; but Matthews ever felt, in despite of himself, that he was receiving the wages of a mercenary trickster; while his wife would sometimes wonder what it was which so weighed her spirits down, and rendered her wretched, until she reflected that she was wedded to an ADVENTURER.

OLIVER CROMWELL VINDICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ALTHOUGH Cromwell sat as representative of Huntingdon in the third and fourth parliaments of Charles I. (1627-9), he may be said to have lived to his thirty-seventh year in perfect obscurity. He devoted himself to farming business, had a large family of sons and daughters, and seems to have been altogether what is called a respectable member of society; albeit he himself, in the spirit of religious self-reproach, says he was the chief of sinners. On the rise of the troubles in Scotland, and the consequent calling of a parliament for supplies (1640), Cromwell came up for Cambridge. It was not, however, till he reappeared in the next parliament (1641), as representative of the same place, that he attracted any special attention. Sir Philip Warwick then describes him as 'a gentleman very ordinarily apparelled,' in 'a plain suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor.' His linen plain, and not very clean; his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour.' It is needless, however, to pursue these historical details; suffice it that, when it fairly came to war between the king and parliament, and the latter began to raise troops, Cromwell contributed £300, and undertook the mustering of volunteers in Cambridgeshire. His first acts speak of energy: he seized the arms in the castle of Cambridge, and stopped the university plate, worth twenty thousand pounds, from being sent away.

The first actions in the war were, as is well known, in favour of the king. How Captain Cromwell saw the cause of the evil, and redressed it, may be gathered from a portion of a speech of his, which we give with Mr Carlyle's interpolations (those within inverted commas being for helping the sense—those in brackets exclamatory comments of the editor). 'I was a person who, from my first employment, was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater; from my first being a captain of a troop of horse; and did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust; and God blessed me "therein" as it pleased him. And I did truly and plainly, and in a way of foolish simplicity, as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too, desire to make my instruments help me in that work. And I will deal plainly with you: I had a very worthy friend then; and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr John Hampden. [Hear, hear; a notable piece of history!] At

my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you; God knows I lie not. "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality. do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them?" Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him: "You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still." I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. [Very natural in Mr Hampden, if I recollect him well, your highness! With his close thin lips and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding, lively sensibilities to "unspotted character," "safe courses," &c. &c. A very brave man; but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant. Alas, there is no possibility for poor Columbus at any of the public offices, till once he become an actuality, as I say, "Here is the America I was telling you of!"] Truly I told him I could do somewhat in it. I did so—"did this somewhat;" and truly I must needs say this to you, "The result was"—impute it to what you please; I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did; [The Ironsides; &c.] and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually. [Yea!] And truly this is matter of praise to God; and it hath some instruction in it, to our men who are religious and godly.

Such was the practical manner in which Oliver Cromwell laid his claim to be esteemed as a man of genius. To create an adequate antagonist force, he went to work in right earnest, acting upon the idea that he had conceived. The counties had formed themselves into 'associations' for mutual defence against royalist oppression—a measure of course condemned as treasonable by the court party. The association to which Cromwell belonged, consisting of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, and Herts, and denominated the 'Eastern Association,' was the only one that kept together, and that exclusively through the operation of the plan suggested by himself to Hampden. It was not long before Cromwell attained to the rank of colonel; and in such capacity approved his activity to the utmost. He subjected the body of men under him to many changes; gradually dismissing the bad, and admitting the good, until he formed a troop of a thousand men, celebrated in history as 'the Ironsides.' Of Cromwell's troops the newspapers of the day state, 'Not a man swears but he pays his twelvepence.' Plundering, drinking, all disorder and impiety were disallowed. Such was the discipline imposed by the colonel—and to that discipline his successive triumphs in the war were owing.

It was not long ere Cromwell had made up his mind, stung by his country's wrongs, that regicide was lawful. In this at first he stood almost alone. Most men of that age were of Shakespeare's opinion—

'There's a divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but leap to what it would!'

Cromwell had convinced himself of the contrary. We soon read of differences between the Earls of Essex and Manchester and him: they were evidently for less earnest measures than he was. He complained of the latter to parliament (it was soon after the sanguinary battles of Marston Moor and Newbury), when the Earl of Manchester recriminated upon him, stating, among other things, that Lieut.-General Cromwell had said that 'There never would be a good time in England till we had done with lords;' and also that 'If he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol at the king as at another.' The upshot was, that the commons relieved the soldiery by 'the self-denying ordinance' of allegiance to 'the Covenant,' and a new modelling of the army was undertaken—a measure first of all ridiculed by the royal party, but proving ultimately fatal to them at Naseby, where Charles fought his last battle on the 14th June 1645. It was Cromwell himself who turned the fortune of the fight. We quote the latter half of his letter to the speaker of the commons on this occasion: 'Sir—this is none other than the hand of God; and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him. The general served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendation I can give him is, that I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself—which is an honest and a thriving way; and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for.'

This letter, both in the sobriety of its style and the fervency of pious feeling, is stamped with sincerity. We find him, in a similar manner, after relating the particulars of 'the storm of Bristol,' declaring that 'he that runs may read, that this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very atheist that does not acknowledge it.'

Such then were the enthusiastic emotions with which Cromwell now regarded the contest—a fearful state of mind to be in if wrong; an earnest of success if right. Charles still, however, depended on the old *prestige*, that 'the king's name was a tower of strength,' and dreamed not that, through the example of one man, that same tower had been already undermined. But it was so. History has indeed hitherto described Cromwell as succeeding by means of 'hypocrisy,' 'master-strokes of duplicity,' 'false protestations,' and 'fomenting of the army-discontents.' This Mr Carlyle strictly denies; avouching, on the contrary, that it was 'by continuances of noble manful simplicity' that Cromwell penetrated and overcame all difficulties. The evidence certainly is in his favour.

The royalist power being put down by the civil war ending in 1645, a new war took shape and arose—that between the Presbyterian party, hitherto in power, and well affected to monarchy as a principle, and the sectaries or independents, the religious party *par excellence*, the party of Cromwell. The former was strong in the cities and in Scotland, the latter in the army. The progress of things continually threw new power upon Cromwell's side, for it was insuperably embarrassing to the Presbyterians to have to battle out their principles in connexion with the existing specimen of monarchy—a man utterly disaffected to presbytery. Cromwell's party, on the other hand, free from all such falsity of position, had no stay or hindrance to prevent their carrying out the realisation of the saintly government which all aimed at. The year 1648 was a year of Presbyterian efforts for the king, then a prisoner. It saw an army of twenty thousand Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, become 'stubble to the swords' of Cromwell's troops at Preston. And then came the ascendancy of the army in parliament, and the execution of Charles.

of which there can be no doubt Cromwell was the main instrument. On this subject we have some highly characteristic paragraphs from our editor.

"More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise [a Dutch writer on the king's death]; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay, to be preferred, think some, in point of horror, to "the crucifixion of Christ." Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernal on you—when once they are quelled, and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! The phantom is a poor paper lantern, with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

"A certain queen in some South Sea island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful people, the gods do not dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning mountain—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning mountain, will empty my washbowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!" She walked accordingly, this South Sea heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment; and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to repeat, and very needless. Honour to the brave who deliver us from phantom-dynasties, in South Sea islands and in North!

"This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp-like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas! not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself, and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again. Which I take to be a very long date indeed."

Amidst the terrible doings of this very crisis, Cromwell was carrying on a negotiation for the marriage of his son Richard to a certain Dorothy Mayor, at Hurstey; and he writes on this subject only two days from the date of the king's death!

One thing becomes very clear from this book—the self-consistency of the whole theory, so to speak, on which Cromwell proceeded, and the consistency of that theory, and the proceedings themselves. The supposition of hypocrisy is preposterous: no man ever kept up a deception so long, or so exactly, or with such results. But we feel at the same time the terrible nature of this theory, carrying the man through the life-blood of opposing thousands without a shadow of humane compunction. It took the spring and summer months of 1649 to wreck and suppress the last opposition to the Commonwealth in England; but in Ireland the new government had no footing save in Dublin and Derry. That nation was unanimous after an Irish fashion—that is, it was wholly against the English Commonwealth, but split into many mutually hostile parties. "Catholics of the Pale demanding freedom of religion;" "old Irish

Catholics under Popes' Nuncios, unable to agree with the Catholics of the Pale;" "Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed breeds, strong for king without covenant; Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for king and covenant." All these plunging and tumbling in huge discord for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs an unutterable blot.

Oliver comes in with an army in the month of August, is well received in Dublin, where his party was in force, and immediately proceeds against the various independent armies opposed to him, which, through his own energy and their want of union, he in six months dissipates, leaving the country prostrate at his feet. We find at this crisis the most characteristic of all Cromwell's actions. The enemy had 4000 men under Sir Arthur Ashton in Tredah (now called Drogheda). What was their fate we shall see from Cromwell's own account of his storm of the town, in a letter to Speaker Lenthall.

Breaches having been made in the wall with cannon—Upon Tuesday, the 10th of this instant, about five in the evening, we began the storm; and after some hot dispute, we entered about seven or eight hundred men, the enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Cassel being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a tenalia to flanker the south wall of the town, between Duleek Gate and the corner tower; which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the enemy, which they put to the sword. And this "tenalia" they held; but it being without the wall, and the sally-port through the wall into that tenalia being choked up with some of the enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed, yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt; wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the enemy, and, by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his intrenchments; and after a very hot dispute, the enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the wall, they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their intrenchments and "of" the church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the enemy could not "now" annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisaded. The governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword; and indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about 2000 men; divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed St Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, "God's name, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves; and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were

come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes; the soldiers in the other tower were all spared as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

'I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.

'And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.'

The reader will perfectly understand this pitilessness in a fanatic, and see that the ascribing of the victory to God was only part of the tremendous theory which possessed him. But what will he make of the fact that an educated man of the present day, standing in no observable affinity to the religious party of Cromwell, justifies these and other like horrible barbarities, on the score that their perpetrator was a man under a solemn conviction of God's judgments on earth; not a believer in 'the rose-water plan of surgery'; one coming with acts of parliament made as near as puritan wit could make them 'to God's law-book'; calling upon the Irish to conform to these, under the threat that, on refusal, 'I will not let you continue living'; one whose word was not bluster, but followed by act; in short, for no reason in the world, when Mr Carlyle's verbal quiddities are interpreted, but because Cromwell had a religious doctrine in which he was sincere, and was stayed by no humane considerations in working it out; as if every man equally voracious were entitled to treat his fellow-creatures—his equals in the right of forming their opinions—exactly as he pleases? Will it readily be believed that an author of fame in our day is so utterly destitute of a right view of God's work and man's work on earth, as to write, with an appearance of seriousness, such wretched and unmitigated nonsense as this?

Through such stern measures, Cromwell reduced Ireland. His reduction of Scotland was accomplished in a less harsh manner, because the people of that country were more akin to him in their religious feelings. These transactions, however, as well as his whole career as head of the state, must be left unreviewed, as our space is for the present exhausted. We meanwhile recommend a perusal of Mr Carlyle's work. It has effectually, we believe, vindicated its hero from the charges of hypocrisy and mere ambition: the only tenable theory now is, that he was a Great Earnest Man, seeking primarily the realisation of a government according to Scripture, and only drawn into personal aggrandisement because that was unavoidable in his endeavours for the main end. But the merit and value of the system (as it may be called) of Cromwell is an entirely different consideration, and one which remains unaffected by the extraordinary defence which the system here meets. Fact, we conceive, has settled that question long ago. If the idea of a government according to one small sect's interpretation of the divine will in Scripture, had been a good idea, it must have lived. But what is the fact? that, in eighteen months from the death of the strong man who had upheld it for four or five years under constant difficulties, it went down amidst the kicks and curses of universal human nature, not only never to rise again, but to be followed by one of the worst pos-

sible governments of another kind, which nevertheless men embraced with transports of joy, as if any kind of tyranny were felt as relief from one professing a basis and a justification in religion.

'THE CITY.'

It is a well-known part of the egotism of Londoners to speak of 'the city,' as if it were *par excellence* the only city in the world, and with the conviction that the locality indicated by the term will be known and recognised in the most remote regions of civilisation. This egotistic designation of an infinitesimal spot on the globe (and indeed of a small portion of the metropolis itself), is not altogether inexcusable; for although we question whether a merchant of the bazaar at Constantinople, or a trader in the Gostoni Dovor of Moscow, would fully understand that 'the city' meant our city and not his, yet few foreigners connected with commerce would feel more than a moment's hesitation in fixing the meaning attached by Londoners to the expression. The space between the far-famed Temple Bar and the equally celebrated Aldgate Pump one way, and the river Thames and the 'bars' of Smithfield and Holborn the other, presents a scene of busy ceaseless commerce—a sea of traffic, the waves of which reach to the most distant shores.

In the dark alleys and dingy chambers which surround the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, transactions are daily completed, the enormous value and amount of which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to compute. But the exterior aspect of 'the city'—the peculiarities of its merchants, with the more observable and important of their bewildering operations—are not so difficult to note; and an attempt has been recently made to detail them in a little work entitled 'The City, or the Physiology of London Business, with Sketches on 'Change and at the Coffee-houses.'

Of all the complicated ramifications and motions of commerce, banking must be considered the main spring; hence the author has judiciously commenced his book by some insight into the interior of the Bank of England. 'This bank is governed by a court of twenty-four directors, eight of whom go out of office every year, when eight others are elected. Half-yearly dividends are declared, and the proprietors now receive 7 per cent. per annum on the stock. It is the most absolute corporation in the country; for although the proprietors meet twice a-year to be informed of the state of their affairs, little or no information is gained beyond the amount of the rest.' This 'rest,' which we so often find mentioned in the newspapers, consists of what remains after the dividends are satisfied, and forms a fund for any unforeseen contingency which may arise during the coming half year. Upon this residuum the directors can 'come and go' it consequently imparts freedom and elasticity to their operations. As they are by no means communicative as to their transactions, the increase or decrease of this reservation is almost the only clue the public have to the state of their affairs; hence the declaration of its amount is eagerly looked to by all persons largely interested in the money market.

A vast proportion of the money affairs of this empire are transacted in a modest room of the 'great house in Bartholomew-lane' (to borrow a favourite expression from a famous auctioneer), called the 'bank parlour.' This mysterious apartment is looked upon with a sort of awe, and no banker's clerk presumes to mention it but in terms of respect and veneration. 'It is rather meanly furnished with lengthy mahogany settles, covered with faded crimson merino; the walls are without the least decoration; and a bridge of tables, the deformities of which are hidden by green baize, one separates the directors from the proprietors. A few scattered chairs is all the accommodation offered to the directors while the meetings are in progress; but these

are seldom or never filled, as they generally stand out the quarter of an hour or twenty minutes the proceeding lasts. The attendance of the directors under such circumstances would, without question, be considered a fatiguing process, did not the ear suddenly encounter the rattle of cups and saucers, and the eye discover a very spruce messenger, with white cravat and light pumps, gliding stealthily behind the screen from and to the room where the refreshment is served. The lobby to the bank parlour is the only place in the establishment which is at all indebted to art for attraction. Here we have a few of the old cashiers of the bank, painted with remarkably gray wigs, lay down collars, and stiff lace ruffles, including that singular character Mr Abraham Newland, who rose from a baker's counter to be chief clerk of the Bank of England. We suppose the directors have discontinued the plan of panelling the memory of departed officers, for we see none of those to whom common report assigns part of the management of later years. Perhaps that part of the building which is of the most intrinsic importance, is on the basement, in which the cellars are for the storing of bullion. Of this contained in October 1845, the value of £14,865,000. Above ground the various offices afford accommodation for about 800 clerks, whose salaries range from £1.50 to £2000 per annum.

The less important banking transactions of 'the city' are carried on by private and joint-stock banks. The first are no more than firms of two or three individuals who trade in money, as other copartners deal in less current merchandise, on their own account and responsibility; whilst the latter are conducted on principles first and successfully practised in Scotland, but which were not introduced into England till within the last fifteen or twenty years. They have a large staff of officers in the character of managers, sub-managers, and secretaries, beside their cashiers and clerks, as in ordinary banking-houses. Being modern establishments, their officers present widely opposite characteristics to those of the older private firms. Instead of being attended to in the latter by cashiers and clerks peering through spectacles with a steady and staid appearance, whose only inquiries are respecting the weather and the prospects of business, you find yourself, on entering a joint-stock bank, in the company of sprightly young gentlemen, who talk about new operas and the other amusements of the town with all the ease of connoisseurs in high life, and whose chief study is to give effect to chequered neckerchiefs, showy chains, and mogul pins. This, no doubt, is the march of improvement, but to the quiet man of business, the times in this respect are scarcely so acceptable as the old days of white ties, venerable faces, and tranquil attention to the wants of customers. The modern improvements do not facilitate the counting or weighing of sovereigns, crossing cheques, or balancing ledgers. Our physiologist should, however, have added that, as a set off to the *dilettante* peculiarities of the new school, they are more quick and ready in their motions, and do not keep one so long waiting one's 'turn' at their counters as the spectacled gentlemen of the old school.

Although to discount bills of exchange is usually recognised as only part of a banker's business, there are several firms who make that their sole business, and are known as 'discount houses.' The bills these houses principally discount are those of merchants and country bankers; and the rates paid vary according to the general supply of money, and the terms upon which the Bank of England is disposed to make advances. Two and a quarter, and two and three-quarters per cent. is about the current quotation for unquestionable paper, and at these prices a great deal of business has been done in the plethoric state of capital during the last two or three years; but as much as five and six per cent., even on first-rate bills, has been paid when a scarcity has existed, and when the bank has continuously advanced its rates of accommodation. Bill-brokers advance money on all

descriptions of securities, such as exchequer bills, consols, wine, sugar, or other produce warrants; but they usually take care to stand in a good position; that is to say, on the right side of the value of the security they hold. To show the enormous sums advanced in this way, we are told that three of the most eminent concerns have each not less than five millions of money under discount in the course of the year.

The mysteries of the Stock Exchange are partially unravelled in the work before us. This building—in which fortunes are daily hourly being won and lost—is hidden by the houses which form the east side of Bartholomew-lane and the northern bend of Throgmorton Street. It is entered by Capel Court, nearly opposite to the rotunda of the Bank of England; but entrance is rigidly denied to all *navy* stock-brokers. Any banker, merchant, capitalist, trustee, or private individual, therefore, who may wish to buy or sell stock, must employ a member of the Stock Exchange (of whom there are about 800) to effect the transaction. The process is this:—The principal having given his orders to the broker, that individual wends his way into the exchange, inside of which another class of men are always to be found ready and eager to do business, who are called 'jobbers.' When a broker comes in as a buyer or seller, he is instantly surrounded by a number of jobbers, who announce their readiness to take or supply whatever amount of stock he has orders to deal in at a price varying the 1-8th (2s. 6d.) per cent. To explain: if a certain broker has business to transact in £5000 consols, the jobber will offer to buy his £5000 at the market price, say at 97, or to sell him the same amount at 97-1-8th, without being in the slightest degree aware whether the broker has orders to buy or sell; thus taking on himself the risk of selling that which he does not possess, or buying what he has no intention to keep, his only object being to *undo* his bargain at a difference of 1-8th per cent., and sometimes at only 1-16th, with another broker, who may have to effect an operation precisely the reverse of the other; which 1-8th or 1-16th per cent. constitutes the profit of the jobber. By the agency, therefore, of the jobbers, a market is always maintained, for they are ever ready to buy or sell. Most of them confine their transactions to one particular stock, though some deal in every sort of public security. Their profit is derived from the turn of the market, which is always in their favour. Thus, when stock is quoted in the newspapers at '35 to 1-8th,' it means, the public is given to understand, that if they wish to sell, only 35 per cent. will be obtained for their stock; but if they want to buy, 35 and 1-8th per cent. must be given. The lower price quoted is the selling, and the higher the buying price; the 1-8th being the jobbers' profit. The jobbers are, in reality, the 'middle men,' who stand in the house in the character of dealers, always, or almost always, ready to buy or sell, thus obviating the necessity of any broker seeking a second broker with whom to transact his particular business: or, in other words, whom it might suit to buy the stock which the first broker had to sell, or *vice versa*. Now, in this case, even if a second broker could be found, he might not be able to concur in the precise amount of stock in which the other had to operate; whereas the jobber is ready to do business to any amount, even to the smallest fraction, and hence prevents much time and labour from being fruitlessly consumed.

It is curious to reflect how the instinct of a humble, and *par excellence* innocent animal, has been brought to bear upon such a business as that of the Stock Exchange. According to our author, 'Dill within the last seven or eight years, the ordinary courier brought the news from the continent; and it was only the Rothschilds, and one or two other important firms, that "ran" intelligence in anticipation of the regular French mail. However, about ten years ago, the project was conceived of establishing a communication between Paris and London by means of pigeons, and in the course of two years it was in complete operation. The training of the birds took com-

siderable time before they could be relied on; and the relays, and organisation required to perfect the scheme not only involved a vast expenditure of time, but also of money. In the first place, to make the communication of use on both sides of the channel, it was necessary to get two distinct establishments for the flight of the pigeons—one in England and another in France. It was then necessary that persons, on whom reliance could be placed, should be stationed in the two capitals, to be in readiness to receive or despatch the birds that might bring or carry the intelligence, and make it available for the parties interested. Hence it became almost evident that one speculator, unless he was a very wealthy man, could not hope to support a "pigeon" express. The consequence was, that the project being mooted, two or three of the speculators, including brokers of the house, themselves joined and worked it for their own benefit. Through this medium several of the dealers have made large sums of money; but the trade is scarcely so profitable as it was, because the success of the first operators has induced others to follow the example of establishing this species of communication. The cost of keeping a "pigeon" express has been estimated at £600 or £700 a-year; but whether this amount is magnified with the view of deterring others from venturing into the speculation, is a question which never seems to have been properly explained. It is stated that the daily papers avail themselves of the news brought by these "expresses;" but, in consideration of allowing the speculators to read the despatches first, the proprietors, it is understood, bear but a *minimum* proportion of the expense. The birds generally used are of the Antwerp breed, strong in the wing and fully feathered. The months in which they are chiefly worked are the latter end of May, June, July, August, and the beginning of September; and though the news may not be always of importance, a communication is generally kept up daily between London and Paris in this manner. In 1837-38-39, and 1840, a great deal of money was made by the "pigeon-men," as the speculators supposed to have possession of such intelligence are familiarly termed; and their appearance in the market was always indicative of a rise or fall, according to the tendency of their operations. Having the first chance of buying or selling, they of course had the market for a while in their own hands; but as time progressed, and it was found that the papers by their "second editions" would communicate the news, the general brokers refused to do business till the papers reached the city. The pigeons bringing the news occasionally get shot on their passage; but as a flock of some eight or a dozen are started at a time, miscarriage is not of frequent occurrence. At the time of the death of Mr Rothschild, one was caught at Brighton, having been disabled by a gun-shot wound, and beneath the shoulder-feathers of the left wing was discovered a small note with the words "Il est mort," followed by a number of hieroglyphics. Each pigeon establishment has a method of communication entirely its own; and the conductors, if they fancy the key to it is in another person's power, immediately vary it. A case of this description occurred not long ago. The parties interested in the scheme fancied that, however soon they received intelligence, there were others in the market who were quite equal with them. In order to arrive at the real position of affairs, the chief proprietor consented, at the advice of a friend, to pay £10 for the early perusal of a supposed rival's "pigeon express." The "express" came to hand, he read it, and was not a little surprised to find that he was in reality paying for the perusal of his own news! The truth soon came out—somebody had asked the keeper of his pigeons, and were thus not only making a profit by the sale of his intelligence, but also on the speculations they in consequence conducted. The defect was soon remedied by changing the style of characters employed, and all went right as before.

Quitting the Stock Exchange, we cross the end of

what was once 'Bank Buildings,' and enter the place where merchants most do congregate—the Royal Exchange. The 'old massive building, with its firm oaken benches for the accommodation of those who were tired of pacing the ambulatories, and its walls extensively illustrated with placards of ships about to sail, of goods to be sold, and lists of the sworn brokers of London, we have now a large and sightly building, with walls flaring with colours, exhibiting in the encaustic process vases filled with fruits and flowers, gay, indeed, but not universally admired by men of business, or connoisseurs in architecture. The hours of 'Change—as regulations lately instituted enforce—are from half-past three to half-past four P.M., a period when the merchants and others connected with mercantile affairs meet together before the close of the business of the day. The different interests are severally divided, and hold, almost by prescriptive right, a particular spot where their members meet, and these are called the "walks;" such as, the "Mediterranean," the "German," the "Spanish," or "Portuguese" walks. Here parties discourse of the latest events; failures, if there be any; recent contracts for goods; last-quoted prices; and general business. The two great days on 'Change are Tuesday and Friday, and then the full force of the mercantile interest is in attendance, as the operations which regulate the foreign exchanges are on these occasions concluded.

Although individuals may pass their days in the different public offices and places of resort, yet their object is the same—commerce. 'The bustle and activity of city life,' says our author, 'begins at nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and concludes between six and seven o'clock in the evening. Between the former hours the suburbs and the west have poured in their thousands of human beings, who are engaged in business from Monday morning till Saturday night, in one continued round, and who, in the latter hours, return to their homes to prepare for the morrow's occupation. Before and after those hours you see or hear scarcely anything in the shape of business. In the intermediate period the whole place is alive with the multitude engaged in the operations of the day, and the comers and the goers seem never likely to expend their force, and one would imagine that the great concourse could never disperse. Visit the city at twelve o'clock mid-day, and again at seven in the evening, you would wonder where the people had all gone to. Round 'Change you would not find a soul; in Bartholomew-lane, the only cry heard would be that of the 'bus-conductor for Paddington and Holloway; and in Lombard Street the police would watch you as though you contemplated a burglary at Glyn's or Barclay's, and perhaps inquire the cause of your loitering in the neighbourhood. At eight o'clock at night the "stillness of death" reigns over the city, and not till the morning, between that hour and nine, is there anything like the note of preparation sounded for business. The city is not now much chosen for a residence. The old houses in the best thoroughfares are either let as offices, or given up to the occupation of housekeepers who have the charge of the premises. At the banks, the rule is for the junior partner to reside on the premises; and a certain number of clerks also live in the house. Merchants and others, who formerly located in the suburbs, have in a great number of cases chosen west end domiciles. Regent's Park, and the rows of villas that stud the neighbourhood of Kensington, Brompton, Hammersmith, and other places tending to those points, are thickly inhabited by city men. Clapton, Hackney, Islington, Peckham, and Clapham, which at one time were considered very convenient distances by these people, have been denuded of a number of their former occupants. Clerks, instead of principals, now reside in these localities, all short rides or walks from the city being filled with the habitations of this class of persons.'

At night 'the city' is indeed silent, and it is only the west end of the town—where the fashionables re-

side, and the places of amusement are situated—that shows symptoms of life. The rich merchant has rolled home in his carriage, the clerk has had his sixpenny ride to Camberwell or to Paddington, the perambulating orange-seller has taken his basket to his garret for the night, the ticket-porter has rolled up his apron and retired to his court, and all is hushed in a silence that is only broken by the tread of a policeman or the barking of a dog which has lost his master. The busy hum of men is no longer heard. Business has retired to rest, and the feverish pulse of speculation has ceased to beat.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE ON VEGETATION.

THE effect produced by civilisation on the feelings and intellect of the savage, the modifications induced in the characters of the lower animals by domestication, are not more wonderful than the changes which have been effected on many vegetable families by the power of cultivation. Root, stem, leaf, flower, and fruit, are each naturally endowed with a certain degree of mutability, according to circumstances of soil, climate, and other external conditions; and man, practising upon this mutability, has, in course of time, succeeded in rearing products which bear scarcely any resemblance to their natural originals. There is a limit, no doubt, to this divergence from the normal type—a line beyond which organic adaptability cannot be forced, without interfering with the healthy existence of the organism; but of such a limit in vegetation we are yet almost absolutely ignorant. All that can be said in the present state of our knowledge is, that certain results have been obtained, some of which we intend to notice as being at once highly curious and important.

In a state of nature, most vegetable tribes are limited to definite localities, these situations being characterised by some peculiarity of soil and atmospheric influence. If the conditions of soil and climate remain the same, the character of plants is nearly uniform and stationary; and thus may be always said of them in their natural state. But if they be removed from a poor to a rich soil, from a warm to a cold climate, from a dry to a moist habitat, or *vice versa*, then their internal structure will undergo a change, and this change will manifest itself in one or other of their external characters. In some classes, the change is most evident in the roots and tubers, in others in the stems and leaves; while in many the flowers and fruit are the parts most affected. Sometimes change of situation produces merely a more luxuriant development of all the parts of a plant, without causing any abnormal growth of a particular organ, as may be seen every season by comparing the crops on a poor gravelly soil with those on rich alluvium, or the produce of a neglected field with that of a well-manured garden. Culture, in the widest sense of the word, may therefore be considered as the cause of these irregular changes, which assume in plants a wonderful degree of permanency, and may be transmitted to successive races; though, generally speaking, if the artificial stimulus be not kept up, plants will return to their normal or natural condition.

The changes which roots and tubers can be made to undergo are numerous, and highly beneficial to man. The potato, for example, is a native of tropical America, and when found wild, its tubers are not larger than a chestnut, and scarcely edible; while, in Europe it has been rendered, by artificial treatment, one of the most valuable articles of human food. The produce of an acre of wild potatoes could be held in a single measure; while in Britain the same area will yield from forty to sixty bolls. Cultivation has also produced innumerable varieties of this tuber, each varying in shape, size, colour, and quality; and this, it may be said, all within the last hundred years; for though the potato was imported from America three centuries ago, it is scarcely one since it met with anything like attention. Beet, parsnip, and turnip, have been also wonderfully modified

by culture, and made to break off into numerous varieties. The bulb of the latter, for instance, has, since the beginning of the present century, been metamorphosed from globular to fusiform, in colours from white and yellow to purple and green, and in weight from a couple of ounces to more than twenty pounds. So also with the carrot, which in a wild state has a slender root of a yellowish-white colour, but which, under cultivation, swells out, and becomes succulent, assuming a deep red or orange colour. In the one case the root is not much thicker than a common quill; in the other it becomes as thick and long as a man's arm—the produce being sometimes so much as 400 bushels per acre. The cause of most of these changes is abundantly obvious. Cultivation removes a plant to a richer soil, where it can obtain all the elements essential to its growth with greater facility, and without suffering those impediments to continuous growth which alternate drenchings and droughts are so apt to occasion in a state of nature. If the soil be too wet, it undergoes drainage; if too dry, it is irrigated; besides being deepened and softened, to admit of the easy expansion of the bulb or tuber on every side. As in animals, so in plants, every individual has a tendency to reproduce its own qualities in its offspring, and man, taking advantage of this feature, rears only such species and hybrids as best suit his purpose, until, by successive developments, these qualities greatly exceed anything in nature, or even become altogether monstrous.

Stems, though less liable to metamorphoses of this kind are still capable of being strangely changed from their normal condition. Every one is aware, that if a tree which is a native of mountains be planted in a valley, it grows more rapidly, but its timber becomes softer and less durable; and in like manner, if the tree of a valley be removed to a mountain, it becomes of slow growth and stunted form, but produces timber remarkable for its toughness and durability. By cultivating upon this principle, tall stems are for the most part rendered short or dwarfish, and shorter ones taller—the dahlia, for example, having been reduced to one half of its natural height by garden culture. The cabbage, in a wild state, has a tough, slender stem, which by culture has become fleshy and fusiform: there are no stalks and shoots to be found among the asparagus plants of the sea-shore which can compare with those of our gardens; and so also it might be noted of many culinary plants, that differ so much from their originals, that none but a botanist could detect the relationship. Nor is it in the external characters only that cultivation effects such changes: the intrinsic properties are equally liable to metamorphosis—as from sour to sweet, from acrid to agreeable, or even from poisonous to wholesome. The well-known garden celery is a native biennial found on the sides of ditches in the vicinity of the sea, and in this state is highly acrid, and of a coarse rank flavour. Culture, however, has now transformed the leaf-stalks of the common species into one of the most agreeable salads, and the bulbous roots of the celeriac into a wholesome and nutritious esculent.

As in roots and stems, so in leaves the influence of cultivation is manifested in a very marked and curious manner. 'The *Brassica oleracea*,' says Dr Neill, 'is a plant indigenous to our rocky shores; but no one seeing it waving its foliage in its native habitat, could possibly anticipate that it would ever appear in our gardens disguised as the ponderous drum-head or sugar-loaf cabbage, or on our tables as the delicate cauliflower and broccoli.' In the one case the stem is tough and slender; in the other it becomes fleshy and fusiform; when wild, the leaves are small and wavy; under favourable culture they become large and succulent, tuckering so rapidly, that they have not actually room to unfold themselves, but gather into a *heart* or cluster several feet in circumference. The original colewort would weigh scarcely half an ounce; we have seen a well-nourished drum-head weigh more than thirty pounds. The *Crambe maritima*, another plant growing

spontaneously on the southern shores of our island, has in like manner been improved into the sea-kale of our markets: so it may be remarked of the artichoke, the endive, spinach, succory, and, in fact, of all our esculents and salads. It is owing to this protean susceptibility that, under cultivation, certain leaves become puckered, as in the curled cress and curled savoy; that notched and lobed ones become simple and entire: and that thin and leathery ones are transformed into thick and succulent masses.

The changes which occur in the floral organs are also very numerous; and on this feature depends all that beauty and variety which it is now so much the object of the florist to produce. These transformations consist in an increase of the petals; in a conversion of petals into stamens, and in some modification of the colour. What are called *double flowers* are produced by a multiplication of the petals, as in the common varieties of the rose; and *full flowers* are those in which the multiplication is carried so far as to obliterate the stamens and pistils. The rose, for example, produces in a wild state only a single row of petals, surrounding a vast number of yellow stamens; but when cultivated, many rows of petals are formed at the expense of the stamens, which are proportionally diminished in number. Compare the dog-rose of our hedges with the cabbage or Provence rose of the garden; or compare the single anemones and ranunculuses of the Levant with the finest Dutch varieties, and see what cultivation has produced. In the one case there are only five diminutive petals; in the other we have hundreds: the wild anemone is scarcely an inch across; Dutch florists have reared specimens more than six inches in diameter. The same may be remarked of the polyanthus, which is very unlike its parent, the primrose; of the auricula, the hyacinth, dahlia, and other floral favourites, which, under cultivation, have each sported into many hundred varieties. 'The dahlia,' says a recent authority, 'is a native of Mexico, from which it was introduced in 1789, but afterwards lost to our cultivators. It was reintroduced in 1804; but it was not till ten years later that it was generally known in our gardens. The first plants were single, of a pale purple colour, and though interesting, as affording a new form of floral ornament, they by no means held forth the infinite diversity of that tint and figure exhibited by their double-flowered successors. At present the varieties are endless, each district of the country possessing suites of its own, and cultivators occasionally raising at one sowing a dozen kinds which they think worthy of preservation. The results have been most propitious to the flower-garden, from which, indeed, the dahlia could now nearly as ill be spared as the potato from the kitchen-garden.'

With regard to the change of hues in the *colouring of flowers*—the streakings, the mottlings, and dashings—it is almost impossible to speak, 'Its infinite changes and metamorphoses in almost every cultivated flower,' says Dr Lindley, 'can be compared to nothing but the alterations caused in the plumage of birds, or in the hairs of animals by domestication. No cause has ever been assigned to these phenomena, nor has any attempt been made to determine the cause in plants. We are, however, in possession of the knowledge of some of the laws under which change of colour is effected. A blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow flower will become white or red, but never blue. Thus the hyacinth, of which the primitive colour is blue, produces abundance of white or red varieties, but nothing that can be compared to bright yellow—the yellow hyacinths, as they are called, being a sort of pale yellow ochre, verging to green. Again, the ranunculus, which is originally of an intense yellow, sports into scarlet, red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. White flowers which have a tendency to produce red, will never sport to blue, although they will to yellow—the roses, for example, and the chrysanthemums.' A few scanty observations such as these are all that can yet be offered by the naturalist respecting a subject which

gives to many plants their sole value, and to all vegetation one of its chief attractions.

The changes produced by cultivation in the *fruit or seed* are also very numerous and obvious. Where, for instance, is there a native grain like wheat, or a native fruit like the apple? In a wild state, the seeds of our cereal grains (wheat, barley, oats, &c.) are thin and meagre: under proper culture, they become large, plump, and full of farina, so as to afford the most important elements of human subsistence. The small globular sour crab of our hedges is the original of the numberless varieties of apples now cultivated in our orchards, each variety differing somewhat in size, shape, colour, and flavour. In like manner with the sloe, which few could detect as the parent of our purple, yellow, and white plums; with the hazel-nut, which is the ancestor of the filbert and cub-nut; with the almond, which is the original of the peach and nectarine; with the diminutive wild lime, from which has sprung the shaddock, the orange, and lemon; and so also with the wild cherry, and with almost every species of our cultivated fruits. We not only can change their size, colour, and other external characters, but can transform them from dry, acrid, and noxious fruits, to fleshy, pleasant, and wholesome products.

The above are some of the more obvious and important effects produced by the ingenuity of man on the natural characters of plants, especially as exhibited in the roots, stems, leaves, and organs of fructification. We could add almost indefinitely to the list; but enough has been advanced to show that vegetation is endowed with a wide range of adaptability—a feature necessary, in the first instance, for its own preservation against the vicissitudes of soil and climate to which it may be subjected; and evidently fitted, in a secondary sense, to administer more fully to the growing requirements of civilised man. The results which have been accomplished refer but to an insignificant section of the vegetable races; and judging from these, we may be hopeful that there are yet thousands of species equally fitted, under cultivation, to administer to our support and gratification.

FIRE-SIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. I.

Stukely.—Well, such wonderful things are now done by machinery that I don't know what it is all to end in.

Gilaron.—Wonderful indeed. I saw it stated the other day in a Manchester paper, that casks can now be made by machines—umbrellas, I know, have long been turned out by machinery.

Stuke.—You mean barrels, actual beer barrels?

Gil.—Certainly; but of course I only speak from hearsay. The staves, hoops, and heads, are in the first place dressed off by other machinery; then the real cask-making machine is fed with these prepared articles, and in two minutes' time turns out a complete and well-finished barrel. Old barrels can also be repaired by the same machine, the only difference in time being occupied in the taking of them to pieces previously to substituting such fresh staves, heads, or hoops, as may be required for the machine. The barrels, when completed, are superior to any heretofore turned out by manual labour, the machine fitting each stave as close as though the whole barrel had been formed of a single piece of timber. The inventor is said to be an operative, who would gladly take a patent for his machine, if he had the means.

Stuke.—Well, that is curious; but can it be believed? There is such a deal of stuff in the newspapers; that we never know how much to believe or disbelieve.

Gil.—True; too much nonsense, I allow. I see, however, that another invention is perfected and in use, which was only hinted at twelve months ago; and a very clever thing too it seems to be.

Stuke.—What is it; anything about steamboats?

Gil.—No; it is a clock which is to go by the dropping of water, a hydraulic clock it is called. I cannot say that I rightly understand it; but this is what is said about it. Attached to the axis of the crane-wheel, is a small bucket-wheel on which the propelling power, a single drop of water in a second, acts. The action of a pendulum keeps the motion in perfect regularity, and the other machinery is of the most simple description. It requires no winding up, and from its great durability in the absence of friction, it will be easily kept in repair. I am told it keeps time with great accuracy, and that one has been going well for the last nine months. I understand the inventor is a watchmaker in a village in Fife.

Stuke.—Much need of some improvement in clock-work. Every public clock in town has its own time. You may set off from one end of a street at six o'clock, and arrive at the other end at half-past five.

Gil.—No, no, Stukely, not quite so bad as that; however, I allow that things are in a bad way with public clocks, and as they rule watches, no man's watch gives exactly the same time as any other man's watch. It is a universal confusion of time. Nothing for it, however, but to regulate the time all over the country by London or Greenwich time, and to move every public clock in a town by magnetic wires from a common centre.

Stuke.—Well, well, I wish they would do something. Last summer, when residing for a short time at a country town, I found that the church clock was regulated by the watch of the driver of the stage-coach; and he kept the time always a quarter of an hour back for his own convenience.

Gil.—We shall have all this put to rights, I daresay, when the railways go everywhere. How easy it will be to regulate time by the electric telegraph! By the way, do you see that a wire from one of these telegraphs is being carried along the Edinburgh and Glasgow line?

Stuke.—I was not aware; but I am glad to hear of that apparatus being extended over the country. These triumphs of science almost reconcile one to the accidents which are still too frequently taking place on the various lines.

Gil.—You probably have not heard, either, of a clever and rather fine thing which took place the other day on the Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Stuke.—No; how was that?

Gil.—A traveller, on arriving in Edinburgh, missed his pocket-book, containing £700. On making known his loss, a stoker told him that a man had followed him from the station, and had immediately afterwards returned and taken his place in a train for Glasgow. The gentleman ordered an express engine; and though some time was lost in getting up the steam, the engine came in sight of the train when approaching the inclined plane that leads down to Glasgow. The whistle of the express engine was violently blown, and the train in front went off to the other line of rails. The express shot past, and got to the station in time to admit of arrangements for apprehending the pickpocket. The train then came in: the suspected person was seen and identified by the stoker, who had accompanied the gentleman; and the pocket-book and money were found on his person. This was really well managed; but the best point in the story is to follow. The gentleman, overjoyed at recovering his money, offered a handsome reward to the stoker, which was resolutely refused; and the gentleman therefore inclosed £100 to the directors, requesting them to take payment for the express, to reward their servant as they might see fit, and if there was any change, to forward it to him. The directors returned the whole sum; stating that they would make no charge for the engine, and would themselves reward the stoker!

Stuke.—Well, I do say that was capital. I hope the stoker has been rewarded.

Gil.—I don't go along with the general notion about

rewards. Every man should do his duty in helping his fellow-creatures, because it is his duty to do so, and not for the sake of money. I don't like paying people for doing what is right. The pleasure of having done a good action is the best reward.

Stuke.—To hear you talk in this way! You know very well that few people bestir themselves one way or another without the hope of reward. The child at school cares nothing for learning; it only looks to the empty praise and the more solid prize which it may receive. Neither does the soldier fight for fighting's sake; he is always looking forward to promotion.

Gil.—Mean motives all.

Stuke.—Be it so; but we must take the world as we find it. Besides, there are so many rewards for doing mischief, or at least very questionable actions, that in fairness there should be also rewards for actions which are commendable. It will be long ere you demoralise the world by rewarding the performers of heroic or virtuous actions. You have, of course, heard of the famous Monthyon prizes in Paris?

Gil.—Certainly I have.

Stuke.—Then, are they not creditable to the nation? We have nothing like them. Great virtue or heroism under difficulties meets with not the slightest mark of public esteem in England. I will relate a case in point, which I have had partly from the Inverness Courier, and partly from private information. The island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbour,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor woman, named Widow Mackenzie, who is upwards of seventy years of age; her lonely cottage is called by sailors 'the lighthouse,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbour open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, saw her husband and three brothers drowned before her face; and she is known frequently to sit for hours on a rock gazing on the spot where they sank. Her only dependence now is on the produce of a cow and two or three goats; and no one resides with her but her daughter. Now, is not this a case of meritorious benevolence worthy of some mark of public approbation? Just compare it for a moment with what has been lately done by a great railway speculator to call forth a tribute of national gratitude.

Gil.—Don't speak of that abomination. I consider it nothing short of a national disgrace. Not that I, by any means, disparage this extraordinary son of fortune, whose doings in life have certainly been very wonderful; but this testimonial affair looks so like a mere piece of mammon-worship, that I cannot endure it.

Stuke.—That may be; but I don't give up my point. Certain actions are worthy of public reward: only I think it a pity that the reward is left so much a matter of accident or caprice. A Rowland Hill, for instance, may have only fifteen thousand pounds presented to him for a service which cannot be spoken of as less than a universal benefit; while the commander at a

victory gets a peerage and a pension for three generations. A private banking company known to me, actually, the other day, gave their discharged manager a pension exceeding the annual value of the tribute conferred upon the author of the penny post.

Gil.—Well, that may be. But talking of inequality in remunerations only serves to remind us that all rewards for services to mankind are on a vague footing. Can anything, for instance, be more absurd than that a light book of amusement, which will not be heard of in the next generation, realises greater gains to the author than could be derived from the profoundest and most widely and permanently useful philosophical work that any human being could pen? Such things show to me how absurd is the whole of the present system of gains, though I suppose it must run its course, and do a great deal more mischief before mankind be fit for anything better. By the way, have you observed the newspapers stating that a professor of phrenology has been appointed for the Andersonian university of Glasgow?

Stuke.—No, I did not, nor do I care. I consider phrenology to be nonsense.

Gil.—Of course, you have investigated it, to speak so decidedly.

Stuke.—Me! Not I. I have something else to think of. The idea of telling people's characters from the outsides of their skulls is too ridiculous to be thought of.

Gil.—You are wrong at the very first; for the outsides of people's skulls are only looked at as an indication of the volume of brain within; and that may well be a point of importance, as the brain is, by general acknowledgment, the organ of the mind. Many a thing, too, has been laughed at, which, in the long run, turned out to be true. The right way is not to laugh at, but examine new discoveries, real or alleged. I cannot say I am altogether a believer in phrenology myself, but I like fair play, and should wish to see it thoroughly and candidly investigated. The appointment of a professor in such a school as the Andersonian university, seems to me a good move. It lifts the science into a position which will compel at least respectful consideration, and that I suppose is all its adherents are in the meanwhile anxious about. How curious the manner in which craniology from Gall's time has battled its way up to this point! Honour to the man who—

Stuke.—Stop, stop, for any sake; you are getting into one of your high flights, and that I have no time for. So, good-night, Gilaroo; good-night.

SUCCESS.

The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will discipline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence to every animated being. 'Happiness,' it has been finely observed, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.' To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none. His life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he

will descend to the grave 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' Such a fate is not to be envied; and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE VAULT OF THE PRINCES.

[Translated from the German of Schubart (born 1739, died 1791). We present this piece, as a specimen of a series of translations from German poets, executed by Mr Gostick, and just published by Mr Smith of Fleet Street. The volume, which is entitled 'The Spirit of German Poetry,' is remarkable as a copy-right work now presented for the first time in a cheap form. The translations and connecting prose matter, which is of a critical and biographical nature, seem to us well executed.]

AND here they lie—these ashes of proud princes,
Once clad in proud array,
Here lie their bones, in the melancholy glimmer
Of the pale dying day.

And their old coffins from the vault are gleaming,
Like rotten timber, side by side,
And silver family-shields are faintly beaming—
Their last display of pride!

Here vanity, reclining on a bier,
Looks out from hollow sockets still;
Quenched are the fiery balls that from these skulls
Could look and kill.

Here marble angels weep beside their urns,
Cold tears of stone for aye—
The Italian sculptor (*smiling all the while*)
Carved out their false array.

The mighty hand is but a mouldering bone
That once held life and death—
See that frail breast-bone, heaving once so high
Bright stars and gold beneath!

O wake them not, but let them soundly sleep;
For cruel was their reign,
But scarce yon ravens, lost their croakings wake
Wuthrich to life again.

O wake them not—the scourges of their race—
Earth has for them no room—
Soon, soon enough will over them be rattling
The thunders of their doom!

APPROPRIATE MONUMENTS.

Whilst walking about the churchyard of Stolpen in Saxony, I remarked a group of basaltic columns tastefully placed over a grave. Such a sight could not fail to bring to mind the recent loss of the celebrated geologist of France (Dolomieu), who has treated so well of basalt; and I could not help thinking that a similar simple mineralogical trophy might, with propriety, be raised over his tomb, as calculated to perpetuate the memory of his labours. In former times, a sphere circumscribed by a cylinder was placed over the sepulchre of Archimedes; a spiral logarithmic curve was inscribed upon the monument of Bernoulli; and both emblems were equally fitted to recall the attention of posterity to the discoveries and writings of these eminent men.—*Datubisson in 1803.*

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

The sneers of superficial men upon the weakness which has appeared in the conduct of some inquirers into nature, ought to have no influence to discourage us from those researches. If some few have spent too much time in the study of insects, to the neglect of the nobler parts of creation, their error ought to suggest to us, not a total neglect of those inferior parts of nature, but only to avoid the mistake of giving ourselves wholly to them. There is no species which infinite Wisdom has thought worth making and preserving for ages, that is not supremely worthy of our inquiring into its nature. And it is certain that there is more of curious workmanship in the structure of the body of the meanest reptile, than in the most complicated and most delicate machine that ever was or will be constructed by human hands.—*James Burgh, 1754.*

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EMULATION.

We frequently hear of a 'noble emulation;' but it is questionable at least whether the expression does not involve a contradiction in terms. In the first place, what is emulation? It is simply and essentially a desire to be before another. We may be emulous either of excelling in what we believe to be good, or of outmatching in what we know to be evil; but in either case the motive power—the emulation—is a desire to get the better of another; in other words, to exalt and benefit self.

Now, all that is really 'noble' in our nature has entire reference to the well-being and happiness of others. True nobility is based upon self-sacrifice, not upon self-advancement. It is the servant of all, not the vain-glorious patron. It seeks the happiness of others—not for the sake of outrivalling a fellow-worker, but because it delights to see others happy. Is it not clear, then, that emulation—the crowning star in the diadem of pagan morality—implies a littleness of mind, a self-regarding spirit, inconsistent with that real nobility of soul, that god-like disposition, which it was the great purpose of Christianity to develop?

It is not denied that a spirit of emulation and rivalry has often incited men to acts of usefulness, when higher and purer motives would have failed; nor would we with niggard lips withhold the praise which every useful action may command. The hireling is worthy of his hire. All we contend for is, that genuine nobility is self-denying—that it belongs to a singleness of purpose—and that purpose the common good of all. The essential littleness, however, of a spirit of rivalry, considered as a motive to action, may be seen in its practical results. It destroys moral independence, and renders a life of usefulness or of indolence perpetually contingent upon the presence and conduct of a rival. It has no innate life—no heaven-imparted energy. Like the fabled vampire, it sucks its life-blood from another's veins, and lives only in its victim's death. It cannot act spontaneously; and it co-operates only to ensnare or to destroy. If emulation has given rise to much that is useful, it has also been the prolific parent of bitter heart-burnings and envious thoughts. It has awakened animosities, jealousies, and hatreds in the bosoms of those who should have been as friends and brothers in the same good cause. Like earth-born life, it carries with it the elements of decomposition and death.

Was it the earthly fire of emulation that warmed the breasts of Howard, of Wilberforce, or of Oberlin? Or was it a living sympathy with their suffering and degenerated brethren that glowed within their hearts? If the former, then, however exalted in their own opinions, or in the opinion of an admiring world, they could not have been—as we reverently believe they were—men of

God's nobility: God's messengers of glad tidings to the three great families of human wretchedness—the depraved, the oppressed, and the ignorant.

But, it may be asked, can we not be nobly emulous of doing good? Can we not nobly vie with each other in benefiting our fellow-creatures? When used metaphorically, such language may be quite allowable; but in plain and sober reason, we cannot. The very wish to do more good than another, implies an indifference to the interests of that other person, and an undue anxiety about our own, which is incompatible with the universality of true nobleness.

It is not, however, in the public or more important actions of our lives only, that this principle of Christian nobility should be observed. It is equally applicable to all, however trivial or apparently unimportant. There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathising affection, or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in actions which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admiring thousands. There is a 'still small voice' within, which is of more value than the acclamations of the world. And it is in the more humble duties of life—in our daily intercourse with each other—in the quiet, the sweet, the unseen circle of domestic affection, that the singleness of purpose here recommended is really most important. It is here that the more lovely and gentle feelings of our nature may be brought into a pure and peaceful existence; and it is here that we are called upon to make a more cheerful and entire surrender of our selfishness. And yet, how often may we detect ourselves yielding to its unhallowed impulse! How often do our petty quarrels, our bad tempers, our selfish indulgences, interfere with the union and harmony that should ever be associated with the thought of home! It was at home our earliest days were spent; it was at home the time of fond, innocent, confiding childhood was passed; and though this may not have been really the happiest period of our earthly existence, yet is it one to which the tired soul delights to revert with a fond and grateful remembrance. Happy are they who have that remembrance treasured within their hearts!

But to return to our more immediate subject: although emulation may be seen to be a corrupt and corrupting passion, yet, knowing that it has ever exercised a powerful influence over the world's destinies, both for good and for evil, it will be well to ascertain distinctly the source from whence it has sprung, so that we may each of us be better able to turn the original and uncorrupted stream into its native channel, and thus enjoy the benefit it is intended to confer, while at the same time we avoid the accompanying evil.

The desire to be thought well of by our fellow-creatures, although essentially self-regarding, is a feeling possessed more or less strongly by all; and when

rightly directed and restrained, it is not only the occasion of much unmixed good to others, but it is also the source of many pure and delightful emotions to its possessor—to reject which would be to follow the example of those stouical religionists, who seem to imagine that, in order to obtain the approbation of their Maker, they must learn to despise all the pleasures which he has beneficently placed at their disposal, and render themselves as independent of his bounty as their frailties will admit. There is, even in the best regulated minds, a principle of self-love which, when legitimately manifested, appears to be necessary, not only to the preservation of individual existence, but also to constitute the basis of individual identity. Perhaps not one of the world's great men could be pointed out who did not or does not possess what may be called a strong selfhood. In order to control opposing circumstances, and mould men's desires and aspirations to their will (whether for good or for evil), it seems absolutely necessary that they should feel strongly their own individuality. The higher and purer feelings cannot afford the requisite stamina: they are descended from heaven; but they require a plane from which they may be reflected; and that plane must be found in our own selfhood.

There can be no action without reaction. The ball could not be forcibly propelled through the air, unless the cannon were fixed and immovable. The lever could not raise the weight, unless it had a fulcrum whereon to rest. We could not even walk erect upon the earth, unless the ground resisted our tread. And neither could piety, conscientiousness, or benevolence become developed in a life of active usefulness, unless they had a foundation in a strong and unvacillating selfhood. In vain should we sympathise with the distresses of others, unless we felt that we could do something for their relief; in vain should we wish to see injustice banished from the earth, unless some one felt himself called upon to assist in its removal. It must be clear, that without some degree of self-confidence we could do nothing. And yet the same principle that imparts this stability and energy to the mind, becomes, when wrongly manifested, the life and origin of every evil passion.

What then is to be done? Our selfhood cannot be destroyed; for it is not only inherent in our nature, but essential to individual existence. The answer is evident: it must constitute *only* the foundation, and not monopolise the whole mind. It must be merely the fulcrum, and not the power by which the lever is moved. It must serve the higher principles, not rule them. It must be the means by which we act, *not the motive to action*. That which we have to sacrifice is not our entire selfhood, but our selfish desires and motives. The great purpose of our lives, the ruling motive of all our actions, should be to make ourselves not merely agreeable, but useful to each other. This does not imply, indeed it is incompatible with, a reckless abandonment of self. In order to make the best use of our powers and opportunities, we must act with prudence, we must exercise our judgments, and practise self-denial in all its varied forms. We must learn not only to deny improper gratifications to ourselves, but also to decline administering them to others—even at the risk of giving offence; for if we do not, we sacrifice what we believe to be their real advantage to our own selfish love of praise. If we always act with an intelligent and sincere desire to be useful, there will be but little danger of our forgetting what is due either to ourselves or to others. A love of being useful, although not the source, is at least the basis of every virtue; and it is only because the essential selfishness of emulation has been concealed beneath an accidental covering of usefulness, that it has attained its present position in the code of the world's morality. It is really but an ungenerous manifestation of the desire for fame.

Emulation, however, is not the only selfish passion that has thus served its time in the history of man, and become by him falsely regarded as a positive virtue.

The love of dominion, revenge, avarice, and all other passions that stimulate to active exertions, have, by the good arrangement of Providence, been rendered in some way conducive to the general good; and they have all been extolled by their respective votaries as the legitimate and leading principles of our lives. But society is evidently advancing towards the pure and perfect. Principles of action which formerly passed current unchallenged, must now submit to a rigid scrutiny. Away with all that will not stand the test of reason and universal good! Let each of us examine honestly his own motives, and reject those which are inconsistent with the real good of others, and we may rest assured that in thus obeying the laws of God, and promoting the happiness of each other, we shall be adopting the only course that will necessarily ensure our own. And finally, in reference to all motives of emulation, let us ever remember that while we should always desire the esteem of the upright and intelligent, there can be no real good in wishing to outlive another.

OWEN AND LARRY.

As must be pretty generally known, the main consideration with every labouring man in Ireland is his potato-field, or *garden*. This patch of ground is the grand subject of thought and occupation; and such must necessarily be the case, until employment of a general kind is found by the Irish peasantry. Does the Irishman think of marrying, his first care is to secure 'a garden': as a necessary consequence, there still must be a garden to provide support for the annual additions entailed by this step; and as a fresh spot is generally tilled each year by the hundreds and thousands—ay, millions—who, without a rood of ground of their own, must procure it at any cost, no wonder that 'the garden' should be, as we have said, an all-engrossing theme.

Our readers may therefore well imagine the dismay which lately spread amongst an ignorant and credulous population, when not only the hope of their gains, but the hope of their very life, seemed gone; nor is it surprising that the field thus opened was soon occupied by the crafty and unprincipled, that many a speculation was formed, many a stratagem resorted to, and the evil magnified in many an instance, to form an excuse for the evasion of legitimate claims. At the moment we are writing, we receive assurance that the calamity was at first over-estimated. Alarm, in its worst form, appears to be passing away. But, while rejoicing in the improved prospects of our poor neighbours, we have also to mourn over the new revelations which have been given of characters formerly above suspicion. We deplore that any should have been found heartless enough to seek their own profit out of the sufferings of their friends. Yet such was the case. The potato failure of 1845 will be memorable for more than the privations it may occasion.

In our immediate circle of observation, there are at least two or three individuals who will probably never forget 'the disorder,' as this failure has been locally termed. Owen Lynch and Larry Sullivan were neighbours in the little village of Crobeg, and though as unlike in disposition and pursuits as can well be imagined, there were just at this time some points of similarity which brought them into agreement, or rather into connexion, in a manner materially influencing their future lot. Owen was a shoemaker, though perhaps, considering his local opportunities, the term cobbler would be more appropriate; at any rate, like his more celebrated predecessor, 'who lived in his stall,' none was more blithe and contented than he; and if he did sit on the lowest step of his profession, why, it is not the office exalts the man, but the man the office.

Owen had a frank, honest countenance, a most happy disposition, and an unblemished character: but he had

more: intelligent and ingenious withal, he had books for his leisure moments, which furnished thoughts for his busy hours, and those, again, were transmuted into many a little plan, not only for his own comfort, but for the improvement of his more ignorant companions; and though many, too indolent themselves to adopt his suggestions, sneered at what they called his particularities, there were many more who had to thank him for showing them how practicable simple pleasures are. The sweet bird cheering him with its song, the wild flowers in his window, the brightness of that window, the whitewashed walls, the cleanly floor, though all apparent trifles, still spoke of civilised tastes and habits, and made his cottage, we must confess, quite conspicuous amongst the habitations of Crobeg: not that Owen thought its arrangements perfect. Did we say he was happy? Ah! not quite; he had long coveted a sweeter bird, a brighter flower; but we must not anticipate.

His neighbour Larry was of quite another stamp; his was no ignoble trade, and he evidently took pride in its superiority. He was a carpenter, and, with common steadiness, might soon have been as independent as he was clever; but Larry had too much ingenuity. He was a man of many expedients; and scorning the rectilinear principles of his craft, the crooked way had ever more charms for him than the straight. He ever preferred to gain his object by skilfully misleading or overreaching another; indeed he seemed to consider this faculty quite in the light of an accomplishment, and his favourite maxim was, 'Only for fools, wise men could not live.' With such a propensity, it might be supposed Larry was not a very popular character; and yet, such is worldly estimation, he was often an admitted and favoured associate where the intrinsic worth of Owen could hardly make any progress; but Larry was handsome, off-hand, and lively. He made his gains lightly, and parted with them as lightly again; and though many had winced, at his double dealing, and many more might expect to do so, yet he told out the tale of his cleverness so freely, that it seemed almost done for fun, and those who joined in his laugh could hardly find fault with his story. We need hardly add, that with the fairer portion of his acquaintances he was a general favourite; no partier so desired at a pattern, no escort to a fair so coveted: his attentions conferred distinction, and his approval brought applause. One alone, and she the best and fairest, held aloof from this flattering notice. Perhaps she thought it too lavishly, too universally bestowed; perhaps she wished to enhance what seemed too lightly valued; or perhaps her heart had selected another standard. Who may guess? Why, of all the fair maidens of Crobeg, none seemed so indifferent to his attentions as Aileen Doyle, and yet none could so easily have secured them.

Sweet Aileen! who can describe her? And yet, dear reader, have you ever seen a print of Maclise's 'Irish Hood?' Well, then, we do believe Aileen must have sat for that picture; or that, in some of the artist's far-off rural wanderings, he might have passed by the chapel where she knelt, and transferred her fair face to his unfolding canvas. And yet not always are those fringed lids thus cast down, not always is that rosy mouth so grave; those hazel eyes can laugh right merrily and saucily too, and an arch bright smile can part those lips, and show the snowy pearls within. And, Aileen, you must throw back that shadowy hood, and show the sunshine that ever lingers on the smooth braids of your nut-brown hair, and talk to us a little, till we see the warm blood mantling again in that soft cheek. There now, we have her at her spinning-wheel, the day's more active labours over: she has swept up the floor, set the potatoes on the fire, and laid a coarse clean cloth for her father's supper; and now she sits down, not to idle, but to while away the time till he comes. And Aileen is not alone: Larry Sullivan had stepped in to see her father, but she loses no time while he lingers, and half-gaily, half-demurely, she raises her soft eyes now and then, as she listens in seeming atten-

tion to his words. She has listened with attention, but not with indulgence, and a heightened colour on the cheek of each shows some embarrassment in the pause that has now ensued: but again the silence was broken, and Larry resumed—'It is not fair to bring up old scores, Aileen, and I doing my best for the last half year to please you. Did I not take the pledge, though Paddy Brim at the public was my oldest friend? And well was I proved coming from Limerick the other night: not a drop would I let inside my lips, though they were shivering from the frost; and many a time I was provoked; let alone Norry Connors asking me to thrate her.'

Again the soft eyes smiled; but the answer was in a careless tone—'Oh, you never were fond of that sort of comfort, provoke you might; so don't say you refused Norry Connors to please me.'

'Sorrow another reason then, Aileen: I have turned my back on them all now for your sake. Come now,' persisted her admirer, 'don't be so contrary. Advent is coming on, and there is no time to lose. Why, if you don't make up your mind, that regular old bachelor, Owen Lynch, will get the start of us. They say he is only waiting till the garden is dug, to speak to the priest.'

A penetrating look accompanied this piece of information; and certainly, had Larry's destiny hung on the thread his companion was spinning, it was severed at that moment; and when the fair head was raised again, after stooping to remedy the mischance, the flushed cheek betrayed some annoyance or emotion; but she answered calmly, 'And when will you have your garden dug? It would be fitter for you to go about it, Larry, than to be shuling here.'

'My garden,' answered Larry laughing; 'wisha then, machree, I'll leave my garden alone till I get it for nothing.'

'Till 'tis worth nothing, I suppose you mean?' said Aileen composedly; 'if the frost once sets in, what with that and "the disorder," you will have little to dig.'

'Oh, mine is high and dry: I'm not afraid of the frost; and as to the disorder, I don't think there is more than a barrel touched in the entire acre—though that is between ourselves,' added he quickly. 'A very different story I had for Mr Pyne.'

'And why so?' asked Aileen wonderingly. 'Mr Pyne is a kind man, and could have no greater pleasure than to hear your crop was thriving.'

'Arrah then, Aileen! how simple you are,' said Larry with an incredulous smile, 'as if you didn't know that the best of my play is to persuade Mr Pyne that the crop is not worth the digging. I am sure of getting it for little or nothing; for I told him I would sooner leave it to him entirely, than pay him the rent of the acre; and though he gave me till to-day by way of considering, I just sent him the same message again; and I'll be bound he'll give it at my own price, for he is in a hurry to get the ground clear for the wheat.'

'Oh, Larry, you could not act so,' exclaimed Aileen, while her cheek flushed and her eye lightened with an expression of indignant earnestness—'you could not take advantage of a gentleman's kindness to deceive him—you could not surely be so ungrateful to the High Hand that spared your crop, to go and belie it now? And it would be no use for you,' added she: 'remember my words—if you persist in this, you will be without your garden. Mr Pyne will see through you, and take you at your offer—for he is no fool; and then what would you do, Larry? Where in the wide world would you face, and your garden gone? Be advised by me: go up with the first light, and tell him you are sorry for that message.'

'Ah, catch me at that,' cried he; 'women don't understand these matters; and yet,' added he suddenly, with his most insinuating look, 'tell me to do it for your sake, Aileen, and it will be another story.' He was about to take her hand, when her father's step was heard approaching, and he had barely time to reiterate his

question in a low and earnest tone—'for your sake, Aileen?'

'For God's sake and your own, Larry, and no more,' was the hurried answer; and turning with a smile of welcome to her father, she drew a long sigh of relief as he entered the house. Whatever was Larry's original business, it was unheeded now, and he shortly took his leave. Aileen busied herself about her father's supper, and noticed him no further; but she could not conceal an unusual abstraction, and looked up in some trepidation when her father told her she need not hurry herself with supper for a while. 'And come here, asthore!' added he, 'I want to talk to you for a moment: have nothing to say to that schemer that was in here just now. I'm not angry with you, Aileen; for how could your innocent heart be supposed to know him? but I warn you now, and that's enough.' He had the assurance, added the old man warmly, 'to ask me for my child to-day, and he knowing himself to be thrown on the winter without a meal's provision for himself, let alone another; and, what was worse, to be reduced to that by his own scheming too. Yes, Aileen, he thought to have come round Mr Pyne, because he was a good man; but the better he was, the more he was hurt at such roguery, and when he got a message this morning, still huxtering about the garden, he sent in his own horses, ploughed out the potatoes in no time, and has them all in the house by this. And to think that fellow wanted to get my Aileen after such behaviour, and he without a scrap of a garden now.'

'Oh, father, he did not know that,' cried Aileen; 'he had no notion Mr Pyne would take him so short.'

'But I tell you, child, he did know it,' said old Darby half angrily; 'more like himself to deceive you; and Mr Pyne did not take him short; he made him offers galore; and it was not till he saw he was bent on cheating, that he took it out of his hands. I thought to give the lad a piece of my mind when I saw him here to-night, but he made off too quick.'

'Twas better not, father,' said Aileen in a low sad voice; 'he had enough to vex him then.'

Darby looked at her intently for a moment, then with a smothered sigh turned away; but Aileen followed him to the window, and putting her arms round his neck, looked up into his face with her sweet clear eyes, and said, 'Don't be uneasy, father, about your own colleen; we are of one mind in this; but for all that, it is not for us to give poor Larry the hard word; he has trouble enough, and little comfort now.'

Her father's countenance brightened as she spoke, and returning her caress, he answered fondly, 'God bless you, my own Aileen; whoever has you will never want comfort; but we will think of this no more: go now and lay another plate on the table, for Owen Lynch said he would step over to supper.'

'Owen Lynch, father?' cried Aileen, colouring deeply. 'Oh, father, we have nothing ready good enough for him; they say he is in a manner as particular as one of the gentry in his own house.'

'Nothing good enough for him! Do you think so, Aileen?' asked her father with a quiet smile; but she turned quickly, almost impatiently away, and he continued more gravely—'It is my turn now to ask you to spare the hard word; and little he deserves it. I may thank him and his good advice for the plenty I have in my field to-day; he is a blessing to us all, and he is blessed himself, and has the best garden in all the country; and if you saw him to-day, directing them all how to make their pits, how to use the damaged praties, and how to save the good ones, you would say there were few had more sense in the head or goodness in the heart.'

Aileen had no time to reply, for the subject of their conversation entered, and shaking off her recent depression, she received him with a cordial friendliness most gratifying to her father. Their talk of course turned on the prevailing topic, narrowed into the circle of their own immediate neighbourhood, especially of the

field they had just quitted; and Darby, comparing the different lots, remarked, 'I was just telling Aileen 'twas a lucky day you advised me to plant the praties whole; you see them that cut them had twice the failures. If I could have done your bidding entirely, and set the cups, I would be as well off as yourself, but I was lost in the seed, and glad to get enough of the whites itself.'

'They eat very sweet, at all events,' answered Owen; 'I don't think I ever saw better.' Darby smiled at the compliment, and replied jocosely, 'Aileen was afraid we had *nothing* good enough for you, Owen, when I told her you were coming.' The fair girl raised her eyes with a deprecating expression to her father's; but encountering Owen's midway, her own were quickly cast down, and the bright colour mantled in her cheek. He answered gently, 'Aileen ought to know me better; and then, as if unwilling to add to her embarrassment, continued the conversation as before. From this he led it on to other discoveries, other lands, spoke of things familiar to many, but wondrous to his auditors, and, encouraged now and then by a soft question or remark from Aileen, felt his thoughts and words grow clearer as he adapted them to his intelligent though unsophisticated listener. And Aileen—where is the woman of any degree who could be insensible to such homage? Is it that the fair descendants of Eve still retain that thirst of knowledge which ensnared their first mother? Or is it the intuitive consciousness that 'knowledge is power,' which makes those weaker vessels so readily yield to its supremacy? We know not. But of this we are certain, that we seldom knew the female heart which did not respond to the power of intellectual fascination: and Aileen, even in her humble sphere, was she to be an exception? We can only say, that on parting that night, she allowed Owen to hold her hand for a moment, while she said, 'We have indeed to thank you for a happy, pleasant evening; and such words from such lips sent Owen away with head and heart not quite so steady as when he last crossed the threshold.'

The door had closed, and Aileen had just turned to make some comment to her father, when suddenly the sound of quick footsteps was heard outside, then a struggle, a heavy fall, a groan, and quick retreating steps again. Pale and dumb, Aileen gazed for a moment at her father, and laid her hand beseechingly on his arm, as he seized his stick to dart towards the door; but the next moment a sort of sickly consciousness overpowered her, and relaxing her hold, she faltered the words, 'Poor Owen!' and sank upon a chair.

In a few moments her father returned, accompanied by a neighbour, and indeed bearing poor Owen, pale and insensible, between them. He was laid on Darby's bed, and surgical assistance soon procured; but the doctor shook his head gravely, and pronounced the sufferer to have received a severe contusion: it might be only the head, it might be the brain, but at any rate there was great danger; and with sad misgivings, Aileen listened attentively to the directions of the medical man, and prepared to watch beside him whose society she had just been enjoying so intensely, and now regretted as a happiness to be perhaps enjoyed no more.

She watched beside him day after day, and never had patient a more attentive or gentler nurse. But why detail the slow progress of his suffering: the hour of recovery at last arrived; and need we tell that by this time warmer, kinder feelings were busy in the hearts of each. It has ever been the same story; and when Owen was at length able to walk for the first time across the room, he was supported by the arm of his betrothed bride. To her, and to her only, he confided the circumstances of his injury. He had hardly passed the door, when he was followed and seized from behind: he struggled to free himself; and then his assailant, raising his arm, gave him a blow with a heavy stick, which felled him to the ground. At that moment a light from the window flashed upon the face of his enemy, and revealed the features of Larry Sullivan. A slight shudder passed through Aileen's frame, and she

raised her eyes timidly to Owen's, as about to speak; but he drew her fondly towards him, and silencing her as lovers best know how, he continued—'I think I know all, Aileen, and can hardly blame the poor fellow: he was maddened by the loss of his garden, and the loss of what was better far: and at that moment he saw me coming out, and perhaps thought me a happier man than I really was; so no wonder if he did not well know what he was doing.'

'Ah, Owen,' answered Aileen, gravely shaking her head, 'it was no sudden burst: I saw that very day he bore you no good will; but I little thought—' She paused a while, and then added—'From the moment he told me about the garden, my notion of him changed entirely; I saw the truth was not in him, nor the settled way. Until then I thought him harmless, though maybe too wild: but that day, though he tried to seem his best, showed me he was wicked at heart. What good,' continued she with an earnest simplicity that almost made her companion smile—'what good could come of any man who could speak so lightly of deceit and treachery, and of throwing up his garden like the dirt of the road?'

And Aileen was right in the warning she had given Larry. The loss of his garden, and the loss of his love, made him entirely reckless: he did not await the consequences of his nocturnal encounter with Owen, the danger or the disgrace, but enlisting in a regiment just about to sail for India, left the village, probably for ever. And Owen, with his beloved Aileen, look forward to next Shrovetide for the fulfilment of their hopes, brighter far than they once could have ventured to indulge; for Mr Pyne has rewarded Owen's usefulness and intelligence with a small farm, and thus accomplished the height of his ambition. Aileen's fortune is to provide the stock; and often, while listening to the lovers discussing their plans, old Dobby will silently rub his hands together with a smile of self-congratulation, and then half audibly ejaculate, 'Just think of a man without a garden asking for my Aileen!'

BEN JONSON.

THE 'Shakspeare Society' has recently illustrated some points of interest in the life of Ben Jonson, the great founder of English comedy, and the most distinguished of all Shakspeare's contemporaries. A singular life was that of 'rare Ben,' compounded of seemingly discordant elements, and presenting strange and vivid contrasts. It was a comedy in action, with a dash of the melodrama, like thunder and lightning, amidst the scene. Milton has written a sonnet on his attaining the age of twenty-three, at which time he had done nothing more than 'dream away his years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the n. son on Latmus hill.' Ben Jonson was dreaming and working after another sort. Before he was twenty-three, he had studied his grammar with good Master Camden, Clarencieux, and had wrought as a bricklayer with his stepfather; he went next as a soldier to the Low Countries, where, as he boasted, he had, in the face of both camps, killed a man, and taken *opima spolia* from him; then he returned and took to study again, but soon became a player—a very indifferent one—and a dramatist of all work. He married, and had two children, and was the author of one of the best comedies in the English language (*Every Man in His Humour*), and all this before

Time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stole on his wing his three-and-twentieth year.

In two more years, Ben was deep in dramatic composition, and had killed another man! The latter was an unfortunate affair. Jonson quarrelled with an actor

named Gabriel Spencer, and, being 'appealed to the fields, he killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his.' For this fatal passage-at-arms Ben was imprisoned, and almost brought to the gallows. Two spies, he says, were set over him in prison, to take advantage of him; but, being forewarned by his keeper, he baffled their efforts to entrap him, and got clear off without a trial. He revenged himself on the spies with this downright epigram—

Spies, you are lights in the state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away—and fair enough!

There was a spy of a different kind—a friendly caves-dropper—whom Ben did not shake off so easily. A Roman Catholic priest found his way to the player's cell, and made a convert of him. 'Thereafter he was twelve years a Papist;' but was reconciled again to his mother church; and at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine! Ben did nothing by halves. He seems to have been twice again in prison; on one occasion for joining with Chapman and Marston in writing against the Scottish nation, to the scandal of King James and his northern courtiers. They expected to have their ears cut and their noses slit; but the rage of James was appeased without any such tragic denouement. After his delivery, Ben banquetted all his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden; and in the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him, and showed him a paper of 'strong lusty poison,' which she intended, if the sentence had taken execution, to have mixed in his drink; and—'for she was no churl'—she meant also to have drunk of it herself! • Jonson must have 'taken after his mother.' That the poet should have written against the Scotch, was almost a parricidal offence; for Ben was half a Scot by birth. His grandfather was from Annandale (no doubt a Border Johnstone), who served under Henry VIII. His father lost his estate in the reign of Mary, and after suffering imprisonment, turned minister, but died a month before his illustrious son was born. Jonson's birth is now fixed in the year 1573, not 1574, as stated by Gifford and other biographers.*

Ben Jonson was a traveller. He was in France in 1613, as we learn from one of his own frank and curious confessions related to Drummond:—

'Sir Walter Raleigh sent him governor with his son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was; thereafter laid him on a car, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out, and telling them that it was a more lively image of the crucifix than anything they had.'

In the summer of 1618, Ben made his memorable journey to Scotland *on foot*. King James had visited his native country the year before, and the dramatist (who was then a devoted courtier) must have been

* The error arose from a cause worth mentioning, as connected with historical dates. In England, at this time and long afterwards, the year was reckoned as commencing on the 25th of March; but in Scotland this computation was changed, and our present mode adopted, from and after the 1st of January 1601. Jonson's age was ascertained from some verses which he wrote in Scotland in January 1619, not in January 1619-20, as Mr Gifford states. See Mr David Laing's edition of Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond, published by the Shakspeare Society. Mr Laing conferred a great favour on the lovers of our early literature by this carefully-edited reprint.

awful that he would gratify his sovereign no less than himself, by undertaking a journey to the north, and describing its scenery and people. Dr Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, at the age of sixty-four, was a wonderful feat; but the lexicographer trusted to post-chaises, guides, and horses; and he, moreover, had the indefatigable Boswell for his purveyor and companion. The dramatist set out alone, to walk the whole way from the Thames to the Tweed and the Forth. He was of huge bulk, with a 'mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he tells us, and

His hundred of grey hairs
Told five-and-forty years.

He remained in Scotland about five months, leaving it on the 19th of January 1619, and arriving in London some three months afterwards. There would be various jovial meetings with English worthies by the way! Jonson seems to have visited Loch Lomond, and meditated a poem, or pastoral drama, on that beautiful locality. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and on his return, he remembered with affection 'the beloved Pentons, the Nisbets, the Scotts, the Livingstons, and all the other honest and honoured names.' With Drummond of Hawthornden he remained some weeks. This was the last of his principal visits, and it was the most important, for Drummond privately took notes of his guest's conversation and opinions, and thus preserved several curious particulars and traits of character. Drummond has been charged with treachery, in receiving and entertaining Jonson, for the purpose, as is alleged, of recording his foibles and opinions, and noting down his defects. The charge, however, is altogether unwarranted. Drummond never published his memoranda, though he survived Jonson twelve years; and nothing has transpired to show that the notes were inaccurate. That their general effect is unfavourable to Jonson, may be accounted for, without detracting from the substantial merits of either party. Judging from the slightness of the notices of such men as Shakspeare and Spencer, Drummond does not seem to have attempted to 'draw out' his visitor. Of Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, and other glories of Elizabeth's court, Jonson could have furnished interesting anecdotes and particulars; but few are given. Of the virgin queen herself, Ben reported—

'Queen Elizabeth never saw herself, after she became old, in a true glass: they painted her, and sometimes would vermilion her nose. She had always, about Christmas evens, set dice, that threw sixes or fives—and she knew not they were other—to make her win, and esteem herself fortunate; a characteristic of the weakness that was blended with this remarkable sovereign's masculine character. Of Bacon we are told—'My Lord Chancellor of England wrongeth his speeches from the strings of his band'—a slight personal trait, that one is pleased to know of so great a man. The critical opinions delivered by Jonson were harsh and crude, and evidently distasteful to Drummond. Most of them have that tone of arrogance and boasting which exposed Jonson to so much animosity and ridicule in his own day. He did not realise the fine picture he has drawn of critics in 'Cynthia's Revels'—a man, 'so truly learned, that he affected not to show it; who would think and speak his thought freely; but was as distant from depraving another man's merit as proclaiming his own; and 'for his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer any injury, as to receive one.'

The Scottish poet, however, judged his English brother somewhat too sharply, and did not make sufficient allowance for his position and peculiar temperament. He should have forbore from a final summing up. Ben certainly forgot himself sometimes over his cups—~~at~~ too late, and drank too much—for he was not niggardly of his own hospitality—and, recollecting perhaps the struggles and difficulties he had overcome, he glorified himself too loftily and ostentatiously on his success, his talents and his acquaintance with the great. From

some of his depreciatory remarks on his contemporaries, we may appeal from his after-dinner sallies to the generous tributes and friendly memorials in his published works. There the young and gifted Francis Beaumont and the 'gentle Shakspeare' receive a full measure of justice and of praise. Jonson had resolved to write an account of his 'foot pilgrimage.' He got Drummond to send him some information, and had proceeded a certain length with his task, but unfortunately a fire broke out in his house, and consumed his manuscripts. History, poetry, translation, grammar, and divinity,

Wherein was all, beside the succours spent
Which noble Carow, Cotton, Seiden lent,

perished in the flames; and, as we further learn from his hearty 'Execration upon Vulcan,'

Among
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventures.

This was a serious loss, and the poet seems to have despaired of replacing it.

Dryden has said, in a well-known couplet, that great wits are nearly allied to madness. The position has been disputed with complete success, for the highest wit or genius has ever been, and must be, united to a sound understanding and healthy temperament. Even in our cloudy ungenial climate, no trace of this baleful consanguinity has been found among the truly inventive and great original minds. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Fielding, and Walter Scott, were active, lively, and sensible men. Their 'garlands and singing robes' never impeded their free motion in this ordinary work-day world. We sometimes, however, discover a strong melancholy and incipient hypochondria in the case of men of bright, but irregular and secondary, genius—as Ben Jonson, Dr Johnson, Byron, and Coleridge—arising from physical or constitutional infirmity, heightened in some instances by intemperance. Ben Jonson's melancholy at times assumed a ludicrous and fantastic form. He told Drummond that he had 'consumed a whole night in lying, looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination.' The battle of the pygmies and cranes, and the wars of the Lilliputians, were nothing to this brave fantasy! The following is a touching and poetical instance of aberration:—

'When the king came in England [1603], at that time the pest was in London; he (Jonson) being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasy, at which he should not be dejected. In the meantime comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.'

Jonson honoured his boy's memory with some tender verses—

Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
Oh, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry;
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.

More touching and beautiful, however, is an effusion on the death of his first daughter, an infant. Mr Peter Cunningham has found an entry in the register of St Martin's-in-the-Fields (Jonson's parish in his early days), which seems to record the death of this child in 1593. Jonson was then only in his twentieth year,

but his youthful marriage and paternity are undoubted—

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence,
With safety of her innocence.
Her soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train,
Where, while that severed doth remain,
The grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

This tenderness of the rough, hard-living poet—'surlly Ben'—is inexpressibly touching. His heart was in its right place. 'Of all styles,' says Drummond, 'he loved most to be named *honest*, and hath a hundred letters so naming him.' He merited the manly appellation which he coveted. Jonson's over-conivivality, however, accompanied with generally improvident habits, involved him in many difficulties, from which Shakspeare's better fortune and prudence seem to have kept him free. He trusted largely to the patronage of the court and the nobility, and was an unscrupulous adulator. The Earl of Pembroke, he said, allowed him £20 every year to buy books—a delicate and refined mode of administering assistance. But Jonson had embalmed the memory of the earl's mother in that imperishable epitaph—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

The Earl of Dorset was also among Jonson's patrons, and he enjoyed the confidence and help of Bacon and Raleigh. The wits of the Mermaid Club were all his fast friends. Pecuniary independence seems never to have been dreamt of by the poets of those days. The only shame was in getting too little, not too much. Jonson vaunted loudly of his spirit and boldness in attacking the vices of the age, and the worthless tribe of sycophants and poetasters; yet he seems to have flattered the nobility all round, and to have half lived on his patrons.

It is pleasant to find that, after his plays and gorgeous masques had lost their attractions, and disease had cramped his energies, many of the aristocracy remembered their ancient poet, and relieved his necessities. Charles I. at one time sent him a present of £100, and converted his laureate's salary of a hundred merks into pounds, adding at the same time a tierce of Canary wine, the poet's favourite beverage. The Earl of Newcastle appears to have been one of his most attentive and generous patrons; and Mr Peter Cunningham has contributed to the Shakspeare Society a most lively and ingenious begging letter addressed by Jonson to this nobleman. The original is among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum—

'MY NOBLE AND MOST HONOURED LORD—I myself being no substance, am fain to trouble you with shadows, or, what is less, an apologue or fable in a dream. I being stricken with the palsy in the year 1628, had by Sir Thomas Badger some few months since a fox sent me for a present, which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease, as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this very week, being the week ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dream (and morning dreams are truest), to have one of my servants come up to my bedside and tell me—"Master, master, the fox speaks!" Whereat methought I started, and troubled, went down into the yard to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement, the tub I hired for him, cynically expressing his own lot, to be condemned to the house of a poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not anything heard but the noise of a saw dividing billets all the week long, more to keep the family in

exercise than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master: and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. "I, his master, began to give him good words, and stroke him; but Reynard, barking, told me these would not do; I must give him meat. I, angry, called him stinking vermin. He replied, "Look into your cellar, which is your larder too, you'll find a worse vermin there." When presently calling for a light, methought I went down, and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of saltpetre men. Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle Street for the king's most excellent mole-catcher, to relieve me, and hunt them. But he, when he came, and had viewed the place, and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handful, smelt it, and said, "Master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin; the king or some good man of a noble nature must help you. This kind of mole is called a *Want*, which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the working of it in time. And therefore God keep you, and send you health." The interpretation both of the fable and dream is, that I, waking, do find *Want* the worst and most working vermin in a house, and therefore, my noble lord, and next the king my best patron, I am necessitated to tell it you. I am not so impudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay; but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give me, in the name of good letters, and the bond of an ever grateful and acknowledging servant To your honour. BEN JONSON.

WESTMINSTER, 20th December 1631.'

The earl could hardly have resisted so interesting yet direct an appeal to his benevolence. Up to the period of his death, the poet had occasional glimpses of prosperity and joyousness. That excellent letter-writer, Howell, describes, under the date of 1636, a 'solemn supper' at Ben's house, at which he was a guest. The host was rather talkative and egotistical, according to Howell, but there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. This must have been on quarter-day! Jonson died in the following year, August 6, 1637.

Jonson was the most learned of all the poets of this brilliant era. His life and habits seem to have been very unsuitable for severe and continuous study; and it is certain he had not (though the contrary is often asserted) the benefit of a university education. The energy of his character, and his ambition for scholastic distinction, seem to have overcome all obstacles. He 'took the wall' of Shakspeare and all his fellow players and dramatists; he was the schoolmaster of the tribe, and in his latter days he ruled despotically. His classical studies are seen in their fairest light in his masques, and the exquisite lyrical poems scattered throughout his plays, with other minor pieces, which are rich in conception, and highly polished. His latest production, the pastoral drama called the *Sad Shepherd*, is also extremely poetical in subject and imagery. The comedies of Jonson are rarely pleasing, but are invaluable for their pictures of London and English life, their satiric, admirable delineation of character, and the artful construction of the fable or plot. The conception of such characters as Kiteley and Captain Bobadil by a youth of two-and-twenty, is a remarkable fact, and shows a sort of innate aptitude for comedy. There are passages of insufferable coarseness and pedantry even in the best of his plays; but their defects are redeemed by ready wit and broad humour, shrewd observation and sterling sense. His English vocabulary seems to have been inexhaustible. His style, so original in phrase and construction, flows on like a flood stained with impurities and exotic substances, yet ever sweeping, rattling on—a voluble and irresistible torrent. His satire and declamation have the same directness and energy. With what Juvenalian relish and eagerness he holds up some vice or folly to ridicule and detestation! How forcibly he depicts the miser, the epicure, the coxcomb, coward,

or bully! His tragedies, on the other hand, are cold, stiff, and formal. In these his learning, or rather his pedantry, overlaid his fancy. Shakspeare he once accused of 'wanting art.' In his own Roman plays we see little else but art—patient digging in the mines of classic story. In Shakspeare, art was incorporated with and lost in the midst of his creative originality. He had the essence and spirit, Jonson the language and facts, of classic antiquity.

One but preserved the ashes: not the flame,
True to its sense, but truer to its fame.

SAVINGS BANKS.

AN article on this subject from the pen, we understand, of Dr Chalmers, appeared in a recent number of the North British Review. In this article there are many considerations—urged with all the author's accustomed force—to which the friends of the working-classes ought to join in giving publicity.

It appears that of late certain parties, possessed of great power over public opinion, have been trying to write down Savings Banks. The arguments by which they seek to cast discredit upon these institutions, may be learnt from the following extract, quoted by Dr Chalmers from one of their articles on the subject. 'Take,' say the parties referred to, 'an extraordinary example. A labourer, sixty years of age, by hook or by crook has saved L.500. We know such a case. The L.500 is the plague of his life. It would be a mercy to swindle him out of it, except that he would probably fret a good deal at the loss. Could he forget it, he would be both a happier and a better man. To begin with, it is a guilty possession. His father is maintained by a distant Union; his sons and daughters are all but forbidden his cottage. He invests it in secret. It was lent at five per cent. to a gentleman engaged in the expensive amusement of overbuilding himself. The gentleman righted, and repaid the loan. So there was the labourer going about in the dusk of the evening looking for some needy yet trustworthy person to give him five per cent., or four-and-a-half, or four. At last he was forced to put it in the funds, where it now lies; but before he did this, he had offered it to a neighbour, whose death might have cost him every farthing; but who was honest enough to decline it on that account. He wishes to take a small farm, suited to his capital, but cannot hear of one. If, however, he were so fortunate, it is evident what would soon become of a farmer who, up to the age of sixty, had never occupied an acre of land, never owned a horse or a cow, or a single agricultural implement, except his spade, his hoe, and his pick-axe. A bad farmer, of course he would also be a bad emigrant. This L.500, then, is a burden of which the owner will only be relieved when he throws it on the ground: When he dies, his children, without estate, occupation, or husbandry, will squander it, not in dissipation, but in the mere feebleness and incontinence of ingrained poverty.

'A domestic servant, at the age of fifty-five or sixty, finds that she is incapable of further service, or, what amounts to the same thing, that people prefer younger servants. She has saved L.80. Very creditable in her, of course, and very stingy she must have been to her nephews and nieces to do so much. But what is she to do with her L.80? If she can make up her mind to part with the principal—and it is a very pardonable tenacity which prevents her from doing so—she could purchase L.8 a-year, or 3s. a-week. This is a shilling a-week for food and clothing, after lodging and fuel have been paid for. While she is looking about for a use to put it to, she lives on it, and it wastes away. All her relations are in the labouring class. There is not one of them who, in return for her little capital, or in the hope of its reversion, can offer her a domestic asylum where she will be useful and respected. Such a sum would insure her the title of Madame to the end

of her days across the Channel, and quite set up her peasant brother and nephews. It would be a mine of agricultural wealth. On this side the Channel it would be a snowball in the sun.'

Now, though we can hardly conceive a person setting himself seriously to prove that the habit of saving ought to be discouraged among the working-classes, still it is evident that the effect of such clever and witty paragraphs as the above, is to spread the idea, that in England it is useless for people in the humbler ranks of life to save money. Supposing the sentiments which the writer expresses to become general among the classes whose case he is considering, what would be the results? The labourer would say to himself, 'By working hard, and living frugally, as I am doing now, I should be able, by the time I am sixty years of age, to have L.500 of my own. But what will be the use of it? In this country there is no way of safely and profitably investing so small a sum as L.500. In all probability I could not obtain a farm suited to such a capital; and even if I could, what sort of a farmer should I make, who never owned an acre of land? There is the same objection to my emigrating. In short, I should be obliged to lend the money privately; and then I should be in a continual state of alarm lest I should lose it. In France I could have found many ways of turning it to account, but here it would be the plague of my life; and when I was dead, all my relations would scramble for it over my corpse. It is best, therefore, not to save at all, to spend as I go, trusting to chance and the Union for my old age.' In a similar manner the domestic servant would reason. 'I am in a fair way,' she would say, 'to have L.80 of savings when I give up service. But what is L.80? If I were to part with the money, I might obtain three shillings a-week for it all the rest of my life; but how could I live upon that? I have no relations who could give me bed and board in exchange for my L.80. What a pity I was not born in France, where, they tell me, L.80 would secure me the title of Madame, and be quite a little fortune. Well, I shall give up saving; and when my nephew Jack comes to borrow other two sovereigns, I shall just let him have them, though I know, good-hearted fellow, he spent the last two I gave him at Greenwich fair.'

Of course such a pernicious way of thinking is not likely ever to be professed in the broad terms we have supposed. Whatever be the conduct of the working-classes in the matter, it will take a great deal of arguing to convince them that the habit of saving is a bad thing. The habit is so recommended by the universal experience of mankind, and is so rooted in the better parts of our nature, that it can fall into disrepute only in a very deteriorated condition of society. The question, therefore, whether it be advantageous for the working-classes of England to save money, might be safely treated as a mere scientific speculation with which the economists were amusing themselves, were it not that experience shows that there is not a more effectual way of perpetuating vicious practices in society, than by giving them the shelter of a theory. So infallible is the connexion between speculation and practice, that if the united gin-shops of England were to pay a staff of lecturers to go about disseminating the notion, that it is useless for the humbler classes to become capitalists, we are confident the result would be an immense increase of the number of gallons of spirits drunk within the year. It is therefore incumbent on sound economists not to suffer such a notion, however abstractly stated, to go abroad, without sending out its refutation after it; and this is what Dr Chalmers has done in his article on Savings Banks.

The great fallacy, he says, of the reasoning of those who would cast discredit on the habit of saving among the humbler classes, is, that they talk as if the only use of money were to make more money. There is a limit, they say, to the increase of capital in a country; more money may be saved by a nation than it can

find employment for. Small capitalists, especially, have little chance of being able to find a profitable investment for their money. Except in times of inordinate speculation, as, for instance, during a railway mania, there is scarcely ever an opportunity for a man with but a small sum of money by him to make a lucky hit. While the nabob with his L.20,000 or L.30,000 can find ways of employing his money which will yield him a good interest, the thrifty labourer or artisan with his L.200 or L.300 will in most cases be obliged to remain a labourer or artisan all his life, because he can find no way of turning his little capital to account.

In answer to this, Dr. Chalmers, admitting in the fullest manner the doctrine of the limited increase of capital, observes, 'Our purpose in these accumulations is not that the poor man should thereby acquire something to trade with. Ours is a homelier aim; and, to express it in homely language, it is simply that he should lay by for an evil day—for old age, which is the winter of life, or for those mishaps and sicknesses which might be termed its days of foul weather. Our chief anxiety and aim is, not to effectuate the movement of labourers and their families from the grade of society in which they are now placed to the one above it, but to elevate and improve their condition as labourers—to raise, in fact, the whole platform of humble life above the mire of its present degradation, so that there shall be no sunken storeys, inhabited at least by human beings, in our social edifice—a change which could, we believe, be accomplished without derangement or disturbance to those who occupy the upper apartments of the building, and without injury to the gracefulness or beauty of its higher elevations. Such being our main object, it is not profit at all that we should seek after; and would vastly rather that each depositor's little stock were kept in its place of safety, than put to hazard by the laying of it out on any speculation, however tempting. We even do not mind very particularly what the amount of interest is which the bank allows upon it, inasmuch that we should make no effort to raise the interest above the centage which is currently given. The principal design of the institution, and all its most valuable purposes, are served, if the money withheld from vicious or unnecessary expenditure at one period of life, is in reserve for needful subsistence or additional comfort at another period—even though during the latter period it should melt away like a snowball in the sun, and the last fragment or farthing of it should disappear with the final payment for the burial of him of whom it could be said at the termination of his honourable career, that his own hands ministered throughout to his own necessities, and to those who were with him.'

But besides this obvious use of the poor man's little accumulations in the Savings' Bank being a provision against times of distress from ill health or other causes, the reverend doctor contends that these Savings'-Bank deposits would have a wholesome effect on wages. 'A little stock,' he says, 'in the hands of labourers, would act both by an equalising and an elevating power on the wages of labour.'

To illustrate its effect in *equalising* wages, he instances 'those seasons of depression which so often take place in the trading world, when, by a glut in the market, wages are brought indefinitely low—and so a dreary season has to be traversed of under-paid and ill-paid industry—when, often for months together, workmen and their families have to live as they may in wretched starvation, or in wretched dependence on the allowances of a poor's-house. The peculiar misery,' he says, 'of such a condition is, that, to eke out a bare subsistence, the operatives are tempted to overwork, in order to compensate by the amount of their work, for the deficiency of their wages. This we have frequently seen among the weavers in Glasgow, where, in these sad seasons of overlaid markets and sunken wages, the practice was to keep the loom constantly going, so that it never lay idle all the four-and-twenty hours—the man and wife sometimes taking their turns, and sharing the

day's and night's work between them. Now, mark the effect of this dire and frantic necessity, and the sort of wretched cross-purpose in which it landed the unhappy parties, inasmuch that the only result of this their strenuous and excessive labour, was both to prolong and to aggravate the mischief against which they were struggling with all their might, sorely but ineffectually—seeing that the woful predicament into which they are brought, is caused by the very glut which they are doing their uttermost to feed and to perpetuate.' 'They would be sending more cloth than usual into the market, at the very time when there was too much in it already. 'Nay,' says Dr Chalmers, 'the best, the only extrication from such a calamity we can think of, were a little stock in the hands of labourers, who could therefore, on the resources which themselves had accumulated in good times, live for a season without labour, or at least without that grievously-excessive labour by which the weary interval of depression is so indefinitely lengthened out. It is thus that the period of bad times might be incalculably abridged, with a consumption quickened by low prices, and a production lessened by the voluntary abstinence of workmen, who could thus afford to relax or intermit their toils on every occasion of miserably low wages—till, on the happy conjunction of rising markets with cleared and empty warehouses, their work came to be eagerly sought after by competing capitalists, and its remuneration again ascended till it reached, or better still if it overpassed, the standard from which it had fallen.'

In order to make plain the power of Savings' Banks to *elevate* the wages of labour, Dr Chalmers has recourse to another Scottish illustration, drawn from the scene which is exhibited on the autumn mornings in the Grass-market of Edinburgh, where shearers are in the habit of resorting to be hired for the work of the harvest. Let us just imagine,' he says, 'that each of these candidates for employment had a five-pound note in his pocket; or that, instead of living from hand to mouth, and being dependent on a master for his next meal, he had the means within himself for the comfortable subsistence of the next month or the next quarter of a year; on such a simple change in the state of our labourers, there would hinge a mighty difference in the result of this negotiation for wages. A higher wage would be brought about by the quiet operation of a market law—by a mere abatement of the necessity, and so of the keenness and competition for masters on the one side; and this of course followed up by an enhancement of the necessity, and so of the keenness and competition for workmen upon the other. We should not wonder if the calm and conscious possession by each labourer of his five-pound note, were eventually to raise the wages of each by a 6d. per day—a good interest out of doors for their accumulated treasure, and an abundant compensation for the smallness of the interest allowed by the bank, or of the interest within doors. Let our people only have saved enough to relieve them of the apprehension that, although refused the work they are seeking for, they will not on that account, for a good many days at least, go supperless to bed, and this would powerfully turn the balance in their favour. It is true,' he continues, 'that we can look for no general or sensible rise of wages from the operation of this cause, till Savings' Banks have been greatly more multiplied, and the habit of saving has been carried to a greater extent among the people. But why not make a right beginning in the matter; or rather, as the beginning has been already made, why not persevere and move on in the right direction?' Besides, it is not altogether true that the depositor in the Savings' Bank would have to wait till the habit of saving became general among his fellow-labourers, before he reaped the benefit of his own frugality in the shape of higher wages. The difference of the amount of wages given to one workman, and that given to another, is generally determined by the superiority of skill or character possessed by one of the workmen over the other. An eminent Spitalfields silk

manufacturer told Dr Chalmers that 'he made more of those well-conditioned and well-conducted workmen to whom he gave two guineas a-week, than he made of those mislithriven, reckless, and dissipated characters to whom he gave half a guinea.' Now, the circumstance of a workman being a depositor in a Savings' Bank, would operate as a sort of certificate of character. It would be 'the guarantee of a sobriety and a moral superiority, which would make him all the more valuable to his employer; qualities these which are worthy of a price, and for which he often will be paid accordingly.'

Farther to illustrate the influence of Savings'-Bank deposits in raising wages, the doctor contrasts it with the opposite influence of debts. 'We have often heard,' he says, 'of an oppressive and unprincipled master, under the infamous truck system, who tempted his servants to expend beyond their wages, that he might become the dictator of his own terms with them when he had thus got them into his power.'

It would be well if these healthy considerations were disseminated, so as to become general among the working-classes. Assuredly, the habit of saving is not yet so overgrown a virtue among the English artisans, that it requires to be written down or even repressed. On the contrary, all the best and most enlightened friends of the working-classes, all who believe that the only effectual way to improve them is to stimulate them to self-improvement, and assist them in it, all such will join in desiring the prosperity and multiplication of those admirable institutions—Savings' Banks.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

ADVENTURE has always its charms, be it by flood or field, at home or abroad, but more especially when it lies amid scenes little known, or even before unvisited. Under this impression we turn to a recent volume* by the surgeon of a whaling vessel, who traversed the Pacific some ten or twelve years ago, dating his departure from England in 1832, and his return in 1836. The lapse between the date of the incidents and that of their publication is an unusual circumstance; but perhaps the author, acting on the good old Horatian maxim, judged that his manuscript would not be the worse for the retention. Be this as it may, the 'Adventures' constitute a not uninteresting volume, relating as they do chiefly to shooting, fishing, and sailing excursions, and to exploring rambles on some of the uninhabited islands of Polynesia.

In October 1832 Dr Coulter set sail from Spithead in the good ship 'Stratford,' and, after a somewhat stormy run, entered the tropics, touched at Brava, one of the Cape de Verdes, and at the Falklands. These last mentioned islands are, in Southern Atlantic conversation, called the 'egg market,' from the immense quantities of eggs of geese, penguins, and albatrosses, found along their shores. The nests of these birds are so numerous as to constitute ranges of two or three miles in length, and from three to six feet apart. 'This arrangement,' says our author 'is very convenient in every respect. The birds can easily hold a conversation across this street; and the sailors can walk up the centre of it, beat them out of their nests, and march off with the good eggs, thoughtfully leaving behind two or three bad ones as an inducement for the birds to return to their homes after the invasion.' From these long streets of birds'-nests, the ship's company carried off some six or seven tons of good palatable provision.

Having left the Falkland Islands, and rounded Cape Horn, the Stratford entered upon the scene of her whaling operations, and had good and easy success, if we may judge from some of the hunts described by Dr Coulter. Dismissing, however, these marine adventures, we shall follow him in his excursions on the islands which were visited during the cruise. Juan Fernandez

—the island of the immortal Robinson Crusoe—was that first touched at, the vessel anchoring on the north side in deep water close to the beach. The island when they arrived was tenantless, though some time before the Chilian government had attempted to make it a sort of penal settlement. The attempt was unsuccessful; the convicts, amounting to about one thousand, rose on the soldiers in charge of them, seized their arms, and compelled two vessels, which were in the anchorage at the time, to carry them to the mainland.* A more enchanting habitation, if we may judge from Dr Coulter's description, could not be wished for either by citizen or convict. It is from sixteen to eighteen miles long, and about seven in width, and chiefly consists of a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs in romantic waterfalls. After leaving the beach of Cumberland Bay, there is a level tract of some thirty acres filled with rose bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, which is so tall, that one could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. The island was abundantly stocked with bullocks, goats, and dogs—all imports since the time of Crusoe—but so wild, that when disturbed they dashed through the thickets like deer. There was also no want of fish, as the sea all around abounded with delicious rock-cod; and seals could be had in almost any quantity. Having replenished their stock of beef, fish, wood, water, &c. and having stowed away a few boat-loads of the mint, which formed an agreeable anti-scorbutic tea, the Stratford hoisted anchor, and bade adieu to this delightful and ever-memorable island.

The solitary life of Robinson Crusoe, or, more correctly speaking, Alexander Selkirk, appears to be anything but singular in the annals of the Pacific. This great and generally placid ocean is dotted over with hundreds of islands, the larger of which, in groups, are inhabited by tribes of people described by Cook and other voyagers, but the smaller and more isolated are lying in a state of nature, and untenanted, at least by natives. 'There is scarcely, however,' says our adventurer, 'an uninhabited island in those seas, in the thoroughfare of shipping, on which there is a fertile spot of earth with a supply of water, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it.' Islands so occupied become in some measure shops to passing vessels; they furnish them with fresh vegetables and water, and likewise can give some information regarding the route of ships which had lately visited them. Dr Coulter mentions the case of an Irishman who, put ashore for bad behaviour from a vessel on Charles's Island, lived there some years a roving and independent life: he was at last killed in attempting to carry off from Guyaquil a queen for his beautiful domain. Another solitary of a different character was Johan Johnson, a Swede, who, somewhat later, lived a quiet life on this island, cultivating the ground, rearing goats, catching turtles, and otherwise occupying himself. This worthy man was ultimately robbed of his hard-earned property, including his boat, by a band of villains to whom he had shown kindness. 'There is an inducement,' says our author, 'to live on such islands; and that is the sale of their produce to seamen, who are very glad to get a supply of fresh vegetables, and even give cash for it. Then, again, the great feeling of ease of mind and independence—no one to control a man, no one to demand anything of him. The only real annoyance those isolated men meet with is the occasional runaway seaman, who hides in the bush until the ship sails, and then asks shelter

* The island has since been taken on lease from the Chilian government by an American, who has brought to it a small colony of Tahitians, with the intention of cultivating it, so as to make it become the resort of whalers and other vessels navigating the Pacific.

from the monarch of the island, and perhaps afterwards ill-treats or otherwise annoys him.'

After some weeks' whaling, the Stratford anchored at Chatham island, another of the Gallapagos group, for the purpose of recovering her oil, and otherwise fighting her cargo. A tent having been erected on a smooth grassy plot close to the water's edge, one-half of the crew took their turn of the land and vessel alternately; and a most delightful residence they had. Fine green turtle came in on the beach at night, and, with a little row and fun in watching for and turning them, were easily taken; then the wild ducks on the lagoons, and plenty of large doves on the land, were easily knocked down by a man throwing a stick among them; the terrapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds weight; plenty of fine fish close to the rocks; whole beds of very high strong mint, with other herbs in great variety; all those, with many others, afforded the men a great treat, particularly when taken by themselves and used on shore. There were plenty of large hair seals in all directions on the beaches and rocks, whose skins made mocassins for every one in the ship; and, to complete the comforts of this encampment, fine fresh water was obtained by digging down about fourteen feet. All round this end of the island the woods extended to nearly the beach and rocks, and in some instances overhung the water. It was a rich sight. I had been at this island twice before, but had not an opportunity of seeing so much of it; indeed little more than the rocks, beach, and a mile or so inland. As we were to lie here some time, and as there was nothing for me to do professionally, I determined to shoulder my gun, and walk right round the island on an exploring excursion. Having arrayed himself in leathern cap and jacket, canvas trousers and strong shoes, and carrying with him the indispensable accoutrements of knife, axe, gun, and canteen, the doctor set out alone; not an individual would volunteer his companionship; it 'was all a humbug,' said they, 'to be tramping about an uninhabited island from morning to night.' For a week or two our adventurer found everything very pleasant—delightful scenery, good living, and no charges; nothing to do but travel, cook his own turtle and venison, and sleep soundly without dread or danger. His stipulated time being nearly expired, he again bent his way through brake and ravine to the encampment; but mark his dismay when he found the tent and vessel gone—not a trace of his companions save a pole stuck in the ground, and a bottle dangling at the top of it. This, however, contained a note from the captain, stating that the vessel had broken from her moorings, and that, in consequence of the current and swell, he was obliged to run her to sea; but that he would bring her up to her old berth as soon as the storm abated. Here then was our adventurer an involuntary Robinson Crusoe on one of the Gallapagos; set adrift for days, it might be for weeks, and left to his own resources, with the exception of a change of clothing, some shot and powder, a small bag of biscuit, and a frying-pan which the captain had considerably deposited near the deserted encampment. There was no use for idle regret: wishes could not better his position; and so arraying himself in his new apparel, Dr Coulter set out once more to lead the life of a solitary hunter and fisher. The account of one of his adventurous rambles possesses much pathetic interest.

'When I was better than half way down the weather side, at about four miles inland, I came suddenly on a space of ground, which was partially clear, and where a few trees lay that had evidently a few years ago been cut down by some one. On further entering this space, there were mustard pumpkins, melons, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, all growing indiscriminately, and in a very wild state—tall weeds, and suckers of young trees, starting up here and there from the roots of the old ones.

'In looking about, I saw what was once a spade, but the blade of which now was only rust, and fell in pieces

when I touched it with my foot. Near this, in a hollow, was a well with water enough, but overgrown and covered with weeds. It was regularly built round with stone. I continued my search over this once well-cared for plantation, until I came to the highest or upper part of the clearing, which was walled along for several hundred yards by solid rock. Up near this, almost concealed by a clump of trees, and nearly overgrown with wild vine, I discovered a house, or rather hut, on a comfortable scale. There was no sound of human voice here—all was still.

'I knew, from the indications about, that it was long since the place had been attended to. The network of vines round it was so thick and close, that I had to make an opening through it with my axe. On entering this wild barrier, I came at once on the house, which was built against the rock, with a shed roof thatched—the sides and front merely posts of wood, interlaced by vine branches, and covered over with mud. The whole was in a falling state; there was only a doorway into it, but no door.

'I now with strange feelings entered the door; there was ample light through this ruin to see all. It was a melancholy sight and discovery to me. In the centre of the floor, near a rude table, lay the skeleton of a man, only partially concealed by what had once been a covering of skins. On my touching it, it fell into powder; the bones, though in apposition, were separated by the slightest touch. On one side were an old boiling pot and frying-pan, wood, axe, &c. all in rust; a tobacco-box, with a rudely manufactured pipe, on the table; an old worn-out and rust-eaten carabine and cutlass in the corner: there was a shelf which had once served for a bed, with seal-skins on it. I searched minutely, but could not find either paper or any other thing that could give the least information as to the name, or who this unfortunate recluse was.

'It was a dismal scene. I came out and gazed on this hut for some time; a thought struck me, and I proceeded to execute it. All was a ruin, and now falling; the only thing I could now do for this remnant of humanity was to bury it; the only way I could even do that was to cover it with the ruins. A few blows of a heavy stone against the posts laid all prostrate, and shut out the sight for ever.

'Whilst in those seas I made many inquiries, from captains and others frequenting those islands, about this solitary man, but no one knew or had heard anything about him. He must have been dead for many years, from the state of the skeleton, the hut, and long-neglected plantations. I left the grounds without touching anything, with a heavy heart, and could not eat a bit until I was miles away from it.'

After a lapse of fourteen days, the Stratford hove in sight; and a couple of boats were lowered at the signal of the doctor, who admits that though he always experienced great delight in a change of scenery, and exploring unknown places, he felt infinitely more in again hearing the voices of his friendly shipmates. The voyage was now directed towards the Marquesas, a group of islands whose inhabitants were then thorough barbarians and cannibals. On one of these the doctor was again accidentally left, and was obliged to remain for some time, and cultivate the acquaintance of the natives. In a few days he became a great favourite with the chief of the tribe, who, being at war with another tribe, thought the adventurer's rifle more than match for a thousand of the spears of his opponents. The doctor in short became a great man—too great we fear for his own liking or comfort; for they not only made him a chief, but insisted on his being tattooed, and made 'one of themselves.' 'I was,' continues he, 'four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing

conchs and firing muskets ended the ceremony. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts—fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed all was an exhibition of real kindness.' Besides causing him to be tattooed, his adopters insisted on our member of the College of Physicians changing his own respectable habiliments for the less cumbersome costume of the country. "Mate" [one of the chiefs] gave me his own head-dress, which he had worn in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing. There was a hoop of brown bark, about three inches deep, to fit on the head; this was encircled with pearl-shell of various shapes, and red berries glued fast on; from the entire circumference of the top, drooped gracefully over the shoulders the long shining feathers of the cock's tail; the inside was lined, and the lower edge fringed, with the varied-coloured bright feathers of the ground-parrot. As soon as he put it on my head, and adjusted it, he took me to a Marquesan looking-glass (a deep pond of clear water) to look at myself; and from what I beheld then, I certainly thought my friends at home would scarcely know me.' Nor did the change end in the dress; they made him alter his profession, turned the physician into a warrior, and compelled him to take part in the pending encounter. The account of that savage affair is the most displeasing portion of the volume, and we gladly pass it over. The object of the war, we are told, was satisfactorily attained, by the restoration of the mother and child of the chief, both having been stolen in order to be made a sacrifice in one of the heathenish rites common in these islands. A short time afterwards, the Stratford appeared once more in sight, and our author left the island, and gained the ship; his grotesque appearance being greeted 'with the most tremendous and unrestrained laughter.'

Cruising for whales again occupied the Stratford for several weeks, after which she touched at Robert's Island, the most northern of the Marquesas. This islet, according to the doctor's description, is quite a gem of a place—secure, and well stocked with every sort of Polynesian produce. And who, it may be asked, were the lords of so desirable a domain? Why, another Robinson Crusoe in the person of Thomas Holt, an English sailor, who had left an American brig, on board of which he had met with some unfriendly treatment. Here he had already lived five years; three by himself, and two in company with another English sailor and a native Marquesan boy. The little group seemed perfectly happy; and so many will think they ought to have been, for, under a most delightful climate, they had plenty of hogs, fowls, fruit, fish, and turtle—everything, in short, which they desired; and the whole seasoned with the most perfect freedom and independence. The doctor's description of a visit to the palace of these island monarchs is quite a picture:—

'Our way lay through a delightfully picturesque and natural avenue of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and other trees, with here and there a high naked rock of very fantastic form. The weather was very fine, the temperature of the air agreeable, and the vegetation around was fresh and luxuriant. The chirp of the paroquette, and the occasional note of other birds, added life to the scene. After walking through this for about a mile and a half, we came to a very densely wooded part, and by taking a scarcely defined footpath through this for a few moments, we arrived at an open space, from which the trees had been cleared away, leaving the stumps about two or three feet high. At one end of this clearing, and close to a small pond of fresh-water, Holt's house stood. In the rear of this habitation was a complete barrier of thick timber, which had not been touched. The house itself was about twenty feet long by twelve wide, sufficiently capacious for the residence of the two men and the boy that formed the only inhabitants of this island. At one end of it there was a kind of cook-house erected, where they prepared their

meals. The furniture of the house consisted of two sleeping places for the men, and a smaller one for the boy, built up against the side of the house, after the manner of a ship's berth; two muskets, and a couple of Marquesan spears. Fishing-gear hung against the wooden partition, the house being divided into two apartments. Two frying-pans, and an iron boiling-pot, with three large calabashes slung for carrying water, and five or six canoe paddles lying in the corner; a kind of a table was in the centre of the larger room, rudely enough made, by driving four posts into the floor, and resting on them a slab of wood, roughly flattened with an axe. They had also two spades and as many axes; pieces of hollowed wood served them for plates and dishes.'

After leaving the Marquesas, the Stratford touched at the Georgian and Society Islands, and ultimately at Tahiti—Pomare's own isle—to which recent events have now attracted the attention of Europe. To these our author alludes but slightly—conveying, however, the gratifying information that all of them present unmistakable evidence of improvement both in economy and morals. While at Tahiti, the doctor was presented to no less a personage than Queen Pomare, and was nearly getting into a more serious adventure than any into which accident had yet thrown him. This was nothing short of marriage with one of the queen's maids of honour—her majesty vehemently urging the affair, and promising our M.D. an ample bribe in the shape of land and oxen. 'Not being inclined at the time,' says the doctor naïvely, 'I waived all those brilliant inducements, and begged to decline so great a favour, even from the hands of her majesty.'

Here the adventures end somewhat abruptly, but with a promise that the author will, in a future work, bring the reader across the meridian of 180 degrees into east longitude, and tell him of adventures and occurrences at islands and other places where a civilised trader seldom, and a missionary never landed.

MR DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS TALE.*

We are happy to find that Mr Dickens, in his annual volume for the present year, has left the question of social wrongs and rights to the discussion of those who can consider them in a calmer and less partial spirit, and turned his attention to a subject of purely moral interest, more within the scope of his powers, and better suited to his habits of thought and feeling. The title of his new book indicates a theme of the domestic kind, embellished with fancy. The contents justify the anticipation thus raised. It is a picture of humble life, contemplated in its poetic aspects, and at its more romantic crises; and shows its author, in one sense, ambitious of becoming the Wordsworth of prose fiction. Deficient in the profundity and stern power of that great master, the novelist yet has some requisites which the poet wants—a certain wit and humour, and, above all, an experience of civic life, that the bard of Rydal has failed to cultivate. Moreover, Mr Dickens succeeds quite as much by tact as genius.

The story to which we are introduced by 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' has, however, not benefited much by such experience, though it has greatly by the tact. In its elements it is trite, commonplace, and simple; there is but one new character in it, Tilly Slowboy, a girl from the Foundling, employed as nursemaid to the carrier's wife, Mrs Peerybingle, the heroine of the tale: a small part in the eccentric line of farce-writing, which is conceived with equal humour and truth, but occupies only a trifling space in the background of the composition. The other characters consist of a middle-aged carrier, a man of slow intellect but warm heart, who has married a young, gay, little,

* The Cricket on the Hearth, a Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1846.

chubby sort of woman, whom in his happier moments he calls 'Dot,' on account of her diminutive appearance—a toymaker and a toy-merchant, both dealers in fancy articles, and having their own fancies reacted on by their occupation—a sailor youth, who has disguised himself as a deaf old gentleman—a blind girl, his sister, and daughter of Caleb Plummer, the toymaker already mentioned—and May Fielding and her mother, a decayed gentlewoman, still tenacious of her gentility. These unpromising elements, however, are combined with so much skill and effect, as to impress us anew with an old conviction, that, in the hands of a true artist, there is nothing which may not be made interesting and pleasing. There is also no little delicacy of sentiment, situation, and character, involved in the treatment; and the whole is so evidently pervaded with a moral purpose, that it fails not to command at least the reader's respect. We feel, perhaps, this more than admiration for the talent displayed.

It will be convenient, before proceeding to extracts, to sketch an outline of the plot. Edward Plummer has returned, after many years' absence, from 'the golden South Americas,' but hears by the way that the girl, May Fielding, to whom formerly he was affianced, has long given him up for lost or dead, and is about to be married to Tackleton, the toy-merchant, for the sake of his wealth. Better to learn the true state of matters, he assumes the disguise before mentioned—packs himself into the carrier's van, installs himself in the carrier's house, and finally manages to get himself bedded and boarded there; in fact, he has contrived to let the little woman into his secret, who keeps it from her husband, as being the least likely of men to keep it from others. Circumstances at length become suspicious; and the attention of the good, honest carrier is directed to them by Tackleton, who is rather disposed to look on the 'ugly' than the handsome side of things, and who accordingly, as a toy-merchant still patronised the hideous and demonic in dolls, tumblers, Jack in the boxes, and giants, in preference to the beautiful and the amiable. The moral purpose of the book is contained in the results of these events: the jealous carrier shows himself both wiser and more merciful than Othello; and, in the end, his tempter a repentant Iago, with as little real malignity as could be desired.

In the working up of these simple materials, Mr Dickens invests with life and intelligence the inanimate as well as the living portion. He opens his story with describing the contest between the Kettle on the grate and the Cricket on the Hearth, and does this in a style of personification which, to say the least of it, is bold. The song of the Kettle he even gives in rhymed words, which, for the sake of a remark it suggests, we quote:

'That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors, to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire, there is no doubt whatever. Mrs Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above all is mist and darkness, and below all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!—

'And here, if you like, the Cricket did chime in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the Kettle (size! you couldn't see it), that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun; if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces;

it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly laboured.

'The Kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the Cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same: and louder, louder, louder still they sang it in their emulation.'

Now, our readers will have perceived that this song of the Kettle, though written as verse, is printed as prose. This is a peculiarity in Mr Dickens's compositions which has not generally been perceived. It was, however, pointed out some time ago in 'The New Spirit of the Age;' and many passages adduced, written in blank verse, of irregular metres and rhythms, such as that employed by Southey and Shelley, in 'Thalaba' and 'Queen Mab.' The frequency of its occurrence indicates not only a design on the author's part to elevate his style by such means, but a poetic spirit in him, to which some kind of music is necessary as the natural utterance of its better thoughts. But the charm is a concealed charm; the varied harmony has still the look of uniform prose, and therefore steals unobserved into the reader's mind, who is pleased he knows not why. This is a little trick of style, which it is well, we think, to point out, particularly in such a work as the one under review, the merit of which is almost altogether dependent on style, and the poetic form of treatment which, with more or less success, is adopted.

This spirit and form of treatment is transparently manifest in the episode of the toymaker and his blind daughter. Here the writer has sought to exhibit, not without effect, the influence of art in its humblest form. From our first acquaintance with him, we discover his ruling passion. 'There is,' says he, 'rather a run on Noah's Arks at present. I could have wished to improve upon the family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. It would be a satisfaction to one's mind, to make it clearer which was Shems and Hams, and which was Wives. Flies an't on that scale neither, as compared with elephants, you know.' Such are the poor toymaker's truly artistic aspirations, justifying at once his relationship, though distant, with the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos. Another instance—"You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, mum, for half a moment, could you?"

"Why, Caleb, what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, mum," said the little man. "He mightn't like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in for barking dogs; and I should wish to go as close to nature as I could, for sixpence. That's all. Never mind, mum."

'Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working-room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls, of all stations in life. Suburban tenements for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate. Some of these establishments were already furnished according to estimate, with a view to the convenience of dolls of limited income; others could be fitted on the most expensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of chairs and tables, sofas, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay, here and there, in baskets, staring straight up at the ceiling; but in denoting their degrees in society, and confining them to their respective stations (which experience shows to be lamentably difficult in real life), the makers of these dolls had far improved on nature, who is often, froward

and perverse; for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as satin, cotton-print, and bits of rag, had super-added striking personal differences which allowed of no mistake. Thus, the doll-lady of distinction had wax limbs of perfect symmetry; but only she and her competitors; the next grade in the social scale being made of leather; and the next of coarse linen stuff. As to the common people, they had just so many matches out of tinder-boxes for their arms and legs, and there they were—established in their sphere at once, beyond the possibility of getting out of it.

There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's Arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in anyhow at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass. By a bold poetical license, most of these Noah's Arks had knockers on the doors; inconsistent appendages, perhaps, as suggestive of morning callers and a postman, yet a pleasant finish to the outside of the building. There were scores of melancholy little carts, which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns. There were little tumblers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up high obstacles of red tape, and coming down head first upon the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable, not to say venerable appearance, insanely flying over horizontal pegs, inserted for the purpose in their own street doors. There were beasts of all sorts; horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle. As it would have been hard to count the dozens upon dozens of grotesque figures that were ever ready to commit all sorts of absurdities, on the turning of a handle, so it would have been no easy task to mention any human folly, vice, or weakness, that had not its type, immediate or remote, in Caleb Plummer's room. And not in an exaggerated form; for very little handles will move men and women to as strange performances as any toy was ever made to undertake.

In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. The blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker, and Caleb painting and glazing the four-pair front of a desirable family mansion. * *

"So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful new greatcoat?" said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat!" answered Caleb, glancing towards a clothes-line in the room, on which the garment [a miserable robe, made of the old covering of a goods' bale] was carefully hung up to dry.

"How glad I am you bought it, father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work, and laughed with delight. "Too good, father! What can be too good for you?"

"I'm half ashamed to wear it, though," said Caleb, watching the effect of what he said upon her brightening face; "upon my word. When I hear the boys and people say behind me, 'Halloa! here's a swell! I don't know which way to look. And when the beggar wouldn't go away last night, and when I said I was a very common man, said, 'No, your honour! Bless your honour, don't say that! I was quite ashamed. I really felt as if I hadn't a right to wear it.'"

"Happy blind girl! How merry she was in her exultation!"

"I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands, "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat—"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue," exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the colour I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat—"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes, loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome!"

"Halloa! halloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain presently."

"I think you are already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

How different the picture in her mind from Caleb, as he sat observing her. She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years and years he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous!

Heaven knows! but I think Caleb's vague bewilderment of manner may have half originated in his having confused himself about himself and everything around him, for the love of his blind daughter. How could the little man be otherwise than bewildered, after labouring for so many years to destroy his own identity, and that of all the objects that had any bearing on it?

This is a delicate conception, and executed with much tenderness of feeling. Poor Caleb! He has also deceived his daughter on another point nigher her heart. He has represented Tackleton to her as their guardian angel, not as their stern taskmaster, which he really was; and she, in her blindness, had indulged an affection for him, the strength of which his intended marriage with another was to show. All the characters of the story are assembled at a picnic party held once a fortnight at Caleb Plummer's; on such an occasion, the state of her feelings could be concealed no longer. The old man's consequent distress is pathetic. He is again on a visit to Mrs Peerybingle's.

"Bertha, my dear!" said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly. I have a confession to make to you, my darling!"

"A confession, father?"

"I have wandered from the truth, and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you, and have been cruel."

"She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him, and repeated 'Cruel!'"

"He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Dot. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me, and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

"She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him still; but drew back, and clung closer to her friend.

"Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you—God forgive me!—and surrounded you with fancies."

"But living people are not fancies?" she said hurriedly, and turning very pale, and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"The marriage that takes place to-day," said Caleb, "is with a stern, sordid, grinding man; a hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years; ugly in his looks, and in his nature; cold and callous always; unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child—in everything."

"Oh, why," cried the blind girl, tortured as it seemed almost beyond endurance—"why did you ever do this? Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in like death, and tear away the objects of my love? Oh, Heaven, how blind I am! how helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow. * *

"Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is—what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter: it is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Dot continued in a low clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

The blind girl, greatly agitated, rose, and led the carrier's little wife aside. * *

"Dear Mary, a moment—one moment—more this way; speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed."

"No, I am sure you would not; you have too much pity for me. Mary, look across the room to where we were just now; to where my father is—my father, so compassionate and loving to me—and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Dot, who understood her well. "an old man sitting in a chair, and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand, as if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

"Yes, yes; she will; go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing; but, Bertha, I have seen him many times before, and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object; and I honour his gray head, and bless him!"

The blind girl broke away from her, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

This is exquisite sentiment. The mental anguish suffered by the jealous carrier is of a more painful character. For a while he indulges in thoughts of murdering the youth; he sits up all night in his chair before the fire in the greatest agony; and but for the Cricket on the Hearth, who treats him with fairy songs and fairy shapes, life would have been guilty of something desperate.

Thus the night passed. The moon went down; the stars grew pale; the cold day broke; the sun rose; the carrier still sat, musing, in the chimney corner. He had sat there, with his head upon his hands, all night. All night the faithful Cricket had been chirp, chirp, chirping on the Hearth. All night he had listened to its voice. All night the household fairies had been busy with him.

He rose up when it was broad day, and washed and dressed himself. He couldn't go about his customary, cheerful avocations; he wanted spirit for them; but it mattered the less, that it was Tackleton's wedding-day, and he had arranged to make his rounds by proxy. He had thought to have gone merrily to church with Dot. But such plans were at an end. It was their own wedding-day to-day. Ah! how little he had looked for such a close to such a year!

The carrier expected that Tackleton would pay him an early visit; and he was right. He had not walked to and fro before his own door many minutes, when he saw the toy-merchant coming in his chaise along the road. As the chaise drew nearer, he perceived that Tackleton was dressed out sprucely for his marriage, and had decorated his horse's head with flowers and favours.

Shortly after this, it is discovered that the stranger has left his apartment *via* the window.

"John Peerybingle," said Tackleton in his ear, "I hope there has been nothing—nothing rash in the night?"

The carrier turned upon him quickly.

"Because he's gone!" said Tackleton; "and the window's open. I don't see any marks; to be sure it's almost on a level with the garden; but I was afraid there might have been some—some scuffle. Eh?"

He nearly shut up the expressive eye altogether; he looked at him so hard. And he gave his eye, and his face, and his whole person, a sharp twist—as if he would have screwed the truth out of him.

"Make yourself easy," said the carrier. "He went into that room last night, without harm in word or deed from me; and no one has entered it since. He is away of his own free will. I'll go out gladly at that door, and beg my bread from house to house for life, if I could so change the past that he had never come. But he has come and gone; and I have done with him!"

"Oh; well, I think he has got off pretty easily," said Tackleton, taking a chair.

The sneer was lost upon the carrier, who sat down too, and shaded his face with his hand, for some little time, before proceeding. "You showed me last night," he said at length, "my wife—my wife that I love: secretly—"

And tenderly," insinuated Tackleton.

Conjuring at that man's disguise, and giving him opportunities of meeting her alone. I think there's no sight I wouldn't have rather seen than that. I think there's no man in the world I wouldn't have rather had to show it me."

"I confess to having had my suspicions always," said Tackleton. "And that has made me objectionable here, I know."

"But as you did show it me," pursued the carrier, not minding him, "and as you saw her—my wife—my wife that I love"—his voice, and eye, and hand, grew steadier and firmer as he repeated these words, evidently in pursuance of a steadfast purpose—"as you saw her at this disadvantage, it is right and just that you should also see with my eyes, and look into my breast, and know what my mind is upon the subject. For it's settled," said the carrier, regarding him attentively; "and nothing can shake it now."

Tackleton muttered a few general words of assent, about its being necessary to vindicate something or other; but he was overawed by the manner of his companion. Plain and unpolished as it was, it had a something dignified and noble in it, which nothing but the soul of generous honour dwelling in the man could have imparted.

"I am a plain, rough man," pursued the carrier, "with very little to recommend me. I am not a clever man, as you very well know. I am not a young man. I loved my little Dot, because I had seen her grow up, from a child, in her father's house; because I knew how precious she was; because she had been my life for years and years. There's many men I can't compare with, who never could have loved my little Dot like me, I think!"

He paused, and softly beat the ground a short time with his foot before resuming.

"I often thought that though I wasn't good enough for her, I should make her a kind husband, and perhaps know her value better than another; and in this way I reconciled it to myself, and came to think it might be possible that we should be married. And in the end it came about, and we were married."

"Ha!" said Tackleton, with a significant shake of his head.

"I had studied myself; I had had experience of myself; I knew how much I loved her, and how happy I should be," pursued the carrier. "But I had not—I feel it now—sufficiently considered her."

To be sure," said Tackleton. "Giddiness, frivolity, fickleness, love of admiration! Not considered! All left out of sight! Ha!"

"You had best not interrupt me," said the carrier with some sternness, "till you understand me; and

you're wide of doing so. If, yesterday, I'd have struck that man down at a blow who dared to breathe a word against her, to-day I'd set my foot upon his face if he was my brother!"

The toy-merchant gazed at him in astonishment. He went on in a softer tone—

"Did I consider," said the carrier, "that I took her, at her age, and with her beauty, from her young companions, and the many scenes of which she was the ornament, in which she was the brightest little star that ever shone, to shut her up from day to day in my dull house, and keep my tedious company? Did I consider how little suited it was to her sprightly humour, and how wearisome a plodding man like me must be to one of her quick spirit? Did I consider that it was no merit in me, or claim in me, that I loved her, when everybody must who knew her? Never. I took advantage of her hopeful nature and her cheerful disposition, and I married her. I wish I never had! For her sake—not for mine!"

The toy-merchant gazed at him, without winking. Even the half-shut eye was open now.

"Heaven bless her!" said the carrier, "for the cheerful constancy with which she has tried to keep the knowledge of this from me! And Heaven help me, that, in my slow mind, I have not found it out before! Poor child! Poor Dot! I not to find it out, who have seen her eyes fill with tears when such a marriage as our own was spoken of! I, who have seen the secret trembling on her lips a hundred times, and never suspected it till last night! Poor girl! That I could ever hope she would be fond of me! That I could ever believe she was!" * * *

"If that is your opinion——" Tackleton began.

"So let her go," pursued the carrier. "Go, with my blessing for the many happy hours she has given me, and my forgiveness for any pang she has caused me. Let her go, and have the peace of mind I wish her! She'll never hate me. She'll learn to like me better when I'm not a drag upon her, and she wears the chain I have rivetted more lightly. This is the day on which I took her, with so little thought for her enjoyment, from her home. To-day she shall return to it; and I will trouble her no more. Her father and mother will be here to-day—we had made a little plan for keeping it together—and they shall take her home. I can trust her there or anywhere. She leaves me without blame, and she will live so, I am sure. If I should die—I may perhaps while she is still young; I have lost some courage in a few hours—she'll find that I remembered her, and loved her to the last! This is the end of what you showed me. Now, it's over!"

"Oh no, John, not over. Do not say it's over yet! Not quite yet. I have heard your noble words. I could not steal away, pretending to be ignorant of what has affected me with such deep gratitude. Do not say it's over, till the clock has struck again!"

Dot had entered shortly after Tackleton, and had remained there. She never looked at Tackleton, but fixed her eyes upon her husband. But she kept away from him, setting as wide a space as possible between them; and though she spoke with most impassioned earnestness, she went no nearer to him even then. How different in this from her old self!

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone," replied the carrier with a faint smile. "But let it be so, if you will, my dear. It will strike soon. It's of little matter what we say. I'd try to please you in a harder case than that."

"Well," muttered Tackleton, "I must be off; for when the clock strikes again, it'll be necessary for me to be upon my way to church. Good morning, John Peerybingle. I'm sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company. Sorry for the loss, and the occasion of it too!"

The carrier stood looking after him until he was smaller in the distance than his horse's flowers and favours near at hand; and then with a deep sigh, went

strolling like a restless broken man among some neighbouring elms, unwilling to return until the clock was on the eve of striking.

Here we are certainly taught a beautiful lesson; nor is the effect of the *denouement*, which must now be obvious enough to our readers, lost upon Tackleton himself. When once he has got over the unpleasant sense of having been jilted at the very church-door, reflection and conversion comes. He transfers all his wedding preparations to the rival party, visits it himself, and joins heartily in the festivity.

"Mrs Peerybingle," said the toy-merchant, hat in hand, "I'm sorry; I'm more sorry than I was this morning; I have had time to think of it. John Peerybingle, I'm sour by disposition; but I can't help being sweetened, more or less, by coming face to face with such a man as you. Caleb, this unconscious little nurse gave me a broken hint last night, of which I have found the thread. I blush to think how easily I might have bound you and your daughter to me, and what a miserable idiot I was, when I took her for one. Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a Cricket on my Hearth. I have scared them all away. Be gracious to me: let me join this happy party."

He was at home in five minutes. You never saw such a fellow. What *had* he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known before his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the fairies been doing with him, to have effected such a change!

We have now done enough to show what are the moral elements of Mr Dickens's present tale. Nothing remains for us but to hope that his future publications will be at least as harmless and innocent, if less simple and primitive, in conception and incident.

CONSOLATION FOR ABSENCE.

[From Mr Gostick's interesting volume—"The Spirit of German Poetry." This piece of surprising beauty and elegance is, in the original, the composition of Louise Brachmann, a singular half-crazed person of Sappho-like demeanour, and who, after many odd adventures, came to Sappho's fate in her forty-third year.]

Our eyes still drink from the same fount of light;
The same wind round us softly breathes or blows;
We both lie veiled in the same cloud of night;
One spring to both its opening glories shows.

When morning dawns, I cry: 'Awaken day!
And strew thy roses whereso'er he roam;
When in the sea the sun is sinking—stay,
And cast a gleam to light him to his home.

'Still glow upon the hill his eyes behold
With beams of promise, when his heart feels lone,
While on yon coppice, tinged with fainter gold,
I gaze till all the evening glow is gone.'

What lofty mountain is he travelling o'er?
What favoured valley do his eyes survey?
What happy lake, beside some foreign shore,
Mirrors his beautiful aspect, far away?

In visionary, moonlit, silent night,
When shadows form on distant mountains shine,
My heart beats high—I say with deep delight:
'He lives—however distant, he is mine!'

And, as the stars—oh, what a gladdening ray
Seems darting from his eyes to cheer my heart—
All thoughts of earthly distance melt away,
We meet in heaven—and never more to part!

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THE PLAGUE OF THE PERSONAL.

CONSIDERING that man is chiefly an immaterial being, it seems a great pity that he should have been clogged for a few short years of his existence with such a thing as a body. It is a sad plague, this body of his, on many accounts. For one thing, at the very first, it is a troublesome thing to transport. At a natural rate of going, four miles an hour is the utmost of its locomotive power. Vehicles of all kinds, from a horse to a steam railway carriage, are attended with monstrous trouble and inconvenience. How different had we been spiritual solely—able, like Ariel, to girdle the earth in forty minutes! Then this same gross structure of ours is so liable to damage. Only think of a railway collision, or the consequences of your horse taking fright in that emblem of your respectability, a gig! Think of what a syncope your soul may experience through a severe bruise or wound—nay, saving your presence, an oversharp dose from a doctor still in the bondage of allopathy. Think of sea-sickness! That noble thing, the mind, prostrated by a little see-sawing on rough water. Is it not all very vexing? Particularly as you know the body to be such a subordinate and unimportant part of you. What right has so gross and paltry a thing to interfere so much with your comfort, and take so much from your dignity?

Inferior and unessential too as it is, we see such considerations attached to it. While unanimous as to the mind being the only thing worth looking to, not one of us but admires pretty girls and handsome young fellows, according to the sex we be of. The gramineous character of all flesh is a truism, on which all flesh is unanimous; yet what care is universally shown to keep the verdure in its trimmest possible state. With one breath we express our disesteem for this poor tabernacle of the soul—with another we scold the tailor or milliner for some little failure in adorning it. We preach of the beauties of the mind, and exhaust the dentist's ingenuity to preserve one of our incisors. Take the most unworldly-minded of us, and ask his opinion of wooden legs! To men regarding the mind as solely valuable, it should be a matter of indifference whether a limb be of the statutory material or ligaceous; yet is there a choice? 'But the original leg is the more convenient.' That is not the case, but no matter. Take the case of red hair instead. This is as 'convenient' as brown or black, or fair or auburn; but will any one say the point is indifferent? Why, it is such things which determine for some women whether they are to be countesses!—not merely this; but good-looking people have everywhere a chance of being better liked than plain people. They are apt to be popular without any other attractive qualities, and with no trouble on their part; while it usually costs plain people a world of exer-

tion merely to overcome the repugnance which is instinctively felt for them. Does this speak to externals being indifferent? Does it show the body to be of no sort of consequence? Alas! the very contrary. It should not be so; but it is so. The personal comes in to traverse and confound all our ideas of merit. We can't tell whether a man is to be more indebted to scientific attainments or to whiskers; or whether a young lady's prospects are most likely to be affected by her amiable character and good sense, or that peculiar dimple formed near the corner of her mouth when she smiles!

The world proclaims the inferiority of the personal; but I would just ask one question. Did it ever conspire to establish the equal importance of men of five and men of six feet? No such thing was ever heard of. And, accordingly, we see a man of five feet go through the world, a perpetual martyr to the injustice of his fellow-creatures. There is a full abstract admission of his equality; he counts as a 'soul' in population returns and paragraphs about accidents, the same as the six-foot man; he is the same in the eye of the law, pays the same taxes, has alike his epitaph and elegy. But he is never the same in the reckoning of men. The gravest, the most gentle smile at the little man. With the rude he is the theme of perpetual jokes. His choice of a wife is narrowed to the small number of women inferior to himself in stature. Symptoms of self-esteem, which would be passed over unnoticed in other men, appear monstrously ridiculous in him, though he has as good a right to stand well with himself as any giant of them all. Odd notions, or a shrill voice, or whimsical tastes, in his case excite ridicule and give birth to nicknames, where bigger men would escape. In fact, a man of unusually small stature is, from his cradle to his grave, under a difficulty unknown to other men. The dwarfishness is something always to be overcome in the first place, before he can start fair with other men. What is perhaps worst, he is unavoidably sensible of the involuntary demerit, and affected in his most ordinary conduct by a consideration of it. It drives him to do and say absurd things, in the desperate anxiety to get the better of it; and this makes him only be the more laughed at. Verily, the little man knows whether the frail corpus be of much consequence to a human being or not.

The plague of the personal is particularly seen in men whose main function in life is that of exercising the intellect. Men of mind, as I may call them comprehensively, ought not to have bodies at all. Bodies merely impede their operations. It is only the lowest and simplest form of this trouble, that literary men must eat, and that they have families who must eat also. Very sad, no doubt, are the vexations from this cause; alien and unsuitable tasks, hard grudging work, quarrels with grudging publishers. But there are

higher and more sentimental evils which fine souls find still less endurable. The Spectator first remarked the prevalent desire to discover of a distinguished author whether he is a tall man or a short man, handsome or plain, and so forth. It is perhaps eminently natural, but must to many authors be extremely annoying. Seldom is the personal in such cases equal to the mind: often it is homely, blemished, insignificant. For such an author as he of *Waverley* to have men—ay, and women—coming to get a sight of his poor coil of flesh, and going away, saying, 'What an ordinary-looking man he is! lame too!'—could not, one would think, but be vexing even to that placid being; or if it was not, it ought to have been so. For worship of the mental emanations to show itself in this meddling curiosity about the form of a visage or the hue of a complexion, is surely most unworthy. There is the work, most likely expressed from a teeming mind of superior native qualities, and not expressible from anything else—take it as it is, and be content with it, as one of God's good gifts to man—the personal has nothing to do with it. Perish this despicable personal altogether, beside the consideration of the mind's craft, which may indeed not be worth remembering ten years; for fashions change, and one man's good things supplant another's, but yet is *capable* of being preserved through all time.

For such reasons, I have sometimes thought it fortunate for certain authors that they have no biography. For only observe what a biography is. We learn from Pope's that he was crook-backed and spider-like, ill-natured, and over-fond of stewed lampreys. Now, is it not vexing to think of these personal matters attending for ever the name of Pope and the admiration of his writings? How much better to be a Homer, of whom nothing is certainly known whatever! We there worship the pure mind alone—a name, a word, being all that survives besides. This is the only right immortality, because thus only that continues to live which deserves to do so, or which mankind have any concern in seeing live. Shakspeare seems to have been amongst the most fortunate of modern authors in this respect. He is, as I once had occasion to remark before, almost a mythic being. There are his six-and-thirty plays, as sound and fresh as compositors and commentators could allow them to be: all of him that we have any real concern in possessing, we possess: all which he desired to see preserved, is preserved. The rest is fallen into the forgetfulness which befits it. Men will still puzzle after his personal facts—his worldly means, his style of living, his righteousness towards his wife, and whether she married again—but it is almost wholly in vain. A chinkless cloud-veil shrouds it all. Shakspeare has the happiness, as an immortal, to be only SHAKSPEARE! How different for poor Kit Marlow to have the ugly fact of his death in a base brawl ever staring his name in the face! How sad, in comparison, for Otway to be remembered as one choked in hunger by a roll! Literary biography in general is little better than a catalogue of human woes. It really is too bad that these poor sons of genius should both, for the most part, find no seats secured for them at the table where all who will work are fed, but also have their lustrous pages diamed and blotted by the remembrance of their penurious miseries. Let us starve, they might say; but be our garrets and our rags consigned to oblivion. If there be any dignity to be attached to the product of our pens, let it not be profaned by details of our shabby personal existences.

It would even be better for readers, merely with a

regard to their enjoyment of the writings of the immortals, if there were no such thing as literary biography. Regarding an author as only a Voice, we should have a much greater interest in him and his works than otherwise. Perfectly abstracted from all these sorry particulars as to birth and death, bodily form, good or bad fortune, we should treat his writings more purely according to their merits, and love them for their own sake only. The imagination would in most cases make a much better biography for the author than his actual life could have furnished. In a case, for example, like that of Byron, we should be left free to surmise all kinds of unhappiness that ever were known, and others besides, for the mournful misanthropic spirit which shines through those verses. It would have been like the effect of that deep-cut word which arrests us in pacing the cloister at Worcester—*MISERRIMUS*—word more eloquent than volumes could be. Compared with a biography thus suggested, the *knowledge* that Byron had a maddish mother, that he proved incapable of the domestic virtues, and consequently got into bad terms with British society, and was forced to take refuge in a moody retirement on the continent, is worse than tame; it is destructive of all fine sentiment in the case. It is a strange fatality in us that compels our seeking for these personal details, and reading them in volumes quarto and octavo. We blindly rush to gratify a superficial feeling of the moment, and spoil for ever the deeper and more abiding gratifications to be derived from the intellectual part of the man, if taken unconnectedly with the personal.

It is only another form of the same fatal curiosity which impels many persons to become what are called Lion-hunters. Not content with receiving into their souls the divine thoughts which the gifted have been allowed to utter, they must run hither and thither for an opportunity of beholding the poor personality of the author, with all the blemishes which may rest upon it, so contrarious to the beauty of his intellectual being—to hear him speak, perhaps, and in his tremor murder that English which he discourses so finely with his pen—or to watch him as he eats, and learn that his noble soul is attended by tastes utterly mean and trifling. Surely this is a sad perversity amongst the lovers of the intellectual. Far better it were to remain in ignorance of the paltry personal altogether, and allow ourselves to think of our favourite author only as an abstraction, or, if in any tangible form at all, at the most as the book in which we read his thoughts.

'I have a fancy of my own,
And why should I undo it?'

These thoughts are almost whimsical, and are half meant to be so; but, after all, they point to a serious truth. The personal is inextricable, in our present form of being, from the mental, and it has, in many circumstances, an apparently exclusive importance. Yet, on all considerations really worth speaking of, the mind is what truly constitutes the man. It is not the tongue which speaks, or the eye which sees; it is the mind. It is not the body which drags us into error; it is the mind. And, accordingly, we may know what pretensions any one has to be a judge of his fellow-creatures, as we observe him tend more or less to estimate them according to material or immaterial peculiarities. The weak, the gross, the frivolous, fasten upon the tangible, and the tangible only. They see but in Pope the waspish little humpback; in Burns only the ploughman. The thoughtful and refined, on the contrary, speak little of

any of these trivial particulars, but expatiate with generous ardour on the Inner Being, whence flow the winged and deathless words, and to which all else is but external and accidental.

INTEGRITY—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

In the little front parlour of a private house in one of the small streets of Lambeth sat two females, busily occupied with needlework. One was a thin spare woman, in the decline of life, whose garb proclaimed her to be a widow; the other, a pale delicate girl, over whose brow twenty summers scarcely seemed to have passed. They were silent, and it was evident, from the gestures of the younger, that they were in expectation of a visitor, for her eye glanced ever and anon at a Dutch clock, which ticked audibly in one corner of the room, and her ear anxiously listened to every step which passed the window. It was night, and the single candle which burned upon the round oak table cast its feeble rays upon the simple white dress which they were making, and which seemed to be an object of peculiar interest to both. 'Ah, I well remember, six-and-twenty years ago, making up my wedding-gown,' the elder female at length broke silence by observing; 'and my young heart was then like yours, Lucy, full of hopes and plans for the future; but you know, my child, how those hopes have been disappointed,' she added with a heavy sigh.

'Dear mother,' the maiden interposed, whilst her pale features beamed with animation, 'I think I can scarcely be disappointed in my hopes and expectations, for I have none beyond what may reasonably be drawn from the present position of things. I have already experienced too much of the world's rough usage to entertain any ideas of happiness or prosperity which are not likely to be realised.'

'You have, indeed, my child, been schooled by affliction. At your age I knew not what sorrow was. I thought when I married that I was but entering on a scene of happiness; instead of which, it was my first step towards misery.'

'I trust, however, that your age will be rendered tranquil,' the maiden resumed, looking tenderly in her parent's face.

A well-known step beneath the window here attracted the attention of Lucy; and ere the knocker had finished its office, she was at the street door, with her hand locked within that of her intended husband. They re-entered the room together, and the maiden called his attention to the dress upon which she and her mother had been engaged, playfully demanding his opinion of the taste she had displayed in its fabrication. 'Dear Walter!' she exclaimed in surprise and concern, seeing him turn away with a sickening smile, 'what has occurred to distress you—forgive my levity—you are surely in trouble, or seriously ill?'

'I am not ill, dearest Lucy,' the young man made answer, with a strong effort at composure. 'Do not alarm yourself, my love; something has occurred which has much distressed me, and which must postpone our marriage for a short time; but I will tell you all presently,' he added, as he sunk upon the chair which his attentive bride-elect had already placed for him beside the fire.

'What can be the matter, Walter?' cried Mrs Weldon impatiently; 'I had a presentiment that some evil was in reserve for us.'

Lucy did not speak, but her hands instinctively dropped the robe she had been exhibiting, and her eyes rested anxiously on his countenance.

'You know, dear Lucy,' the lover began, 'that I told you last night that I was empowered by my master to receive the sum of eighty pounds, and that I was flattered by the confidence he reposed in me; judge, then, my mistress of mind when, on applying for it this morn-

ing, I was told that it had been paid already; that a young man, representing himself to be a servant of Mr Gratton's, had produced a bill exactly corresponding with the one I presented, and signed his name Walter Ormond. The clerk who had paid the money had, unfortunately for me, taken so little notice of his person, that he could not describe him; and he went as far as to imply that I had made a double demand. The signature was shown to me, and it really so nearly resembled my own, that I could scarcely say that it was not penned by me. I hastened, however, to my master, and stated to him the whole affair, which is so involved in mystery, that my character cannot be fully cleared excepting by the disclosure of the truth. Mr Gratton is too generous unwillingly to suspect my honesty; yet the evidence is so strong against me, that I am sure he must entertain some doubt. I am supported by the acquittal of my own conscience,' he added, 'but I cannot offer you, dearest, a name tarnished by suspicion. A short time will perhaps bring the matter to light, and then it will be my highest happiness to solicit you to bear it, and to share my fortunes.'

As Walter concluded, Lucy, who had listened with an interest the most intense, put her hand within his with a look of confiding tenderness, which touched her lover more than any language could have done; but Mrs Weldon's grief was more noisy; she burst into floods of hysteric tears, which her daughter in vain strove to soothe. Thus passed the evening which poor Lucy had begun so happily; but none—not even her lover—surmised the depth of anguish her gentle heart was called to endure. A suspicion of the most horrible nature had presented itself to her mind, and it was one she dared not breathe, even to the mother from whom she had never before concealed a thought.

Walter Ormond was a lodger in the house of Mrs Weldon; he had not therefore far to retire at the wonted hour of rest. 'Cheer up,' dear Lucy, he said at parting; 'I cannot think that I shall long be permitted to be under a stigma of this nature. Time will reveal the perpetrator of the fraud, and my character will then be cleared.' Lucy faintly smiled in answer.

'Do, dearest mother, go to rest,' she cried, addressing her parent, when her lover had quitted the room. 'I will sit up for George: he will not be very late, I dare say.' The mother yielded to her intricacies, and she was left alone.

The midnight hour passed, and Lucy still sat occupied with her needle, giving the last finish to her wedding-dress, though it was with an aching heart. Young as she was, Lucy Weldon had, as her mother had said, been schooled by adversity. Her father, by profligacy and intemperance, had brought his family from competency to the lowest depths of poverty, and the industry of his wife and daughter had alone saved them from starvation. His death had been sudden and dreadful, having been caused by an accident which occurred whilst he was in a state of intoxication. But the sad fate of the father had failed to warn his son from pursuing a similar course; on the contrary, the example of the parent seemed to stimulate him to run the same length in folly and vice. Since the decease of Mr Weldon, George had professed to maintain his mother and sister from the profits of a business in which he was engaged; but it was little assistance that he, really afforded them, and they were obliged to let part of the house, and still labour hard with the needle, to provide the common necessaries of life.

Another hour passed ere the young man made his appearance; but when he came, he offered no apology for his late return. His spirits were so much excited, that he did not notice the expression of unusual sadness which sat upon his sister's countenance. 'I have a present for you for your bridal, Lucy,' he triumphantly exclaimed, displaying as he spoke a little box, containing a handsome pair of gold ear-rings. Lucy turned from him with a sickening shudder.

'I thank you, George,' she with difficulty faltered

forth, 'but I value not such baubles, nor do I know that I shall ever be a bride.'

'Now that is an ungracious way to receive my present,' he observed. 'I thought to see you look very stylish; and I have bought a new watch for myself to grace your wedding also.'

'I tell you that I have no wedding in prospect,' she returned, whilst her heart beat with violence, and her cheek turned to an ashy paleness.

'What can you mean?' interrogated the young man: 'has Walter proved a rascal? If so, he shall feel the effects of my wrath.'

'Spare your threats, George,' his sister interposed; 'Walter is not to blame—he is to be pitied. God only knows who is the perpetrator of the crime.'

'You speak in such enigmas, I really cannot understand you,' George observed; but 'the eager eye of his sister perceived that his colour changed and his lips trembled.'

'Can you say that you know nothing of the matter?' she asked, looking earnestly in his face.

'How should I know, girl?' was his dogged reply.

Lucy's feelings were too poignant for endurance, and she burst into a passion of tears. 'Oh, George,' she exclaimed, 'as you value the happiness of your sister, the peace of your mother, and, above all, the approbation of your own conscience, confess the truth, and do your utmost to make reparation for the fraud you have committed. I surmised it all ere you appeared; and these baubles too surely corroborate my worst fears.'

'Lucy, are you mad?' the young man demanded with feigned astonishment.

'I am not mad,' she returned, 'though the mental torture I have endured for the last few hours has been enough to deprive me of reason; but I am deeply concerned in this matter, upon your account as well as Walter's. He is writhing under the possibility of having his honesty suspected; and you, oh, my brother, you are—you cannot deny it—the guilty person who has brought this misery upon us? Think,' she pursued, finding that he remained silent—'think upon the anguish you have already caused me and Walter; think that you will bring our dear mother in sorrow to the grave, if you persist in the sad course you have of late pursued; think how you will answer at the final day of account for the crimes you have committed; and for my sake, for your parent's, and for your own sake, let me intreat of you to commence a new life.' As she concluded, she rose from the seat upon which she had sunk, and throwing her arms around him, wept convulsively. The young man's heart was penetrated; he could not answer; and when he felt her tears upon his cheek, he could with difficulty repress his own. But these emotions were of short continuance; pride and long-indulged habits obtained the mastery over affection and conscience, and roughly pushing her from him, he fiercely demanded if she intended to become his accuser, and procure him fourteen years of exile. 'Oh, my brother,' Lucy passionately returned, 'you know that it would break my heart to see any evil happen to you, above all, to become your accuser; but the good name of one equally dear to me is at stake, and justice demands that the innocent should be exonerated from the suspicion of crime.'

'What proof have you of the truth of your surmise?' he bitterly interrogated.

'George, George, why will you agonise me thus? Let there be no necessity for me to tax you with the crime; make the confession yourself, and all the restitution you have in your power. Surely you have not yet parted with the money? or if you have done so, you have at least effects to the amount.'

'I have nothing but these ear-rings and my watch,' was his reply, 'and they, together, cost me thirteen pounds.'

'What can you have done with the remainder of the sum?' she asked in breathless agitation.

'I have lost it.'

'Lost it! By what means?'

'No matter by what means.'

'Yes, George, it does matter by what means. I must know whether you were robbed of it by a stranger, or whether, as I have reason to surmise, you have spent it at a gaming-table.' He turned from her, but did not reply. 'My conjecture is but too true,' she pursued. 'Oh, George, for a night of what you call pleasure, you have plunged us all in misery, exposed your person to the penalty of your country's broken laws, and added a dark crime to the catalogue of your offences, for which you know not how soon you may have to answer.'

'Cease to reproach me, Lucy,' cried the young man; 'I am already cut to the quick by my misfortunes; but I shall have better luck to-morrow, and then I will make amends for all. I am really sorry to have put off your wedding.'

'What! would you try to redeem the past by plunging into further vice?' his sister asked. 'No, George, if you have no means of making restitution but by committing another sin, I pray you forbear; I will endure it all. I will promise secrecy, though it will cost me more than I can express to abide by it. I will do anything, if you will forsake the companions who have led you into your present evil course. Will you do this, dear George?' she pleaded, once again twining her arms around him. 'You were wont to love me dearly, when we were children; you used to say that you could refuse me nothing. Let affection, if you have no higher motive, now induce you to comply. I plead for the sake of all who love you, but oh, my brother, mostly for your own sake, for you are injuring yourself most deeply.'

Again the young man was overcome. 'I will promise you, Lucy,' he at length articulated, pressing her to his heart in a close embrace; and with these words he hastened from the room, to the solitude of his own chamber.

With a heavy heart Lucy retired also, but her thoughts were too busily occupied with the dreadful transactions of the day for sleep to visit her pillow. Her mother and lover noticed her unusual paleness at the breakfast hour, and Walter, attributing it to the uneasiness she felt on his account, again strove to cheer her by encouraging hopes of a speedy discovery of the truth, little imagining the distress such a discovery would bring.

'My opinion was always in accordance with the old adage, that "honesty is the best policy,"' cried Walter Ormond one evening, as, with a countenance radiant with smiles, he sat himself beside his gentle mistress, who was, as usual, busily occupied with her needle. 'Don't think me an egotist, dearest Lucy,' he pursued, 'when I tell you that Mr Gratton was so much pleased with the manner in which I negotiated an affair of trust for him yesterday, that he has to-day offered me the travelling department of his business, which will be better for my health than the confinement of the warehouse, and, moreover, yield me a larger salary.'

Lucy, overwhelmed with feelings of gratitude and pleasure, burst into a flood of tears.

'I am more especially pleased with the offer,' the young man resumed, 'because it proves the high opinion my master entertains of my probity, notwithstanding the late occurrence. I know that I have been tested by a strict scrutiny, though very painful at the time, has in the end afforded me the satisfaction of feeling that my character is raised in Mr Gratton's esteem. And now, my own Lucy,' he proceeded, taking the maiden's yielding hand within his own, and pressing it with tenderness, 'now there is no further occasion for delaying our marriage.'

As Lucy would on no account leave her widowed mother, and was unwilling to separate her wholly from her son, it had been arranged that the young couple should occupy a floor in the same house, and an early day was now appointed for the celebration of the nup-

tials. Had George, however, dared to express his real sentiments, he would have preferred being left alone, hoping thus to escape the watchful eyes of those who could not do otherwise than feel pained by his conduct, and, above all, to be freed from the affectionate remonstrances of his sister, which he dreaded more than anything beside.

The eventful morning came, and Lucy, when arrayed in her pure white dress, appeared more beautiful than ever to her admiring lover. She took her accustomed place at the breakfast table, and the only difference observable in her countenance was, that her usually pale cheek was slightly flushed with the excitement of the occasion. Mrs Weldon was in good spirits, and George seemed little less pleased than Walter himself. Their only guests were an elderly man who had been intimate with the family for many years, and his youthful daughter, who were to perform the offices of father and bride's-maid. Never did a marriage seem to promise more durable happiness, though it was without the festivities which accompany the nuptials of the high-born and the wealthy. Walter, more from the desire to shield his retiring bride from vulgar curiosity than from pride, had engaged a coach to convey them to the church, and Lucy had just finally arranged her attire, when a vehicle drove up to the door. Ere she stepped forth to enter it, she turned to imprint a kiss of affection on the cheek of that beloved parent who was now about to yield her up to the protection of another, and as she did so, a scuffle in the passage attracted her attention, and caused a dread of she knew not what to so far overcome her, that she sunk almost fainting into her mother's arms.

'What means this tumult?' cried Walter, darting towards the door, which George had opened; but his anger was exchanged for alarm, when he beheld the young man within the firm grasp of two sturdy fellows, who were evidently officers of justice.

'George Weldon is our prisoner,' exclaimed one of them, addressing the inquirer; 'and we have a warrant to search this house.'

'What can this mean?' interrogated Walter, looking earnestly in the countenance of his intended brother-in-law. 'What can you have done to subject yourself to this outrage?'

George did not reply.

'He has only made himself expert at counterfeiting people's signatures,' returned the officer with a laugh.

'Can this be true?' exclaimed Walter in breathless agitation, and the mysterious transaction which had so nearly caused the loss of his own character arose to his recollection as he spoke. George still maintained a dogged silence. The wedding party had by this time congregated at the parlour door, and their appearance denoting the ceremony which was about to have taken place, the men, supposing their prisoner to be the intended bridegroom, rudely commented on the change of scene which had occurred. Intreating them, for the sake of the females, to spare their taunts, Walter now hastened to the terrified Lucy, and endeavoured to dissipate her fears. Mrs Weldon could not believe that her son had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, and in piteous accents begged of her intended son-in-law to accompany him, and do his utmost to save him from the ignominy of being imprisoned. 'If George can prove his innocence, he has nothing to fear,' pleaded the young man; but a sad presentiment struck his own mind, though he strove to buoy up others with hope.

The house now underwent a thorough search, and within the covers of an old pocket-book, which was found in the chamber of the unhappy young man, a number of pieces of paper were discovered, upon which imitations of signatures had been made. Walter endeavoured to prevent this circumstance coming to Lucy's knowledge; but in vain; and so powerful was the shock her feelings sustained, that she was carried fainting from the scene of tumult to the house of their neighbour and friend Mr. Jones. The grief of the mother was not less

intense; already had she been a severe sufferer from the misconduct of others. Her married life had been a daily martyrdom, yet never had she endured anything so poignant as the present calamity. On Lucy's return to consciousness, she saw the necessity there was for the exercise of firmness on her part, that she might become her parent's comforter; and whilst disrobing herself of her bridal habiliments, and setting aside the few things which seemed to remind them of the happiness they had that morning anticipated, her mind was busily occupied in endeavouring to form some plan whereby she might serve her still tenderly beloved, though unworthy brother. Walter returned, without bringing any cheering intelligence. The delinquent had been put into close confinement, there to await his trial at the next sessions.

We will pass over the period of intense solicitude which preceded the trial, and the still more harrowing anxieties which attended that event. Suffice it to say, that every exertion which affection could suggest was made for George. His mother and sister sacrificed almost all the worldly wealth they possessed to provide able counsel, which succeeded so far as to procure some mitigation of the sentence; and fourteen years of banishment was awarded him. In the course of the examination, the fraudulent act committed against Mr Gratton became known; but that gentleman, being aware of the intended connexion between Walter Ormond and Lucy, generously forbore to appear against him for their sakes.

No language can describe the feelings of the wretched family when the sentence was passed, and all hope of acquittal was over. The lacerated heart of the mother could bear no more: she fell a victim to the intensity of her grief, leaving her afflicted and orphan child to the protection of the high-principled young man, whose love had been but further cemented by the disgrace and misery which had overwhelmed them. It was the dying woman's last request, that the marriage of the young people should take place as soon as her remains were consigned to the grave; and happy was it for the sorrow-stricken girl that she possessed one faithful friend in this hour of deep distress. Sad, however, were the feelings with which she laid aside, for one day only, the habiliments of mourning, and arrayed herself in that bridal dress which seemed destined to be worn in sorrow.

Such are the scenes of misery, such is the devastation, a career of vice too often produces. The guilty cannot suffer alone; for one wrong action may bring a train of evils upon the innocent, the extent of which it is impossible to compute.

There was one other gentle breast which had received a wound not less severe than that Lucy had experienced, though it bled in secret. Catherine Jones, the daughter of Mrs Weldon's aged friend, had from childhood regarded George with affection, having, with the wilful blindness of love, drawn a veil over the imperfections of his character. Though no engagement had ever existed between them, she had reason to believe that the attachment was reciprocal, and her young heart had fondly anticipated a future of happiness as his wife. How keen, therefore, was her disappointment when she discovered that his principles were corrupted! But even when he became an outcast and an exile, she withheld not her sympathy, but pleaded his youth, and the evil example of his father, as an apology for the crimes of which he had been guilty.

It was nearly fifteen years subsequent to the period of George Weldon's banishment, that a man in the meridian of life, but whose wasted form, wan aspect, and grizzled hair, bespoke premature decay, stood on the threshold of the house which had once been the abode of the Weldons, and in a tremulous voice inquired if that family still resided there. The young woman to whom the question was addressed, after replying somewhat discourteously in the negative, shut the door abruptly in his face, deeming his appearance too suspicious

to demand better treatment. George (for it was he) turned from the house which had been the home of his youth with a sickening heart, and bent his steps towards that which had been the residence of his mother's friend, Mr Jones, trusting that he should here at least be able to gain some information regarding his sister. The death of his parent had been communicated to him by letter, and he had also received intelligence of Lucy's marriage, but, from some unknown cause, the correspondence had not been carried on for the last six years. He was therefore fearful lest death might have robbed him of this last tie, and that Walter, desirous of dropping a connection which had disgraced him, had purposely avoided further communication with him. To his unspeakable satisfaction, he found Mr Jones still in his old abode; but time, hardship, and mental suffering, had wrought so great a change in the person of the returned exile, that he was under the painful necessity of making himself known to his former friend.

'George Weldon! Is it possible?' the old man exclaimed, raising his hands and eyes as he spoke.

'Well may you not recognise me, sir; I am indeed altered,' cried the wanderer. 'But tell me, I beseech you, of my sister. Does she live?' The suppressed breath of the inquirer bespoke the intensity of interest he felt in the reply, and it called forth the commiseration of his aged companion, who deemed that the heart in which affection is unextinguished, cannot be wholly lost to virtue. However crime may have debased it.

'She does live, my friend,' Jones exclaimed, warmly grasping the hand of his guest as he spoke, 'and, I am happy to add, in improved circumstances. Her husband is now a partner in the house of business in which you left him a servant, and they consequently left the humble abode your mother occupied in this neighbourhood, for one more commodious, six or seven years ago.'

'Thank Heaven she lives!' ejaculated the brother in extreme agitation.

'And do you not rejoice in her prosperity?' Jones somewhat reproachfully asked.

'I do most fervently,' was the reply; 'but I cannot but feel that this circumstance will separate me more widely than ever from my only remaining relative—the only being I have now on earth to love. Walter Ormond, as the partner of Mr Gratton, must wish to avoid an outcast like me, and this accounts for the long silence which led me to believe my sister dead.'

'It does no such thing, boy. You do Lucy injustice by the supposition. I promise you as hearty a greeting in their handsome new house at Peckham, as if you had found them still living in a back street at Lambeth, like their old friend Jones, for they have mourned you as dead, not having heard from you so long.'

'You afford me unspeakable happiness by that assurance, sir,' George exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears he vainly endeavoured to repress. 'But Lucy ever was an angel, and if her example had influenced me as it ought to have done, I never should have been the wretch I am.'

'Well, we will hope that you will do all you can to redeem past offences by your future good conduct,' Jones soothingly interposed.

'Alas!' replied the culprit, 'I have, I feel, returned to my native land to die. But if I am permitted to breathe my last near to my sweet sister, it is more than I deserve.'

The old man gazed mournfully on the wasted form before him, and felt that the prophecy would but too probably be accomplished. Although on the verge of eighty, his own form was still hale and vigorous, and he grieved over the premature decay of one who might, he thought, have numbered as many years, had he not become amenable to his country's laws.

'You are too weak, and too much excited, to bear a meeting with your sister at present,' he kindly said; 'but you shall, if agreeable to you, stay the night with

me, and I will to-morrow break the intelligence of your arrival to your relatives.'

George thankfully accepted of the hospitable and considerate offer. But a further trial awaited him: he must meet the eye of Catherine, who, her father (unsuspecting of their former attachment) informed him, was still unmarried, devoting the meridian of her days, as she had done her youth, to his comfort and happiness.

'May I ask that you will spare me, by not making my name known to your daughter?' George asked with extreme agitation, which did not escape the notice of his host. Jones promised compliance. But the caution was unavailing; for no sooner did Catherine, who had been absent for a few hours, re-enter the room, than she recognised her early lover. Changed and haggard as he was, his lineaments were too deeply graven on her heart to be erased by time. The romance of youth had, however, given place to the more prudent decisions of maturer years in the breast of the ever amiable and loving, but now firm-minded woman, and, after a brief struggle with her feelings, she was enabled to greet him without the appearance of emotion. The feelings of the conscience-stricken exile were not so easily controlled. The sight of one he had once tenderly loved awakened a thousand reminiscences of a painful nature, and he gladly availed himself of his kind host's invitation, to retire early, that he might, as he said, recruit his strength, and be better prepared for the meeting with his family on the morrow.

They met—the long-banished brother, stained by crime, and branded with ignominy, and the fond, affectionate sister, whom no changes, nor even crimes, could alienate; and the now humbled soul of the outcast poured forth its penitence on that faithful bosom. Time, which had reduced the once fine athletic form of George Weldon to a mere shadow, had wrought no other alteration in Lucy, than that it had ripened her girlish charms into matronly beauty. There was still the same sweet, but somewhat sad expression on her placid countenance; for her present prosperity could not wholly obliterate the remembrance of her early griefs.

The home in which George now found his sister residing, was, unlike that of her girlhood, the abode of peace and plenty. It was furnished with everything that could contribute to comfort, although nothing superfluous was to be found there. The exile was welcomed with a cordiality on Walter's part, and a tenderness on Lucy's, which he had not dared to hope or expect, but which met with a return of the most lively gratitude. When it was rumoured in the neighbourhood that a brother of Mrs Ormond's had come from abroad, and was staying at her house, in the hope of recruiting his health, it was little imagined that he was the George Weldon who, fifteen years previously, had been arraigned at the bar of justice, and condemned as a felon: but notwithstanding that this circumstance was concealed from the world, the culprit experienced that self-abasement which is the sure accompaniment of guilt. He could scarcely endure to meet the open countenance of his high-principled brother-in-law, conscious, as he could not but be, that Walter's good conduct alone had conducted him to his present competence, and that, having had even greater opportunities, he himself might have been equally prosperous had he pursued a similar course. But for the disgrace and trouble he had brought upon his family, his tender mother might, he thought, be now witnessing the happiness of her deservedly-beloved child: but for his deviation from the path of probity, he might have been the supporter of her declining years, instead of having been the cause of her death. All these recollections and self-upbraidings, together with his keen sense of shame, operated powerfully upon his naturally sensitive mind, and tended to strengthen a disease which years of toil, privation, and suffering, had brought on. It was his own prophecy, that he had returned to die in his native land; and it proved true. Neither affection nor skill could arrest the progress of the malady, and, after lingering for some months a helpless and hopeless invalid, he breathed his last on the bosom of that

faithful sister whose affection he had so fully tested, and to whom he had been, through life, little else but a source of unhappiness.

Thus perished George Weldon in the meridian of his days, the victim of evil example and his own vices. His dying hours were, however, marked by sincere repentance. Reader, this tale is not wholly fictitious; the crimes and the sad end of its hero are sketched from life, and are here related to hold forth a lesson of warning.

POPULAR NAMES.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

THE Carmagnole was the name of a song and dance which became popular during the terrible days of the French Revolution. Expressive of a quick step, lively and animating, the air was a prodigious favourite with the Parisian mobs of that time, who used to call for it from military bands and the orchestras of theatres, and join in dancing to its singing at the same time the doggerel verses which had been composed for it—some of which are here translated. They evidently bear reference to the first triumphs over the royal family and their friends in August and September 1792 (Monsieur Veto was a nickname for Louis XVI.):—

Madame Veto declared that she
Would slaughter send through all Paris:
She lost, as it appears,
Thanks to our cannoniers.
Let us dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Monsieur Veto did vow that he
Would to his country faithful be:
How has he kept his word?
No quito—now the sword!
Let us dance, &c.

Antoinette resolved, good lack!
To make us fall upon our back:
She mis-d; and as we rose,
She got a broken nose.
Let us dance, &c.

* * *

I'm a *sans-culotte*, and sing,
Sp'ite to the council and the king:
Hurra Marseilles—the cause,
The Bretons, and the laws.
Let us dance, &c.

We'll remember long and sure
The *sans-culottes* of the *fauboury*:
Drink we merrily,
Dogs of liberty.
Let us dance, &c.

The singing and dancing of the Carmagnole became the signal of ferocious assaults on authority, and the expression of savage rejoicings over it. On any occasion of excitement on the streets, round the scaffold, even within the walls of the Convention, troops of *sans-culottes* would be seen circling round with beating feet to this tune, with faces full of dreadful meaning. The very prisoners whom suspicion condemned to the risk of a horrible death, no one could say how soon, would cheer themselves with the Carmagnole. '*Dansons le Carmagnole!*' were amongst the most familiar words known in Paris during at least a couple of years. Fashion appropriated the word, and applied it to a peculiar form of blouse, with wide sleeves, worn by the revolutionists, and all those who wished to make a show of their patriotism. Barrère and some other members of the Convention, also gave the name of Carmagnoles to the measures passed by that body, and to some of the orations delivered from the parliamentary tribune in fanatical phraseology, having reference to the veto or opposition of the government, or to the victories of the army. The song and the new-fashioned garment both disappeared with the Reign of Terror.

Our readers may be curious to learn the history of a word so celebrated. Not far from the right bank of the Po, near the city of Turin, there lived, in the year 1406, a youth, aged fifteen, who had earned a good

character as keeper of sheep on the farm where he was employed. No prowling wolf, driven by hunger from the hills, or roving man-at-arms, whose trade was war and rapine, had ever been able to elude his watchfulness. They had sometimes, it is true, set his courage at defiance, but with a result that made them repent of their temerity, until at last he was known throughout the country as 'the bold shepherd, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone.'

During the time that Francesco was thus tending sheep, war broke out in Italy; a war of parties; and so eager was the struggle for supremacy, that the highways were infested by bands of *condottieri*, troops who hired themselves to the best paymaster, or to the chief-tain most ready to accord them sack and pillage in the cities taken by storm. Facino Cane was one of those partisan leaders, who fought indifferently for Venice or Genoa, Milan or Turin, careless whether their banner bore the evangelical lion of St Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. At that time no person below the rank of a noble could rise to the command of regular troops; but to be a leader in the companies of Facino Cane, the only qualifications required were a wholesome contempt of danger, and such skill in strategy as might deceive an enemy or decide a victory.

Francesco was sleeping by the roadside on one of those evenings when, in Italy, the declining sun paints the sky in golden splendour, and the fleecy clouds glow with hues as of some far-off conflagration. A man passing by stopped, and commanded the young shepherd to rise; whereupon Francesco opened his eyes and rose to his feet. The stranger regarded him with a scrutinising eye, and said musingly, 'There is a man's stature.' 'And a man's heart,' rejoined Francesco, raising his arm to strike the intruder, who had roused him so unceremoniously. 'I am Facino Cane,' replied the connoisseur of bone and muscle; on hearing which the arm of the shepherd remained suspended for an instant, and then fell unnerved to his side. 'Yes, Facino Cane, who has risen from the ranks in the troops of Visconti, and made himself prince of Tortone and Verceil, because the world belongs to men of heart.' 'In that case,' answered Francesco, 'I have to demand my portion of inheritance from Italy.' 'Here is the key of your ducal castle,' added Facino, buckling a heavy sword to the young man's side, whose eyes sparkled as he followed the soldier-prince in his journeys over the country, recruiting his army with all those who, to the stature of a man, added the desire for military honours.

In 1424, the marriage of the Count of Castel Nuovo with Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philippe Marie, Duke of Milan, was celebrated in the capital of the duchy. The palace *del Broletto*, built for the newly wedded pair, resounded with festive songs; while the blazoury of escutcheons, hanging on the wainscotted walls of the hall of state, showed with what proud titles the sovereign duke honoured a subject in his royal alliance. One commemorated the taking of Placenza, another the surrender of Brescia, a third the siege of Bergami; on the other side the guests might read, Milan reconquered, and the reunion of Genoa to the ducal crown; while in the centre of a trophy rose, straight and glittering, the great sword given by Facino Cane to the shepherd Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, become successively captain and general, under the name of Carmagnole; and afterwards, by the marriage now spoken of, count and nephew of the Duke of Milan.

Not long after, a man, accused of having excited the enthusiasm of his soldiers, of having won the love of conquered people by his moderation in the hour of victory, and of having, in short, injured his master by his high position in the esteem and admiration of foreigners, was seen slowly following the road to Venice. He left behind him the immense wealth he had won, confiscated by the unjust avarice of his sovereign; and without knowing where to find a shelter, he carried nothing but the great sword of Facino Cane, and the ineffaceable glory associated with his name. It is said

that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a mean cottage, and being without the means of paying for a lodging, he ventured to mention a name proscribed by the law in support of his request for a shelter beneath the humble roof. The whole family fell at the feet of the great general. The women offered their tenderest cares, the men volunteered unflinching service, and a little child was named Felix Glorioso (Happy and Glorious) on the spot, from having touched, in his play, the hilt of the sword of Carmagnole.

In 1430, there was at Venice a general of fortune, whom princes even, in the service of the republic, considered it an honour to obey. Having escaped the dagger of an assassin, sent by Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, to acquit a debt of gratitude by a murder, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the doge, before the altar of St Mark, the standard and baton of commander, which assured to him the supreme authority over the armies and territory of Venice. This man, loaded with honours and riches, who extended every day the limits of the republic, and consolidated her power, was again Carmagnole.

The 5th of June 1432, the ministers of justice led a man bound and gagged between the two columns of the Piazzetta of Venice. An assistant forced his head down upon the block which stood prepared, and the executioner, with one blow, struck off the head of the sufferer, already half dead with grief and torture. The crime publicly brought against him, was that of having permitted four hundred prisoners of war to return to the cultivation of their fields. The secret accusation was, however, having merited the confidence of the senate, without leaving any room to suspect his fidelity to the republic; and as his influence over the army could not be diminished without failing in the recompense due to him, he was made the victim of an unjust trial, under the impression that there was less of ingratitude in taking his life, than in the exhibition of distrust after all the services he had rendered.

Is it necessary to add that this man, whom tyranny doomed to a traitor's death, but whose whole life had been that of a hero, was the Sardinian shepherd boy, the companion of Facino Cane, the saviour of Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, the protector of Venice; in one word, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, surnamed Carmagnole?

It was originally to celebrate this popular hero that the song and dance of the Carmagnole took their rise in Piedmont in the fifteenth century. Strange with what different associations the name was to be afterwards invested.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have been much interested in the autobiography of Frederick Douglass, a person of colour, lately a slave in the United States, and now a lecturer in the cause of abolition.* The account he gives of his early life, and the condition from which he was able to relieve himself, bears all the appearance of truth, and must, we conceive, help considerably to disseminate correct ideas respecting slavery and its attendant evils. Some of the passages present a dismal picture of what is endured by the negro race in the slave-holding states of the union.

Douglass was born on a plantation in Talbot county, Maryland, about the year 1808, his mother being a negro slave, and his father a white man—the proprietor of the estate, he has reason to believe. Soon after his birth he was placed under the charge of a negress too old for field labour, and his mother was hired out to a planter at twelve miles' distance. He then only saw her occasionally at night, when she could steal away to visit him for a brief space, in order to be back before sunrise, whipping being the penalty of any such unauthorised

absence. The strength of the maternal feelings may be judged of from the fact of these visits to see her child. She would lie down and clasp him to her bosom for an hour or two, and then depart long ere daybreak to renew her labour in the fields. The poor woman died when her boy was seven years old, and it was long before he knew anything about it.

On the plantation of his uncompromising proprietor, the young slave passed the first years of his life. The principal products raised were tobacco, maize, and wheat, the labour of cultivating which was performed by bands of negroes under overseers, who strictly enforced every regulation with the whip. Having been put to attend on one of his master's sons, young Frederick escaped the more severe labour of the fields, and he had the satisfaction of being seldom whipped; but he tells us that he suffered much from hunger, cold, and other miseries. In hottest summer and coldest winter he was kept almost naked; no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers—nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to the knees. Neither had he any bed; he lay on an earthen floor, on a sack or any other article he could conveniently secure. Along with the negro children, his companions, he fed at a trough placed on the ground; at these meals of boiled corn-meal, some used oyster-shells, others pieces of shingle, and some only their hands, in place of spoons; and he that ate fastest got most—the whole affair being like a scramble of monkeys.

When between seven and eight years of age, our hero was selected to act as a servant to a daughter of his master, who was married to a Captain Thomas Auld in Baltimore. This was a joyous rise in his condition. Being duly washed and scrubbed, he was installed for the first time in a pair of trousers, and felt himself already a new man. At Baltimore he was treated with unlooked-for kindness, and his duty was so far from being irksome, that it consisted only in taking care of his new master's son, little Thomas Auld. Mrs Auld did not entertain the usual notions respecting slavery, and was disposed to lighten the condition of the dark-skinned boy—she even began to teach him to read.

Very soon after I went to live with Mr and Mrs Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A B C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, "If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would spoil the best nigger in the world. Now," said he, "if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy." These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—namely, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the mere accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher,

* Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, written by himself. Dublin: Webb and Chapman. 1845.

I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read.'

Inspired with this ardent wish, young Frederick took every opportunity to learn not only to read, but to write; and only succeeded by dint of many stratagems and much patience. 'The plan which I adopted (says he), and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in the neighbourhood. This bread I used to bestow on the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids: not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them, for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country!'

Being now able to read, he had obtained a key by which he could open the treasures of knowledge hidden to the poor unlettered negro population. But the gift of learning brought with it depressing considerations. The thought of being a slave for life bore heavily on his heart; and while yet only twelve years of age, he began to inquire of himself how it should be the fate of some men to be slaves and others freemen. This very puzzling question was at length cleared up by his perusal of a book entitled 'The Columbian Orator,' which he chanced to get hold of. At every opportunity he read this book, in which, says he, 'I found among much interesting matter, a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue exhibited the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect, for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master. In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold that very discontentment which my master had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish.'

While in this state of mind, he heard something of

the abolition movement in the northern states. 'I went one day down to the wharf; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went unasked and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, 'Are you a slave for life?' I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters.' I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away.'

Meanwhile he learned to write, beginning by imitating the letters chalked on the timber in a ship-building yard. 'After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, 'I don't believe you. Let me see you try it.' I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and asked him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbours, and then laid aside. By copying these, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.'

After various turns in his condition, he was, by the death of his owner in 1832, transferred to Mr Thomas Auld at St Michael's, where he was exposed to much harsh treatment. This new proprietor affected to be more than usually devout; but this, to the surprise of Frederick, neither made him more humane to his slaves, nor led him to emancipate them. 'Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preachers' home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them.'

Neither the religious nor the intellectual culture of the slaves on the establishment troubled this set of worthies; they in fact set their faces against any improvement in the condition of these unfortunate beings. A young man having collected the negroes together on the Sunday evenings to teach them to read the New Testament, the school was broken up by an irruption of the leaders of the class-meetings, armed with sticks and other missiles. 'I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture—"He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning and

whip her before breakfast ; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner-time, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash.'

Frederick did not please his master, who alleged he had been spoiled by a city life ; and, to bring him in as a good field hand, he was transferred for a term to Mr Covey, a great professor of religion, and a person reputed for his abilities as a 'nigger breaker.' He had been at this new home only a week, when he committed the unpardonable crime of allowing a team of oxen with a dray to break away from him in the woods. Catching the animals after several hours' toil, and returning home, he tells Mr Covey what had happened. 'He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocket-knife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order. I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences. I lived with Mr Covey one year. During the first six months of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field without hoes, and ploughing teams. Mr Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us ; and at saving fodder-time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades. Made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, Mr Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died, the dark night of slavery closed in upon me ; and behold a man transformed into a brute ! Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint gleam of hope that flickered for a moment and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality.'

We must pass over some distressing details which follow, and take up the narrative of our hero in January 1834, on his removal from Mr Covey to the establishment of Mr William Freeland, a person of a more generous disposition, and without any pretensions on the score of religion. 'This, in my opinion (says Frederick), was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes, a justifier of the most appalling barbarities, a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds, and a dark shelter under which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly of all others.' Of course, in making these observations, our author wishes to guard his readers against the notion that true piety is an enemy of freedom

and justice ; he only means to show how religion is employed as a cloak for every iniquity in the southern states of the union.

Freeland was a humane master, and at the end of the year 1834, Frederick had the satisfaction of being hired by him from his proprietor for one year longer. This permitted him to devote some little leisure time to the cultivation of his mind, and the instruction of the negroes with whom he lived. Along with two of these he contrived a plan of escape, to be aided by passes, which he had the ability to write. The runaways were, however, taken ; and after confinement in jail, our hero, very much downcast, was sent to labour in a ship-builder's yard in Baltimore. Here he was shockingly abused by the white workmen, and on one occasion was so much beaten that he had to be removed ; and after this, for some time, he was permitted to hire himself out, on the condition that all he made by his labour should be paid over weekly to his owner. 'In the early part of the year 1838 I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received anything, for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honourable sort of robber.' Discontent at this as well as every other mode of coercion, at length, in September 1838, induced Frederick to attempt once more his escape, in which if he failed, he might reckon on the severest punishment, besides being placed effectually beyond the means of any fresh effort at freedom. Fortunately he laid his plans so well that he succeeded in reaching New York without interruption. The more effectually to escape detection, he changed his name. Hitherto he had borne his mother's name Bailey, which he changed to Johnson on leaving Baltimore ; and this he afterwards dropped, to take that of Douglass. At New York he was joined by a young woman from Baltimore, to whom he was united in marriage. The newly-married pair, not thinking themselves safe in this great city, went to New Bedford, a sea-port in Massachusetts. Here the extent of shipping and proofs of wealth astonished him. 'Added to this, almost everybody seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore. There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships. I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the labourer. I saw no whipping of men ; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharfs I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens ; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland.'

On the third day after his arrival he procured employment on the wharfs, there being no work too hard or too dirty which he did not gladly undertake. 'I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry the hod, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks, all of which I did for nearly three years in New Bedford before I became known to the anti-slavery world.' Having accidentally been led to speak of slavery at a meeting of abolitionists, he seemed to have at length alighted on his proper vocation ; and from that time until now he has been engaged in publicly pleading the cause of his unfortunate brethren.

On his quitting America for Europe, a meeting of per-

sons friendly to emancipation took place at Lynn, Massachusetts, where he had resided for the last two years, and unanimously passed the following resolution in his favour:—'That we are especially desirous that Frederick Douglass, who came to this town a fugitive from slavery, should bear with him to the shores of the old world our unanimous testimony to the fidelity with which he has sustained the various relations of life, and to the deep respect with which he is now regarded by every friend of liberty throughout our borders.' Mr Douglass is now we believe in Great Britain, lecturing on the subject of slavery, and we should suppose few could be more capable of depicting the horrors of that great national iniquity.

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

THE Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, in the canton of Berne, is one of those lofty seats of perennial snow which used to be considered as defying the foot of man to approach their summits. A few years ago, the Jungfrau, one of these peaks, was ascended by a party, including our countryman, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. More recently, three Swiss naturalists surmounted the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, leaving a flag flying on the summit, to the wonder of chamois-hunters and guides. Since then—in the summer of the past year—a young English gentleman, named Speer, accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn, which, like the Shreckhorn, had been deemed utterly inaccessible. And this was the more remarkable as an enterprise, that it was performed fully a month earlier in the season than any other of the great ascents of the same character. Under the sanction of Mr Speer, we here abridge a narrative of his adventure, which he drew up immediately after its conclusion, and which has already appeared in a periodical work of more limited circulation than the present.

Having first reached the Grimsel, a height of 6570 feet, on the southern slope of the great chain of the Bernese Alps, 'a conversation,' says Mr Speer, 'was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer), myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regarded the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily. Two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphalaph, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favourable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampsons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c. not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidehorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Broniberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height: this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Jungfrau, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorn, and Lautaarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above sea-level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure un sullied surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other: the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived oppo-

site the little hut constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible.

'We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approach, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our guide chef, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks.

'Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abachung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded, and the yawning ones avoided as far as possible. These at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand: we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half-way to the knee; and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascent: among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution: the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed. It was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulch below: he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the

friendly aid, and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole: from this perilous position I was instantly rescued; and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col.

The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet. The steepness of the Col being such, that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn, and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits, and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more terrifying, the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure), our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak known as the Mittalhorn, which now towered above our heads; apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit: to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in right good company, and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above: its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipice of ice stretching above and below; impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the

guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit: the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round, and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the *guide chef*, considerably thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brugg, together with the lakes of Lungerne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon—a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side: the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror; whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks the brilliant Vischerhorner next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below, the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned, the river Lutchinen winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower; namely, to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gaulti, of Reufen, and of Rosenlauri, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Tosenhorn, and Engelhorner.

Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlauri through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold; although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlauri. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of

sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlauri and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorn. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish—the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlauri. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical, that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood. This at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath. We were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound: this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention; the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlauri at five o'clock p.m. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far-famed Glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice which at every step appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail, whilst the pinnacles of ice rising overhead often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous. The extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight p.m. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlauri were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible, and at nine p.m. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlauri, where for several hours considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered by means of a powerful telescope. Four small dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unswollen snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

On the following morning I took leave of the two

intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions during the previous eventful day I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows, though so hardy, were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions; namely, the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes, and, accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlachen the 10th of July.

FIRE-SIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. II.

Stukely.—You have been in the north lately, I think: did you come or go by way of Edinburgh?

Gilaroo.—Yes; what of that?

Stuke.—Oh, only I wished to know if you chanced to see a particularly splendid edifice, in the old English style, getting up near Edinburgh—the finest building, I believe, now erecting in the United Kingdom; will cost, I am told, something like a hundred thousand pounds.

Gil.—Well, I think I do recollect something of the sort; some nobleman's residence, I suppose; a splendid situation it occupies, west of the town.

Stuke.—Quite right as to situation, but wrong as to its objects. Why, it is an hospital for educating and boarding poor children—a munificent endowment of an old printer named Donaldson, who died some twenty years ago. There are so few instances of such considerate benevolence, that one cannot but honour the memory of so good a man.

Gil.—Avast there, as Tom Pipes would say. Considerate benevolence with a vengeance! More likely a piece of vanity in the old gentleman. Does it not strike you that this practice of rearing poor children by the hundred in magnificent palaces, quite at variance with their prospects in life, is exceedingly absurd? If the wish were to rear monks, I could understand the principle of the thing; but why children who are to mix in the world should be taken from under their parents' direction and culture, and brought up in seclusion in large houses, where they have neither industrial exercises nor domestic training, and at best only get some book instruction, is past my comprehension.

Stuke.—You surprise me. I always thought these hospitals among our most admirable institutions. The benefits they confer by relieving parents in meagre circumstances from the great cost of educating children, are too well known for me to say anything about them.

Gil.—A mistake, my dear fellow—all a mistake. You are wandering in the dark ages of twenty years ago. Since that remote period, the world has got quite new lights on the subject of rearing and educating children; and, what you will think curious, they have gone back to nature for principles. It is now a settled point—that is, settled among all but the no-reading, no-thinking very respectable personages who go on dreaming of the past—that children can never be so well brought up as within the pale of the institution pointed out by nature—to wit, the family home, or at least in private educational establishments in which something like fireside training—the training of the affections—has a place.

Stuke.—Then what would you do with all the endowed hospitals for youth?

Gil.—Either turn them into day schools, or infuse into them the principles of an education which would develop the whole faculties and feelings of the pupils. Some might be advantageously abolished, and their funds devoted to general purposes of education.

Stuke.—You would not certainly meddle with hospitals for the aged and infirm?

Gil.—Not quite sure. I rather think that, in most instances, endowed almshouses, asylums, and all that kind of thing, are got up very much as monuments of posthumous vanity. However, that is neither here nor

there as to the main question. The worst feature of these institutions is, that the people who go into them must feel, to a certain extent, that they are pauperised—that they are objects of a bounty doled out in the eye of the public. Now, I would prefer sheltering them from this indignity. Instead of cramming a lot of old men and women into a big house, called an asylum, or into a row of small edifices, called almshouses, I would give each poor person an allowance of so much per annum to go and live where he liked. His pittance might be of consequence in providing a decent home in the house of a brother, sister, or other relative; or he might select a cheap place of residence in the country, visit his friends occasionally, and perhaps eke out his income by some trifling employment. Among the other advantages of this plan, there would be a saving of a house, also of salaries to governors, physicians, chaplains, domestics, door-keepers, and so forth. I see it mentioned in the newspapers, that the late Sir Gabriel Wood has bequeathed the princely sum of £30,000, to be expended in the erection and maintenance of an hospital in Greenock for the reception of the aged, infirm, and disabled seamen of that port. This bequest will doubtless do much good; but it would do a great deal more if the cost of erecting and maintaining a fine mansion—perhaps an eight or ten thousand pound affair—were not to be abstracted from it.

Stuke.—You do take such queer notions.

Gil.—Perhaps so; I don't insist on my plan being the right one in all cases. There is no rule, you know, without exceptions; I would only have the subject reconsidered by those who think of leaving money for beneficent purposes. The subject indeed has another side: it may be a question whether bequeathed money ever does the good expected from it, leave it any way you like. Whereas, if men were to be liberal during their lives, instead of after death, they would not only make sure of doing good in a right direction, but reap all the pleasure of being benevolent. Is there not something melancholy in contemplating the death of the unfriended rich? Picture to yourself an old wealthy man, for whom no one entertains either respect or affection; see him reclining on his death-bed, with no single consolation but that of owning fifty thousand pounds. But what if it were fifty times fifty thousand? It can give no new lease of existence, allay no pain in his condition, purchase no real pleasure, ensure no happiness. Its possession is probably a trouble: how he should leave it is an annoyance. After pondering on all sorts of schemes, he fastens on the idea of endowing an hospital; and this becomes to him a kind of substantiality in his dreams; as he sinks unfriended to his rest, the vision of a building which shall rise a proud memorial of his charity floats in his dying brain. Well, at length the building is erected, but before the last stone of it is laid, the testator is a mass of clay, and nobody thanks him for his alms. He cheated himself with a fancy. 'Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?'

Stuke.—Very gloomy view of affairs I must confess; why, what would you be at?

Gil.—I only want to see people act with a little foresight, and do their duty while they may. Have you ever read Carlyle's Past and Present?

Stuke.—Yes;—no: I have tried; but it is too mystic and high-flown for my poor faculties.

Gil.—Carlyle is seldom anything but mystic. It is in him, I suppose, and he cannot help it. Yet in his mysticism there are often gleams of strong original thought. I like originality. I like to see men think for themselves, and not go droning on upon the same set of tunes, like a barrel organ, generation after generation. Carlyle is one of these dashing original thinkers and writers. He tells his mind, and that I take to be a great point. He also tells people pretty freely as to their failings. One of his sayings struck me: it is 'that every man should find his work, and do it.'

Stuke.—I see nothing in that; everybody is bound to follow his calling.

Gil.—That's just what I expected you would say. Carlyle's meaning goes deeper than a man's professional labours. He implies that every one among us should cast about for some kind of work in which he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. One man has a gift for this, another has a gift for that; one can give much valuable assistance, for example, as to the getting up a useful class of schools, and another can be of material service in improving the health of towns. Sometimes the 'work' may consist in only giving a little countenance and advice; at other times it may depend on personal exertions; in another class of cases it may be necessary to expend some money; and at the very least it will consist in giving good wishes and no opposition towards schemes of general benefit, which the more enterprising are willing to undertake. The other day I heard of a case in point:—A gentleman and his wife, without family, and having a fortune equal to their wants and wishes, became tired of living in London, where they had little else to do but amuse themselves. Reflecting on how they could lead a life not only more useful, but more agreeable to their feelings, they resolved on removing to the west of Ireland—the last place which most people in their rank would have thought of. They removed thither accordingly, took a house in a poor village, and commenced a career of active benevolence. Not discouraged by accounts of others having failed to improve the condition and habits of the Irish peasantry, they set about a persevering course of social melioration. For one thing, they established a school for teaching girls sewing and household work; and it is amazing what good this in time effected. Formerly, the people in the village and neighbourhood had gone about in rags; the women seldom mended anything, and the cottages were dirty and wretched. Now, not a torn or ragged garment was to be seen; buttons were sewed on as soon as they fell off, and the clothing generally exhibited quite an altered appearance. The houses also were better kept; pigs were turned out of doors, and the firesides had for the first time an air of neatness and comfort. All this of course took some years of incessant labour; petty vexations had to be endured, and much opposition at first to be encountered. But a spirit of genuine practical benevolence overcame all difficulties, active and passive; and the gentleman and his lady had ultimately the gratification of seeing their schemes successful. What may be the degree of pleasure they derive from reflecting on the good they have done, I leave any one to judge. Can their permanent satisfaction of mind be for a moment compared to the fleeting pleasures of an idle fashionable existence—a mere fiddle-faddling in drawing-rooms? And yet thousands never venture a thought beyond enjoyments of this transitory kind. I would not, certainly, recommend all the world to rush away to Ireland, like the hero and heroine of my anecdote, although many might do worse. Persons willing to do good to their fellow-creatures may find plenty scenes of enterprise, plenty things to do at their own doors. And to do so, is what is implied by a man's *finding his work, and doing it.*

Stuke.—Well, if it be all that, I think there is plenty of it just now. Every one seems to be running after everything but what he has any express call to interfere with. And what a struggle people have to appear what they are not! I am sure many mistake their own dignity and importance in trying to play second fiddle to others, for they only get laughed at for their folly. Cobden, the other day, I observe, gave a smart rap over the knuckles to those who build their greatness on this false foundation. 'I know a case (said he) exactly in point. In Cheshire there is a young man, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, who is exceedingly fond of hounds and horses, of hunting and sporting, and whose greatest ambition it is to ape the manners and keep the company of the neighbouring squires. He is the darling of his mother, who encourages him in all his extravagant expenses, on the plea that he is such a credit to the family, and keeps such good society—to

say nothing of the five or six hunters which he keeps besides. Well, this young gentleman was lately riding along the road with a certain friend of mine, a nobleman, and a hunting squire. On coming to a turn of the road, he thought that he would be able to make a steeplechase ride across the fields, instead of going round; and when he was gone, my friend inquired who was the young fellow with such capital cattle; when the squire replied, "Oh, he's only one of them cotton chaps off the hills." Now, if any of the cotton lords of Preston have the same ambition as the Cheshire cotton chap, let them think of what was said of him behind his back. The squires, although just before they may have been drinking your wine, will say of you, "He's only a cotton chap from Preston." They won't know anything more about you. It is always a great mistake for a man to attempt to set up for what he is not. For what he is, he is something; but as a mere sham, he is nothing. A cotton-spinner is somebody while he sticks by his order; he has in that both rank and respectability. It is through such as he that Manchester has become a great and important town in the estimation of statesmen and in the eyes of the world; and that greatness was acquired only by the Manchester manufacturers setting up for themselves and forming an order of their own. It is to them that we owe the institutions and Athenæum which have made Manchester celebrated. Now, I take this not to be a bad hit.

Gil.—Of course it is; and I would add, that the man who follows his profession, is precisely the person who can be of most use in helping others. You talk of people running about doing things out of the ordinary track. Though not fond of betting, I will take any odds that if you investigate this very curious matter, you will find that it is chiefly the very busy who are concerned in all the out-of-the-way pieces of duty. I have always remarked this. Those who have plenty of time, and plenty of means, seldom do anything. Who are those who act as magistrates, as members of hard-working committees, as bustlers about on all occasions when any good work is on hand? Not the men who have nothing to do; not those who find a difficulty in killing time; but persons who have already nearly every moment filled up—who have perhaps twenty to thirty letters to answer daily, and who habitually give close consideration to private business of the most important kind. I have seen so much of this, that when I want any one to lend assistance in some useful public duty, I never go to the idle and leisurely—I always seek out the man who has so much to do that he scarcely knows which hand to turn to.

Stuke.—That seems about as paradoxical as the art of putting a quart into a pint bottle. I am for every person minding number one. Charity begins at home.

Gil.—Yes, but does not end there. No doubt men may sometimes do harm by their meddling. We must always take judgment along with us, and act accordingly. I am disposed, for instance, to think that there is far too much fuss made about improving the condition of the working-classes, so called.

Stuke.—I am all amazement! You who have always spoken in such a friendly strain of the working-classes!

Gil.—It is because I am their friend that I say what I say. Although an advocate for every one helping in the general cause of humanity, not only as a matter of duty, but from the pleasure to be derived from doing good, I am equally an advocate for all making the very best effort to help themselves. Self-exertion and self-dependence are unquestionably our portion. Nature, in my opinion, never intended that all the thinking should be done by a few, and that all the rest of mankind should act as puppets under them. Every man has brains as well as hands, and to impose no labour on these brains is far from wise. This is, however, what clap-trap writers on the working-classes seem inclined to do. Instead of recommending working-men to use their thinking faculties, to cultivate self-denial and self-respect, to make every reasonable effort to improve their means

and opportunities, they appear to wish them to remain passive—work, but not think; for everything that can improve their condition is to be left to the contrivance of the parties charged with looking after and thinking for them. Don't you see that this is not exactly, as it ought to be, and is in some measure contrary to common sense? I think I pay the working-classes a much higher compliment when I tell them they have as good brains amongst them as are to be found in any other department of society, and that they have only to cultivate and exercise these brains, and act in unison with others who are desirous of aiding them, in order to remedy all imperfections in their habits and condition.

Stuke.—For my part I don't see that anything keeps down the working-classes but their intemperance. Cure that, and they will be all right.

Gil.—Intemperance is only a symptom of a disease, not the disease itself; and it is of little use attacking symptoms. Yet this is what has lately been attempted in the laudable endeavour to put down intemperance among the humbler classes. The true plan of procedure would be, to reach the malady which prompts men to consume their earnings in liquor. What is this malady? Ignorance; and, along with that, want of self-respect. Until the working-classes are educated, and improved in their tone of manners, their habits, and their aspirations, we can have little expectation of seeing them abandon dram and beer drinking. Temperance societies must therefore in a great measure alter their proceedings. They must commence a crusade against popular ignorance; insist on the carrying out of broad plans of national education; advance measures of sanitary improvement; and encourage all amusements, literary and otherwise, of a harmless kind.

Stuke.—I saw a pamphlet the other day in which the writer—the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, and apparently a well-meaning sort of man—pointed out how advantageous it would be for the working-classes to live in a species of clubs, forty to fifty families in so many apartments, all in one building: the saving of rent, and also by buying everything at wholesale prices, would, he says, be prodigious.

Gil.—I have no faith in these projects. They do not sufficiently take the failings and prepossessions of mankind into account. My belief is, that on human nature is stamped the principle of living in independent families. A husband, wife, and children, compose a community perfect in itself; and to seek happiness or prosperity by any other arrangement, is clearly against nature, and must necessarily fail. Some other time, I shall give you a little more of my mind on this momentous subject, if you will have patience to listen to me; meanwhile, as it is getting late, I must bid you good-by.

Stuke.—Good-by, Gilaroo, good-by. [*Gilaroo departs.*] A queer fish that, I humour him in his newfangled notions.

THE POET'S VOCATION AND POWER.

It is not enough that the poet can gracefully dally with the flowers and the breezes by the wayside; that he can feel and make felt the glories of nature, and weave into his lays the beams of sun, and moon, and stars. These the genuine poet must and will recognise in all their beauty, and appropriate them as costly material in building the house of his fame. He will fashion them into a rainbow that shall span the weeping vale of earth, and make it radiant with the faces of heaven, even when darkest with storms. But this is not enough. Man is the grand work of nature, or rather of God; and it is in man, and his destinies and struggles, that the poet must find his noblest theme. The true vocation of the poet unquestionably is to animate the human race in its progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavours to escape from the sensual into

the intellectual life; its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, all are prolific of poetic and dramatic matter of the intensest interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous but ever-onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are, and have ever been, the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore has he been styled a prophet and a priest. There never was an age in which the magnificent developments of human genius and intellectual energy, in which, too, the social position of society presented to the mind of the poet such stirring and magnificent themes, as the present. We have advanced, in Europe and America at least, out of the first periods of barbarism and semi-barbarism. Christianity has done a great work upon the earth in establishing as civil and as national principles the grand doctrines of human right, and in opening the general mind to the perception of the fact, that virtue, happiness, and immortality, go hand in hand. We have uttered our judgment against slavery, and war, and priestcraft, and have given deep and incurable wounds to those enemies of the earth's repose, if we have not been yet able utterly to remove them to their true place, amongst the monstrosities which are only matter of memory and of wonder. But we see daily in the mind not merely of private society, and of enlightened men in their writings, but in the mind of nations, and its expression through the press, that the leaven of peace and liberty is fast leavening the whole popular mass in most countries, and will ere long present glorious fruits. The energies which once manifested themselves in war, are now turned into the noble channels of moral investigation and scientific discovery. Steam, electricity, and chemistry, are from day to day luminously revolutionising all our modes of life and manner of thinking. By means of them 'many already run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge is increased.' But still there is a vast mountain of ignorance, of prejudices, and of crime and suffering to remove. The very light which is poured upon us only lays more bare to our astonishment the social evils that have long walked about in the darkness. We see the multitude thronged together in misery, and the few only 'faring sumptuously every day.' With growing knowledge we must have more equable comfort, and means of virtuous and intellectual enjoyment. From factories, and pits, and dense alleys, the weak and young cry out of oppressions that destroy body and soul, and they are the poets with the words of fire and feeling, at the head of preachers, literary and public men, who must be the great prophets of social sympathy, the heralds of justice, and Christian kindness between man and man, if they do not desert their heaven-appointed post. One true word from them goes like an electric flash through all the joints and sinews of society. It is on the great subject of human right and Christian love that they are only great to their possible extent. By this they seize at once on the whole world, and become famous in the same moment that they are the eternal benefactors of their fellow-men. It is not the particular evil which they strike at and destroy, which measures the limits of their benefaction. They propagate a spirit which goes on operating the same moral changes from age to age. By the single poem of 'The Shirt,' Hood acquired more fame than by all the previous labours of twenty years. He became in an instant the poet of the million, and instead of the smile which had illumined the face of jaded luxury at his puns, ten thousand blessings from the hearts of the wronged and afflicted rose up to Heaven on his behalf. What is it that has given to Burns and Ebenezer Elliot such a living place in the souls of the people? It is because, with all their love of nature, they had a still livelier love of man, and gave utterance to those great truths which became, as soon as uttered, the property, the language, and the watchwords of the million in their grand quest after liberty and knowledge.—*Electio Review for December.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The great alterations in mechanics, the application of chemistry to agriculture, and the unlimited powers of steam, seem to have opened to the people of Great Britain a new, and assuredly no unreal, field of view. Under forms from which the philosopher may turn away, as from empty symbols of material civilisation, the great ideas of an infinite extension of manly power and manly industry have been developed: with the exception of the superficial extent of this little island, every element of society is here in a state of rapid and endless growth. The population almost doubles itself in the course of a man's lifetime. The natural resources of the soil are continually increased by the application of science. What can always be achieved by power, can now be executed with certainty by means of the wonderful natural element which man renders subordinate to his service. In all directions, the walls of the world—the horizon of society—appear on the point of vanishing, and nobody can venture to fix a limit to the exertions or the acts of man in reference to his earthly existence on this planet.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

A HAPPY LIFE.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1568—1639]

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependants seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—*Horre.*

RECREATIONS.

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker.—*Steele.*

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A VISIT TO A HAREM.

BY A LADY.

After experiencing for two days the miseries attending rough weather in the Black Sea, it was with feelings of inexpressible satisfaction that we found our little vessel floating along the smooth water at the mouth of the Danube. We had the tedium of a quarantine before us; but it did not extend to the Turkish side of the river; and we accordingly went ashore at a beautiful little village, where the captain stopped for an hour to take in provisions. We had, however, miscalculated the hospitality or rather toleration of these rural followers of Mahomet; for the moment we entered the place, we were followed by a growling crowd, full of fury at the sight of a set of ginours, and in the end we had to save ourselves by flight from a shower of stones with which they assailed us. Next morning, awaking at five o'clock, we found our bark anchored in the harbour of Widdin, the principal town of Bulgaria, and the seat of government of the Pasha Eiredeen. A message from the captain requested that I would come upon deck to act as interpreter.

I was not long in obeying the summons, and found the passengers and officers of the steamer surrounding a man whom I at once distinguished to be a Greek, though he wore the Turkish costume, and who was vainly endeavouring to make himself understood, with a few words of wretched Italian, by a party who, except ourselves, consisted solely of French and Hungarians. He was greatly relieved when I addressed him in Roumic, and he at once explained the purport of his visit. His Highness Eiredeen Pasha, whose doctor he was, had sent him to request that we would go and visit him, as he had very seldom an opportunity of seeing Franks, and particularly ladies. He had desired the doctor to use his utmost eloquence in securing our consent, and had sent several soldiers of his own guard to conduct us in safety to the palace. Our captain, who seemed greatly to dread offending the pasha, declared that we could not refuse, and that the visit would be highly interesting; assuring me at the same time, that the presence of the formidable-looking guard would amply secure us from any annoyance. It was therefore decided that we were to go; but when I prepared to follow the doctor on shore, I found that our adventures of the preceding evening had so far cooled the ardour of most of the travellers, that no one seemed disposed to accompany me except two Frenchmen, our own intimate friends and travelling companions.

It was a large and really picturesque town, the streets broad and handsome, lined with the open stalls where the Turks habitually transact business, and many of them covered in, so as to render it agreeable to walk

through them even in the heat of the day. As we passed along, preceded and surrounded by the soldiers, we were struck with the terror which they seemed to inspire among the people, who, so far from showing any disposition to injure us, scarcely even dared to raise their eyes. The doctor, who had been absent many years from Greece, was delighted to have an opportunity of talking his own language, and gave me much information as we proceeded: he told me that the pasha was exceedingly rich and powerful, and had many thousand subjects. The late Sultan Mahmoud had given him his own adopted daughter in marriage, and my new acquaintance promised to endeavour to obtain permission for me to visit the harem; but this, he said, was a favour rarely granted to any one, and would depend entirely on the pasha being favourably disposed towards us. He then asked me why the other passengers had not accepted the invitation; and when I mentioned the cause of their fears, he instantly begged I would describe the principal actors in the assault, and give the name of the village, 'for,' he said, 'the pasha will have them all punished instantly; he is anxious to encourage strangers to come here.' Now, I knew that in Turkey punishment invariably means decapitation, and I could not help thinking that such summary vengeance, taken on a whole population, would by no means tend to produce an encouraging effect on the minds of the travellers he wished to conciliate. My companions were of the same opinion. We therefore extorted a promise from the doctor that he would say nothing on the subject, and very soon found ourselves at the gate of the palace. It was a dwelling by no means unworthy of a prince, and covering a large space of ground. We passed through a handsome gateway guarded by sentinels, and entered an immense court almost entirely filled with soldiers. The building itself was low, and very irregular, consisting principally of a succession of long galleries and terraces: but there was also an endless number of rooms, each destined to a separate purpose, which the doctor named to us as we passed through them—the waiting-room, the audience-chamber, the room where the courts of justice were held, and so on; and in all of these, motley groups were to be seen, of just such persons as in more civilised parts of the world invariably crowd round the dwellings of the great. The pasha's own dependents seemed very numerous, and several of them now officiously led the way to the room where we were to wait his highness. The furniture consisted solely of a long low divan, amply supplied with cushions, and several baskets filled with the rarest flowers. The doctor, and several others who followed us in, took off their slippers on entering the apartment, and then ranged themselves round it, their hands crossed on their bosom. During the interval of delay which followed, we remained in great admiration of the view from the

windows, which was most striking; the strange oriental town, composed of the most fantastic buildings, and half hid by fine old trees, lay smiling in the sunshine, on the banks of the noble river. Suddenly a great movement was manifest in the outer room, and the doctor, with somewhat of trepidation, announced the pasha. Two or three soldiers entered, and took their station at the door, and his highness almost instantly appeared, leaning on two Turks. He was a tall, good-looking man, with piercing dark eyes, and a grave stern expression of countenance: he wore the tight-fitting braided surtout, and the red cap or fez, drawn down over his strongly-marked eyebrows, and his peaked black beard fell almost to his waist, where a magnificent sword was secured by a leathern belt. He possessed a dignity of manner which was really quite imposing; coming forward without speaking, he took my hand, and requested me to sit on the divan beside him, and then turning to the doctor, directed him to introduce my two companions, and ordered stools to be brought, that they might sit opposite to him. We were amused to see that the poor doctor, formerly gay and talkative, had suddenly subsided into the most humble and submissive of beings. He acted as interpreter—for his highness spoke nothing but Turkish—and some minutes were spent in going through the usual compliments with all due formality. Pipes were then brought in by two negro slaves; and one, splendidly inlaid with jewels, was offered to me. I was tolerably well acquainted with the ceremonious usages which are 'de rigueur' in an Eastern visit; and I therefore, to the utter astonishment of my French friends, composedly took it, and saluted the pasha with all the solemnity I could muster. It is only strict politeness to repeat this salutation, which is performed by placing the hand on the heart, the lips, and the forehead, every time that anything is offered; and the pasha and I were therefore to be seen constantly bowing with great gravity, while coffee and sweetmeats were being handed round. The intense solemnity of our proceedings, however, met with a most ludicrous interruption.

One of our passengers on board of the steamer was an American, and so thoroughly an American in manners and in ideas that we had very little intercourse with him, even within the narrow bounds of our common sitting-room. We even did not know his name, though one of our party had maliciously named him 'Kentucky,' from the constant repetition of this word in his conversation. The said Kentucky we had left asleep on the table in the saloon, and great therefore was our amazement when, unasked and unannounced, he made his appearance at the door, pushing his way through the guard, and marching up to the pasha, his hat on his head and his cane in his hand just as he would have walked along the streets of Boston. The intruder stared at his highness for a few minutes with imperturbable coolness, and then turning to me (for he could speak nothing but English), he ejaculated, 'I calculate he never saw an American afore.' The horror of my two companions (whose French politeness was most thoroughly shocked), the consternation of the doctor, and the indignation of the pasha at this want of respect, were most amusing; the latter fixed his flashing eyes on the unfortunate Kentucky with a look which evidently made him uneasy, and I hastened to excuse his sudden appearance the best way I could.

The doctor now told me that the pasha had consented to my visiting the harem, and he proposed conducting me thither at once, if I felt so disposed. I was delighted with the prospect of inspecting an establishment which must be so very characteristic, so perfectly Eastern; for the doctor told me that no other stranger had ever been admitted to the apartments of the sultana, who was of course a very great personage in their estimation, whereas, at Constantinople, so many travellers habitually visit the harems, that they are half Europeanised. My two companions did not, however, look much pleased at the idea of being left in solemn conference with the pasha, which, in the absence of the doctor and myself, must be reduced

to the mute language of the eyes; nor did they seem to derive much consolation from my assurance that the further proceedings of Kentucky would probably afford them some excitement. But it was impossible that they should accompany us, and we therefore left them, seated beside the American, with whom they could hold no communication, and directly opposite to the pasha, who stared fixedly at them with the most imperturbable dignity. I followed my companion through several long corridors, putting to flight various negroes and other slaves, who seemed to think it was as much as their head was worth to look at me. The doctor told me, that on account of her high rank, the sultana reigned singly in the harem as the pasha's only wife, but that there were a number of odalisques, one of whom could speak Greek, and would interpret for me. We crossed an open court, with a fountain playing in the centre of it, and entered what seemed to be a separate building. Here the doctor stopped, not even passing the threshold, and told me he could go no farther, and that two negroes, who now presented themselves, were to be my guides. I did not half like being left alone in this strange-looking place, and would have remonstrated against his leaving me; but he looked perfectly terrified when I proposed it, and disappeared the moment the door was opened. The two slaves walked before me in silence, their eyes bent on the ground, through several passages, till we reached the foot of a stair, where they in their turn consigned me to the care of two women, who were waiting for me. One of these was the interpreter, a remarkably pretty woman, though immensely fat; and the other was, without exception, the most hideous old woman I ever beheld, whom I rightly guessed to be the duenna of the harem. They received me with the highest delight, and as though I were conferring a great honour upon them, fervently kissing my hands and the hem of my dress, in return for which I could only wish that they might live a thousand years and never see a 'bad hour.' Seizing me by the hands, they dragged me in triumph up the stair, and through several rooms, to the audience chamber of her highness the sultana. Like that of the pasha, it was furnished with a long divan, over which were spread two of the most splendid cashmere shawls I ever saw: several cushions were ranged on the floor, and the windows were all hermetically closed by the fatal screens, of which we had heard so much. They are a sort of wooden lattice; but the open spaces are so very small, that one can scarcely discern anything without.

The women made me sit down, and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me, in a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my own house. How far I was at my ease, installed 'à la Turque' on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture. The interpreter now left me alone with the old woman, who crouched down on a cushion at my feet, and with the help of a few words of Turkish with which I was acquainted, she managed to give me quite as much information as I wished for on the domestic life of Eiredeen Pasha's large family. We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath, of a different colour, falling below the knee, and finally, a pair of enormously wide trowsers, either wholly red, or a mixture of gay colours, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief, and various other ornaments, were twisted in their hair with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilised countries. Of all the number, only three struck me as having any

great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair, and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian—very dark, with beautiful features and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect as the mother of a fine little boy whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter hurrying in, announced the sultana; the slaves fell back and ranged themselves in order, I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half a dozen women. She was a tall dignified-looking person, of some five-and-thirty, and far from handsome: nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light-blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these a narrow robe of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers also worked in gold at least six inches wide; this garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf of great value, and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful zibeline fur; her head-dress was a silk handkerchief embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds. She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honour she had done me in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile; and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her: I obeyed, and had then to recommence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy, for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made. I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my *'savoir vivre'*, according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl whose duty it was to present me the richly-embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all. One arduous duty I felt it was quite necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but a few minutes after, she returned in a new costume equally

splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment by minutely inspecting my own dress, and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me. My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalised to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive either why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions, many of which I really found it hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth: her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked farther than from one room to another, and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought, nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

Her highness now sent for her children to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces: and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live for ever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering bouquets to the pasha himself as to this imposing little personage. My attention to the children quite won the heart of the sultana, and she desired the interpreter to tell me that we were henceforward to be 'sisters'; and I was obliged to receive this addition to my family connexions with becoming delight; she also wished me to be informed that she had once seen a Christian at Constantinople, and that she was not at all like me. I thought this very likely, but I was growing very anxious to terminate my visit, which had lasted, with its interminable ceremonies, nearly two hours. The sultana was very unwilling to let me go, but when I insisted, for I thought the patience of my companions must be quite exhausted, she once more rose and left the room; in a few minutes the interpreter returned, and, kneeling down, kissed my hand, and then passed a most beautiful diamond ring on my finger, which, she said, the sultana begged me to keep, though it was quite unworthy of her 'sister.' I was much shocked at the idea of taking it, for it was a ring of very great value; and though I ought to have known that in Turkey it is an insult to refuse a present, I could not help reprobating. The sultana came in herself to bid me farewell, and I endeavoured to return it to her, but she frowned in a way which really frightened me, and commanded the slave to tell me that, doubtless, it was not good enough for me, and that, since I wished for something better, a more valuable present should be found. This settled the question, of course, and I put on the ring, and went to take leave: she had seated herself and received my parting compliments in great state; her last speech was to beg that I would tell the people of England always to recollect, that if they came to Widdien it would suffice that they were my countrymen to insure their having a friend in Eiradeen Pasha. I then touched her hand, and passed out of the room without turning my back to her, whilst the slaves kissed my hands again and again. To me one of the most painful feelings which assailed me during my visit, was in witnessing the fawning servility with which these poor creatures treated their mistress—it is an atrocious system altogether.

The same negroes waited to conduct me to the spot where I had left the doctor, and where I found him waiting for me, holding in his hand a string of amber beads, which he insisted on my accepting, and I no longer dared to refuse any present. Just as I thought, my two friends had been for some time very uneasy at my long absence, and heartily tired of staring silently at the unmoved pasha; the American had started up about five minutes after I left the room, and coolly walked off without even bowing to the pasha, who sent after him a look which led my friends for a moment to expect to see the head alone roll back through the door where the entire man had disappeared.

We immediately took our leave, as it was nearly time for the steamer to sail, and on arriving on board I had only time to send back a few brooches and jewels by our friend the doctor, in order that the remembrance of her adopted English sister may live a little longer in the recollection of the sultana of Widdien. For my part, I shall not soon forget the singular insight I thus gained into the private life of so many responsible and reasonable beings, who live from year to year as degraded prisoners, and neither ask nor wish for freedom, honour, or justice.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.

THE human mind, as has been often observed, is as difficult to move as matter; and with equal difficulty can it be checked when once in motion in any particular direction. A more correct mode of stating the proposition would perhaps consist in saying that it is not the mind, taken in its ordinary sense, which presents this inertia, but something which deceitfully assumes the semblance of mind: is it not, in short, prejudice cherished in defiance of examination and conviction? or may it not be in some cases only an exhibition of opinion, at variance with the convictions of the intellect? Arising from whatever source, this inertia, or hostility to change, is in no case so strikingly manifest as in the birth and development of important truths, or scientific discoveries, affecting in many instances the well-being of society: in the diffusion of knowledge, whose blessings would have elevated and ennobled the world at large.

At first sight, it appears unaccountable that truth should make its way with less facility than error; that the minds of men should open so tardily and reluctantly to the light. The explanation may however be, that slowness of progress is essential to the permanence of truth; or that the *inertia* really consists in lack of knowledge. Ignorance and prejudice are always great enemies of truth. Copernicus kept his celebrated work—in which he established the Pythagorean hypothesis, that makes the sun the centre of our system—locked up for thirty years before he ventured to publish it. One hundred years later, Galileo, who had taught the same doctrine, was made to abjure his opinions publicly, and on his knees; and to declare that he would abstain from their promulgation in future. Two generations passed from the earth after Newton first made known his sublime theory and discoveries, ere they were generally appreciated and adopted. But this is not all: neglect and disfavour were not the only impediments; envy and jealousy, selfishness and hatred, have from time to time arrayed themselves in formidable opposition. Men have blindly combined to stay the course of truth, little thinking that they might as well attempt to arrest the motion of our planet as it turns to meet the beams of day.

The history of an individual case would perhaps better illustrate these views than a regular process of

reasoning. In selecting Franklin, we take a name familiar to all readers: his fame has travelled into every nation. One passage in his life furnishes a text admirably adapted to our present purpose. We read that, on the occasion of making his celebrated kite experiment, so conscious was he of the ridicule that awaits untried or unsuccessful experiments in philosophy, that he went out to the fields, accompanied by his son, to whom *alone* he had communicated his intentions. This is a striking case in point: here was a man holding in his hands the clue to a new truth, about to become its interpreter to the world, yet dreading the world's cognisance of his novel and daring investigation.

Without entering upon details as to the history and progress of electricity prior to Franklin's researches, it may be observed that the subject was but little understood till the time of Hawkesbee, who added materially to our knowledge by his numerous experiments on attraction and repulsion, in which he made use of a globe of glass, set in motion by machinery, instead of rubbing glass tubes, as was the usual practice. Nothing was added to his inquiries until after the lapse of twenty years, when we meet with the names of Grey, and Du Faye of Paris, intendant of the royal gardens, who was the first to note the passage of the electric spark from the human body: he also discovered the two different properties of electricity, which he distinguished as the *vitreous* and the *resinous*; and gathered additional facts respecting attraction and repulsion. A body vitreously electrified repelled bodies in a similar state, but attracted those in a resinous state; and the reverse. This was the germ of that theory which Franklin subsequently extended and established on a true basis. Next came Wheeler and Desaguliers, and the German electricians, one of whom introduced the use of the revolving cylinder. In 1746, Muschenbroeck, a professor at Leyden, discovered the surprising properties of the so-named 'Leyden phial'; and soon after, several French and English experimentalists discovered that the electric shock could be conveyed to great distances by means of wires and strings. At the same time, Mr Watson made the important observation, that the glass tubes and globes used in the experiments 'did not contain the electric power in themselves, but only served as first movers and determiners of that power.'

Du Faye supposed that the operations of the two electricities he had discovered were always distinct, never combined; but Franklin showed that the difference between the two consisted simply in the excess or defect of one and the same fluid; which his experiments subsequently confirmed. He had heard of what he calls 'Mr Muschenbroeck's wonderful bottle;' and in 1747 proceeded with his accustomed industry to investigate the phenomena on which its efficacy depends. He found that the *vitreous* and *resinous* electricity of Du Faye were nothing more than *positive* and *negative* states of the same fluid; and showed that the inside of the bottle is electrified positively, the outside negatively; and that the shock is produced by the restoration of the equilibrium, when the outside and inside are brought into communication suddenly. When a globe of glass was used, the charge in the prime conductor was increased, or *positive*; but if a globe of sulphur was employed, then the charge was decreased, or *negative*.

Together with Watson, Franklin, to use his own words, had discovered that 'the electrical fire is not created by friction, but collected—being really an element diffused among, and attracted by, other matter, particularly by water and metals. . . . To electrify *plus* or *minus*, no more needs to be known than this, that the parts of the tube or sphere that are rubbed, do, in the instant of the friction, attract the electrical fire, and therefore take it from the thing rubbing: the same parts immediately, as the friction upon them ceases, are disposed to give the fire they have received to any body that has less;' and in charging the Leyden phial or jar, 'whatever quantity of fire is thrown down upon one side of the glass, the same is thrown out of the

other. There is really no more electric fire in the pibal after it is charged than before; all that can be done by charging being to take from one side, and convey to the other.

But his most famous discovery was the identity of electricity with thunder and lightning. His thoughts had long been directed to the subject; and he was waiting the completion of a tall steeple, then being built at Philadelphia, in order to attempt his experiments, when, growing impatient of the delay, he determined on trying to bring down the electric fire by readier means. For this purpose he took two light cross sticks of cedar, to the extremities of which he fastened the four corners of a silk handkerchief, as being the best material to resist the effects of a thunder-shower. To the upper end of one of the sticks a pointed iron wire, about a foot in length, was attached; and with tail, loop, and string, the kite was completed. In the summer of 1752, as stated above, he went out to the fields, accompanied by his son, and raised the kite. To the end of the hempen string was tied a key, to which was fastened a silken string, kept dry by being placed under a shed. One very promising cloud passed over without effect; and as the fate of his theory depended on this experiment, he was beginning to despair of success, when he observed the loose fibres of the hempen string to separate, and, as it were, repel each other. He put his knuckle to the key, and received a spark; and when the twine became thoroughly wet, charged a jar with electricity drawn from the clouds. His sensations on drawing the spark—on verifying his hypothesis by actual experiment—will be shared by every earnest inquirer for the truth, who, divesting himself of narrow and selfish views, regards only the best and universal interests of society. The essentially practical genius of Franklin soon led him to apply his discovery to the benefit of mankind, by the use of pointed iron conductors affixed to buildings, which have been more generally adopted in America than in Europe. He afterwards erected a pointed iron conductor on his own house, to which a bell being attached, warned him by its ringing whenever the rod was charged with electricity: with this he made many experiments to ascertain the electrical state of the clouds.

We shall now see how Franklin's discoveries were received—not by the ignorant or by the world generally, but by the learned, the great men of science. Franklin announced his theories with the modesty of genius. Having been led to examine into the phenomena of electricity, by the present of a glass-tube from Mr Peter Collinson of London, in return he sent him information of his success, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of his experiments. 'Collinson got them read (says Franklin) in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their Transactions. One paper, which I wrote for Mr Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Mr Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs.' The papers were eventually given to Cave, for publication in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who preferred to publish them separately, in which he judged rightly for his profession; for, by the additions that arrived afterwards, they swelled to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money.

Priestley, in his *History of Electricity*, published in 1767, says of this publication—which bore the unassuming title of *New Experiments and Observations on Electricity*, made at Philadelphia, in America—'Nothing was ever written upon the subject of electricity which was more generally read and admired in all parts of Europe than these letters. There is hardly any European language into which they have not been translated; and, as if this were not sufficient to make them properly known, a translation of them has lately been made into Latin. It is not easy to say whether

we are more pleased with the simplicity and perspicuity with which these letters are written, the modesty with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes when they were corrected by subsequent experiments.

Priestley was almost the only man with the reputation of a philosopher in England who spoke with fairness of Franklin's discoveries; in fact the only person, as far as can be judged, who really examined them without prejudice. European men of science generally were unwilling to believe that an American and a colonist, separated by the ocean from the world of letters, should have discovered that by which they had been so long puzzled. In England there was another cause for dissatisfaction, if not contempt. Franklin was known to be a printer—a mechanic, who had actually wrought at the press. In some works of the day he is spoken of as 'that fellow Franklin, a Philadelphia printer.' That a printer should presume to teach the learned and the aristocratic dilettanti of London, was too bad; and his letters, as we have seen, were treated with the indifference they were supposed to merit. Yet there were his theories, and what should be done to put them down? The Abbé Nollet of Paris was among the first to take up the cudgels against the Franklinian hypothesis. His own theory was of 'affluence and effluence,' somewhat similar to that entertained by Boyle, of which, he says, he 'was obliged to undertake the defence, seeing that he could do so with good reason, and in spite of the pretensions of the Philadelphian school; that he was in some measure attached to his own principles; and before trying the other he was resolved to try if he could not make Franklin's experiments square with his own theory.' The abbé displayed in this not only a pitiable weakness, but went further; for, to use the words of one of Franklin's friends, in repeating the experiments, he 'alters them without giving any reason for it, and makes them in a manner that proves nothing; and further, he taxes Mr Franklin with having concealed a material part of the experiment; a thing too mean for any gentleman to be charged with, who has not shown as great a partiality in relating experiments as the abbé has done.'

The opposition of the Frenchman only served to expose his own prejudice and dishonesty. The attention of the unprejudiced in all parts of Europe was drawn to the new theory, and many of them—among whom Beccaria of Turin particularly distinguished himself—stepped forward to its defence.

An opponent was found in our own country in a Mr Peart of Gainsborough, whose arguments will serve as a general specimen of the opposition offered by the envious of that day to the Franklinian doctrine. In 1791 he wrote a work in which he explained his own theory, and denounced that of Franklin. He contended for two active principles, which he named *ether* and *phlogiston*, one of them found at one end of a magnetic needle, the other at the opposite end. 'These principles,' he says, 'and this theory, alone can rationally explain the phenomena of electricity, which never will be understood unless they be admitted. . . . To attempt to account for them by the doctrine of positive and negative electricity, would be as ridiculous as ineffectual. . . . Must we admit of a theory which plainly gives the lie to all our senses, in every electrical experiment, when plain sense, with a little attention, will point out the falsity of the doctrine? . . . The whole doctrine of plus and minus electricity is a groundless error, contradicted by reason, and by every electrical appearance, and therefore not worth defending. . . . But enough of a theory so puerile and unnatural.'

In a subsequent publication, he replies in no very measured terms to a gentleman who had ventured to undertake Franklin's defence:—'And pray who are you, sir, who thus arrogate to yourself the privilege of condemning every opinion which differs from your own?' And accuses him of adopting 'a style which is too com-

mostly assumed when ignorance is inflated by self-importance; when arguments are wanting; or when there happens a combination of the two.

Here we might descant upon the absurdity of pinning one's faith to any particular theory. The inquirer after truth needs no theory: his mind should be ever opened to its influences, come in what shape soever they may. Had but a tith of that energy which has been wasted in factious opposition, been devoted to patient and unprejudiced investigation, the position of society would be far above what it is at present. The folly is rendered more evident by the result. Franklin's views were admitted in proportion as they became known. There was found to be truth, after all, in the statements of the Philadelphia printer. The Royal Society even owned itself to have been wrong; it atoned for the 'laugh of the connoisseurs' by electing Franklin a member of the body, and conferring upon him a gold medal. His principles, now universally recognised, bid fair to be handed down to posterity as equally expressive of the principles of electricity, as the Newtonian philosophy is of the true system of nature in general. His example is a striking instance of what may be done by honest, patient, and truth-seeking perseverance.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'Nothing can be done without money,' said George pettishly; 'I had a splendid project in my head, but nobody will listen to such a poor fellow as I.'

We were three friends met together, bewailing the rigours of fortune: our lamentations, however, took the turn they usually take among companions whose age does not exceed twenty years.

'And I,' said Albert, 'have finished a work which would create my reputation, could a publisher only be met with willing to undertake the expenses of printing.'

'I have asked our principal,' added I, 'to increase my salary, after four years of assiduous service; and he answered, that of such clerks he could find as many as he wished for six hundred francs a-year.'

'My dear fellows,' interrupted George, 'although we have, neither the one nor the other, any hope of making a fortune, could we not get the credit of being rich?'

'To what good?' asked I.

'It gives one a position in the world; a large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held; everything becomes easy.'

'I remember,' was my answer, 'having heard in my childhood of a cousin who went to Jamaica or Martinique, and never returned.'

'That is just what we want: we will bring this cousin to life, or rather we will kill him. Yes; Jaques Meran died at Martinique, leaving a sugar plantation, fifty slaves, in short, a fortune valued at two millions of francs, all to his dear cousin Louis Meran, from attachment to the name.'

We laughed heartily at the joke, of which I thought no more: but my two reckless friends, George and Albert, spread abroad the tale when we broke up with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came to compliment me. It will of course be understood that I disavowed all cause; but no one would believe me; my two friends had affirmed the truth of the report. In vain did I assert that it was all a joke: many remembered my cousin Jaques; some had actually seen him embark at Nantes in 1789. Among the number of these visits was one of not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a frock coat in the new fashion, without having the means of payment; the

garment was worn out, and I yet owed half of it. There had been for some time a coolness between my creditor and myself, whose importunities I wished to avoid. The rumour of the legacy made him hasten to find me: such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends. 'Good day, Monsieur Matthieu,' said I with some embarrassment as he entered; 'you are come for the fifty francs?'

'Does monsieur imagine that I am thinking of such a trifle? No; it was for the mourning.'

'What mourning?'

'The mourning for your cousin, monsieur—the mourning of an heir-at-law! Without doubt you want a complete suit?'

'At this time, Monsieur Matthieu, it would be impossible.'

'I hope monsieur does not think of withdrawing his favours from me? Coat, vest, and pantaloons black; frock of dark bronze for the morning.'

'I tell you again I have not yet received—'

'I intreat monsieur not to speak of money; it will come soon enough,' added the tailor, who had already taken out his scissors, and passed his measure round my waist.

I was in truth in great want of clothes, and permitted him to continue. No sooner was he gone than another individual entered, who immediately began, 'My dear monsieur, you must do me a great service. Buy my house. You are rich, very rich—you want real estate. Fifty thousand francs are nothing for you: only the half of your income: and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Monsieur Felix to buy it; but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle.'

'I buy your house?—what folly!'

'It is no folly. It is a safe investment. After some repairs, in two years it will be worth double. I have your word;' and he left without giving me time to reply. So well did he propagate a report of my purchase, that in two hours afterwards Monsieur Felix came to me in a great hurry, apparently out of humour. 'You have cut the grass from under my feet, monsieur,' said he on entering: 'I cannot do without that house, and thought it was already mine, as I had made an offer of forty-nine thousand francs, believing that the owner would surely come to my terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement; so, without further preamble, I come to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand francs upon your bargain.'

Fifteen thousand francs coming, I knew not how, to me, who had so much trouble in earning my eight hundred francs of salary as clerk to the registry of the courts of law. Although but little acquainted with business, I saw the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied, 'It is impossible, monsieur, for me to give you an answer at this moment: return at five o'clock: meantime I will consider the matter.'

At a quarter before the appointed hour Monsieur Felix was again at my door. 'Monsieur,' said I, 'I had no wish for that house, and did not even think about it, when the proprietor came to beg me to purchase it; and it appears the house is my own. As it suits you, and any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer.'

'You shall be paid in a fortnight, in paper on Paris,' exclaimed the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on Paris! I was so little accustomed to that currency, as to imagine that it would be necessary to send it to the capital for payment, and therefore wrote to a commercial house, the only one whose address I knew, as from that I received regularly an annuity of five hundred francs left me by one of my uncles, and which formed a welcome portion of my income.

With what impatience I waited the expiration of the

time, when I wrote to Messieurs Hugues and Bergeret that, having certain funds to invest, I begged their advice as to the safest mode. It appeared that the words *certain funds* have very different acceptations in commerce, according to the name and position of him who uses them. The news of my inheritance must have reached Paris. *Certain funds*, situated as I was, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable sum; at least I supposed so, on receiving in answer from the firm that my letter had been received just before the close of the Cortes loan, in which they had purchased to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; that, if I thought it too much, a large profit might be immediately realised, as the stock had gone up. A postscript, in the hand of the principal, congratulated me on my accession of fortune.

Twenty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands; the amount frightened me. I wrote instantly to my correspondents, informing them that so large a sum went beyond my means; adding, that no reinvestments having been received from Martinique, as they supposed, I was unable to satisfy their claims.

The answer came in a day or two, stating that, as I did not appear to have confidence in the Cortes loan, they had sold out my stock at a profit of eighty thousand francs; and begged me not to feel uneasy, as remittances were always slow in coming from the distant plantations; in the interim, my signature would furnish me with all the money I could want. The prospectus of a German bank was inclosed, in which fifty shares had been secured for me.

Eighty thousand francs! Either I understood nothing of commercial matters, or the clerk had written one or two *noughts* too many. My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially when I put on my new suit of black. The editor of the newspaper thought himself obliged to give a biography of my cousin Jaques, and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions. In what way would I furnish my house?—what would I do for public establishments? Some benevolent ladies wrote to recommend to my notice the institutions under their guardianship. I was ruined in postages; for, in the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money. Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich, no one would take a sou from me, and tradesmen courted the honour of giving me credit.

At last I decided on going to Paris. Immediately on arrival, I went to my bankers, who received me as the inheritor of great wealth. 'I regret,' said M. Bergeret, 'that you mistrusted the Spanish loan, for the stock has again gone up. No matter, however; you have some left.'

'Will you have the goodness, monsieur,' said I, 'to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?'

'The calculation is easy. Twenty thousand dollars, at so much the dollar—and the sum already paid. If you sell to-day, you will put about two hundred and twenty thousand francs into your pocket.'

I opened both my ears. 'You say, monsieur, two hundred and twenty thousand? Are you quite certain?'

'As certain as any one can be within a few hundred francs.'

I did not wish to appear too much the novice, and replied, 'That is well: you spoke also of a bank?'

'Yes; the establishment of this bank has met with some difficulties; but the affair is not less good: we are on the eve of terminating it, and the scrip is well up.'

'Could that scrip also be sold?' I inquired.

'You hold fifty shares,' replied the banker, 'which have advanced four hundred and fifty florins, making altogether nearly sixty thousand francs.'

'Although as yet I have paid nothing?'

'Without a doubt,' was the answer.

'That is singular! but since you say so, I submit. I

should like to make a safe investment of the whole: will you be so kind as to specify one?'

'Our five per cents, monsieur—our five per cents: I know of nothing safer. At the present rate, the gain will be six. I can easily understand that all these little matters worry you. You will soon have to deal with much larger sums.'

'By placing all that I hold in the five per cents, I should have an income of—'

'That is soon reckoned. Three hundred thousand or thereabouts: the quotation at eighty makes eighteen thousand francs. Say twenty thousand, to make a round sum.'

'Ah, twenty thousand francs of income,' said I; 'when could I receive it?'

'Oh, to-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house.'

'That of course,' was my rejoinder. 'What other could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?'

The banker bowed.

Will it be believed? in the midst of all these treasures, I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small sum, of which I stood in the greatest need; for, after paying the expenses of my journey, I had but five francs left. Such, however, was the force of habit, that I could scarcely believe myself legitimately possessed of more than my little annuity, which was not yet due.

'Dare I ask,' I inquired, with a blush almost of shame on my cheeks 'can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me for the moment a small sum, which I want on arrival in a strange city?'

'Eh, my dear monsieur, my chest is entirely at your disposal. How much do you want—three, four—ten thousand francs?'

'I do not ask so much; a thousand will be sufficient.'

'Will you have it in gold or notes? Call the cashier. May I beg you,' said the banker, leading the way as I rose to depart—'may I beg you to continue your good-will to our house?'

'Certainly, monsieur; you well deserve it,' I replied with a confidence which the certainty of possessing an income of twenty thousand francs began to give me.

'There is yet one favour which I wish to ask,' said M. Bergeret; 'you are not acquainted with Paris; you have perhaps but very few relatives here: come and take a family dinner with us to-day; my wife will be delighted to make your acquaintance.'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

'We dine at six: if you have no engagement for the evening, we shall have a few friends, and hope you will stay.'

There are few moments which I remember with more satisfaction than those of my leaving M. Bergeret's house. I began to believe in the reality of my fortune, and had a thousand francs in my pocket—a pleasure which had never before happened to me. The fifty golden Napoleons gave me an extraordinary impulse; in fact I stood in great need of them. Possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, I was obliged, on my arrival in Paris, to leave my trunk at the office of the diligence, not having the means of paying for a lodging. I now hastened to redeem it, and afterwards took a coach to the first hotel pointed out to me, where I established myself in a handsome apartment; and put on my suit of mourning. Arrived with so much punctuality at M. Bergeret's, that he had scarcely had time to finish telling my history to his wife. She, however, had heard enough to cause me to be received as a friend of the house. Every one did the amiable to me: I met beautiful women; and overheard whispered remarks made upon me—*modest bearing; great skill; splendid business talents*. Thus, when M. Bergeret introduced me to regard his house as my own, I promised willingly, although I could profit but little by the invitation. Madame Hugues would have me to dine, when I met with other introductions and invitations. I was taken to the theatre and to parties. Now that I was

rich, I could almost have confined my expenses to some few presents and fees.

Meantime my two friends, George and Albert, had heard with alarm of the success of their report, the truth of which they dared no longer deny. They had been frightened by my departure for Paris, which all the world attributed to difficulties in the liquidation of my debts; and feared that I had suffered myself to be deceived by what was concerted between us merely as a joke.

Three days after my return from Paris, my servant announced their names. 'Let them come in,' was my reply; for I did not receive all the world. On seeing my handsome timepiece and gilt candelabra, and the new furniture with which I had decorated my apartment, they opened their eyes in consternation.

'There is much difficulty in gaining admission here,' said Albert.

'Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects; but you, my dear friends—you will be always welcome. You are come just in time to accompany me to an estate which I have some thoughts of purchasing. It is not a large affair—one hundred thousand francs.'

'I take it to be some distance off,' said George, with a significant jerk of his head.

'Two leagues only; but I will take you in my carriage.'

'Your carriage!'

'My carriage.'

'You have a carriage?'

'Yes, and two dapple-gray horses, which I brought from Paris: as yet I have no saddle-horse, that being more difficult to find.'

My two friends retired to one of the windows, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

'Dear Louis,' they said, 'you know that your cousin is not dead?'

'I don't know if he be dead, for I am not very certain that he ever lived.'

'You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?'

'I am persuaded that only you and I believe so,' was my answer.

'We have done great wrong,' rejoined my friends, '—great wrong, in what was intended only as fun. It causes us much sorrow.'

'On the contrary, I thank you for it.'

'It is our duty to disavow it; we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty.'

'I intreat you to leave things just as they are: a few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds.'

George and Albert regarded me as completely deranged. 'Come,' said I, 'let us lose no time; the carriage is ready; I will tell you all as we go along. I have spoken to a bookseller, Albert, who will print your manuscript.'

Truth, however, always comes out. Some who were on the watch, were surprised that nothing arrived from Martinique; well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The edifice so quickly raised tumbled down with equal rapidity.

'The best of it is,' said some, 'he has ended by falling into the snare which he laid for others. For my part, I never believed in it.'

I comprehended that the storm had broken out, on finding one day a dozen notes on my table. They were all nearly in the style of the first I opened.

M. Grignon presents his respectful compliments to M. Meran, and having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has the honour to enclose.

My answers were all alike—M. Meran thanks M. Grignon for the bill which has been so long asked for, and sends the amount.

One letter only contained no request for money; it

was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote, offering to lend me 500 francs, should I wish to remove from a place where so many rumours were circulated prejudicial to my character. My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded, 'I am rich, not by an inheritance in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich; and I have in reality been made very rich, I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who talk of me.'

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me of a friend upon whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was the subject of conversation. 'He has been fortunate,' said some; others replied, 'Fortunate if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could manœuvre in this way.'

For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius; but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Moralising on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be so unaccountable.

INSECT IMPORTANCE.

INSIGNIFICANT as insects may appear to the casual observer, there are families of the race which assume the highest importance, either from the benefits they confer or from the ravages they commit. We grant that it is neither a very dignified nor always a very accurate mode of estimating the importance of the lower animals to judge of them merely as they may subserve or thwart the purposes of man; but taking even this standard, we shall find that insects are not the insignificant creatures we vulgarly esteem them. Individually, the highest of the class is but a feeble instrument either for good or for evil: it is the infinity of their numbers, and the fact of their generally living and acting in community, that renders them special objects of human consideration. We shall glance, in the present paper, at a few whose produce gives to them an economical and commercial importance.

By far the most valuable of the class is the silkworm (*Bombyx mori*), whose splendid tissue has been known from the remotest antiquity. Though early cultivated in China and India, it was not till the beginning of the sixth century that the insect was brought into Europe. Since then the culture and manufacture of silk has extended over Italy, France, and other southern countries, holding a high place in their economy, giving employment to a vast number of hands, setting in circulation a large amount of capital, and involving much intricate and difficult fiscal regulation.

It is not our intention to enter upon the natural history of the silkworm—which, like many other insects, passes through the successive stages of egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, and moth—farther than to remark that it is in its second stage that it becomes economically important. Each moth having dropped to the number of 300 or 500 eggs, these are hatched by natural or artificial heat, according to the climate of the country, and a voracious caterpillar is the produce, which is carefully tended and fed with mulberry leaves, or with lettuce—both of these plants abounding in a tenacious juice or caoutchouc. On acquiring its full growth (about three inches in length), this caterpillar spins for itself an

oval-shaped cocoon, formed by a single filament of yellow silk, from ten to twelve yards in length, emitted from the stomach of the insect preparatory to its assuming the chrysalis form. It is in this state that the silk is taken, the insect being destroyed by immersion in warm water, and the cocoon carefully unwound. Were the cocoon left undisturbed till the chrysalis had become a moth, the latter would eat its way through the envelope, and so cut the silk into a number of short lengths, instead of one continuous filament. Of course a sufficient number of cocoons are left untouched for next year's brood, comparatively few moths being sufficient to stock an extensive establishment. It is thus that a plain-looking, greedy, leaf-devouring insect becomes of so much economical importance; requiring human attention to supply it with food and shelter, hands to unwind the silken cement, to assort and twist the filaments into threads, cords, &c.; individuals to dye, weave, and finish it—independent of the co-relative aids of chemists, designers of patterns, and framers of the necessary machinery. Nor can this insect, humble as it may seem, be dispensed with so long as man admires and values the beauty of a silken fabric; for though he knows that the cocoon is obtained by the animal from the peculiar vegetables it feeds upon, yet all his boasted knowledge in chemistry has not enabled him to elaborate from mulberry leaves a filament possessing the same lustre, beauty, and tenacity.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the various fabrics woven from silk, either for the purposes of dress, upholstery, or ornament; but an idea of its importance may be formed from the fact, that scarcely an individual, even in humble life, but can boast of wearing it to some extent, either for dress or ornament. In Britain the annual value of the manufacture is estimated at nearly ten millions sterling—more than nine-tenths of which are for home consumption. We draw our chief supplies of the raw material from Bengal; from Italy, which produces about eleven millions pounds annually; from China, where, next to tea, it is the staple article of export; from Turkey; and in smaller quantities from Holland, the United States, and other countries. The foreign states in which the manufacture chiefly exists are China, India, Italy, Switzerland, and France; the latter kingdom alone producing fabrics to the annual value of about eight millions sterling. We have no very accurate data as to the amount of silk stuffs consumed in the various countries of the world; but considering how generally they are worn in oriental as well as in European countries, and reflecting upon the increasing demand by a civilised population in the Americas, we cannot be far wrong in stating that a million and a half of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk, and that it creates an annual circulating medium of between thirty and forty millions sterling! So much for the importance of an humble insect which, if it had been shown to our ancestors five hundred years ago, would have been as little valued as the earth-worm beneath their sandals.

As an appropriate sequel to the silkworm, we may next advert to the cochineal insect (*Coccus cacti*), from which the red dye-stuff of that name is obtained. The male insect is winged, and not much larger than a flea; the female is wingless, and when full grown, about the size of a barley grain. It is the dried body of the female which forms the cochineal of commerce, having in this state the appearance of a shrivelled berry. It is principally used in dyeing scarlet, crimson, and other esteemed hues of which red forms the basis. The insect is found in Mexico, some of the southern states of the Union, and in the West Indies, and has we believe been intro-

duced with some success into our East India possessions. The principal supply, however, is still from Mexico and the Central States, where it forms a staple commodity of export. In a wild state, the cochineal insect feeds on various plants of the cactus tribe; but under cultivation it is confined to two or three species, which are found both to increase its size and colour. The wild variety is gathered six times a-year; but that which is cultivated is only collected thrice during the same period. Arrived at maturity, the insects become torpid, and are detached by a thin split of bamboo, or by a blunt knife—care being taken not to break them in the operation. They are then put into bags, and dipped in boiling water to kill them, after which they are dried in the sun; and though they lose about two-thirds of their weight by this process, more than a million and a half pounds are brought annually to Europe. Some idea may be formed of the vast number of these creatures from the fact that each pound is supposed to contain about 70,000 insects. At present the value of cochineal fluctuates from six shillings to nine shillings per pound, which is scarcely a fourth part of the price obtained during the war, when it sometimes sold so high as thirty-six shillings and thirty-nine shillings a-pound. At the present rate, Britain cannot pay less than £200,000 annually—for what?—the dried carcasses of a tiny insect!

Lac, or gum-lac, with its varieties seed-lac, lump-lac, shell-lac, &c. is also the produce of a small insect—the *Coccus ficus* of Linnaeus, or the *Kermes lacca* of modern entomologists. This insect abounds in Bengal, Assam, Pegu, Siam, &c. and deposits its eggs on the leaves and branches of certain trees. So soon as deposited, the egg is covered by the insect with a quantity of this peculiar gum or lac, evidently intended to serve for a protection to the egg, and as food for the young maggot when produced. As each insect produces many eggs, and each egg has a separate envelope, the entire nest has a cellular arrangement as ingenious and compact as that of the bee. As there are myriads of these insects in every forest, the supply of lac may be said to be indefinite. In its natural state, this production is called *stick-lac*; after the cells are separated from the sticks and granulated, they are called *seed-lac*; this melted by fire, and made into cakes, becomes *lump-lac*; and the term *shell-lac* is given to this substance after it has been again liquefied, strained, and formed into thin transparent plates. Lac also yields a fine red dye, which, though not so bright as cochineal, is said to be more permanent, and is often used as a substitute. From our East India possessions we annually export about 3,000,000 lbs. of shell-lac, and 1,000,000 lbs. of lac dye; about one-half of which is, however, re-exported to Italy, Belgium, Germany, and other parts of the continent. We believe the present price of lac dye in the London market is from 2s. to 3s. per lb., though it has been known to be so high as 8s. 6d.; stick-lac sells from £2 to £4 per hundredweight, and shell-lac from £3 to £5; so that a vast sum of money must be yearly expended on the produce of this—another, humble insect. The various lacs are employed in the manufacture of sealing-wax, ink, varnishes, and in hat-making.

We may here also notice the *Coccus ilicis*, or kermes—an insect from which Europeans obtained their most valuable scarlet dyes previous to the discovery of America. The kermes adhere to the shoots of the berry-bearing ilex, which is found very plentifully in many parts of Europe. They appear under the form of smooth shining grains of a brownish-red colour, about the size of peas, and covered with a fine brown powder. These grains contain the young kermes, which proceed much in the same manner as the lac insect, till they attach themselves to the young branches, and become the receptacles of a future progeny. The scarlet dye obtained from the kermes is less brilliant, but more durable than that from the cochineal; old tapestries which were dyed with it two hundred years ago having lost scarcely anything of their original vividity. It is now little used,

unless in Spain and other countries where the arts have yet made inconsiderable progress.

Known from the earliest periods of human history, and of more obvious importance than some of these dye-insects; are the various kinds of honey bee—the little busy bee' of the poet and moralist—the permanent symbol of industry and unprocrastination. Plain-looking and humble as the common bee may appear, it divides with the silkworm the care and attention of man, and has had more books dedicated to its history and nurture than any other of the lower animals,—the horse and ox perhaps excepted. At this moment we can lay our hands upon more than a score of treatises; nor does time seem to exhaust the subject, for every year is adding to our library of 'bee-books.' And after all, this attention is not more than the brown dusty-looking little insect deserves. Its honey is one of the most delicious products in nature, and along with its wax subserves numerous purposes; whilst its roaming habits assist in carrying the fructifying pollen from plant to plant, thus not only rendering fertile that which would otherwise be hopelessly barren, but creating new and approved varieties. The silkworm and cochineal insect require to be fed and cared for; the bee is a reveller in nature's common, trenches upon the store of no other creature, and converts into honey and wax what would otherwise be utterly useless. There cannot be a readier and more certain contributor to the income of the cottager than a snug little apiary, and even were it only in this light that the bee were useful, it would be deserving of all the importance with which it is invested. In Britain alone about £120,000 is annually spent for foreign honey; and if we add to this a large home supply, and consider that in other countries the article is even more liberally made use of, we shall arrive at some conception of the economical value of the bee. But it is not the honey alone; we import 10,000 hundredweight of wax each year, and when we state that the price varies from £5 to £10, 10s. a hundredweight, it will be seen that its value is all but equivalent to that of honey. In Holland, the southern states of Russia, in Greece, and other countries of the Levant, as well as in America, the produce of bees forms an important item of their resources—resources, be it borne in mind, which could not be obtained by any other known means either in nature or art.

Our list would be incomplete without adverting to the insect which produces the gall-nuts of commerce, so extensively used in dyeing, in the manufacture of ink, and in other processes. These excrescences, varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, are produced on several species of oak trees by the perforation of the female *Cynips* for the deposition of her eggs. The juices of the leaf being diverted from their proper channels by this puncture, they form a soft of wax, which increases in size, together with the larva inclosed in it. On the larva arriving at maturity, it eats its way out; hence gall-nuts are generally found with a hole in them. They are in perfection when they have acquired their full size and weight, but before the insect has pierced them; after which they become of a brighter colour and lose part of their weight. Galls are produced abundantly throughout Asia Minor from a small species of oak, but the best are those of Aleppo and Mosul, which are about the size of a nutmeg, and mostly of a bluish or gray colour, hard, heavy, and compact, with numerous small tubercles on their surface. They abound in astringent matter, or tannin, and are much used in medicine as well as in the processes already alluded to. They are imported in great quantities, and vary from £2 to £4 a hundredweight, according to quality.

To these insects of utility we might add the *Cantharis*, or Spanish fly, used by the apothecary in the preparation of blister ointment; as well as many others of minor value; but our limits forbid. Enough, we should think, has been adduced to prove, even to the most

heedless, that insects—laying aside altogether the purposes they fulfil in the scheme of nature—are economically not the insignificant and unimportant creatures which the uninformed mind is but too apt to regard them.

THE GAUGER'S RUN.

I SUPPOSE there are few who have not heard of the moralisation and crimes produced in Ireland by illicit distillation. In the present day there are comparatively few disorders from this cause, as the excise laws have been considerably modified, and the appetite for whisky has become less uncompromising. Some years ago, however, the people in those parts of the country where the distilling of spirits was carried on clandestinely, were at constant war with the officers of excise, and the most fearful encounters took place between them. In Donegal, where I resided with my family, we saw much more of this than was at all pleasant, and on one occasion were accidentally involved in one of these ever-occurring quarrels.

It was a very beautiful morning in June, and I was preparing to descend to the breakfast parlour, when I was startled on hearing a noise at the gate in front of the dwelling. Looking out to see what was the matter, I observed that one of the domestics was refusing admittance to a decently dressed man, who was urgently and anxiously trying to get into my premises. Hastening to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, I soon learned that the suppliant for shelter was an unfortunate excise officer—or 'gauger,' as he was called by the country people. 'Oh, for mercy's sake,' cried the distracted man, 'let me into your house; lock me up somewhere, or anywhere; hide me, save me, or I am a dead man!' I did not hesitate to bring him in, and making him sit down, I offered him refreshment, as he appeared exhausted and faint. I begged of him to recover himself, and to take courage, as there was no danger. At this moment an immense crowd of men and boys surrounded my house; and one of the men came forward to the door and demanded admission. I opened the window to inquire what he wanted. He replied, 'You have got the gauger in your house, sir, and we must have him out—we want him.' 'What do you want him for?' 'Oh, your reverence, begging your Honour's pardon, that's no business of yours to meddle in; we want him, and must have him.' 'That may be, but I can't allow it: he is under my roof; he has come claiming my hospitality, and I must and will give him shelter and protection.' 'Doctor, there are two words to that bargain. You ought to have asked us before you let him in. And to be plain with you, doctor, we really respect you very much—you are an honest good neighbour, and mind your own business; and we would make the man sore and sorry that would dare to touch a hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger. To be at a word with you, doctor, we must either tear open or tear down your house, or get him; for get him we will!'

What was to be done? I could do nothing. I had no gun or pistol in the house. 'So,' says I, 'boys, you must and will, it seems, do as you like. But mind, I protest against what you are about; by God's soul, you have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play from you. The man inside had ten minutes' law of you when he came to my house: let him have the same law still: let him not be the worse of the shelter I have given him. Do you now go back to the hill yonder, at the side of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let the poor fellow have the start, giving him his ten minutes' law.'

I was in hopes that, by gaining these ten minutes, my man, who was young and healthy, would be able to reach the river Lennan, which ran deep and broad, between high and rocky banks, about a quarter of a mile off in front of the house, and, by swimming across, that he would effect his escape from his pursuers. The enemy

outside agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any rate they promised to abide by it. My refugee, seeing the dire necessity of the case, consented to leave his shelter. I enlarged him at the hall door: the mob, true to its pledge, stood on the hill about two hundred yards distant.

The gauger started off like a deer, and as a hunted deer he ran his best. He cleared the first little rivalet in excellent style, and just as he was rising the hilly ridge which divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers broke loose like a pack of hounds in full chase. The huntsmen were all Highlandmen—tall, loose, active, young, with breath and sinew strong to breast a mountain; men who many a time and oft, o'er bog and brae, had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole course of the hunt could be seen; they, helter-skelter down the lawn, rushing swift and wild; he, trudging along, toiling up the opposite hill, and straining every nerve to gain the top. At length he passed the ridge, and, disappearing, rushed down to the Lennan. Here, out of breath, and no time to strip or hesitate, he took the water, and boldly made the plunge into the foaming river. A bad swimmer, out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark, deep, and rapid, amid surrounding rocks—the poor man struggled, and struggled on for life: the enemy yelled behind him, whilst a watery grave seemed to encompass him about. Frightened and exhausted, he had well nigh sunk for ever—another minute, and he had been a drowned man—when his pursuers coming up, two or three of the boldest and best swimmers rushed into the river and saved him.

The huntsmen now gathered round their stricken and captive deer. They rolled the poor man about until they got the water he had swallowed out of his stomach; they dried his body with their long frieze coats; twenty hands were engaged in rubbing him into warmth. They did everything which humanity could suggest to bring him to life. Happily our friend had not fallen into the cruel clutches of a party of Rockites, who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature! No; the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do—but not a deed of death; they were about a deliberate work—but not a work of blood.

The moment the poor gauger was restored to life (and in order to contribute to and hasten his recovery, an ample dose of the 'poteen' he had come to prosecute was poured down his throat), they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes, and mounting him on a pony, off they set with their captive to the mountains.

Removing him from place to place, during a whole day, through glens and defiles—up one mountain, and down another—at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the secluded lake of Glen Veagh. Here they embarked him in a curragh, or wicker boat; and after rowing him up and down the lake for some hours, they landed him on a little island, where was a hut, which had often served as a shelter to the fowler, as he watched his aim at the wild water-birds of the lake, and still oftener as the 'still-house' to the distiller of poteen. Here was our captive led, and consigned to the charge of two trusty men; the bandage still carefully kept on his eyes. He was well cared for, and fed on trout, grouse, hares, chickens, and other delicacies of the place and season; plenty of poteen, mixed with the pure water of the lake, was his portion to drink: and for six weeks he was thus kept cooped up, as it were, in the dark, like a fattening fowl. The period of his strange captivity being now about to expire, his keepers one morning took him under the arm and conducted him to a boat; in which they rowed him up and down from island to island. They then brought him to the mainland, put him on a pony, and again, for the length of a day, led him hither and thither, through glen and mountain, till towards the close of night, the bewildered but now liberated gauger finds himself alone on the high road to Letter-

kenny. The poor man returned home that night to his family, who had given him over, weeks ago, as either murdered or gone to America. Yet how changed he stood before their eyes!—not as a grim ghost, at the door, but as a well fed, fat, and happy-looking man.

Now, it may be asked, why all this mad pursuit to catch a gauger, merely to fatten him and let him loose again? The capture was a matter of important consequence to the mountaineers. A lawless deed it surely was, yet almost pardonable, seeing that the result might have produced serious consequences to the perpetrators in the district. To repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, amongst other enactments, there was an act passed as contrary to the spirit of the British constitution as to the common principles of right and justice—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty! This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to pay a heavy fine, to be levied on all its landholders. The consequence of this act (now repealed) was, that the whole north of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over landlords and proprietors. Acting on this anti-social and iniquitous system, the gauger of the district in question had informations to the amount of L.7000 against its several townlands. These informations were to be brought forward at the approaching assizes, and, if sustained, as no doubt they would, the result would be utter ruin to the people.

With such a prospect before them, and in the circumstances mentioned, the plot was laid for the seizure and forcible abduction of the revenue officer. It having been known that, some time previous to the assizes, the gauger was to pass through the district, on his way to the coast, and it being also known that he kept those informations about his person, the scheme was therefore to waylay him and keep him prisoner, in safe custody, out of the way and out of sight, until the assizes were over. And well and effectually the plan succeeded! The crown officer not being forthcoming at the assizes, the prosecutions, as a matter of course, fell to the ground, and the people generally were saved from loss, if not ruin. And so ended this curious case of revenue law—a law which, with other legislative abuses, helped to make Ireland very much what it is.

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY IN EDINBURGH.

It will be pleasing to many of our readers to know that the article on the Schools of Industry in Aberdeen, which appeared in our 98th number, has attracted the attention of numerous functionaries, civic and judicial, in different parts of the country, and partially roused them to the perilous condition of the juvenile mendicatory poor. In Edinburgh, the subject was brought under the notice of the town-council, in its capacity of parochial board, by Baillie Mack, one of the city magistrates, on the 23d of December, and some of his observations on this occasion deserve to be noticed.

Referring to what he had formerly stated on the subject, he proceeded:—"I endeavoured on that occasion to point out to you the very great evil which prevailed in this city; namely, that of young boys and girls, often destitute of parents, or of guardians of any sort, who were found prowling through the streets and lanes of the town, lodging in common stairs or outhouses all night, and occupied through the day in begging from door to door; and following and annoying the inhabitants on the streets, asking charity; and too often it had been found that these children, both in the daytime, and especially under cloud of night, were occupied in thieving and pilfering from the unsuspecting part of the community. At last they were discovered, and brought up as prisoners to the bar of the Police Court; many of them very young—from four to eight or nine years of age. In some cases, no doubt, it has been found that they had parents, but that of the most worthless description, who, instead of

instilling honest, industrious, and religious principles into the minds of their children, actually drill them, as it were, for plying the wretched vocations of begging and thieving. Indeed it is no rare sight to see the mothers of these children directing them into various places of the streets for the purpose of accomplishing the objects I have now referred to. These children are brought up in total ignorance of every right and proper principle, and well it may be said of them, as they grow up, that they have no 'hope,' and are 'without God in the world.' Independently altogether of Christian duty, self-interest will suggest the propriety of endeavouring to put a stop to the evil I have been describing. For what is it that entails upon the inhabitants of the city and the country generally the very large sums with which they are taxed for the support of prisoners, and for defraying the expenses incurred in the criminal prosecutions of these juvenile offenders? It is the neglect of those unfortunate children at the outset—no attention is paid to them till they imbibed the most wicked propensities, and are almost beyond the reach of humanity; whereas, if the evil were nipped in the bud—if they were taken charge of, educated, and taught to work at some industrial exercise, we should no doubt put a stop to the heart-rending scenes daily exhibited in the streets and criminal courts of this city. What is the daily practice at present in reference to the prosecution of these juvenile offenders? There is a sort of routine that is gone through with regard to them; they are first of all punished several times by imprisonment, under the sentences of the magistrates and judges of the Police Court; then they are indicted and tried in the Sheriff Court; and ultimately they are indicted and tried in the High Court of Justiciary; and it is no unusual sight to see, on a Monday in that court, three or four of the supreme judges, a jury, the lord-advocate or solicitor-general, and so many depute-advocates, macers, &c. &c. engaged in trying two or three young wretches for stealing a few empty bottles or the like (for it matters not what the crime is, they have gone through the *curriculum* I have narrated, and they are now in the court of the last resort); and preparatory to this trial, and after all the costs of the proceedings in the inferior courts, only consider what an enormous expense the country is put to in one of these trials in the High Court of Justiciary. There is first a precognition taken by the Procurator-Fiscal; that is sent by him to the crown agent for his perusal; by him the case is sent to the crown lawyers; an indictment is then prepared by one of these gentlemen; it is printed and executed; a jury is summoned, consisting of special jurors and common jurors to the number of sixty-five, taken from the city, the town of Leith, the county of Edinburgh, the county of Linlithgow, and the county of Haddington; many of them travelling a great distance, at great inconvenience, and at considerable expense, all for the purpose of taking their part in a trial of the description I have now given you. Witnesses are also in attendance from various parts of the country; and I believe that, upon an average, each of these trials costs the country little short of £200 sterling, when you take into account all the preliminary steps necessary previous to the trial taking place. Now observe, I throw out no reflections against the honourable and learned judges who preside at those trials, or against the gentlemen who are engaged in their preparation: quite the reverse: all of them, I have no doubt, will cheerfully approve of and support any scheme which can be devised by which, in future, such proceedings, in regard to those unhappy youths, will be rendered unnecessary. I am quite aware, however, that to put a stop to this state of matters will be no easy task, and that a number of my friends will be thinking that I am engaged in a wild enterprise; but still I think the remedy is practicable, and at all events ought to be tried; and I am the more convinced of this, from seeing what has been done in the city of Aberdeen, as described in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. Now, I would respect-

fully propose that similar schools should be instituted in this city. It will be for the committee to be appointed to arrange the details; in the meantime, I would suggest the following:—

1st, The Parochial Board to open an Industrial School, on the plan of the Aberdeen Industrial School, for children of both sexes between the ages of five and fourteen.

2d, The following classes of children to be admitted:—First, 'poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, the objects of parochial relief;' second, such children, not included in the foregoing, as are taken there by the police for begging (the alternative offered to the child being imprisonment), their cost to be paid, if practicable, out of the police assessment; third, such other children as may be sent at the cost of private parties, or can be paid for out of any fund placed at the disposal of the committee of management.

3d, The schools to be conducted on the most rigid system of economy (consistently with efficient superintendence and wholesome diet), and to be made, as far as possible, self-supporting. Perhaps I may add that, as soon as practicable after the establishment of this school, another Industrial School, to be opened by private subscription, for the children of labourers—the parents being required to pay the whole expense beyond the value of the children's labour, except that which is incidental to the new experiment.

In proposing every scheme of this kind, I am aware that the first question which will be asked is, 'Where are the funds to come from?' In the first place, I may mention that a considerable sum will be raised by private subscription; for since I first mooted this question, I have been waited upon by several wealthy and influential gentlemen in the city, who have expressed their readiness to contribute to its support. But secondly, under the new poor-law bill, the Board are entitled to assess the inhabitants for the expense of at least one of the schools I have been proposing. By the 9th section of the act, it is *inter alia* enacted—'And it shall be lawful for the Parochial Board to make provision for the education of poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, objects of parochial relief.'

Bailie Mack concluded by proposing to remit the subject to a committee, which, after some discussion, was finally agreed to. It is therefore now under the consideration of a committee of the board, where we trust it will speedily be brought to an issue.

THE KERGUELEN'S LAND CABBAGE.

SITUATED in the centre of the Southern Ocean, and more remote than any other island from a continent, is Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation, discovered by Captain Kerguelen in 1772. It is about 100 miles in length and 60 in breadth, and seems to be chiefly composed of trap and other volcanic rocks, which rise into hills from 500 to 2500 feet high. The coast is deeply indented with bays and inlets, and the whole surface is intersected by lakes and watercourses. Owing to the coldness and moisture of the climate, the island is almost totally destitute of vegetation, and is generally spoken of by navigators as one of the bleakest and most desolate spots on the globe. And as its vegetation undoubtedly is—Dr Hooker, during the recent Antarctic voyage, could detect no more than eighteen species of flowering plants on its soil—there is at least one of these species highly interesting, not only from its being peculiar to the island, but from its wholesome and valuable properties. This is the 'Kerguelen's Land cabbage' of the illustrious Cook—the *Pringlea antiscorbutica* of the systematic botanist.

The *Pringlea*—so named by the naturalist to Cook's first expedition, in honour of Sir John Pringle, who wrote a book on scurvy—belongs to the cruciferous order of plants, which includes the cabbage, mustard, horse-radish, turnip, and other genera; all less or more possessing pungent, antiscorbutic, and nutritive pro-

perties. It is described in the *Flora Antarctica** as exceedingly abundant over all parts of the island, ascending the hills up to 1400 feet, but only attaining its usually large size close to the sea, where it is invariably the first plant to greet the voyager, like the scurvy grass upon many northern coasts. Its root-stocks, often three or four feet long, lie along the ground, and are sometimes two inches in diameter, full of spongy and fibrous substances intermixed, of a half-woody texture, and with the flavour of horse-radish. These bear at their extremities large heads of leaves, sometimes eighteen inches across, so like those of the common cabbage (*Brassica oleracea*), that if growing in a garden with their namesakes in England, they would not excite any particular attention. The outer leaves are coarse, loosely placed, and spreading; the inner form a dense white heart, that tastes like mustard and cress, but is much coarser. The whole foliage abounds with essential oil of a pale yellow colour, and highly pungent taste. 'During the whole stay of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in Christmas Harbour,' says Dr Hooker, 'daily use was made of this vegetable, either cooked by itself, or boiled with the ship's beef, pork, or pea-soup. The essential oil gives a peculiar flavour, which the majority of the officers and crew did not dislike, and which rendered the herb even more wholesome than the common cabbage, for it never caused heartburn, or any of the unpleasant symptoms which that plant sometimes produces. Invaluable as it is in its native place, it is very doubtful whether this plant will ever prove equally so in other situations. It is of such slow growth that it probably could not be cultivated to advantage; and I fear that unlike the cow-cabbage of Jersey, it would form no new heads after the old ones were removed, even if it would survive the decapitation. Growing spontaneously, and in so great abundance where it does, it is likely to prove, for ages to come, an inestimable blessing to ships touching at this far distant isle: whilst its luxuriance amidst surrounding desolation, its singular form and appearance, striking even the casual observer, and the feelings of loneliness and utter isolation from the rest of the world that must more or less oppress every voyager at first landing in its dreary and inhospitable locality, are circumstances likely to render the Kerguelen's Land cabbage—cabbage though it be—a cherished object in the recollection of the mariner; one never to be effaced by the brighter or luscious products of tropical vegetation.'

After this description of the character and uses of the *Pringlea*, Dr Hooker offers some speculations as to its anomalous position and likely origin. 'The contemplation of a vegetable,' says he, 'very unlike any other in botanical affinity and in general appearance, so eminently fitted for the food of man, and yet inhabiting the most desolate and inhospitable spots on the surface of the globe, must equally fill the mind of the scientific inquirer and common observer with wonder. The very fact of Kerguelen's Land being possessed of such a singularly luxuriant botanical feature, confers on that small island an importance far beyond what its volcanic origin or its dimensions would seem to claim; whilst the certainty that so conspicuous a plant can never have been overlooked in any larger continent, but that it was created in all probability near where it now grows, leads the mind back to an epoch far anterior to the present, when the vegetation of the Island of Desolation may have presented a fertility of which this is perhaps the only remaining trace. Many tons of coal and vast stores of now silicified wood are locked up in or buried under those successive geological formations which have many times destroyed the forests of this island, and as often themselves supported a luxuriant vegetation. The fires that desolated Kerguelen's Land are long ago extinct, nor does the island show any signs of the recent exertion of those powers, that have at one time raised part of it from the bed of the ocean with

those submarine algae which carpeted its shores, but which are now some hundred feet above the present level of the sea. The *Pringlea*, in short, seems to have led an uninterrupted and tranquil life for many ages; but however loath we may be to concede to any one vegetable production an antiquity greater than another, or to this island a position to other lands wholly different from what it now presents, the most casual inspection of the ground where the plant now grows, will force one of the two following conclusions upon the mind: either that it was created after the extinction of the now buried and for ever lost vegetation, over whose remains it abounds; or that it spread over the island from another and neighbouring region where it was undisturbed during the devastation of this, but of whose existence no indication remains.'

It is certainly a curious fact in vegetable geography, that this distant and desolate island should be the only spot on the globe where a plant of such eminent utility is to be found; and equally strange that no known vegetable production bears any generic affinity to the *Pringlea*. Its origin, however, need not excite any extraordinary marvel, seeing that numerous centres of dispersion are now admitted by naturalists, and that new creations and developments are quite admissible, and in the strictest harmony with the general design of creation. It is not likely that the *Pringlea* has outlived all the geological changes, the various submersions and elevations which have taken place, since the plants of which Dr Hooker speaks were converted into silex and coal: and it is as unlikely that its seed was drifted from some adjacent island or continent now submerged, seeing that the whole surrounding region is geologically contemporaneous with Kerguelen's Land itself. The only plausible theory is that of a new creation or development—a gradation it may be of some humbler and marine form into that of the terrestrial *Pringlea*. A development of higher forms from marine vegetation has been hinted by several botanists; and considering the adaptability of vegetable life, there is nothing to forbid the hypothesis that the Kerguelen cabbage may have sprung from such a source. Be this as it may, the existence of the plant is a curiosity in the history of vegetation, and all the more striking that its properties are so eminently useful.

A DAY AT CREWE.

[From the *Liverpool Journal*.]

SOME twenty years ago, a gentleman, who was a special attorney from Nantwich, found his way by the quiet service of his bay cob to the Oak Farm near the ancient and obscure village of Coppnall. His inspection of the house and lands was curious and professional; and although the one was old and dilapidated, and the other boggy and rushy, he seemed to imbibe a liking for them, and in ten days from that date he was the owner of the neglected freehold.

The sages of the neighbourhood, who never met but on Sundays at church, heard that he was silly enough, uncommonly silly for a lawyer, to give the extravagant sum of L.35000 for the estate of about sixty acres. Everybody said that the price was extravagant; and his friends advised him to sell it at a loss. But he had taken a liking to the place: its retirement offered an asylum to old age; and in place of selling, he kept adding to the farm by the purchase of adjoining little freeholds, until his estate ultimately reached the number of one hundred Cheshire acres.

To the surprise of the hind who looked after Oak Farm, one fine morning in summer a gentleman, evidently a stranger, arrived on the ground, attended by three men, who placed for his convenience a magical kind of instrument on three legs for him, to look through, and at each remove, like Goldsmith's traveller, dragged a length of chain. In a wondrous hurry he saddled 'Dobbin,' and by dint of whip and spur, which he called hay and oats, he reached Nantwich in an hour and three quarters. The worthy attorney, to Lubin's surprise, rubbed his hands mirthfully, ejaculating, 'All right—a railway!'

In due time that most discreet and able of engineers,

* Hooker's *Flora Antarctica*, parts xii. and xiii.

Mr Locke, had levelled the line of the Grand Junction. It passed through Oak Farm. By act of parliament the proprietor was paid for all land encroached on and used, and already chance had given the attorney for a portion much more than he paid for the whole. Fortune's frolic continued to enrich him. The people of Chester would have a short cut to London, and their line came out at Crewe, exactly across Oak Farm. The Manchester people, equally impatient of delay, took another short cut in another direction, coming out also at Oak Farm. They paid compensation, and the Nantwich attorney was now a fortunate man.

The Grand Junction Company, desirous of removing their works to a central position, selected Crewe. They wanted thirty acres for their workshops, and fifty acres more for the habitations of their workpeople; and Oak Farm was laid out as a city for mechanics. Speculators drew near; the estate was nearly disposed of, the owner receiving some £500 per acre for what originally was too dear at £35. The worthy solicitor was in due time gathered to his fathers, and his children now inherit after him.

In common with our contemporaries, we have reported progress, from time to time, at Crewe, up to the time of their final completion; and lately we paid a visit to this model town and locomotive depot. Unexpectedly, we met here an old acquaintance, Mr Owen Owens, now superintendent of the wagon department; and our curiosity profited largely by that kind courtesy and fulness of information which now enables us to lay before our readers a description of Crewe.

The town of Crewe is a creation of the last six years. It now numbers about 2000 inhabitants, and occupies the acute angle formed by the junction of the Crewe and Grand Junction railways. The buildings are all new designs by Mr Cunningham, and erected by Messrs Samuel and James Holme; and it is hardly necessary to add, that those gentlemen profited by an opportunity seldom afforded to others, to exhibit all the resources of taste and skill in the formation of what in strict accuracy may be called a model town. Elaborate decoration was not required; but art revealed itself in imparting beauty to dwellings of labourers; and an endless variety gave a pleasing appearance to houses which less cultivated judgment would have rendered sombre, because uniform.

The dwelling-houses arrange themselves in four classes: first, the villa-styled lodges the superior officers; next, a kind of ornamented Gothic constitutes the houses of the next in authority: the engineers are domiciled in detached mansions, which accommodate four families, with gardens and separate entrances; and last, the labourer delights in neat cottages of four apartments, the entrances within ancient porches. The first, second, and third, have all gardens and yards; the fourth has also gardens; and, to the credit of the labourers, one of them, at the recent floral show, carried away the prize.

The rooms are all capacious: the ground-floors are tiled, and, as the back and front are open, ventilation is perfect. Each house is supplied with gas: the water is always on at present in the street, but is to be immediately introduced into the houses. The engineers, &c. pay 3s. 6d. a week, the labourers 2s. For water there is no charge, but for gas they pay in winter twopenny per week for each burner. The fittings cost them nothing. There are baths, playground, news-room, library, schools, and assembly-room. They pay one penny each for a bath when they use it, subscribe for papers and books, and pay twopenny a week for each child's schooling. The company provide a clergyman—one of the church of England, one of the church of Scotland—and pay £50 a year to the surgeon. Mr Edwards, who contracts with the community at threepence a week for each family, medicine included; and the wisdom of the arrangement is implied in the fact, that, since his appointment, there has not been a single death in the town—previously there were several.

The men are all well and regularly paid, and it is impossible to imagine circumstances better calculated to promote their happiness. And they are happy. It is delightful to hear them speak of the directors, and the officers over them. In their estimation there is no company like the Grand Junction Company—no workshops like the workshops at Crewe—no workmen like themselves. Mr Trevithick, the superintendent engineer, is second only to his celebrated father, and his father was the greatest engineer who ever lived; Mr Allen, of the locomotive department, has introduced more improvements than any

other man in the kingdom; Mr Worsdell, of the coaching department, is worshipped alike for the excellence of his taste and the goodness of his heart; and Mr Owens is one of those favourites whose disposition to oblige is laid under eternal obligations, but never thought such. In their opinion—and all who know his solicitude agree with them—Mr Norris has made the Grand Junction the safest line in the world; and they are all perfectly assured that nothing could by possibility happen between Liverpool and Birmingham, without being instantly known to Captain Huish. In his intercourse with them, it is pleasing to observe how nicely they appreciate that perfect gentlemanly bearing which gives a charm to courtesy, preserving its distance without leaving any impression of inferiority. They look upon him and Mr Norris, no doubt from long experience, as protecting friends, on whom, while deserving, they may firmly rely.

Crewe has a town-council, popularly chosen. They sent twenty names to the directors, who selected twelve, from whom they were to select nine: they did so, and the company added three. These representatives manage all municipal matters. They regulate the library, news-room, festivals, &c. They have no criminals. A new church is on the point of completion. It is built with blue or variegated brick, in the style of early Norman, with tower, transept, &c. and is most comfortably fitted up inside. It occupies the centre of an open space, and on the left are the boys' school, the girls' school, and the infants' school. In the boys' school we saw lads under twelve drawing most careful and accurate outlines of locomotives; and in the girls' school we were gratified with the sight of about sixty of the most healthy children we ever saw. There was an air of grace about them, indicative of good-breeding and intelligence; several of them were, indeed, quite beautiful. Their fair teachers exhibited, with considerable pride, proofs of their skill; and they sang with an attention to time which bespoke the care of their instructor. Music is a resource at Crewe, and the community is happy in the presence of Mr Jones, who excels on a dozen different instruments. His wife proudly observed, 'that if he was as big as he was clever, he would be a great man.'

The day is still young, and we enter the workshops. They cover no less than thirty acres, in the more acute portion of the angle. On the right, you turn into a large apartment fitted up for building new wagons; it opens into another still larger, and here wagons are repaired. Further on is the forge where the iron work of Mr Owens' department is executed. The fan is used instead of the bellows; but here, as in all the other smithies, bellows are erected in the event of the fan failing. Turning round from the wagon department, you enter the coach-building room, in continuation of which are the repairing shop and smithy attached. You see here the process of coach-making, from the first frame to cunning device in heraldry, which finishes the vehicle with an aristocratic attribute. One of the heraldic painters, Mr Fisher, is no mean artist. We were shown a portrait taken by him, in which the likeness was perfect, and the artistic skill broad, large, and beautiful. The colouring was not its least recommendation—there was an academic look about it.

The next great wing of the building is devoted to the locomotive department. It presents the aspect of a vast polytechnic institution: all the vast implements of engineering science seem gathered together here. Planing machines of all forms and sizes fill up the centre, connected with endless straps to a power-transmitting drum; while on either side were lathes, punching, shearing, and cutting machines. All were in motion, certainly not noiselessly; but they seemed almost instinct with their duties, unbidden, their various duties. In the extreme wing is the brass foundry and brass works, where men with patient touches of ingenious art fashion metal into forms of beauty.

Adjoining is the locomotive waiting-room, about as large as St Martin's market, where engines are kept always ready under steam pressure in case of accident, and where all undergo examination. A new one was under trial, and it afforded us an opportunity of examining some recent improvements of Mr Allen's.

Not the least marvellous thing about this extensive establishment was the fact, that the power which moved all the machinery throughout the buildings, covering thirty acres, was transmitted from one steam-engine of 20-horse power, worked on the Cornish or expansive principle. The

arrangements secure the most perfect division of labour, and although six hundred men are employed, there was a total absence of bustle, hurry, or confusion. Each man, like the machinery, seemed to fall naturally into his own place.

But hark! the steam-whistle announces the approach of the train which is to carry us from Crewe.

Column for Young People.

AN UNCLE'S PRESENT.—BY MADAME GUIZOT.

[Madame de Boissy and Caroline at work.]

Madame de Boissy.—Caroline, do you need that sash which you got from your uncle a little while ago, by asking him to lend you the money to buy it?

Caroline.—I am very glad to have it, mamma, as it cost me nothing.

M. de B.—Did you know then that your uncle would make you a present of it?

Caroline.—Mamma, I only asked him to lend me the money.

M. de B.—I know that; but did you intend to pay him?

Caroline.—Certainly, if he would take payment from me.

M. de B.—But did you think he would take it?

Caroline (confused).—I do not know, mamma.

M. de B.—Tell me candidly, when you asked your uncle to lend you the money to purchase that sash, which you did not need, and which you would probably not have bought had you been alone, did you not know that it was the way to make him give it to you?

Caroline.—Dear me, mamma, you are making me examine my conscience so very rigorously.

M. de B.—That is the way it should always be examined, my child.

Caroline.—Yes, when one has done anything wrong.

M. de B.—Or to know whether one has done so.

Caroline (aptly).—But what harm can I have done? My uncle was his own master, and it was quite true that I had no money in my pocket.

M. de B.—There is, however, one thing which you wished him to believe, that is not true; and that is, that you really intended to buy the sash with your own money.

Caroline (still amazed).—But, mamma, my intentions are nothing to any one.

M. de B.—Apparently you fear they are something, as you endeavour to conceal them. You did not wish your uncle should guess them; therefore, when you were thinking of one thing, you tried to make him believe another. You would not ask him to give you this ribbon, because you know that, in making a present, one party should feel as much pleasure in giving, as the other would have in receiving: you wanted your uncle to believe that you had the delicacy not to wish for a present, which he had no thoughts of giving you, while at the same time you took a round about method of making him give you one. You tried to obtain both the esteem which delicacy deserves, and the present which must have been sacrificed to merit it. It is clear, then, that the one or the other does not belong to you, and that you have therefore stolen into the bargain.

Caroline (quite shocked).—Oh! mamma, one does not steal except when he does an injury to some person, and I have done no harm to any one.

M. de B.—You have extorted a present from your uncle, which in all probability he would not have made except to a person whom he believed incapable of subterfuges. You have cheated him out of the intention he had, of giving you an unexpected pleasure.

Caroline.—I do not know that, and therefore his pleasure will not be lessened.

M. de B.—Caroline, would you not think it stealing, were you to take money from the coffers of a rich man who was making no use of it, and did not even know the amount? If you did not do him an injury that he could himself feel, you would do it to those to whom this money would afterwards revert, and who might not have either the same wealth or the same indifference. In like manner, if you do no positive injury to your uncle by usurping a place in his esteem which is not your due, you do it at least to those whom he may hold in an equal, or in a less degree of regard, than yourself; for you either share with them an esteem you do not merit, or you deprive them of the advantage they might derive from that high example which would

justify to them your uncle's preference. Impress it well upon your mind, that you can never be guilty of fraud without doing injury to some one, and that we can have no unjust acquisition that is not taken from our neighbour.

Caroline.—But indeed, mamma, that is a very trifling one.

M. de B.—The occasion is trifling, but the principle is the same; and you should no more steal needles than you would diamonds. Besides, my child, what people take the trouble of stealing, they must set some value on, or expect to derive some advantage from it; and who would wish to obtain an advantage they did not deserve? Listen to me, Caroline: you are no longer a little child, and it is time for you to know that the most perfect integrity, even in the smallest matters, is what you owe both to yourself and to others: and how very humiliating it is to try to deceive, or to think it necessary to do so.

Caroline.—Mamma, I never tried to deceive any one, I assure you.

M. de B.—I can well believe that there is no person who will acknowledge that it is their direct intention to deceive; but without saying things that are absolutely false, people pass their lives in trying to make others believe what is not true: thus, if they are cold, or warm, or fatigued, they exclaim about what they suffer; they exaggerate in order to draw attention or to excite pity; they laugh more than is natural when they wish to be thought gay; they will go to a glass and exclaim, 'How the sun has already tanned me!' in order that some one may compliment them on their complexion; or they will complain of a dress fitting badly, and say, 'What a figure I am to-day!' in hopes of hearing some flatterer say that everything becomes them; they will express a good sentiment in order to obtain commendation for it.

Caroline.—But, mamma, if the sentiment be true?

M. de B.—My dear, there is always a want of integrity in the means people make use of to obtain praise; for good sentiments are not given us that we may be admired for them, but that they may influence our conduct; they are of no value unless they accomplish this object. We could not admire the liberality of a person who only gave to obtain praise, or the fraternal feelings of him who only displayed them that it might be said how kind he was to his brothers and sisters. Besides, when people give utterance to fine sentiments in order to excite admiration, they take great care that it should not appear to be with that intention; and therefore, whatever commendation they receive, it is evident that it has been dishonestly obtained.

Caroline.—But then people would have to watch over every impulse of their mind, for those kind of things escape us without our thinking of them.

M. de B.—To prevent their escaping us, it will be only necessary that we keep two or three things in mind: first, that it is a proof of having very little respect or consideration for ourselves to descend to deceive others into paying us attention; next, that we place ourselves in a very humiliating position with respect to them, by begging a compliment or a commendation, which is only given out of mere politeness, or to oblige us, just as people give a halfpenny to a beggar in the street; and lastly, that those sort of artifices, when discovered (and they are discovered oftener than people think), cover them with ridicule, and even with shame; and that the smallest degree of falsehood always exposes us to a risk much greater than any pleasure it can procure. Tell me, Caroline, will your sash ever give a satisfaction equivalent to the grief you would feel were your uncle to discover the subterfuge you made use of to obtain it?

Caroline.—Oh! mamma, you have given me quite an aversion to it; I will never look at it again.

M. de B.—There you are wrong, my child. You must look at it, and think of it, that it may recall to your mind the necessity of always acting with uprightness.

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We glean the following account of the character and manners of this wandering race from a paper read by Mr Ruxton at a late meeting of the London Ethnological Society:—The Bushmen inhabit the almost inaccessible valleys of the Snowberg and Newweldt, and the desolate tracts of Karoo, or desert, extending from the northern boundary of Cape Colony northward nearly to the tropic. Of the human race, the condition of these poor outcasts is perhaps the most desolate and forlorn. The appearance of locusts and other insects, by mankind in general considered a plague, is by them regarded as the greatest blessing, the larvæ being sought for as a luxury. Even a slight intercourse is favourable to the morals of this people; and that their habits are warlike, is proved by the fact, that in the year 1510, Francisco Almeida, the first Portuguese governor of India, was defeated and killed by them on the Salt river, the site of the present Cape Town. In 1652, when the Dutch took possession of the Cape, the Bushmen were very numerous, and in possession of large herds of cattle, which gradually diminished as their intercourse with the whites increased. Indeed, as the colony became settled, barter for cattle was dispensed with for forcible possession; a system of persecution which drove them from desert to desert, 'their hand raised against every man, every man's hand against them.' Although inferior in stature to the Hottentots—for they rarely exceed five feet—their limbs are symmetry itself. Spare in form, the figure in youth is light and elegant, the chest round and capacious, and the foot and hand perfect. The excessive inward curvature of the spine, and the extraordinary development of the hip, are common to the Bushman and Hottentot, but more strongly marked in the former. They differ in feature, moreover, from the Hottentot. The complexion is of a yellowish-olive, or the colour of a faded beech leaf. The hair grows in small detached patches or lines of tufts, and is sparingly distributed over the head. In texture it resembles singed wool. It is not cut, but, on reaching a certain length, frizzles at the ends into a little ball, which drops off. The eye resembles that of the Chinese, while the facial angle is that of the Australian. The Bushman is a cheerful and exceedingly active person, and his power of endurance considerable. A simple windbreak forms the only shelter from the weather. Their clothing consists of a karop, or skin, thrown over their shoulders, and a smaller one twisted around their loins. Their weapons are a short heavy club, a bow and poisoned arrows, and the assagai, or dart, which they hurl with great dexterity and precision. Their mechanical skill is very respectable, as shown in their mats, fishing nets, and implements of war.

POSTPONING A DUEL.

The Newhaven Herald says that a correspondence is now going on between two gentlemen of Boston, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr A., a bachelor, challenged Mr B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other; and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr A., who stated that he too had now a wife and a child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr B. was no longer valid. Mr B. replied that he had now two children; consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard of, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.—*United States Journal.*

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

In estimating the worth of nations, justice requires that, while their vices are put into one scale, their virtues should as conscientiously be poised in the other. Individuals and nations are equally stung with a sense of wrong when their crimes are acrimoniously recapitulated, and their great and good actions are all forgotten. This fatal forgetfulness is the origin of that rancour which has so long desolated the earth. It distracts private families, confounds public principles, and turns even patriotism itself into poison. Let those who have but the smallest love for the happiness of mankind, beware how they indulge this pernicious propensity. He who in every man wishes to meet a brother, will very rarely encounter an enemy.—*Holcroft.*

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

FROM 'LES FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE' OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

My daughter, go and pray! See, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Languishing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
Eyes raised to heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self same hour the self-same prayer
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle sleep!
Oh childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, labouring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth him.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemous
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou— for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw

D. M. M.

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THE NEW PLANET.

THE newly-discovered planet, Astræa, is a companion of the four little ones ascertained, about forty years ago, to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all revolving at nearly equal distances from the sun. If it be no bigger than the smallest of these, it probably is not forty miles in diameter, or possessed of a surface measuring more than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Think of a tight little island in this spherical form, wheeling along in independent fashion through space, with all its proper features of vegetation and of animated being—a perfect miniature of those respectably-sized orbs of which our own is a specimen! And supposing there are men and women upon it, think of the miniatures of nations which they must compose, and of all their other social arrangements in proportion!

In that case, a piece of land the size of four or five English counties will be a goodly continent, and a mass of sea like the Firth of Forth a perfect Mediterranean. A range of hills such as those of Derbyshire will be as a set of Alps or Himalayas to the Astræans, and their Danubes and Amazons will be about the size of our best Scotch *burns*. Rutlandshire would be a large edition of the Russian empire in Astræa. The more common-sized kingdoms would be about the magnitude of our ordinary parishes. It is inconceivable, however, that the people of this little planet are split up into nations so extremely small. Let us rather suppose that they form but four or five in all, each occupying as much land as about half the Isle of Wight. Some quarter of a million in all they might be, allowing that the land in Astræa is for the most part fit to produce sustenance for human beings. Narrow as is that field of existence, and limited its population, there will no doubt be room for the display of human passions in Astræa. It will have its wars occasionally. A Frederick the Great will set all its Europe in a flame, for possession of a Silesia of the size of the Regent's Park. An Alexander, having invaded an India resembling Cornwall in extent, will sigh, and with something like reason, to think that there are no more worlds to conquer. There will be class interests too. Some little Britain will make fierce resolves to raise all its own corn, under whatever difficulties, and at whatever cost; and treaties will be entered into as between Jersey and Guernsey for an exchange of wine against woollen cloths, let the rest of the forty-mile world pine at the arrangement as it pleases. Colonies, too, will not fail to raise a pother. There will be an Algiers of parish size, with an Ab-del-Kader storming for its defence; and two mighty countries, representing a Britain and an America, will spurt out big words about an Oregon of the extent and value of the Moor of Rannoch.

The Astræans, although their world is so little, will

see it to be a firm and stable thing beneath their feet, with all the other bodies of space revolving round it. If not yet arrived at the use of the telescope, and of the rules of geometry, they will believe their sphere to be the great central world, to which everything else is subordinate. But even if they have advanced as far in these matters as ourselves, they will think and speak on the understanding that Astræa is *the world*—the only place where they know for certain there are human beings—all the other spheres being only conjecturally scenes of life. Even to those most enlightened on such points, the immediateness of their own little globe will give it an importance and a centrality which they will scarcely be able to attribute to any other mass within their range of observation. There will be a great deal of self-esteem in the Astræans respecting their poor little humming-top of a world. They will look upon themselves, doubtless, as very high intelligences, and great will that man think himself who becomes known for his acts or words to one-fourth of them. He will also esteem himself a most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan person, who advocates that the five great countries should live at peace with each other, and that statesmen should legislate impartially for the good of the whole people of the globe. They will have on record their first circumnavigators and discoverers of countries; their Drakes, and Frobishers, and Columbuses; the men of giant-heart, who ventured upon untraversed seas of the width of the straits of Calais, and dared to put a girle round a globe no less than a hundred and twenty miles in circumference. They will also have their great men of philosophy, of letters, and of arts. Would it not be curious to get a peep into one of their biographical dictionaries, and see what sort of men had been the Astræan Homer and Milton, the Astræan Socrates and Newton, the Astræan Phidias and Raphael? Their universal history would be not less amusing! What narrations of conquests pushed over the space of one of our degrees of latitude; and how interesting to trace civilisation as arising in a certain parish-like space of ground, and then spreading slowly into the adjacent parishes! Great notions entertained, too, about the origins of all those little nations; some sprung from demigods, no less. One particularly great people, convinced that they were destined to be the leading people in the world, because they were twenty thousand more in number than any other. A Napoleon in Astræa—what a droll phenomenon! Think of him setting out with the idea that his country—la Belle something—measuring about ten miles each way, was destined to predominate over the world. And behold him then overrunning his little Italy, Austria, Prussia, in succession, and thinking he had it all safe. But behold, he is at length led by constant success into an enterprise where nature happens to be against him, and he sinks more rapidly than he rose. Then histories,

poems about him, wondering at the vastness of a genius which grasped at a dominion embracing perhaps as much ground as belonged to the king of the East Saxons. Deplored for so great a spirit, pining like the chained eagle on an islet, wretched as a toy-disappointed child, because he could not be allowed any longer to play the conqueror! He left a name at which the world grew pale—this forty-mile world, to wit—to point a moral and adorn a tale. And yet this, however whimsical it may look from our eight-thousand-mile globe, would undoubtedly be very serious to the Astræans. For just as Astræa is to us, so is the earth to a planet like Jupiter or Saturn, where men may be speculating about our Tellurian history exactly in the present strain, although, as is well known, we regard our Napoleon as something very tremendous.

It is possible, after all, that the Astræans have a more just view of themselves and their world in comparison with other worlds and other peoples. They may be, perchance, a more modest example of human nature than their earthly brethren; and it may have therefore happened that when they first learned, from their Copernicuses, Newtons, and Herschels, how matters really stood in the universe, that they felt extremely abashed and disheartened about it. Let us for a moment imagine them in their state of original ignorance, fully persuaded that Astræa was the Mundus or world, and that all the luminous bodies which, like us, they see in the sky, were merely a drapery hung up for the ragalament of their eyesight. What a mighty thing Astræa is, and what a grand set of beings are the Astræans! A sun to give us warmth and vegetation. Stars to begem our nightly view. Sister Pallas, or Vesta, occasionally sailing pretty close by, about the size of a moon, as if by way of a holiday spectacle. Everything very nice and complete about us. But lo! astronomy begins to tell strange tales. It now appears that there are co-ordinate bodies called planets, probably inhabited as well as ours, and of infinitely larger size. The stars, moreover, are suns, having other planets in attendance upon them, and these probably residences for human beings too. All at once, Astræa shrinks from its position as the centre and principal mass of the universe, into the predicament of a paltry atom, hung loosely on to a machine whose centre is far otherwise. And the Astræans—the People of the World—the Metropolitans of Space—are degraded in a moment into a set of villagers. What a fall is there, my countrymen, for a respectable set of worlders, who happened not to possess sufficient self-esteem to bear them up against it! What an overturn to all the ordinary ideas of Astræan mankind! One can imagine the fact making its way over such a baby globe in the course of a couple of days, and thus producing a universal hanging down of heads and thrusting of tails between legs, as it were simultaneously. What a sad state for a world to be in—not a bit of spirit or spunk remaining in it; not one Astræan fit to say a cheering word to another! In such a state of things, one can imagine hardly a word of any kind spoken in Astræa for a week. It would look as if the planet were never to get up its head again in life. There would, however, be varieties in the moods of Astræans, on this distressing subject. Some, a little more vapouring than the rest, would by and by suggest that no matter for the small size of the globe; the smaller the globe, the bigger the people, for, gravitation being less with us than in larger worlds, we require larger size to keep us fast to the ground. Let neighbour Jupiter, then, plume himself on his vast

diameter, but his people must be pigmies in comparison with us. The malicious, again, would feel a consolation in the idea, that there was at least one planet no larger than Astræa. It is always a great matter to have associates in any misfortune or degradation that befalls us. Come along, then, friend Pallas, you and we against any of these lumbering worlds. Huzza for the tight, light, nice, trim, little planets! In time, the first feelings of humiliation would wear off, and perhaps the Astræans would at last come to look upon their world as not so bad after all. Well, if we are only a kind of village in the solar system, why, let us just make the best of it, and endeavour to be content.

Another view occurs respecting Astræa, that, if it have advanced in the arts conducive to locomotion, and spins at anything like an average rate of speed upon its axis, it may be quite possible to go round it in a single day, and thus enjoy either perpetual noon, or perpetual midnight, or perpetual dawn or sunset, as taste may dictate. And not only this, but if there should be any violent discrepancy of seasons in the little globe, it will only be like going down into Hampshire to move from the winter to the summer hemisphere, and thus realise all the advantages which the migratory birds possess in our sphere. One can imagine an Astræan of the upper classes having one house in the north temperate zone, and another in the south, and dividing his year of fifty months between them, so as to dispense with coal-fires and paletots continually. The poet will not therefore need to say to the cuckoo, Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee—we'd make with joyful wing, our annual visit round the globe, companions of the spring; for at the proper season he will find railways advertising cheap trains to accomplish the same purpose. The convenience of all this must be very great, and for those having money and leisure, existence in Astræa will, we take it, be rather pleasant. Even in the power of saying—Taking a trip round the world the other day, I met with a strange adventure about the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, &c. there will be a happy piquancy. What snobs they will be who have not been at least once round the world in Astræa!

Spin on, then, trig little ultra-zodiacal—last, but perhaps not quite least, addition to the solar family. We of the Earth, Astræans, are glad to make your acquaintance, and see you amongst us. We cannot, in sober truth, flatter you with the idea that we consider you altogether on an equality with us, for, overlooking your diminutive proportions, there are strong suspicions of your being only a bit of a planet, a shred of some respectable mass that blew to pieces one day. However, we are very glad to think that you and your sister fragments have all got round again, and found yourselves able to go on as before in the business of perihelion revolution. If we cannot preach in the kirk, you know, we may sing mass in the quier: better a wee buss, say we in Scotland, than nae bield. And you, Astræans, we would recommend you, if you be at all in comfortable circumstances, not to be jealous or invidious of the people of the larger planets; for, if we on earth be any fair specimen of them, we can assure you there is nothing in the solar system for you to be envious about. Things are but in a so-so state amongst earthly mankind—three-fourths of them mere barbarians; and even amongst the civilized nations, a vast proportion know life but as a scene of toil and misery! To let you into a little secret, man is a selfish being, who frustrates his happiness by his very eagerness for his own benefit. There has therefore never been such a thing as real happiness known upon Tellus, grand as it may appear to you, even without the aid of a telescope. We only hope that matters will, by and by, be more agreeable, and that our remote descendants will have less occasion for grumbling. Tom Thumb of worlds, who can tell but you know all this, and, contented with your own small field of existence, look down with pity on us wretched earthlings! Well for you to be in such a frame of mind. But in that case,

we wrap ourselves up in our pride, and, sternly hushing our misery in our bosoms, bid you go by, and think not of us. While we have strength to bear, who can have any right to visit us with compassion?

A RUN THROUGH EGYPT IN 1842.

EVERYTHING appertaining to a country so intimately associated with the history and progress of mankind as Egypt, must be ever fresh and attractive. The learned find no termination to their research; the ordinary reader no limit to his curiosity and wonder. It is for this reason that we turn to notes of a journey from Alexandria to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Red Sea, performed in the summer of 1842, by the Rev. G. Fisk, then on his way to Jerusalem and other principal localities of the Holy Land.*

The reverend gentleman's outward route lay through France and Italy; from Naples he steamed to Alexandria, in company with 'a motley group of English, French, Italians, and Greeks, a considerable allowance of priests, a Franciscan monk, and four sisters of charity.' After a somewhat trying passage, the steamer dropped anchor in the bay of Alexandria on the 25th of April; boats in great numbers were quickly around her; and our traveller and party taking possession of one, cleared off with all possible celerity. We had then a distance of nearly two miles ere we could get on shore; and when we finally came to land, what a picture was presented! The oriental appearance of the city and of its population spoke for itself at once; and we felt that an African Emath was about us. Throngs of half-naked Arabs, clamorous for employment as porters, stood around. The harsh guttural of the Arabic tongue sounded strangely in our ears. Asses, some saddled for riding, and others prepared to carry baggage, together with grooms and servants proffering their services, all pressed upon us together, as we first set our feet on the shores of Egypt: while, somewhat in the background, a long line of canals, laden with timber, stones for building, and water-skins, passed along, with their slow, dreamy, majestic step; and here and there the "feathery she-trees" waved gracefully in the slightly moving breeze which swept over them from the desert. It could have amused our friends in England could they but have seen us on our arrival, with our baggage laid upon asses, guided by attendant Arab men and boys—a troop of them, all jealous of each other on account of the few piastres which were to be the price of the accommodation; the selected ones exulting, the rejected ones growling and fuming—and all going in unobtrusive procession through the narrow and squalid-looking streets and avenues of the Arab quarter, amidst crowds of the most picturesque figures that can be conceived—some gravely and silently smoking their long pipes—some squatting on the dust in the shade of the low mud-walled dwellings, in earnest conversation, some playing at games, and others carrying on their heads and crying various articles of small merchandise. Women were seen bearing their half-naked babes astride on their shoulders, and others riding on donkeys, which are the "hackney coaches" of Alexandria. Winding our way slowly through the overhung and confined streets, with a sense of entire novelty and strangeness, we reached at length the European Hotel, rejoicing at finding ourselves once more in a condition to enjoy rest and repose.

While in Alexandria, the party saw much to interest them—nothing more so than the bustle and heterogeneity of the bazaars. These present every article of convenience suitable to oriental notions; and indeed at Alexandria, most European wants may be well enough supplied. Bazaars for the sale of tobacco of various kinds, and in various forms for consumption, are found

in all directions; and the smell of tobacco-smoke is the most familiar odour of the place. Everybody smokes, and at every hour of the day. The whole front of the bazaars is open, and has a floor raised about 4 or 3 feet above the level of the street. It is furnished with carpets, and sometimes with cushions in the form of a dewan; and on these the purchaser is not unfrequently seated, while selecting the articles he wants, and agreeing—or rather disagreeing and haggling about the price; for every one who purchases at a Turkish or Arab bazaar must make up his mind to this, unless he would pay double the value of all he needs. The Arab traders are a stirring, active people—on the look out for customers, and prompt in attending to them. It is the reverse with the Turks. They will suffer you to stand and look about, and handle the various goods within reach, without rising from their usually recumbent posture, or putting their long pipes from their mouths. When you go so far as to express any particular want, they will slowly and almost unwillingly break in upon the half repose which they are enjoying, and place before you the required articles, apparently careless whether you purchase or not.

According to Mr Fisk, a spirit of improvement manifests itself in the external aspect of Alexandria: from the bay to the citadel, and thence throughout the public works, there are proofs of growing importance, to be attributed solely to the enterprise of the present pasha. The great admixture of Europeans with the native population deprives the city of much of its oriental peculiarity; and in this respect it reminds the traveller of Malta or some other semi-Anglicised city. Though living under a purely despotic government, the people appear cheerful and happy; 'and certainly,' continues our author, 'I have never seen in Egypt such instances of squalid misery and mendicancy as I met with in Italy wherever I went.'

Leaving Alexandria on the 29th of April, the party proceeded to Cairo by drag-boat along the Mahmoudi canal as far as Atfeh, and thence up the Nile. Their passage—in these days of railways and steam-tugs, and much talk about Red Sea and Mediterranean connexion—appears to have been a very rude and primitive affair. 'All our progress along the canal was effected by towing—for which purpose sometimes four, and at others six horses were employed, and changed about every twelve miles. The horses were ridden by wild half-naked Arabs, and sometimes Nubians, whose feats of horsemanship on the banks of the canal were perfectly novel and amusing. When dashing along at a rapid rate, they set up a wild shout, which breaks at length into a choral song, anything but harmonious to European ears. In some parts of the canal the water is exceedingly scanty, and, on other accounts also, impracticable for the ordinary plan of towing with horses on the banks. This inconvenience is constantly met by the riders springing from their horses, dashing at once into the water, tackling themselves with ropes, and swimming sometimes, and at other times rushing over the shoals of sand, and dragging the boat along with surprising force and agility. In this picturesque operation they are joined by the crew; while the unyoked horses are led on to resume their labour as soon as the state of the river will admit. This curious scene we repeatedly witnessed in our passage along the canal and up the Nile.'

When about half way to Atfeh, news was brought that Mehemet Ali was descending by the same route to his maritime capital; and so every one on board was on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of the great man—the regenerator of Egypt. This fortunate juncture was not, however, without some little mishaps to detract from its pleasure; for the pasha pressed the boat and men into his service, and left our travellers to shift as they best could—an incident highly characteristic of the man and of a despotic country. However, we had a full view of Mehemet Ali as he sat at dinner, and while he was enjoying his chibouk, attended by his

* A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wilderness of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other Principal Localities of the Holy Land. London: Seeley and Co. 1845.

retinue; and afterwards, when he came from the farm-house on the river's bank where he was resting, and mounted his white mule, for the purpose of taking possession of our boat, we were enabled to form a tolerably accurate notion of his person. He is a most remarkable man, and realised all we had heard about him. He is now past seventy, with a hale, firm, and determined countenance, and venerable white beard. Seeing two Europeans near him, as he hastily passed by, he glanced a very peculiar but not unfriendly glance upon us; acknowledged slightly our bows, made some passing observations to his nearest attendants, with an evident reference to us, and in another minute was mounted on his mule. His highness's pipe-bearer and coffee-bearer, his silver washhand basin and towel-bearer, secretary, and interpreter, all were in immediate attendance upon him. The scene was very interesting and very oriental. Here was perhaps almost the wonder of the age—the soldier of fortune, who had risen from the humblest rank in the Turkish army—now the powerful despot of Egypt, with almost patriarchal simplicity taking his homely mid-day meal at a small farm-house, and departing, as ancient despots used, surrounded by slaves, camels, dromedaries, &c. &c. Mr Fisk declares he will not easily lose the impression made on his mind by this glance at Egypt's pasha; every Englishman who has seen him declares the same. Cromwell, Napoleon, Bernadotte, and others who have stepped from obscurity to thrones, are scarcely his counterparts. There are specialities in his case that leave him alone; and though one cannot offer a justification of some of the means whereby he works out his policy, yet it must be allowed that much has been done well.

Having arrived at Cairo, the first thing that arrests attention is the apparent redundancy of the population. It is estimated at about two hundred and twenty thousand, including Copts, Jews, Turks, and Egyptian Moslems. The streets of the city are for the most part exceedingly narrow, particularly those which are occupied by bazaars; where the mingled odour of fruits, tobacco, and various other articles of merchandise is anything but grateful. It requires great tact and heedfulness to make way in the streets, especially if on foot. The very easiest thing imaginable is to get one's toes crushed by the foot of a barb, or to be scampered over by donkeys in full canter, urged on by their shouting drivers; or quietly walked down by a camel, with his dreamy step and his nose in the air. Everybody seems to be in everybody's way; and yet all escape wonderfully. In Cairo, as in all other oriental towns, multitudes of wolf-like dogs lie about the streets—not only in safe corners, but in the most frequented ways; and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arouse them from their half repose. At night their howling and barking is quite distressing, and effectually banishes sleep from all who have the least tendency to be wakeful.

The appearance of the town, however, is on the whole one of comfort. It has the air of a primitive place, both in regard to its architecture and its inhabitants. The upper storeys of the houses project so much that the occupiers might almost step from one to the other. But then this helps to keep the streets cool by shutting out the intense heat of the vertical sun. Though crowded by an incessantly moving population, the streets seldom have the feel of suffocating heat. The windows of the houses have, for the most part, no glass, but consist of wooden lattice-work, often richly carved and ornamented, projecting somewhat like small oval windows in Gothic architecture. This, too, gives a complete idea of coolness and comfort. The houses themselves are chiefly Saracenic, built of very solid masonry, in large massive blocks of stone; and often the doors, or main entrances, are much enriched with carved work. The principal houses are quadrangular; and a spacious court, open at the top, affords communication to every part of the habitation.

Among the novelties of Cairo visited by our traveller,

were the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, the son and successor of Mehemet Ali. These occupy a considerable part of Rhoda Island; and at the time of Mr Fisk's visit were all life and animation, in consequence of some festal season, during which they are regularly thrown open to the public. A vast assemblage of people of all classes were thronging about—some in parties seated in circles under the shade of spreading trees, laughing, jesting—smoking; while others were pacing along in slow and stately march, from avenue to avenue, in all the glitter and colour of orientalism. The greatest decorum prevailed; and it was pleasant to see that neither leaf nor flower suffered violence at the hands of the numerous visitors. The gardens are very extensive, and are laid out partly in European and partly in oriental taste; and irrigation is carefully provided for by the digging of small canals or trenches, which are kept well supplied with water. The trees, of various kinds—some native and others foreign—appeared to thrive remarkably well. The pomegranates were full of their richly-tinted blossoms. The roses, among which there was but little variety, were mostly fading away, having already enjoyed their blossoming time. The climate was delightful, and added much to the charm of a scene so novel and picturesque. On another occasion the party visited the palace and gardens of Mehemet at Shubra. These are beautiful of their kind, and more trim and formal than those of Ibrahim Pasha at Rhoda. Straight lines prevail very much, and the paths are in many places paved with variegated pebbles. Lemon, apricot, and other trees abounded, bearing fruit abundantly; while roses, jessamine, and various beautiful flowers, lent their aid to complete the effect. We could not obtain admission to the whole of the palace, but had the honour of seating ourselves on the pasha's dewan, in one of his chambers of audience. The palace gives but little idea of oriental splendour; and so far as we saw of it, was fitted up in the poorest style of tawdry French decoration.

After visiting the slave bazaar, that moral plague-spot in all Mahomedan cities; enjoying the luxury of an oriental bath, with all its delicious appliances; and surveying the vastitude and grandeur of the Pyramids, our travellers made preparation for their journey through the desert to Sinai, Edom, and Palestine. For this purpose an escort of trusty Bedouin Arabs was engaged, and the other preparations made with all possible alacrity. Mr Fisk devotes a special page to these preliminaries, on the ground that former travellers have been but scanty in their information on such matters, and in the belief that what he mentions will be useful to others who may be meditating such a tour. Our provisions, says he, consisted of cakes of biscuit, rice, maccaroni, vermicelli, pasta, dried fruits, coffee, and tobacco for the Arabs in abundance; a canteen with plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels; a coffee pot, charcoal for cooking, block-tin basins for washing, a large supply of well-seasoned skins for water (new ones being objectionable on account of the rancid taste they are apt to impart to the water). Arab umbrellas, rudely made of green and white cotton stuff, to protect the face against the sun; porous water-bottles made of baked earth, to be slung at the saddle, which, by evaporation, keep the water comparatively cool for immediate use; a firm well-constructed tent for ourselves, and another for our servants, with camp stools and a table made to fold up with the tent; segaddehs or prayer-carpets used by the Musselmans—to form part of our beds by night and saddles by day; mattresses and light coverlids, and nicely-constructed framework, made of split branches of the palm-tree, to protect our bedding from damp and vermin; Arab lamps, to be suspended in the tents at night, and a good store of wax candles and oil; pistols, sabres, ammunition, and Arab attire, which our friends in Alexandria and Cairo advised us to assume. The costume which I wore was that of a Khowaga, or merchant of Cairo, consisting of white linen trousers of very spacious dimensions, yellow mo-

rocco slippers next my feet, and scarlet ones over them; a cassock of rich crimson and yellow Damascus stuff, bound round the waist with a long silk scarf of variegated colours, and over it a flowing robe of olive-coloured cloth; a white turban and tarbouch, or crimson-felt skull-cap, with a close linen cap within it—affording the most comfortable dress for the head (which was shaved according to the oriental custom), and protecting very effectually against the intense heat of the sun.

In this style, and with such a cavalcade, our traveller left Cairo on the 10th of May, and on the evening of the fourth day after, reached the miserable little port of Suez. Of this meeting-point to many routes, Mr Fisk speaks in the following terms:—'On passing the gates, you enter an irregular kind of square; on the left you catch a view of the sea, with a small dockyard, in which small craft are built; on the right are a few poor and squalid-looking buildings and a khan. Beyond the square is a long principal street, leading to the governor's residence; and to the right are the bazaars, in which are assembled all varieties of the oriental family—meeting as in a point, from which diverge many of the Asiatic and African routes. From Suez guides and escorts are easily obtainable to facilitate journeys in all directions. With the exception of the residences of the governor and a few principal inhabitants, the houses are mean habitations, and chiefly built of bricks formed of mud, and baked or dried in the sun. While passing along among some of these, to mark the domestic habits of the people, I saw a small school with about a dozen or fourteen children, who were studying with all their might, and with no small sound, the Arabic alphabet, written on large boards, set up before them, or held in the hand; while the tutor, squatting on the floor, and enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, looked on in silent satisfaction.' Our author looks hopefully, however, towards the future. 'The overland route to India will, if perpetuated, effect great changes in the general character of Suez. The free and frequent admixture of Europeans with orientals cannot long continue without resulting in local modifications. The oriental character and habit will doubtless stand long against serious innovation of any kind; but a new spirit of enterprise will, in all probability, be traced by and by in the minds of those with whom Suez is a place of permanent residence. Already there are indications of progressive change; European habits and customs are becoming prevalent; and European establishments are springing up in the various forms of mercantile speculativeness.'

After one night in Suez the party passed over to the Asiatic side—their future journeyings being amid the scenes of biblical history and prophecy.

'MY ESCAPE FROM VIGO PRISON.'

BY THE ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the perilous services in Spain and Portugal of the individual whose vigilance deceived the French police,* he met with many adventures, which, if collected, would make perhaps one of the most singular records of modern times. Don Guilermo, as he was familiarly called, while in these dangerous services, is not a man, however, at all desirous of notoriety, and it is only when his friends get him in talkative humour, that one of his many reminiscences comes to light. We generally are the depository of his secrets of this nature, though it can scarcely be said we keep them over-faithfully; the only restriction our adventurer lays us under being, that we mention no names. To this we agree, as far as necessary, and then we receive full permission to make what use we think proper of the facts. A few weeks ago, we breakfasted with the English Car-

list, when, always anxious to collect information, we pressed him to tell us another of his adventures. Our good-natured friend assented, and, filling himself an ample cup of coffee, narrated nearly as follows this tale of his imprisonment at Vigo:—

'It is of little consequence how, but during the war it happened that I had charge of a schooner, with instructions to run her into the first private bay in the neighbourhood of Vigo with which I might fall in. It was by no means to enter any harbour, where it was probable other vessels might be found; and, moreover, was desired to take the night-time to effect my landing. These precautions would scarcely have been necessary had my cargo been broad cloth, or any other article of English manufacture connected with the exterior or interior wants of man. When, however, I state that my schooner contained sundry boxes of silver money, and a goodly supply of arms and ammunition, and that these were not the property of the recognised and constituted authorities, it will readily be understood why I sought darkness and privacy. The task was the most difficult I was ever appointed to, and, save the siege of Oporto, in which you know I figured, caused me much suffering. After running off and on for several days, I at length determined to make for a little nameless bay which I had been for some time looking out for, and there disburden myself of my dangerous charge. I had selected a foggy and murky day for this enterprise, as I feared the vigilance of the *guarda-costas*; and, under cover of this veil, approached the land about three in the afternoon. We were sailing on a wind with our larboard tacks on board, a sharp look out being kept for the first glimpse of land, when a sailor in the square-sail yard cried, "Sail, ho!" "Where away?" cried I eagerly. "On the weather bow." I seized hold of the main rigging, and swung myself on the lee bulwarks, and there to windward, not four hundred yards distant, was a brig bearing down upon us under a crowd of sail. A gun at this moment was fired as a signal for us to heave to; an order I felt compelled to obey, though with a heavy heart. The necessary orders were given, and before long, the two vessels were lying side by side on the water, while a boat filled with armed men put off from the brig to us. They boarded us, and as a very slight examination satisfied them as to the schooner's character, we were all declared prisoners, and I being unfortunately the individual in command, was transferred to the brig, which, having accomplished the duty for which it was sent out, at once returned to Vigo.

'The brig came to an anchor in the night, which was pitchy dark; but, without any ceremony, I and my crew were at once taken ashore, and, under a heavy guard, hurried through the streets. The gloom was too great for me to distinguish anything, and we were, moreover, so closely surrounded by armed ragamuffins, that nothing but the tops of the houses could be made out. At length we halted in a large square, before a gloomy pile that rose darkly against the sky; a bell was rung, a few words were exchanged with a gruff voice within, and then a door opened. I started back as the light of a torch fell full upon my face, but instantly recovering, followed my conductors with a firm step. Lending the way through a long dark passage, the jailer thrust me and my comrade, Baron M—, a Frenchman associated in the undertaking, into a cell which was already tenanted, as we could see by the dim light of the torch. For some minutes after we were left alone; neither spoke; and then the Frenchman began to deplore his fate, and curse the day when he associated himself with a cause that bore such disagreeable results. I replied; and our conversation was carried on some time without interruption. "Well, cavaliers," at length exclaimed our companion in duress, "you have talked long enough in a jargon I don't understand. Do you speak mine?" I intimated that I did, and he then

* See Journal, new series, No. 96.—'Adventure of an English Carlist.'

asked if we had any objection to a light. Though wondering much at the question, neither of us hesitated to acquiesce, and we were very soon cheered by the presence of an oil lamp, which the stranger lit by means of a pocket flint and steel. As soon as the light fell full upon my face and on that of my new acquaintance, we mutually started. "Don Gulielmo," said he; "Juan Castro," exclaimed I. It was Juan Castro, the noted smuggler or *contrabandista*, but better known as the most efficient spy in our service! Surprised at this meeting, explanations followed, which soon proved that both had been equally unfortunate, and on the same occasion. He had been looking out for the schooner ashore, with his band, while I was engaged in endeavouring to run her into harbour. The treachery which must have betrayed me, had doubtless served him the same good turn. "I know my fate," said he guily; "a priest and a file of soldiers in the market-place." "You seem to treat it lightly," observed I, who had little reason to expect much better myself. "Because," he added more gravely, "I do not mean them to have their will. I mean to escape, and you, sirs, may escape with me if you will, as in these times it may stand but ill with yourselves." I looked round my dungeon doubtfully ere I replied. It was a solid stone fabric, with a large iron grating opening on the corridor, promising but few facilities for an evasion. My looks expressed as much. "I see, signor, you doubt my ability to get out of the clutches of the enemy; but trust me, and all shall be well. I am not without friends in Vigo, and my daughter Maria is such winning ways with her, they never search her basket. She will be here at dawn and at sun-set; and if we don't escape to-morrow night, my name is not Juan, that's all." Exhilarated by this prospect, I explained all to the baron, who brightened up, and, with the peculiar light-heartedness of his countrymen, accepted the *contrabandista's* proffered wine and other refreshments, and did justice to them too. As for me, I am a cosmopolite, and in all countries adapt myself to the people. In Rome I do as Rome does, and in Peru I am a Peruvian. We feasted accordingly, and then lay down upon our straw to seek rest and refreshment.

I woke only as a merry and rich voice was heard carolling a patriotic stave at the other end of the long passage. "My daughter," said Castro with a tone of pride. "It is not every *contrabandista* can boast such a one as Maria." I agreed with him in this particular, and rising, advanced with the hardy smuggler to welcome the girl. She was one of the usual dark-eyed beauties of her native country, in the picturesque costume of a peasant girl, while on her arm was a basket covered with a cloth, which the jailer, who followed her, eyed with somewhat of a suspicious air. "Well, father," said Maria gaily, "I wish you would teach your keepers manners. Here is a great fellow, wants to pull your breakfast about, as if it were not hot and nice, and none the better for being exposed to the air." "Nonsense! José is only joking with you," replied the smuggler, with a self-possession which excited our admiration to no small degree; "but I am hungry, so hand hither the baskets and take this empty one. And harkee, girl; this evening bring *two more of the same*, for I have a couple of friends here, good Carlists as any, and I would fain regale them ere I take my long journey." José turned his back with a half-satisfied grunt, suffering his eye to rest admiringly on the girl's face for a moment. Maria's really beautiful countenance determined him, especially as she gave him an exquisite smile. Juan in a hurried whisper explained his meaning, and, to prevent suspicion, Maria departed immediately. "Thank Heaven!" muttered the smuggler, drawing a long and satisfied breath, "I am now safe." We asked an explanation, which was offered by his uncovering the basket, and exhibiting, under his food, a pair of pistols and ammunition. We now understood what "two more of the same" meant, and began to see a prospect of escape. The pistols were hastily concealed beneath the

straw; and ere José returned with our scanty and coarse repast, the *contrabandista* was coolly enjoying his, in which the jailer joined him by invitation, drinking with much zest the excellent wine that Maria had provided for her father.

"When again left alone, we conversed in low tones, to pass the time; but in vain; the hours hung like lead upon our hands. None of us felt as yet certain of the result of our daring experiment until Maria should again visit us. Besides, we might be separated. I and the baron expected every moment to be dragged before a military tribunal, and to have a summary sentence pronounced on us, as had been the lot of Juan Castro. But we omitted at first to recollect that it was Sunday, and that our captors were doubtless too much engaged in enjoying themselves, and making much of their victory, even to think of us. Still, we felt an anxious beating of the heart, that no reflections could allay; while I prepared, at the worst, to assert my prerogative as an Englishman, and to claim fair trial by a civil tribunal. At length evening drew near, and with it the hour of Maria's return. She came. We listened with intense interest. She passed the outer gate, and again, accompanied by José, came up the passage. "That was famous good wine of yours this morning," said the jailer, "and I fancy I must try a little of it this evening." "Very good," responded the smuggler, taking the basket and handing it to me. "Take out the bottles, signor, and then we can treat our worthy jailer properly." While Juan detained the man by this manoeuvre, I removed the pistols from the basket.

"What does that girl there, and what has she in that basket?" exclaimed a new voice, that of the head jailer. "It is the daughter of Juan Castro, and the basket contains wine and food which she bears to him. He is to die to-morrow, and I thought no harm in letting him have whatever he wanted." "Be off, girl, and let me see you here no more," cried the brutal jailer; "and you, José, just come inside and overhaul this basket, which contains, I warrant me, something besides wine." "Fides perhaps," said Juan sneeringly; and then he added, in a whisper, "Be ready; our time has come, though sooner than I expected." The jailers entered, and started back: three brace of pistols, loaded and cocked, were at their heads. "Keep watch while I bind," said Juan; and tearing off some of his own and our clothing, he soon secured the astonished guardians, effectually stopping their mouths with straw and a gag. A sharp knife, glistening before their eyes, kept both quiet. "Now, my worthies," said Juan—who, having been more than once in a similar position, treated the danger very cavalierly—"I will thank you for that big key; and now, goodbye. José, I leave you the eatables: the wine is too good to be spared. Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and in an instant we were hurrying along the prison passage. "Can we not free my men?" I muttered. "Certainly," said Juan, halting at another door, and applying one of the keys he had deprived the jailer of; "Vigo prison can spare them as well as us." He was mistaken, however: the cell was empty; and, as I afterwards found, they had all taken service with their captors, and at once obtained their freedom.

No more time was lost, and the hall was gained. It was deserted. Vigo prison was confided—so poor were the authorities—to the care of the two men we had succeeded in overpowering. It took but a few minutes to open the great gate, and we stood in the open air. We followed the smuggler, as the only man well acquainted with the localities. Hurrying down the left side of the square, Juan Castro entered the street of La Baca, at the end of which was a lane. Turning short before this, we halted at the door of a tavern. We entered without hesitation, and being evidently expected, a cheerful meal in the kitchen awaited us. Maria was there too, no longer the gay singing girl of the prison, but with intense anxiety painted in every lineament of her countenance. "And now, gentlemen," said the smuggler, seat-

ing himself, and motioning us to follow his example, "what are your intentions as soon as you have refreshed yourselves?" "To gain our camp in the hills," I replied; while the Frenchman seemed already disgusted with the cause. As, however, in Vigo his life was in extreme danger, there was little choice in the matter. I may as well, however, here remark, that it was the baron's first and last effort in the cause, and that at the first convenient opportunity he returned to France, and foreswore all foreign campaigns for the future. I believe you think that perhaps I had been more wise had I done the same. Perhaps so; but to my story.

In half an hour we were mounted on mules; and having once succeeded in leaving Vigo, it will readily be believed we did not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet. About midnight we reached a road-side inn, where we halted, and where, to our surprise and vexation, we found half a dozen soldiers of the other party. Presenting, however, a determined air, we were not molested, even Maria being allowed to seat herself unnoticed. We made no stay, however, and after a short half hour of repose, were again on our way. The next morning brought us to a halting-place in safety, and then, and only then, did we enjoy repose and sleep. Next day I made a report to the king, and failed not, as times went, to reward the services of the contrabandista and his daughter. Such is the history of my acquaintance with the prison of Vigo, the only one I hope it may be my lot to make.

I thanked my adventurous friend, who, changing the subject, told me of other passages in his life equally curious, and which may perhaps one day find their way into these pages.

SAMPSON ON HOMŒOPATHY.*

THIS is the most plausible treatise on Homœopathy which we have perused. The author, already known to the public by a work inculcating humane views of criminal jurisprudence, places the subject in clear and interesting light, and writes with an earnestness worthy of a true and good cause. We take up the book, as affording us an opportunity of placing a companion portraiture of this new medical doctrine by the side of that which we lately gave of Hydropathy, or the Water Cure.† The readers will of course bear in mind that what they read is the pleading of an advocate, though, we thoroughly believe, an honest and disinterested one.

The first chapter is devoted to a view of the ordinary system of medicine, respecting which it quotes the language of practitioners of high character, admitting it to be a science which 'abounds in contradictory facts and loose speculations.' Condensed extracts are given from Dr Craigie's *Elements of the Practice of Physic*; which, if truly presented, would seem to show all to be uncertainty in ordinary practice in the diseases ague, fevers of various kinds, erysipelas, leprosy, ringworm, small-pox, ulcerous sore throat, croup, catarrh, gastric inflammation, dysentery, delirium tremens, hydrocephalus, paralysis, quinsy, asthma, epilepsy, and many others. Thus it appears, thinks our author, that the success of the present system is not such as to warrant us in refusing an examination of one resting on different principles. He further presents quotations of a similar kind, taking away almost all faith in blood-letting and mercury, which have usually been regarded as the most unchallengeable of all remedial agents. From the evidence adduced, he considers himself entitled to infer, 'that, from a resort to medical aid, one of the three following circumstances will in a majority of cases take place:—namely, a complete or partial cure, with the drawback of some after-suffering from the remedies employed; a

failure of the remedies, so as to leave the disease untouched, with the addition, at the same time, of evil consequences from the natural action of those remedies; or, finally, such a disturbance of the system and weakening of the vital power as shall rapidly accelerate a fatal termination. Under the most favourable conditions, therefore, we have no promise of deriving a simple and unquestionable benefit. In the best case we can look but for an exchange of ills, however much in some instances that exchange may be in our favour; while under the two last suppositions, the prospect is one of little else than unmitigated injury.'

After insisting a little more upon the unsatisfactory results of the present system, shown so distressingly in the vast amount of premature mortality, Mr Sampson presses the demand for a new and more certain method upon the public at large. He speaks of 'that large class of superficial persons who, while they feel themselves both unwilling and incompetent to examine evidence on scientific points, are nevertheless apt, for the sake of popularity, to echo, as if from their own deliberate opinion, the prejudices of others, and thus to indispose persons over whom they possess influence—for the very weak find some still weaker to look up to them—from paying attention to the subject. The temptation of keeping on the safe side, by refusing to recognise, or even to examine, a new doctrine until the majority have come over to it, is irresistible to those who do not feel sufficient power to stand alone; and in yielding to the impulse, they incur no other charge than that of weakness. But when such persons cease to confine themselves to a mere reserve of judgment, and flippantly repeat as original, or quote with approbation, the contemptuous remarks of a third party, it would be well, on all occasions, that they should be visited with reproof. If they feel themselves competent to examine the evidence in relation to it, it is their duty to do so, and not to give an opinion until the task be completed; and if they do not feel thus competent, they certainly cannot be fit to judge of the competency of those whose sentiments they echo, since it is much easier to decide upon a plain statement of facts, than upon the existence of those intellectual and moral qualities which must be possessed by another, to justify us in adopting his judgment as our own.'

Homœopathy comes forward as a medical method founded on one law affecting our bodily constitution. It considers the symptoms of a disease, not as a part of the disease itself, but as the effects of an effort of nature to throw off or rid herself of the disease. It is held, accordingly, to be the first object of a physician to favour and aid nature in this effort. For this purpose, his applications ought to be of a kind which have been found to produce diseases analogous to that under which the patient labours. What first suggested the idea to Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, was an experiment he tried with Peruvian bark, which he found to produce all the symptoms of the disorder for which it had been celebrated as a remedy; namely, intermittent fever. 'From the results of patient experiments, undertaken by himself and some devoted friends, and carefully conducted through a long series of years, the peculiarity which had been discovered to attach to the operation of quinine, of producing . . . analogous to those of the disease for which it is . . . edly, was found to attach also (as far as these experiments went) to every other medicine; and thus a mass of evidence was collected, sufficient, in the absence of opposing facts, to lead to a conviction that the property thus observed is a universal characteristic of remedial agents.' The details of these experiments are open to examination in the books where they are published. They form, Mr Sampson says, a ground for the belief in a homœopathic law; but the system has also practical results in its favour. 'Statistical reports duly verified, showing the comparative results of the homœopathic and allopathic treatment, are now to be had from many of the chief cities of Europe and America, embracing a suffi-

* Homœopathy; its Principle, Theory, and Practice. By M. B. Sampson. London: Samuel Highley, 1846.

† See article, 'Six Months at Graefenberg,' in No. 105, published January 3, 1846.

cient number of cases to enable all those whose minds are open to evidence of any sort, to arrive at a definite judgment upon their respective claims. Of these statistics, the most important perhaps are those which refer to the treatment of cholera, the results thus obtained having produced the first strong popular impression in Europe of the efficiency of homœopathy. The high rate of mortality in the cases of epidemic cholera which occurred in Europe in 1831, is well known. "As respects this country," writes Dr Elliotson, "I cannot but think that if all the patients had been left alone, the mortality would have been much the same as it has been; for we are not in the least more informed as to the proper remedies, than we were when the first case of cholera occurred. Some say they have cured the disease by bleeding; others by calomel; others by opium; and others, again, say that opium does harm. No doubt many poor creatures died uncomfortably, who would have died tranquilly if nothing had been done to them." While Dr Joseph Brown, by whom the course of the disease was observed at Sunderland, from its commencement in October to its cessation in January, states the mortality to have been 202 out of 534 attacked, or 38 per cent., and he speaks of a mortality of only 22½ per cent. in the epidemic which prevailed in the Presidency of Madras from 1818 to 1822, as "a proud monument to the skill of the medical men employed, and to medical science in general." Now, the results of the homœopathic treatment of this disease in Europe in 1831, show a total of 2753 cured out of 3017 persons attacked, being a mortality of only 8½ per cent., and must be held, therefore, if the eulogium of Dr Brown on the practitioners of Madras is in any way deserved, as a "proud monument" of the skill of the homœopathic practitioners, and to the "science in general," by which their practice had been guided.

So far, homœopathy presents nothing that the public, if not the profession, could have opposed otherwise than on practical grounds; but then—the small doses! Homœopathic doctors administer their medicines in quantity extremely minute, triturating the solid, and diluting the liquid, till, in some instances, the decillionth part of a grain or of a drop is attained. In defence of this practice Mr Sampson appeals to experience. Hahnemann found 'that there was a much greater susceptibility of the system to medicines administered in accordance with the symptoms, than in opposition to them, or in disregard of them, and that it would consequently be necessary to lower the dose to an amount which, while it would eventually be followed by a perceptible improvement in the condition of the patient, would produce, in its first action, no distressing or dangerous results.' The smallness of the doses is, the homœopaths say, a question apart from the fundamental law of homœopathy itself; but there is a separate rationale for it. 'A little reflection,' says Mr Sampson, 'will convince us that there must be some portions of our organisation, of the fineness of which the human mind would be inadequate to form the slightest conception. It will also appear that these structures are of far higher importance towards the maintenance of life, than the coarser and more outward portions of the frame, and that disease becomes dangerous and severe in proportion to the extent to which they are affected. In the most deep-seated affections, therefore, it is to these tissues that the powers of medicine have to be directed; and when we know that medicinal substances, like all material bodies, are infinitely divisible; that we can never, by any process, reduce them to atoms so fine but that they might still be infinitely reduced, it seems at once obvious, that if we wish them to reach, and to act upon those parts to which I have alluded, and in relation to some of the delicate machinery of which the finest atom to be attained from our very highest attenuations would appear coarse and ponderable, we must endeavour to bring them not only into a finer state than that in which they are ordinarily used, but into a state of exiguity far beyond anything to which we have

been accustomed in dealing with coarser structures. It is simply, in fact, proportioning the delicacy of our agents to the delicacy of the instruments upon which they are to operate.'

The homœopaths administer but one medicine at a time, on which Mr Sampson lays much stress. They attribute importance also to the trituration to which it has been subjected, and to its being received upon the tongue, instead of being swallowed into the stomach, the proper business of which is, they say, to receive alimentary substances, and which speaks loudly for their system by the loathing and rejection which are usually excited by doses of common medicine.

Finally, our author treats of the opposition which homœopathy has met with, and answers a number of the special objections made to it by medical writers. 'Dr Pereira says that the doses are so small, that "it is difficult to believe they can produce any effect on the system, and therefore we may infer that the supposed homœopathic cures are referrible to nature;" but it by no means follows that this inference will prove correct. There are many things which are difficult to believe, but which, nevertheless, we are compelled to admit; so that if it were really, as he alleges, difficult to believe that to operate successfully on an organisation of the delicacy of which it is impossible for the human mind to form the remotest estimate, we must employ agents so delicate as to be likewise beyond all our ordinary conceptions; the fact of this difficulty existing would have very little weight in the face of daily experience. It is "difficult" to believe that, by arranging the vibrations of sound in a particular manner, two loud sounds may be made to produce silence; and also that, owing to an analogous property of light, two strong lights may be made to produce darkness. It is "difficult" to believe that the most sensitive lady might plunge her uncovered hand into a caldron of boiling tar without receiving the slightest injury; while, if her hand were covered with a glove, it would be dreadfully burnt. It is "difficult" to believe that the white light from the sun is composed of all the primary colours; that the principal supporter of life and combustion is a gas which constitutes part of our atmosphere, and is not cognisable by our senses; that when iron filings are strewn on a board, and a magnet is held underneath, they are immediately attracted, and this to the same extent as if the interposing substance were not there; that owing to the attraction of a particular metal to oxygen, the extraordinary phenomenon may be presented of ice on fire—since potassium, when placed upon frozen water, will even abstract oxygen from it in that state; that if the temperature of water be increased beyond the boiling point, the insensible vapour will exert an expansive power sufficiently great to tear asunder the strongest vessels in which it may be confined; and finally, it is "difficult" to believe almost all things that are hourly presented to us, and, above all, the fact of our own existence. Still, we should hardly consider that "we might therefore infer" that we are wrong in connecting these events with the causes which experience has shown to be capable of producing them. If mankind had always adopted his view of suffering "difficulty" of belief to deter them from the task of accumulating facts, and from the duty of recognising those facts, it is quite certain that science would have slumbered from the creation of the world down to the present time.'

So far we have followed Mr Sampson without deeming it necessary to introduce any comment of our own. We would now remark that, while homœopathy presents much that demands the attention of liberal medical men, its professors ought also to make some allowance for the opposition of that class. The doctrine of the infinitesimal doses, argue upon it as you may, is so opposed to all our common ideas as to cause and effect, that scepticism is next to unavoidable; and it is not only natural, but highly justifiable, to surmise that the alleged results are attributable to an absence of medicine

altogether, rather than to the presence of agents so inconceivably minute. We are every day taking forty times the amount of their most active doses in our food, and that without perceiving any result beyond what is natural and normal. Admitting, on the other hand, the probability of the negative character of the homœopathic doses, what an important consideration does it become for the orthodox practitioners, that many cures arise, to all appearance, from both this system of treatment and from hydropathy, where medicine is abandoned even in name!

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. III.

Gilaroo.—You have been reading, I see. Anything new?

Stukely.—Not exactly new. I have been perusing an early volume of Tytler's History of Scotland, one of the most interesting works I have read for some time—all the elegance of a romance with the solidity of a history. What fearful revelations the writer makes of the state of past manners—what monstrous usurpations—what crimes—what tyrannies of the strong over the weak!

Gil.—All history is much the same thing; little else than a record of crimes and miseries; injustice on the one hand, and suffering on the other. Ambition, however, has been the principal source of national calamity. A monarch, already powerful, wishes to become more so. He sees a comparatively helpless little kingdom in his neighbourhood, and thinking what a fine thing it would be to add it to his own already large territory, he does not scruple to put every species of base engine at work to accomplish his ends: if underhand means fail, he proclaims open war, lets loose a body of armed men on the unhappy country, with orders to put all to the sword who resist his iniquitous aggression. This was what Edward I. did with Scotland, a country he had no right to meddle with, and which fortunately was able to beat off him and his successors. This was what Henry II. did with Ireland, which was less fortunate in making its defence. This was what different sovereigns of the overgrown Russian dominions have done with Poland. It was by no other means that Prussia grew to be a great kingdom out of the small duchy of Brandenburg. France was once half a dozen little kingdoms, which were all swallowed up, the less by the greater, till it now forms only one. Spain has undergone the same process. Austria has encroached upon and absorbed Lombardy, one of the finest portions of Italy. What country, indeed, that can be named, has not become what it is by a violent aggression on the rights of others?

Stuke.—What, indeed; but it is one comfort that we do not see any of the injustice you allude to in our times.

Gil.—Pardon; not quite come to that yet. As long as there is ignorance, there will be also vulgar ambition, and its natural consequences. At present, if we choose to look abroad, we have many spectacles of already powerful and sufficiently large states attempting to extend themselves over comparatively defenceless territories. Nicholas of Russia is carrying on a war against the inhabitants of the Caucasus, of precisely the same nature as that which Edward I. carried on against Scotland, and with equal injustice. On what plea of right the French are attempting to conquer the north of Africa, is more, I imagine, than they could satisfactorily explain. The people of the United States, too, imitating the ambition of the Edwards, Henrys, Fredericks, and Nicholases of the old world, seem to have latterly become quite unscrupulous as to their acquisitions. After this, nobody need blame kings as the only aggressors on national rights.

Stuke.—Ah, I see; you allude to that Oregon affair? I cannot say I rightly understand it.

Gil.—Yes, it is that I was thinking of. Is it not a

monstrous pity that the intelligent and peace-loving of two nations should for ever be kept on the brink of a mortal quarrel about such utterly contemptible points of dispute? Who in Great Britain cares a farthing for Oregon, and what rational American cares for it either? Yet, by heedless persons using indiscreet words, and manifesting a thirst of acquisition, the most alarming consequences may be threatened.

Stuke.—I have heard it said that a smart war, though expensive at the time, is not a bad thing in the main; it scatters money about, and gives a great deal of employment.

Gil.—I'll tell you what war does. It causes large sums—ten millions or so, for a beginning—to be raised by immediate or postponed taxation; if postponed, then interest as well as principal has to be provided for. This exaction operates detrimentally in two ways. Everybody gives money out, for which he gets nothing back, which is a loss; and the money, instead of being spent in creating articles of exchangeable value, is laid out on things altogether worthless. In making these articles—guns, for example—men no doubt receive wages, but the articles never sell for anything afterwards: you might just as well give men wages for doing nothing.

Stuke.—Stop a moment. Do not those who pay out money to buy guns—that is, the tax-payers—get back a considerable part of it in consequence of the briskness of trade? That, I believe, is the question.

Gil.—A few individuals in particular circumstances may get back more than they pay out. For example, a farmer who supplies food to a dépôt of prisoners of war, may realise a profit ten times the amount of his taxes. But the people at large get back nothing. The money in the course of circulation may be paid to shopkeepers for articles, but these articles were not got for nothing. In the most favourable view of the case, the proportion of money returned must be infinitesimal—a thing too illusory to be spoken about.

Stuke.—But you will allow that vast numbers of men are employed as soldiers and sailors?

Gil.—Of course, and so much the worse. Assuming that the war is never to bring anything good to the country, the employment of so many men is a double loss—the loss of the money expended in feeding, clothing, and paying, perhaps pensioning them; and the loss incurred by the abstraction of so many able-bodied men from the field of labour.

Stuke.—I don't clearly see that. Are not the men busy fighting, which is surely labour?

Gil.—But it is a labour which yields no return. We get nothing out of it but misery. If fifty thousand men are kept blowing away gunpowder into the atmosphere for a whole year, we cannot, as far as I can see, be the richer for it, but a great deal the poorer. It is a labour worse than lost. As every one of the fighters might be working at some useful employment, and adding to the national resources, if he were not a soldier, it is pretty clear that war is an engine of national impoverishment. Of the calamities which it otherwise produces, I need say nothing. Its interruption of commerce, its distracting of people's minds from all sorts of social improvement, its positively barbarising influence, is all bad. The loss of life and limb arising from it is deplorable.

Stuke.—At all events, the army is recruited from the least useful and respectable portion of the community—a kind of riddance of badly-behaved young men. Is it not Laing who compliments us on our constructing the army out of the least valuable materials in the country, instead of, as in Prussia, using up indiscriminately the best members of the community as soldiers?

Gil.—There may be some truth in that, although I must say the army, on the whole, is an exceedingly well-conducted body of men, and abounds in persons of great respectability and intelligence. However, granting that it does rid us of many bad spirits, might not there be some better plan of rendering these men harmless to society, than in making them soldiers? Have all fair

means of instruction and melioration been tried? One defect in our institutions seems obvious: we have no general and humane plan for preventing petty crimes, and rescuing the youthful poor from vices which ruin their character, and send them a long life of misery. Public justice, in treating these unfortunate beings, never considers temptations, nor has any idea of predispositions in the individual. All are swept into the gulf; driven into the hands of the recruiting sergeant, or condemned and sent to the penal colonies.

Stuke.—I don't know that society is to be blamed for this. Some years ago, an association of benevolent persons, at their own expense, rid the streets of London of houseless and destitute children, to whom they kindly gave board, clothing, education, and industrial training. After thus putting them in a way of earning a livelihood, they apprenticed them to farmers at the Cape of Good Hope; for they could not get employment for them at home. Well, this institution was brought to an end, by what I thought a very senseless howl of the metropolitan press. They said it was a system of white slavery; and as the supporters of the institution had no interest in carrying it on, and did not like to be called names, they gave it up. I now see, by a report of what took place a short time ago in the Lord Mayor's court, that the streets are again haunted by destitute children, who of course all become thieves. I wonder who, in the face of the former experiment, will be willing to look after them.

Gil.—Why, the parish authorities certainly; and if they don't, schools of industry ought to be got up, at the public expense, to rescue these poor children from destruction. Something of this kind is already done in Aberdeen, with the best effect, and will be by and by in some other towns. Why should London, not follow the example? My opinion is, that the society you allude to was far too easily intimidated. The members, knowing that what they were doing was from no bad motive, but the reverse, should have persevered—outlived the clamour against them.

Stuke.—So they would, I daresay, if they had been backed. The world is often most thankful to its benefactors, and often joins in the laugh against individuals who have for years been doing much good.

Gil.—Men of integrity of principle should not mind either sarcasm or abuse. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said of his enemies and detractors: 'I let them hum and buzz themselves to sleep.' Whatever arrangement is founded on truth and justice, must stand; whatever has a basis in fraud, must come to nought. Emerson puts this in the clearest light. It is an acknowledged truth in ethics, and not less true in social economics. Honesty, you know, is always the best policy.

Stuke.—Yet what is more observable than that of clever dishonest men succeeding in their schemes, while good men are defeated in their most useful arrangements?

Gil.—The dishonest and the shabby may achieve some paltry end no doubt; but look around, and see that if, on the whole, the honest men have not the best of it. Who are those who command respect?—I do not mean obsequious adulation—the honest men to be sure. Who are those who gain no esteem, though perhaps some applause, for their talents?—the unprincipled to be sure. If there be a lesson taught more distinctly than another at the present moment, it is, that no brilliancy of qualification, no power of genius, no learning, no rank, no anything, can make a dishonest man be respected. The plain inference is, that, in defiance of sneers and obloquy, every one should do his best to act with a resolute integrity of principle. It may be inconvenient, or it may involve some sacrifices in the meantime, but it will unquestionably be alone gainful in the end.

Stuke.—All very fine in theory, but only so-so in practice. We see countries making a capital thing of stealing other countries near them; we see great bodies of individuals living in splendid style, by stealing men

and making them work like brutes; we see hundreds of persons as comfortable and respected as may be, although living by very shabby kinds of tricks.

Gil.—You look only at the outside of things. Among universal affairs, it is often difficult to trace the retributive punishment of acts unquestionably vicious, and indefensible on moral grounds. The ways of Providence are not always clear to the intelligence of man. Retribution may sometimes demonstrate itself in secret cankering cares, or feelings of remorse; sometimes in exposure to the world, and disgrace; sometimes in distressing annoyances from the failure of schemes; sometimes in terrible fears for consequences; at the very least, loss of self-respect. Who knows whether Russia may not yet repent of having crushed Poland? Is not Austria at its wit's end keeping Lombardy in subjection? Have not the French caught a Tartar in Algeria? May not the United States, by their extensions, be going on infatuatedly to their ruin? Is not their very slave system enough to blow them up? Honesty, along with kindness, I repeat, should be the governing principle of the world.

Stuke.—What you say may be true in the main, but I doubt its application to ordinary matters. It would be all very well, acting in every affair of life with transparent uprightness, and candour, and generosity, if every other person would do the same; but the bulk of the world are a set of sharks, with whom it is necessary, at the very least, to be always on the defensive. For my part, I have been the victim of all sorts of encroachments; and what is strange, I have been ill-used chiefly by those to whom I have shown kindness. I have got only kicks for my halfpence. Sometimes I cannot help laughing at the way I have been treated; it reminds me so much of the old story of the beggar and the merchant.

Gil.—What story do you allude to? I don't remember anything of the kind.

Stuke.—The story was this: I have seen it in some old book. In a certain city in the East there was a poor man, a beggar, who sat daily at the corner of a street, where his miserable appearance might excite the charity of the numerous passengers. One occasionally would give him a trifle; many gave him nothing. It happened that a rich merchant came to reside in that quarter, and taking compassion on the poor man, he dropped an alms to him daily in passing. The regularity of this bounty cheered the beggar very much. A coin equal to a penny was the amount of the alms each day, and on this he began to reckon with as much certainty as that the sun would rise. It became to him a sort of annuity. Well, this went on for a series of years, the beggar all the time improving in circumstances, and looking on his benefactor with profound respect. At length things took a turn with the merchant. Whether he had met with heavy losses, or had discovered some other pauper more needful and deserving, I do not know, but it is certain that he all at once desisted from giving the beggar his usual alms. The first day that this took place the beggar was a little surprised, but as it might be an accidental omission, it did not give him very deep concern. The second day he was surprised in earnest; he was dreadfully chagrined. What have I done, thought he, that I should merit this extraordinary treatment. The third day he was furious; it was an indignity not to be borne; it was a positive robbery. Addressing the merchant on the fourth day, he requested to know what he had done to be treated thus: why was his daily allowance stopped? The merchant was now in his turn surprised, and replied that he could not be questioned as to his dispensation of alms; he could do with his own as he liked. This answer, which you would think was quite reasonable, would not do for the beggar. He said that he had no wish to injure any man, but it was his duty to defend his rights, and seeing the merchant would not pay him his daily salary, he must refer the case to a court of justice. Accordingly, he had the merchant up before the cady, to whom he

explained his wrongs. 'This merchant,' said he, 'has done me a serious injury. He gave me a penny a-day for so many years that I arranged all my plans in reference to it. I married on the faith of the penny, and nothing else. I have a family to support and a rent to pay, and without the continuance of the penny, how am I to do either the one or the other? The stoppage of this revenue is, in short, a very great calamity, and I, in the name of the prophet, cry to your highness for justice. Far be it from me, however, to insist on the defendant continuing his penny daily; if that be inconvenient, I am willing to accept a compensation in a distinct sum.' The lady now heard what the merchant had to say in reply, and he did not seem at all pleased with it. He remarked that it was a case of very serious oppression; a very bad case indeed, which could not be suffered to go unredressed. If the merchant did not intend continuing the penny for life, he had no business leading the beggar into the idea that he would, by giving him alms so regularly. The notion of now, out of mere caprice, withdrawing a bounty which was essential to the poor man's existence and happiness, and to which he was unquestionably entitled by prescriptive right, was on the face of it absurd. 'Go, sir,' said he in conclusion to the merchant, 'and pay the man his dues. I ordain that you give him a hundred piastres in liquidation of all demands.'—'There, what do you think of that? There was gratitude for you.

Gil.—Poet! only a fable.

Stuke.—A good quiz, you mean; not a bad satire, I take it, on what one often meets with for all his kindness.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, on the 22d of September 1788. His father was a musical composer of talent, in his day and sphere a man of considerable note. Mrs Hook is said to have been an amiable and excellent woman: she died, unfortunately for Theodore, in his fifteenth year, just when he most needed a judicious and affectionate monitor. There was but one other child, Dr James Hook, Theodore's senior by eighteen years, who, when they lost their mother, was already at Oxford, preparing for the church. His life, less brilliant, was happier than his gifted brother's. He rose to due eminence in his profession, and died dean of Worcester.

Theodore had been sent betimes to Harrow; but when his father became a widower, and therefore anxious for the boy's cheerful company, he easily consented to allow him to remain at home. The 'little back drawing-room' was accordingly given up to Master Theodore. Here he settled himself to read novels and farces, or fantasy on the piano, or play the fool with such of his young friends as chose to visit him: nothing could be more pleasant, or more unprofitable. One profitable gift, however, the elder Hook soon detected in his sportful son: Theodore could versify, and versify well, with less trouble than it costs ordinary mortals to pen very indifferent prose. This discovery sealed his fate. The veteran artist took the stripling into partnership. Was a song required—Theodore dashed off the words, while the other composed the music—the junior receiving an equitable share of the proceeds. For the son of a man hand-in-glove with the whole tribe of players and dramatists, the transition from the little back drawing-room, to the spaces both 'before and behind the stage' of Drury Lane, was a natural and an easy one. Theodore was a poet, and even already a wit; his person pleasing, his manners free from timidity; no wonder if he rose into high favour with the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room. Such an atmosphere, and such society, quickly stimulated him to attempt something loftier than song-

writing. With the aid of a few French vaudevilles, 'The Soldier's Return, a comic opera, in two acts,' was quickly produced. It was performed at Drury Lane with 'vociferous applause; and who now so happy as Theodore? This success nearly turned his legs, or at least banished from it, and for ever, all thoughts of joining any of the regular professions.

This was in 1805, and during the next few years, operas, melodramas, farces—some of the last, it is said, capital in their kind—flowed in rapid succession from Theodore's pen. But at that time, as the best of his biographers observe, the real farce was his own life. His theatrical ongoings had made him acquainted with the actor Mathews, a merry, thoughtless fellow like himself: both were in the heyday of youth, instinct with fun, and brimful of the wildest animal spirits. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and this gave birth to a long series of practical jokes—some audacious, some merely comic—a history of which might fill whole volumes, though of a nature truly more to amuse than to edify. Has the reader ever heard of the 'Berners Street Hoax of 1809?' A neat, quiet-looking residence drew the attention of Theodore and a companion, as they were one day walking through Berners Street. Next moment the wag offered to bet that, before the week was out, this very mansion should be the most famous in London. The wager was accepted, and Hook set to work to win it. Before seven days elapsed, the post had carried a thousand letters, from the pen of Mr Theodore Hook, to a thousand persons of every rank and occupation. Some, on the most plausible grounds, were requested to appear in person; but the majority to deliver goods of one kind or another, on the same hour of the same day, at the innocent and devoted house. On the appointed forenoon, Theodore and his friends were planted at the window opposite, to contemplate and enjoy the proceedings. Precisely at the hour named in all the missives, up drove the Duke of York's carriage; the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the lord mayor, and a great host of dignitaries, less punctual than his military royal highness, were also under weigh. But arrival was impossible: the thoroughfares, from every point of the compass, were already blocked up with wagons, coaches, brewers' drays, costermongers' carts—vehicles of all descriptions. The hubbub this prank occasioned in London may be easily imagined: we have narrated it, nowise with approval, as a significant emblem of Hook's early life. It was played in the year of his majority.

Such frolics, however, were not calculated to introduce Theodore to those exalted regions of high-life above stairs which his merriment, duly softened, was in after-years so frequently to exhilarate, and whitherwards he was doubtless already casting many a longing glance. For this consummation he was indebted to the most wonderful of all his brilliant social gifts—his faculty of improvisation, a display of which could extort from such a man as the poet Coleridge the assertion, that 'Hook was as true a genius as Dante!' When Sheridan was returned for Westminster, after one of those numerous ever memorable struggles, now so utterly forgotten, the company at Drury Lane celebrated their proprietor's triumph by giving him a dinner, and Theodore was among the guests. In the course of the evening, says Mrs Mathews, 'being in turn solicited, he displayed his talents in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr Hook; but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Mr Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty,' &c. 'could not have believed,' &c. &c.; and, in short, took some pass of the young English improvisatore.

This introduction to the author of the *School for Scandal* led to an acquaintance with his son (the 'Tom'

of so many of his jokes), and with other 'persons of quality,' friends of the younger Sheridan. By and by, we meet Theodore, delighting and delighted, in the drawing-room of the Marchioness of Hertford. Nay, royalty; or quasi-royalty itself, 'at a supper in Manchester Square,' and 'one or two dinners elsewhere,' deigned to be amused with his witty sallies and lyrical ground-and-lofty tumbling. On the first of these occasions, when the aspirant, then 'a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls,' took his leave, the Prince Regent placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Mr Hook, I must see and hear you again.' The ball was at Theodore's foot; presently the same illustrious personage was heard to declare, 'Something *must* be done for Hook.'

By the end of 1812 something very effectual had been done for Hook: he was appointed accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of L.2000 a-year. Here was an opportunity, easily, and without the fear of ridicule, to amend whatever was wrong in his way of life. Had the man now shaped his course a little more wisely, he might, indeed, never have edited John Bull, and yet been in all ways a gainer. But he was five-and-twenty, and his days had not been passed in the school where the lessons of self-denial are enforced with stripes. Arrived at his destination in the (October of 1813, he continued, on a somewhat higher scale, the game he had already been playing in London. He found a gay, dissipated society stirring around him; balls, theatricals public and private, horse-races, mason-festivities, convivialities without end. He plunged headlong into it all, enjoyed and repaid in kind the boundless hospitality of the place; while the duties of his office were being neglected, or—worse than neglected—left to be performed by dishonest subordinates. Finally, on the evening of the 8th March 1818, some five years and nine months after he had landed, he was supping at a friend's house, when the officers of justice came to seize him. Poor Theodore was dragged by 'torch-light through crowded streets' to the common jail, then handed over to a military detachment homeward-bound, and sailed soon afterwards for England, charged with having embezzled L.20,000 of the public money.

The Quarterly Reviewer has gone, with impartiality and care, into the question of Hook's misconduct, and it seems clear that he was innocent of everything but the grossest carelessness; a sad fault indeed, yet far enough removed from crime. He arrived at Portsmouth in the January of 1819, and was at once, by order of the crown lawyers, released from confinement, to undergo, through a wearisome series of years, the searching examination by the Audit Board. During his absence his father had died. By the close of 1819—friendless, moneyless, disgraced—he had crept into humble lodgings at Somersdown. But the buoyancy of his spirit no misfortune could utterly depress. He sought out the humbler of his old associates, and if he had poverty to vex him, gaiety was there to keep her company. He wrote for theatres and periodicals: he even started a magazine—'The Arcadian.' The queen's business was then engrossing the minds of all, and Theodore had been ever the sturdiest of Tories. In the summer of 1820 he fired the first shot in his fierce campaign against that unhappy personage: it was 'a thin octavo,' in such rhyme as we can fancy. A few months more, and John Bull electrified the world. 'No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has, in our time at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre, to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision.'

Theodore's salary as editor was rising towards L.2000 a-year, when, in the autumn of 1823, the investigation of the Audit Board was closed: its report pronounced him a debtor to the crown in the sum of L.12,000. His

property, forthwith seized and sold, did not fetch as many pence; and his person was handed over to a sheriff's officer named Hemp, to be dealt with as the law prescribes. It was always one of Hook's delusions, founded partly on his John Bull services, that some royal or noble interference would be exerted to have the debt wiped out. For nine months, accordingly, incurring unnecessary expense, he lingered on in his captor's residence at Shire Lane, a dismal and squalid abode. Yet this period was not the most unhappy or even the most unprofitable of his life. His days were devoted to the duties of his editorship, and to the composition of the 'Sayings and Doings.' Of an evening, his friends gathered round him. Dr Maginn, whose acquaintance with him dated from his imprisonment, was a nightly visitor. At last, in the April of 1824, he gave notice that he intended to remove to the King's Bench. Mr Hemp had, meanwhile, been fascinated by the constant glee and good-humour of his lively captive. To break the melancholy of parting, he went the length of inviting him to a festive banquet on the evening before he left Shire Lane. The company was of a mixed description—cultivators of the muses, from Theodore's circle of friends, alternating with select tipstaves, intimates of the worthy host. Ere the night was gone, Hook was called on for an improvisation, 'and his ballad' (says a good authority, for otherwise it were incredible) 'showed up Mr Hemp and his brethren as intrusted with the final office of the law in the case of the culprit before them.'

After a year's detention in the King's Bench, in the May of 1825 he was finally released, with a distinct intimation from the Audit Board, that the debt was to hang over him till paid. Hook was now in his thirty-seventh year, and, with proper prudence, happy days might have still been in store for him. For the first series of 'Sayings and Doings,' published early in 1824, he had received L.2000: the second appeared just before he left the King's Bench. Both placed him high among the highest of then living novelists. His emoluments from John Bull were, as already stated, uncommonly large. Thus, in a short time, with economy and diligence, independence was sure for him. Will it be believed, that although, during the next sixteen years, he wrote thirty-eight volumes, and added the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine to that of John Bull, not a farthing of the large sums this productive industry brought him was devoted to extinguish his debt to the crown?

On quitting jail, he took a good house at Putney, and began to mix in society, though chiefly of a theatrical and literary kind. Two years afterwards, however, he migrated to a large and handsome residence in Cleveland Row (of London Proper), gave dinners on an extensive scale, and became a member and frequenter of several aristocratic clubs, 'especially'—fatal words—'such as allowed of play.' His visiting-book soon included all that was loftiest and gayest, and in every sense most distinguished in London society. The editor of John Bull, the fashionable novelist, the wittiest and most vivid talker of the time, his presence was not only everywhere welcome, but everywhere coveted and clamoured for. But the whirl of extravagant dissipation emptied his pocket, fevered his brain, and shortened the precious leisure in which alone his subsistence could be gained. In the midst of it all, he saw impending over him the Damocles sword of debt. In 1831 he removed, indeed, to a humbler residence at Fulham, but his habits in other respects suffered no change. At home, too, he had entangled himself in domestic relations to which it is painful to refer. There were, it is true, constant internal struggles and protests against all this madness, yet, practically, Theodore surrendered himself with open eyes to his fate; he never (until, for human purposes, too late) made any one real and forcible attempt to break the baleful spell which chained him to a course of life inwardly and outwardly ruinous. The vigour of the following apt quotation must excuse its length.

'There is recorded,' in his Diary, 'in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth, evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England: the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune. Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of "John Bull," to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried across the country to some appointed "Blue Bear" or "Crooked Billet." Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighbourhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed. He enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood. In half an hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail-shower—that dear Theodore had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire: it is supposed that the evening is over, that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelors' gallery with half-a-dozen bachelors of different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the Diary calls "something comfortable" in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates; but is persuaded. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made. The fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case must, on any terms, remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene recurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that must be finished within a month or six weeks, and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs—who consider him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the tumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenaeum; and as often as the "Morning Post" alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of "fashionable intelligence." * * *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!*

Hook's life was tending towards no peaceful and desirable goal; and though to the outward eye, almost to the last, the same polished and joyous worldling as ever, his inner man was racked by mournful fears and chagrins. Let us hear himself speak.

* Quarterly Review, No. 143, Art. "Theodore Hook;" a masterly essay, from a pen not to be mistaken.

'January 19, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others; and because, though I have, through God's goodness, been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend; and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness.

'September 6, 1838.—To-day invited by Sir Edward Sugden to meet Lord Granville Somerset, Dr Ros, Croker, and others agreeable; but said no. * * How little people think of the griefs and sorrows of those whom they hear only in public, and then not always favourably!

The following is the last entry in his diary. 'June 20, 1841.—To-day ill, but in to dinner to Lord Harrington's, to meet the Duke of Wellington. There Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord, &c. &c.

The illness here spoken of had been gaining on him for some time; it sprang from a 'total disorganisation of the liver and other viscera.' He continued ailing throughout the summer. On the 13th of August, after a hard day's work of writing, he retired in great exhaustion to his bed.' He expired on the evening of the 24th.

This is a biographical, and not a critical sketch: an estimate of Hook's well-known, on the whole perhaps somewhat trivial, and at any rate easily appreciable writings, it is not our intention to offer. His life, indeed, in the full record of it to be one day doubtless presented to the world, will be probably more interesting, certainly far more instructive, than any works he has left behind him. Would that for us all it were as easy to follow out in practice, as to enforce and assert to be true, the pithy maxim, 'Wrong never comes right,' which, meeting us repeatedly in his books, has been seldom so vividly exemplified as in the life of Theodore Edward Hook.

THE RETURNED SLAVE.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

A NOBLEMAN being at a state banquet, given at Marseilles, was anxious to refresh himself by taking a few turns in a boat on the river. He accordingly called for a boatman, when a pleasing looking youth, with a most gracious manner, offered himself. The nobleman was induced to look at him attentively, seeing him possessed of more refined manners than are usually met with in that rank of life. 'You do not row,' he said, 'as if you were a sailor; and I cannot understand that, if it is not your trade, you could undertake such a severe exercise for recreation.'

'I was not born, indeed,' replied the youth, 'in this rank of life, nor is this the trade I belong to; but the misfortunes of my father have obliged me to take to it, to earn a trifle on festival days.'

'And what misfortunes have happened your father?'

'He is a slave,' replied the youth in a state of distress; 'and I have no means of ransoming him but by the most severe labour and fatigue.'

'A slave! And how long, and where?'

'He is now six months in chains at Tetuan. He formed a small capital by his earnings, freighted a ship, went in it himself, industriously wishing to make the most of it; but unfortunately it was seized by the Moors, and he and the crew were made slaves. Two thousand crowns they require for his ransom; but as he took all our property with him, we are very far from being able to procure so large an amount. My mother and sister work day and night to assist in collecting the

sum, and I do the same; therefore I wish to take advantage of every opportunity of adding to our earnings. At first I thought to be able to liberate him by taking his place; but my mother (who suspected my plan) assured me that my design was useless; and fearing, not without some reason, that I still might venture, forbade all the captains to take me on board.

'Have you not heard anything of him since? Do you know whom he serves, and in what way he is treated?' asked the nobleman.

'He is the superintendent of the royal gardens, and is treated humanely. But, alas! this is small comfort for him; he is a slave, and far from all those most dear to him.'

'What is his name and age?'

'Robert; and he is nearly fifty-five years of age.'

'You have my best wishes, and certainly are deserving of better fortune. From your good conduct, I think I may promise it to you.'

Night coming on, the nobleman desired him to land him, and, jumping out of the boat, would not allow the youth time to thank him for the purse of money which he left in it as a reward. The young man, surprised at such generosity, for many days sought the nobleman to express his gratitude; but in vain. Two months afterwards, while this poor but honest family were at their scanty dinner, to their utter amazement Robert arrived. A scream of joy and surprise escaped them: they even doubted the reality of their vision. He tenderly embraced each one: 'My wife and my children,' he exclaimed, 'how deeply indebted I am to you; but tell me, how have you been enabled to release me? The sum required for my ransom was enormous: these clothes, and my passage paid beforehand, all astonish me. Alas! to what a state of misery do I see you have reduced yourselves for me.'

The sudden joy quite overpowered his wife, who had not strength to answer, until relieved by a flood of tears. She again embraced her husband, and pointing to her son, said, 'You see in him your liberator; we never could have collected the immense sum required, were it not for his indefatigable exertions, aided by those of a charitable nobleman who was struck by his amiability. To that boy you certainly owe your freedom: he even secretly arranged to exchange with you.'

A shriek from her daughter interrupted her, and on turning round she perceived her son had fainted. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a vacant gaze at his father. Making a vain effort to speak, the poor father was struck dumb by the sudden transition from joy to grief, and turning to his son in an angry manner, he exclaimed, 'Alas! unfortunate youth, what have you done? I cannot feel myself indebted to you for this liberty without shuddering. If my ransom had not caused you to commit some crime, you would not have dared to conceal it from your mother. The son of a miserable slave, and in these wretched times, it is not likely that by honest means you could have procured such assistance. I tremble at the thought of your filial love leading you into crime. Relieve me from this uncertainty; if it is true, I would rather—'

'No, no; compose yourself, father; embrace your son: I am not yet unworthy of that name; for it is neither to me nor one of us that you are indebted. Our benefactor is quite another person. Indeed, mother, it is to that stranger who gave me the purse in such a generous manner that we owe our happiness. Oh, if I could meet him! If I could— But I will leave no stone unturned to discover him.' He then related to his father how he had met the stranger, and thus eased his mind of all uncertainty.

After two years of useless inquiry, one morning the youth chanced accidentally to meet the object of his search.

'Ah! my lord, my benefactor!' He could say no more, but threw himself at his feet.

'What do you want? What is all this?' said the stranger.

'My lord, do you not know me? Have you forgotten the son of the unfortunate Robert whom you so generously saved?'

'You mistake, my friend; I am a stranger only just arrived.'

'That may be; but do you not recollect being here about two years and a half since? Let me remind you of the few turns you took on the river; the purse that you gave me; the compassion you felt for my father's misfortunes; the numerous questions you asked on whatever could throw light on the means for his liberation. You have thus formed the happiness of an entire family, who desire nothing now but your presence, to heap it with a thousand blessings. Alas! do not deny us our wishes.'

'Softly, my friend; you are too easily deceived; you perhaps—'

'No; I am not deceived; your features are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to forget them. Receive our thanks.' He then seized him by the arm, and tried to induce him to return with him to his home, and witness the happiness which he had been the means of restoring. The contrast between the two attracted a crowd round them. The unknown person was in the height of his glory; but instead of showing his astonishment, he had the courage to repress it, and still to remain in concealment.

This fact would have remained for ever a mystery, if, on the death of a Marseilles merchant, his relations had not found among his papers a note for 7500 francs, sent to Robert Meryn à Cadice, and for which there was no receipt. A famous English banker said he had made use of this money, by the orders of Signor Charles, second Baron de Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, for the ransom of an inhabitant of Marseilles, called Robert, enslaved at Tetuan. This celebrated man was in the habit of occasionally visiting his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, who was married at Marseilles.

The generous action which he performed, and which we have now related, does not merit less commendation than his literary labours, by which he has rendered his name immortal.

DUNCES.

We find the following humorous and judicious remarks on this ill-understood class of school-boys, in a speech delivered by Mr Macintosh, at a late meeting of the Forfar, Fife, and Perthshire Educational Association:—

We all know what great bores dunces are in schools, and how readily the master's choler is awakened by their laggard motions. They, however, often serve a purpose. Without dunces, our classes would not present the striking contrast which they often exhibit; the dunces are the dark shades in the picture, which throw the talented youth more prominently into view. They, moreover, offer an opportune occasion for the wit, the sapient counsel, and thundering reproof of the master; and should he enforce his argument by 'suiting the action to the word'—

'Full well the boiling tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well the busy circle, whispering round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.'

Though the days of indiscriminate castigation are gone by, and dunces enjoy an exemption formerly unknown under the reign of terror, they are not yet treated with the rational consideration, and consequently with that justice, which their circumstances demand. Let us analyse the character of a dunce as he is too often impersonated. There are several species of dunces. There is first the *incapable*, to whom nature has been niggard in the power of observation, discrimination, reflection, and memory. An unfortunate of this class is sent to school, and yoked with class-fellows of his own age. His natural imperfections speedily appear; he falls astern at a fearful rate; he soon becomes powerless in contending with his gifted competitors, who look on him with indifference and contempt. He then becomes a dead weight on his class,

and provokes, too often, the ire of his master to punish him for what he is incompetent to perform. What consequences follow? The natural incapables are often quiet and patient, and very passive under discouragements and disgrace; they *feel* their case to be hopeless, and despairingly resign themselves to their fate.

Another section of dunces stand nearly on a level with the natural incapables with respect to scholastic progress, because they have not been trained to habits of attention, observation, application, order, and obedience. They have been spoiled by too much indulgence; or, it may be, have been entirely uncared for, and left to the government of their appetites and passions, a prey to the depraved propensities of human nature. At school they are the *moral* incapables. Though seen at the fag-end of a class, careless, unprepared, and unashamed, they are never at the fag-end of play and mischief; in fact, idleness and mischief are their element. As far as my experience goes, the *natural* incapables are not a numerous class, which is one of the many evidences of the beneficence of the Creator. But the *moral* incapables include a much larger proportion, which proves the lamentable irregularities in domestic training.

There is a third class of an intermediate character—*reputed* dunces—but falsely so called, who possess a delicate physical organisation, and a most sensitive mental constitution, whose faculties are paralysed by anxiety and fear, who tremble at the slightest difficulty, and sink under the slightest discouragement. They resemble those beautiful plants that bloom in the genial atmosphere of a greenhouse, but are blasted on being exposed to the mercy of the elements. Above a dozen years ago a case of this kind fell under my observation. The boy to whom I allude had the most sensitive feelings I ever knew. I was made aware of his very susceptible mental temperament, and treated him with kindness and care. The youth had excellent parts, and made satisfactory progress. Without reflecting on the probable consequences, his father placed him under the care of a master to learn a foreign language; the nerves of the poor youth were unequal to the excitement of competition—he fevered and died. There was no blame attachable to his teacher. The poor youth was too sensitive for the region of competition, unfit to struggle with robust and hardy boys. As we are to take an interest in dunces generally, or those who are reputed dunces, would it not be well, if we who are professional men, would carefully set ourselves to consider whether it is not possible to devise a more rational mode of treating these different classes? It is true we may be goaded and annoyed by ignorant parents, who expect all children to make equal progress. But there are considerations superior to temporary gain, of which we ought never to lose sight. Why does a skilful physician so carefully study the diagnostics of any disease as it may be exhibited in the cases of his patients? He does so to meet the case fairly, to maintain his professional skill and credit; and he is actuated by the higher motives of humanity and kindness. These principles and feelings should induce us to rise superior to temporary advantage, to be above the influence of unreasonable and ignorant parents, to study our profession, and make our duty the pole star to which our exertions should be directed. We will thereby be benefactors of our species, we will rise in our respective spheres, and we will enhance our profession in the estimation of society. Do not these reflections suggest that the classification of children labouring under natural and moral disqualifications is unadvisable and absurd? Is it not treating them cruelly and unjustly, to place them among competitors with whom they have no chance of success? What opinion would we entertain of a proposal to match cripples in a race with youths of sound limbs and strong sinews? It is impossible to calculate the extent of injury, physical and mental, thus inflicted. In the treatment of unfortunates—misnamed dunces—parents unhappily reverse the maxims they scrupulously adopt with the health of enervated and sickly children. A poor youth who cannot move beyond the speed of a tortoise, being encouraged for doing all that he is able to do, will exert his small energies to the utmost, and take a pleasure in his labour, when he is not taxed beyond his ability. What is it that renders the labour of a teacher so irksome, but the false position in which he is placed by such unnatural arrangements? Who can tell how many intellects have been marred by unskilful treatment? The error of the modern and improved system of education, is the enormous speed with which the youthful travellers are hurried forwards. We cannot make plants

and trees grow faster than Nature intends, consistently with their health and vigour.

It is well known that precocious talents in youth disappear in manhood; like those beautiful but evanescent flowers which spring puts forth, and which perish in spring. A remarkable case of this sort is recorded in the fifth volume of the Journal of Education of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—We allude to Von Shonnach's Memoir of Christian Henry Heinicke, who was born at Lubeck on 6th February 1721, and died 27th June 1725. His life, therefore, did not reach beyond the brief span of four years and nearly five months; yet within so short a career as this, the child exhibited such marvellous proofs of intellect and memory, that we should be tempted to doubt their possibility altogether, were not every incident corroborated by the testimony of parties of the very highest respectability. At the age of ten months young Heinicke began to speak; it was whilst he was looking at some prints, which he wished to have explained to him. Whilst the explanation was giving, it was casually observed that the child watched the motions of the speaker's lips with a singular degree of earnestness; and then, though not without great exertion, he succeeded in repeating what had been said syllable by syllable. From that day forward his progress was most extraordinary: at the age of one year he was conversant with all the leading events in the five books of Moses; at thirteen months he had mastered the history of the Old Testament; and at fourteen the history of the New. By the month of September 1723, he had acquired so perfect a knowledge of ancient and modern history, as well as geography, that he could answer any question put to him, on circumstances connected with either of them, without a blunder. He now stored his memory with a host of Latin words; and in a short time was able to express himself with tolerable fluency in the language. No great time elapsed before he mastered French; and ere he had reached his third year he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the genealogies of the principal families in Europe. A considerable portion of his fourth year was consumed in travelling through Denmark, where his rare precocity was a theme of admiration for the whole court, amongst whom were the king and his son; and with them he entered into conversation, without betraying the slightest shyness. On his return to Lubeck he learned to write, which with him was the operation of a few days; but his brief and meteor-like course was on the wane; he gradually declined, and became worse as months succeeded months; and was at length released from his sufferings. His fragile frame of body exhibited a remarkable contrast with the unprecedented strength of his mind; and strong, indeed, it must have been to have withstood the ravages of frequent and severe indisposition. Nor is it less remarkable, that the child was not weaned from his nurse until a few months before his death; for he had a violent antipathy against every species of nourishment but milk.*

Who can imagine that the life of this learned infant was not sacrificed to the vanity and mismanagement of his inconsiderate parents? If, by a more rational treatment, the *health* of this child had been the chief solicitude of his parents, and his life had been prolonged, his story would be less marvellous indeed; but he might have benefited society by the matured development of his rare endowments. The same false estimate of talents is not unfrequently seen in the angry and disappointed feelings of parents exhibited at public examinations. 'Why is my son not dux?' mutters a father, as he sees his son half-way down a class. He does not reflect that there can be only one dux at a time; and that a youth lower in station may carry away as much solid and useful learning as the highest scholar in the class. About sixty years ago, there were at the parish school of St Andrews two youths, who showed so little aptitude to learn, and who annoyed and irritated their master so much, that he dismissed them from school as incorrigible dunces. The boys were Thomas Chalmers and George Cook.* Will posterity award the unenviable honour of dunce to Dr Chalmers and Dr Cook, or to their teacher? When Sir Isaac Newton first went to school, he was a weakly child and a reputed dunce. Sir D. Brewster, in his Life of Newton, informs us that the dormant energies

* Dr George Cook died in 1845, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was author of two historical works, and for several years led one of the parishes of the Scottish Church.

of the embryo philosopher were aroused into activity by one of his class-fellows giving him a violent blow in the stomach for sluggishness and inattention to his lessons. Newton determined to be revenged, and applied to his task with such diligence and success, that he speedily distanced his competitors. Instances of a similar kind might be plentifully gleaned from the biographies of eminent men, who in childhood were reputed dunces. Enough has been said to show that dunces are worthy of our special attention. Will my professional friends excuse me for suggesting that the offensive name *Dunce* should be discontinued? If we must mark this *status*, let us employ a more appropriate and scholastic epithet. I propose then to crase *Dunce*, and substitute *Under-graduate*.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments thus are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1:2000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Lymer Jones*.

INFLUENCE OF PATERNAL FAME.

The son of a celebrated man enters upon his career crushed rather than supported by the name which he bears. His earliest efforts, which would be judged of with indulgence if they proceeded from a new man, are found unworthy of the brilliant renown of the name under which they are brought forward. Like a planet which is too near the sun, he cannot sufficiently divest himself of the rays of the paternal glory, to shine by his own light; he is discouraged, and too often contents himself with the borrowed splendour he derives from this source.—*Professor Macaire*.

'HATEFUL SPRING!'

[FROM THE 'CHANSONS' OF BERANGER.]

ALL the winter, from my window,
Have I watched a damsel fair;
Loving, though we both were strangers,
Sending kisses through the air,
Gazing through her leafless lattice,
Every day did pleasure bring:
Now green boughs the lattice shadow—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

In that thick and verdant cover
The sweet graceful form is lost
Which I daily saw there, throwing
Food to poor birds through the frost;
Those dear warblers were the signal
Of our love's awakening:
Snow of all things is most lovely—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

But for thee I still might see her
Rising fresh from sweet repose,
Rose, as when young Aurora
Dawn's gray curtains does unclose;
And I still might say at even,
When her lamp is vanishing,
'Now my star has set—she slumbers'—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

How my fond heart prays for winter!
How I long to hear again
Sleet and hailstones lightly beating
Music on the window pane.
Flowers and zephyrs, summer evenings,
Unto me no joy can bring,
Since I see my love no longer—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

J. M. M.

ECONOMY IN KNOWLEDGE.

Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach; for there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come in play some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly.—*William Wirt*.

PECULIARITY OF TALENT.

Every system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar, who, though he may be a dunce in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor amongst the most eminent of mankind. Supposing Newton had neglected those pursuits for which he was so fitted, and had applied himself to poetry; instead of developing the law of gravitation, elucidating Optics, and composing the *Principia*, he might have been the writer of rhymes and verses unfit even for the public eye. He would have been acting in opposition to nature, and, not perceiving the source of his strength, might have exhausted his diligence ineffectually. Let your studies, then, be in relation to the mind, unless you would prefer irksome toil to pleasant labour, a scanty produce to a teeming harvest. Many are the instances of men of genius persisting in their favourite occupation, in spite of the opposition and censures of their friends; and they were right, for they well knew the seat of their power, and saw what no one could see besides them. The father of Pascal denied him Euclid, but he could not prevent him being a mathematician.—*W. A. Barlow*.

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LLOYD'S.

THE greater number of persons must have heard of 'Lloyd's,' but comparatively few, we believe, are aware of the precise meaning of the term. 'Lloyd's' is an institution nestling in the heart of London, and finding accommodation in certain apartments in the north and east sides of the Royal Exchange. In these apartments the greater part of the business of the entire mercantile navy of Great Britain is transacted. Lloyd's is known everywhere; for there is not a newspaper published in any part of the globe but has some allusion to it. It is a focus in which is collected every noticeable event concerning every ship that sails from British, and occasionally from continental ports. The establishment consists of a fraternity of ship-assurers, technically, 'underwriters;' in other words, subscribers to bonds which they enter into, to insure the proprietors of ships and freights from losses at sea.

A visit to this nucleus of shipping business and shipping news is full of interest. It is a spot whence branch out chains of communication to the 'utmost ends of the earth.' Wherever civilisation has once set her foot, there some direct or indirect agent is ready to take note of any ship that may appear in sight, and to give help to any which may need it; and by his reports such circumstances, be they ever so trifling, find their way in due time to Lloyd's. But besides the abstract interest the place excites, the eye is filled with the grandeur and architectural beauty of the apartments; and nowhere are the sweeping changes to which the city of London is subject—now more perhaps than at any former period—so apparent as at Lloyd's. Formerly, one of the wonderments created in the eyes of visiting provincials, was the disproportion existing between the vastness of the operations of the mercantile world, and the mean, petty, and inconvenient places in which these were carried on. In dark, dingy, and scarcely wholesome chambers, millions of money changed hands, and transactions were completed the effects of which were sometimes felt by whole nations. Now, however, metropolitan improvement has changed those confined offices for others more worthy of the importance of the business transacted in them. The history of Lloyd's exemplifies the progress of this kind of change very aptly.

The man who gave his name to this great system of sea-insurance and maritime intelligence was a humble individual, the keeper of a coffee-house in Lombard Street; and here the underwriters used to assemble, as a convenient spot near the Royal Exchange, the centre of British commerce. At what period Lloyd died is unknown, and little can be told regarding him. Allusion is made to his coffee-house as a place for

auctions, in a poem entitled *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, published in 1700—

'Then to Lloyd's coffee-house he never fails,
To read the letters, and attend the sales.'

In 1710, Sir Richard Steele dates from it (Tagler, No. 246) his Petition on Coffee-house Orators and News-venders: Addison also, in the Spectator for 23d April 1711, makes Lloyd's Coffee-house the scene where one of his papers of minutes was dropped, and the boy was ordered by the merry gentleman there to get up into the auction pulpit and read it to the whole room. The auction business then transacted at Lloyd's is now transferred to Garraway's Coffee-house. We know little more of the early history of the former, besides the fact, that the underwriters seem to have frequented it from a still earlier period. Their 'list' for June 7, 1745, a copy of which is still extant, is No. 996, and as it had hitherto been published once a-week, we may suppose the publication to have then been about eighteen years established. It would seem that the merchants meeting at Lloyd's had in time found their accommodation there inadequate, for on the 13th December 1771, there is an agreement, signed by seventy-nine underwriters, to pay £100 each, in order to obtain a lease of two houses in Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and this arrangement not being effected, they actually took a lease of the British Herring Company's offices in the Royal Exchange, where, with subsequent additions, they remained till the whole building was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was only for a time that the members of Lloyd's were driven from this well-known resort. On the renovation of the Exchange buildings, they took possession of handsome and commodious new premises; and it is these which, with this scanty historical information, we are now prepared to enter.

Proceeding to the north end of the eastern outer portico of the Royal Exchange, progress is stayed by two large glazed doors, which yielding to a slight pressure, open at the foot of a handsome flight of stairs. Each step is formed of a single stone, fourteen feet long, brought from the Craighleigh quarries near Edinburgh. At the top of this noble staircase you enter a spacious hall, whence ingress to the different departments is obtained.

The first room into which we were shown is a comparatively small one. Around the walls are reading desks, breast high, one of which occupies the middle of the room. Half way between the ceiling and the floor is a gallery, like that of a library, used for consulting the rollers of maps with which the walls are lined. This may perhaps be regarded as the most important room in the house, and is certainly the most exciting one to the parties concerned. It contains a number of indices, by means of which the registers of haps and mishaps, as they are daily reported, may be readily

consulted. When we entered, several persons were turning them over, and tracing, with careful finger, the columns in search of the name of the ship in which they were interested. Having been referred to the proper spot on one of the pages of two enormous ledgers, called 'Lloyd's books,' they there obtain the information they seek. If their ship has been merely met on the high seas by another, or 'spoken with,' or has touched or arrived at a particular port, the news is entered against the name of the ship in ordinary characters; but if any accident has happened—a wreck, a fire, a severe collision—it is recorded in large characters, occupying two lines; hence the technical phrase applied to such casualties—'double lines.' The moment the doors of the establishment are opened (at ten o'clock in the morning), there is a crowd of persons ready to rush to these ominous books, especially when the weather has been stormy; and many an insurer leaves them with the knowledge that he is by many thousands poorer than he had reason to expect before consulting them.

This apartment may be regarded as a small section of the larger and more important underwriters' room—as noble a place of business as exists anywhere. It is one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide; the roof, which is beautifully ornamented, is supported by two rows of scagliola columns. It is fitted up with mahogany tables and seats for the accommodation of the subscribers. These are of two classes: first, 'underwriters,' who are the actual insurers of ships; and second, insurance brokers. In all commercial transactions of a large and complicated kind, the broker, or middle-man, is indispensable. A merchant who wishes to insure a particular sort of goods going by sea, could not effect the transaction at once with an underwriter, from his not knowing the exact man whose connexions lie in his particular branch of commerce, or who is willing to purchase the risk. While he is hunting for such a person, his goods may have been shipped, and perhaps sunk to the bottom of the sea. But the broker obviates this. He is ready to deal both with insurers and insured at all times, and makes his profit by contracting for the risk from the latter, at a trifle higher rate than he effects it with the former. By his agency, in short, an open market is always kept, and in this respect no broker is so useful as the insurance broker.

It is not possible to conceive a more exciting life than that of the underwriter. A sudden change of weather, or the non-arrival of a ship at the time she is expected or is 'due,' sinks him from the highest hopes of profit down to the deepest dread of loss. Some branches of the business approach the verge of gambling; at all events, the risks of marine insurance are much less easily reckoned, and are of a far less precise kind, than those of life or fire insurance. Yet wonderful efforts are made to give it certainty—the age and soundness of the ship, the kind of cargo with which she is laden, the part of the world to which she is going, the time of year, and even the skill and character of the captain who commands her, are elements in the calculation. Sometimes insurances are increased, or new ones effected, while the ship is at sea: when she has not been met with by other vessels reported to have crossed her track, or when she has delayed her arrival into home-port, the rate is augmented, according as the chance of some accident is great. The steam-ship 'President,' which went down a few years ago, and has never since been heard of, was 'done,' or, in other words, risks were taken on her in the Underwriters' Room, at a very high premium, up to the latest minute of hope. Underwriters are found who do not object to speculate on the safety of ships in equally desperate circumstances, or, to use their own slang, 'to take a few thousands on them at a very long price,' and vast sums of money are daily won and lost in this way. This is gambling.

To assist the underwriters in their calculations, not only the earliest and most ample news of actual events is provided, but every means which science can suggest is employed to guide them as to probabilities. At the

end of their room is a machine called an Anemometer, which registers the state of the wind during every hour of the day and night. Thus, when a subscriber arrives in the morning, he can see which way the wind has blown during any hour he has been asleep, and how hard it has been blowing, over and past the Royal Exchange. From data thus obtained, he can make his calculations respecting any other part of Europe in which the craft he may be interested in is floating; for a more weather-wise body than underwriters and insurance brokers does not exist. This ingenious and accurate instrument merits some notice in passing.

On the top of the Royal Exchange may be seen a sort of mast, at the top of which is a fan, precisely like that attached to a modern windmill, the object of which is to keep a plate of metal with its face presented to the wind. Attached to this plate are springs, which, joined to a rod, descend into the Underwriters' Room upon a large sheet of paper placed against the wall. To this end of the rod a lead pencil is attached, which slowly traverses the paper horizontally, by means of clock-work. When the wind blows very hard against the plate outside, the spring, being pressed, pushes down the rod, and the consequence is, that the pencil makes a long line down the paper vertically, which denotes a high wind. At the bottom of the sheet another pencil moves, guided by a valve on the outside, which so directs its course horizontally, that the direction of the wind is shown. The sheet of paper is divided into squares, numbered with the hours of night and day, and the clock-work so moves the pencils, that they take exactly an hour to traverse each square; hence the strength and direction of the wind at any hour of the twenty-four is easily seen. Attached to this machine is also a rain-gauge. By consulting it, therefore, the underwriter collects some facts which guide him in his operations during each hour of his business-day.

The number of subscribers to the Underwriters' Room has been estimated at from one thousand to eleven hundred. They include three descriptions of persons:—1st, Those who insure at their own risk, and with their own capital; 2d, Those who represent, at a salary, the various marine assurance companies: each of these classes pays twenty-five pounds as an entrance-fee, besides an annual subscription of four guineas; 3d, Brokers, who pay the yearly four guineas only. The sums thus collected and accumulated make the establishment exceedingly rich. As some proof of its wealth and liberality, we may mention that, when Napoleon threatened an invasion, Lloyd's opened a subscription, upon an extensive plan, for the encouragement and reward of sufferers, and the relief of their widows and orphans. They commenced themselves the subscription nobly, transferring to it the sum of L.20,000, 3 per cent. consols, under the name of the 'Patriotic Fund,' which subsequently amounted to L.700,000. During its progress, Lloyd's added to their former subscription, in 1809, L.5000, and in 1813, L.10,000; thus making L.35,000 in all. They have also contributed munificently to other public funds: for instance, L.5000 to the London Hospital, for the admission of seamen employed in the commerce of London; L.1000 for the suffering inhabitants of Russia in the year 1813; L.1000 for the relief of the militia in our North American colonies, 1813; L.10,000 for the Waterloo subscription in 1815; and L.2000 for the establishment of life-boats on the coast. They have also done, and are annually doing, much for the relief of private distress occasioned by disasters at sea; and, waiving all considerations of political power, which they do not aspire to, are almost as efficient as the Foreign Office itself in defending our seamen from the abuse of distant and less civilised powers. The committee also vote medals and rewards to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck.

The regularity and punctuality with which the subscribers to Lloyd's pay their losses is proverbial. So soon as the various documents required to substantiate

a loss are presented to the underwriter, the loss is, as they express it, 'written off;' that is, adjusted; and one month after, the amount is paid. Such is the regularity with which these payments are made at Lloyd's, that a merchant can calculate on receiving the amount of a loss 'one month' after its adjustment, with as much certainty as the payment of a bank bill.

The next department we were shown is called the Merchants' Room, which occupies part of the north front of this section of the Royal Exchange. It is eighty feet long, and of a proportionate width. Its name sufficiently indicates its purpose—that of affording accommodation to merchants who wish to do business with insurers, which they do through brokers, for they are not always allowed immediate access to the underwriters. Here strangers are admitted, and captains meet the owners of the ships they command—although they have a special room, which we shall presently advert to. The Merchants' Room is placed under the immediate superintendence of a 'master,' who can speak several languages, a qualification essential to a place where people from all maritime nations occasionally meet to transact business, and which could not well be got through without the aid of an interpreter. This apartment is supplied with every newspaper of any note that is published throughout the globe, files of which are kept and preserved. One of the greatest misfortunes attending the burning of the old Royal Exchange, was the destruction of these files, some of which extended back to the earliest era of newspaper publications. Duplicates of 'Lloyd's books' are also kept in this room, the entries in which are made by two clerks, who have also the duty of filing and assorting the numerous journals. The subscription to the Merchants' Room is two guineas per annum, and about five hundred of the most influential firms in the city of London are on the list of subscribers.

In point of appearance, it equals the Underwriters' Room. Both ceilings are gorgeously though classically wrought, and suspended from each are four or five immense lamps reflecting the Bude light.

The Captains' Room presents a contrast to the other two in every respect. It occupies a rounded corner of the Exchange, and is small and ill-shaped—a kind of coffee-room, where refreshments are served, we believe, to all comers. In it the merchants and owners of vessels meet the captains engaged in their various branches of trade. It is not, however, very largely resorted to, because there are other coffee-rooms frequented for the same purpose. Merchants and captains engaged in commerce with the East Indies, resort to the Jerusalem Coffee-house in Cowper's Court, Cornhill. The Jamaica Coffee-house affords accommodation to the West India shipping trade. In the North and South American, in Throgmorton Street, persons interested in the commerce with the Americas congregate; whilst those engaged in trade with the north of Europe go to 'The Baltic.' Thus the Captains' Room at Lloyd's is extensively superseded. The subscription to it is one guinea a-year.

This completes what may be termed the public part of Lloyd's. To keep it in order, to supply the subscribers with abstracts of the information which arrives by every post, and to keep the accounts, no more than twenty-five persons are employed; a singularly small number, when we compare it with the magnificent notions we imbibe of the power, extent, and importance of Lloyd's, from seeing that name in every newspaper we take up. So well ordered, however, is every arrangement, that this apparently small number of officials is found quite adequate to the demands of the establishment. Sometimes, it is true, they are hard-worked; for the very necessary rule is rigidly enforced, of each day's work being finished on the day on which it arises. By eight o'clock the clerks are at their desks, to receive the letters from the post-office—for Lloyd's letters are delivered before any others. By ten, abstracts, duplicates (written on 'manifold' paper), and entries into the huge books and

indices, are expected to be completed. Each post during the rest of the day brings its additional work; and when India mails arrive, the duties are very severe; for though the nominal hour of leaving off is five o'clock, the indefatigable secretary and his clerks and subordinates are obliged to continue their labours far into the night, so that no single stroke of the pen relating to that day shall be left over to the next.

Above the Underwriters' Room are various minor accommodations. The lavatory is on a scale approaching to luxury. The elegant soap-dishes, the spotless napkins, the china basins, the ivory-tipped cocks for the supply of hot and cold water, the lower walls lined with the whitest English porcelain, and the extensive mirrors, present a striking contrast to the washing apparatus of the old London counting-houses. This mostly consisted of a cracked basin and ewer, placed in a dark corner, a jack-towel hung up behind a cap-board-door, under a small looking-glass removable from the nail on which it hung, to be brought out for use to the 'light' as the half-dark spot near the window was called. A room near to the lavatory is a more complete evidence of modern improvement; which is a snug little apartment; on its door is labelled 'Soup Room.' It is elegantly furnished, and its walls are lined with several fine engravings, chiefly portraying shipwrecks—the very last things, one should think, underwriters would choose to be put in mind of.

Opening from the Soup Room is one used for the sitting of the committee of Lloyd's, which consists of a selection of the underwriters, who act as managers of its affairs. On the same floor is a depository for charts, one of the most complete sets of which existing is the property of Lloyd's. Neat and commodious mahogany cases are destined for their reception. To render their usefulness sufficiently extensive, they are open, to be consulted by any person who may apply for that purpose.

With this apartment our survey of Lloyd's was completed—a survey which few could make without being impressed with its vast utility and admirable management. Not a ship can sail but it is noted down at this 'given point.' Upon this small spot rests the commercial intellect, or rather the knowledge, wandering or scattered elsewhere over the globe: here reposes the shipping activity of the world. It is an oracle whereby merchants know when it is the time to send silks, grain, and other commodities to the antipodes; by its mysterious direction the shipowner despatches ship upon ship, and float upon float, with the commodities of his own country, to bring back the needed produce of every nation under heaven.

THE TILE-BURNER AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. CROWE.

In the early part of last century, there lived near the town of Pont de l'Ain, in the south of France, a brick and tile-burner, named Joseph Vallet. Joseph was an industrious man, skilful in his profession, and his bricks and tiles were in great request in the neighbourhood. No man does well in life without exciting the envy and the enmity of mean-spirited persons about him, and Joseph was not exempted from the common fate. He had a few evil wishers, and among these was M. Frillet, who had no other reason for hating Vallet than that he was a rival in trade. Vallet's bricks and tiles commanded a better market than those of Frillet, and that was enough. This hostility of Frillet might have been of little consequence in ordinary circumstances. He possessed, however, the power as well as the inclination to torment his rival; for he was the king's attorney-general for the district, a function which rendered him a dangerous enemy to a poor man.

Some time in 1707, a peasant named Dupler, a neighbour of Vallet's, died in what were alleged to be suspicious

circumstances. He had been seen one night somewhat intoxicated in the company of Vallet, who, it was said, had given him a blow, which led to his illness and death. How this rumour arose no one could tell; but having become public, the attorney-general made a rigorous investigation into the subject. He failed, however, to criminate Vallet in the affair; and it finally appeared that Dupler had died a natural death. Vallet fortunately suffered nothing in character from this attempt to injure him; nobody doubted his innocence. He married, and had a family, and his trade flourished as before.

Nineteen years had elapsed, and the story of Dupler had been long forgotten, when Joseph Sevos and Antoine Pin, two persons of loose character and intemperate habits, disappeared, after having been seen the previous evening—February 19, 1724—in a state of inebriety. They were nowhere to be found; and when a week elapsed without their making their appearance, the question arose, what had become of them?

After some inquiry, it was found that Pin had gone to Dombes and enlisted—a thing he had often threatened to do. But of Sevos there were no traces. This was the more strange, seeing he was in good circumstances, and was the possessor of a small property. Some thought Pin must have made away with his companion; but others combated this idea, under the impression that if Pin had committed murder, he would have fled no one knew whither, instead of enlisting as a soldier.

While public curiosity was on the stretch to discover what had become of Sevos, a rumour was propagated that all was not right with the family of Vallet the tile-burner. It was said they were very much discomposed, as if conscious of having committed a grievous crime. The report spread rapidly through the country, and the attorney-general, Frillet, lost no time in inquiring into the facts. The result of his investigations was, that on the 19th of August 1724 he filed an information to the effect that, 'On Sunday evening, the 19th of February, Joseph Sevos, after eating and drinking in Vallet's house, had suddenly disappeared, and has never since been heard of. That further, according to general belief, he had been murdered in the tiler's house, and buried under the stove; but that afterwards the body had been raised, and consumed in the kiln.'

Upon this information proceedings were commenced by the authorities at Pont de l'Ain, and witnesses summoned. The first person was a man called Vaudan. He averred that, on the night of the 19th of February, having been to Mastalon, he was returning by Vallet's house, about three hours before daylight, when he heard a great noise, and clearly distinguished the words, 'Help! help! I will confess everything! Forgive me this once, and spare my life!' Whereupon a voice, which he knew to be Joseph Vallet's, answered, 'We want no more confessing; you must die!' This sort of dialogue continuing some time, the witness became alarmed; but, anxious to hear the end of it, he hid himself behind a bush, whence he distinctly heard the blows that were given to the victim. Suddenly, however, all became still; and presently afterwards the door of the house opened, and Vallet, accompanied by his wife and two sons, came out, bearing a dead body, which they carried to the brick kiln, and there buried, heaping a quantity of wood over the spot to conceal it. He added, that three or four days afterwards he made a pretext to call on Vallet at the brick kiln, in order to see if he could recognise the place; but, from what he observed, he concluded that the body had been removed; and he had since learned that the murdered person was Joseph Sevos;

and that on Good-Friday the Vallets had consumed the body in the furnace.

There were several other witnesses examined; but on close inquiry, it appeared that they had received their information from Vaudan. However, the presumption appeared so strong against the Vallets, that their arrest was decreed, and executed with all the aggravated circumstances that so unnatural a crime seemed to justify. A brigade of mounted police, followed by a mob of the lowest class, proceeded to the tile-burner's house, and, amidst hooting and howling, dragged away the whole family to Pont de l'Ain, and shut them up in prison.

It happened that at this time Vallet was ill. He was suffering from a violent fever, accompanied by ague fits. Nevertheless, he was placed in a miserable dungeon, and loaded with irons; and his wife and sons were exposed to equally harsh and unjustifiable treatment. With not less injustice, his house was given up to pillage; the authorities neither took an inventory of his goods nor set a seal upon them. For eleven days the doors stood open, and the neighbours, quite willing to second the law, helped themselves to what they liked. On the twelfth, it occurred to the attorney-general that the premises should be searched for the clothes of the murdered man; but by this time it was useless to search for anything. The chests were broken open; the clothes, linen, &c. carried away, and doubtless the clothes of Sevos with them. Francisca, Vallet's sister, owned to having removed two bundles of her brother's property, in order to save them from the plunderers; but she declared that nothing belonging to Sevos or any other stranger was in them. She was, however, forced to produce them; and though nothing was found in them but what she had said, she was cast in the costs of the proceedings against herself, and fined twelve livres.

Whilst these things were going on, there was a party who looked on the whole affair with dissatisfaction. They ventured to express doubts of the guilt of the Vallets, and protested against treating them with so much severity; whilst Antoine Pin, who was assuredly not free from suspicion, was allowed to range the world at pleasure. At last the matter got so public, that it reached Paris; it was talked of at court, and furnished a subject for the salons; and as the fine ladies and gentlemen became curious to learn the truth of the business, orders were forwarded to Dombes to arrest Antoine Pin, and send him forthwith to Pont de l'Ain.

No sooner did the fugitive find himself in prison, than he volunteered a full confession. He said that nobody knew better than he the particulars of poor Sevos's murder; and that he was resolved, be the consequences what they might, that he would disclose the whole truth.

'On the evening of the 19th of February,' said he, 'I and Sevos were drinking in Vallet's house, when Sevos took it into his head, being drunk, to reproach Vallet with being the cause of Dupler's death; whereupon, in a rage, Vallet took up a heavy tin can that stood upon the table, and struck Sevos such a blow on the head with it, that he fell backwards to the earth, crying "Mercy, mercy! Take all my money, but spare my life!" But Vallet saying, "Don't talk to me of mercy!" continued to strike him, whilst his wife, with a fire shovel, also lent her assistance. Even Philippe, the eldest boy, joined in the murderous work; and amongst them, they soon put an end to poor Joseph Sevos: young Pierre the while standing sentinel at the door to keep off intruders. Vallet, when he saw that he had killed Sevos, wanted me to strike him too,' continued Pin, 'lest I should be a witness against him; but I would not. When Sevos was dead, they carried him to the kiln, and there buried him, covering the place with a heap of wood; and on Good-Friday they dug up the body and burned it. I know this, because on that day I called at the kiln, and not only smelt the burning, but saw the burnt bones in the furnace. Vallet told me

that if ever I said a word about the matter, he would serve me as he had served Sevós; but, at the same time, I must own he behaved very handsomely to me in the business, paying my silence liberally both with wine and money.

This testimony chimed in wonderfully with that of Vaudan; and although the dead body was not forthcoming, that circumstance had little weight, when its disappearance was so well accounted for, and when the story was confirmed by the utter impossibility of finding any traces of Joseph Sevós as a living person. The Vallets, however, persisted in denying the whole affair; they declared themselves innocent, and founded their defence on two circumstances. The first was, that, as they asserted, on the day after the disappearance of Sevós, blood was found in his bed, upon his pillow, on the bedclothes, and on the floor of his room, proving decisively that he had been murdered in his own house, and affording a strong presumption that Antoine Pin was the murderer. The second was, that on the night in question Pierre Vallet, who, according to the evidence admitted, had been so useful a coadjutor in the business, had in fact been absent from home, having slept at the house of his schoolmaster at Poncin, in the same bed with two other boys.

Strange to say, the authorities refused to investigate the truth of these allegations. On the contrary, they maintained that, being accused by two persons of the crime, the strongest suspicion attached to Joseph Vallet, and that his guilt was rather aggravated than otherwise by his attempt to shift the load from his own shoulders to those of Antoine Pin—an attempt in which he had entirely failed; and the attorney-general holding, therefore, the crime proved against him, demanded that sentence of death should be passed against the father, whilst confession should be wrung from the mother and sons by the rack. The jurisdiction of Pont de l'Ain, instead of complying with his request, condemned the whole family to the rack; whereupon Frillet, dissatisfied with a decision which gave the tile-burner a chance for his life, appealed to the parliament or high court of Dijon; who forthwith issued an order, transferring the prisoners to their own fortress; whither they were removed, followed by the hootings and execrations of the excited multitude.

It was soon perceived that the authorities of Dijon meant to treat the matter with more earnestness and impartiality than those of Pont de l'Ain had done. They began by admitting the guilt of Vallet and his family, which they considered established beyond a doubt; but they looked upon Antoine Pin as in all probability equally guilty, and therefore to be treated as a criminal, and not as a witness, as had been hitherto the case. They alleged, in support of this opinion, his bad character, his suspicious flight, his avowed presence at the murder, which he not only made no attempt to prevent, but had since concealed; and they also dwelt on certain conditions he had made when he entered the regiment at Dombes, all tending to his own security in case of being pursued. In hopes of eliciting the truth, he was put to the rack; but the torture he endured did not alter his testimony; it only recalled one additional circumstance; namely, that Vallet had given him a louis-d'or to entice Sevós to his house on the day in question.

The fate of the Vallet family seemed now decided; and their case was the more hopeless, that by this last avowal Pin had brought himself under the arm of the law; but now, when least expected, conscience, that irrepressible witness, awoke and spoke for them. No sooner had he returned to his cell, than the thoughts of destroying a whole family by his perjury overpowered him. He passed a night of sleepless anguish, and when the morning dawned, he requested that some person qualified to receive his confession might be sent to him. One of the barristers engaged in the cause was immediately despatched to the prison, and Antoine Pin made the following narration:—

He confessed that his life had been a series of crimes, and that at length, in 1722, he had fallen upon young Philippe Vallet on the high road, and, without being recognised by the boy, had robbed him of his money and clothes. Sevós, however, hidden behind a bush, had witnessed the crime, and had frequently reminded him that he had it in his power to bring him to the scaffold any day he pleased. He had shown no signs of an intention to do it, but nevertheless the threat disturbed Pin, and he never ceased wishing to get rid of so troublesome an acquaintance.

On the 19th February they had gone together to Vallet's house, where they drank and chatted for some time. Sevós, he said, liked idling and drinking as well as he did: they repaired to various wine-houses after leaving Vallet's, in the last of which they sat till past midnight. There it was that, in a state of maudlin intoxication, Sevós pulled a bag out of his pocket, containing about forty dollars in silver, and exhibited the money to Pin, who was immediately seized with a desire to get possession of the booty, and at the same time relieve himself of a dangerous witness, who might turn against him some day when he least expected it. With this view he accompanied Sevós home, and when they got to the door, he represented that although they had drunk a great deal, they had had nothing to eat, and proposed getting something for supper. Sevós said he was hungry too; whereupon Pin went to the house of Michel Morel, whom he knocked up, and from whom he procured a loaf, which he carried back to Sevós's, having on the way slipped into the house of his own father, and armed himself with a hatchet, which he hid under his coat.

Meanwhile Sevós, overcome by liquor, had lost sight of his hunger, and declared his intention of going immediately to sleep, requesting Pin to pass the night with him, to which the latter consented; and just as the unfortunate host was stepping into bed, Pin, who was standing behind him, brought down the hatchet with tremendous force upon his head. 'Oh God! I'm killed!' were the only words that passed the lips of the victim before he sunk to the earth, bathed in his blood. 'After rifling his pockets, I carried the body on my back to the stable,' continued he, 'where I covered it with manure; and then feeling that Bresse was no safe nest for me, I started for Dombes, and enlisted as a soldier.' He added that, before he quitted the house, he tried, without much effect, to efface the traces of his crime. 'This is the truth,' said he, 'and the whole truth. I had neither aids nor abettors; no one living was in my confidence; and the Vallets, father, mother, and sons, are innocent of the whole affair.'

On being asked why, if this were the case, he had persisted in accusing the Vallets, he answered that his first intention when he was arrested was to confess the truth, but he had changed his mind; adding that Vaudan, the first witness against the Vallets, was a good-for-nothing scoundrel, on whose testimony no reliance whatever could be placed; and that if they secured him, they would learn what weighty reasons he had for giving false evidence.

As Pin persisted in this story, without waiting to investigate the matter further, he was at once condemned, on his own confession, to be broken on the wheel. He fully admitted the justice of his sentence; and the only request he made was, to be permitted to see the Vallets before he died, which being granted, he threw himself at their feet, reiterating his assertions of their innocence, and intreating their pardon. He seemed really penitent; and great as were his crimes, the earnest desire he evinced in the midst of his tortures to vindicate the guiltless and promote the ends of justice, won him the pardon and pity even of the injured Vallets.

Thus died Antoine Pin: and when he was dead, the authorities bethought themselves of searching the stable for the body, and of verifying his story by ascertaining what traces of the crime had been found about the

house by those who first entered it after the disappearance of Joseph Sevos. But with respect to the house, the bed was gone, the place had been scoured, and nobody seemed able or willing to give any accurate account of what had been observed. Then with regard to the body, which Pin said he had hidden in the stable under a heap of manure, there was not only no body, but not a single bone to be found, nor any appearance to justify the suspicion that a body had ever been there.

Here was a puzzle! But Antoine Pin was silenced for ever, and who was to unravel the mystery? Perhaps Vaudan, whom he had arraigned: but as Pin was gone, if he did not choose to tell the truth, there was nobody to confront him. However, not knowing what else to do, they arrested Vaudan. He persisted in what he had said; 'what he had heard he had heard,' and his evidence was true to a tittle. He felt it his duty to confess to the judge that his character was not unstained; he had once in his life committed a dishonest act—stolen three oxen and a filly from his master. The ingenuousness of this needless avowal told much in his favour. Well-nigh at its wits' end, the court was at length induced to call for the records of the whole case as it had been tried at Pont de l'Ain. On looking over the papers, they found such strange informalities, so many unaccountable erasures, and so many equally unaccountable interpolations, that the affair took quite a new turn; and that which nobody had yet dared to suggest, began to be shrewdly suspected; namely, that the attorney-general, Frillet, had been playing a part in the drama, which as little comported with his reputation as with his office. A scrutiny ensued; and the result was, the complete justification of the Valler family. Not only had every witness against them been either deceivers, or themselves deceived, but the evidences in their favour had been kept back or suppressed. It even came out, and was satisfactorily proved, that distinct traces of the murder had been found in Sevos's room; and that several persons had sworn to the facts before Frillet himself. Nay, not only so, but even traces of blood were still distinctly visible on the floor; and the very instrument with which Antoine Pin said he had committed the murder was discovered in the house.

Considering how very incompetent these officials appear to have been in extricating truth from falsehood, it is fortunate that there seems to have been something in the air of their dungeons that disposed people to confession. No sooner did Vaudan find himself alone in prison, than he declared his intention of clearing up the whole affair. He avowed that his testimony was false from beginning to end; adding that the officer who had summoned him as a witness, had desired him to wait upon the attorney-general as soon as the examination was over, and relate to him all that had passed.

The parliament of Dijon, who, when they had got a criminal, seem to have proceeded with uncompromising diligence, lost no time in passing sentence on Vaudan, who was forthwith conducted to the scaffold, and died asserting the innocence of the Vallets. The real motive of this injudicious haste, which in this case and many others rendered the discovery of truth so difficult, was the fulness of the prisons. No sooner were they satisfied of a man's guilt, than they put him out of the way, to make room for the next comer; frequently thereby not only committing great injustice, but depriving themselves of the most important testimony.

Vaudan was executed on the 5th of October, and on the 12th an order was issued for placing another prisoner on the rack. This was a man called Maurice, who had made himself exceedingly busy in the whole affair, in the case of Sevos as well as of Dupler, and on whom suspicion had at length rested. The moment Maurice felt the thumb-screws, he avowed himself a false witness, in the pay of the attorney-general, who was the originator of the whole cabal against the Vallets. He had desired him to save the story of Dupler. Maurice declared that he had at first resisted, but that the threats and promises of Frillet had at length prevailed. He

added that the attorney had two other assistants in the affair; namely, Torrillon, and a forester called Mallet, who had given themselves extraordinary trouble to bring in such witnesses as suited the great man's purpose.

On the 13th, the day after he had made his confession, Maurice was executed; and he also died maintaining the innocence of the Vallets.

They had now put three persons out of the world on account of this affair: one for the murder, and two for perjury. But where was the greatest criminal of all? Where was the attorney-general Frillet? He, the suborner, the worse than murderer, the persecutor of the innocent, the betrayer of his office and his oath, the ten times guilty—he was at large, 'going to and fro upon the earth, and walking up and down on it,' like his great prototype! And where were the Vallets? They were still in prison! Three persons had died declaring their innocence; every witness against them had been convicted of perjury or delusion; not a single circumstance remained uncontradicted that could in any way connect them with the deaths of either Dupler or Sevos; their justification was indisputable, clear, and triumphant; the whole accusation was proved to be the fruits of a cabal, the offspring of envy and malice: at least if it were not, what had Vaudan and Maurice died for? And yet, on the 13th of October, Frillet was at large, and the Vallets were in prison!

However, they were at length restored to liberty, with a recompense of 500 francs (about £20), which Maurice had been made to pay as an expiation: at the same time measures were taken for arresting Frillet and his two abettors, Torrillon and the forester; but the attorney-general was too well informed of what was going on to allow himself to be taken. He fled into Savoy, and found refuge in a cloister, where the arm of the law could not reach him.

In the meantime the prosperity of the Vallets was destroyed. Their healths had been injured, their money had gone to the lawyers, their house had been plundered, and everything belonging to them, except the bare walls, had either disappeared or been knocked to pieces. The old man had to begin the world again. It was up-hill work; but he did his best, and in time partially recovered his former position.

Several years had thus elapsed, and the Vallets had fought through the worst of their difficulties, when one day Pierre, the youngest son, being on business in a town called Bourg, met, as he was walking through the market-place, Joseph Sevos! At first he thought it was a phantom of the imagination; but it proved to be no other than the living Sevos, whose disappearance had caused so much trouble. Perceiving himself to be recognised, Sevos attempted to escape in the crowd; Pierre promptly followed, and had the satisfaction of seizing him, and bringing him before a magistrate, of whom he demanded that both himself and the resuscitated man should be held in custody till the mystery could be investigated. The reserve and equivocations with which Sevos sought to baffle inquiry, suggesting a suspicion that he was not altogether innocent; he was accordingly removed to Dijon; but even there, it was not till he was threatened with the rack that the truth was elicited from him.

'On the 19th of February 1794,' said he, 'Antoine Pin and I went out for a day's drinking; and when the wine-houses were all closed, we went together to my house, where I invited him to sleep. I undressed, and was about to step into bed, when I received a violent blow upon the head. I fell to the ground, exclaiming that I was killed; and as I did not stir again, no doubt Pin thought I was. However, I was only stunned. He then rifled my pockets, in which I had about forty dollars, and afterwards dragged me to the stable, and covered me with manure. There I lay and listened till I heard Pin go away; then I went back to the house, and fastening the door, I stanching the blood that flowed from my head as well as I could with old rage. In the morning I bound it up, and bethought me what I

should do; but the fear of Antoine so entirely overcame me, that I durst not leave the house, nor even open the door; and for two whole days and nights I sat there, listening for his return, which I momentarily expected. However, he came no more; and on the third I ventured, before the day had well broken, to slip out; and I managed, without being seen by anybody, to reach the attorney-general's, and to him I related what had happened. He listened to my story with attention, and, after some consideration, he advised me to quit the place. "Pin," said he, "is a villain, who will stick at nothing; and if he finds out you are alive, he will never stop till he has completed his work. Take my advice, and leave this as fast as your legs can carry you, and the farther you go the better."

Sevos was a timid and weak man: to be once murdered he thought was enough. The advice of so influential a person as Frillet, a man who must necessarily understand the case so well, was not to be neglected. He fled, and never stopped till he thought himself far out of the reach of his enemy. Accident had at length brought him to the market of Bourg, where Pierre Vallet met him.

The agreement between this story and that of Antoine Pin was sufficient to insure its acceptance as far as it went; but it was generally believed that Joseph Sevós, timid as he was, had been influenced by something more than fear to abandon his native place and his little property. The attorney-general's empty-handed recommendation was not likely to have induced a man to condemn himself to exile for such a length of time. However, whether from the apprehension of suffering the legal penalty, as a party in the plot, or from the dread of the great man's vengeance, Sevós could not be brought to any further confession. On this occasion the rack was spared, the desire for a further revelation not being sufficiently strong on the part of the authorities to induce them to have recourse to it.

As soon as the news of Sevós's reappearance reached Frillet, he quitted his sanctuary, and loudly arraigned the parliament of Dijon, not only for their proceedings against himself, but also for having broken Antoine Pin upon the wheel for the murder of a man who was proved never to have been murdered at all. In spite of this, however, they arrested him, and instituted investigations, which led to the conviction of several other persons as parties in the conspiracy of which he had been the contriver: and now that the tide was apparently turning against him, there is no telling how far the tongue of Joseph Sevós might have been loosed, had he not, just at this juncture, most unexpectedly died in prison. Nevertheless, so strong was the evidence against Frillet, that he was condemned to death, and his property mulcted to the amount of 8000 livres, for the benefit of the Vallet family.

Great was the joy of the people. Nine hours had the parliament of Dijon sat before they could agree upon the sentence. The whole town had been in commotion for days; and all seemed anxious for the execution of a man who had proved himself such an oppressor. This vengeful feeling was doomed to be disappointed. The sentence of death against Frillet was commuted by the king into banishment for ten years. He received the intimation with an affectation of pious gratitude; for he seems to have been as great a hypocrite as a sinner. But it was the will of God, whose justice and mercy he had outraged, that he should not profit by the corruption that had spared his life. On the day appointed for his quitting the prison, that life was required of him by a Judge incorruptible—he expired suddenly as they were throwing open the gates to set him free. His coadjutors in crime suffered various degrees of punishment, and the injured Vallets received the 8000 livres.

Perhaps a more extraordinary case of criminal jurisprudence than this is not on record, nor one that exhibits a more frightful picture of the effrontery with

which the strong dared to oppress the weak, or of the carelessness, precipitance, and contempt for the most ordinary principles of justice with which, at one period, the judicial proceedings of France were conducted.

LEIGH HUNT'S STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.

MR HUNT's remarkable powers as a transfuser of the spirit and grace of the classic and Italian poets into our own tongue, disposed us to hope much from this work; and we have not been disappointed. Although wholly, or all but wholly in prose, it is calculated to convey perhaps as correct a view of the great poets of Italy—Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso—and of their celebrated epics, as is attainable through the medium of a foreign language. It will therefore suit a vast class of readers who, with no reason to hope that they will ever become acquainted with these authors in the original, may yet desire to obtain some knowledge of their works, both on account of the works themselves, and that they may not be entirely at a loss when the Italian poets are a subject of allusion in conversation.

No literary name is, we believe, more worshipped in Italy than that of Dante, who is the first in time also, a predecessor by about sixty years of our Chaucer. His *Divina Comedia* (called comedy with a regard merely to its literary style) is certainly a wonderful work; yet, as far as we can judge, Mr Hunt draws a just discrimination between the literary excellences for which one would wish it to be preserved, and the abominable spirit in which much of it is written. This part seems to have been partly a victim of the political dissensions of his country (Florence, from which he was banished), and partly of his own fierce and self-concentrated nature. A stern, swarthy, hook-nosed, bilious little man he was, with thousands of enmities always on his hands, and a terrific theological creed in his brain. The two first parts of his great poem—descriptions of hell and purgatory—are accordingly little more than vents of personal wrath and malignity. Whoever had at any time offended Dante, that man must take his place in some situation of torment horrible to think of. The worthiest and best are represented as undergoing awful punishments, if they had chanced to come to a sudden death, leaving no opportunity of certain religious rites being performed by them on their deathbeds. One cannot sufficiently marvel at a great poet, for such he really was, going about Italy almost in a mendicant state for about sixteen years, secretly employed all the time in gratifying his destructiveness by thus pillorying friend and foe to all time. As might be expected, the work did not appear till after his death.

Mr Hunt's remarks on the character of Dante appear to us just and true; he speaks with becoming horror of the evil passions which vein the *Divina Comedia* as with streaks of fire, and also of the justifications which they have met with at the hands of partial critics. From this part of the work we select a few scattered passages, which are worth treasuring in the memory:—

'Genius and worldly power, unless for worldly purposes, find it difficult to accord, especially in tempers like his [Dante's]. There must be great wisdom and amiableness on both sides, to save them from jealousy of one another's pretensions.'

'The tragical as well as fantastic tricks which

Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,

plays with his energy and bad passions, under the guise of duty, is amongst the most perplexing of those spectacles which, according to a greater understanding than Dante's, "make the angels weep."

'All gentle and considerate hearts must dislike the rage and bigotry in Dante, even were it true that Italy will never be regenerated till one half of it is baptised in the blood of the other. Such men [as Ugo Foscolo,

who thought so], with all their acuteness, are incapable of seeing what can be effected by nobler and serener times, and the progress of civilisation. One calm discovery of science may do away with all the boasted necessities of the angry and self-idolatrous.

'Lucky, assent is not belief; and mankind's feelings are for the most part superior to their opinions; otherwise the world would have been in a bad way indeed, and nature not been vindicated of her children.'

But of the poem itself, let us, if possible, present some specimen—something which our readers may find neither beyond their comprehension nor their sympathies. Of all parts of it, none seem to have made a greater impression on all classes of persons than the two stories of Paulo and Francesca, and the Count Ugolino. The former has often been pronounced faultless, and is, says Mr Hunt, 'unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world.' Strange to say, considering what sort of person was its author, its chief beauty is that of tenderness. It comes in as the breath of Araby would amidst a circumpolar winter. The whole thing is rather an exquisite hint than a story. We give a portion of it from Mr Hunt's poetical version, in the triplet stanzas of the original:—

'Scarce had I learnt the names of all that pres-
Of knights and dames, than I beheld a sight
Nigh rett my wits for very tenderness.

"O guide!" I said, "fain would I, if I might,
Have speech with yonder pair, that had in hand
Soom borne before the dreadful wind so light."

"Wait," said my guide, "until thou seest their band
Sweep round. Then be thou, by that love, to stay;
And they will come, and hover where we stand."

And the whirlwind flung them round that way;
And then I cried, "Oh, if I ask nought ill,
Poor weary souls, have speech with me I pray."

As doves, that leave some bevy circling still,
Set firm their open wings, and through the air
Sweep homewards, wafted by their pure good will;

So broke from Dido's flock that gentle pair,
Cleaving, to where we stood, the air malign:
Such strength to bring them had a loving prayer.

The female spoke, "O living soul benign!"
She said, "thus, in this lost air, visiting
Us who with blood stained the sweet earth divine;

Had we a friend in heaven's eternal King,
We would beseech him keep thy conscience clear,
Since to our anguish thou dost pity bring.

Of what it pleaseth thee to speak and hear,
To that we also, till this lull be o'er
That falleth now, will speak and will give ear.

The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.

Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart,
Seized him thou look'st on for the form and face,
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart.

Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place.

Love brought us to our grave. The hand that slew
Is doomed to mourn us in the pit of Cain."
Such were the words that told me of those two.

Downcast I stood, looking full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide asked what held me in that vein.

His voice aroused me; and I said, "Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass."

Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
"Francesca, see, these human cheeks are wet—
Truer and sadder tears were never shed."

In answer to the poet's request, the lady relates some particulars of her story, and then he adds:—

'While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourned
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died.' * * *

The story of Ugolino is well known, from its having

been so often painted. Our own Sir Joshua tried it. The real fact here was, that the count betrayed the castle of Pisa to the Florentines, and, as a punishment, was starved with some of his relations in a tower. Dante represents him in the infernal regions as revenging himself on the Archbishop Ruggieri, who, however, is believed to have been innocent in the case.

'The pilgrims went on, and beheld two other spirits so closely locked up together in one hole of the ice, that the head of one was right over the other's, like a cowl; and Dante, to his horror, saw that the upper head was devouring the lower with all the eagerness of a man who is famished. The poet asked what could possibly make him show a hate so brutal; adding, that if there were any ground for it, he would tell the story to the world.

'The sinner raised his head from the dire repast, and after wiping his jaws with the hair of it, said, "You ask a thing which it shakes me to the heart to think of. It is a story to renew all my misery. But since it will produce, this wretch his due infamy, hear it, and you shall see me speak and weep at the same time. How thou comest hither I know not; but I perceive by thy speech that thou art Florentine.

"Learn, then, that I was the Count Ugolino, and this man was Ruggieri the archbishop. How I trusted him, and was betrayed into prison, there is no need to relate; but of his treatment of me there, and how cruel a death I underwent, hear; and then judge if he has offended me.

"I had been imprisoned with my children a long time in the tower, which has since been called from me the Tower of Famine; and many a new moon had I seen through the hole that served us for a window, when I dreamt a dream that foreshadowed to me what was coming. Methought that this man headed a great chase against the wolf, in the mountains between Pisa and Lucca. Among the foremost in his party were Guandanti, Siamondi, and Lanfranchi, and two hounds were thin and eager, and high-bred; and in a little while I saw the hounds fasten on the flanks of the wolf and the wolf's children, and tear them. At that moment I awoke with the voices of my own children in my ears asking for bread. Truly cruel must thou be, if thy heart does not ache to think of what I thought then. If thou feel not for a pang like that, what is it for which thou art accustomed to feel? We were now all awake; and the time was at hand when they brought us bread, and we had all dreamt dreams which made us anxious. At that moment I heard the key of the horrible tower turn in the lock of the door below, and fasten it. I looked at my children, and said not a word. I did not weep. I made a strong effort upon the soul within me. But my little Anselm said, 'Father, why do you look so? Is anything the matter?' Nevertheless, I did not weep, nor say a word all the day, nor the night that followed. In the morning a ray of light fell upon us through the window of our sad prison, and I beheld in those four little faces the likeness of my own face, and then I began to gnaw my hands for misery. My children, thinking I did it for hunger, raised themselves on the floor, and said, 'Father, we should be less miserable if you would eat our own flesh. It was you that gave it us. Take it again.' Then I sat still, in order not to make them unhappier; and that day and the next we all remained without speaking. On the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, and said, 'Father, why wont you help me?' and there he died. And as surely as thou lookest on me, so surely I beheld the whole three die in the same manner. So I began in my misery to grope about in the dark for them, for I had become blind; and three days I kept calling on them by name, though they were dead; till famine did for me what grief had been unable to do."

'With these words the miserable man, his eyes starting from his head, seized that other wretch again with his teeth, and ground them against the skull as a dog does with a bone.

'O Pisa! scandal of the nations! since thy neighbours are so slow to punish thee, may the very islands tear themselves up from their roots in the sea, and come and block up the mouth of thy river, and drown every soul within thee! What if this Count Ugolino did, as report says he did, betray thy castles to the enemy? his children had not betrayed them; nor ought they to have been put to an agony like this. Their age was their innocence; and their deaths have given thee the infamy of a second Thebes.'

Our space forbids us to enter upon the consideration of any of the other stories from the Italian poets; but we may point out a few more remarkable passages in the biographical and critical matter of these volumes. Treating of Astolpho's Journey to the Moon, a poem of Ariosto, Mr Hunt observes that the moon of that poet, as well as of Milton, is a finer thing than that of the modern astronomer—with its no-atmosphere, and its no-water, and its tremendous precipices. 'It is to be hoped (and believed),' he adds, 'that knowledge will be best for us all in the end; for it is not always so, by the way. It displaces beautiful ignorances.' We thoroughly believe that, for whatever of beautiful or romantic it removes, it tends to supply matter for a far higher gratification to the same or other faculties. For one instance as all-sufficient, how much grander—how much more suited for all the noblest purposes of poetry—is the universe of the modern astronomer than that of the ignorant man!

With regard to the supposition of some authors, that Pulci, being a comic poet, received the speculations on matters of opinion in his *Morgante* from other writers, his friends, Mr Hunt pertinently says—'as if a man of genius, however lively, did not go through the gravest reflections in the course of his life, or could not enter into any theological or metaphysical question to which he chose to direct his attention. Animal spirits themselves are too often but a counterbalance to the most thoughtful melancholy.' One cause, too, for this kind of error is, that the public have always a difficulty in regarding a man in any but one point of view.

Of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* Mr Hunt says—'Like all originals, it was obliged to wait for the death of the envious and the self-loving, before it acquired a popularity which surpassed all precedent. Foscolo says, that Macchiavelli and Ariosto, "the two writers of that age who really possessed most excellence, were the least praised during their lives. Bembo [now neglected] was approached in a posture of adoration and fear; the infamous Aretino extorted a fulsome letter of praises from the great and learned." He might have added, that the writer most in request "in the circles" was a gentleman of the name of Bernardo Accolti, then called the *Unique*, now never heard of. Ariosto himself eulogised him among a shoal of writers, half of whose names have perished, and who most likely included in that half the men who thought he did not praise them enough. For such was the fact! I allude to the charming invention in his last canto, in which he supposes himself welcomed home after a long voyage. Some of the persons thus honoured by Ariosto were vexed, it is said, at not being praised highly enough; others at seeing so many praised in their company; some at being left out of the list; and some others at not being mentioned at all! * * * Happily for them, the names of most of these mighty personages are not known. One or two, however, took care to make posterity laugh. Trissino, a very great man in his day, and the would-be restorer of the ancient epic, had the face, in return for the poet's too-honourable mention of him, to speak in his own verses of "Ariosto, with that Furioso of his, which pleases the vulgar." "His poem," adds Panizzi, "has had the merit of not having pleased anybody." A sullen critic, Sperone, was so disappointed at being left out, that he became the poet's bitter enemy. He talked of Ariosto taking himself for a swan, and "dying like a goose" (the allusion was to the fragment he left, called the *Five Cantos*). What has become of the swan Sperone?'

How difficult, however, amongst any set of contemporary authors, to say which are to be the forgotten and which the remembered! The great bulk of those at first neglected, undoubtedly continue to be so; and on the other hand, it often happens that the man most appreciated by posterity, was the man most appreciated also in his own time.

THE TOLLMAN.

STRETCH my philanthropy as I may, it will in nowise embrace him. There is something so annoying and vexatious about the whole status and functions of this official, that 'twere more than is to be expected of mortal patience to look upon him complacently. See the cold-hearted wretch planted in his vile little cot, like a spider in his den, ready to pounce out upon every passenger from whom he is entitled to exact his odious dues. No compunction or sympathy has he for any fellow-mortal. It may be a wedding party rolling gaily and merrily along to church; it may be a funeral train; the parson; the country surgeon; a set of ladies and gentlemen caracoling forth for pleasure; a chain of dull patient carriers' wagons heaving slowly forward on their laborious mission—the Alexandrine of the road. No matter who it be, what it be, or how or whence it be, this atrocious tollman is sure to present his harsh passively-compelling visage, uncharged with any feeling whatever, save the stern resolve to withstand passage until a certain sum has been paid. No thanks, no relentings of a humane courtesy from the tollman. He approaches and he takes his leave as a declared enemy. The victim, once forced to render his dues, becomes the lusk of an idea, and may go where he pleases. Surely this is an amazing image of individual atrocity to be kept up in an age remarkable, upon the whole, for its exemption from downright barbarisms. The only personage with whom he can be at all compared is the tower-pent baron of the fourteenth century, who obliged all travellers passing his residence to stop and yield him at once reverence and tribute; but the romance is here wanting, and we feel how different was the armed barbarian who, in robbing, took his chance of thwacks and cuts, from the base mechanical varlet who plunders you in regulated sums (giving back with disgusting accuracy coppers in change), secure under the banner of some mean-featured act of parliament which he has got inscribed upon a board beside his door in letters of statutory magnitude. Oh profane not the middle ages with any such reference! Surely the veriest, vilest wretch that now breathes, or ever did breathe, is—the Tollman!

I don't know either. Human life is a blotted page. Men are often the victims of infelicitous circumstances. Possibly even tollmen, if you could get to the bottom of them, might in some instances be found to possess respectable and amiable qualities, only overlaid and disgraced by the sad necessities of their lot. Perhaps Cromwells and Miltons might be discovered amongst them—hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. Even in that ill-favoured corduroyed form there may be faculties that, in better circumstances, could have melted at the tale of woe, or struggled to help forward the cause of suffering humanity. Coarse, insolent, dogged, 'not to be done,' as he now looks, he doubtless once lay a babe upon his mother's gentle bosom—innocent, smiling, and loveable; undreaming of ever having to assert his title to two-pences over contumacious carters. Lovely was he at his christening in the old parish kirk; pleasant to look upon in his first breeks. Wandered he oft with his flaxen-headed companions to muse and sport through innocent hours amongst the gowans and rushes by green

burn-sides, while as yet he knew not what grown men have to do for bread. Since then, the strong necessity of a subsistence has driven him, as it drives us all; and, behold, it has been his lot to keep a toll! Perhaps this has been less the poor man's fault than his misfortune—and what a misfortune to have been forced to take to the road even in this modified form of the destiny! There he is, the universal enemy! cut off and dissociated from all of his own kind, as one with whom none have any sympathies—the man whom they may not be quarrelling with to-day, but with whom they may have to quarrel to-morrow, and whom it is therefore necessary to keep ever at arm's length. Backing and countenance he never gets from a single human being, except as a cold official matter from road trustees, and even that by compulsion. It is not wonderful, in such circumstances, that tollmen are all unhappy. How can it be otherwise with men who have no friends? Thus regarded, and not as the insolent tyrants that look in at coach windows to extort our money, tollmen become objects of pity. We ought perhaps only to condemn the system which tempts poor men into such unhallowed situations. To this, doubtless, must be attributed much of the harshness which we complain of in tollmen. Their suspicious looks are induced by liability to be bilked, and they stand upon their twopences rather in a transport of misanthropy, resulting from their unsocial position, than from any immediate love of the lucre.

But what a base and absurd system is this of tolling, taken altogether! Not only for its betraying simple rustics into miserable lives would I anathematise it, but as a wholly rude and clumsy expedient for its purpose, and one entailing equally endless and needless vexation upon us poor members of that generally ill-used compound personality—the public. Let any one recall for a moment the annoyances to which he has been subjected throughout life by tolls.* Say you have been travelling by night in your own vehicle, and desiderate a little sleep. After much coaxing, Morpheus gently lights upon your prostrate senses; but lo! ere ten minutes have elapsed, the horses are pulled up abruptly, and the coachman commences hawling for the turnpike-man to arouse himself. You start up in alarm, and for hours can sleep no more. Say you are setting out on a party of pleasure, full of joyful anticipations—nice friends, capital cold turkey, with some sherry, in a basket under the seat—pleasant sunny morning: a joke already established, which is to be the key-note for all the gay nonsense of the day: behold, in the midst of your enjoyments, a halt is called, and a hard hirsute hand is presented—THE TOLL! You have to stop short in perhaps one of your drollest whimsies, to twitch out one or two shillings to the horrid intruder. The coachman drives on; you try to resume the suspended joke; but no—your mind has been disturbed by an alien idea; and the rest of the matter is as flat as fifty flounders. Or it may be that you have obtained from her 'mammy' the privilege of driving your fair one out. Conversation has reached a most interesting point. The next gentle accents of the adorable are likely to be those which are to make you bleat. When lo! a turnpike. At sight of the tollman love elays his soft wings, and in a moment flies. Once thus broken, it is impossible to bring the discourse exactly to the same point again, and so you are for that time, perhaps for ever, disappointed. On a thousand such interesting occasions may the dire Gorgon of a tollman come in to mar your happiness, taxing your purse much, but your patience a hundred times more. Is taxation so agreeable a thing that we should have it thus intruded upon us at the most critical times, and distributed, as it were, over the hours of our existence? What worse, I would ask, was the introduction of the skeleton at the Egyptian banquets? Though Englishmen wished to have something disagreeable presented to their thoughts at regular intervals, could they hit upon a better plan for the purpose than to have their roads beset with tolls?

Surely, when nice and convenient regulations are making in all departments of our social economy, it is time that this enginery, worthy only of the fourteenth century, or of a country in the condition of Spain at this day, were replaced by something more smooth in its working, and involving less expense for its support. Were our letters still carried each by private couriers, or were the poor left to beg each for his own support by wandering throughout the country, it would be in perfect analogy with this plan for keeping up roads. Not wonderful is it to find, as Mr Pagan assures us,* that of the money raised for the roads of the county of Fife, seventy or eighty per cent. goes to the expense of collection, not to speak of continual litigation occasioned by collisions between those unhappy beings, the tollmen and their victims. Surely it is most desirable that this expense were reduced, that tollmen were set free from a life so wretched, and that less exercise for the Hampden spirit were called for in our carmen and postilions. Oh, my countrymen, for a Rowland Hill of tolls!

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

'TELL me, father, what is meant by geometry?' Such were the words of a child of nine years old one summer evening in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent-looking man in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, &c. and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common countenance he looked on: childish as were the features, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

'Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another.'

'Father,' said the child, 'I will learn geometry!'

'Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books. Go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening.'

'I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books. Do, father, let me stay here with you; and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of geometry?'

The father sighed as he looked at the slight delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand in his, and putting aside his books, 'Well, Blaise,' he answered, 'I will take a walk with you myself, and we will breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more questions about geometry.'

Such was one of the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect: the early dawning of that mathematical genius destined in a few years to astonish Europe, and which would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivalling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion and the good of his fellow-men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known and much esteemed by the literati of his day. He felt a parent's pride in watching the opening powers of his son's mind, but he also felt a parent's fears for the fragile form which enshrined it, and he wisely sought to draw the little Blaise from his darling sedentary studies, and induce him to share in the out-door amusements which boys of his age in general love. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of

* See Journal for April 19, 1845.

mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them until his mind should be matured and his body in greater vigour; and as Blaise did not again mention the word geometry, and ceased to linger so long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his brain. At the end of a long corridor in M. Pascal's house there was an apartment which was used only as a lumber-room, and consequently seldom opened. He one day entered it in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and, with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallelograms. The child was so much absorbed in his employment that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not till his father spoke that he raised his head. 'What are you doing, child?'

'Oh father, don't be angry; indeed I could not put geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it, and so I came here to work away at these lines.'

M. Pascal looked, and with delighted astonishment perceived that his child, without instruction, without knowing the name of a single geometrical figure, had demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles—a truth established by the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. The father now saw that it was in vain to repress his son's thirst for knowledge: he gave him every assistance in the study of mathematics, while at the same time he watched over his health. Arrived at the age of eleven years, this wonderful boy composed a treatise on the nature of sound; in which he sought to explain why a glass, when struck by a knife, gives a sound that ceases as soon as the hand is applied to it. Five years afterwards appeared his celebrated 'Treatise on Conic Sections,' admired by the great mathematicians of the time. The famous Descartes could not be persuaded that a work displaying so profound an acquaintance with science, was the production of a youth of sixteen. Yet it is quite certain that Blaise Pascal was its sole and unaided author.

He had often observed that the science of numbers is, like the thoughts of men, subject to error: he had seen that, in the every-day use of calculation, it is very difficult to preserve exactness for any considerable time; because memory becomes weary still sooner than patience; and when the first of these faculties fails, it follows, as a matter of course, that mistakes escape notice. In order, then, to remedy this defect, he constructed the well-known and singular arithmetical machine by which, without a pen, without counters, and without understanding arithmetic, all kinds of computation may be readily performed. 'By other methods,' said he, in writing to Christina, queen of Sweden, 'all the operations are troublesome, complicated, long, and uncertain; by mine they become easy, simple, quick, and certain.'

Le Père Mersenne, a Parisian monk, about this time proposed to the world of science a famous and difficult problem. It was required to determine the curve line described in the air by a nail attached to the circumference of a carriage-wheel revolving and progressing at an ordinary speed. It would not be interesting, nor perhaps intelligible, to general readers, were we to attempt explaining the difficulties which, in the then state of mathematical science, attended the solution of this problem. It will suffice to state that, after having baffled the efforts of all the great men of the day, it was solved by Pascal, when not twenty years old, and while lying on a bed of sickness. More than this: he defied all the mathematicians of Europe to resolve in detail the difficulties of the problem, offering four hundred francs (equal to two thousand in the present day) to him who should succeed. All having failed, Pascal gave his own solution to the world, and from that moment took his place in the first rank of science.

Torricelli, an eminent Italian mathematician, taught by Galileo that air is a ponderable fluid, tried several

experiments by producing a vacuum. These induced Pascal to try some others, which he caused to be made by his brother-in-law, M. Perier, on the mountain of Puy de Dome, in the province of Auvergne, and which were crowned with brilliant success. Galileo had discovered the weight of the air; Torricelli, measuring the pressure of the atmosphere, had found it equal to a column of water of the same base, and thirty-two feet in height, or to one of quicksilver of twenty-eight inches. The experiments of Pascal confirmed the others, because they established the fact, that the column of mercury becomes low in the same proportion that the one of air diminishes in height. He was the first who proved clearly, in a 'Treatise on the Weight and Density of the Air,' that the effects—until then attributed to nature's abhorring a vacuum—are derived from the weight of the atmospheric air: and reversing this point in the physics of the ancients, he established, as a principle thenceforth incontestable, that the mass of this fluid has a limited and determinable weight; that it weighs more at one time than at another, as in thick fogs; in certain places than in others, as in valleys and on low ground; that, pressing on all the bodies which it surrounds, it acts more powerfully in proportion to its increase of weight. From these facts he deduced several consequences, such as ascertaining whether two places are on the same level; that is to say, equally distant from the centre of the earth; or which of the two is most elevated, however distant from each other they may be. It remained for him to show that a small quantity of water may keep a great weight balanced; that two weights of different materials, adjusted, while the air is dry, to the most perfect equilibrium, lose their equality when the air becomes damp; that bodies floating in water weigh precisely as much as the liquid they displace; because the water touching them from beneath, and not from above, serves only to raise them. Having established these preliminary facts, he published a 'Treatise on the Equilibrium of Fluids.'

In the present day, when immense progress has been made both in physics and geometry, the writings of Pascal on these subjects are not of much practical utility; but when we reflect that from them we derive our first knowledge, we shall always regard them with the respect due to monuments of a genius, which has left its immortal impress on even the most trifling details.

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris, where, amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and partly executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his 'Thoughts.' They contain the germ of many a noble sentiment and profound view of human nature, which, had they been wrought out, and the rough outline filled up by a master's hand, would have formed a work fit for immortality. About this period of his life he published the 'Provincial Letters,' which have been characterised by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We find in them the pointed wit and dramatic powers of Molière, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he immediately replied, 'the Provincial Letters.'

Pascal in his thirtieth year already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He was an old man at that period when it is generally considered that both the physical and mental powers are most fully developed. But his health had sustained a severe shock from his intense application to study, no less than from the ever-stirring activity of his genius. He had been for many

years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physicians advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame and divert him from his mental fatigue. In pursuance of this advice, Pascal used to go out in a carriage every day to the bridge of Neuilli. His only surviving and fondly-loved sister, Madame Perier, who with her husband and family resided in the country, frequently visited him, and left nothing undone that affection could suggest to support and cheer him. One morning in the month of October 1654, she accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The day was lovely, and Pascal's enfeebled frame seemed to receive strength from the balmy air, while he conversed with ease and pleasure. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war. 'Fancy,' he said, 'a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, "Why do you want to kill me?" "What!" the other answers, "don't you live at the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but as you live at the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life." Persons of great and little minds,' he afterwards remarked, 'are subject to the same accidents and annoyances; but the latter are on the circumference of the wheel, and the former near the centre, and thus are they less agitated by the same movements. Yet even in his lefticst state, what is man, fettered as he is by a frail body! The mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent as to remain undisturbed by the noise around him. It does not require the sound of a cannon to impede his train of thought; the winding of a pulley, or the shutting of a door, is sufficient. Don't be astonished that the philosopher reasons badly now; a fly is buzzing about his ears; that's enough to render him incapable of deep reflection. If you want him to discover truth, drive away the insect which keeps his reason in check, and troubles the powerful intelligence that governs cities and kingdoms. Yet is the study of the human mind, in all its greatness and littleness, the noblest of pursuits.'

'I have often regretted, dear brother,' said Madame Perier, 'your relinquishing the grand career of science you had entered on, and changing so completely your course of thought.'

'Dear sister,' said Pascal, 'I had passed much time in the study of abstract sciences; but it disheartened me to find how few persons there were with whom I could hold communion about them. When I commenced the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not fitted for him, and that I wandered farther from my path in diving into them, than did others in avoiding them; and I forgave them their ignorance. I believed that I should find companions, at least in the study of man, because it is the knowledge which best befits him. I was deceived: there are yet fewer who study man than geometry.'

While thus speaking they came to the bridge; and the horses taking fright, and refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. By this means the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his health received, nevertheless, a severe shock. One may easily imagine what effect this sudden fright and violent motion must have produced in the weakened state of his constitution. He fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered. A severe illness followed, the effects of which he never got quite over. Yet the gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alms to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which, he affirmed, would speedily bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and

quietly replied, 'I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him.'

He denied himself the comforts, and even the necessaries of life, in order to minister more abundantly to the wants of the poor. He always preserved the utmost purity of mind and manners; and he would never suffer the pleasures of the table to be extolled in his presence, remarking, that food was simply intended to satisfy the appetite and nourish the body, not to pamper the senses. The unfortunate ever found in him a brother. One day, as he was returning from the church of St Sulpice, he was accosted by a young and beautiful peasant girl. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'for the love of God give me a few sous!'

Pascal stopped, touched at the danger to which her youth and beauty would expose her, if suffered to wander unprotected through the streets of Paris. He inquired into her history. 'My father,' she said, 'was a mason, and lived some leagues from the city. A short time since he fell from some scaffolding, and was killed on the spot, leaving my mother and me alone and friendless in the world. We managed for a time to support ourselves, till my mother's health failed; and after struggling in vain against her illness, she this morning entered the hospital, where, though I can visit her, I am not permitted to live, so that, to avoid starvation, I am forced to beg.'

'My poor child,' said Pascal, 'yours is a hard lot; I will try what can be done for you.'

He immediately conducted her to the house of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom, without making himself known, he gave a sum of money sufficient for her food and clothing, promising to send next day a charitable lady to take charge of her. This was Madame Perier, who entered warmly into her brother's benevolent feelings, and took care of the grateful young girl until a respectable situation was provided for her. Who can describe the feelings of the poor sick mother when she heard of the kindness that had been shown her daughter! She longed to bless her benefactor, her guardian angel, who had saved her child from misery, perhaps from ruin. Yet Pascal would not suffer his name to be disclosed, and it was not till after his death that he was known to have performed this good action. Truly might it be said that he

'Did good by stealth, and b'ushed to find it fame.'

Notwithstanding his habitual gravity, he had a fund of natural wit, and keen penetration into character; and could have been sarcastic, but the overflowing kindness of his temperament forbade it. He one day remarked, 'The authors who are incessantly announcing *my* book, *my* history, *my* commentary, would they not do better to say, *our* book, *our* commentary, *our* history? for, generally speaking, there is more in their works that belongs to others than to themselves.'

One of his maxims was, 'If you wish others to speak well of you, do not speak well of yourself.' Another just remark was this—'In proportion as we have our minds enlarged, we discover in the world a greater number of original characters—commonplace people do not perceive any distinguishing difference between men.'

It may not be out of place to cite a remark of Pascal's, alluding to the strange political revolutions of Europe, and the casting down of crowned heads, which took place in his day. He says, 'Who would ever have supposed that an individual possessing the friendship of the king of England, the king of Poland, and the queen of Sweden, might be left destitute in the world, without an asylum or retreat?'

This refers to three revolutions which had occurred in Europe nearly at the same time.

We will now set down, somewhat at random, a few of his remarks breathing a spirit of true philosophy.

'There is nothing more common than good things; all we require is to discern them; and it is certain they

are all natural, and within our reach. Yet it is universally the case that we do not know how to distinguish them. It is not among strange and extraordinary things that we are to look for excellence. In rising to attain it, we but leave it behind us. We must stoop. The best books are those which each reader thinks he could have written himself. Nature, which is alone good, is common and familiar to all.

'Curiosity is often but vanity. Most frequently we wish for knowledge, only in order to speak of it. We would not undertake a long sea voyage, if we were never to talk about it; and for the simple pleasure of seeing, without the hope of conversing with any one about our travels.'

'A horse does not seek to be admired by his companion. We see indeed a sort of emulation between them in the race, but it is not followed up; for when in the stable, the most clumsy and worst-made horse will not yield his oats to another. It is not so with men: they rest not satisfied with their perfections, unless they are made the means of asserting their superiority over others.'

'The virtue of a man ought not to be measured by one or two unusual efforts, but by his habitual course of life.'

'Nature has perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and defects, to show that she is only his image.'

Many of his most valuable remarks have been lost, from his neglecting to write them down; intrusting them to his memory, which was indeed so great, that he was never known to forget anything which he had once imprinted on his mind.

The enemies of Pascal thought to diminish his glory by suppressing his eulogium in the 'Lives of Illustrious Men,' by Perrault; but this only served to enhance it the more, for every one applied to them the words of Tacitus—'Cassius and Brutus shone more brightly because their images were not seen.'

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body—'Its shell the spirit wore.' A deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched-looking man holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his wife and little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but, from exposure to cold and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced, with his remaining child, to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him to his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be re-established, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse: he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were now indispensable to his comfort: every day she passed in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God, and submission to His holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried, by every means in his power, to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

He had an old female servant, who had lived in his house and served him faithfully for many years. One

morning she entered his room before the hour when Madame Perier generally came, and withdrawing the curtains, she gazed sorrowfully on the wasted form and hectic cheek of her beloved master.

'How do you feel to-day, sir?'

'Not well, Cecile; I passed a sleepless night; but I had sweet thoughts, which comforted me.'

The old woman proceeded to arrange the room, and her master said—'Where is little George, Cecile? I have not heard his merry voice this morning.'

'Oh, sir, I wanted to tell you about him, and still, seeing you so poorly, I did not know how to do it; for I'm afraid it will flurry you so.'

'Speak, speak, Cecile! What has happened the child?'

'Oh nothing, sir; but all yesterday he was very dull and heavy, and would not eat: his father watched him all night, and early this morning brought the doctor to see him, and he says the child has got the small-pox; and when I asked him if he could not be removed to another house, he said it would risk the boy's life to do so. However, I'm sure I don't know what we're to do; for we could not endanger Madame Perier and her darling children for the sake of a beggar's brat.'

Pascal thought for a moment. 'No, Cecile,' he said, 'their health must not be risked, nor shall poor little George be removed. I will go to my sister's: I know her rooms are all occupied, but I am sure she will spare a small one, good enough for me during the short time I shall want it.'

Madame Perier soon came, and the arrangement was made according to his wishes. After providing amply for the comfort of the sick boy and his father, he left his quiet house and airy apartment, never to return thither again. With much pain, and suffering greatly from exhaustion, he was borne to his sister's house. There, on the 19th of August 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, the gentle and holy spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to Him who gave it, leaving to the world a name which will live as the representative of splendid talents, united to self-denying benevolence and ardent piety.

AN ECCENTRIC LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE Literary Gazette gives a memoir of a very extraordinary person, whom we do not remember to have before seen noticed in print—Mrs Jane Lunson, who died at her house, No. 9 Cold Bath Square, Clerkenwell, in 1816, aged 116 years. The husband of this ancient dame was a relation of Oliver Cromwell: he died in 1766, leaving her in possession of a large fortune, upon which she afterwards lived in a liberal, but highly eccentric manner. It appears that she was of kind dispositions, yet extremely self-willed and imperious. Except one or two old friends, who were admitted at stated times, she saw no company, but spent her time partly in walking (confining herself to her garden) and reading, and partly in attending to the wants of a number of cats and other pet animals. Her single servant, who grew old in her service, sat in the same room with her, but always at a separate table, and under strong injunctions to treat her with strict etiquette, and address her as your ladyship. Her house was furnished in an antique style, and was full of old china. Although nominally a member of the church of England, and thought to be not deficient in religious feelings, it was part of her eccentricity never to go to church.

On evenings, this quaint specimen of a former age 'was always dressed in her most elegant attire, and would say that company were coming: though it was with the greatest reluctance that she admitted even her most intimate friend to the brilliant apartment. The fact is, that all this was done in order to assist imagination and memory in recalling those times which she loved chiefly to contemplate, when she was in reality in the midst of splendid assemblies, with all the votaries of rank and fashion around her. Action was not wanting to suit the scenery in the drama thus represented. For a while she would sit down musing in her chair, and then begin a conversation, answering herself in a feigned voice. Her questions were often addressed, or her salutations given, to persons one of the first emi-

nence in the political and fashionable world, but who had been long dead, and their names recorded in history for the good or evil they had done while living; and as they belonged to another generation, the present never imagined that one still existed who had been among them personally. All the famous toasts and beauties of the past age were likewise summoned round her, many, nay most, of whom and whose celebrity were forgotten by all but her. She and her sister had been famous in their day amongst these, and were frequently acknowledged leaders in the realms of taste and fashion. Those imaginary conversations would sometimes last a long time.

Mrs Luson was fond of dress, and possessed a large collection of old apparel. One of her favourite dresses had belonged to Cromwell's wife; another to his daughter, Lady Falconberg, being the dress in which that lady had walked at the coronation of James II. Mrs Luson had also those which Cromwell's daughters wore on a day of particular rejoicing, when the articles of peace were signed between the states of England and Holland in 1655-6. One of these dresses was valued at nearly 500 guineas. Added to all these, were the costly and splendid specimens that comprised her own particular wardrobe; these she often reviewed with particular pleasure, and has been known to boast that they once exceeded in number the days of the year. Many of the most expensive she had not worn for years; but they were regularly once a month, or oftener, taken out of the large mahogany coffers in which she kept them, aired, and carefully enclosed again in flannel wrappers. In the middle of the night she would sometimes call up her servant to give directions about the alteration in a gown, or the padding of a pair of stays: her favourite pair had been altered, quilted, and padded so often, that they were nearly three inches thick, and actually weighed more than a dozen pounds! Over these, in the afternoon, she would put on a single gown; but in the morning she sometimes wore three or four gowns at once. When indisposed (which indeed was not often) she would give orders respecting alterations in some particular dress; and, sitting up in her bed, she would put it on, dress her hair, and ordering the glass to be brought, admire herself for hours in that situation. Her head-gear was in the same style of antiquity as her other habiliments; it was a *toque* (such as had once been fashionable, and which she never laid aside) formed of dark hair, and nearly sixteen inches high; she wore it regularly powdered, and her friends have affirmed that it became her admirably. She had the greatest antipathy to soap and water, never washing herself, but using a cosmetic, the composition of her mother, from whom she learned to prepare it, and which was composed of the finest mutton suet clarified, with the addition of some emollients and perfumes, the particulars of which were her own secret. As the colour of her cheek decayed, she sought to supply its faded bloom with a more injurious composition, using an immoderate quantity of paint, which, destroying her complexion entirely, left her at length a singular spectacle, erasing from the placid dignity of age every line of its venerable beauty.

For the last seven or eight years of her life, this venerable gentlewoman commonly rose at two o'clock in the morning. If she happened to lie later she would observe to her servant, "I have been a very idle girl this morning." Large fires were generally kept burning day and night throughout the year; and some of the ancient stoves were so large, that they contained a bushel and a half of coal each. Soon after she rose, she had her breakfast of tea; and between it and dinner-time she would have four or five other breakfasts served, partaking moderately of each, and drinking nothing but tea; for during the whole course of her long life she only partook of coffee once, and frequently afterwards declared that had she only drank it for one week together, it would have occasioned her death. As regarded more substantial fare, she had a most extraordinary choice of dishes, one of which was sausages and boiled and stewed turnips. On the 30th of January she always adhered to Mr Luson's political custom of having a calf's head, in ridicule of the royal decapitation: in her case, however, it was nothing more than a cherished memorial of the habits of her deceased husband. She was undoubtedly the last who practised this long popular custom. She had also other particular dishes on certain days; and in the course of her diurnal repasts, she used each apartment of her house alternately. The entrance-doors of her residence were plated with iron, and further secured by nearly twenty bolts and bars, so fearful was she of being attacked by thieves—an

occurrence which her numerous precautions rendered almost impossible.

She was one of those rare and marvellous persons who never have a day's bad health, and whether as a cause or effect thereof, it is equally remarkable that she never took medicine nor required a doctor. She at last died gently, and without pain, from mere decay of nature.

[While referring to the *Literary Gazette* for the complete paper on Mrs Luson, we have much pleasure in adverting to the promising change which this publication has undergone at the beginning of the present year—being now one-half larger at one-half the price. This is a right concession to the spirit of the time; and we earnestly trust it will be successful to the end contemplated by the proprietors.]

SILICIFIED FOREST IN THE DESERT.

DR BUIST, of Bombay, lately laid before the Literary and Philosophical Association of St Andrews an account of that extraordinary and little known wonder, the petrified forest near Cairo. Proceeding from that city in a south-east direction, the traveller passes for five miles along an arid valley, through which a river torrent appeared to have flowed, skirted on both sides by low, brown, rocky ridge. He then turns suddenly off to the right, and beyond the first range of sand-hills finds, spreading far as the eye can reach, a vast expanse of rolling hillocks, covered with prostrate trees. At first sight, these wear exactly the aspect of rotten wood dug out from a Scottish or Irish peat bog. The colour and the amount of decay seem the same. They are lying in all positions and directions on the surface of the burning sand—some forty or fifty feet in length, and one or two feet in thickness; not continuous or entire, but in a line broken across, left in their place like sawn timbers. On touching them, instead of proving mouldering and decayed, they turn out to be hard, and sharp as flints. They ring like cast-iron, strike fire with steel, and scratch glass. The sap-vessels and medullary rays, the very bark and marks of worms and insects, and even the spiral vessels, remain entire; the minutest fibres of the vegetable structure are discernible by the microscope. By what chemical process has this transformation been brought about? Here you have the carbon—the most indestructible matter known to us—entirely withdrawn, and substituted in its place a mass of silica, a matter insoluble by any ordinary agent, and at any common heat. Yet so tranquilly has the exchange been accomplished, that not one atom has been disturbed; the finest tissues remain entire—the most delicate arrangements uninterfered with. The limits of the petrified forest are unknown; it probably extends over an area of many hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles. It has never been described with any care; and, extraordinary as it is, has excited very little attention. The trees are scattered loosely and at intervals over the desert all the way from Cairo to Suez, a distance of eighty-six miles. No theory of their silicification or appearance where they are found has ever been attempted. The trees seemed to have been petrified as they lay; they looked "like a forest felled by mighty winds." A further mystery was this: they lay on the surface of bare drift sand and gravel, and reposing on limestone rocks of the most recent tertiary formation—the texture and colour of the imbedded oyster-shells were as fresh and pure as if brought not six weeks from the sea. Along with his paper, Dr Buist presented specimens of the silicified wood—roots, knots, and branches, from three inches to three feet in length. Some were exhibited sliced and transparent, showing the sap-vessels and medullary rays; some cut into bracelets and brooches. It appears there are similar prostrated and petrified forests in Scinde, resting on the same (tertiary) formation, on the coast of Coromandel, in all parts of Australia, in Antigua, in Ireland, and in numberless places up and down the world.

Dr Buist, on the same occasion, adverted to the nummulate limestone formation, which extends through a large portion of Northern Africa and Southern Asia, including Arabia. "In the desert," he said, "it has the appearance of having been perforated everywhere by the pholades, or some other variety of marine borers. That this was no fanciful theory, was proved by a specimen struck off the rock at the citadel of Grand Cairo, where the borings were protected by an infiltration of siliceous matter, presenting, when this was cleared away, exactly the appearance of the recent perforations of the pholades on our shores. The

whole desert is manifestly one of the most recent of our upheavals. The cliffs, eminences, and mountains along the Arabian shore present the appearance of very recent elevation—the flat or sloping sea-beach, sands, &c. having risen along with the prominences, at the base of which it was deposited at the depths of the sea. These sweeping expanses of flat sea-sand, where there is little or no discernible tide, and no loose material to furnish drift, strike the spectator at once as ascribable only to submarine elevation. Near Suez, the gravel is full of shells identical with those now existing in the Red Sea.

PLEASANTRIES.

A QUIZ UPON YOUNG IRELAND.

‘Returned from Salisbury?’ cried Moore to Mac Morris, as the latter stalked into Mr Bompas’s chambers on the third day after the dinner party in Dryanstone Square, every detail of his dress exhibiting a true Jacobinical contempt for order. ‘This moment returned,’ answered Mac Morris, shaking the saxon dust from his Celtic curls. ‘Seen Stonehenge?’ asked Moore at random. ‘I went down for that purpose.’ ‘Oh!—a sudden paroxysm of antiquarian curiosity?—*Carus incognitæ capillus*. The pin is irresistible, seeing the disorganised state of your tresses. But Stonehenge, I believe, is interesting?’ ‘Intensely!’ ‘I am happy that at length you have found something English to admire.’ ‘Stonehenge is not English,’ said Mac Morris drily, arranging his hair as he spoke in a triangular fragment of looking-glass, which had the advantage over a common mirror of possessing the property of refracting light in as high a degree as the power of reflecting it. ‘Stonehenge not English!’ repeated Moore. ‘What do you mean?’ ‘It is ours!’ said Mac Morris, in his coolest way of advancing the most daring propositions. ‘Ours! I don’t understand you—the work of Irish Brute, I suppose?’ ‘Not at all. Ours, I mean, as the Round Towers are ours—as St Patrick’s purgatory is ours—as much as the Hill of Howth or the Rock of Cashel is ours.’ Dominick looked at his Celtic friend with a twinkling eye and a gentle biting of his under lip; as men look at their companions mounting their hobbies or hippogriffs. ‘Tigernach continued—‘You know, Moore, I am fearless of ridicule: it is the test of truth.’ ‘From which you infer, I presume,’ answered Moore, ‘that the mere proposition is ridiculous, the more it should command my respectful attention? But tell me your tale of Stonehenge—I shall listen with becoming gravity.’ ‘There is nothing new in the tale of Stonehenge; you will find it in Campion’s History, and more in detail in Dr Hammer’s Chronicle. Aurelius Ambrosius, king of Britain, at the head of a gang of English adventurers, stole the monument from the Curragh of Kildare, and pitched it in Salisbury Plain.’ ‘They were lusty robbers. What was the king of Leinster about? Why did not the Laginians defend their monuments?’ ‘The English were aided by enchantment; the expedition was advised by Merlin, the famous wizard.’ ‘No wonder they stole our parliament, Mac Morris, when we could not even keep our Stonehenge. The stones are enormous, are they not?’ ‘They are.’ ‘Really, Mac Morris, I should think that the loss we say about the loss of Stonehenge the better for our reputation: people will not believe in magic in these days; so the story, if true, will only prove what thews and sinews King Ambrosius had, and what poltroons our countrymen were at the period of the great larceny in question—far greater than that of the church bells of Notre Dame by Gargantua the Great. You must have felt mortified and ashamed as you surveyed the huge memorials of our national pusillanimity?’ ‘True! I felt as I feel when I contemplate the Gaul.’ ‘Yes, but you say the Union can be repealed?’ ‘Ay!—and I say, too, that Stonehenge can be and shall be retaken.’ ‘Stonehenge retaken! What if the Saxons defend their spoil better than the Irish defended their property? Do you depend upon magic?’ ‘On the magic of youth and determination.’ ‘But you will first make your demand?’ ‘It shall be my first step in the Hall of Clamour.’ ‘And a *pas de géant* it will be: you will be considered as great a wizard as Merlin himself. How fortunate that O’Connell never thought of the Stonehenge question! He fancies that he has left no stone unturned, and he has left the biggest of all for you—the stones of Salisbury Plain.’ ‘If the thought had occurred to O’Connell, he would have taken it by instalments, at the rate of a stone in a century. Young Ireland repudiates the basis principle.’—*The Falcon Family*.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH YEOMAN.

Old Richard Gubbins lived in the west country, and very much belies the opinion of a learned sergeant, that the further you go west, the more you are persuaded that wise men come from the east. Some years ago he married his only daughter to a rich tradesman, living in Milson Street, Bath, to which city he frequently went; and happening once to meet each other on the coach, he went together, and wore much pleased with the journey. Richard was particularly pleased with black horses, with their buckled-up tails; and frequently expressed his conviction that the old four-wheel was the best possible conveyance that could or ever would be had. I remember how he admired the pulling-up at Dunkerton Hill, myself sitting on the box, and he just behind me, with his knees on each side of me, forming a not very comfortable

sort of arm-chair. Last fall I called on Richard; and, after talking to him of the hardness of the times, and the distress of the farmers and other classes, I complained to him that we had never met on the road lately. Richard drew rather a heavy respiration, and said, ‘The road, sir? It was a very pleasant thing, but there’s no coaching to Bath now; and I cannot stand a private conveyance, nor anything of that sort, not being a very rich man.’ I said it was true there were no coaches, and ventured to suggest the railway. I told him that not only might he get to Bath, but that, by leaving in the morning, he would be up there in time to have dinner with his daughter, instead of being seven hours on the road. That moment I saw I had suggested an unfortunate topic. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘do you suppose that, after having lived like an honest man for seventy-five years, and after having been upon the coach so often, I would submit to be drawn behind a smoke-box?’ He asked also what sort of company I had kept, to talk of such a subject in his house; and concluded by saying—‘Remember, there is no politics here; it is the rule of the house. Suggestions for travelling on railways may do very well for manufacturers and radicals, but not for Richard Gubbins, nor any of his kin.’—*Speech of Mr Bicham Escott, at Taunton*.

MELTING MOMENTS.

One winter evening a country storekeeper, in the Mountain state, was about closing his doors for the night; and while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within take a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat. ‘Stay, Seth,’ said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth had his hand upon the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible. ‘I say, Seth, sit down: I reckon now, on such a night, a little something warm wouldn’t hurt a fellow. Come, sit down.’ Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of ‘something warm’ sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this place sure enough the storekeeper sat down. ‘Seth, we’ll have a little warm Santa Cruz,’ said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. ‘Without it you’d freeze going home such a night as this.’ Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go. ‘Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I’ve got a story to tell you; sit down now;’ and Seth was again put into his seat by his cunning tormentor. ‘Oh, it’s confounded hot here,’ said the thief, again attempting to rise. ‘Sit down; don’t be in such a plaguy hurry,’ retorted the grocer, pushing him back into the chair. ‘But I’ve got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be going,’ continued the persecuted chap. ‘But you mustn’t tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgotty,’ said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer. The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum-toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth’s present situation, would have made the hair stand erect on his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter. ‘Seth, I’ll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself,’ said the grocer; yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. ‘Seth, here’s a Christmas goose (it was about Christmas time)—here’s a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it’s the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don’t you never use common cooking butter to baste with? Fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter; I mean, Seth, take your toddy.’ Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the overflow. ‘Dreadful cold night this!’ said the grocer. ‘Why, Seth, you seem warm. Why don’t you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away.’ ‘No,’ exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat—‘No, I must go; let me out. I ain’t well; let me go.’ A catarrh was now pouring down the fellow’s face, soaking his clothes, and sliding down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil. ‘Well, good night, Seth, if you will go,’ said the humorous Vermonter; adding, as Seth got into the road, ‘Neighbour, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth nippence, so I shan’t charge you for that pound of butter.’—*New Orleans Pleasance*.

PLEASURES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Let us fancy a man timid, and unused to locomotion, who has perhaps been diverting his morning with newspaper accounts of railway accidents, arriving in the evening at the great terminus of Euston Square, bound on a nocturnal trip to Birmingham or Liverpool. Passing under an entrance as colossal and imposing as an Egyptian temple, he is hurried through the darkness to a spot which almost realises the description of the hall of Eblis. Long colonnades of iron pillars support an iron roof, the intricate tracery

of which fades away in gloom, while below rows of brilliant gas-lamps bewilder his suddenly-expanded vision. Passengers more accustomed to the voyage than himself knock him about in their anxiety to secure their own places. Anon, porters pushing huge trucks come rattling down, and it requires all his activity to attend to the polite 'Make way, if you please, sir,' which attacks him on every side. When sufficiently acquainted with the place to find out an undisturbed spot for observation, he timidly glances out into the gloomy abyss which stretches away from the platform, and then his terrors will surely reach their climax. Great huge things, like fiery dragons, prowling about—growling, blowing, panting, vomiting smoke and flame, and looking as if they had the will and the power to swallow up the train which he is about to trust himself, passengers and all. Suddenly the bell rings, and our timid friend rushes to his carriage, thinking all the while of Mr Haskisson's fate, and tumbles affrighted into a most commodious receptacle, where he finds, to his surprise, gentle young ladies composedly reading novels, and knowing ones of the rougher sex elaborately arranging their nightcaps. He has selected the middle carriage for safety, and now, if possible, he secures the middle seat in that. If he has a fat fellow-passenger on each side, and another in front, he feels somewhat reassured, and commences some ingenious mental calculations as to what extent his fat lateral friends may not as cushions should the train go off the rails, or in how far the elasticity of his portly *vis-à-vis* stomach might constitute it an effectual 'buffer' for his head in the awful event of a collision. Another bell rings, and away they go at a pace which would leave the wild huntsman 'nowhere,' and our timid traveller clings to his seat as comfortable as if perched on a cask of gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth. But a man can sleep even on the night before he is hanged. Our friend slumbers off, lulled by the placid, contented snoring of one of his *compagnons de voyage*, when suddenly a wild unearthly scream breaks upon his ear; he starts up, convulsively exclaiming, 'What's that?' and narrowly escapes a cut nose in his hurry to poke his head out of the window. The scream is repeated louder and shriller, and his fears throw off all restraint. He shakes the arm of one of the sleepers, wonders how he can sleep under such circumstances, and repeats his 'What's that?' in a cager and fear-impressed accents. The sleeper—some old commercial traveller, who can sleep anywhere—slowly rubs his eyes, gazes mechanically at the questioner, takes his guide book out of his pocket, and having referred to it, mutters the cabalistic word 'Tring,' or 'Watford,' or 'Wolverton,' and composes himself again to sleep. If it be the last-named place, our timid traveller has a gleam of comfort. He is allowed five minutes on *terra firma*, and quickly descending from his prison, he rushes into the refreshment-room, where, to save time, the coffee is kept boiling hot for the accommodation of mail and express train visitors. He has had hardly time to scald his lips with the first mouthful, when another bell rings, and he runs away to look for his carriage. Of course he has not taken notice of the number, and therefore runs about in wild dismay, at every door he looks in seeing strange faces and unrecognisable greatcoats, and at last finds his own seat, just as the leviathan begins slowly to move away from the station. Then comes the dark tunnel with all its horrors. The merry rumble of the train in the open air is changed for a sullen subterranean roar; the timid traveller looks out, and sees close to his face a slimy brick wall, while his memory reverts to the catacombs of Paris, and the skeleton which was found sitting bolt upright in the main sewer of Fleet Street. He wonders how he should feel if the whole superincumbent mass of earth were suddenly to settle down upon him and his fellow-passengers; and when he again emerges into upper air, he feels as if he had just escaped a most dreadful peril. His fellow-travellers, who have by this time slept enough, brighten up, and beginning to find out their man, are most obliging in providing pabulum for his terrors. One describes a 'smash' in which he was himself nearly killed; while another innocently says that they are just then approaching a most dangerous curve or steep embankment. Thus the timid traveller is kept continually on the tenter-hooks as he drives through tunnels, or flies over embankments or viaducts, until at last he arrives, sound in body, but much distracted in mind, at the place of his ultimate destination.—*Railway Record.*

STEADINESS OF MEAN TEMPERATURE.

The climate of the same place, notwithstanding perpetual and apparently irregular changes, possesses remarkable steadiness; as, for instance, the mean annual temperature of London is about 50·4 degrees. In the year 1788, the cold was so unusually severe, that the Thames was passable on the ice, and yet the mean temperature of that year was 50·6 degrees; within a small fraction of a degree of the standard. In 1796, when, it is said, the greatest cold ever observed in London occurred, the mean annual temperature was 50·1 degrees. In the severe winter of 1813-1814, when the Thames and other large rivers of England were completely frozen over, the mean temperature of the two years was 49 degrees, being little more than one degree below the standard. And in the year 1808, when the summer was so hot that the temperature in London was as high as 83·5 degrees, the mean temperature of the year was 50·5 degrees.—*Daniell's Meteorology.*

IMITATIONS OF THE OLD POETS.

NO. I.

THE CROPPED FLOWER.

Go, lovely flower!
Tell her who hills my every thought,
That from the hour
When first across my path was brought
That gentle form,
My soul no other idol sought
From night till morn.

Go quickly, go,
And let thy modest blushes speak;
Though now you blow,
Too soon thou'rt doped by winter bleak
To fade and perish;
Thus vanisheth all hope would make
Me love and cherish.

And tell her too,
As morning's beam doth kiss away
The tears of dew
Which thou hast wept since yesterday,
When thy god set—
So doth her smile send forth a ray
To cheer me yet.

But go, fair flower!
No longer by the winding lee,
In mossy bowers,
At early dawn thy god thou'lt see;
He's set for ever,
As is my deity to me,
To rise, oh never!

Then droop and fade;
Thy god still shines as warm and bright
O'er lawn and mead;
And other flowers shall woo his light
In sunny hour,
But none so true from morn till night
As thou, poor flower!

J. O. H.

MATERNAL TUITION.

No man can sympathise with a child's feelings so truly, so intimately, as woman; he is deficient in the kindness which in her overflows: from her heart she pours out nourishment to the infant mind, which man's intellect in vain attempts to supply. No education, from which the mother virtually or actually is excluded, can suffice and satisfy; no education can be normal in which woman has no part; for without her, though the understanding may be brought out, the will which yields not to hard and harsh motives, but to soft and inviting spontaneities—which does not and cannot respond to mere intellectual teaching, but answers only to sympathetic persuasions—must remain comparatively dormant. Christian morals taught by female lips cease to be syllogistic disputations, and become at once living principles, receiving illustration not only in the pictures of fancy, and the moving shapes of strong imagination, but in the affectionate reality, true loving-kindness, good-will and wellbeing, which live in woman.—*Herauld's Essay on Education.*

VALUE OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation is the most delightful method of gaining knowledge. What is more invaluable than an accomplished companion, a living volume reading its own pages? What an intellectual treat it is to talk with one 'with whom conversing we forget all time!' It is worth much to read the lessons of a philosopher, but to hear him impart them is worth much more. It is agreeable to read the narration of a traveller, but far more so to hear him describe what he has seen. Besides, there is the opportunity of asking questions, and skill in interrogation is one of the chief excellences of an apt converser. Lord Bacon has truly said, 'He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the person whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge.'—*Lecture on Self-Culture.*

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AN ESSAY ON ADVERSITY, WITH INTERJECTIONS BY A READER.

ADVERSITY!—daughter of Jove—relentless Power—
tamer of the human breast—companion and nurse of
Virtue—such are the terms in which a philosophical
poet has spoken of it. In similar language have almost
all the poets and philosophers of all ages eulogised ad-
versity; without which, some of them say, it is impos-
sible for any one to know what sterling qualities he may
possess, or what great things he may accomplish. [A
very good thing for all people besides ourselves, I sup-
pose.] To see a brave man, says Seneca, struggling
against evil fortune—

'Still buoyant 'midst the waves of adverse fate'—

is the finest sight the world can show. The gods might
be expected to look down with satisfaction on such a
spectacle. [All very true perhaps; but this is appa-
rently a drama which would expire for want of actors,
if men had their own choice.]

The corrupting tendency of prosperity has always
been fully acknowledged. Men are then apt to be
extremely puffed up and forgetful of themselves. They
begin to look on their fellow-creatures as beings of an
inferior nature, whom they are at liberty to use for
their own purposes. Old friends are forgotten: nay,
even those who may have conferred benefits upon them
in their less fortunate days. Often, in the wanton-
ness of prosperity, men will trample the most sacred
principles under foot. In short, it has ever been re-
garded as a most dangerous thing for a frail mortal to
be exposed to the demoralising influences which at-
tend a large measure of the good things of this life.
[All nonsense. I know many good fellows who have
feathered their nests by railway speculations. They
never used to give dinners, because they said they could
not afford it. Now, they ask you every fortnight. Forget
old friends! They never could remember them till now.
And as for trampling sacred principles under foot—why,
you will see their names opposite good sums in all the
charity books that go about—fellows that never gave a
halfpenny to a beggar before I would like to be exposed
to similar danger—that I know.]

The enervating effect of prosperity is perhaps its
most remarkable result. Under this sickly influence,
all the hardy virtues languish and die. Adversity, on
the contrary, develops the native vigour of human
character. [Well, I know that Jasper Thoroughpaw
was a clever active fellow while things were going well
with him; but now that he is in the background, one
would think he had lost all spirit, and had resolved to
allow the world to take its own course with him—like a
Turk. I called upon him the other morning, and showed
him how he might make thirty pounds in a couple of

days if he would only look sharp. But he told me it was
of no use—he had not heart to try anything.] Yield not
to evils, said the Sybil, but go the more daringly against
them. You vanquish fortune by bearing her spite with
fortitude. How nobly did the ancients practise these
admirable maxims of theirs, and what a noble example
have they thus left to us! [A set of ninnies, that fell
on their swords whenever anything went wrong. No,
no, my friend; depend on it, it's all talk about the invi-
gorating effect of adversity. As well tell me that cro-
cuses thrive because of the snow they grow amongst,
when we know it is only by reason of such sunshine as
there is at that season that they can get up their heads
at all.]

Perhaps, however, the most blessed result of adversity
is in its softening effects upon our nature. From my
own, I learn to melt at others' wo, saith the poet not
more beautifully than truly. Amidst the luxuries and
blandishments which prosperity brings us, we unavoid-
ably become selfish and egotistical. The spirit grows
upon us, till we become thoroughly hardened. But let
us experience the frowns of adversity, and we feel at
once that we are men. Our vexations and griefs teach
us what human life really is to the great bulk of our
fellow-creatures, and we then begin to open our ears to
the cry of the poor and the anguish-laden. Thus it has
happened to many a man to be converted into humanity
by adversity, who would otherwise have gone on to
the close of life in impenetrable selfishness—selfishness
all the greater, that he was totally unconscious of there
being any such thing about him. [Now, such nonsense
is here! Why, the very contrary is the case. There
is Mrs Craik, the nicest creature in the world as
long as her husband was in easy circumstances—felt
for everybody, and helped all she could—never seemed
to have a selfish thought. But now that Craik has
fallen back so much, why she is no longer endurable.
Last time I went to see her, she talked of nothing
but the slights she meets with from old acquaint-
ances, and what she suffers from her husband's bad
temper. She is now bitter at everything. Call you
this egotism or not? And she really is a good crea-
ture too. It is only that she has so much to annoy her
own mind; that she can think of nothing else, much
less feel for any other body's troubles. And is this an
uncommon case? Have you never heard of people
being soured by misfortune, getting spited at the world
when it goes against them, and so forth? Men are har-
dened, my dear friend, not by prosperity, but by adver-
sity.]

While thus serviceable in disciplining the feelings,
adversity has a scarcely less important power as an in-
structor of the judgment. In prosperity, we see every-
thing through a false medium. The world smiles upon
us, because fortune does. We never learn the real

thoughts of those around us. Men have an interest in deceiving us, and we can hardly miss being deceived accordingly. But, while abiding the storms of adversity, we have all things presented to us in the unflattering reality. We see the selfishness, if not heartlessness of men, and how little even genuine merit affects them, if they do not think they can make something by it. We learn to avoid taking things at their first fair seeming; to pause, look narrowly, and approve late. We learn to cope with the most astute in all worldly matters. From these considerations it is that the diplomas of those reared in the school of adversity have ever borne so much higher a value than those of persons brought up in pleasanter academics. Indeed, as an English poet has well expressed it, 'So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with Wo, and been taught in her school, as are enough to consecrate distress, and make ambition wish for the frown rather than the smile of fortune.' [Stuff, stuff—nothing but stuff! Adversity only twists people's judgments. In that school they do not see things in their true character, but in a very false one. Everything appears harsh and disagreeable to the man suffering adversity. If a merchant, in struggling circumstances, and refused a little credit, he thinks there is no faith in human probity, and goes home as sulky as a bear. If a commander, who has failed in an enterprise, he conceives every allusion in his presence to military failures a symptom of the ungenerous spirit of detraction in his fellow-creatures, and is like to fall into a duelling business every day of his life. Who has the justest opinion of critics—the author whose works get a fair share of the praise which they deserve, or he who, writing bad books, is continually cut up in the reviews? Oh, my friend, look a little amongst those who are called the suffering classes, and say if actual observation makes good these dreams of yours about the stern schoolmistress. Tell us if you there find juster views of life and its complicated interests, than among the quiet well-off people of the middle ranks, or even those who have suffered a little too much of prosperity. Tell us whether demagogues find their best subjects amongst those who have empty, or those who have full bellies. But I have lost all patience with this twaddle about the beauties of adversity, and can listen to no more of it.] *Exit reader in a huff, after throwing the book from him with contempt.*

Gentle readers of my own, this is a representation of the spirit of ancient writers in contrast with that of modern readers. Adversity is one of the respectabilities of past literature. It was the fashion for twenty centuries to expatiate upon the useful effects it had upon human character, and no one ever thought of challenging this philosophy, although then, perhaps, adversity's own patients were as uneasy under her surgery as now. But it is no longer possible to pass off plausible commonplaces in this way. Men make no allowance for the solemnities of authorcraft. They look at things in a practical light only, and if they find literature attempting to impose anything upon them contrary to what they may see in the next street they pass through, or the next house they enter, they abide it not.

Addressing myself to the immediate question, I would say (were I asked my opinion) that there is a measure of truth on both sides, though mostly on one. The effects of both prosperity and adversity depend much on the particular character of the person exposed to their influence. Some are naturally liable to be corrupted by prosperity, and to be corrected by reverses; and this gives countenance to that laudation of adversity which poets and philosophers have good-naturedly proclaimed as a kind of consolation for suffering mortals in all ages. But it would be belying nearly the whole system of human desires and motives, if we could not say that, in the large majority of cases, prosperity has a softening and a generally improving effect, and adversity the reverse. The latter can only be honestly regarded as mainly and in most instances a positive evil.

Bear it resignedly and virtuously; admire all examples of heroism under it; be unlimited in efforts to relieve its victims. But see it, at the same time, in its true character, and try by all honourable means to be prosperous—notwithstanding the poets.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE Manchester Guardian, with characteristic industry, gives ample reports of six lectures on the Microscope and its Revelations, delivered in the course of last December by Dr Carpenter, in the Royal Manchester Institution. They present a ready summary of the chief services which the microscope has of late years rendered to science. It appears that this instrument remained for two centuries in nearly its original state, but that, within the last twenty years, there have been great additions both to its powers and to its accuracy. The consequence has been, the accumulation of a vast quantity of curious facts regarding the minuter departments of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate structure of organic substances, including particularly that of shells, which has been Dr Carpenter's own department in the investigation. The instrument has also been brought to bear in a happy manner upon certain geological inquiries and speculations, into which it has been the unexpected means of introducing certainty where otherwise all was, and would have continued to be, doubtful. We would fain give our readers some idea of the importance to which the microscope is thus rising as a philosophical instrument, and we pitch for this purpose upon the geological investigations, as those likely to be the more novel to a large class of readers.

We may first explain that the geological investigations of the microscope proceed upon certain facts; first, that organic structures—that is, vegetable and animal matters—in their composition differ essentially from such as are inorganic, in as far as there is always some regularity of form discernible in them, when minutely observed; and second, that particular organic substances usually have certain peculiarities in this intimate structure, by which they may be distinguished one from another. Here, it must be observed, minute inspection is the all-important matter. Masses are often of no particular character to ordinary observation; they may be inorganic or organic for anything we can tell, judging merely by the naked eye. But when the least bit, properly prepared, is subjected to the microscope, we see features in it which at once determine the question. So also a mass may be known to be organic (a fossil); but we may not be able, from its external aspect, to say whether it is vegetable or animal, or to what order of plants or animals it has belonged: the microscopist, however—knowing that petrification, while changing the component material of the object, produces no change on its ultimate structure, or, as we might say, its architecture—proceeds with confidence to examine the mass in question, and, discerning the form characteristic of certain classes of plants or animals, assigns it at once its proper place in organic nature. Such decisions are often of great consequence; for it not unfrequently happens that a scale, or a tooth, or a fragment of bone, is all that we possess of some fossil, the determination of whose character may be the only means of solving an important geological question.

Dr Carpenter states that, some months ago, he was applied to by Mr Darwin, the eminent naturalist, to ascertain, with regard to two extensive strata in North America, whether they were identical in materials. From the comminuted shells contained in both, Mr Darwin thought it likely they were identical; but he could not be sure. Dr Carpenter examined them microscopically, and was enabled to state, with almost perfect certainty

that the one formation was produced by the still further subdivision of the other, and that the two, so far as regarded their material, were identical. He had also been referred to by Dr Falconer, the distinguished palaeontologist of the Himalaya mountains, to pronounce on certain bodies he had found in a rock, when in search of organic remains, whether they were organic or inorganic. By microscopic examination, Dr Carpenter was enabled to determine that they were of the latter character, because he found their structure to be crystalline. Here a difficult point was settled at once, and satisfactorily.

On another occasion, Dr Falconer was at a loss to ascertain the nature of certain small bones which he had found in the Sivalik hills, near the remains of the twenty-feet-long tortoise which he was the means of discovering.* He was inclined to believe that they were the toe bones of some animal of the same species; but their form was not sufficiently characteristic to enable him to determine this with certainty. He placed them in the hands of Mr Quekitt, subcurator of the College of Surgeons, who has paid considerable attention to the microscopic structure of bones. Dr Falconer did not tell him what they were, or give him the least clue to his own opinion, but merely asked him to throw as much light upon the nature of the bones as he could. Mr Quekitt in due time gave notice that they were the bones of a reptile, and most probably of the turtle order; thus completely confirming the supposition which Dr Falconer had formed from other evidence.

The principal substance of the teeth in almost all animals is one called *dentin*, characterised by minute tubular passages permeating it in a direction from the centre to the circumference. Considerable variation in the arrangement of these tubuli was found in different groups of animals, which enabled us to determine with great precision, by the inspection of oven small fragments of ivory, the animal to which the tooth belonged. Dr Carpenter then showed a section of the tooth of the great megatherium, one of the gigantic fossil sloths, which were to the sloths at present existing in South America like what an elephant is to a sheep. That tooth, like the front teeth of rats and other rodentia, was always growing from a pulp at the base, thus making up for the gradual wearing of the surface from the want of enamel. The dentin or ivory in these teeth was peculiar in this, that it was entirely destitute of the small canals. There was one great central cavity, from which various canals passed out over the internal portion of the ivory; and there was no doubt, from their general appearance, that in these canals there had been blood-vessels in the living animal. External to this layer was a layer of ordinary, or non-vascular ivory; and external to this was the *crusta petrosa*, which corresponded very closely with the substance of bone. This was precisely the substance of the teeth of the sloth at the present time, except that they had not the vascularity of the internal portion of the dentin; and they were made up of dentin and an external layer of cementum, without any enamel. Teeth formed upon this plan would not be enabled to grind down any very hard vegetable substance; and the sloth lived now upon the soft shoots of trees, &c. It was formerly supposed that the megatherium, the milodon, and other sloth-like animals, burrowed in the ground, and perhaps fed upon the roots of trees, which they met with in digging the soil. This view seemed borne out, too, by the fact, that it would be impossible for any tree to support the enormous weight of these animals. They could not climb a tree, as did the sloth at the present time, and find subsistence upon its branches. But the structure of their teeth was investigated by Professor Owen, and his discovery went in complete opposition to such an idea. It was shown that these teeth could not, by any possibility, grind

down the hard roots of trees; that they were not formed at all upon the same plan as the teeth of beavers, and other animals which fed upon hard vegetable substances, and which had not only enamel present, but enamel arranged in plates upon the substance of the teeth in such a manner as, by the equal wear of the dentin, cementum, and enamel, produced a constantly rough surface upon the crown of the grinding teeth. Nothing of this kind existed in the fossil sloth, and it was perfectly clear that that gigantic creature could not have existed upon the roots of trees; that it must have fed, in fact, upon the same kind of substances as the sloth of the present time. How did it get them? Could it climb trees? Certainly not. Reasoning upon these facts, then, and upon the habits of the animal, Professor Owen was led to work out a most curious train of investigation, which led to the most complete history of the habits of any fossil animal, differing so widely from the animals of the present time, that had been ever given to the world, from the material supplied by the anatomist. He had fully proved, as far as circumstantial evidence could prove, that the habits of the animal were these:—By its enormous digging fore-feet (for there was no question that they were organised for digging), it burrowed down and excavated beneath the roots of trees, and then, rearing itself up upon its hind-legs and tail, as upon a tripod, it pushed against the tree, swaying backwards and forwards until the tree fell; then it browsed upon the leaves and young shoots, until it had completely stripped them, when it went on to another; and the present sloth completely stripped one tree before it left it. Professor Owen had mentioned this circumstance to him (Dr Carpenter), as showing the confirmation which accident would sometimes give to elaborately worked-out views of this kind. He was explaining to Dr Buckland (the principal advocate for the theory that it ate roots) his views upon the subject, who said, that if this was the case, the animals would be very likely to be killed by the fall of the tree. Professor Owen replied, that their gigantic strength might possibly push the tree down in a direction from them, and that they would have sufficient instinct to get out of the way. But the very next specimen that was brought home from South America (at present in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and which was worthy the inspection of every one the least interested in the subject), the skeleton of the great milodon, the most complete skeleton of this group, showed a very large fracture in the skull of the animal; not made at the time of fossilisation, or since, but a fracture which had been united and healed again. The fracture was one the animal must have received from such an accident as a tree falling upon its head; but being provided with a very thick skull, of which the brains did not form a very great portion, it thus escaped vital injury, and eventually fed a long and active life subsequent to this blow. This corresponded most remarkably with the views Professor Owen had already suggested, in consequence of the determination of the microscopic observations of the teeth.

The lecturer then adverted to another animal of the ancient world, one belonging to a still remoter era, and denominated, from certain extraordinary peculiarities in its teeth, the labyrinthodon. All must have heard, and many witnessed the fact, that the quarries at Spourton in Cheshire, and other quarries in the midland counties—Worcestershire and Warwickshire—had presented regular footmarks of an animal. He did not allude to the recent undetermined footsteps, but to discoveries some years ago of an animal which could only be referred to the group of batrachian reptiles or frogs, as no other animal was found which seemed to make such footprints. But the enormous size of the footmarks seemed to militate against the idea that it was possible for such an animal to have made the impress, for it would have required a frog three or four feet long to make such an impression, it being fully the size of the foot of an ostrich. Professor Owen received from some of the

* An account of this extraordinary animal is given in the second volume of the Journal, new series, p. 334.

Worcestershire and Warwickshire quarries several of the bones and teeth of this animal, and also some smaller teeth from Germany, which he was requested to examine. Upon making a section of the teeth, he found they were utterly dissimilar from anything he had elsewhere seen; and yet, when unravelling this complex structure, and searching for something corresponding with it in other groups, he was gradually led to perceive that the bones and teeth must belong to reptiles intermediate between the ordinary reptiles and fishes: one bone nearly approaching the ichthyosaurus, another the teeth of the lepidosteus [a sauroid fish, resembling the present bony pike], and one of the bones of the sword-fish. Other indications led him to perceive that teeth, and fragments of the jaws in which the teeth were imbedded, might have belonged to a batrachian reptile of the frog kind. Thus the case was made out, and it was determined that the world, at the time of the deposition of the rock of the Warwickshire quarries, contained a frog-like animal of probably the size of a little bullock.

Dr Carpenter then alluded to his own investigations in determining the structure of the solid parts of animals allied to the star-fish and sea-urchin. The shell of the echinus, or sea-urchin, was found to be composed of a network of calcareous matter, sometimes forming a series of plates parallel to each other, and connected by little pillars proceeding from one surface to another. In the spines with which the animal is covered, this network had a most beautiful appearance. Upon showing the sections of these objects under the microscope to a friend engaged in the lace manufacture—Mr Heathcote, the member for Tiverton—that gentleman observed that he thought it would be a good pattern for lace. (It would not be the first time that objects in natural history had suggested patterns; for within a few weeks after the publication of a section of the teeth of the labyrinthodon, it was to be seen in the centre of a large handkerchief printed in Manchester.) The crinoids, or stone-lilies, were a fossil tribe of this order of animals, and their remains form a large part of many ancient strata. It was supposed by mineralogists that the fragments of these animals, where calcareous matter had been infiltrated to the complete displacement of the original matter, were crystalline in structure; but the lecturer had shown that they contained a characteristic and beautifully-preserved structure.

He had done the same with the shells of molluscs (common shell-fish), both ancient and modern. The hard parts of these animals are not mere masses of calcareous matter, as a piece of limestone is, but are distinguished each by some peculiarity of structure, which the microscope exhibits to us. Primarily, the shell of a molluscous animal is composed of cells of animal matter, in which are contained calcareous matter. In many cases these cells are of a prismatic form, and the internal matter takes its shape from the cells. By seeing, then, the smallest fragment of shell, or even a little of the calcareous dust left when the membrane was discharged from it, he could tell to what tribe of molluscs it had belonged. There is a family of bivalves, very prevalent in early ages, and still existing—the terebratulæ—which have a most peculiar structure, enabling the microscopist to determine them with ease. In this large group, two great divisions have been assigned by microscopic observation. One division is marked by a series of little dots on the surface, sometimes visible, although difficult to be seen by the naked eye, and sometimes requiring a strong magnifier to distinguish them. These dots are the orifices of canals which pass through the shell from one surface to the other. This was not known before the test of the microscope was applied. He showed a rough diagram of the thickness of one of these shells, and the canals passing nearly straight through, from surface to surface; sometimes they were found winding a little, but in many fossil species of the oolite they passed through direct. This distinction served to divide the very extensive genus, containing several hundred species, into two divisions;

and previously, naturalists had been very much at a loss to obtain good characteristics for the division of the group. One division is characterised by the presence of these extraordinary perforations; the other by the absence of them. By the examination of the recent shell with the animal in it, he had made out, within the last few months, this very curious fact, which was quite unique in the history of the formation of shell, that in these tubes, passing to the external surface of the shell, there were glandular prolongations of the substance of the animal; that every one of the tubes contains a little gland connected with the mantle or skin lining the shell. It was evident, therefore, whatever might be the office of the glands (which was not determined), the presence or absence of these orifices in the shell must be regarded as of considerable importance. Suppose he took a shell not perforated, and scaling off the minutest fragment (which it was more easy to do than in the other division of terebratulæ), placed it under the microscope, the following curious structure would be observed:—It is made up of an excessive quantity of layers, each layer folded and folded upon itself; and this characteristic structure of these terebratulæ distinguished them from every other shell. The internal surface of the shell being ground away, tide-like markings were seen, laid one over another, which were, in fact, the extremities of these long folds, which crop out obliquely upon the internal surface of the shell; and these long folds, broken up into fragments, have at the termination of every one of them this long, tile-like, rounded form. This structure he had made out to be characteristic of that group, and to be confined exclusively to it; and therefore we are enabled to determine with precision, from the most minute fragment of the shell, the division of the group to which it belonged.

In a future paper we may return to this subject, and take advantage of the Guardian's reports to give our readers some idea of the discoveries by the microscope in physiology.

FRAY CRISTOBAL.

A NARRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN TEXAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BEFORE the war which for many years filled with desolation and rapine the whole of Texas, colonisation was extending its beneficial influence into the very heart of the country. The untiring energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race were carrying the arts of peace and civilisation into the wilds; and in every district where wood, water, and fertile land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild and warlike Comanches, were easily conciliated, and the whole land was dotted—at vast distances one from the other, it is true—with smiling homesteads. That happy and noble results would have ensued, none can doubt, had not the trump of war shaken the fabric of society, and replaced the back settlements in the condition of a wild and unproductive waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian landowner of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of the earliest colonists who determined, at the instance of Moses Austin, the original settler, to make Texas his home. Of peculiar tastes, however, which led him to love the solitude and sublimity of the woods and the mighty prairies, where none but the painted Indian is found to dwell, Pollock, with his family, passed the outermost borders of civilisation, and erected his tent some thirty miles beyond San Antonio de Bexar; within the district where the Arabs of the American desert, the Comanches,* hunted and fought. His habitation presented,

* Of this remarkable tribe of Indians—their manners, customs, and peculiarities—an account will be found in 'The Enchanted Rock,' a little volume by the author of the above narrative. London: Hayward and Adam.

after two years of care had been devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew Pollock had selected as his abiding place the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from its pent-up position between craggy heights. To the north and east spread a vast plain, dotted with its lands of timber, while a thick grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed that the wary Ken-tuckian was as much alive to the importance of his proximity to wood as to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances had been erected with care and taste; its size betokening that room had been provided for a large family, while a stockade proved that danger was yet to be feared in that secluded spot. Numerous fields of corn, maize, and other vegetable productions, were carefully fenced in, while large herds of cattle roamed at will over the plain, recalled at even by the sound of the guardian's voice and bell.

Early on the first Sabbath morn in May 1835, the whole family and the labourers were congregated on a kind of lawn in front of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was composed of the father, mother, two sons, and a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl, who added to the unsophisticatedness of the wilds the advantages of an excellent education. A dozen farm-labourers and their wives, with half as many black slaves, completed the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who stood leaning against an upright post a little way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty, gay, tall, and handsome, with features utterly distinct from his companions, though paint and exposure had done their worst, this young man commanded a band of daring warriors, who carried their arms into the very heart of Mexico. His followers, about sixty in number, it was notorious, were better accounted and better provided in every way than their fellows, while, different from the usual Indian practice, they yielded implicit obedience to their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cristobal, as he called himself, a friendship had subsisted ever since the farmer's settlement, which was invaluable to the white man, who, in the constant presence of his Comanche friend at his farm, found his best protection against injury.

'I tell you, Fray Cristobal,' said Andrew Pollock, 'on the present occasion you must be mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to pass this way—impossible!'

'Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has begun, the Mexicans have thousands in the field, and my friend will feel the first blow if he is not wise,' replied the other calmly but firmly, in pure English, or rather American, as our tongue is called in these regions.

'You appear very positive,' said the colonist, 'and I must fain credit your words. But what would you have me do? If the Mexicans are in such force as this, surely to defend this house would be of little use, unless indeed your warriors could be brought down?'

'My warriors are far on the war-path, and Fray Cristobal is alone. His arm would be as a reed to defend; but he will hide the gray-head and his flock,' exclaimed he, his eye glancing with a look of mingled bitterness and admiration at Helen.

'Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer?'

'Or stay and be destroyed with your household,' said the Comanche chief.

'Father,' interposed Helen, rising and moving nearer to him, 'better let home and the wealth of this world perish alone, than us die with it. If there is danger, follow Cristobal's advice, and fly.'

'It is too late,' said the Indian in a tone of deep dejection; 'look up the valley; the sombreros of the Mexicans are rising on the edge of the cliff.'

It was too true: the peace of that quiet spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat all Americans as rebels, and put them to death on the spot. Before the strength of Texas was discovered, such was the terrible policy of the late President Santa Anna. A loud shout from the

Mexican cavalry proclaimed their delight at their arrival at a habitation; and in a few moments the house was surrounded, and all its inhabitants made prisoners, with the exception of Fray Cristobal, who had instantly sought the cover of the wood. The wild appearance of the centralist troops was little calculated to reassure the captives. With huge low-crowned hats, gaudy jackets adorned with buttons, pantaloons covered with tinsel, and the *serape saltillero*, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance looked picturesque enough; but black and unwashed faces, eyes in which gleamed no fire of mind or intellect, the knowledge of their gross ignorance, with their huge mustaches, blunderbusses, and every variety of firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of banditti, to whom, in guise and conduct, the Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and dependents, were now led before the commanding officer, a young man in a faded uniform, with the addition of a yellow cloak and a high steeple-crowned hat. This was Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing his prisoners with little favour—except indeed the fair-haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who they were, and what they did within the confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied somewhat haughtily that he was a free-born American citizen, and, by adoption, a member of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his reply, ere he cried, 'A rebel! a rebel! *Afuertos a todos los Tejanos!** I shall rest here a day or so: to-morrow morning, at daybreak, let these rebels—comprehending by a sweep of his arm all the white men—die. You, Pietro, back to General Woll, and bring his warrant for their execution.' Andrew Pollock and his sons, with all the white men, were now hurried into one of their outhouses, round which a strong guard was placed, while Helen and the rest of the women were placed in safe custody within one of the huts of the labourers, also guarded.

Colonel Jose, after giving the inexplicable order, as it appeared to his men, to spare all property as much as possible, and to touch nothing but what was absolutely necessary for their refreshment, sat down on the lawn with his officers to eat the untasted breakfast, which had been provided for its rightful owners. For some time the colonel was silent, apparently musing deeply within himself. At length he spoke in a low tone to the next in command. It appeared that, struck by the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of that retired hamlet, the soldier, called much against his will from the pleasures of Mexico city, had conceived a desire, very natural in a conqueror, of appropriating Pollock's property to his own use; and as of course, in his view of things, Mexico must triumph, of settling there and making it his home. 'It will make a lovely ranchero,' said he, gazing with admiration at all the evidences of Anglo-Saxon taste and industry displayed around; 'and with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it would be a perfect paradise.' Colonel Jose was notoriously a man of impulse; but as the present whim promised to transform a lieutenant-colonel into a colonel, the inferior officer made no comment, but with a meaning smile said, 'You can learn your fate at once: make her hand the price of her father's life, and I doubt not Padre Vevortlia will wed you on the spot. The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to give his daughter's hand and his possessions to save his rebel life.' Colonel Jose, approving of his subordinate's idea, Helen and her father were sent for. The interview took place in the best room of the house, where the invader unceremoniously installed himself in the arm-chair that up to that day only the patriarch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew the lax

* Death to all Texans!—a cry which hurried hundreds of Texans to a bloody end. Four hundred were slaughtered in cold blood at one time in the war.

principles in vogue in Mexico, and that few would there hesitate between life and honour. He therefore boldly broached his proposition of giving Pollock and all his dependents liberty in exchange for his possessions and his daughter. Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who understood Spanish, looked at her captor in disgust. 'No, infamous spoliator!' said the stern Kentuckian; 'my life is in your hands—take it; but neither lands nor child shall be yours. My daughter wed a Mexican robber! No. My life you will take; but yet a few days, and my brave countrymen will scourge you and your race back beyond the Great River.' The colonel was astounded, and at once ordered his prisoners back to confinement. Sentiments of this character were so new to him, that it required some leisure ere he fully comprehended their force. He then reiterated his commands for the execution, stroked his mustache with a self-satisfied air, and lay down to an early siesta.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison window gazing out upon the scene before her with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the position of her family. Her thoughts were of a mixed character. Horror at the proposition of the Mexican partisan was mingled with the reflection that her sacrifice might save many whom she loved. This again was doubtful, as the free gift of the property appeared the great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then came upon her other thoughts of one who had laid his life and love at her feet, and whom she had rejected with disdain because of his colour—Fray Cristobal. He had offered to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her, and settle down a colonist under the banner of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking repugnance at binding herself to one with Indian blood in his veins, had been sufficient answer for the warrior. He had spoken no more, but his altered mien indicated deeply-wounded feelings. Helen knew him well, and knew that, under other circumstances, Fray Cristobal had perilled life, all for her and her family. She felt with bitter regret that on his devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed; the Mexican soldiers ate, drank, slept, and amused themselves, a few keeping watch. Night came, and then sentinels were posted at every weak point: in fact a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. Ingress and egress appeared equally impossible. Hours passed; the last meal was brought to the prisoners, with an intimation that at daybreak the terrible tragedy would be enacted. For greater safety, lights were denied them, though the guards omitted to deprive the captives of their pipes and tobacco pouches, in which flint and steel were always kept. For about two hours after sunset, no sound was heard save the measured tramp of the mounted sentinels without the stockade, and of the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To the right was the outhouse containing the male prisoners, to the left the stream. On this now fell the rays of the dim moon, just rising from a bank of clouds; and on this Helen gazed, under the influence of the only feeling which preserved her from utter despair. It wanted an hour of midnight, and yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly from the water gave hope, and made poor Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was clearly visible. It stood upon the brink of the stream, near a wood-pile, when a musket-shot was fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy plunge was heard in the water, and when the alarmed sentinels reached the spot, a dark mass was seen floating down the river, already at a distance. Satisfied that the Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally wounded, the soldiers, after reporting as much, returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after throwing a log into the river, glide behind the wood-pile, now saw him, with intense anxiety, crawl along the line of buildings. He reached the spot where she stood, and was about to pass, when a low-whispered 'Cristobal' arrested him.

'Miss Pollock,' said he in the same tone, 'in one sentence tell me all you know.' Helen in a few hurried words explained all. 'Your father, all, shall be saved.' 'Oh, Cristobal, do that: save my father, my mother, my brothers all, and my deep and eternal gratitude shall be yours.' 'Gratitude is but a cold word to me,' said Cristobal, who with her dropped all semblance of Indian manner. 'Be generous, dear Cristobal,' whispered Helen, blushing unseen in the darkness. 'I have been cruel, unkind, but your devotion to my friends will make me forget all.' 'Even my Indian blood?' said Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his tone which went to the girl's heart. 'All but your noble risk of life and all life's joys to save my friends.' 'And you, Miss Pollock?' 'Cristobal,' said the agitated girl hurriedly; 'dear Cristobal, such dreadful scenes as these make us live years in an hour. Call me, then, Helen; save my father and mother, and hope everything.' Fray seized the girl's hand through the barred window, and said in a husky tone, 'If I save all, would you forget my Indian taint, and become my wife?' 'I would—I will,' said Helen, who in this hour of peril became a woman, forgetting all maiden coyness in the excitement of the moment. 'From gratitude only?' said Cristobal gloomily. 'I will never marry a man I do not love and respect.' 'And you will be mine?' 'I will.' 'You love me then?' 'Dear Cristobal, waste not the precious moments; think what is most dear to you, and doubt not but time will prove you not far wrong.' There was a tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresistible conviction, and pressing her hand to his lips, the young man glided away towards the shed in which the men were confined.

A brief and hurried conversation now ensued, which having lasted about ten minutes, the Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen be of good cheer, again sought the river, and plunging therein, disappeared. The agitated girl now noticed that a great bustle was taking place in the shed containing the male prisoners, as if the whole party were busily engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds of breaking up barrels were plainly heard, and then the low and cautious striking of a light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt confident that some plan arranged between Cristobal and her father was about to be carried out. Next instant a flame rose in the shed on the side which communicated to the outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls of burning sticks were cast from narrow loopholes, which were intended to supply light and air to the erection. The alarm was given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames and punish the audacious captives, when the door flew open, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of the whole hamlet. And now, amid the roar of musketry and the crackling of the flames, came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted Mexicans. To defend the house was impossible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one mass of flames; but for this a successful resistance might have been made. As it was, without attempting to recapture the armed Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire upon them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and collecting in one dense body, retreated towards the valley, followed by the Comanche horse, of whom they entertained a most wholesome and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the flames, which had been the main instrument in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this, would have held good the house against the Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and all that could be done was to remove the wagons and every kind of valuable from their proximity to the conflagration. This the party soon effected, the furniture in the house being all saved and placed upon the green sward. At dawn of day nothing remained of the late comfortable and happy home of the stern Kentuckian but smouldering rubbish and blackened stumps. Still, more than he hoped for had been saved in the

shape of household goods and cattle, while not one precious life had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the whole Mexican force could easily overtake them. The wagons were loaded with rapidity, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle all driven into herds. In an hour every preparation was made, the word was given, and, escorted by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned his back upon his late home; to seek one less subject to the inroads of an invading army. Like most of his neighbours, the patriarch of the wilderness had resolved to send his wife and daughter, with the other women, to the sea-coast, and, joining General Samuel Houston, do battle for his country. For several days the Comanches accompanied the cavalcade, and then, according to Indian custom, disappeared without the ceremony of an adieu. The leader, however, remained, who then, in the presence of her whole family, declared the engagement between himself and Helen. Andrew Pollock started in anger, and turning to his daughter, said, with little delicacy towards his Comanche preserver, 'Helen marry an Indian!' 'Who saved my father from death and me from worse?' replied Helen firmly. 'Not an Indian,' exclaimed Cristobal, at this instant extending a parchment to Andrew; 'but Henry Norton of Kentucky, captain in the service of the republic of Texas.' The young man then explained that his father, impelled by romantic feelings, had wedded a beautiful Indian girl; that on coming into the enjoyment of that parent's property, galled by the concealed sneers of some of his acquaintance, and the feeling that Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her relatives, where, by dint of gallantry, and by spending his income among them, he had raised the troop we have above alluded to. Until he saw Helen, he had determined for ever to dwell with the Comanches: her beauty had, however, won him back to civilisation. We need enter into no further particulars. The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and the sons, all distinguished themselves in the war of independence: it ended; and now peace being finally established, the family once more occupy their original abiding-place, where the writer in 1842 enjoyed their unaffected hospitality.

A WORD ON THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH CRIMINAL LAW.

DURING the last few years, a commission has been investigating the state of the criminal law of England, with a view to its amendment; and already eight reports—blue-books of portly size—have made their appearance. That the English criminal law stands in need of great reform, is universally acknowledged, and every one must be glad to learn that at length something is likely, from the recommendation of these reports, to be done. From what we have seen, however, of the reports, it is to be feared that this 'something' will be altogether homœopathic in its practical application. A number of the worst features of the system will in all probability remain.

One thing strikes us as remarkable in perusing these reports—the apparent ignorance among the commission of there being such a country as Scotland, or such a thing as Scottish criminal law. We scarcely think this species of ignorance commendable. In looking about for better institutions and usages, it is surely worth while inquiring if anything of the kind can be had from a country so very near home; more especially since the criminal code of that country does not seem to stand in need of either commissions or blue-books, but goes on in a way quite satisfactory to its people. We propose, in our humble way, to remedy this oversight.

The Scottish criminal law is only to a small extent founded off special statute. The origin of much of it is

unknown, or is at least very remote; and, in general tone and tendency, it may be described as temperate and humane. Embodied in a few law-books, which are considered as authorities, it is simple and intelligible to every comprehension. The forms of its administration, however, are more remarkable than its doctrines; and it is to these we crave the attention of our English readers.

In the first place, all crimes whatsoever, from simple larceny to the most heinous offences, fall within the cognisance of a public prosecutor. To every court of justice in the kingdom a public prosecutor is attached. All civic jurisdictions, police-courts, county or sheriff-courts, as well as the higher criminal tribunals, have their respective prosecutors. The prosecutors thus attached to the inferior courts are styled *procurators-fiscal*; those connected with the higher jurisdictions are the lord-advocate and his deputies. These functionaries respectively receive complaints from parties injured, sift out the facts of the case, and sue the criminals before the court to which they belong, *altogether at the public expense*. The injured party in no case has anything to do with the duty of prosecuting; he is summoned only as a witness, and gives himself no uneasiness as to the result. When he has given his evidence, he has no more to say or do. Neither the prosecutor nor other officers of court call on him for a single farthing of expense. All this is quite different in England, where the private or injured party is bound to prosecute, and has generally to pay a large sum in expenses. We have heard it stated, though we speak only from hearsay, that the suing of a criminal before one of the higher courts in England seldom costs the unhappy prosecutor less than twenty pounds. At all events, the expense, whatever it is, acts as a preventive to complaint. It would appear that the wisest thing any man can do who is robbed, is never to say a word about it. The expectation, under such a system, of anything like a correct return of the crimes annually committed is out of the question.*

We have mentioned one point in which the Scottish procedure may be considered superior to the English; the next is, the means of determining whether there be sufficient grounds for bringing the accused to trial. This determination in Scotland rests with the lord-advocate, or with the procurators-fiscal in the case of inferior offences. The lord-advocate is a responsible crown officer; and it is matter of observation that he prosecutes neither wantonly nor negligently: the cases laid before him and his deputies undergo a deliberate scrutiny. By this arrangement, which we never heard impugned, the public generally are put to no kind of trouble. To prevent oppression, and afford an opportunity of preparing a defence, the indictment must be served on the accused fifteen days at least before trial, along with a list of the witnesses to be brought against him, also the names of all the jurors who are to appear on the assize. Poor prisoners are assigned agents and counsel to conduct their case through the court. Compare this simple and humane, yet efficient machinery, with the clumsy English apparatus of a grand jury—sending men to trial by the score with scarcely a minute's warning. At the central criminal court in London, the grand jury sometimes passes three or four hundred cases through its

* Since the above was in type, Sir Robert Peel has proposed in parliament to pay the expenses of prosecution from the public funds; but this, we believe, only applies to that portion of the expenses usually borne by the county rates—not to that part payable by the private prosecutor.

hands within a week, the investigation of a case in many instances not occupying a quarter of an hour.

Following the accused into court, we again see how much more reasonable is the routine of procedure against him in the Scottish criminal law. There is a deliberate distinctness in every step in the process. The witnesses are sworn by one of the judges in a solemn and impressive manner, by the holding up of the right hand, and calling on the Almighty to attest the truth of what is about to be uttered. The attitude of the judge rising from his chair with outstretched arm to perform this duty, is considered so striking, as to have been adopted by the sculptor: one of the finest statues in Scotland is that of President Forbes in the act of administering an oath. In England, as is well known, oaths are administered by an inferior officer of court causing the witness to kiss the outside of a book, and this he does in a manner so hurried and profane, as to be little better than a burlesque. With respect to the examination which follows, we would add, that in no Scottish court of justice would barristers be suffered for one moment to bully and ridicule witnesses, as they seem to do with impunity in England. In the execution of their onerous duties, the Scottish judges uniformly act the part of protectors alike to witnesses and the unfortunate prisoners at their bar; the decorum which uniformly prevails, the pains taken to arrive at the truth, and the appearance of even-handed justice, in trials before the Supreme Criminal Court at Edinburgh, or any of the circuits, seldom fail to excite the admiration of strangers. Within the last few years in England, prisoners have been permitted to plead by counsel: in Scotland, this has been the humane practice for centuries.

In the enclosing of a jury, the superior advantages of our northern practice is remarkably conspicuous. Out of a certain number of persons summoned, *fifteen* are selected by lot, and their decision, by a *majority*, if they cannot all agree, at once settles the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. Compare this latter arrangement with the English plan, of compelling twelve men to be unanimous one way or another! The spectacle of starved juries is never seen in Scotland; and one can only wonder how such a barbarism should till this day be tolerated in the sister kingdoms. A few days ago, as we observe by the newspapers, a jury on a criminal trial was nearly starved to death at Mullingar, in Ireland. The report is worth extracting.

'This morning, at ten o'clock, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron took their seats on the bench, when the jury were called into court.

Chief Baron.—Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?

Foreman.—No, my lord, we have not.

Chief Baron.—Is there any likelihood of your agreeing?

Foreman.—Not the least, my lord.

Chief Baron.—Under these circumstances, gentlemen, you must again retire to your room, as there is no alternative. We have no discretion in the matter.

Foreman.—My lord, there is not the least use in our retiring again, as there is no possibility of our ever agreeing. There are ten of us one way, and two the other; so, my lord, you may as well be good enough to discharge us, for agree we never will on this case. We are now twenty-four hours locked up in our room, with only some water for refreshment, and a very indifferent fire, and some of us in very poor health indeed. Our room is more like a dungeon than anything else; and if we are confined any longer, it may seriously endanger our lives.

After a short discussion, the jury were sent back to their dungeon, protesting that they should be starved. They accordingly remained in confinement all night and next day, and were only relieved at the end of forty hours, at which time they remained of the same way of thinking as at first. A new trial was ordered.

The editor of the newspaper (*Daily News*, January 24) whence we copy these particulars, concludes with the following just remarks:—'Suppose these mistreated gentlemen had been at length, as a question of self-preservation, starved into a verbal agreement, and pronounced a decision. What is it worth? Can justice receive it?—can common-sense receive it?—can public opinion receive it? No; but law can. Truly a pretty condition of the law in the nineteenth century! * * * If by these proceedings of a barbarous age—by which I mean the present age, as in this instance palpably united with the ages of torture and other barbarities in the insulted name of justice—if by these proceedings any one of these gentlemen forming the jury at Mullingar should lose his life, either in a few days, or weeks, or months, as the previous circumstance of his years, constitution, and health or sickness at the time may determine, then the law is directly chargeable with wilful and deliberate murder.'

What a state of affairs is this! In trying one man, murdering a dozen. The remedy—and the only one we can see—is to introduce the Scotch practice of a jury of fifteen, whose decision, by a majority, shall be deemed sufficient.

The last point on which we have a wish to speak, is the indecent haste with which the ordinary class of cases are tried in England. The whole affair at the Old Bailey seems to be conducted with the speed of a whirlwind. Before a poor wretch can look about him, he finds himself condemned to transportation or the galleys. More time is usually occupied in a Scottish small-debt court to determine a claim of five shillings, than in many instances employed in deciding on the fate of a fellow-creature at this English tribunal. This excessive precipitancy, arising, no doubt, from the undue accumulation of cases, and the incapacity of the court to overtake them, does not, as far as we can perceive, call forth the reprobation of the commissioners, who only refer to the frequent *necessity for a new trial*; and this they consider a desideratum in a variety of cases. We altogether object to this clumsy mode of remedying an acknowledged abuse. Instead of granting power to institute new trials, on the ground of correcting previous errors, would it not be much more reasonable to take time to investigate the case at first?—devote a day, or even half a day to the trial, instead of slapping it off in fifteen or twenty minutes?

In the blue-books before us, there is some remarkable evidence bearing on this cruel perversion of justice. It seems to be not an unusual thing in the metropolis to condemn men for crimes of which they are altogether innocent. Sometimes these unfortunates are hanged; and in other instances, by a little fortunate inquiry, they are saved. Will it be credited, that in the year 1828, no fewer than six persons were saved from death in the course of only nine months, in London alone, by the humane exertions of two individuals, who made it appear, beyond dispute, that in five cases of the six the prisoners were totally innocent, while in the remaining case the prisoner, although seemingly guilty, had been convicted in a grossly illegal manner? The first of these cases mentioned in evidence was that of two men, Anderson and Morris, who were condemned to death for a robbery, and ordered for execution. By a little inquiry, while these poor men were under sentence, Mr Wilde, an attorney in extensive practice in London, discovered that they were really innocent. With the greatest difficulty he procured a reprieve, but not till half-past eleven o'clock on the night before the execution was to take place. Perhaps even then it might not have been procured, but for the assistance of the governor of the prison and his deputy, who were led to take the same view of the case as Mr Wilde.

Mr Wilde detailed a second case. A man named Smith was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to death. He had pled guilty on the assurance that if he did so his life would be spared; but there was no appearance of this promise being fulfilled, although the connexions of the party condemned used every exer-

tion to save him. About four or five days before that fixed for the execution, Mr Wilde, who had heard the condemned sermon preached, was applied to by the prisoner's brother-in-law, a respectable tradesman in Cornhill, who had been going about for several days trying to obtain a hearing in behalf of his unfortunate relative. From him Mr Wilde learned the particulars of the case. The prosecution, it appeared, was instituted by the Committee of Bankers; and as many prisoners had been acquitted in like cases from the difficulty of proving the utterance, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers thought fit to authorise Mr Cope, the city marshal, to go to the prisoner and promise that, if he pled guilty, his life would be spared; in other words, his sentence would be commuted into transportation for life. Mr Wilde communicated these facts to Sir Robert Peel, who again communicated them to the Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst. Lord Lyndhurst then summoned to his private room the prosecutor, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers, and the city marshal; and the facts appearing exactly as the prisoner's brother-in-law had stated them, Smith was respited during his majesty's pleasure. In this case, although the prisoner may not have been innocent of the crime, yet it is evident that, having been led to plead guilty by a false representation, he had had a most unfair trial.

The third case alluded to by Mr Wilde was one in which two poor destitute Irishmen, named Mallet and Farthing, had been convicted, on circumstantial evidence, of a capital offence, and sentenced to death. The result of Mr Wilde's investigations having been to satisfy himself that the men were totally innocent, and that the charge was a conspiracy on the part of the prosecutors, he was able to procure their respite. In addition to these three cases, in which he was concerned in the way of personal interference, Mr Wilde mentioned a fourth, in which a man named Brown, who had been indicted and found guilty for robbing a woman, got respited through the exertions of his master, Mr Lingham, who was convinced of his innocence.

Thus, in the course of nine months, were six persons saved from death after conviction; five of whom were innocent of the crime for which they were to die, and one of whom was unfairly treated on his trial. Mr Wilde also stated his opinion, that 'if the documents at the Home Office were examined, many cases would be found in which, by the exertions of former sheriffs, the lives of persons ordered for execution had been saved.' The horrible inference is, that there may, in all probability, have been cases in which, either from the want of such active and humane interference as that of Mr Wilde, or from the strength of appearances against the condemned parties, innocent persons may have been sent out of the world by an ignominious death.

Tradition may have preserved one or two cases of individuals in Scotland being executed wrongfully; but in modern times nothing of the kind, we believe, has been heard of. For this we are not more indebted to the cautious inquiry of the lord-advocate and his assistants, than to the system of preliminary examinations by the procurators-fiscal and sheriff-substitutes. These sheriff-substitutes are a class of stipendiary magistrates, one of whom is resident in each county; but some counties have two or three: they are all men educated to the law, and form a valuable body of officers, having cognisance of civil as well as criminal matters. In England, there is no order of functionaries exactly parallel to these resident county magistrates, which we cannot help considering a misfortune. It is universally allowed, that to no institution has Scotland been so much indebted for its permanent order and tranquillity, as to that of its sheriff-substitutes. The introduction of such impartial functionaries into Ireland might be considered invaluable.

Such are a few points which we have thought worthy of making known to our English neighbours. We are far from saying that the system of Scottish criminal procedure is perfect in all its details. At a subsequent

opportunity we may show defects which it is desirable to remedy. Meanwhile, with all its imperfections, it works smoothly, and to the satisfaction of the country. Taken as a whole, it seems immeasurably in advance of that of England; and we respectfully submit it to the consideration of 'her majesty's right, trusty and well-beloved commissioners, touching crimes, and the trial and punishment thereof.'

VISIT TO THE CRICHTON INSTITUTION.

On one of those lovely mornings with which a brilliant but reddened sun occasionally favours us at the beginning of December, I wandered from the town of Dumfries into the midst of the beautiful valley in which it is situated, and through which the 'winding Nith' pours its waters. Pursuing my way about a mile along the banks of this stream—through scenery rendered classic by the genius of Burns—I found the landscape adorned with a stately edifice, occupying a gentle eminence which slopes gradually towards the river, and presenting a grand and imposing appearance. From a massive but low tower or lantern in the centre, radiate four wings, of commanding proportions, which are surmounted by a balustrade ornamented with numerous vases. The building is pierced by many windows; the whole presenting those architectural features which are always associated with the Elizabethan style. This magnificent structure is the Crichton Institution, an asylum for lunatics; and as its origin is peculiar, I propose to give some account of it.

It appears that the late Mr Crichton made an immense fortune in India. Without arbitrarily bequeathing a sum of money to found an hospital, he expressed in his will a wish that his executors would apply a portion of his wealth to some great benevolent purpose. His widow and chief executrix—the highly-respected Mrs Crichton of Friars' Carse—decided at first, in compliance with her husband's implied desire, to found a college. For this purpose she applied to the then lord chancellor, whose sanction, in the first instance, it was necessary to obtain. That functionary, however, expressed an opinion that the educational wants of Scotland were already sufficiently well provided for—a high and well-merited compliment to the country; but one to which the benevolent lady was so little inclined to accede, that she still pressed her petition to be allowed to build a college. The lord chancellor was obliged at last positively to refuse the lady the requisite powers for carrying her cherished design into execution. Soon after this disappointment, she happened to be visiting Bath, and was induced to inspect, for curiosity's sake, the admirably-conducted lunatic asylum which is situated near that city. She immediately remembered that there was little accommodation for lunatics, particularly for those of the higher classes, in Scotland; and eventually decided on realising her husband's wishes, by erecting an institution for the insane. The project was accomplished with skill and magnificence—or rather partly accomplished—for only half of the architect's design has as yet been completed. When finished—which I was told it will soon be—this edifice will be one of the most splendid in Scotland.

As I applied for admission at the porter's lodge, by showing my letter of invitation from the principal, a handsomely-appointed carriage, shaped like an omnibus, was passing out. One of the occupants, a lady, greeted me with a smile of welcome, so frank and engaging, that I mistook her for a lady in authority. She, as well as her companions, however, were patients about to take

their morning drive. The grounds are so extensive, that, when entered, some distance had to be passed over before the institution itself could be reached. Fifty-six acres are laid out in gardens, walks, pleasure-grounds, orchards, and shrubberies, for the use of the patients; many of whom I met, engaged either in gardening, as at Morningside,* or promenading. Passing under a lofty archway, I found myself in a quadrangle, and was admitted into the interior of the building—which proved, on close inspection, to be constructed, not of brick, as might at first sight be supposed, but of the new red sandstone with which this district abounds.

Once entered, the excellent plan of the building is easily understood. The massive tower seen outside, standing in the midst, gives off four wings, which contain galleries one above another three storeys high. The corners formed by the departure or stretching out of the wings from the tower, are filled up with either dining or private sitting-rooms, whilst the sleeping apartments are ranged along and entered from the sides of each gallery. A view of what may be going on in each of these galleries is obtained from the central tower, which consists inside of a staircase, with landings so placed as to allow a spectator to see through the glazed walls into each of the four galleries of the storey he may wish to command. The ground-floor is appropriated to paupers, the officers of the institution, &c.; the floor above accommodates most of the higher-class patients who can afford separate attendants and apartments. The highest storey is set apart for patients of the middle classes. The rates of payment for board and every accommodation vary from L.15 per annum (for paupers) to L.350 for such as are provided with all the conveniences, and some of the luxuries, of high life. Ascending the stairs of the tower to their very top, level with the roofs of the wings, we reach a circular gallery, arranged as a library, which, as most of the inmates belong to the educated classes, is very much used. In the last report of Dr Browne, the medical director, it is stated that it already consists of 650 volumes. Over and above these, private collections, belonging to patients, are distributed throughout the institution. Books constitute, it would seem, a valuable and never-failing engine in moral treatment; and different kinds of books are prescribed for the mind as systematically as different sorts of medicine are ordered for the body. By them passion is often subdued, and a healthy tone of feeling revived more effectually than by direct repression or inculcation. To those who have been highly educated, who have belonged to one or other of the learned professions, who have made literature a pursuit, or who have depended for much of their happiness upon reading, a library has become not a luxury, but a necessary of their moral existence. One bibliomaniac in the asylum has already exhausted the store, and sighs for additions. In proof of the benefit of books, it is stated that a gallery of patients, in which the number of readers is large, is comparatively a quiet, happy, and healthy department of the establishment. Neither are the habitual readers mere triflers over newspapers and periodicals. At one period the following books were in the possession of patients:—Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*, Gil Blas, Shakespeare, and many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c.—a catalogue which shows the varied and elevated tastes which must be supplied, and the identity of the pursuits of many of the insane with those of men of strong intellect and fervid genius. To one of these students a daily task was allotted, and he subjected himself to examination by the medical attendant, in the same way that a course of history

should be conducted. Another busied himself in compiling a commonplace book; a third translated a treatise upon *Dipsomania*, ostensibly to facilitate the labours of the superintendent; a fourth scanned the newspapers, and extracted all facts bearing upon a topic of interest; while a fifth actually furnished to a periodical the creations of his fancy. One amiable, accomplished, and excellent being, who imagined that it was incumbent upon him to abstain from food, to increase the comforts of the poor, and to prevent a general famine, and that his brain was transmuted into fat, and consequently impeded the exercise of his faculties, was induced to engage in the study and translation of Molière's amusing comedy, the *Malade Imaginaire*. He spent many delightful hours at this task, bending his powers diligently to overcome the difficulties, and to discover the beauties of the author; coming out of himself, as it seemed; forgetting his own sorrows and ailments; and, it may be, tempted to doubt their reality, while laughing at the hypochondriacal fancies and medicine mania of the principal character, Argan.

Those patients who have not ability or inclination to read, are occasionally read to. On one occasion it was determined to produce a powerful, painful, and retrospective train of feeling in a person who seemed to be lapsing from a state of high over-wrought sensibility into one of apathy and senility. He had distinguished himself as a poet, and during one of his darkest and dullest moods, some of his own beautiful and pathetic verses were read to him. He at first smiled, then appeared to be awakened to a recollection of the circumstances and emotions under which they had been composed, then became deeply affected, and wept. He was agitated for some hours, but the effects gradually disappeared. Directly or indirectly, therefore, the library is employed as a means of alleviation and cure. Still, some caution is requisite in its use, and a check is imposed upon the course of reading; as when an inmate afflicted with a suicidal mania inquires for Bolingbroke's works, or Anne Radcliffe's novels. Delusions have indeed been created or confirmed from certain passages in books. One patient having found in a periodical a description of the character of George III., drew a parallel between himself and that monarch, and then proclaimed himself George V. But such accidents are counterbalanced by the amount of real knowledge, the habits of steady attention and consecutive reflection, the exercise of memory, the introduction of happy and wholesome views of mankind, the springs of innocent mirth, which even enfeebled or erratic faculties receive from reading, be it ever so desultory.

Descending into one of the galleries of the upper floor, I passed several ladies amusing themselves in various ways, and entered the chapel. This is modestly rather than handsomely fitted up, and quite in accordance with the solemn uses to which it is put. As regards the behaviour of the unhappy congregation, their physician speaks in a candid, but, on the whole, favourable strain. 'Although,' he remarks, 'it would be too sanguine a view of the experiment and of its effects to affirm that the same degree of decorum and quiet exist as in a sane congregation, yet the composure and sobriety of the most restless and rebellious patients is a proof that this influence is considerable: the self-control exerted is greater than under any other circumstances; and the expressions of gratification derived from the service prove that it is appreciated. The calm which prevails is of course partly the result of the selection of the audience, but proceeds in great measure from a recognition of the purpose of the meeting, from the early associations which still influence the habits, although not the reason, of the insane, from the principle of imitation, and the restraint imposed by the presence of others, and by good manners or respect for authority. Of those who generally attend chapel, however, many are actuated by higher motives and more rational views; many have contracted an attachment to the excellent chaplain, whose kind disposition, gentle

* See VOL. IV. p. 408, new series.

manners, and simple Scriptural teaching, they have learned to value and to love.' An inscription is placed opposite the pulpit—plain and expressive—dedicating the whole building to the late Mr Crichton, by his widow—a noble and praiseworthy monument, whether considered externally or morally.

Leaving the chapel, I was introduced to a gallery containing about a dozen gentlemen. On being shown into the sitting-room common to them all, various implements of amusement and pastime were observable. Drawing and painting appear to be resources occasionally resorted to. One gentleman acquired so great a dexterity in the use of crayons, as to produce portraits of exquisite finish; one of which I saw. His was an exalted mania, and he seldom condescended to portray the countenance of any one who was not a hero or a person of rank. Except one unfortunate man, who stuck himself rigidly and immovably against the wall, and kept his eyes intently fixed on vacancy, none of the inmates of the upper galleries showed signs of discomfort or eccentricity. They were perhaps a little less noisy, less communicative to each other, than a similar number of sane persons, placed in the same situation, would have been.

In the dining-room common to the inmates of another gallery, I was shown the peculiar knives and forks with which they eat. Both are of German silver; the former too blunt for mischief, and the latter, instead of being separated into prongs, are merely grooved, in imitation thereof, up to within about half an inch of the points, where they are separated so as to be useful. Should, therefore, a suicidal or destructive patient attempt anything dangerous with such a fork, the damage would be but trifling. Some extraordinary delusions of this nature have manifested themselves in the Crichton Institution. Instances have happened in which a dread of self-destruction has been the leading characteristic of the maniac; but a dread so great, that it has driven the victim of it to attempt the act as an escape from his terrible fear of it; as if—to borrow an idea from a forcible writer on insanity—he would rush into the arms of Death to avoid looking into his face. Others show a desire to terminate existence from a fear of being murdered. Some of the expedients resorted to by these unhappy beings are extremely ingenious. One female inmate, who, while obstinately resisting medicine, from the suspicion that it contained mercury and poison—having some knowledge of the constitutional effects of that drug, and the extreme danger of taking cold whilst its effects were operating on the system—took every opportunity of filling her boots with water, in order that she might be attacked by inflammation and die. This systematic sapping of the foundations of health and strength was resorted to, after many attempts at strangulation had been detected and defeated. The ingenuity employed by persons afflicted with this mania is occasionally astonishing. A young woman possessed herself, whilst taking her daily walks, of stones and pieces of coal, and, rubbing them against the walls, so as to give them sharp edges and angles, swallowed them, in the hope of so far disorganising her system as to get past recovery. Another female, a lady of education, presents an extraordinary instance of this propensity ingeniously indulged. It was so strong, that she was placed in a room from which every article of furniture was removed, which in fact contained nothing more than a French bed without canopy, and a carpet. Notwithstanding these precautions, it was ascertained that she had pulled the carpet from the floor, collected the nails by which it was secured, and swallowed twenty-four of them. She was then removed to another apartment, where there was no carpet, and an attendant was appointed to remain constantly with her. The bed in which she lay was covered with cotton chintz, which was attached to the wood by nails. Stealthily, silently, and without changing her position or disturbing her companion, she succeeded in extracting a number of these, which were likewise swallowed. Since this

period she has stolen and introduced into the stomach a thimble and a small padlock. But what is even more startling and instructive, is her confession that, when comparatively sane and serene, when most trusted, and most worthy of confidence, she was in the habit of swallowing stones, pins, needles, and other small objects innumerable, with the settled resolution to sap the foundation of her strength and life.

Incessant precaution is not necessary merely against such grave hallucinations, but to counteract the destructive propensities of some inmates. The most remarkable of these is what Dr Browne denominates *Pyromania*—a mania for destruction by the agency of fire. This subject deserves, in reference to judicial proceedings in the case of incendiaries, very serious consideration. In some instances the desire to set inflammable substances on fire is, according to Dr Browne, less a crime than a disease, and as such, epidemic from the force of imitation; and there are facts which bear out this theory. At precisely the same time in 1830, when great devastation was committed in England by rick-burners, bands of young women perpetrated similar deeds in France, without apparent object or design. The experiences of the Crichton Institution show that this mania sometimes exists with a perfect disregard of life, even where no suicidal inclinations are manifested. 'One of this class has been observed to handle ignited coals as if they were harmless, and, after setting fire to a sofa, sat quietly down upon the burning cloth, as if to court immolation. Another inmate, who originally manifested her derangement by attempting to destroy farm produce, still, upon all favourable occasions, consigns her dresses to the fire, without regard to the value of the article; or to her own comfort, and obviously derives intense gratification from the brilliant flame which she has produced. This woman, although passionate, and so irrational as to recognise in her fellow-patients former friends and acquaintances disguised as females, is acute, cunning, and perfectly conscious of the culpable and dangerous nature of her irresistible propensities.*

In the galleries set apart for the higher-class patients, I observed that the drawing-rooms were furnished with all the elegances of private life. A set of window-curtains was pointed out as the work of a lady inmate, whose mind was considerably relieved by the occupation they afforded. As far as is consistent with the sanatory expedients of the establishment, social life is surrounded with all the amenities and pleasures of the 'outer world.' Billiards, card parties, chess, summer ice, have occupied many a tedious hour within doors. In the evening, exhibitions of legerdemain, ventriloquism, musical and dancing parties, visits to the Dumfries theatre, concerts, and other public places, have been resorted to as rewards, encouragement, and distraction. And as the influence of discipline and supervision has been carried into effect in these assemblies, as the patients are never allowed to forget that they are observed, and under probation, and upon honour; and as due care has been bestowed in selecting those of decorous deportment and suitable dispositions, no ill, but, on the contrary, much good, has resulted.

The most extraordinary amusement, however—in which some of the better-class patients are allowed to indulge—is private theatricals. This bold step was first made in Britain, and Dr Browne deserves infinite credit for its introduction and success. In his report for 1844, he thus speaks of the experiment:—'Theatrical representation, as a means of cure and pleasure to the insane, is not now confined to the Crichton Institution. Melodramas have been acted before the inmates of asylums in this country; and *Tartuffe* has been produced by the patients in *Salpêtrière* at Paris, with the same sort of poetical justice which suggested the selection of *Redgauntlet* by the company in this asylum. Three pieces were brought out during last season; of these the *Mock Doctor* was

* Dr Browne's Fifth Annual Report.

the favourite. It contains some ludicrous allusions to asylums and their governors; and the shouts of laughter and triumph with which the exposure of the savage practices formerly pursued in these places was received, indicated how keenly some portion of the audience understood the point and truth of the satire, and how cordially they rejoiced at the revolution which had established the gentler rule under which they then were. Eleven patients participated in some degree or other in the representation. Four of these have since left the institution; and a fifth, who is undoubtedly indebted to the exercise of memory in acquiring his part for a re-uscitation of intellect, will soon obtain liberty. But the company will survive such losses—even the desertion of the active stage-manager. In one case only, either among the actors or auditors, could excitement be attributed to the effects of the amusements. A plain prosaic, but perhaps vain artisan, was raised to the rank of lord of the bedchamber; and although all that was required in the part was to stand still and look steadily at a particular point during a mimic pageant, the assumption of dignity, the novelty of the position, or the constraint necessary, destroyed the equanimity which had been previously established, and retarded convalescence. But this event was the consequence of injudicious selection, of a sanguine estimate of the stability of reason, not of the ordeal to which the mind would be subjected, and might have followed an incautious appeal to vanity, or the liberation of the patient. After an experience of two successive years, and when about to commence a third season, and after a dispassionate examination of the effect which the stage, when well directed, is capable of exerting, by the exposure and correction of follies, by the discipline, consecutive intellectual training, and the concentration imposed upon the performers, and by the gaiety and good-humour excited in the spectators, this conclusion appears to be inevitable—that no human means as yet employed has, at so little risk, and with so little trouble and expense, communicated so much rational happiness to so many of the insane at the same time, or so completely placed them in circumstances so closely allied to those of sane beings, or so calculated either to remove the burden of mental disease, or to render it more bearable. The attempt is no longer an experiment; it is a great fact in moral science, and must be accepted and acted upon.

Of the literary amusements provided for the patients, and their proficiency in composition, mention has already been made in a notice of the publication issued by them, called the 'New Moon.*' Since then, it may be safely said, the New Moon has gained brilliancy with its age, and that the last number is as amusing and rational as the first.

On the ground-floor, devoted to the humbler class of inmates, every attention is paid to their comfort; the only difference between them and those above-stairs being in the article of furniture, which is more homely, and less abundant. Here is a 'padded room' for outrageous patients: the floor is wadded, and round the walls are placed a series of panels with canvas stretched tightly over them, which, being like drum-heads, are elastic, and prevent the patient from injuring himself. When in use, the room is made perfectly dark. Darkness is found to act as a sedative; indeed the effect is sometimes instantaneous, as if the withdrawal of light acted directly on the brain. One thing is certain, that in such a condition the sufferer has no objects whatever to excite him, as in some states the sight of the merest trifle, even of a pin, will increase the paroxysm.

This was the last apartment I was shown, and, after a most agreeable and instructive interview with the medical director, I took my leave.

From what could be observed in a passing visit to this admirable asylum, its management and internal arrangements cannot be too highly commended. Though it presents human nature in its saddest phase, yet it is

a sight no philanthropist should deny himself, provided always he can obtain the necessary permission; which is not, I apprehend, very difficult to be obtained from the skilful and courteous medical director.

The number of inmates amounted, in November 1845, to 133.

* GLEANINGS FROM THE CLUB-BOOKS.

Our readers are probably aware that for some years past a considerable number of clubs or societies have been established, whose function it is to print books which are distributed among the members, the expense being borne by the general amount of their annual contributions. The principle on which these institutions have proceeded is, that supposing there are a certain number of persons curious in books of a particular class in literature, amounting in number to one, two, three, or four hundred, they may supply themselves each with one copy of any number of the books which suit their taste, through such a system, without encountering the risk of publication. It is something like a revival of the old plan of subscription—a set of men are associated, of whom each receives a copy of every work which their united funds are sufficient to print. It is probable that the system could not be made applicable to new original works, as each member would be anxious to print something written by himself, and it is not likely that the question, whether it deserved to be printed by the club, would be considered so impartially as when the author of the book has been some centuries in his grave. Accordingly, the book-clubs have in general confined themselves to reprints of old books of which the original editions have become rare, or to the printing of old manuscripts. In the system which they pursue, they practically avow that their books are not of a class capable of attracting so much public interest as to procure for them a general sale. And there is no doubt that, like all commodities prepared to suit the tastes of particular individuals, the club-books are in the mass caviare to the multitude. But among contemporary annals and diaries, old romances, specimens of ancient poetry, records of local events, and the like, which are the staple commodity of the clubs, it would be strange indeed if several hundred volumes did not afford some passages possessed of interest to general readers. In truth, there are among these rarely-opened volumes many specimens of curious narrative and adventure—delineations of customs, manners, and superstitions—incidents connected with the lives of eminent persons, and illustrations of historical events—which it were to be regretted that general readers should not have an opportunity of perusing. We therefore propose to devote a few columns to some gleanings which we have made from this neglected field.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR AMADACE.

The old metrical romances of England and Scotland, though imbued with the false morality of chivalry and the barbarism of the dark ages, yet contain many illustrations of high and pure feeling. To hold some one object as the great end of life, and to allow no cares, or sacrifices, or inferior aims to interfere with its fulfilment, is the characteristic motive of chivalry; and where the object pursued by the faithful knight is a good one, his generous devotion and contempt of all selfish impulses present us with a fine and elevating picture of the better features of human nature. In the unpublished romance which, under the title of Sir Amadace, has been printed for the Camden Society, the points of character mainly illustrated are a wife's devoted attachment, and a man's adherence to his pledged word. The bankrupt merchant denied Christian burial, and the widow watching the corrupting body to scare away the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, as long as she has life, may not be a pleasing picture; but the minstrel who imagined such a tale of tried constancy, and the people who delighted to listen to it, had

* See volume III. p. 43, new series.

in them something good. This romance probably furnished part of the stock in trade of those minstrels who were partly the reciters merely, partly the authors, of the verses they repeated. The manuscript, whatever may be its precise age, must have existed early in the fifteenth century, as it contains certain commemorations made by its owner during the reigns of Henry V. and VI. The structure of the poem is dramatic. The form of stanza, and in general the words used, have been preserved in the extracts which follow, and only such changes have been made as were absolutely necessary to enable an ordinary reader to follow the narrative. The initial stanzas have perhaps been lost. The reader is very abruptly introduced to a consultation between Sir Amadace and his steward, in which the latter demonstrates that his master owes more money than his lands will produce in seven years. In the present day, this would afford no great ground of alarm; the spendthrift might double such a debt before he need anticipate any immediate pecuniary difficulty. In those days, however, 'the money market was heavy,' to use a term well understood in the present age; and the steward is obliged to suggest that his lord should lay aside his state, dismiss his retinue, and have but one servant where he had ten. The knight agrees to the justice of the course, but not having courage to practise it where he is so well known, departs with a few attendants in search of adventures, all the money he has with him being forty pounds. He is then described as coming towards a chapel from which shines a light, and sending his servant on to inquire what it might mean. The servant returns—

And said, 'Sir, at yonder chapel I have been,
A selcouth sight there have I seen,
My heart is heavy as lead,
There stands a bier and candles two,
A woman sitting and no moe;
Lord! careful is her roe.
Sore she sighs and hands wrings,
And ever she cries on heaven's kings
How long she shall be there.
She says, dear God what may that be,
The great sorrow that she upon him see,
Stinkand upon his bier.
She says she will not let him alone,
Till she fall dead down to the stone,
For his life was to her full dear.

Sir Amadace then questions the lady himself, and—

She said, 'Sir, needlongs must I sit him by,
I faith there will him none but I,
He was my wedded fere.* †
Then Sir Amadace said, 'Me likes full ill,
Ye are both in a plight to spill,
He lies so long on bier.
What a man in his life was he?
'Sir, a merchant of this cite,
Had rich rents to rear;
And every year three hundred pound
Of ready money and of round,
And for debt yet lies he here.
Then Sir Amadace said, 'For the rood,
On what manner spended he his good,
That this gate ‡ is away?
'Sir, on gentlemen and officers,
To great lords that were his peers,
He would give gifts gay;
Rich feasts would he make,
And poor men, for God's sake,
He fed them every day;
While he had any good to take,
He was not the man for God's sake,
That would once say nay.
Yet he did as a fool:
He clad more men-against Yule
Than did a noble knight;
For his meat he would not spare,
Boards in the hall wore never bare,
With clothes richly dight.
If I said he did not well;
He said, God sent it every deal,
And set my words at light.
Then he took so much upon his name,
I dare not tell you, Lord, for shame,
The goods now that he owed.

* Full of care. † Companion. ‡ This way.

And then came Death, wo him be!
And parted my lord and me,
Left me in all the care;
When my neighbours heard tell that he sick lay,
They came to me as they best may,
Their goods asked they there;
All that ever was his and mine,
Horse and nowt, sheep and swine,
Away they drove and bare.
My dowry to my life I sold,
And all the pennies to them told,
Lord, yet owed he well more.

She then proceeds to say that every debt was discharged save one of thirty pounds to a merchant of the city, who for this debt had arrested his body and forbidden it burial, saying that hounds should drag it to the field and gnaw the bones there. For sixteen weeks, in the lonely chapel, the widow had watched the corpse on the bier, and so she declared she would continue till death took her also. Sir Amadace ascertains the name of the merchant, comforts the lady, and departs; but sends his servant to the merchant to bring him to sup with him, when he endeavours to persuade him to forego the debt, and permit the body to be buried. The merchant is inexorable, and Sir Amadace pays him thirty pounds from his own money; the remaining ten is expended in burying the dead body. The knight then dismisses his squires, and journeys forward, penniless and alone, moralising on the miseries of poverty. Thus occupied, he is accosted by a knight all in white, riding on a milk-white steed, who questions him wherefore he goes mourning so, as if he doubted the divine Providence and its power to raise up as well as to cast down; assuring him that for good deeds done there shall be rich reward.

The white knight then questions Sir Amadace as to how he would regard the man who should bring him from this desponding and low estate to the full enjoyment of wealth and honours, and if he would be content to divide with such a one all he might gain by his means. Sir Amadace agrees to the compact, and is told of a royal king who has a fair daughter, which daughter is to be given to the knight who is first in the field and best in the tourney. He is told to go thither; that gold for his spending, and trappings, as beseeems a knight, will be fully provided; that he will win all wealth and honour, and at last wed the fair lady.

Then bespoke Sir Amadace:
'An thou hast might through God's grace
So to comfort me,
Thou shalt find me true and leal,
And even, Lord, for to deal
Betwixt thee and me.'
'Farewell,' he said, 'Sir Amadace,
And thou shalt work through God's grace,
And it shall be with thee.'
Sir Amadace said, 'Have good day,
And thou shalt find me, and I may
As true as any man be.'

Sir Amadace is then represented as walking on a lonely coast, where he finds the contents of a wrecked vessel which had been cast on shore. There he finds knights in armour, and steeds white and gray; and we are induced to presume that the former were dead, as Sir Amadace strips them of their armour and rich apparel; while the latter, by an equal good fortune, must have survived the storm, as one of them becomes the knight's faithful steed. There were also coffers filled with all manner of precious things—gold and rich array. Then Sir Amadace, having robed himself full regally, was in good condition for trying his lot at the jousting, to be held in honour of the king's fair daughter. It appears that the riches thus put at the disposal of Sir Amadace had been cast on the coasts of this same king's territory. The king sends his knights to greet him; while, in order to have the best benefit of existing circumstances—

Sir Amadace said, 'I was a prince of mickle pride,
And here I had thought to ride
Forsooth at this tourney.
I was victualled with wine and flour;
Horses, harness, and armour;
Knights of good array;

Strongest storms me over drave,
My noble ship it all rave.
Though sooth yourselves may say,
To spend I have enough plenté;
But all the men that came with me,
Forsooth they are away.'

This was a somewhat uncandid proceeding on the part of so peerless a knight, to say the least of it. The king, however, tells him—

'I never saw man that sat in seat,
So much of my love might get,
As thou thyself has.'

and offers to provide him with a suitable retinue and attendants, all of whom the knight rewards with great munificence: and both in the tourney and the battlefield he bears off all the honour—winning

Field and frith, town and tower,
Castle and rich cité.

Winning also the love of the king's fair daughter, who is awarded to him, with the half of the kingdom while the king lives, and the whole of it at his death.

Thus is Sir Amadace cured of his wo;
(May God lend grace that we were so!)
A royal feast caused he make;
There wedded he that ladye bright.
The eating lasted a fortnight,
With spears for to shunke.
Another half-year they lived full glad;
And a fair boy-child they had:
Great mirth on that they make.
Listen now, lordings, of doings great,
While on a day before the meat,
This compeer come to thogate.

He came in as gay a gear,
Right as he an angel were,
Glad he was in white.
Unto the porter spake he so,
Said, 'To thy lord mine errand go
Hastily and right;
And if he ask ought after me,
From whence I come, or what countrie,
Say that my suit is white;
And say we have together been—
I hope full well he has thee seen,
He will it never denyte.'

The servant bears the message to his master, and—

'Is he come,' he said, 'my own true frere?
To me is he both loved and dear,
As ought he well to be.
But all my men, I you command
To serve him well, both foot and hand,
Right as ye would do me.'
Then Sir Amadace unto him went,
And also did that ladye gente,
That was of hue so bright;
And did well that she ought to do,
Whom her lord loved she worshipped too,
As such a woman might.

Who should his steed to stable have,
Knight, woman, squire, or knave—
Neither with him he brought.
Then Sir Amadace would have taken his steed,
And to the hall himself led;
But so would he not.
He said, 'Certain the sooth to tell,
I will neither eat, drink, nor dwell,
By God that me dear bought!
But take and deal it even in two—
Give me my part, and let me go,
If I be worthy ought.'

Sir Amadace then endeavours to persuade him to remain, telling him a fortnight would not suffice to go over the rich lands and divide them. But the white knight tells him he will have neither lands nor towns, gold nor silver—

'But, by my faith, withouten strife,
Half thy child, and half thy wife,
And they shall with me gone.'

This is a very startling proposition. The grief and horror of Sir Amadace are then depicted, and how he besought,

For his love that died on tree,

that all besides might be taken, and his wife and child spared: but the white knight is inexorable, and bids

him think on the covenant that he had made with him in his misery.

Then out bespake that ladye bright,
Said, 'Ye shall hold that ye have hight,
By God and St. Dristane.
For his love that died on tree,
Look your covenant holden be;
Your promise was full fain.
Sith Christ will that it be so,
Take and part me even in two;
Thou won me—I am thine!
God forbid that blamed you be,
Or a liar made for me,
Your honour in land to tyne.'

Still she stood withouten let,
Neither changed hue, nor gret.*
That lady mild and dear;
Bade 'Fetch me my young son me before,
For he was of my body bore,
And lay my heart full near.'
Then quoth the white knight now,
'Which of them most lovest thou?'
He said, 'My wife so dear!'
'Sith thou lovest her the more,
Thou shalt part her even before
Her white sides bear.'

Sir Amadace is frantic, his men are swooning around him, and the lady is represented as kissing her lord, and lying down meekly with a cloth over her eyes. The sword is uplifted, when the white knight steps forward, takes up the lady and the child, and giving them back to Sir Amadace—

Said, 'I could not blame thee wert thou wae,
Such a lady for to slay,
Thy honour thus would save;
Yet I was as largely glad
When thou gave all thou ever had,
My bones for to grave.
In chapel where I lay hounds' meat,
Thou paid first thirty pounds great,
Sith all that thou might'st have;
Then sought I God for thee to cure,
Who for me was made so bare,
My honour in land to save.

Farewell now,' he said, 'mine own true frere,
For my lodging is no longer here,
With tongue thus I thee tell;
But love this lady as thy life,
Who thus meekly, without strife,
Thy covenant would fulfil.'
Then he went out of that town,
Gliding away as dew is stown,
And they rhode there stin.
They kneeled down upon their kneec,
And thanked God and Mary free,
And so they had good skill.

MANNERS OF THE CHINESE COMMISSIONER KEYING.

THIS high official of the Chinese emperor paid a visit to Hong Kong in the month of November last, and spent a few days very agreeably with the British governor. The *China Mail* of the 27th of that month, published at Hong Kong, gives a lively account of the visit, and particularly of two entertainments which took place on the occasion—one given by the governor to the commissioner, and another by the commissioner to the governor; from all of which it appears that an excellent understanding now exists between the Chinese and British authorities.

At the first dinner, the governor, Major-General D'Aguilar, gave as a toast the health of Keying, whom he described as 'the enlightened statesman, the friend alike of China and of England,' and one to be equally valued for political talents and social qualities. Keying made a modest reply, and at the conclusion held out his hand to the governor as a token of friendship. We leave the *China Mail* to tell the rest.

Nothing could exceed the affability and good-humour of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Manchow Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the ladies

of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers, and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguishing one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person.

There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture.

Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity.

There was another instance of high-breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief, he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety;" an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o'clock; and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing-place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the saucer, being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma.

Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music, which had not the least resemblance to the "Roast Beef of Old England." A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and Major-General D'Aguilar on his right; and proceeding round the table in the Chinese order, from left to right, the following, so far as we can remember, were the other guests:—Admiral Cochrane, the prefect of Canton; Chief-Justice Huhno; Lieutenant Patey, R.N.; Mr Waller, the admiral's secretary; Mr Sargent, A. D. C.* to the governor; three mandarins; Hon. Major Caine, chief magistrate; the Hon. Frederick Bruce, colonial secretary; Captain Talbot, R.N.; the Chevalier Liljevalch, Swedish commissioner; a mandarin; Mr Attorney-General Stirling; Major Aldrich; Captain D'Aguilar, military secretary to the major-general; Dr Gutschaff, Chinese secretary; a mandarin; Lord Cochrane, A. D. C. to the major-general; Captain Bruce, assistant adjutant-general; Mr Shortrede; an imperial mandarin; Lieutenant Miller, R.N., A. D. C. to the admiral; Monsieur Delessert; Lord John Hay, R.N.; Lieutenant Miller, R.N.; Captain Gifford, R.N.; a Tartar mandarin; Captain Lyster of the Agincourt; Mr Mercer, acting colonial treasurer; Mr Ethnalle, secretary to the superintendent of trade; and his excellency Pwan-tay-shing.

To our readers at home, it may be interesting to have a pretty minute account of the whole *manu* of the dinner, especially as it differed in several respects from the descriptions of Du Halde, Father Bouvet, and other more modern writers. From the number of dishes successively served up, we infer that it was a feast of the "more solemn sort," spoken of by the former of these authorities; but instead of a small table for each guest, there was, as we have said, only a single large one, in the English fashion, for the whole company; and except such a general invitation to be seated as might have passed unnoticed in Europe, there were none of the ceremonious bows to individuals which Father Bouvet speaks of.

* Aid-du-camp.

Before each guest was placed a plate and *krut-ti*, or chop-sticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon on the other. The chop-sticks, however, were pretty generally used—a little awkwardly; it must be admitted, by the English; while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of the fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken of and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast, by the army of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of birds' nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. This was the prelude to a succession of other soups, stews, and hashes, most of which were so excellent, that the genius Archæus, who, according to the fanciful Van Helmont, keeps post in the upper orifice, as a sort of custom-house officer to the stomach, to watch all contraband food, must certainly have found his occupation gone, and declared for free trade on the occasion. We can speak for ourselves, that, after having partaken of all the dishes set before us, we never rose from a table with more inward peace and satisfaction. Having made a jotting on our return home, we are enabled to give a pretty full, but by no means complete list of the messes, but without being certain under which class—soup, stew, or hash—they ought respectively to be ranged. After the birds' nest soup there were venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks-fin soup, chestnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable pâtés, with gravy in a separate saucer; stag sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin; earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup, made, we were told, of the pith of *sago*'s horns; macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed with ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup; a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, essencents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jampoons; with numerous other nondescript soups and stews, in large bowls, placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons' eggs, and more especially pork, seemed to be the component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher's, to be "thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever." In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been excused for feeling a little at a loss; and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance, for when any particularly good mess came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chop-sticks to the honoured guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active "alimentary progression"—never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting, as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food, though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. If, according to Sir John Davis, the appearance of bowls of rice at such feasts is the signal of the repast approaching its termination, the party on the present occasion must have broken up long before the host was tired of his guests; for the rice signal was never given.

There was no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner; nor were the Chinese unmindful to do due honour to them, by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter; for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of mareschino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyeau, stroking his chin, and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass.

The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours, and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose

to dedicate a cup to the queen of heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches, covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast-pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes; and before each a cook, or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *à-la-Chinois*, and taking a knife, like a cutler, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of the Carver's Guide, grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony is intended as an acknowledgment of the bounty of the queen of heaven, and is gone through before the guests, to show them that, even after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samshoo.

"The 'most prolonged breakfast,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "cannot well last above an hour;" but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and, to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts, we think, had commenced beforehand. The first was "The queen of England and the emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, huzzaing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public-dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed—amongst the rest the king of the French and the king of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well too, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Pwang-tsay-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the un-wanted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lilt, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief-justice, the Honourable Frederick Bruce, and Mr Shortrede.

The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invariable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been before dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlia) were given to Keying, who, first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who were desired to hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found, was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort *esprit de patrie* with which it was kept up, created a good deal of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch thy victims, and laughing good-humouredly when caught themselves.

In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all "caroused potations bottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink, or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

A man so famous in the western world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest

class. As we saw him on such public occasions, his bland countenance was beaming with good-humoured benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which, on occasion demands, would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social grace.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

The art of society is, without doubt, perfectly comprehended and completely practised in the bright metropolis of France. An Englishman cannot enter a saloon, without instantly feeling he is among a race more social than his compatriots. What, for example, is more consummate than the manner in which a French lady receives her guests? She unites graceful repose and unaffected dignity with the most amiable regard for others. She sees every one, she speaks to every one; she sees them at the right moment, she says the right thing. It is utterly impossible to detect any difference in the position of her guests by the spirit in which she welcomes them. There is, indeed, throughout every circle of Parisian society, from the 'château' to the cabaret, a sincere homage to intellect; and this without any maudlin sentiment. None sooner than the Parisians can draw the line between factitious notoriety and honest fame; or sooner distinguish between the counterfeit celebrity and the standard reputation. In England we too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, 'How much a-year?' In France, 'What has he done?'—*Continued*.

MENTAL ADAPTATION.

Wonderfully does the mind suit itself to occasions, and become accommodated to every circumstance. It will rise superior to the strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity, and serene in death. The consciousness of rectitude will not only enable it to endure evil, but divest misfortune of its every terror. Tenderness will yield to an unbending firmness, and the eye in which the tear of emotion has so often started, will disdain to weep. He who remarks the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quickly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall, can alone appreciate that property of the mind by which it becomes elevated in triumph, and extracts from adversity its hidden jewel. Not rightly allowing for the action of this property, we err often in imputing misery to the cheerful and felicity to the sad. Belisarius, blind, and the sport of his enemies, might have yet been happier than the emperor of the East. The principle of adaptation to everything which can be the lot of man, is a good genius which follows him throughout his being; and its workings are alike evident, whether you regard his mental or physical relations to the phenomena which encompass him; it is this which gives a zest to his pleasures, a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the sunbeams of the morning; and when night approaches, it 'smooths' for him 'the raven down of darkness till it smiles.'—*W. F. Barton*.

INTELLECTUAL PFECCOCITY.

A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired; and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr Hope*.

GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. 'What,' said the monarch, 'are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more.'

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BABYOLATRY.

THERE must be a strange deficiency, either of heart or head, in the man who can look on a child with indifference or contempt. There is a poetry, a purity, a beauty about childhood, which is in this world perfectly unique; and he who cannot appreciate it, proves that his mental and moral tastes are by no means pure or elevated. Truly has the poet said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy;' and no one can have observed the exuberance of life in a healthy and cheerful child, its eloquent earnestness, the intense emotion beaming from its sparkling eye, its care-unwrinkled brow, its happy to-days and hopeful to-morrows, without feeling the truth of the assertion. Much is there in children calculated to render them the best companions of adults; and far more instruction and improvement may be derived from their lively prattle and pastimes than is generally imagined.

Perhaps it is this exceeding loveliness of children which makes the mind more acutely sensitive to the injudicious treatment of them, by many who are certainly old enough to know better. The thought of what they are in many families gives the greater pain, because it is so readily associated with that of what they might be. Petted, praised, worshipped, thrust upon the notice of every one, as if they could never be sufficiently regarded, these lovely little creatures are made to appear in a most unlovely aspect; and many a family circle is avoided by the intelligent, and those who do not care to be pestered by 'those children,' as they are significantly designated. Pity is it that those who have the care of them should be so injudicious and unwise: pity that little creatures capable of affording so much pleasure should be often rendered so wearisome and annoying.

That parents should love their children, even to excess, is perfectly natural and right; but when they call upon the circle of their acquaintance to worship the little gods and goddesses of their idolatry, they can scarcely wonder if the unreasonable expectation is disappointed. In some families this system of child-worship, or babyolatry, as we have termed it, commences as soon as the child is born. The nurse, who is always officiously ready to act the part of high-priest, thrusts it into your arms, and insists that the child wants to come to you. She asks you in a triumphant tone, that admits of but one answer, if you ever saw a more beautiful babe? and you are denounced as a graceless churl if you do not seize upon the opportunity of praising its every feature. And then how the baby smiles at you! It wants to kiss you, interprets the nurse, and you must kiss the child whether you will or not; nay, if you do not absolutely smother the little innocent with kisses, you are set down as a kind of ogre, a monster without

human sympathies, pronounced a hopeless old bachelor, and asked if you positively dislike children. Then you must pass your opinion as to whether its eyes are most like those of papa or mamma, and you must vow that that pretty mouth is the exact counterpart of its mother's. Wo to you if you grow tired of dandling the little pet before nurse is ready to take it from you; wo to you if you manifest the slightest symptom of weariness of the precious charge committed to your keeping; and you are a fortunate man if you are not pressed into the office of godfather, and your purse lightened to make the customary presents entailed upon the office.

This species of babyolatry, however, is harmless and pardonable, compared with the grosser and more pernicious forms of it with respect to children of more advanced age. In one family, you can scarcely sit down before you must see Tom's copy-book, and hear Jane play 'Weber's Last Waltz;' and another fond foolish mother will insist on your staying to see Jem's Christmas letter, after being taught for only one 'half.' 'I see him, sir!' was the irritated answer of the great lexicographer to a foolish father who was fearful the doctor had not observed his lubberly son: and similar is the feeling of many who are continually teased into listening to Norval-spouting boys and Rossini-strumming girls, and compelled to praise what they feel to be an intolerable infliction and nuisance.

For ourselves, so much do we shrink from the annoyances inseparable from the system of babyolatry, that we generally decline an invitation when we have any reason to suppose that the party is got together in honour of some little sucking god or goddess. We were, however, to our great chagrin, entrapped a few weeks since into one of these child-worshipping assemblies, the incidents at which we shall briefly describe.

We had been invited to meet a few friends on the evening alluded to; and not being aware of the interesting fact, that a juvenile birthday was to be celebrated, in unsuspecting ignorance we were punctual to the appointment. It was soon evident, however, for what purpose the circle of a score had been formed; namely, to celebrate the birthday of the eldest Miss Dobbs, who had that day attained the interesting age of five! The company were all assembled, and many and earnest were the inquiries after the little goddess at whose shrine the worshippers were gathered, and who had not yet made her appearance; but mamma informed the company that Miss Wilhelmina would be dressed in a short time, and not without a self-complacent glance at one or two female friends, as if to intimate that their patience would be well repaid.

While Miss Wilhelmina was preparing, however, for her *entrée*, her mamma was retailing to the company her amazing sayings: how shrewdly she answered her

brother Tom; how she already knew the Latin for 'mother,' and the French for 'poker;' what a wonderful idea she had of drawing; how she drew papa's likeness while he was asleep, and no bad one either; and what sage observations she made, far beyond her years; winding up her eulogy with a sigh, and pathetically expressing her fear that she should never rear her, for such clever children seldom lived to be old.

After no little whispering, and a thousand anxious inquiries, and mamma had been summoned out of the room at least a score of times in the most mysterious manner, and had as often returned to her seat with looks of no little satisfaction, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open, and little Miss Wilhelmina Dobbs stood before the dazzled eyes of the company. She was in truth a pretty, engaging little creature, but she had been so bedizened for the occasion, that we scarcely recognised her. Her hair, which was very soft and flaxen, was plaited to hang down her back in the Chinese fashion, her pink satin dress stuck out around her like a puckered mushroom, and a blue sash of ample size trailed along the ground. Mamma gazed around upon the company with a self-gratulatory air as her darling appeared, and seemed to triumph in the admiration she fondly anticipated they must feel. Our own honest feelings, however, were too indignant to allow us to praise what we felt deserved nothing but censure; and we could not refrain from contrasting, in our own mind, the little vain creature thus burdened with tinsel and finery, and the laughing child whom we had often seen happily and innocently occupied with her playthings, seeking for no one's applause, and unconscious of any admirers. There she stood, refusing the twenty invitations to sit on the knee of some relative she could neither move nor sit, 'because,' as she said, 'it will spoil my frock,' upon which her eyes were continually fixed, and which was evidently the all-engrossing object of her thoughts. Several friends who were present, and whom at other times she professed to love dearly, were unnoticed; many even of her little playfellows could scarcely obtain a look of recognition; and even mamma, with all her blind fondness, was compelled to chide the little pet for her inattention.

The ceremonies of the tea-table being over—at which Miss Wilhelmina was allowed to assist herself with cake and muffins so perseveringly, that at last she began to cry and complain of a severe headache—the company formed themselves into twos and threes for conversation, and as there was a pianoforte in the room, and more than one respectable performer present, music was proposed, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of some entertainment more rational and pleasing than what we had hitherto had. Mamma, however, seemed to think this a usurpation of the shrine of the little goddess, and, jealous for the honour of her darling, insisted that the company should hear Miss Wilhelmina sing that beautiful song her governess had taught her. This was the occasion of quite a scene between the mother and her little daughter—the mother protesting that she sung it delightfully, and the child that she had never learned the whole of it. Then followed a series of coaxings and threatenings on the one side, and sobbings and protestations on the other; and at last, after the united beseechings of the company, Miss Wilhelmina was prevailed upon to sit down to the piano. It was quite evident, however, that the poor child, who had received very little instruction in music, was totally unable to go through with her task. She had not proceeded a dozen bars before she stopped short, and protested she did not know any more; and mamma, sullen and vexed at being thus thwarted, threw herself back in her chair, muttering something about 'obstinacy,' 'could if she chose,' and seemingly determined to be throughout the evening pleased with nothing and no one. It was in vain that we tried to converse or to get up a song; now Miss Wilhelmina must dance her hornpipe; now she must hand her copy-book round to the company; now she must talk French to her uncle;

in short, everything was secondary and subordinate to Miss Wilhelmina.

It was growing late, and we seized upon a pause in the performances, if we may so speak, of the little actor of the evening to rise and prepare to depart. It was evidently considered very bad to 'break up the company,' as it was termed, at this early hour; and we were assured by mamma, as an inducement to prolong our stay, that her little daughter had not displayed half her acquirements; and we were only allowed to depart after we had again sat down to hear a recitation, which was almost as miserable a failure as the song. We congratulated ourselves, when we had reached the street, on our escape, determined to be on our guard how we exposed ourselves to such annoyances for the future, and more deeply than ever impressed with the conviction, that the most amiable children may be rendered sad nuisances by parental folly and injudicious treatment, and that it is the duty of parents, while they love as fathers and mothers, not to forget to act as reasonable men and women, nor suffer their fondness for their children to degenerate into a blind and stupid babyolatry.

CROMWELL IN SCOTLAND.

OUR notices of Mr Carlyle's book, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, were, for lack of space, broken off at his expedition for the reduction of Ireland, which took place in 1649. Some weeks having elapsed since the appearance of those papers, a recurrence to the subject may not be tiresome to our readers, for the purpose of tracing Cromwell's career in Scotland.

It was verily a strange war that which our poor northern country chose to raise against the English Commonwealth in 1650. Sincere all along in seeking its one prime object, the establishment of the Presbyterian system, in Scotland at least, but, if possible, in England also, the Scotch were at the same time royalists after a manner; that is, they desired a king who would covenant with them for a Presbyterian church, and, in hope of obtaining this, maintained loyalty as an abstract principle in the meantime. They now, therefore, disagreed with the ruling party in England, both as being monarchists instead of republicans, and Presbyterians instead of Independents or sectaries. At the same time, they had a struggle to maintain with a party in their own country, who were loyalists or cavaliers without regard to religious matters, or with a leaning to Episcopacy or to Romanism; and, what was worst of all, the sample of royalty round which they had to rally was a person utterly disaffected to their views, or who only would pretend to conform to these for the purpose of gaining an ulterior end: it was, in short, Charles II., now a youth under twenty, entirely in the hands of debauchee malignants—that is, royalists. It is this strange mesh of opposite and incoherent principles which gives Cromwell's war in Scotland such a curious interest. A gallant thing it certainly was for a weak little country to stand up against a great one in such a contest, braving even the horrors which they had seen Cromwell enact in Ireland the preceding year, daring everything for the sake of their two principles, for the present incompatible—royalty and presbytery. Pity to see so much gallantry thrown away merely on account of that most insurmountable of all obstructions—a thoroughly false position.

With vast difficulty, and after much negotiation, the Scotch induced the young reckless Stuart to sign their covenant, and then he was brought to Scotland and set up as a puppet king, the real power remaining with the insurrectionary juntas, called the Committee of Estates and the Commission of the Kirk. What a mutual deception and self-deception! They satisfied merely to have a signature from the pretended king, though all his acts spoke of unmitigated cavalierism—he glad to get foot set in his dominions, on conditions which made him the meanest slave within their boundaries. It was necessary that Cromwell should immediately come in to settle

this irreducible case, as Mr Carlyle calls it. At the close of June (1650), he set out for the north with an army of about twenty thousand men—a common number for armies to consist of in those days—and on the 22d July he entered Scotland. Just before doing so, we find the iron general obliged to write sorrowfully to his son's father-in-law, Mayor, respecting that son's idle and extravagant life. 'I beseech you call upon him,' says the vexed father; 'I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after: I should have no comfort in mine, but that my hope is in the Lord's presence.' It is touching to hear these moans from the spirit of a man who to the world appeared as riding high in a position of great glory. Yet immediately thereafter something droll occurs. While lying at Mordington House, near Berwick, some of the officers, including the general, hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of the windows. 'They spied,' says Whitlocke, 'a soldier with a Scotch kirk (churn) on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirk to his mouth; but another canting it up, it falls over his head, and the man is lost in it—all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the officers: as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

Cromwell, advancing into the country, found it in a great measure desolated, and that a good army lay posted very strongly between Edinburgh and Leith to oppose his further progress. Their policy was to weary and starve him out; and it had nearly proved effectual. Meanwhile, declarations and counter-declarations, exhibiting their contending principles, issued from both parties. Cromwell accuses the kirk commissioners of concealing his papers from their people, and adds, 'Send as many of your papers as you please amongst ours: they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!' Then he says, 'I am persuaded that divers of you who lead the people, have laboured to build yourselves in these things [king and covenant]; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the word of God all that you say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. . . . There may be a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness; there may be a covenant made with death and hell!' There is signal power in the language of Cromwell at this crisis: hear again what he sent from his camp near the Pentland Hills, in answer to a declaration from the kirk, indorsed by the states:—'But that, under the pretence of the covenant, mistaken and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a king should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this "be" called "the cause of God and the kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's people in both nations," as is alleged—together with a disowning of malignants; although he who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who at this very instant hath a Popish army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now at the head of our ships, stolen from us upon a malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the malignants in England, to raise armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose. How the "godly" interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the malignant interests in their ends and consequences "all" centering in this man, can be secured, we

cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should not be an "espousing of a malignant party's quarrel or interest," but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say; how this should be "for the security" and satisfaction of God's people in both nations," or "how" the opposing of this should render us enemies to the godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your kirk and state with your king.' The advantage which Cromwell had in the clearness of his position over the Scotch, with their 'irreducible case,' is here remarkably shown.

After several weeks had been spent in vain skirmishes (in most of which, however, the English were victors), Cromwell was obliged, by want of provisions and by sickness, to draw back to Dunbar, whither the Scotch followed him. Here, with a reduced and sickened army, he was sadly hemmed in by the goodly host of the enemy, lying upon the slopes of the celebrated Doon Hill, all the passes into England closed against him. It was a terrible strait; but his genius broke through it. On the evening of the 2d September, walking in the garden of Broxburn House, near Dunbar (his quarters for the time), the English general observed the Scotch descending towards him, presenting their right wing to his position, while the bulk of their army took ground behind, between the hill and the deep-cut channel of the rivulet Brock. Mr Carlyle doubts the famous story of the clergymen having urged General Lesley to this course against his will: he rather attributes it to the discomfort of a bivouac in bad weather on that hill overlooking the sea. However it was, Cromwell instantly perceived the advantage of bringing his whole force on the right wing of the Scotch, trusting to throw it back upon their foot, and thus produce their destruction. Next morning, before sunrise, it was done. Mr Carlyle's description of the battle is uncommonly animated:—

'We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad; all else asleep but we—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

'Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a major-general say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my pudding-headed Yorkshire friend [a private chronicler named Hodgson, whom Mr Carlyle chooses to describe by this phrase] that his regiment must mount and march straightway: his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocks-mouth House, to the pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all are beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a cornet praying in the night;" a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void heaven, before battle joined. Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this cornet prayed with such effusion, as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance! The moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

'And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here. Ho is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver, occasionally in Hodgson's

hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots, too, on this wing are awake, thinking to surprise us. There is their trumpet sounding—we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord-General is impatient: behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor Night's silence: the cannons awaken along all the line: "The Lord of Hosts!—the Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones; on!

'The dispute "on this fight wing was hot and stiff for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snap-hances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main battle across the Brock: poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the rfuulet—back a little: but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn: and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above three thousand killed upon the place. "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded: Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St Abb's Head and the German Ocean just then bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us; and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

'Even so. The Scotch army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes, in tumultuous wreck, hither, hither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar: the chase goes as far as Haddington, led by Kacker. "The Lord-General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the hundred-and-seventeenth psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth psalm at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify.

For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore:
Thou Lord O do ye bless.

And now to the chase again.

'The prisoners are ten thousand—all the foot in a mass. Many dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see printed lists—full of blunders.'

The day after all this we have Cromwell writing to his son's father-in-law—'I pray tell Doll [his son's wife] I do not forget her nor her little brat.' He is curious to know if she is likely to bring him a second grandchild, while perhaps busied with the disposal of the ten thousand prisoners, many of whom have a face slavery in the Bermudas.

The affair at Dunbar broke the prime strength of the Scotch: it gave the capital to Cromwell; but they could still make a stout front for the young king, by taking in the less pure Presbyterians and the king's more immediate friends. The English general addressed himself to the siege of Edinburgh castle; but first, finding the city clergy secluded there, he invited them to come out and minister to their flocks. This gave rise to a curious correspondence through the medium of the governor, Dundas. Their answer was, 'that though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering, so they may fulfil their ministry with joy, yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your party upon the ministers of Christ in England and Scotland, and in the kingdom of Scotland since your

unjust invasion thereof, and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither, they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.' Cromwell told them in reply, that 'if their Master's service were chiefly in their eye, they would less fear suffering. 'The ministers in England,' he said, 'are supported, and have liberty to preach the gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof, to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please.' As to the unjust invasion they spoke of, time was when a Scotch army invaded England: on the reasons of it, 'the Lord hath heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.' Finally, the Lord's hiding his face from the so-called sons of Jacob is no wonder, 'when he hath lifted up his hand so eminently against a family so often as he hath done against this [the Stuarts], and men will not see his hand.' The Scotch clergy, says Mr Carlyle, never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination!

They returned, however, to the charge. It could be no imaginary fear of suffering when so many ministers were deprived of their benefices, sequestered, and forced to flee. It savoured not of liberty to preach the gospel, when the preachers were forbidden to speak against the sins and enormities of civil powers. And as to the 'solemn appeal,' 'they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events.' So it was in brief.

Cromwell, because he was 'at some reasonable leisure,' again replied, and at considerable length, defending himself first as to his concern with their covenant. 'If these gentlemen,' he says, 'do assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the covenant, as they do too much to their auditorics "to be the infallible expositors" of the Scriptures "also," counting a different sense and judgment from theirs breach of covenant and heresy—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any "person" trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the infallible chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [the Pope] do more than this?'

The other defences can find no room here. At last he comes to the solemn appeal:—'Did you not,' he says, 'solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of his; instead of slightly calling it an "event?" Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way he would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.' More there is to the like purpose; all insufficient, however, to convince men in their position. With one sulky rejoinder, the correspondence closed. Cromwell soon after reduced the castle by force.

The war was kept up, but with little action, for nearly a twelvemonth. The English commander acted with humanity in his general dealings with Scotland, mourning all the time the obduracy which had beset men whose religious feelings he knew how to honour. He even succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of several of the more sincere people: some became sensible of the absurdity of fighting for an idea of loyalty with such a special object as the young king before them. While the final event was pending, about the 1st of May 1651, Cromwell chanced, on his way to the west, to pass the old house of Allantoun; and there inquired for a guide. This place is now a pattern of sylvan beauty, through the tasteful exertions of the late proprietor, Sir Henry.

Stewart. It was then, Mr Carlyle thinks, a lean, turreted, angry, old stone house, standing in some green place in the alluvial hollows of the Aughter Burn or its tributaries. [He is quite wrong in his description; but this is no matter.] The then Sir Walter Stewart, being a loyal Covenanter, had fled, and none were in the house but his lady and one invalid son, who was afterwards, for a reason to be detailed, called the Captain of Allantoun. To pursue the narrative of a gentleman of an ensuing generation (*Coltness Collections*)—'He [Cromwell] found the road through Auchtermuir not practicable for carriages; and upon his return, he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain him but the lady and Sir Walter's sickly son. The good woman was as much for the king and royal family as her husband; but she offered the general the civilities of her house, and a glass of canary was presented. The general observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round; he drank his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our captain of Allantoun ever had.

'The general called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine; and was so humane, when he saw the young gentleman so *maigre* and indisposed, he said changing the climate might do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this, hastened on his return to join the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her son a captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the general she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'

At length the war was brought to a close in an unexpected manner. The Scottish army, having its supplies from the north cut off by Cromwell taking possession of Perth, decamped from Stirling, and entered England, where it was expected many royalists would join them. Cromwell pursued in hot haste: they got no accessions—took possession of Worcester, and there were crushed to pieces on the anniversary of the fight at Dunbar. The consequence was, the reduction of the kingdom of Scotland to the English Commonwealth.

'SKETCHES FROM FLEMISH LIFE.'

A NEAT volume, illustrated with a large number of spirited wood-engravings, has lately appeared under this title, purporting to be translations from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.* Amongst the few authors who write in their native Flemish tongue, Conscience, we are informed, holds a prominent position. "A fiery patriot," observes his translator, "who delights in the great performances of his forefathers; an ardent admirer of his own native idiom, to elevate which he devotes the energy of his powerful mind, and the effusions of his rich poetical vein: he bears a glowing hatred to the French refinement and language, which have kept his beloved country in disgraceful subserviency and mental bondage."

In his wish to disengage his countrymen from the ascendancy of the Celts, as he does not hesitate to call the French, Mynheer Conscience spares no kind of ridi-

cule; and in describing the sorrows which afflict families overcome by the Gallophobia, he touches pathetically on a simple state of manners which, he says, is fast disappearing in Flanders. On this account the book may be viewed as a curious, if not melancholy revelation of patriotic feeling. Belgium, though politically independent, is socially only a fragment of France. As every one who has visited it must be aware, it is overrun with French manners, language, literature, and theatricals. Nor do we see how such a catastrophe could have been averted: we fear not by the occasional publication of a few stories such as the present, much as these tend to unmask vice and folly, and inculcate the more kindly and domestic affections. Deeply appreciating, however, the principles which have guided Conscience in his exertions, we trust that he will not be altogether unsuccessful; and that if his countrymen do permanently adopt a language and literature which he seems to detest, they will at least repudiate the manners and morals which too frequently accompany them. Conscience thus commences his tale of *Siska van Roosemael*:—

'Not many years ago you might have seen, in one of the streets behind the green churchyard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which, through many generations, had descended from father to son, and always been conspicuous for good wares.' The last occupants of the establishment were James Van Roosemael and his wife Siska. Trained from early youth to a life of industry, this wedded pair 'had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilization; or, in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut; they merely distinguished working-dress, Sunday-dress, and Easter-dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard but on the great holidays, or when the Van Roosemaels took the holy communion, or were invited by friends as god-parents or marriage guests. It was easily to be seen that these simple people of the old Flemish world, in their quaint though goodly attire, looked rather strangely if compared with many a beau who, for a few francs, had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, "Every man has his own point to gain—you the shadow, we the substance." They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon, and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they might also be charged: for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment; they were religious, industrious, humble, and above all, peaceable.

'The old Van Roosemaels had a young daughter called Siska, after her mother, of the age of fifteen, tall and slender for her years, with handsome figure and features, fair hair and blue eyes—a genuine, charming Brabantish child. She had been educated at a common town school, knew her native language, besides arithmetic, and all that sort of work which a good burgher's wife ought to understand, if it be only to know something more about domestic management than her servant. Like her parents, she was simple, pious, obedient, affectionate; not boisterous, idle, or self-willed, but in every way calculated to maintain, with the man she should marry, the honor and renown of the house of her ancestors, and to carry on the famous grocery shop.'

This happy old-fashioned concern was at length blown up by a distressing family disaster. In the neighbourhood of Roosemael's shop lived a master shoemaker, named Spinael, who became afflicted with a taste for French manners, knocked his two street windows into one large showy front, and stuck up a variety of lying announcements of his wares in French—'*Magasin de Bottes et Souliers de Paris*' (Depôt of Paris Boots and Shoes), '*Veritable Cirage Anglais*' (Genuine English Blacking), and so forth. A change so contrary to old prejudices shocked Roosemael, who was sorry to find that Siska had become an admiring acquaintance of Spinael's daughter, Therese, just returned from a French pension or boarding-school. Anxious to emu-

* London: Longman and Company. 1846.

late Theresa in her accomplishments, Siska was desirous of proceeding to the same pension; a thing her mother sillily encouraged, but which Van Roosemael loudly protested against. A discussion ensues, in which Dr Pelkmans, the physician and friend of the family, is consulted.

"I know very well," said Mrs Van Roosemael, "that you bear a great hatred to everything French; but we are of the old world, friend. It wont do now-a-days."

"Mrs Van Roosemael," said the doctor, "you wont understand me. It is not my intention to hinder anybody from acquiring foreign languages: this you may see in the case of my own son Lewis, who is now at the university. Does he not understand French? I should say so; and a good deal better than the young ignoramuses who turn Therese Spinael's head, and dazzle your eyes so very much. Do not look at me, nudam, with such an air of defiance. Yes, they are ignoramuses; for what does their knowledge consist in? Some French sentences picked up in the street, which they often bungle lamentably enough. They do not know their native language; and they are ignorant of the very names of the most useful sciences. All their learning consists in French wind; in words and phrases which they now and then pick up in newspapers and novels. These they concoct into empty idle talk, and palm it on the uninformed for French cultivation. But you really make me quite angry; we are wandering from the point. Let us come to an understanding. I will tell you, and mark my words! There are no doubt good educational establishments, but there are far more bad than good ones. The good ones are those conducted by ladies, who, conscious of the holiness of their calling, have a better end in view than to give to their charges a shining worldly varnish, at the expense of their piety and morals; where the teachers assiduously co-operate and watch incessantly to guard against the poison of temptation, and to combat vanity and frivolity; where there is a due appreciation of the good qualities that have their root in a patriotic sentiment, and a perception of the danger of giving up this pure ground to foreign influence; in a word, where they do not wish to form fashionable ladies, but good and useful house-wives. If you should now propose to send your Siska to such an establishment, I should be the last to object; on the contrary, I should be very glad of it."

Prompted by this reasonable advice, the father gives permission that his daughter shall go to one of the establishments recommended by Dr Pelkmans; but in the end, the mother and daughter bring matters to a different point. Siska is sent to the fashionable French pension which had turned out the accomplished Mademoiselle Spinael. One of the first things which she effected in the way of personal improvement in this school of manners, was the changing of her name to Eudoxie, as being more elegant than Siska; but this, which was communicated to her mother by letter, could not yet be mentioned to the father, for fear of the consequences. In her school-fellows she had a hundred teachers, who, by precept and example, instructed her in the precious arts of indolence and luxury. The first month, she had a silk gown in the newest fashion; the second, a silk bonnet with flowers; the third, a parasol; the fourth, a gown that exposed her neck; in the fifth she began to use pomatum and the milk of almonds, and kept a small box, wherein she now and then dipped her fingers, to tinge her blooming cheeks with shameless rouge, merely to try how it would look. Was not this a respectable education befitting a burgher's daughter? No doubt it was!

While Siska was in the course of demoralisation at the distant pension, Van Roosemael is shocked to learn that his neighbour Spinael, for whom he had once entertained some regard, was utterly ruined by the young would-be-French gentlemen who frequented his shop; they had, with all their friendship for Spinael and his family, very rarely paid their debts; and at the close of each theatrical season, the comedians 'bolted' well provided with unpaid-for boots and shoes. To make matters worse, the Flemish customers had forgotten the way to his gaudy shop: in a word, he was a ruined man, while the behaviour of his daughter had almost broken his heart.

Alarmed with the fate of his unfortunate neighbour, father Van Roosemael now insists on recalling his daughter; and Siska is accordingly ordered home. The mother, anxious to see her child, hastens to the railway terminus to receive her. She scrutinises different females who pass by; all the omnibuses have departed for the town, and all is silence around.

Mother Van Roosemael sees the gates close; deep sorrow is swelling her heart; a painful sigh escapes from her bosom; she has not seen her dear Siska: still she remains, as if a secret power fixed her to the gate; and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen at a little distance a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody. Could she be her Siska? Impossible! She is a young lady of quality; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving; her hand holds a pretty little parasol; a score of boxes, of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska!

Such are the observations which Mother Van Roosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience in the direction of the matron, and, in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Yes, it is Siska; and look! the old stiff mother jumps towards her like a young girl; tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, "Oh, Siska, my child!"

But it seems that the young lady is ashamed of the name Siska: she blushes. But the blush soon passes over, and she takes two steps up to her mother, who tries to throw both arms round the neck of her child. But see! the Frenchified daughter will not make a scene for the spectators; she seizes the hands of her mother, holds them, and by this means prevents the embrace. Then she says, "Good-day, mamma; how do you do? and how is papa? Take care, you will tread upon my boxes. I have been waiting here for you the last half hour."

Under different circumstances, such frigid, heartless words might have passed unnoticed; but in the present moment they pierced, like so many daggers, the loving heart of the mother. And was this, in truth, the language she was entitled to expect from her Siska after a separation of a whole year? Not a single kiss, not one pressure of the hand for her who, to comply with Siska's will, had for three long years lived in discord with her good husband?—for her who had founded all her hopes on the love of her only child? How must this formal behaviour have pained her! The poor old lady with both hands covered her eyes, and burst into bitter tears!

In going into the town, a young gentleman [the dressed-up idle son of an old barber] addressed Siska with smiling face, and with such an air of intimacy, that one might have thought they were brother and sister. Mrs Van Roosemael opened her eyes as wide as possible, to see if she could recognise the young man: in vain—she never had seen him before. But he was not at all disconcerted by the piercing glance of the mother, but stepped close up to Siska, and said, with pinched lips, in French, "Ah! bon jour, Mademoiselle Eudoxie! So you have left the pension? Antwerp will now have the felicity of possessing so bewitching a creature within its walls! Verily, a precious gain for us poor young men, who are bemoaning the scarcity of such a union of attractions!" On this, Siska, casting a loving glance upon him from beneath her eyelashes, and at the same time assuming an appearance of confusion, replied, "You are in jest, Mr George! But how is your sister Clotilda?" "Oh, very well indeed," said the young gentleman with a great deal of indifference; then, with an ironical expression in his features, and pointing to the old lady, he said, "Is this your servant?"

This question made Siska colour all over. She was ashamed of her good mother, the Frenchified doll! Her confusion lasted some time; and at last, with great embarrassment and unwillingness, she replied, "No; she is my mother!"

"Ah! indeed!" the young man exclaimed; and, turning to the mother, he bowed stiffly, and said, "Will you permit me to make you my compliments, Madame Van Roosemael? You have got a charming daughter!"

The old lady did not understand him, but she saw clearly enough what was going on, and that she was the subject of his impudent mockery. She nevertheless returned his bow by a movement of her head. The young man took his leave, with these words to Siska, "Poor woman! she is quite right in sheltering you under her wide cloak. There are so many of us who have a great mind to steal you. *An revoir, Mademoiselle Eudoxie!*"

The anxious mother was bewildered with sad forebodings as she took her way homewards with her daughter. Van Roosemael was busy grinding coffee when Siska entered the shop, and, as no stranger's eyes were present, she did not disdain to show some mark of affection.

An hour afterwards, the young lady had locked herself up in her own room, and was busily employed in unpacking her many bonnets and dresses, arranging her pomatum pots and scent bottles, and paping her curls—her voice all the time resounding through the house with a French song. The father stood confused behind his counter; his right hand rested on the handle of the coffee-mill, and with the left he scratched his head, like a helpless man; his eyes stared vacantly into the shop; painful reflections engrossed his mind. He, too, thought of Therese Spinael, and murmured from time to time, "What an ass I have been! I had better have broken the head of my obstinate wife! Dr Pelkmans spoke the truth when he said that I would one day scratch my head. But complaints are of no avail now; they are bad plasters for death!" The state of the poor mother was a wretched one: tortured by fears, anxieties, and pangs of conscience, she sat in a half-dark corner of her kitchen, and shed bitter tears, proportionate to her gloomy thoughts.

The author's description of the domestic and commercial changes effected in the establishment of the Van Roosemaels by the refined daughter, is at once serio-comic and highly natural.

From the first day of her return to the paternal roof, Siska criticised and found fault with everything under it. All that her good parents did, she found vulgar and improper; and as she was well versed in all the tricks and arts of dissimulation, she moulded and bent the will of her parents like softened wax.

How could she dine at three o'clock? Had she the stomach of a peasant? At this declaration the father grew angry, the mother grieved, because all their lifetime they had dined at this their wonted hour, and were afraid of a change which would entirely upset their arrangements for the day. Siska became sulky, and looked sour; but there was no help for it. Her father showed himself inexorable on this matter. Siska wept until her eyes were red; this, too, was of no avail, although the fond mother, from mere pity, now supported her. Then Siska began to swoon; she fell into violent hysterics, and behaved as though about to leave the world. A Frenchified physician, expert in the capricious maladies of highly-educated ladies, knew how to narrate so many horrors, caused by exciting the weak nerves of the female sex, that the frightened parents at last resolved to change their hour of dining. Often did they now endure craving hunger, as, regularly rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, they had to pass so many hours, whilst the lazy, comfort-loving Siska, never made her appearance before nine o'clock.

And then the kitchen—what miserable cookery! Nothing but potatoes, and cabbage, and beef boiled or roast: always the same. Siska, of late, feels so very weak, so very poorly! She must have a pigeon or a roast fowl; such things will be a relish, and agree better with her. Her pockets are always full of peppermint and lemon lozenges; and not without reason, for the poor child has got so many different aches—stomach-ache, heart-ache, head-ache, nervous-ache, ache everywhere. Alas, poor Siska!

And see! she has forced her mother to exchange her lacod cap for a silk bonnet, and to wear lace-boots, otherwise she must decline showing herself anywhere with her in public. But how unhappy Mother Van Roosemael looks in her new head-dress! It frets her ears perpetually, for she is not accustomed to the rustling of the stiff bonnet lining; and more than this, she can scarce advance three steps without making movements with her lace-boots like one entangled in a noose, so averse are the laces to make acquaintance with her feet. Poor woman! her neighbours laugh while she is perspiring from vexation, and for very

shame could sink into the earth. But forget not the beautiful source of her patience; it is the mother's love enduring all things for her child.

Siska had more difficulty in revolutionising the old-fashioned shop.

Behind the counter Van Roosemael had grown up; yonder the chair stood upon which his mother had nursed him; that gaily-painted jar, and that japanned box, he had smiled at before he could speak. There was no crack, no mark, which did not awaken some fond juvenile recollections. With regard to that broken china pot, his father had given it to him a day before his death, with so striking an admonition on economy, that it was even now indelibly impressed on his memory. The black spots on that green cask yonder came from his own little hands, because that was the cask from which his mother had frequently given him a piece of sugar; and the child, therefore, had been in the habit of patting and caressing it. Yonder, on that table, the initials "J. S." are cut; they mean John and Siska, and are in commemoration of his first and only love. In short, this shop was the place of his birth—his world; everything in it was a part of himself, of his very life.

Twelve months of remonstrances, tears, and sulkiness, bring old Van Roosemael to reason. Like a beaten soldier, he retreats, and leaves Siska the field. What a moment for the old Fleming when he uttered the words, "Well, then, have your will!"

But these words—like his own sentence of death—pierced him to the heart, and broke up both mind and body. He began to pine away, became pale and weak, and was apparently tottering into his grave from some unknown disease. Siska often shook like a willow when the flashing eye of her old father caught her own. But he did not speak—the broken-hearted man; he stared motionless at the workmen who were busy knocking the old shop down. All his dearest recollections he saw destroyed; and in proportion as they were vanishing under the brush of the painter, his breath and his life grew shorter. The simple shop was very soon transformed into a magnificent warehouse; everything glittered with gilding and varnish; the counter was ornamented with little angels that ground coffee, smoked cigars, or weighed tobacco; the window-panes were as large as mirrors, and covered with French inscriptions, lighted with bright gas-lamps. A shopman and an assistant stood behind the counter with folded arms; and Siska, or rather Mademoiselle Eudoxie Van Roosemael, sat on a little elevation near the window, and read French novels.

Alas for the conclusion of this melancholy struggle! Van Roosemael, broken-hearted, takes to bed, and is at the point of death; and good Dr Pelkmans, roused to indignation by the illness of his friend, horrifies the degenerate daughter by the exclamation that her father is dying, and that she alone has murdered him. The closing scene of the dying grocer brings out the author's powers in the pathetic, in which he seems to excel as well as in the ludicrous. But this we must necessarily pass over, and likewise the account of the deep contrition of both mother and daughter. The shop of a hundred years' standing, long the nesting-place of the Van Roosemaels, was shut up.

'I venture to hope, indulgent reader,' adds Hendrik Conscience in conclusion, 'that this true narrative may have engaged your attention; and you are perhaps anxious to see Siska? Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans; open the door on the right, and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and, in the twilight of the chapel, will appear to you like a statue. If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the beseeching image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Roosemael.'

Considering this work to be an agreeable accession to English literature, we shall be glad to see other productions by the same author, and from the pen of the same able translator. Few volumes are more worthy of being laid on the parlour-table than the Flemish Sketches of Hendrik Conscience.

A GLANCE AT ASSOCIATIONS.

We are not aware how constantly we are influenced by association of ideas. When we reflect on the subject, it is surprising to find how it pervades the most trifling conversation. Absent objects are continually associated with present ones, and animate with inanimate, so that a phraseology has actually been established which is in the mouth of every one. Thus we say of an unfeeling person, that his heart is as hard as a stone; of a tall awkward girl, that she is quite a May-pole of a girl; of a stupid man, that he is wooden-headed; and of a violent one, that he is a firebrand: but the examples are innumerable which are every moment used in common parlance.

Every one has felt how intimately connected with the warmest emotions of the mind those objects are which gave delight in early youth. How often has a tuft of primroses, or a hawthorn hedge, awakened recollections that had long slumbered in the hidden recesses of the heart, and called forth a sigh for the raptures of childhood and all its innocent pleasures! How vividly are the feelings excited by some object closely associated in the mind with the memory of the absent or the dead! How fondly the affections and the sympathies—turning from a world all too cold—gush forth, as it were, to meet a responsive feeling in some oft-frequented haunt, or to catch the tenderness of some loving heart in a well-known melody! Home—the love of which may be said to be inherent in our very nature—is so intimately associated in our imaginations with all the dear domestic ties and charities of life, that however rugged and rude it may be, it has charms for us which the most favoured spot could never boast, and that not only when all who made it dear are still its inmates, but even when they are removed by distance or by death.

The effect of music is so great, so powerfully associated with every feeling, whether gay or sad, desponding or triumphant, that it would be almost superfluous to dwell upon the many instances recorded of its influence. We have but to call to mind the extraordinary effect of the Jacobite airs, so associated with the cause in which they had been such powerful agents, that even still they make the blood to tingle and the heart to throb; and that enthusiasm which flew like the electric spark through every rank whenever the Marseilloise hymn was heard—a whole audience rising simultaneously, and, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and gestures of devotion, joining heart and voice in the national anthem—or, whenever it was struck up by the military bands, regiments of soldiers dropping on their knees, as it were solemnly devoting themselves to the cause in which they were engaged. Who has not heard of the effect of the *Ranz des Vaches*, so dear to every Swiss? It is so great, that the commanders of those regiments who served abroad were often obliged to forbid its being played, under the severest penalties: the poor soldiers, when they heard it, would melt into tears; many deserted, while others fell sick, and some would pine away, and die of the *maladie du pais*. This simple wild air was so associated with their native valleys, and their mountains, and their rocks, and all the sweet echoes of home, and the affections that had hallowed it, that an irresistible impulse to return would seize them, and tempt them, in defiance of danger, to desert their ranks, or would sap the very springs of life, and send them broken-hearted to the grave.

In all the variety of associations, there is nothing more remarkable than the deep hold which objects, in themselves utterly insignificant, take of the affections. I know a widow lady, whose only child fell sick of a

fever; her case was pronounced by the physicians to be hopeless, and her death was every moment expected. The disconsolate mother watched by her bedside in an agony of grief, and she felt her heart die within her as she saw the child picking at the bedclothes, which is considered a most fatal symptom; but what was her surprise when she saw the little creature, who had seemed in a state of stupefaction for hours, raise her hand, and display between her finger and thumb a small feather, which had worked through the pillow, and heard her say, 'Mamma, look at the pretty feather!' The poor mother's heart bounded with hope and thankfulness: from that moment the complaint took a favourable turn, and the little invalid recovered. Among all the relics of former days, nothing was more fondly treasured than that little feather. Years and years have rolled away since it was first consigned to her pocket-book; but who could number the times when it has been taken out, and gazed on with delight! To this day the tears of gratitude and affection are often shed over it.

Doctor H.—was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, but in his hours of relaxation he used to amuse himself with his little grandchild, on whom he doted. He would often carry her in his arms to look out of his study window; the favourite would run her tiny fingers along the panes of glass, which bore the traces long after the little creature fell sick and died. The grandfather was often observed to saunter to the window, and stand there in a deep reverie. One morning, on entering the room, he found the servant had gained admittance before him, and discovered him busily engaged in cleaning the window. The marks of the little fingers were gone. A violent burst of agonized feeling showed plainly how fondly they had been associated with the memory of the dear child in the heart of the poor old man.

Perhaps the most extraordinary effect of association may be that in which blemishes are made to hold the place of charms; and what is positively unpleasant, becomes, by its magical influence, agreeable. I have known people like a lisp or a stoop, because some whom they had admired had happened to stoop or lisp. Descartes mentions that he had all his life a partiality for persons who squinted, from having, when a boy, been fond of a girl who had this defect. I remember a little boy who preferred the odour of rancid oil to any perfume, from the simple reason of its having happened to be made use of in the exhibition of a magic lantern, in which he took extreme delight.

The associations which attach to particular places, or to articles of furniture, which seem to be apart from any fond recollection, are mysteries in our nature for which it would be difficult to account. Locke tells us of a young man who danced extremely well in the room with a certain trunk, but could not dance at all in one where it was not. I have heard of a gentleman, remarkable for his convivial talents, who lost all power of entertaining if placed in a different seat at table from his usual one. Guests were invited on one occasion, that they might be gratified by his sallies of pleasantry; but unfortunately his chair was occupied by another, and he remained silent and reserved, to the disappointment of the company.

Certain tricks are strangely associated with the powers of memory and mental exertion. In the *Tatler*, it is told that a lawyer was in the habit of twisting a piece of pack-thread round his finger while pleading, which was aptly called by some one the thread of his discourse. A client of his stole it from him, to see how he would get on without it: he was punished for his rash experiment—the lawyer hesitated—could not go on—and the cause was lost. Haydn wore a ring which had been presented to him by Frederick II., but if he accidentally forgot to put it on, it is said that the gifted musician lost all his inspiration, and that, if seated at the instrument, he could not summon a single original idea. I am acquainted with a barrister remarkable for

oratorical powers of the highest order, who finds it absolutely indispensable that he should wield an open penknife in his hand all the time he speaks, which he holds behind his back, and twirls with a rapidity and dexterity which could not be imitated without the risk of severe injury. There is scarcely any one who cannot call to mind in some friend or acquaintance an instance of this strange vagary of the mind. Among many which press upon my recollection, I will satisfy myself with mentioning the curious case of Blind Alick of Stirling, with which, indeed, many are probably familiar. His memory was truly astonishing: in his childhood he had attended a school where the only class-book read was the Bible: from the sad privation of sight, it might naturally have been concluded that poor Alick was incapable of reaping the same benefit from instruction which his schoolfellows did: as the scholars read in rotation, it was customary for them not only to repeat the number of the chapter, but also that of each verse. After poor Alick grew up, he was obliged to support himself by begging through the streets, as he had lost his parents, and his misfortune deprived him of the power of working for his bread. The extent of his memory was such, that he was looked on as a wonder: he had the whole of the Old and New Testament off by heart: if a verse were repeated to him, he could tell its number, and in what chapter it was to be found; if the number of a particular verse in a certain chapter were named, he could repeat it without a moment's hesitation; if he heard a sermon or a speech, he could go over it with an accuracy that surprised every one. It was at length observed that Alick, on leaving home every morning, locked the door and carried the key in his hand, which he kept constantly rubbing up and down as he replied to the questions put to him. One day it was stolen from him: the effect of the experiment was, that he hesitated, became confused, and his memory failed him altogether.

VISIT TO SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA.

In the spring of 1841, Mr Dos Santos, the Portuguese consul-general in Altona, fitted out a commercial expedition, consisting of six vessels, laden with European goods of all kinds, which he proposed to conduct in person to the coast of Angola, for the purpose of carrying on a trade by barter. He was led to this enterprise by the successful result of a minor speculation which he had some years before committed to the charge of a supercargo—very naturally concluding that a larger affair under his own immediate superintendence would be attended with proportionate returns. The expedition, though simply that of a merchant, was equipped with princely munificence; everything that could conduce to the comfort of so long a voyage being provided on board of all the vessels. A well-selected library, a band of musicians, two naturalists, and a physician, completed the equipment of the flotilla, which cleared the bar of the Elbe on the 30th of June 1841. Unfortunately, many of those who that morning left their native river, looking hopefully to the future, were destined never to return—Mr Dos Santos, the two naturalists, and many of the crews, having at an early stage of the enterprise fallen victims to the inhospitable climate of Africa. This untoward event so embarrassed the future procedure of the expedition, and damped the ardour of the survivors, that, leaving their task unfinished, they hastily left the coast, and returned to Europe. The physician, Dr Tams, has since published a narrative of the transactions;* and to this, as afford-

ing glimpses of a region very little known, we would now direct attention.

After a voyage of ordinary weather, the flotilla, on the 10th of October, descried for the first time the painfully interesting coast of Africa; the vast district of Benguela, not the least interesting portion of that coast, lay before them. 'We were a little to the south of the town of Benguela, and had every reason to hope that we should reach it the same day. The sea along that coast is everywhere so deep, that the largest vessels may approach within a mile or two; and we were soon able clearly to distinguish the shore, with all its diversities of hill and dale, covered with trees and shrubs. The mountain-slopes, which run down close to the sea, were covered to the very summit with the most lovely verdure, and the intervening valleys were clad in smiling green. Here the graceful palm rears its lofty head above the umbrageous thickets; there those giants of the vegetable world, the mighty *adansonia*, and the grotesque cacti, tower proudly above the numerous dwarf plants at their feet. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on a luxuriance and beauty which formed a surprising contrast with my preconceived notions of Central Africa, which I had involuntarily associated with images of vast deserts and arid plains, and a vegetation parched and shrivelled by the scorching rays of the tropical sun. It is melancholy, indeed, that this beautiful coast is so scantily inhabited; but alas! its very advantages offer such facilities to the slave-hunters, that the persecuted children of the soil only traverse these lovely solitudes when commercial interests bring them from the interior to the coast. Instead of the smiling cot, the cultured plain, and a free and happy people, the lion, the panther, the elephant, and the hyena, troops of antelopes, zebras, and buffaloes, house in these vast districts.'

The region here referred to is that in which is situated the Portuguese presidios of Benguela, Novo Redondo, Loanda, and the free town of Ambriz—a region which has been, for more than two centuries, in the possession of Portugal, and which at this moment is more degraded, morally and physically, than before the missionaries of her church set foot upon the soil. The slave-trade, as we shall shortly see from Dr Tams's relation, is the curse that hangs over the land; a traffic to which agriculture, commerce, and every other consideration, indeed, is subordinate. It requires labour, and skill, and patience, to make wealth by ordinary commerce; hence this is abandoned for the speedier method of trading in human lives. Nor is the slave-trade of the present day the same as that which existed half a century ago. Then, the custom of every European nation rendered it somewhat *respectable*—noblemen, princes, and even ecclesiastics, did business in the slave mart; now, none but the scum of society would pollute their hands with such iniquity. The consequence is, that the Portuguese settlements in Lower Guinea are rapidly retrograding: harbours and forts are falling into decay; churches are priestless, and in ruins; and public works, commenced by the Jesuits of other times, are now densely matted with the vegetation of a tropical soil. To return, however, to Dr Tams's descriptions.

The harbour of Benguela, into which the vessels had now steered, is described as one of the best on the west coast of Africa; and the town, especially when viewed from the sea, presents a very pleasing appearance. 'It is situated in a charming valley, partially enclosed by the lower range of the lofty mountain-chain which rises from the coast. Numerous isolated roofs sparkle in the sun amid the rich vegetation, and produce the effect of neat country-houses, environed by flourishing gardens. The river Catumbella imparts to this mountain-valley such a high degree of fertility, that the manifold

* Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated from the German, with an Introduction and Annotations, by H. Evans Lloyd, Esq. London: Newby. 1846.

variety of its luxuriant vegetation far exceeds all that the fancy of a European stranger can conceive. Tall cocoa-palms conceal the greater part of the town, and the eye perceives at first only the decayed walls of the fortifications, the government buildings, and a very few private houses. We cast anchor at a due distance from the coast; and a European custom-house officer, in a shabby uniform, immediately put off from the shore. He was rowed by four negroes, who were almost naked; and after coming on board, and paying us a short visit of inspection, he gave us permission to land as soon as we pleased.

Having been carried from their boats on the backs of sturdy negroes, the party hastened to pay their respects to the governor, and were conducted to his palace by an escort consisting of a single native. And now for a peep at this representative of royalty, and his residence. 'The government palace is so excessively mean, both within and without, that it seems better adapted to shelter horses or cattle, than serve as the residence of the representative of a crowned head. My sensations on entering it were not unlike those which are experienced on going into the dungeon of an ancient knight's castle. An involuntary shudder came over me, and I looked around in perfect astonishment. The walls were very thick, and bore traces of having been once plastered, but were now dingy and defaced; the floor consisted of the bare earth; and the doors were so wretchedly hung, that they would only half close, or not at all; everything was disgustingly dirty; while the furniture, which was partly old-fashioned and partly modern, looked as if it had been collected at auctions from every quarter of the globe. We were duly announced by the orderly, and immediately admitted to an audience. The governor, who had formerly served in the Portuguese army, had been sent to this country for some misdemeanour, and was still separated from his wife and children, who lived in Loanda. His residence in Benguela, especially in the official situation which he held, afforded him more favourable opportunities for speedily acquiring great wealth than any other place on the coast of Angola; and he was not slow in availing himself of every advantage.'

The town which can boast of such a governor and such a palace, cannot be expected to present many attractions; and yet here it is, from the pencil of Dr Tams—not quite so forbidding as one would anticipate. 'The streets are straight, regular, and broad, but contain more ruined than inhabited houses. About five or six years since, a savage tribe, probably the Giagas, made an irruption into the town, which they plundered and destroyed, and having cruelly massacred all that came in their way, retreated with considerable booty. The town has a very pleasing and romantic appearance; some of the houses are very pretty, and though built only of clay and palm-branches, have nevertheless something of a European air. At the extremity of the town are many conical beehive shaped negro-huts, likewise composed of palm-leaves and rushes. Many a swart negro half-raised himself from the sand, and modest matrons and smiling damsels came to the cabin door, while curly-headed little urchins peeped slyly from among the bushes, to see the white stranger as he passed along.

'The dwellings of the Europeans always have two or three courtyards attached to them; these are surrounded by walls about ten feet high; and here the domestic slaves are kept. Several streets are formed by these unsightly walls running up on either side; and as the fronts of the houses face the other way, these back streets have of course a very dull appearance. Those, on the contrary, which are exclusively inhabited by negroes, are rendered both interesting and entertaining, partly by their social mode of living out of doors, and partly by the variety of goods and stores which they offer for sale.

'In the centre of the town are two large regular squares, but which have a very gloomy and desolate

appearance, being surrounded by the walls of the courtyards, and a few European houses. Here there was a total want of animation, broken only by the clanking chains of the government slaves, the word of command, and the monotonous reverberation of their implements of labour. They were, for the most part, fastened five or six together, and were standing here and there with hoes in their hands to destroy the rank and noxious weeds, while a soldier, armed with a sabre, superintended them at their work.'

The population of Benguela is about 3000, one-third of whom consists of mulattoes and whites; the latter rarely exceeding 300. To these three or four hundred Europeans, the place, in its present condition, can present no attraction; it is the idea of making a fortune in a few years by the slave-trade that animates their existence. The climate is so excessively hot, that they can only move abroad for a short time during early morning; they cannot hunt or fish, for the surrounding country is a jungle, peopled with lions, hyenas, serpents, and crocodiles; they can enjoy nothing like civilised society, for their companions are heartless villains, like themselves, whose hearts are seared with the atrocities of the slave-trade. Their only pleasures—if the idea is permitted to be so degraded—are a bloated licentiousness, and the business of the slave-yard. 'These yards are generally about sixty feet square, and frequently contain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes. In the midst of this mass of human beings, it is very common to find swine and goats. For their protection, little sheds have been erected; while man is wantonly exposed by his fellow-man to the powerful influence of the dew, the rain, and the sun—

"No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
On earth no sheltering bower."

With heartless indifference, the Portuguese slave-merchant conducts the stranger into these courtyards—the warehouse where he keeps his human merchandise; but while the sight of this heart-sickening scene harrows up every generous feeling, it inspires him with no sensation but that of fiendish joy at the possession of so much wealth, just as the sordid miser gloats with delight over his accumulated hoards.'

Happily for the good fame of Europe, all the slave-dealers in Benguela are Portuguese, with the exception of two or three Italians; unhappily for Africa, their iniquitous trade is so flourishing, that in 1838 nearly 20,000 slaves were exported from Benguela alone; and within the last few years the number is rather on the increase, in spite of the vigilance of the British cruisers. Leaving, therefore, Benguela, which presents not a single civilised attraction—for Dr Tams could not find either a tailor, carpenter, smith, or mechanic within its environs—and passing by the smaller settlements of Novo Redondo and Mossamedes, let us look at Loanda, the chief of the Portuguese presidios.

When viewed from the sea, Loanda presents a very striking appearance. 'It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, rising from the base to the very summit of the mountainous terrace of the coast, which here comes down nearly to the water's edge. The general character of this prospect is said to bear some resemblance to that of Bahia, in the Brazil. The numerous houses built in the European style, many of which are very large, and roofed with red or blue tiles, the neatly-painted white or yellow walls, the pretty towers of the churches and of the hospital, the palace of the governor, situated at the highest part of the town, and the neighbouring fort, with its impenetrable walls, constructed of bricks and granite, greatly excite the surprise of the stranger, who fancies that he has before him a strongly-fortified town.

'Loanda is defended on the sea-side by three strong forts; but on the land-side it is quite exposed, being wholly unfortified. The harbour is deep and commodious, and being three and a half miles in length, will conveniently contain several hundred ships. It is

formed by an island which runs parallel with the coast, and in some measure protects it against the west winds; but as it rises only a few feet above the level of the sea, a high westerly gale often proves dangerous to the ships at anchor, and some of them are not unfrequently driven from their moorings. There are seldom many vessels in the harbour at a time. During the whole of our stay, I never saw more than twelve, five of which belonged to our own expedition. They seldom lie long at anchor, because here, as in Benguela, the exportation of slaves constitutes by far the greater part of the trade; and the vessels employed in this nefarious service are, of course, despatched by their owners resident in the town as speedily as possible.

Loanda, though exhibiting little of the structural magnificence which characterised it about a century ago, is still a place of some note, and seems to have made a very favourable impression on our author. 'When I was in Benguela, I often heard mention of the splendid buildings of Loanda; but as all the houses in that town are very mean, I formed no great expectations of this city. I soon perceived, however that I had been incorrect in my surmises; for instead of the wretched hovels which I had of late been accustomed to, I found almost all the houses in Loanda built of brick, and roofed with red or blue tiles. They are generally two storeys high, have no chimneys, and the exterior is painted white or yellow, which gives them a very fresh appearance. The courtyard, instead of being walled in, is surrounded by a high fence, and contains several small negro tents, and the kitchen belonging to the dwelling-house. Only the palace, and a few other government buildings, are furnished with glass windows; for the equable temperature of the climate renders them superfluous, and the shutters afford adequate protection against the sun and draughts of air.'

There are no lodging-houses in Loanda; and, being anxious to reside on shore during the stay of the flotilla, Dr Tams was indebted for such a privilege to the hospitality of the chief and only physician of the place. A glance at the interior of his host's house may interest our fair readers, but will not make them envious, we trust, of so much queenly ease and dignity. 'On entering the house of the physician, several young negresses were at hand to open the doors for us, and we ascended a fine stone staircase, which led from the spacious hall to the upper storey. We passed the study, which resembled a saloon in size, and then going through folding-doors, entered the large drawing-room, where the lady was reclining at the window in a Brazilian rocking-chair, and three or four young female slaves were seated on the ground near her, employed in needlework. The elegance of the apartment, the walls and floor of which were handsomely painted, the costly furniture, and the tasteful attire of the lady, gave an agreeable air of comfort and wealth to the whole. Two little slaves were sitting in a corner with a couple of pretty monkeys, which they held by a ribbon, waiting for a signal from their mistress to bring forward her little pets, with which she frequently played.

'The lady courteously rose to receive us, and extended her pretty hand for us to kiss. She was a native of Spain, and although she had resided here six years, the heat of the climate had been unable to extinguish the fire of her fine dark eyes. Her raven hair hung in two thick tresses over her shoulders, and when she smiled, she displayed a magnificent set of pearly teeth. The contour of her limbs had not, as is usually the case, suffered from the effects of the torrid zone, and her clear olive complexion, slightly tinged by the beams of the sun, was extremely interesting and expressive. Her little sempstresses were immediately dismissed to fetch water and Hollands, which proved highly acceptable after our morning's ramble.'

Under such a roof, and with such a hostess to do the duties of hospitality, one might consider Dr Tams a very fortunate man; and this he was, if spacious apartments, abundance of black servants, a well-ordered table,

and other creature-comforts, could make him so; but the Donna Catarina was a bit of a tyrant, and the chastisement of her slaves was ever grating on the feelings of her guest. 'I had scarcely been in possession of my new lodgings for an hour, and was occupied in arranging my effects, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of stripes, repeated at regular intervals. I soon perceived that some person was undergoing corporal chastisement in the courtyard, and at once hastened to the lady of the house. I found her sitting as usual at the open window, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and the fine prospect of the harbour, while a young negress was busily engaged in needlework at her side. To my anxious inquiry respecting the loud beating which still continued, she replied smiling, that one of her needlewomen was receiving, by her orders, six dozen palmotadas (blows on the palm of the hand), because her stitches were badly made. My indignation and disgust being excited in the highest degree, Donna Catarina was induced to send the other girl to the courtyard, with orders that the punishment should be discontinued.

'She was so civil as to send immediately for the instrument with which the chastisement had been administered, assuring me at the same time that this punishment scarcely gave any pain, and was imposed by her only upon the youngest slaves, and for the most trivial fault! The instrument consisted of a piece of Guaja wood, nearly two feet in length; at one end of the round handle was a flat circle, about the size of a hand, perforated with holes, to deaden the sound while used in inflicting punishment. In spite of her assertions to the contrary, I had subsequently frequent opportunities of seeing the hands of the poor slaves much swollen and lacerated, raw, bleeding from the effects of this punishment, which is practised along the whole coast of Angola. To add to her cruelty, my hostess compelled the sufferers at once to return to their work. During my residence of seven weeks in her house, not a single day passed in which this stern Spanish woman did not cause this punishment to be inflicted several times; and the abhorrence which I repeatedly expressed, produced no other effect than that it was generally carried into execution during my absence.'

The daily routine of our author's life while resident in Loanda presented, on the whole, but little variety. There were no public places of amusement; and no excursions were made into the interior, for dread of catching fever, or being caught by wild animals. There was a dance, to be sure, given every Sunday evening by the governor, to which all the principal inhabitants were invited; and this, with an occasional crocodile hunt during the wet season, constituted the sum-total of their sports and amusement. There was no riding or caroling, such as the British have in India; for there were only three or four horses in the town. Each family seemed wrapped up in itself, intent only on slaves, and barter, and money: to make their fortune, and be out of the country with all convenient speed, was the universal maxim.

'We rose,' says Dr Tams, 'about five o'clock in the morning, when the physician immediately went out and visited his patients; his wife inspected and directed her household; and I watched from the window the numerous caravans which generally arrived early in the morning, and which consisted of different tribes, distinguished by their various costumes and weapons. At eight o'clock we all assembled at breakfast, which generally consisted of baked calves' feet, the unripe pods of Cayenne pepper scalded in bouillon, or of boiled snails—some species of *purpura*. Strong wines, which are rendered necessary by the extreme heat, are indulged in without restraint: red Lisbon is first taken, and the glasses are constantly replenished by a little slave. Donna Catarina partook almost as freely as we did, and I could not help feeling surprised at the large quantity which the hot climate enabled even delicate women to take without any visible effects being produced; Imme-

diately after the substantial part of the meal, tea was handed round; but here, as elsewhere, it was served without milk, which, on the whole Portuguese coast, is considered poisonous, or at least dangerous. The pet monkey, which had been playing in the arms of his female attendant behind our chairs during breakfast, was then placed upon the table, to pick up the scattered crumbs, and play his antics for our diversion.

'After breakfast, we entered upon no active occupation, except perhaps some trifling business about the house. We looked through the telescope at the sea, or watched the flag hoisted on the fortification of San Miguel for the signal of a ship approaching the harbour; or our hostess amused herself with the chastisement of her slaves, who, as a matter of course, had invariably committed some fault; after this, each retired to rest, and did not rise again till noon; but I always occupied myself with visiting the several ships, which, however, were in a very healthy state.

'About twelve o'clock we again met at luncheon, which was comprised of English cheese and porter, and then lay down to sleep till four o'clock, when we commenced the real business of the day with a substantial dinner.

'Our house being celebrated for the excellent table kept by our host, we were seldom without visitors at this time; but although they gave some variety to the daily uniformity, I must confess that, from the circumscribed interest of each person, and the general want of education, our conversation could very seldom be termed instructive. The repast began by the hostess repeating the names of her guests at full length, and drinking their health, a courtesy which was of course responded to by all; and then followed a string of unmeaning speeches and flatteries, until the stock of compliments, in which the Portuguese language is so rich, was completely exhausted.

'This ceremony over, the cook was generally summoned, and informed whether his art had gained him praise or punishment; the latter of which, at all events, was never withheld. If the physician wished to see any slaves, they were ordered in, and he selected this time for bargaining for them. Praise or blame was bestowed without reserve, while the poor wretch was passively awaiting the decision of his fate from the cold-blooded dealers, of whom it might with truth be said, that in their breasts beat

"Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold."

'The dessert always consisted of an ample selection of the finest fruits, especially cachew-nuts, oranges, and mangoes. A cup of indigenous coffee having been presented to each person after dinner, the company generally took advantage of the refreshing coolness of the evening to enjoy a short walk; after which, till one o'clock in the morning, the time was consumed in playing at cards!

'To the very last moment three or four of the youngest slaves sat on the ground in the adjoining apartment, waiting in case they should be summoned, and ever on the watch to pick up anything that might fall upon the floor. If the unhappy little things, from four to eight years of age, were unable to resist the influence of sleep, the application of the universal remedy was not delayed for a moment; and the last sound which was daily heard in that house was the wail of these poor young children, each of whom was indeed

"A child of tears,
Cradled in care and wo."

Such is European life in the Portuguese settlements of Angola—a district abounding in almost every natural production, and which might, under judicious management, be made one of the finest fields for commercial enterprise. The natives, according to Dr Tams, are not the inferior race we generally regard them: they are naturally disposed to trade and barter; their country is rich

in ivory, oil, wax, honey, fruits, spices, cotton, coffee, sugar-cane, metals, and minerals. But agriculture and commerce cannot flourish in conjunction with slavery; and we need not look for the development of these resources till the curse of the slave-trade be removed from the land.

FIRE-SIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO IV.

Gilroo.—You seem in a bad humour: nothing unpleasant, I hope?

Stukely.—No great matter certainly; still one doesn't like to be cheated. A cabman has charged nearly double his fare, and rather than make a noise, I have paid his demand. These cabmen are the greatest rascals in existence. All a set of drunkards and extortioners. There is no satisfying them.

Gil.—As a class they have their failings, I admit; there are, however, decent men amongst them. Did you ever consider what can be the cause of their being what you would call a bad set?

Stuke.—There may be a dozen causes for anything I know. Nobody can tell much about cabmen—where they were born, or how they live. I never can bring myself to believe that they have houses to go home to at night; or that they take off their clothes and go to bed; and eat breakfasts and dinners; and pay tailors' bills; and fulfil all the other duties of Christians. They seem to me to live in their harness, like their poor hacks, and never quit the reins but to empty so many pints of porter. Porter is their meat and drink—bed, board, and washing. Each man of them is but an incarnation of Barclay and Perkins's entire, or Meux's double stout.

Gil.—That is really too bad. I must not permit you to run down the whole corps in this way. Why cabmen are unsteady, improvident, and not particularly conscientious, is imputed by many to a love of drink, which renders them poor and necessitous. But you may remember, in one of our conversations, that I mentioned intemperance as being only a secondary cause of bad behaviour. There is a cause beyond—something which causes the intemperance; and I believe that any remedy which stops short of this primary prompting cause will be likely to fail. One of the causes of so much intemperance and laxness of conduct among cabmen is irregularity of employment, with irregularity of payment. One day they will make a pound, and the next day perhaps only eighteenpence. For hours they will lounge about doing nothing, and then for hours they will be employed without intermission. You see this is a very scrambling, hap-hazard mode of existence; and it would require a far higher order of mind than these men possess to withstand the temptations to which they are exposed, or to act with consistent prudence and conscientiousness. The poor men are, in fact, to be pitied. Exposed to all weathers—the rain pelting mercilessly upon them—cold, wet, weary, sleepy, and hungry—only a few minutes probably to take any refreshment: with all this, can we wonder that they fly to beer and spirits for exhilaration, and become habitual tipplers? I for one don't think so.

Stuke.—I fancy this is what you call going back to first principles? But it's a downright apology for drunkenness and dishonesty, whatever you call it.

Gil.—Only viewing things charitably, along with a little reflection; that is the whole of it. I will mention a case pretty much in point, which I heard talked of the other day. A gentleman entertaining humane and considerate views, was some years ago appointed superintendent of a large manufactory in England. In this establishment he soon had occasion to observe that a certain number of the workmen were regular in attendance, steady, and economical; while the others were of contrary habits, unsteady, uneconomical, great

drinkers, and with families in wretchedness. This had been the case for a long course of years, and nobody about the works thought of inquiring into the cause of the phenomenon. The new superintendent was not one of those persons who never inquire into anything, and let the world go on in its own old way. As soon as he observed the curious difference I mention, he did not rest till he had discovered the cause of it. On inquiry, he found that all the steady men got a fixed or regular weekly wage, and that all the unsteady ones, though receiving a larger revenue in the aggregate, got it in lumps at irregular intervals, just as they happened to be employed on a particular kind of work. To know the cause of the evil, was to set about eradicating it. With the consent of the unsteady hands, he began the practice of paying them every week a certain fixed sum, whether they had earned it or not, carrying forward the balance, if any, to their credit; the accumulated balances to be paid quarterly. The effect of this arrangement, it is said, was marvellous. Very soon the unsteady became as steady as the other members of the establishment. Their wives and families were better dressed; their homes became comfortable; and by and by several of these men saved so much money as to be able to buy houses—actually became proprietors, and drew rents like other landlords. Nor were they ungrateful to the person who had thus put them in the way of well-doing. They looked upon him as a general benefactor. A few years ago, when visiting the place, and calling on one of the parties, both husband and wife looked round their cheerful dwelling, and said to him, 'All this we owe to you.'

Stuke.—What has all this to do with cabmen?

Gil.—You surely see that the good behaviour of these reclaimed workmen was owing to a change from greatly irregular to regular wages? Irregularity of payment for labour is one of the greatest social evils. All classes, high and low, who are exposed to it, feel its demoralising effects. Actors, musicians, painters, authors by profession—all who cannot reckon on something like a regular income, are unhappily situated, and exposed to many temptations and misfortunes. Their life is a sort of gambling—sometimes a run of luck, sometimes nothing.

Stuke.—Well, but you are talking of what often cannot be helped. Who's to pay cabmen twenty shillings a-week, dead certain, and take the risk of the balances? I'll tell you what it is; this kindness-system may do with some, but not with all. I don't believe anything would do for cabmen but being pulled up by his worship the police magistrate.

Gil.—I by no means undervalue the efficacy of magisterial interference. I only wish that the authorities who have to do with cabs and hackney-coaches would proceed a little more considerably. The cabmen in Paris and some other continental towns are under such strict regulations, that they have not the same power of cheating as their brethren in London. But, unhappily, it is not the practice in Great Britain to take a lesson from foreign usages. A good plan may be working for a century in Paris before an Englishman would copy it. It is only by sheer experience, and all kinds of wrangling, that anything is ever put to rights in this country, although the knowledge of something better may be propagated in the works of a hundred travellers.

Stuke.—I cannot say as to that; but the principle of government is severity—severe chastisement for all varieties of evil-doers.

Gil.—Of course you believe what you say to be right; but can you prove it?

Stuke.—What kind of proof would you have? Has it not been the practice, since the beginning of the world, to punish every crime according to its deserts? Hang this one, imprison that one, and so on. There is Scriptural authority for it all. 'He that spareth the rod,' &c. Where could we find anything stronger than that?

Gil.—I am not going into any argument about the antiquity of severe punishments. I give that up with

all my heart. What I want is the proof that the severe is the right way of going to work—the plan most expedient. It will not do to tell me, for example, that hanging is right because it is of great antiquity. I must have evidence that it is just in principle, and the most expedient as respects the prevention of crime.

Stuke.—All the evidence I can give you is, that, by our present system of punishments, crime is powerfully kept in check. Were it not for fear of the gallows, there would be no safety for life or property. Everybody knows that.

Gil.—That is only mere assertion. I ask you for a proof of a fact, and you answer by telling me that there is something which everybody knows. With all deference, that is no reasoning at all. If you had said, I can produce a hundred persons who declare they would commit crime were it not for fear of being hanged, that would be a piece of evidence; and I would be inclined to say that there was much force in your argument.

Stuke.—One must take a good many things on trust. I have always thought, and I believe so do most persons, that executions have a very salutary effect; very much so indeed.

Gil.—You then, in reality, confess to a prejudice—make up your mind to believe in a thing without previously looking into evidence; which, however, does not surprise me, for not one man in fifty ever examines into the truth of anything. And so people go on taking things for granted, generation after generation.

Stuke.—But how am I to examine into these affairs? I cannot be expected to spend a lifetime in hunting up statistics, or hearing the confessions of felons. I must act on general impressions; and what more likely, than that the fear of punishment is a powerful preventive of crime?

Gil.—Likely enough so far, but not to the extent you suppose. At one time a great many crimes were punishable with death. Humanity at length revolted against this severity. Punishments of a milder nature were substituted; and, to the surprise of many individuals, the crimes so treated did not increase—they decreased. As long as forgery was punishable with death, forgery was common; ever since it has been punished with imprisonment or transportation, it has been very little heard of. It used to be said, 'This is a commercial country, and unless we hang all and sundry who are found guilty of forgery, there will be a terrible state of things.' Such was the sort of argument employed during the last century, when kings would remit the punishment of highwaymen, but never that of forgers. And behold! we have lived to discover that they were all in a mistake.

Stuke.—Still, I should think that capital punishments must have a good effect in the way of warning?

Gil.—This is now also very much doubted. It is believed that the spectacle of executions has, on the whole, a demoralising effect. It satisfies only mean and despicable feelings; never intimidates from crime, nor stimulates to virtue. So little is its value as an example, that robberies are common in the crowd collected at executions: pockets are picked beneath the gallows. If capital punishments are to continue, I should certainly prefer that they took place within the courtyards of prisons, in presence of the authorities, instead of the open street. The public should not be accustomed to see a dog strangled, let alone a human being.

Stuke.—Supposing we got rid of capital punishments, would you propose to immure criminals in dungeons for life, or at least for a term of years?

Gil.—It would not be difficult, I daresay, to devise some efficient, yet humane kind of imprisonment; and I think we are at present advancing towards correct views on this important question. In few things, indeed, has society advanced so far. Among other notions of our ancestors, there was a belief that if the prisons were rendered very miserable, they would terrify the populace into good conduct. An old act of parliament, providing for the sustenance of felons, begins with the

words—'Whereas many prisoners, having no means of subsistence, have died of hunger; from which we learn that death from starvation was not uncommon in former times. It was also an admitted principle, that prisons should be kept dirty and uncomfortable, the more to terrify evil-doers: in Scotland, this quality in jails was recognised in jurisprudence as the *squalor carceris*. All this oppression, however, did no good. The prisons were always full, notwithstanding their dirtiness and the privations they inflicted. It was only taking a mean revenge on the unfortunate.

Stuke.—You talk of criminals under the term *unfortunate*. That, I think, is a loose, though not an uncommon way of speaking of felons. I want to know what makes these men unfortunate—their own evil passions to be sure. It is their own blame being criminals. They set aside all advice that is given to them; persist in going on to destruction; and yet they are called unfortunate, as if their being criminals had arisen from an accident over which they possessed no control.

Gil.—You do not seem to be aware that crime often proceeds from dispositions which may be considered as the result of something in the mind equivalent to malformation or disease; often, again, it results from the merely casual misdirection of a mind left free of proper guidance, or exposed to unusual temptations. The great bulk of crimes, especially those against property, take place in early youth, and amongst the ignorant and miserable classes. Generally speaking, such a culprit can scarcely be held responsible as a free agent. Crime and its consequences are his social destiny. He may have been told that he incurs the risk of punishment; but he either acts under an uncontrollable impulse, or has not been enabled to see the just relation between offence and its penalty.

Stuke.—That is making out criminals to be little better than idiots; whereas they are the sharpest people in existence.

Gil.—Sharp in those faculties which they employ in committing crime, but dull, if not defective, in others. A man may be a clever pickpocket, and yet a monstrous blockhead—so sharp in overreaching, that he overreaches himself. Take the mass of criminals, and they will be found to be the victims of some wrong impulse in youth. For this they were punished in some vengeful kind of way: turned out of prison with a bad character, nobody would employ them: again they committed a crime for the sake of subsistence: and so on they went, society all the time calling them blackguards—never pitying or trying to reclaim them: at length they are huddled out of the way, if not to the gallows, at least to Van Diemen's Land. And thus is Britain emptying her prisons on one of the finest islands of the Australasian seas—rendering it a land of crime, wretchedness, and horror, from which all good men will fly as from a pestilence. The whole system is carried on in violation of reason.

Stuke.—Perhaps so; but reason, in the abstract, is often not workable with advantage in human affairs. Mankind have many foolish notions. You allow that criminals have not self-command—are a kind of half lunatics? Should we not, then, meet this state of things with reproof or punishment suitable to visionaries? Although a humiliating confession, I must say I do not entertain a high opinion of human reason. You know what D'Israeli has said on the subject?

Gil.—No.

Stuke.—I shall read the passage from one of his late works. 'We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracens from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from

the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' That is what he says; and is it not true? He might have added, it is not reason that makes hundreds of millions of men worshippers of Buddha, or believers in Mahomet; nor is it reason that guides our own countrymen in the greater number of their actions: it is their passions, their imagination, their avarice.

Gil.—All vastly fine; one of D'Israeli's specious pieces of clap-trap, which won't stand handling. It is undeniable that the passions have caused great social movements; but I protest against the inference, that reason is on that account weak or valueless. In all advanced conditions of society, reason has been and is the guiding principle. It was reason that discovered the compass, the quadrant, and the telescope—instruments which have made us acquainted with the surface of our own planet, and disclosed to our wondering eyes worlds in the firmament. It was reason that discovered the art of printing, which has already performed marvels, but is still only in its infancy. What has promoted the cultivation of science—what has given us the steam-engine, the locomotive, and the whole of our magnificent machinery? Reason has done it all: and is not reason, in union with the best feelings of our nature, the source of all our truest happiness? It is no doubt lamentable that truth should make its way so slowly as to be outstripped by visionary fanaticism—that Mormon should count more votaries than any philosopher amongst us. But while the dream of the visionary subsides, truth strengthens. Seventy years ago, a gentleman, living obscurely in the small town of Kirkcaldy, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, propounded an idea. Nobody at first cared for it, or believed it. The world was thinking about something else. But the idea was founded in truth, and a truth uttered in the ear of the world is imperishable. Now advancing, now pushed back, then advancing again, this truth has finally, after a struggle of seventy years, made its way into the halls of princes, and rings in the assemblies of legislators. What a triumph for the once disregarded and often discouraged idea of the obscure gentleman in his little parlour overlooking the sands of Kirkcaldy!

Stuke.—Why—what—what is the idea you allude to? Who was the obscure gentleman?

Gil.—The obscure gentleman was ADAM SMITH. The idea was the principle of FREE TRADE.—Good-night.

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22d of May 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity of its organisation, resembles the Prussian landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of Saint Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automatons, strode General I.—eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large, gray, restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of souring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General I.—eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unsignalised by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades,

killed in the late war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiva,* from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold and distant manners, imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiva, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade-ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L—eff had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming, 'Yourself!'

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immovable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the goodwill of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, 'Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet: not a gesture nor a cry, or you are a dead man!'

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion—'Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!'

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquillity which distinguishes unshaken resolution, retorted—'We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him, "General L—eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look for our punishment!"' The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. 'These insignia don't become you; the knout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Botsakoff, flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sans-officier* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from

his forehead, his cheeks, and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repudiated the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia.' The sergeant continued with a terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L—eff shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. 'As for Solowoiva, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lustig*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiva still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed—'Here, my little singing bird, this is yours.' Pale with terror, the girl recognis'd the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L—eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, 'Take him to the ovens!'

The general, whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

'To the ovens!' shouted a hundred voices.

The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror: his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone—'I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the *baguettes*.'

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say, that the general, and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jager carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted in Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the 'Butcher of Warsaw.'

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*karacho*). The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their mustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their

* Nightingale.

ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the bells of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination. Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiva, the adopted daughter of General L—off, was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolnoi.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scenes to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of Russian institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.

Major Rogers had capital sport with a herd of these animals. His four guns had all been discharged, when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred yards the major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of, by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion). One foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long; for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. (Heaven save us from such a boot-jack!) The dilemma, however, did not end here: for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the *hopyal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine*.

PROFANE SWEARING.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building St Paul's cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—Whereas among labourers and others that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently found, to the dishonour of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer who comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly; and that if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners.

TO A WINTER-BLOOMING WILD FLOWER.

Low dweller in this bleak and barren spot,
That finds no shelter from the leafless tree,
Though very desolate may be thy lot,
Almost I wish that I resembled thee.

Not in thy beauty, flowret azure-hued!
Nor in thy faint, wind-wasted fragrant—
Nor in the stillness of thy solitude—
My heart, companionless, would broken be.

But I, like thee, upspringing from the sod,
Would lift, through storms, a cheerful eye to Heaven,
Trusting the bounteous hand of Nature's God
Sunshine and storm for equal good hath given.

And though thy wintry doom may seem severe,
Uncheered by song of birds or kindred flower,
I do believe thou dost not blossom here
But by the will of that Almighty Power,
Who makes thy fragile bloom an instrument
To teach a proud and murmuring heart content.

H. C. ADICK.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long-leaved water hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's hood to the horse, &c.; for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for the want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.—*Stillingham's*.

GOLD-PRINTED MUSLINS.

Among the numerous successes of the year 1815 in decorative art, we must notice a very beautiful muslin fabric, for curtains, printed in gold by a galvanic process, and patented by Messrs Vallé and Company of Manchester. This new system of gold-printing is intended to supersede the more expensive mode of embroidering fabrics with gold and silver for window-curtains and other drapery. It is peculiarly adapted for long drawing-room curtains. The designs are chaste and classical; the brilliancy of the gold-printing is rather heightened than impaired by washing, so that the fabric is as economical as it is elegant.—*Your Book of Facts*.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A reader points out that the short paper entitled 'The Gauger's Run,' which appeared in No. 109, is copied, with slight differences of language, from *Sketches in Ireland* (Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830), without acknowledgment. On investigation, we find this to be the case. We can only say that we received the article in manuscript from a contributor—(one apparently occupying a respectable station in life—and paid for it as original. It must be regretted that there should be persons who, in ignorance or from bad design, can thus mislead the editors of periodical works. We sincerely regret the circumstance, mainly because it is a violation of literary justice; and in a less degree, but still poignantly, because it tends to lessen the confidence of our readers in the originality of the mass of matter which we weekly present as new.

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THE STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

THE person called, by the courtesy of Scotland, Lady Grange, was the wife of the Honourable James Erskine, a judge of the Court of Session, younger brother of that Earl of Mar who headed an insurrection against the house of Brunswick in 1715. Lord Grange, as this judge was designated, passed through life as a leader in the Whig or Presbyterian party in his native country, and as one professing high evangelical principles; and probably he would not now have been remembered for either good or evil, if he had not acted an extraordinary part towards his wife. The history of that lady gives us a curious idea of the state of manners in Scotland in the early part of last century.

We are prepared for something tragic by the parentage of Lady Grange. In Edinburgh, on a Sunday afternoon in the spring of the year 1689, the president of the Court of Session was walking quietly home from church, when a pistol-shot, fired close behind him, brought him to the ground a corpse. Amongst the crowd who gathered round the spot stood a gloomy-looking man, who, when he heard that the venerable judge had died instantly, remarked that he was not accustomed to do things by halves. This man, who had been led to commit the murder in revenge for an award of the president, commanding him to make provision for his wife and family, and who expiated his crime with his life, was the father of Mrs Erskine, born Rachel Chiesly. In the present comparatively enlightened age, we can understand how there might be a predisposition to insanity in such a family, apt to show itself at ordinary moments in uncontrollable bad temper, and occasionally in wild and lamentable acts. But in those days such considerations did not occur.

Lord and Lady Grange had been married upwards of twenty years, and had had several children, when, in 1730, a separation was determined on between them. It is usually difficult in such cases to say in what degree the parties are respectively blameable; how far there have been positive faults on one side, and want of forbearance on the other, and so forth. If we were to believe the lady in this instance, there had been love and peace for twenty years, when at length Lord Grange took a sudden dislike to his wife, and would no longer live with her. He, on the other hand, speaks of having suffered long from her 'unsubduable rage and madness,' and of having failed in all his efforts to bring her to a reasonable conduct. There is too much reason to believe that the latter statement is in the main true; although, were it more so, it would still leave Lord Grange unjustifiable in the measures which he took with respect to his wife. It is traditionally stated that, in their unhappy quarrels, the lady did not scruple to remind her husband whose daughter she

was—thus hinting at what she was capable of doing if she thought herself deeply aggrieved. However all this might be, in the year 1730 a separation was agreed to (with great reluctance on the part of the lady), his lordship agreeing to give her a hundred a-year for her maintenance, so long as she should continue to live apart from him.

After spending some months in the country, Lady Grange returned to Edinburgh, and took a lodging near her husband's house, for the purpose, as she tells us, of endeavouring to induce him to take her back, and that she might occasionally see her children. According to Lord Grange, she began to torment him by following him and the children on the street 'in a scandalous and shameful manner,' and coming to his house, and calling reproaches to him through the windows,* especially when there was company with him. He thus writes—'In his house, at the bottom of Niddry's Wynd, where there is a court through which one enters the house, one time among others, when it was full of chairs, charwomen, and footmen, who attended the company that were with himself, or his sister Lady Jane Paterson, then keeping house together, she came into this court, and among that mob shamelessly cried up to the windows injurious reproaches, and would not go away, though intreated, till, hearing the late Lord Lovat's voice, who was visiting Mr F——, and seeing two of his servants among the other footmen, "Oh," said she, "is your master here?" and instantly ran off.' He speaks of her having attacked him one day in church; at another time she forced him to take refuge with his son in a tavern for two hours. She even threatened to assault him on the bench, 'which he every day expected; for she professed that she had no shame.'

The traditional account of Lady Grange represents her fate as having been at last decided by her threatening to expose her husband to the government for certain treasonable practices. It would now appear that this was partially true. In his statement, Lord Grange tells us that he had some time before gone to London, to manage the private affairs of the Countess of Mar, then become unable to conduct them herself, and he had sent an account of his procedure to his wife, including some reflections on a certain great minister (doubtless Walpole), who had thwarted him much, and been of serious detriment to the interests of his family in this matter. This document she retained, and she now threatened to take it to London, and use it for her husband's disadvantage, being supported in the design by several persons with whom she associated. While denying that he had been concerned in anything treasonable, Lord Grange says,

* We here and elsewhere quote a paper in Lord Grange's own hand.

'he had already too great a load of that great minister's wrath on his back to stand still and see more of it fall upon him by the treachery and madness of such a wife and such worthy confederates.' The lady had taken a seat in a stage-coach for London.* Lord Grange caused a friend to go and make interest to get her money returned, and the seat let to another person: in which odd proceeding he was successful. Thus was the journey stayed for the meantime; but the lady declared her resolution to go as soon as possible. 'What,' says Lord Grange, 'could a man do with such a wife? There was great reason to think she would daily go on to do mischief to her family, and to affront and bring a blot on her children, especially her daughters. There were things that could not be redressed in a court of justice, and we had not then a madhouse to lock such unhappy people up in.'

The result of his lordship's deliberations was a plan for what he delicately calls 'sequestrating' his wife. It appears to have been concerted between himself and a number of Highland chiefs, including, above all, the notorious Lord Lovat, who a few years after was to conclude a long life of treachery, cruelty, and selfish ambition on Tower Hill. We now turn to the lady's narrative, which proceeds to tell that, on the evening of the 22d of January 1732, a party of Highlandmen, wearing the livery of Lord Lovat, made their way into her lodgings, and forcibly seized her, throwing her down and gagging her, then tying a cloth over her head, and carrying her off as if she had been a corpse. At the bottom of the stair was a chair containing a man, who took the hapless lady upon his knees, and held her fast in his arms till they had got to a place in the outskirts of the town. Then they took her from the chair, removed the cloth from her head, and mounted her upon a horse behind a man to whom she was tied; after which the party rode off 'by the lee light of the moon,' to quote the language of the old ballads, whose incidents the present resembles in character.

The treatment of the lady by the way was, if we can believe her own account, by no means gentle. The leader, although a gentleman (Mr Forster of Corsebonny), disregarded her intreaties to be allowed to stop on account of cramp in her side, and only answered by ordering a servant to renew the bandages over her mouth. She observed that they rode along the Long Way (where Princes Street now stands), past the castle, and so to the Linlithgow road. After a ride of nearly twenty miles, they stopped at Muiravonside, the house of Mr John Macleod, advocate, where servants appeared waiting to receive the lady, and thus showed that the master of the house had been engaged to aid in her abduction. She was taken up stairs to a comfortable bedroom; but a man being posted in the room as a guard, she could not go to bed nor take any repose. Thus she spent the ensuing day, and when it was night, she was taken out and remounted in the same fashion as before; and the party then rode along through the Torwood, and so to the place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Stewart, whose steward or factor was one of the cavalcade. Here was an old tower, having one little room on each floor, as is usually the case in such buildings; and into one of these rooms, the window of which was boarded over, the lady was conducted. She continued here for thirteen or fourteen

* 'Then, and some time before and after, there was a stage-coach from hence to England,' so says his lordship; implying that, in 1731, when he was writing, there was no such public conveyance! It had been tried, and had failed.

weeks, supplied with a sufficiency of the comforts of life, but never allowed to go into the open air: till at length her health gave way, and the factor began to fear being concerned in her death. By his intercession with Mr Forster, she was then permitted to go into the court, under a guard; but such was the rigour of her keepers, that the garden was still denied to her.

Thus time passed drearily on until the month of August, during all which time the prisoner had no communication with the external world. At length, by an arrangement made between Lord Lovat and Mr Forster, at the house of the latter near Stirling, Lady Grange was one night forcibly brought out and mounted again as formerly, and carried off amidst a guard of horsemen. She recognised several of Lovat's people in this troop, and found Forster once more in command. They passed by Stirling Bridge, and thence onward to the Highlands, but she no longer knew the way they were going. Before daylight they stopped at a house, where she was lodged during the day, and at night the march was resumed. Thus they journeyed for several days into the Highlands, never allowing the unfortunate lady to speak, and taking the most rigid care to prevent any one from becoming aware of her situation. During this time she never had off her cloths: one day she slept in a barn, another in an open enclosure. Regard to decency in such a case was impossible. After a fortnight spent at a house on Lord Lovat's ground (probably in Stratherrick, Inverness-shire), the journey was renewed in the same style as before; only Mr Forster had retired from the party, and the lady found herself entirely in the hands of Frasers.

They now crossed a loch into Glengarry's land, where they lodged several nights in cow-houses, or in the open air, making progress all the time to the westward, where the country becomes extremely wild. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, the unfortunate lady was transferred to a small vessel which was in waiting for her. Bitterly did she weep, and pitifully implore compassion; but the Highlanders understood not her language, and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character. In the vessel she found that she was in the custody of one Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of one of the western islands named Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat; and here we have a curious indication of the spirit in which the Highlanders conducted such transactions. 'I told him,' says the lady, 'that I was stolen at Edinburgh, and brought there by force, and that it was contrary to the laws what they were doing. He answered that he would not keep me, or any other, against their will, *except Sir Alexander Macdonald were in the affair.*' While they lay in Lochourn, waiting for a wind, the brother and son of Macdonald of Scothouse came to see, but not to relieve her. Other persons visited the sloop, and among these one William Tolmy, a tenant of the chief of Macleod, and who had once been a merchant at Inverness. This was the first person she had seen who expressed any sympathy with her. He undertook to bear information of her retreat to her friend and 'man of business,' Mr Hope of Rankellor, in Edinburgh; but it does not appear that he fulfilled his promise.

Lady Grange remained in Macdonald's charge at Heskir nearly two years—during the first year without once seeing bread, and with no supply of clothing; obliged, in fact, to live in the same miserable way as the rest of the family; afterwards some little indulgence

was shown to her. This island was of desolate aspect, and had no inhabitant besides Macdonald and his wife: the wretchedness of such a situation for a lady who had been all her life accustomed to the refined society of a capital may of course be imagined. Macdonald would never allow her to write to any one; but he went to his landlord, Sir Alexander, to plead for the indulgence she required. On one of these occasions, Sir Alexander expressed his regret at having been concerned in such an affair, and wished he were quit of it. The wonder is, how Erskine should have induced all these men to interest themselves in the 'sequestration' of his wife. One thing is here remarkable: they were all of them friends of the Stuart family, as was Macleod of Macleod, into whose hands the lady subsequently fell. It therefore becomes probable that Erskine had at least convinced them that her seclusion from the world was necessary in some way for the preservation of political secrets important to them.

In June 1731 a sloop came to Heskir to take away the lady; it was commanded by a Macleod, and in it she was conveyed to the remotest spot of ground connected with the British islands; namely, the isle of St Kilda, the property of the chief of Macleod, and remarkable for the simple character of the poor peasantry who occupy it. There cannot, of course, be a doubt that those who had an interest in the seclusion of Lady Grange, regarded this as a more eligible place than Heskir, in as far as it was more out of the way, and promised better for her complete and permanent confinement. In some respects it was an advantageous change for the lady. The place was not uninhabited, as Heskir very nearly was; and her domestic accommodation was better. In St Kilda, she was placed in a house or cottage of two small apartments, tolerably well-furnished, with a girl to wait upon her, and provided with a sufficiency of good food and clothing. Of educated persons the island contained not one, except for a short time a Highland Presbyterian clergyman named Roderick Maclellan. There was hardly even a person capable of speaking or understanding the English language within reach. No books, no intelligence from the world in which she had once lived. Only once a-year did a steward come to collect the rent paid in kind by the poor people; and by him was the lady regularly furnished with a store of such articles foreign to the place as she needed; usually a stone of sugar, a pound of tea, six pecks of wheat, and an anker of spirits. Thus she had no lack of the common necessaries of life: she only wanted society and freedom. In this way she spent seven dreary years in St Kilda. How she contrived to pass her time, we have no means of knowing. We learn, however, some particulars of her history during this period from the testimony of those who had a charge over her. If this is to be believed, she made incessant efforts, though without effect, to bribe the islanders to assist in liberating her. Once a stray vessel sent a boat ashore for water; she no sooner heard of it, than she despatched the minister's wife to apprise the sailors of her situation, and intreat them to rescue her; but Mrs Maclellan did not reach the spot till after they had departed. She was kind to the peasantry, giving them from her own stores; and sometimes had the women to come and dance before her; but her temper and habits were not such as to gain their esteem. Often she drank too much, and whenever any one near her committed the slightest mistake, she would fly into a furious passion, and even resort to violence. Once she was detected in an attempt during the night to obtain a pistol from above the steward's bed in the room next to her own; on his awaking and seeing her, she ran off to her own bed. One is disposed, of course, to make all possible allowances for a person in her wretched circumstances; yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, that it was a natural and habitual violence of temper which displayed itself during her residence in St Kilda.

Meanwhile it was known in Edinburgh that Lady Grange had been forcibly carried away and placed in

seclusion by orders of her husband; but her whereabouts was a mystery to all besides a few who were concerned to keep it secret. During the years which had elapsed since her abduction, Mr Erskine had given up his seat on the bench, and entered into political life as a friend of the Prince of Wales, and opponent of Sir Robert Walpole. The world had wondered at the events of his domestic life, and several persons denounced the singular means he had adopted for obtaining domestic peace. But, in the main, he stood as well with society as he had ever done. At length, in the winter of 1740-1, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached her friends. It was brought by the minister Maclellan and his wife, who had left the island in discontent, after quarrelling with Macleod's steward. The idea of a lady by birth and education being immured for a series of years in an outlandish place, where only the most illiterate peasantry resided, and this by the command of a husband who could only complain of her irritable temper, struck forcibly upon public feeling, and particularly upon the mind of Lady Grange's legal agent, Mr Hope of Rankellor, who had all along felt a keen interest in her fate. Of Mr Hope it may be remarked that he was also a zealous Jacobite; yet, though all the persons engaged in the lady's abduction were of that party, he hesitated not to take active measures on the contrary side. He immediately applied to the Lord Justice Clerk (supreme criminal judge) for a warrant to search for and liberate Lady Grange. This application was opposed by the friends of Mr Erskine; and eventually it was defeated; yet he was not on that account deterred from hiring a vessel, and sending it with armed men to secure the freedom of the lady—a step which, as it was illegal and dangerous, obviously implied no small risk on his own part. This ship proceeded no farther than the harbour called the Horse-shoe in Lorn (now, we believe, the seat of the thriving *gaming* town of Oban), where the master quarrelled with and set on shore Mrs Maclellan, his wife. Apparently the voyage was not prosecuted, in consequence of intelligence being received that the lady had been removed to another place, where she was kept in more humane circumstances. If so, its object might be considered as in part at least, though indirectly, accomplished.

There lies before us a warrant, signed in the holograph of Normand Macleod—the same insular chief who, a few years after, lost public respect in consequence of his desertion of the Jacobite cause, and showing an active hostility to Prince Charles when in hiding. The document is dated at Duivegan, February 17, 1741, and proceeds upon a rumour which has reached the writer, that a certain gentlewoman, called Lady Grange, was carried to his isle of St Kilda in 1734, and has ever since been confined there under cruel circumstances. Regarding this as a scandal which he is bound to inquire into (as if it could have hitherto been a secret to him), he orders his brat-on-bath of Harrish, Donald Macleod of Bernera [this was a gallant fellow, who went out in the forty-five], to proceed to that island and make the necessary investigations. Before us also lies the original precognition taken by honest Donald, six days thereafter, when the various persons who had been about Lady Grange gave evidence respecting her. The general bearing of this testimony, besides establishing the fact of her confinement as a prisoner, is to the effect that she was treated well in all other respects, having a house forty feet long, with an inner room and a chimney to it, a curtained bed, arm-chair, table, and other articles; ample store of good provisions, including spirits; and plenty of good clothes; but that she was addicted to liquor, and liable to dreadful outbreaks of anger. Evidence was at the same time taken regarding the character of the Maclellans, upon whose reports Mr Hope had proceeded. It was Mr Erskine's interest to establish that they were worthless persons, and to this effect strong testimony was given by several of the islanders, though it would be difficult to say with what

degree of verity. The whole purpose of these precognitions was to meet the clamours raised by Mr Hope as to the barbarities to which Lady Grange had been subjected. They had the effect of stopping for a time the legal proceedings threatened by that gentleman; but he afterwards raised an action in the Court of Session for payment of the arrears of aliment or allowance due to the lady, amounting to L.1150, and obtained decret or judgment in the year 1743 against the defender in absence; though he did not choose to put it in force.

The unfortunate cause of all these proceedings ceased to be a trouble to any one in May 1745. Erskine, writing from Westminster, June 1, in answer to an intimation of her death, says, 'I most heartily thank you, my dear friend, for the timely notice you gave me of the death of that person. It would be a ridiculous untruth to pretend grief for it; but as it brings to my mind a train of various things for many years back, it gives me concern. Her retaining wit and facetiousness to the last surprises me. These qualities none found in her, no more than common sense or good nature, before she went to these parts; and of the reverse of all which, if she had not been irrecoverably possessed, in an extraordinary and insufferable degree, after many years' fruitless endeavours to reclaim her, she had never seen these parts. I long for the particulars of her death, which, you are pleased to tell me, I am to have by next post.'

Mr Hope's wife and daughters being left as heirs of Lady Grange, an action was raised in their name for the L.1150 formerly awarded, and for three years additional of her annuity; and for this compound sum decret was obtained, which was followed by steps for forcing payment. The Hopes were aware, however, of the dubious character of this claim, seeing that Mr Erskine, from whatever causes, had substituted an actual subsistence since 1752. They accordingly intimated that they aimed at no personal benefit from Lady Grange's bequest; and the affair terminated in Mr Erskine reimbursing Mr Hope for all the expenses he had incurred on behalf of the lady, including that for the sloop which he had hired to proceed to St Kilda for her rescue.

It is humbly thought that this story casts a curious and faithful light upon the age of our grandfathers, showing things in a kind of transition from the sanguinary violence of an earlier age to the humanity of the present times. Erskine, not to speak of his office of a judge in Scotland, moved in English society of the highest character. He must have been the friend of Lyttelton, Pope, Thomson, and other ornaments of Frederick's court; and, as the brother-in-law of the Countess of Mar, who was sister of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he would figure in the brilliant circle which surrounded that star of the age of the second George. Yet he does not appear to have ever felt a moment's compunction at leaving the mother of his children to pine and fret herself to death in a half-savage wilderness,

'Placed far amidst the melancholy main.'

for, in a paper which expresses his feelings on the subject pretty freely, he justifies the 'sequestration' as a step required by prudence and decency; and, in showing that the gross necessities of life were afforded to his wife, seems to have considered that his whole duty towards her was discharged. Such an insensibility could not be peculiar to one man: it indicates the temper of a class and of an age. While congratulating ourselves on the improved humanity of our own times, we may glance with satisfaction to the means which it places in our power for the proper treatment of patients like Mrs Erskine. Such a woman would now be regarded as the unfortunate victim of disease, and instead of being forcibly carried off under cloud of night by a band of Highlanders, and committed to confinement on the outskirts of the world, she would, with proper precautions, be remitted to an asylum, where,

by gentle and rational management, it might be hoped that she would be restored to mental health, or, at the worst, enabled to spend the remainder of her days in the utmost comfort which her state admitted of.

A WEEK IN SEVILLE.

SEVILLE, the capital of Andalusia, is generally considered to afford a better picture of the peculiar customs and mode of life of this celebrated and remarkable province, than any other town within its confines. It is quite true that, of late years, it has lost much of its national character, but still the habits and manners of this ancient City are much more free from foreign admixture than those of Cadiz or Malaga, which, being seaports, and possessing a considerable trade, have naturally great intercourse with foreign nations.

Seville, therefore, I have selected from amid the many towns visited by me in the course of my late peregrinations, as most fit to show what Spain, or at least Andalusia, is at the present moment. This place is the residence of many wealthy landowners or *proprietarios*, as well as of several ancient noble families of Spain; and though still possessing some foreign and domestic trade, may be rather looked on as an agricultural than as a commercial locality. Many Indian, Manilla, and American merchants, make this the spot where they retire with their families, after making their fortunes, to enjoy repose during the remnant of their days. Many, however, from the mere force of habit, continue even here their commercial enterprises on a moderate scale. These, with the landowners and ancient aristocracy, form the upper class of Sevillian society, the nobility being no longer a separate class. The next grade is that of the shopkeepers, between whom, however, and the artisans, there is scarcely a line of demarcation. The celebrated university produces a distinct class in the students, who number as many as two thousand, and give illustrations of almost every provincial character in Spain.

Seville is situated on the eastern bank of the Guadalquivir, at the distance of about sixty miles from the sea, towards the northern part of an immense plain, extending leagues on both sides of the river, during the whole of its course from Seville to St Luca, where it falls into the ocean. Towards the coast, this plain is generally a marshy swamp, though here and there extensive districts afford pasture for herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. As, however, we ascended the river, the land increased in fertility, and near Seville it presented smiling corn-fields, and the olive-groves which gladden the hearts and fill the pockets of the Sevillians. The approach to the city reminded us of New Orleans, the course of the river being tortuous in the extreme, so that we sailed many hours without advancing a mile nearer to the town. For some distance there was little worthy of notice, except grazing-cattle, passing-boats with their graceful lateen sails, or here and there some fishermen pursuing their silent avocations; but as we neared Seville, several white and light-looking little villages presented themselves to our view, picturesquely peeping from amid the orange groves, some at a distance, others planted on the very banks of the river.

Passing these, and when less than half a mile distant, Seville bursts upon the view. On the right bank, on a level with the eye, we beheld the Delicias, one of the boasts of Seville. And justly so, for these delightful walks, extending from abreast our vessel to the very entrance of the town, set an example which we should

gladly see universally followed, and more particularly in our own land. The banks of the river rise about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the water. They descend somewhat abruptly, but are nevertheless thickly planted with trees and shrubs of various species, amid which the weeping-willow is conspicuous. On the summit of the bank, close to the edge, are avenues of trees, whose grateful shade, aided by the passing breeze, serves to temper the sun's rays to the promenading belles of Seville. A delicious fragrance here fills the air—a fragrance so new to an Englishman, as to excite his wonder and admiration. Not all the perfumeries of Paris and London could equal this vast nosegay, which was here filling the air. Beyond the stately Delicias are several orange plantations, the trees in full bloom, and from these it was that the sweet and almost overpowering odour proceeded.

Shooting along, we caught sight of the Torre del Ovo, which rears its gigantic head near the landing-place. On the right bank of the river, at the end of the Delicias, is the marine college of St Elmo; while in the distance beyond rises the cathedral with its lofty tower. The borders of the river are lined with the country boats, and vessels from foreign parts, loading and unloading. One or two steamers, moored to wharfs, marked the progress of improvement. Beyond was the bridge of boats, connecting the city with a populous suburb on the other side of the river, called Triana, which has nothing in its appearance to attract much attention, except the now deserted convent of Los Remedios, with an extensive garden attached to it. In the distance, the view is bounded by a range of pleasant-looking hills, covered with corn-fields and olive-groves, with an occasional convent rising from amid the verdure, and giving interest and variety to the landscape. Entering the town, we found it so level, that no good view could be obtained of it except by ascending the hills beyond Triana, about a mile distant, whence we afterwards enjoyed a perfect panoramic display.

Seville is of rather an oval form, entirely surrounded by walls of Moorish construction. The circumference is rather more than 8000 Castilian yards; while it has thirteen gates and two posterns, the principal being the Puerta de Triana, Del Arenal, and De Xeres. The suburb called Triana is not walled, but is always considered as forming part of the city of Seville, which has nearly 600 streets, the population being from 120,000 to 150,000. The number of convents it formerly contained is almost incredible; but as many are now pulled down, others falling to decay, while some are converted into manufactories and barracks, it is difficult to form an idea of what the number originally was. The parish churches, and Ayudas de Parroquia, or chapels of ease, are about 80 or 90 in number.

The Sevillian streets have very curious names, many taking their appellation no doubt from some tale or tradition. In the course of our rambles we found ourselves in the street of the Witch's Oven—of the Iron Purse—of the Dead Moor—of the Lost Child—of the Little Fat Abbot. Many are named after the saints, and other matters connected with the Romish religion: we have thus five streets of the Rosary, eight of the Crosses, six of the Angels, four of the Bells, two of the Marvels, three of the Virgin, and three called after the Saviour. We found six that bore the name of Dirty, and many more that deserved the appellation; also, 'Thou Shalt Not Grind Street'—Street of the Pocket—Flea Street—Pig Street—Donkey Street—of the Fine Countenance—of the Man of Stone—of the Back Tooth; and many others which could not be named to ears polite. A lady who has long resided in Seville, favoured us with the following legend in connexion with the subject, which we give in her own words:—

'When the celebrated Don Pedro, known in Spanish

history as *the Cruel*, reigned in Seville, he was in the habit of walking by night through its dark, narrow, and crooked streets, in the common dress of the Spaniards of those times. The practice of making love at the iron-grated windows—a custom still extant—and the jealous character of the Spaniards, who always carried swords with them, gave rise to innumerable street brawls, in which Don Pedro used very often to play a conspicuous part. During one of these night adventures the noise made by two men, who were fighting in the streets, attracted the attention of an old woman, who, opening her window, and looking out, saw one of the men fall, and recognised as his murderer, by the peculiar cracking of his knees, the awful Don Pedro el Cruel. She started back, and in her fright let fall the lamp called *candil*, or *candilejo*, which, being picked up next day by the officers of justice, served to prove that she knew something about the crime that had been committed so near her door. She was taken before the judges, who, according to the barbarous practice of the times, ordered her to be tortured, until she should reveal everything she knew about the murder. Notwithstanding her sufferings, and though she told every other circumstance of the quarrel she knew, she obstinately refused to pronounce the name of the murderer.

The judges, enraged at this obstinacy, had ordered fresh tortures to be inflicted on the wretched old woman, when Don Pedro, who had been all the time present, wrapped up in a common cloak, made himself known, and ordered the woman to be released. He acknowledged himself the murderer, adding, that, as king, he was answerable for his actions to God alone. He made the woman a handsome present, and directed—perhaps as an expiation of his crime—that a stone bust of himself should be placed where it had been perpetrated. The existence of this rough monument, the name of the street near to it (*Calle del Candilejo*), the fact of the legend being mentioned by several historians, and the constant tradition that has been preserved amongst the people of Seville, seem to vouch for the truth of this singular story.

The streets are nearly all crooked, and exceedingly narrow, so much so in some places that a person could touch both walls with his elbows. The foot-pavements are very narrow, but good; the carriage-way is paved with stones of all sizes and shapes, with a gutter in the centre, generally in a very bad state. There are about fifty plazas or squares, all of an irregular form, and some so small as hardly to be worthy of the appellation.

Many of the principal houses have an imposing exterior, and display considerable architectural taste in the porticos and front elevation. Still more, however, is displayed in the patio, or open courtyard. The houses are built on the principle of a hollow square, for the purpose of exposing the apartments more readily to the air during the heat of summer. The principal parts are the ground-floor, which is occupied in summer, and the upper, which is occupied during the winter. The doors and some of the windows of these apartments open on the patio, which is paved with black and white marble, and adorned with vases containing choice shrubs and flowers. In the centre is a fountain, while at the side are marble columns, supporting arches, which form the basis of the gallery that runs round the upper storey, and forms the means of communication between the different apartments of that floor. The entrance is effected through the cancela, or iron gate, wrought in the lightest, most elegant, and imaginative patterns. The taste and variety displayed in the manufacture of such gates is highly creditable to the Sevillians. It is in this delightful part that the inhabitants spend the summer months, cooled by the freshness of the shade, the flowers, and the fountains: here they receive visitors, hold tertulias, and pass the whole of their time, the heat in the upper storey being so great, as to cause it to be entirely deserted. Between the cancela and the street

is the portal, or outer hall, left open during the day, but closed at night by a massive wooden door.

The rooms and outer walls are whitewashed, and the former generally are furnished with great simplicity; the brick floors are covered in winter with thick, and in summer with light mats. The whole glare of the walls is relieved by paintings or engravings; while the tables and chairs are of a very slight and cheap description. The sala or drawing-room, which is, however, little used, is generally furnished after the English or French fashion—substituting lime-wash for paper-hanging, and painted joists for stuccoed ceilings. In few houses are seen chimneys or fireplaces, the mode of warming their apartments and persons during the winter being by means of *brazers*, or large brass pans, full of hot charcoal, raised on a circular wooden frame, with a ledge whereon to place the feet. Stooping over and huddling round this unhealthy fire, and inhaling its noxious but invisible vapours, the Seville ladies pass the greater portion of the winter, complaining of colds, coughs, and headaches, without considering or suspecting that the insalubrious fumes of carbon is the cause of many of their complaints and indispositions. The great number of windows which are necessary for ventilation in warm weather render the houses very comfortable, and anything but desirable, in the cold.

The public walks are the old Alameda, which are very extensive; but, being situated in an unfashionable quarter, are now deserted. The Plaza del Daque, a small confined square in the middle of the city, surrounded by houses, has a fountain in its centre, out of which rises an obelisk, having on each side the representation of some nondescript animal, from whose mouth drops the water. A few unhappy-looking trees surround it, under whose shade are brick seats, covered with plaster. This is most frequented during the dog days—or rather nights, for no one then feels inclined to stir out in the sunshine. About ten at night people begin to throng this place, and the concourse is generally so great, that moving about is a matter of some difficulty. The stationary seats are not found sufficient, and moveable ones are hired for a halfpenny. Round the square are booths for the sale of cool water, and refreshments of all kinds. Orangeade, lemonade, orchata, vinegrada, &c. are the liquids most in demand. I have seldom been within the influence of a more picturesque scene than when walking here in summer, by the light of the moon or stars until perhaps two in the morning, when the crowds begin to disperse.

In addition to this, I visited the Salon de Cristina, a short distance outside the walls on the banks of the river, between the Torre del Ovo and the Delicias. This is really a noble walk, being a raised platform paved with stone, and entirely surrounded by a bench of marble, backed by low iron railings, and overhung by trees. It is about a furlong in length, and of considerable width, while the means of access to it is confined to steps at each end. The parterres below are filled with odoriferous shrubs and flowers, which fill the air with a delicious fragrance. These again are intersected by walks, furnished with seats, the more agreeable that the trees arch overhead, and entirely protect the walker from the sun's rays. The Salon de Cristina may be called the State Paseo, being most frequented on state occasions and field days. It is also customary in the spring of the year for the promenaders to take a few turns up and down in the dusk of the evening, on their return from the Delicias, which are situated beyond the college of St Elmo. They cover much ground, and are intersected by carriage-roads and avenues diverging from a common centre. The greater portion is a thick wood, through which shady walks have been cut, adorned by rows of orange trees, whose branches and blossoms are seen thickly interspersed with roses, the whole shedding a delicious perfume.

The shops are generally good, though all first-rate articles are very dear, being either of English, French, or German manufacture, introduced under a very high

duty, or smuggled. With few exceptions, the shopkeepers make a rule of asking a most exorbitant price for their commodities—a price they never expect to obtain. So much is this the custom, that the dealers have been known to return part of the money when the purchaser has incautiously paid the price asked. The following anecdote may serve as a caution to travellers:—Taking up a miserable unbound copy of an Italian translation of Virgil from a stall in the streets, my friend asked the man what he wanted for it. "Twenty-two francs," said he with the utmost gravity. My friend smiled, and walked away, when the man ran after him, and asked what he was willing to give for it. "Well, two francs, possibly." "La prende, la prende—(take it, take it)," said he. There are some shops that announce, in gold letters, that they sell at fixed prices; but they are not much patronised, as not affording the same amusement to the fair buyers. The goods are not often displayed in the windows, as the shops are mostly open towards the street. The front is divided into two parts by a marble column, and is shaded in summer by a curtain, and in winter shut in by glass doors. In temperate weather, however, these doors are thrown back, and the shop is open to the street.

Coffee-houses abound, two or three being neatly decorated, and well lighted, though in general the contrary is the case. In the evenings they are much frequented by men of all classes in society—dukes, marquises, merchants, students, farmers, smugglers, shopkeepers, shopmen—taking their coffee, lemonade, or punch, playing at dominoes, reading the papers, discussing politics, talking scandal, making bargains, telling stories; while others are seen silently smoking and waiting for their friends, or bargaining for lottery tickets. Now and then is heard a round of applause from the billiard-room, situated above, and much sought after by the Spaniard. The scene is further enlivened by the entrance of beggars, hawkers of lottery tickets, stray dogs, and pick-pockets. Here may be seen the elegant dress-coat, the glossy Paris hat, the Andalusian cloak and round hat, the many-coloured jacket of the country, and the beggar in his parti-coloured rags.

Tea is bad, and coffee excellent, while lemonade and orangeade are generally good and refreshing. One favourite beverage is made by mixing bottled beer and orangeade in a punch-bowl; while punch of various kinds are popular. The walls of the coffee-rooms are hung with a few inferior prints, and the floor is thickly covered in winter with sawdust. Even in the very best houses the furniture consists of painted deal tables, and rush or wooden-bottomed chairs. The attendance is good, and the prices moderate—about twopence-halfpenny for coffee, tea, lemonade, &c. Despite the great variety of characters frequenting these places, they are peaceable, disturbances and quarrels being seldom heard. It is a custom among the Sevillians to insist upon paying for the coffee of their acquaintances, or even strangers, at the same table; and many are the amicable disputes which thence ensue. On tendering the amount of articles consumed, a stranger will often find it has been paid for; by whom, he knows not, and perhaps never discovers.

There are two theatres, the principal of which produces operas and comedies alternately. It is a large house neatly decorated in the Arabesque style. The pit is divided into stalls, every seat being numbered. There are three tiers of boxes, each box being let for the season or night; but no public ones. The gallery is set apart for ladies, who may not feel disposed to go to the expense of a box, the pit being wholly appropriated to men. Admission is by ticket only; and if you purchase a number in the pit, the seat is reserved for you, and you keep it all the evening. The house is lighted by a chandelier of oil lamps, with tin reflectors. The performances are generally indifferent, and the scenery worse. Light pieces, interspersed with dancing, are the favourites. The other theatre is of an inferior order, and was formerly a convent!

Many other objects, chiefly of an architectural or antiquarian nature, came under our observation; but as these might be wanting in interest to the general reader, we here close the narrative of our brief acquaintance with life and manners in Seville.

PICKINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

x. It is a mistake, traceable perhaps to the unfortunate practices of a few literary men, to suppose that there is any necessary connexion between the exertions of high intellect and sensual indulgences. On the contrary, persons who cultivate their minds are, taken as a class, abstemious of gross pleasures. It is amongst the more flourishing inhabitants of our mercantile cities, amongst men whose whole thoughts are given to business, and with whom opening a book is a rare event, that the highest examples of table-loading and wine-topping are to be found. In companies of the intellectual and refined in other cities, a few dishes are seen to suffice, and hardly a bottle will be drunk amongst half-a-dozen persons. An eminent painter in London, who had a wife and a pleasant family growing up around him, was accustomed, some years ago, to hold what were called *conversazzions* at his house. No person, male or female, was invited, unless he or she had attained some degree of eminence in literature, science, or art. There were generally seventy persons present; and for a time all felt them to be most agreeable meetings. What was remarkable, very little was eaten or drunk on these occasions. The intercourse of mind with mind appeared to be sufficient. At length it began to be said that men ought to be allowed to bring their wives, and, in the few instances where married women of literary celebrity had been admitted, that these should be allowed to bring their husbands. By and by, the wives of the literati and artists pleaded for permission to bring with them female friends who happened to be staying with them. Thus a large infusion of commonplace mortals took place. The consequence was, that the meetings fell very much off in attractiveness, *while a large increase took place in the amount of eating and drinking*. So much was the latter the case, that the host found it necessary to give up the use of wine, and finally to abandon everything like supper. But this gave the finishing-blow to his parties; for the clever people having by this time thinned off, and the ordinary finding nothing substantial to make up for that want, there was no longer anything to meet for. In short, these *conversazziones*, which had at first been intellectual feasts of the most delightful kind, were at last given entirely up, after they had lasted, in one form or another, about six years.

Is there anything surprising in these facts? Is it not, on the contrary, a familiar truth, that we are diverted from one set of feelings by the claims and gratifications of another? I mention the case of the *conversazziones* as supporting those who advocate the education of the masses, upon the ground that every sheet read is the augury of a glass the less drunk.

xi. Ducrow was an eccentric, good-natured man. He used to give his people a fête at Blackwall every year. Mr —, a brother manager, accompanied him on one occasion, and the two sat at a window in the hotel, to see the party arrive in boats. 'Ducrow, do you find your fellows at all honest?' inquired the friend. 'Oh no; but no matter for that. Some years ago I used to remark as a queer thing about them, that they were all very civil at the commencement of the season, but towards its close, used to walk past me as stiff and

erect as grenadiers. I could not understand it, till, by and by, making a strict investigation, it turned out that every man, on going out of the theatre, had a plank of my wood up along his back under his clothes. 'There now, you see these fellows coming rowing up in their shirts? The shirts, I have no doubt, are all made out of my banners. [Banners are cotton sheets brought in, at such theatres as Ducrow's, to inform the audience, by certain inscribed legends, of circumstances necessary for them to know during the progress of the piece.] See now,' continued Ducrow—'see them raising their oars as they land, and "SHE DIES AT SUNRISE" under that fellow's arm!'

iii. 'Taken as a body, practising barristers have about the least share of general information, the most contracted acquirements in general science, the most uninformed and prejudiced views on all general questions that lie *dehors* the little circle of the legal business with which they are connected, or to which their attention has been directed, of all the liberal professions.' So said the Sun newspaper of the 30th July 1845. As far as my observation extends, I think the remark a just one. Medicine furnishes vast multitudes of men of science. Even the church furnishes a considerable number of members to our scientific bodies. But it is a marvel to find a lawyer given to philosophical pursuits. The tone of the barrister mind is—sharpness, liveliness: he is a master of persiflage, and that kind of bantering exaggerative wit which is so common in our day, much to the exclusion, I fear, of all manly earnestness and deep conviction: but rarely are any of nature's mysteries, or thought's farthest reaches, touched upon in the discourse of men of the bar. It seems that they may be literateurs—often they are—or antiquaries, but never philosophers.

iv. There are some natures of an oppoive and rebounding kind, which are the better of being a little trampled on. I will illustrate this by an anecdote or two of a person now living and carrying on business in London. Let us call him Peter Smith.

Peter was originally a joiner in a small way. When the furnishing of plans for the new houses of parliament was competed for, he was prompted, by an odd ambition, to try his fortune. The only result was an article in the Times, ridiculing his presumption, and dwelling with peculiar derision on the ostentatious manner in which he had paraded his humble calling, by way of exciting the greater admiration for his plans. Smith was deeply wounded, but not cast down. By way of overcoming the bitterness of his feelings, he forced himself to get the journal's diatribe by heart. There was something in the case which struck the fancy of William IV., then reigning, and soon after the article appeared, Peter received a visit from one of the royal equerries, commanding him to the palace. The kind-hearted monarch was so much pleased with Smith, that he gave him several commissions in his trade, and afterwards obtained for him some government employment. The foundation of a considerable business was thus laid.

The act, however, by which Peter most brightly illustrated the principle at the head of this note was as follows:—At the time when he was ambitious of distinction as an architectural designer, being twitted with not having seen any of the great buildings of the continent, he determined to travel for that purpose, though it must necessarily be under unusual difficulties, and at what was to him a great sacrifice of both time and

money. His greatest difficulty was with regard to a sickly child of his own, whom he feared to commit to any one during his absence. The resource adopted by this extraordinary man was, to build a little hand-drawn carriage for his son, with a seat at one end, and a place for baggage at the other; and he actually drew his son in this fashion over a great part of Europe, while inspecting the various buildings which he wished to see for the improvement of his taste.

Little do we think, as we gaze idly along a line of common tradesmen's signs in a London street, what heroes may be some of these Smiths and Thomsons.

v. The objection to improvements which extinguish certain kinds of employment, or interfere with 'vested interests,' is certainly carried to the extreme of its absurdity by those who have opposed the draining of the Haarlem lake, on the ground that it would take a present livelihood from a few hundred fishermen.

vi. There is no judging a man from the doctrines or opinions on abstract questions which he will be found entertaining. Some of the advocates of the more selfish theories have been practically the most benevolent men. Mr Malthus, I believe, was an instance. May it not be, that the self-assurance of the heart's kindness towards all is what allows these men to embrace the theories? If so, the converse may also be true, and selfish men may often be the loud and boisterous patrons of benevolent theories, merely to give themselves a little comfort under the unconfessed pain arising from their continual adoration of self.

vii. England is every now and then assailed by demonstrations of a pugnacious spirit on the part of France and America. Her ambitious and haughty character is inveighed against as intolerable: their sufferings from her can only be redressed by war! It is, nevertheless, an absolute fact, that England is neither ambitious nor haughty in anything like the sense in which these terms are used by France and America. As was lately acknowledged by an unusually candid continental paper (the Augsburg Gazette), 'the English, whatever people may say, trouble themselves little about acquisitions of dominion—such acquisitions are rather made *in spite of their policy, than in consequence of it.*' This is most perfectly true. An Englishman learns at breakfast, from his newspaper, that Scinde has been added to his country, and in an hour thereafter, in his counting-room, he has forgot the circumstance. I will defy any foreigner to detect, in any department of British society, a thirst of territory or a love of military conquest: the sentiments are positively unknown. The greatness of England is in her vast material wealth—the result of an industry unparalleled, of the ingenuity which aids that industry, and the comparatively (alas, only comparatively!) liberal spirit in which it has been administered towards mankind. Then, again, England is not haughty to any other nation. The people at large feel no such sentiment, whatever a foolish minister may occasionally, and for a brief space, be allowed to say or do. Indeed the remarkable thing about England with regard to other countries is, that she never thinks about them at all. One or two of them will be fuming about her arrogance, when the simple truth is, that they have never once, one way or another, crossed her thoughts.

May not an explanation of these charges against England be found in the feelings of their authors?

We shall say that the conspicuous family of a little district is one possessing great wealth and influence, partly from inheritance, partly from the talents and successful public services of its living members. It is a case of exaltation through natural causes, and therefore, as far as our present social system is concerned, legitimate. Now, this family may be amiable and beneficent as it is possible to be; it may bear all its faculties meekly, and be really humble-minded, as far as a large share of the world's gifts will allow. These characteristics may be fully known and appreciated by those

admitted to its society, as well as by the poor of its neighbourhood. And yet we know very well that neither family, aspiring to the same level, but not yet near it, will be heard describing this old family as insufferably ambitious and proud; the bad spirit being not in the party accused, but in the accuser—in short, a case of simple jealousy, the oldest of human sins. Hundreds of times will we thus hear persons spoken of as setting themselves high, when we know them to be perfectly unassuming, and that the accusation is solely the effect of their position operating upon an invidious spirit in their detractors.

This is verily the case of England among such of the French and Americans as accuse her—for it would of course be absurd to say that the entire nations act in so silly a manner. And is it not deplorable, that a country of realised greatness like France, or one of promised greatness like America, should be degraded by any portion of their people betraying such paltry feelings with regard to their unoffending neighbour? If these countries are in want of an increase of dignity, will the exhibition of one of the meanest feelings of our nature help them to it? If they wish for additions to their material wealth, will the diversion of their industrious citizens into the idle and expensive fopperies of soldiering, and the exposure of their merchandise, and even perhaps their seaports, to destruction, conduce to that end? Will they be likely the sooner to attain the same level with Britain, that they provoke her to strike them for her own defence? How unutterably foolish! How unworthy of the real character which either country possesses!

RUSSIA UNDER NICHOLAS THE FIRST.*

SKETCH is the title of one of the most remarkable sketches of Russia, her people and her government, with which the English public has ever been presented. In 1841, Mr Ivan Golovine, a gentleman of ancient family, quitted St Petersburg with a view of bettering his health by travel in southern Europe. The imperial will has decreed that no nobleman shall be absent from his country longer than five years; and, secure under this permission, Mr Golovine was enjoying himself in Paris, acquiring a knowledge of the people, and devoting his leisure hours to the completion of a work on political economy. Scarcely had copies of his work reached his native city, when he received orders, through the Russian charge d'affaires, instantly to repair to St Petersburg. Neither sickness nor other excuse could be listened to; and in case of disobedience, he was to be proceeded against as a rebel to the imperial will. Mr Golovine urged, in reply, that he had been absent little more than a year; pled the state of his health, and produced the necessary medical certificates. All this was of no avail; the order of return was merely reiterated; and finally, failing to comply therewith, he had pronounced against him the penalty of banishment to Siberia, the privation of all his civil rights, and the confiscation of his property. The same, however, would have been his certain fate had he returned to Russia. His 'Political Economy' had evidently been too liberal for his native atmosphere; hence his recall, and hence the anxiety of the autocrat to punish the audacity of a youth who had ventured to say such things as might disgust the ear of kings.

Since his residence in Paris, Mr Golovine has drawn up the sketch alluded to—a sketch by no means flattering to our imperial ally, and which we may naturally expect to be tainted with the bitterness of an ill-used and expatriated man. But no: 'If I have spoken ill

* Russia under the Autocrat, Nicholas the First. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. London: Colburn. 1846.

of Russia, it arises solely from the affection which I bear her. We look with comparative indifference upon those faults in a stranger which offend us in our own brethren; and we are more rigid towards those we love, than those in whom we take but little interest. Independently of this, I regard Russia as an abstract idea—great and beautiful, which I delight to elevate in my dreams of futurity.' This is just and honourable; and with such views, our author in exile will be of more use to his country than if he had dwelt in the heart of her capital. There, every original and liberal thought would have been suppressed by an iniquitous censorship; here, he may write as he thinks, and the closest cordon of custom-houses will not prevent these thoughts from reaching his own party at home. Passing over much that he has written respecting the self-will and cruelty of the emperor, the venality of the police, the sycophancy of the courtiers and judges; the anomalous state of the law, and the nature of the public service, which may be said to absorb the life and soul of the nation, we shall now advert to the portraiture which he presents of the character and habits of the people.

Mr Golovine admits that there is not a more complex, more embarrassing, and more ungrateful task, than that of drawing the character of any people. More especially is this the case with a nation like Russia, which is compounded of so many races, and where the social state is eminently one of transition. Nevertheless, there are several broad features peculiar to the Russian nation, and these he describes with no 'bated breath or whispering humbleness.' Admitting that the Russ is naturally good and mild, more so than other nations, and that he still retains something of his primitive barbarism, as he has already borrowed some of the defects of modern civilisation, our author declares his countrymen to be the most arrant and adept cheats in creation. 'Not finding a worthy and sufficient occupation for his mind, the Russian turns his attention to fraud, which he considers as an easy means of rising in the world. This is an effect of the want of civilisation, and the fruit of slavery. Not feeling his strength, or not daring to make use of it, he has recourse, in most instances, to craft. This is also a proof of his misery; not knowing any remedy for his sufferings, and unable to escape the evils which overwhelm him, he is more liable than another to fall into fatal derelictions; such as cheating, drunkenness, and general debauchery. Cheating, indeed, is carried to such excess in Russia, that one might be tempted to say it is in the air or in the blood. Russian commerce and manufactures are, unquestionably, the most dishonest in the world. China and England have had equal reason to complain of it. The Chinese, who are too suspicious to receive, without examination, the rolls of Russian cloth, find pieces of wood inside; the English receive grease instead of tallow. Their government has in vain repeatedly protested against these abuses, and the emperor has in vain issued decrees to suppress them. A Frenchman, who was appointed by the government to unmask all this fraud, was well-nigh killed by the manufacturers; and the officers have evidently not been proof against the seductions which he resisted, for his denunciations have had no effect. The petty shopkeepers live only by plunder; you purchase an article in a shop, and take a different one home with you: you must be always on your guard. All servants are notorious thieves, especially the cooks and coachmen. It may be pretty much the same everywhere, yet it is never carried to such excess as in Russia. There the officers, even of the public administrations, seize eagerly with both hands; they do not wait till you give them something, but they beg and bargain with you—accept large presents, and do not disdain the most trifling.' With all this overreaching and cheating, the Russian is represented as pious, hospitable, and generous—qualities which are common to primitive nations, and which civilisation unfortunately tends to weaken. His piety, however, is closely allied to superstition, and consists almost entirely in the scrupulous observance of

religious forms. 'I have seen,' says Mr Golovine, 'a thief pick the pocket of a passenger with one hand, and with the other make the sign of the cross at the sound of the vesper bell.'

Another vice exceedingly common in Russia is that of drunkenness. 'This may be traced to various causes: such as poverty, despair arising from the precarious state of things, the want of security for property, the uncertainty of the future, and, above all, the lack of education. Time and the government may do much to remedy these evils: the first by enlightening the masses, and the second by seeking more honourable sources of revenue than the distilleries, of which it retains the monopoly, by making itself the first tavern-keeper in the country.' Allied to this propensity is the Russian's nonchalance and carelessness, which are perfectly Asiatic. He has naturally great strength, both of body and mind; can readily endure fatigue and privation; and might soon rise superior to most nations, if his moral were equal to his physical abilities; but he works by fits and starts, and his idleness is one of the chief obstacles to the development of the powers of his country. Though idle, he is ambitious—a condition forced upon him by the political organisation of the empire; but as the nature of the government at the same time paralyzes his zeal, and represses the exercise of his capacity, 'there is no country where there are so many instances of persons who have failed in their career, or been disappointed in their ambitious projects, or where discontent, unable to find vent in legitimate and open opposition, terminates in melancholy apathy or inevitable ruin.'

As every hope and ambition of rising in the public service must necessarily centre in the emperor, whose nod can make or unmake fortune—a great body of the population must be ever fawning, flattering, and cringing, if not directly to the czar himself, at least indirectly through his courtiers. 'Next to the king of heaven,' says Mr Golovine, 'the czar is the object of the adoration of the Russian. He is, in his estimation, the representative and the elect of God, as he is the head of his church, the source of all the beatitudes, and the first cause of all fear. His hand distributes as bounteously as his arm strikes heavily. Love, fear, and humble respect, are blended in this deification of the monarch, which most frequently serves only to mask the cupidity of some and the pusillanimity of others. The czar is the centre of all the rays—the focus to which every eye is directed: he is the *red sun* of the Russians, for they thus designate him; while they call the vestibule of the Kremlin, where the ancient czars showed themselves to the people, the Red Vestibule—*Krasnoï Krlytzo*. In public, every eye is directed towards the emperor; in the drawing-room, the conversation turns solely upon him and his family; even in private, men's thoughts are chiefly engaged about him. All that he does is well done, and worthy of imitation; everybody walks in the promenades at the time that he walks; everybody loves dancing, because he is fond of it; and there is no person who does not admire the military service, because the emperor is a zealous advocate for it. The czar is the father of the whole nation, and no one has any relation who can be named in the same day with the emperor. When his interest speaks, every other voice is hushed.'

The relations of the conspirators of 1825 were dancing while those unfortunate men were made to pass through the city; and it is difficult to say whether the mother, who accepted 300 rubles as a reward for having given up her son, who was a deserter, or the emperor, who gave them to her, acted the most like a Spartan. There is abundance of liberalism with closed doors; but stones are thrown at him who revolts, and a liberal who is compromised is shunned like a leper. Those men who at different times have sacrificed themselves for the public good, have reaped more indifference and hatred than sympathy. Instances are not wanting of relatives who have abandoned their sons and brothers in Siberia without an attempt to save them, and

then enjoyed the property to which they had become the heirs by their condemnation; nay, and who afterwards were reluctant even to carry on a correspondence with them; and whose unfeeling conduct has been the severest part of the fate of these poor sufferers.' Again—'Nobody in Russia dares to differ in opinion from the emperor, even on the most trifling subject; on a question of art or of literature. When he has once given his opinion, nothing remains but to accede to it, or to remain silent. I one day asked a journalist if he would give a review of the History of M. Buturlin, adjutant-general to the emperor? He answered with much simplicity, "I have not got two heads upon my shoulders."'

This is a gloomy and distressing picture, streaked, however, with the hope that matters will some day or other be righted, though that day in Russia seems yet far distant. 'The great majority of Russian liberals are merely malcontents; and thanks to the fatal conviction, that an absolute government is the only government which is at present adapted to their country, enlightened men contrive to live at peace with their conscience. They will not understand, that even if it were so, it is the sacred duty of an honest man to contribute, to the utmost of his power, to the spread of civilisation, and to hasten the order of things from which it necessarily flows; for if a free government be an effect of civilisation, it is likewise a cause of it, and I believe that we might as well begin with the one as with the other. Russia is a land of serfs and men in office; the virtues which accompany or flow from liberty are unknown here. It is the government which makes the Russian what he is, and which ought to bear the responsibility of all his defects. It is to the government, much more than to the character of the Russians, that we must attribute the hatred which is felt towards them as a nation; and this hatred is so strong, so general in foreign parts, that I have met with some of my fellow-countrymen who did not dare to confess to what nation they belonged.'

Though thus politically degraded, the Russians are by no means a dull and stupid people. Manual skill is a talent peculiar to them, and the meanest serf possesses the faculty of imitation in an eminent degree. Imitation is no doubt a very subordinate faculty compared with that of invention; but the character of the government is repressive of originality; and not till scope and encouragement is afforded, need we expect the development of the higher powers which the Russian intellect may possess. 'In point of intelligence, as well as in the general traits of character, the Russian holds the middle place between the Frenchman and the German: he has, at times, the profoundness of the one and the brilliancy of the other. He is less phlegmatic than the German, and less sparkling than the Frenchman; more practical than the former, less inconsistent than the latter; and less a slave to routine than either. Russian, or rather Slavonian intellect, unites in itself both these elements, and conciliates the two characters. I am not one of those who think that he has the vocation to regenerate the world, for I do not believe the world is disorganising and approaching its destruction; but I am of opinion that he is destined to reconcile the French and German intellects, to complete the one by the other, to blend and combine both, and in time, perhaps, to extend the sphere of their action.'

Thus much for their mental characteristics, now for a glimpse at the kind of life they enjoy. 'The Russian is very sedentary, for the climate compels him to be so, and his manners are in consequence as indolent as those of the Oriental. He prefers lying down to standing, and riding in a carriage to walking on foot. Idleness is a general defect of the nation. An equipage is an article of the first necessity; fashion prescribes it as a law; and the great distances to be traversed in the towns, render it almost indispensable; while the cheapness of horses and of forage, and the facilities which the nobles have of taking their coachmen from among their serfs, make it

very inexpensive to keep a carriage. Accordingly, there is no gentleman, however small his fortune, who does not sport a carriage; and no wretch, however poor, who cannot boast of a vehicle. The number of carriages on the public roads is therefore positively countless; but for that very reason, they are seldom worth looking at. 'The horses are scarcely ever well-matched; and certainly the Russian coach-makers cannot yet rival their foreign neighbours.'

In domestic comforts the Russians are rather deficient: cleanliness is not one of their special virtues; carpets and chimneys are luxuries which are not yet general; and the overwhelming number of ill-fed, ill-clad domestics, contributes to the filth and confusion, rather than to the good order, of an establishment. Generally speaking, the people live well; but their cookery is of the most indigestible nature. Soups, gruel, and cakes, are the staple dishes; and the meals are numerous and sumptuous. Tea is a favourite beverage, and many people drink it all day long. Smoking is universal; and some young gentlemen carry the mania so far as to have special valets for filling and lighting their pipes. The consumption of champagne is immense. 'It is said that more champagne is drunk in Russia than in France; and the Russian infant learns the name of cliquot at the same time as the words father and mother.' Though vapour-baths are almost universal, the use of linen, according to our author, is not so general as could be desired, and even when used, it is for the most part changed as a hebdomalal luxury.

The Russians are rather sparing in their amusements, if we except the numerous holidays imposed by the national church. Cards are the usual resource of an evening party; dancing and conversation are held in subordinate favour. The manly sports of hunting and fishing are little practised, considering the ample resources of the country; and thus the life of the Russian landowner is one of monotony and inspidity. In winter, country life is quite insupportable; and everybody in tolerable circumstances 'goes up' to Moscow, or at least to the capital of his province, where he has the resource of clubs, of some balls given by the nobility, and of gambling. The artificial ice-mountains afford a never-ending diversion in the depth of winter, and when ice is not procurable, they are made of wood.

According to our author, 'the life of the merchant is very different from that of the nobleman. He plays at draughts instead of cards, rides in a car instead of a chariot, and has the liberty to wear a long beard—an ornament which no nobleman is permitted to indulge in. He is faithful to the Russian cookery, drinks his champagne, and sips his tea in the saucer instead of the cup. He employs his superfluous wealth in ornamenting the images of his patron saint, and in adorning his wife—the whole in the worst taste imaginable. His children have nothing more at heart than to throw aside the national costume, and to dress like *petits maitres*.' Of the life of the peasant Mr Golovine gives a more cheerful picture than we would have expected; but it must be remembered that it is a happiness that knows no better condition than that of serfdom—the privilege to eat of the bread of another whose will he must obey.

Poor and uncivilised as we are apt to regard Russia, her people are most extravagant and reckless in their habits—literally letting the morrow care for itself. Economy is a thing unknown among the higher classes; 'it is even considered fashionable, and a mark of good-breeding, to get into debt, and to send the creditors about their business if they venture to apply for their due. The public service creates a kind of right in this respect, by securing the military and civil officers against certain legal annoyances; and, accordingly, there is no country in the world where it is more difficult to get paid, and where credit is less extended.'

Such is a brief outline of Russian character by one who is evidently too much of a patriot to misrepresent his country. His portrayal of the government and public institutions is equally vivid and instructive; but

our limits forbid further extract. We cannot close, however, without expressing a hope that Mr Golovine will continue the same course of delineation and exposure. The first step to remedy abuse, is to expose it: in his own words—'Men are much more easily corrected of their faults when they have been obliged to blush for them, than when they have only had to suffer for them. Publicity is the salvation of the world, and would be that of Russia, if it were suffered to penetrate there.'

FIFTEEN YEARS OF DIFFERENCE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

In a tastefully-fitted-up drawing-room, from the half-open windows of which could be seen the dim alleys of a park full of magnificent shades, two ladies were occupied in those delicate labours which, while they appear to employ only the fingers, serve also to abstract the mind agreeably from surrounding objects, and even afford an easier flow to the thoughts. One of these ladies, whether by chance or on purpose, was seated before a mirror, and she could not raise her eyes from her work without there perceiving her reflection, adorned with all the lustre of a beauty of seventeen, worthy to serve as a model to sculptors and painters. Glossy black hair, in which art so well seconded nature, that it was difficult to say to which of them she was most indebted for its elegance, relieved the whiteness of her neck and face; and I would add, if I were permitted to use that antiquated expression, that the freshest rose alone could be compared to the colour of her cheeks and lips. A person formed in the most graceful proportions supported that charming head, and whatever youth could borrow from the art of the toilet, had been employed to increase still more such enchanting loveliness. Half hid by the rich drapery of the casement near which she had placed herself, to obtain a more favourable light, the other lady was working, without any distraction of thought: a certain degree of gravity was visible in her manner of dressing, in her carriage, and even in her face. Her eyes were fine, but calm in their expression; her smile was affable, but momentary; the brilliant colours of youth were no longer seen on her cheeks, which were now become less round, so as to leave only an undecided shade, augmented occasionally by a quick and transient emotion, a good deal resembling the meteors with which the clouds are streaked in the stormy nights of summer. Gauze and ribbons, with which youth delights to decorate itself, were not in her case mere ornaments: she made use of them to conceal tastefully the effects each succeeding year had gradually made upon her; and her ingenious head-dress was so arranged as to hide at the same time a few silvery hairs which had dared to mix themselves prematurely with her long and fair tresses.

'What detestable silk!' said the younger of the two, throwing down her work upon an ottoman; 'I shan't do another stitch to-day.' So saying she rose, and approaching the mirror, amused herself in arranging the curls of her hair.

'You have no patience, Léopoldine,' replied the other lady, turning to her with a kind look; 'that is just the way to succeed in nothing. One must have patience as much to conduct herself properly in the world as to finish a purse.'

'I know it, for the matter of that,' said her sister smiling; 'do you forget that a certain person has undertaken to teach it me? Ten purses, like the one I am embroidering, would not tire me so much as M. de Berville's silence. Can you imagine what is keeping him?' added she, while going to seat herself beside her sister—'for, in short, he loves me, that is certain; and he has now nothing more to do than confess it to my Aunt Dorothea.'

'That is very like presumption,' returned the elder lady, 'and you are not right in saying so; but what does it matter to you what he thinks? I trust your happiness does not depend upon him?'

'My happiness? Certainly not; but still, Stéphanie, he is a suitable match; and if he would only explain himself—'

'It would then be time to think of it. Until that event, Léopoldine, I would advise you to see in M. de Berville only an esteemed friend of our family—an amiable man, whose society does us honour. A young girl should never be anxious to deliver up her heart, especially to one who does not ask her for it.'

'Oh, do not be alarmed; I intend taking good care of mine: the lot of a heroine of romance tempts me but little; but for all that, I should be unwilling to become an old maid.'

At these words, which Léopoldine had thoughtlessly spoken, Stéphanie's face flushed suddenly, and for an instant it shone with as much radiance as that of her younger sister.

'There is even a worse condition than that,' she replied with a slight emotion; 'it is to contract an ill-assorted union.'

'Indeed, my dear sister, I did not mean to offend you,' replied the young lady in an embarrassed manner; 'but the world is so strange—you know it yourself; besides, I do not understand why you have remained single?'

'Suppose nobody asked me in marriage?' said Stéphanie smiling.

'What! really? Is it possible?'

'Indeed it is. However, I believe that circumstance is rare enough, and I grant that I have found many opportunities of getting married, but never in a suitable manner.'

'You were perhaps difficult to please?'

'I do not think so; but when very young, about your own age, I was courted by a man to whom fortune alone was wanting, or at least the means of maintaining a position in society. Our parents, not being then in possession of the rich inheritance they have acquired since your birth, refused him my hand, from a motive which I appreciated afterwards, but which at the time almost broke my heart. From this opposition to my inclination, a total indifference to marriage took possession of my youthful feelings. I only looked for a husband after my own heart; and not finding one, I was resigned to becoming an old maid, thinking it easier to bear the unjust remarks of meddling persons, than to endure a heavy and burdensome yoke even to the grave.'

'Do you not feel regret sometimes?'

'No, Léopoldine, that condition which frightens you has its advantages like other positions in life. I adopted a certain course relative to the wound my self-esteem had suffered, and called into my assistance literature and the fine arts, which it is so difficult for married women to cultivate, without interfering with their duties; and when, after the death of our parents, I found myself left in charge of your youth, conjointly with our worthy aunt, my liberty became dearer to me, for, had I been a wife and a mother, I could not have devoted myself to you as I have done. Was I not right in remaining single?'

'To tell the truth, Stéphanie, I would rather be unmarried than not married at all.'

'Your persistency, my child, gives me pain,' replied the elder sister; 'and I should willingly think that you speak thus from want of reflection.'

While she was yet speaking, a lady, advanced in years, aunt to the two sisters, entered the room where they were sitting with a parasol, which she used like a staff, in her hand. She sat down on a large sofa of blue velvet, and rested her feet upon a stool covered with similar stuff, which Léopoldine put before her, and looking complacently on her nieces, she said—'They tell me that M. de Berville is at the end of the avenue; for which of your sakes does he honour us so frequently with his visits? For my part, I do not understand the matter; and the more I see of him, the less I can fathom his intentions.'

'You jest surely, aunt?' said Stéphanie; 'there can be no doubt about his choice: it is like hesitating between a mother and her daughter.'

'Notwithstanding that, he does not explain himself,' said the aunt; 'and it is useless for you to call yourself old, my dear niece, since I see in you a very young person as compared with myself.'

'You forget, aunt,' replied Léopoldine quickly, 'that M. de Berville is, at most, of the same age as my sister. If merit alone were what he looked for, I should have cause to dread in her a dangerous rival; but that amiable person is without any pretensions whatever: she knows that youthfulness, although perhaps trifling, has a powerful advantage over—'

'My dear, do not trust too much to that youthfulness, nor even to the beauty which accompanies it. I have seen strange things in my time; and a man capable of holding himself neutral so long, is not of a disposition to be captivated by a ribbon, or a bouquet of flowers prettily arranged.'

An incredulous smile played on the lips of Léopoldine, who was about to say something in reply in accordance with this smile, when M. de Berville was announced. Although already of an age somewhat too mature for a very young person, his dignified and elegant manners, his handsome figure, his cultivated mind, his reputation as a man of honour, and the state of his fortune, conspired to make him a match that no young lady would have thought unworthy of her; and we have already seen how favourably-disposed towards him Léopoldine's opinion was. Stéphanie thought of him exactly as her sister did; perhaps, from being in a better situation for appreciating the estimable character of M. de Berville, she did him even more justice; but still she only received him as a mother would do, who reckons on meeting the protector of her daughter, and endeavours, by innocent means, to make her secretly-conceived plans of happiness successful. The old aunt, proud of her skill in such matters, was meanwhile observing the actors of this scene, eager to penetrate, without their remarking it, into their inmost thoughts. As for Léopoldine, the veil of modesty under which she was covered could scarcely conceal the joy a coquette feels at the triumph of her charms. However, her joy and triumph received some check, for she did not appear, during M. de Berville's visit, to occupy exclusively his attention, as she expected. The conversation took a serious and instructive turn, very much opposed to the light-hearted taste of the younger lady. They spoke of science, of art, and of literature; and we know that Stéphanie made a pleasant relaxation of these, and that she took an interest in them, not for the purpose of shining, but to charm away her leisure moments. Such a conversation, therefore, was well calculated to show off her mind and her accomplishments to advantage; and she was led into it with a very natural feeling of pleasure; while Madame Dorothea saw that M. de Berville took even more delight in it than her niece.

Proud of her youth and beauty, Léopoldine had disdained to be instructed, neglecting, like a spoiled child, the lessons of her masters and the suggestions of her sister. Music and dancing were the only arts she could be prevailed on to study, because they were necessary to make her figure in the world. Incapable of mixing in the interesting conversation which was sustained, weariness took hold of her agreeable person, and ill-humour of her mind, and, in spite of all her efforts, ill-concealed yawns threatened every moment to betray her. M. de Berville, quite absorbed in the pleasure that he felt, did not observe them; but Stéphanie, guessing the cause of her sister's uneasiness, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of music, and begged Léopoldine to be seated at her piano. She knew that her sister's voice was much admired by M. de Berville, and thought by this means his attention might be brought back to her; but the old aunt believed she could observe that he needed all his politeness to hide the annoyance which this interruption

caused him; and Stéphanie herself thought the compliments he addressed to the fair singer were extremely cold.

Botany is a science perfectly suited to ladies residing in the country, inasmuch as it is a source of ingenious discoveries, and of pure and quiet enjoyment; and under the shade of trees, upon the green grass, on the brink of waters, or on the surface of the fertile soil, are its delightful lessons inscribed. M. de Berville was fond of this study, and he wished to teach it to the two sisters; who accepted his offer—the one from taste, and the other through coquetry; for in this proposal Léopoldine saw only an opportunity of displaying her grace and agility in running here and there over the grass to collect the necessary flowers. She imposed one condition, however, upon the arrangement; namely, that they should only go out in the morning and evening, so as not to expose her complexion to the heat of the sun. Stéphanie approved of this precaution; for the care that a woman employs to preserve her advantages has nothing blameable in it, and she was the first to show her sister the example; but, nevertheless, more than once did her desire to possess a rare or curious flower overcome her fear of being a little sunburnt; whereas Léopoldine, entirely the slave of her beauty, enjoyed no pleasure without restraint. One particular instance will serve to show to what extent she was capable of sacrificing everything to her foolish vanity.

A burning heat was consuming the face of nature; the drooping plants were bent towards the earth; the birds were silent in the depths of the woods; and the grasshopper alone, with his chirrup, was heard to break the silence of creation. The reaper, bathed in sweat, slept at full length on his sheaf; the traveller, too, was waiting in sweet repose on the banks of a shady stream for the time when the descending sun would permit him to continue his journey.

In an apartment where twilight was scarcely admitted, round a table covered with plants, Stéphanie and Léopoldine were listening to M. de Berville, who was explaining to them the ingenious system of Linnæus, and the simpler one of Tournefort, when a letter was brought in to Madame Dorothea, who was employed in reading a newspaper.

'Here is sad news,' said she to her nieces; 'our excellent neighbour Madame Revel has had a terrible fall, and it is feared she has broken her leg.'

'Good gracious, how accidents do happen!' exclaimed Léopoldine. 'Yesterday, too, she was so well. But we shall go and see her to-morrow; shall we not, Stéphanie?'

'This very day, Léopoldine. You know she never deferred for a moment the consolation which depended on her presence.'

'Very well; to-night, then, after sunset.'

'No, no, let us go immediately; we will spend the rest of the day with her; and M. de Berville will excuse our absence?'

'Impossible!' said Léopoldine; 'go out in the present intolerable heat? We should certainly get a *coup-de-soleil*, which would darken our skin all the summer.'

'Under the shelter of a veil or a parasol?'

'I should not think myself safe at the bottom of a well; and nothing in the world would make me venture out of the house before nightfall.'

'You forget, Léopoldine, with what courage Madame Revel set out, alone and on foot, in the middle of a December night, in spite of the cold and snow, to come and tend you in the measles, because she heard that you cried earnestly for her.'

'I had rather expose myself to the north wind itself than to the rays of the sun.'

'Indeed, Léopoldine,' said her sister, 'heat would no more have prevented her than cold.'

'Nothing is so frightful as a sunburnt complexion.'

'If I were to become like an African, I should not leave our friend without consolation at such a time. I am going with the waiting-maid to visit her, and you

will be sorry afterwards if you do not follow my example.'

'Allow me to accompany you, Mademoiselle Stéphanie,' said M. de Berville to her, at the same time taking up his hat.

'In truth,' said Stéphanie, 'I know not if I ought to consent to your proposal; an hour's walk in this heat—'

'I am not more afraid than you are of the effects of the sun,' he interrupted; 'and perhaps the assistance of my arm might not be without service to you.'

Léopoldine permitted them to depart, notwithstanding that her conscience reproached her for it. She remained, sad and humiliated, thinking that M. de Berville ought to have joined her in keeping back her sister, whom she secretly accused, for the first time, of doing a good deed at her expense. Very soon, too, Madame Dorothea added to her discontent, by making observations which the young lady was far from expecting.

'You need count no longer on M. de Berville,' said she; 'for certainly the more I watch him, the more convinced I am he never thinks of marrying you.'

'With all the respect which I owe to your sagacity, aunt,' replied Léopoldine in a displeased tone, 'allow me to differ from your opinion. The assiduous attentions of M. de Berville must have some object in view, and that object cannot be doubtful. If he does not show any anxiety to make it known, it is because, as my sister says, he is studying me. I have, I think, no ground for alarm.'

'And what if he were thinking of your sister all the time?'

'She is well worth the trouble, I am sure,' exclaimed the young girl, bursting into a laugh; 'a woman of two-and-thirty, with gray hair and wrinkles—for she has some round her eyes, as I have distinctly seen; one, in short, who might pass for my mother—what an idea! But I see what has made you conceive it for a moment: it is this mid-day promenade—a simple act of politeness, which M. de Berville is vexed at in his heart.'

'No, no; that idea has no weight except from what has passed before. I agree with you, my dear niece, that there are between you and your sister fifteen years of difference, and that is certainly a great deal. You dazzle at first sight, while she is scarcely noticed; and M. de Berville has been at first taken by your attractions; but if I mistake not, it is no longer these graces which retain him here. You have been like the taper that conducts one to a brilliantly-illuminated apartment, which makes the light seem dim beside it. I beg pardon for the comparison.'

'That is to say, that by me he has been attracted to my sister, and that by her I am now eclipsed?'

'She does not eclipse you either in youth or beauty; but her wit, her accomplishments, and the qualities of her mind, appear perhaps to be advantages sufficiently desirable to make amends for those she is deficient in; and I should not be surprised if M. de Berville has taken a fancy to her, and were to marry her in spite of her age of thirty-two.'

'If he were fool enough to prefer my sister to me, I—— But it is impossible,' added Léopoldine, casting her eyes on the mirror.

Notwithstanding, however, the flattering opinion she had of herself, a feeling of jealousy found its way into her heart, and she examined her sister and M. de Berville more closely on their return. The accident which had befallen Madame Revel proved less severe than was at first supposed. Her leg was not broken; but, in spite of the satisfaction this gave her, Stéphanie's usually calm demeanour now appeared agitated, and the two sisters were hardly left alone, when Léopoldine asked her what was the cause of it.

'I feel—I confess to you,' said Stéphanie, 'a degree of surprise, mixed with regret; for M. de Berville, whom I so sincerely wished to see become your husband, and who seemed to have no object in view but you, has——'

'Well, Stéphanie?'

'He has asked my hand in marriage.'

'I do not see anything to grieve at in that,' replied Léopoldine, trying to hide her own disappointment; 'but if he prefer old maids, he could not make choice of me.'

'What is subject of regret,' said Stéphanie, 'is, that this rivalry, as little wished for as foreseen, will alienate your affection from me, since even now you are addressing bitter words to me;' and here her face was suffused with tears.

On seeing this, Léopoldine, more giddy than wanting in feeling, was recalled to a sense of her injustice to her sister, and throwing herself into her arms, said, 'Forgive me, my dear sister; I see very well it is not your fault; but confess that the result is very humiliating to me, who was the original object of his attentions. That man is fickle, and an impostor.'

'No, Léopoldine, he is only reasonable. Tempted by the advantages you have received from nature, he hoped to find also in you those you might have acquired, had you been persuaded by me. Your ignorance, your coquetry, and the absurd importance you attach to beauty, have convinced him that you would not have been happy together. And not with him alone,' continued Stéphanie, 'unless you resolve to think little of qualities of short duration, which disease quickly destroys, and which time, in its progress, is every day depriving you of. A young girl, whether she is handsome or ugly, ought never to neglect to adorn her mind, to ripen her understanding, and to form the affections of her heart. What has that beauty availed you to which you trusted so much, and to which you have even sacrificed the duties of friendship? A person who is neither young nor good-looking, has, in spite of herself, carried off your conquest; and merely because she never thought about the matter. Profit by this lesson, and make good use of your years of youth to come to be instructed and corrected. There will present himself, I trust, another De Berville, who, attracted like the first by your external graces, will find, on more closely inspecting you, that your good qualities even surpass them.'

Léopoldine yielded to persuasion, and followed this advice with readiness, of which she soon reaped the benefit. Stéphanie having become Madame de Berville, continued to be as a mother to her sister until she was married. The anxieties and troubles inseparable from maternity very soon effaced the rare beauty of Léopoldine; but she had still so many amiable qualities remaining, so many solid virtues, so many mental graces, that its absence was little observed, and the young wife was neither less beloved nor less endeared to her family by its loss.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S LECTURE ON LIGHT AND MAGNETISM.

THE recent important discoveries by Professor Faraday in the interesting branches of natural philosophy specified above, were, a few weeks since, made the subject of popular elucidation and experiment in a lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution in London. The subject is one to which the attention of the lecturer has long been directed; and he was led to believe, from certain philosophical considerations, that an intimate relation would be found to exist between the various results arising from the operation of the powers of nature on matter—which, possessing a common origin, are mutually dependent on each other, and may, in certain conditions, be converted the one into the other. This reciprocal convertibility has already been demonstrated by electricity and magnetism; and it was supposed that light would eventually prove to be connected with the same class of phenomena. Mr Faraday's anticipations were realised; and, after numerous searching investigations, he arrived at the discovery which we are about to describe, 'that a ray of light may

be electrified and magnetised, and that magnetic lines of force may be rendered luminous.

The lecturer commenced by observing that he feared his auditory would be disappointed in their expectations of entertainment or instruction: he appealed to their love of knowledge, their desire to penetrate the mysteries of nature, as his experiments would tend to the development of a principle, rather than to the exhibition of showy results. While apologising to the philosophical portion of his hearers for what might be termed a 'juvenile lecture,' he stated his object to be the making plain of first principles—to give a simple expression to some of the more elaborate scientific investigations; and trusted that both parties, the learned and the unlearned, would show themselves indulgent in case of failure.

On the table, in front of the lecturer, lay an immense horse-shoe magnet, several inches thick, and nearly two feet in length. At one end stood a hollow helix of large dimensions, made of closely-twisted copper-wire, connected by wires with the horse-shoe, and with a Grove's battery placed on the floor. On a sloping stand was a lamp, resembling in general appearance those used for magic lanterns, the light from which, passing upwards across the table near to the poles of the magnet, fell on a white screen at the back of the operator. Various glass tubes, some of which were filled with liquid, two or three short thick pieces of iron, and a quantity of nails, completed the apparatus.

The room being darkened, Mr Faraday explained what was meant by a ray, by throwing a stream of light from the circular aperture of the lamp to the screen, and bending it to various parts of the room. A common ray, however, affords but little assistance to the object of the experiment, which requires polarised light. This phenomenon, which the lecturer could not stop to explain, further than as consisting of a ray with sides, may be familiarly described by supposing a long square piece of wood to represent a ray of light: two of its sides, opposite to each other, are painted green, and possess a certain property; the other two sides, possessing a different property, are painted red. This polarised ray would be again unpolarised if all the sides were alike.

With unpolarised light, reflection takes place in all circumstances; but with polarised, only under certain conditions, as two of its sides may fall on a reflecting surface, and be there lost, while the other two will be reflected. And it is to be remarked, that this property is not peculiar to the whole ray only, but is equally possessed by each of its individual filaments.

There are many substances which possess the power of polarisation; among them are transparent carbonate of lime, or Iceland spar, glass, the air, sugar, oil of lemons, oil of turpentine, black marble, ebony, and some varnishes. When a ray strikes upon a piece of the spar, or on quartz, it divides—one portion continuing its straight direction, while the other goes off at an angle, and two distinct images are seen on the place where it ultimately falls. Light may also be polarised by reflection from a transparent mirror, or by passing through a pile or 'bundle' of plates of common glass, as shown by Mr Faraday in pursuing his illustration, when the image on the screen, which had hitherto been circular, became immediately square. On placing a piece of quartz to intercept the ray in its passage from the pile of glass plates, two images were seen—one green, the other red; these, on turning round the reflecting surface, changed their position, becoming reciprocally green and red as they revolved one around the other.

In addition to this remarkable property of colouring a ray, quartz has the power of turning round or diverting the beam of light from its course. A ray being thrown on the screen, was intercepted in its line of direction by 'the analyser;' a Nicol's prism, which, formed of two pieces of glass cemented together with Canada balsam, possesses the power of throwing the light entirely out of the field of vision. But on placing a piece of quartz between the lamp and the analyser, the ray was again visible on the screen, having been turned round and restored to its place by the intervening substance. This phenomenon,

which for a long time has puzzled philosophers, is known as circular polarisation.

After this illustration of natural agency, the lecturer proceeded to show the effects of magnetic force. The gentlemen seated near him were cautioned to guard their watches from the disturbing influence of the vast power at his command; and a communication being established between the battery and the helix before-mentioned, a heavy needle standing near was seen to vibrate rapidly, and leap, as it were, into the direction of the current. The addition, however, of iron to the helix, increases its power to an almost incredible degree. A bar was passed through the central hollow along its whole length, when the needle, though at a greater distance than before, was violently attracted towards it. An iron weight of fifty-six pounds hung to the lower side of the bar by the mere contact of its ring, and required considerable force to separate it. One of the short thick pieces of iron, about twelve inches in length, and three in diameter, on being presented to the end of the bar, remained fixed in a horizontal position, and bore several blows of the lecturer's hand without separating, while it became so highly magnetised as almost to support a similar piece at its outer extremity. Mr Faraday explained that the action of the magnetic force is not impeded by bodies placed in its line of direction. 'If,' said he, 'I stand in the way, it passes through me without losing any of its effect.' It will also pass through a wall into an adjoining apartment. In illustration of this, the under side of an earthenware plate was held vertically against the end of the bar projecting from the helix, when, on throwing a handful of nails against the opposite side of the plate, it was held without falling by the magnetic attraction alone, while more nails were added to the first, where they clung, a heavy mass of bristling iron. The helix was then taken from its stand, and laid across the table; a large board, covered with sheets of white paper, was placed upon it, and the nails were scattered, without any regard to order, over its surface. On establishing the circuit between the helix and the battery, a sudden click was heard, and the nails were seen to arrange themselves in certain directions, more or less influenced by the magnetic current. But on striking the board at one corner, so as to produce a slight vibration, the nails ranged themselves in regular curved lines, radiating from two centres corresponding with the poles of the helix. These magnetic curves, as the lecturer explained, exist not only horizontally, as shown by the surface of the board, but are carried through the atmosphere in all directions between the poles. If the nails could have been made to stand one upon the other, the curves or arches would have been seen springing from and bestriding the board.

The helix being replaced on its stand, was brought into communication with the horse-shoe magnet by wires, when Mr Faraday stated that the extraordinary power, whose effects had just been demonstrated, was increased tenfold. The substance best adapted for the exhibition of the relation between light and magnetism is silicated borate of lead, commonly known among opticians as 'heavy glass;' a piece of this, which the lecturer terms the *diamagnetic*, was placed in the line of the polarised ray issuing from the lamp, being, at the same time, in the line of magnetic force passing from one pole to the other of the horse-shoe; which line of force, it has been found, is able to affect a ray on its passage through a transparent substance. The light, on leaving the piece of glass, fell on the screen, from which it was diverted, as in the previous experiments, by the interposition of the analyser. But as soon as communication was established with the battery, the ray re-appeared on the screen, and was again lost on the interruption of the circuit. When the magnetic influence is passing from the south pole, the ray turns from left to right, or the contrary on reversing the poles. By continuing these changes, and reproducing the effects, the complete success of the experiment was satisfactorily established.

The discovery thus resolves itself into the simple fact, that a ray of light may be made to rotate by the force of magnetism in the same manner as by quartz or other crys-

talline substances. Many persons, however, object to recognise it as a discovery, on the ground that the phenomenon is not new. To these Mr Faraday replied by observing, that when two persons look at the same time into opposite ends of a tube filled with oil of turpentine, the ray appears to each of them to turn to the right; but on looking into a tube at a magnetised ray, if it be seen turning to the right at one end, the motion will be the same through the whole length of the tube; so that, to a person at the opposite end, it will appear turned to the left. This was the first occasion of showing the experiment to a large number of persons at one time; it had previously been seen only by individual observers gazing through an eyepiece, and much ingenuity was displayed in the arrangements for exhibiting the whole series of experiments in the clearest and most comprehensible manner.

It may be said, this result of so much scientific labour and investigation is apparently of very little importance. It is, however, impossible to foresee what great consequences may arise from the first small and isolated fact. Dr Franklin was at Paris when balloons were first invented: a gentleman sneeringly inquired in his presence, 'Of what use are balloons?' 'Of what use,' replied the doctor, 'is a new-born child?' Mr Faraday remarked, in concluding his lecture, 'Although our experiments may be small as to facts, they are large as to principles; deeper investigations may lead to higher results. It is an old thought, that the sun has something to do with magnetism. We hope to derive light from magnetism, and magnetism from light; and I wait impatiently for the long days of summer, to make experiments on the rays of the sun itself. It may then be ascertained that magnetism does not exist in the mass of the earth, but perhaps in the seas, rivers, and lakes, or in the action of the sun's rays on a transparent atmosphere.'

Column for Young People.

THE WINTER WALK.

THERE is a variety in the succession of the seasons exciting and agreeable to all, but especially to the young. In their repeated experience has not yet in anyway dulled the charms of novelty. They hail the green leaves of spring as something which they had almost forgotten. The fervid heat of summer, with its flowers and fruits, and its long holiday rambles, forms a delightful present reality. Autumn, with its busy reapers, its yellow corn and tinted woods, its nut and apple gatherings, and hedgerows red with hips and haws, is highly relished by every boy let loose from school; and no less grim and surly winter, with his icicles, snow, and loud howling winds.

After a period of gloomy, interrupted weather, which had almost broken up our usual rambles, a day of snow came at last. The sky was darkened, and the fleecy flakes fell thick and fast. Nothing could exceed the dullness and monotony of the time spent in our imprisoned home, till the curtains were drawn, and the cheerful fire and lights in a great measure compensated for the absence of the sun during the day. We went to bed with little hopes of a walk for to-morrow—yet to-morrow agreeably disappointed us. The storm and gloom were over, and the moist clouds dispelled. A sharp frost had set in during the night—the sun shone out bright; and everything looked dazzling from the reflection of the snow, which had fallen deep the previous day.

At noon we sallied out, to wander where we list over the hard-frozen surface of the snow, all roads and tracks to guide our course being obliterated. The young people were delighted with the dazzling scene around. The surface of the country was one uniform and pure white, set off by the deep blue and equally spotless sky above. Houses, hedges, trees, were all clothed in white—the dark-blue lines of the water-courses alone appearing to cut through the uniform expanse. An unusual stillness pervaded all nature—animated beings seemed depressed and awe-struck—there was no twitter of birds or low of cattle. The red sun crept low along the horizon, and little influence seemed to come from his feeble rays. The houses and cottages scattered about were barely perceptible, except by the blue smoke which curled upwards from their chimneys. We walked over myriads of crisped crystals,

pure and beautiful, and oftentimes reflecting brilliant hues of coloured light.

'How beautiful is this snow!' said Elizabeth; 'who would think that it was but the mist and dew of the sky thus changed and solidified?'

'I perceive,' said Henry, after minutely examining a portion of snow with his magnifying lens, 'that it is composed of minute crystals, mingled with a number of round spherical bodies like small pin-heads. How does this happen?'

'You are aware, as Elizabeth has remarked, that snow is only aqueous vapour solidified by cold. You remarked yesterday the broad flakes falling to the ground; now, these flakes were made up of minute spherical portions of vapour that had been deposited from moist currents of air high up in the atmosphere, and which particles were in the process of collecting together, to form one large drop of rain, when they were arrested and congealed by coming into contact with a current of air at or below the freezing-point. These flakes falling to the ground, and accumulating to form the snow, are now undergoing a still further change by the continued severity of the frost, and the little spherules are gradually passing into larger and more irregular shapes of agglomerated crystals.'

'But why should it happen to snow at this particular time,' cries Mary, 'when we have had only rain for so long a time?'

'Your question is a perfectly reasonable one, Mary, and I will explain to you the reason. Hitherto, during the season, we have had a prevalence of moist, though by no means very cold, currents of wind, blowing generally from the west and south. Yesterday, however, a cold current set in from the north and east, blowing over the frozen regions of Siberia and Russia, and around the North Pole, where the sun now scarcely imparts any of his cheering heat, the consequence is, that all our vapour has been frozen, and thus deposited as snow. This state of things will remain as long as the cold current continues to prevail in our atmosphere; but by and by we shall have a change—a warmer breeze from the ocean and from the south—and then we shall have soft weather and a thaw.'

'Indeed,' said Henry, 'I was almost going to chide Mary for the apparent simplicity of her question; but now I find that the answer explains to me what I had not thought of before. I see now how it is that in this locality of Britain, surrounded by the ocean, and subject to various changes of wind, we should have severe and mild weather alternating even in winter.'

We had now entered a little grove of birch and alder and pine trees, and we paused to admire the wonderful change which had taken place on these since our last visit. Birches and willows, and the drooping boughs of the larch, bent under a covering of pure crystalline snow, from which hung down, in glittering festoons of the most delicate forms, innumerable icicles of fantastic shapes. The dark fir seemed alone to preserve its ordinary value, and formed a striking contrast to the others. Here the poor benighted birds had retired for shelter. They were now dumb and spiritless.

'What a beautiful little creature is this!' cries Mary, as she almost touched a golden-crested wren perched in the cleft of an overhanging bough.

'This is the smallest of our British birds, almost approaching to the diminutive humming-birds of warmer climates, and not much inferior to some of these in its plumage. You mark that little tuft of golden yellow on its forehead, from whence it derives its name. It is a shy bird in summer, and delights, together with the robin, in the lonely solitudes of the groves, but now sharp hunger and cold force it to come near to human habitations.'

'I wish it would only think of visiting us,' said Mary, 'that I might feed it along with the robins: and see! there are two poor robins flitting about from spray to spray, and twittering that soft complaining note which I recollect so well.'

Another bird now caught their attention, of larger size and gayer plumage: it was new to all, and in one voice they inquired its name.

'This is a winter visitor, come all the way from the north of Europe. It is called the snow-flake, or snow-bunting, and is only seen here in severe winters. So accustomed is this bird to cold and elevated situations, that I have seen it, when caught and taken into a close warm room, pant and gasp, and actually die, apparently of heat and suffocation.'

We now passed on through the thicket, and came to the waterfall. Here a new scene of wonder presented itself. That cascade, which had so often amused us with its incessant gush of foaming waters, was now almost bound up and arrested in its course. Innumerable icicles hung in various shapes and sizes from the rock; large masses of congealed foam swelled out on each side; and but a faint trickling stream of water dropped down slowly, till it also was, ere it reached the bottom, arrested, and added to the icy mass.

'In this manner,' said Henry, 'I can fancy huge glaciers to accumulate in high mountains, where they prevail, and where frequent torrents of melted snow pour down their furrowed sides.'

The waterfall formed the boundary of our walk. We skirted the lake, now fast passing into a solid surface of ice, while a dense mist floating over its centre attracted the attention of my companions. 'The appearance which you inquire into,' said I, 'is a very interesting one. You know already that water, in passing from the ordinary fluid state to that of ice, gives out a quantity of heat, which is termed its latent or concealed heat. Now, the cold air over the lake is gradually cooling down its water to the freezing-point, and as this process is going on, heat is evolved, and passes upwards: in doing so, it carries a portion of vapour up along with it, and this vapour being speedily condensed by the cold atmosphere, gives rise to that fog or cloud which you perceive. It is in this way too that heat and moisture, passing up from the surface of the ocean, and becoming diffused over the neighbouring land, tend to elevate the temperature there. You thus perceive how apt and fitting are the arrangements of nature, by which, as in this process, the ocean, everywhere of a medium heat, tends, by the diffusion of its waters, to mitigate the severe cold that takes place over continents stretching into the frigid regions.'

In our homeward course we met in with tracks of the hare and rabbit, and a few traces of the roe deer. Hunger had forced these animals abroad, for they are very reluctant to leave their retreats during snow, aware that their speed of foot is then liable to be greatly retarded by their sinking downwards in it, and being also conscious that their course can then be much more distinctly traced by their enemies. The hare is particularly apt to suffer during snow; for this creature, from the shortness of its fore-legs in proportion to the hind, plunges down headlong, and is frequently suffocated!

'How distinctly,' remarked Elizabeth, 'do we hear those sounds coming from the distant village. I can count almost every stroke given on the smith's anvil, and that whistle of the herd-boy is as sharp as if it were made close by the ear. Pray what is the cause of this?'

'The chief reason is the increased density of the air, which thus better favours the transmission of sound. There is also, as we before remarked, an unusual stillness both of inanimate and animated nature. You recollect to have remarked how distinctly sounds are heard on a Sunday, when all labour is left off, which arises from the perfect stillness of the air on that day.'

'How comfortable,' observed Mary, 'are those cottages we have passed, with their snug warm roofs of thatch, and a good fire gleaming on the hearth. I sometimes, in summer, used to think that the hares and the birds had a happier life than the hard-wrought labourers, but now I see that the industry and foresight of these have been the means of procuring for them more comforts in this cold weather than are enjoyed by the creatures of the field.'

'Do not fear but the creatures of the woods and fields will also be provided for by a beneficent Creator. And do you, amid the comforts of your home, which is now about to receive you, not forget to share those blessings with any of our poor neighbours who may not be so well provided for during this inclement season.'

'We shall be out to-morrow,' they simultaneously replied, 'and as we have visited the fields and the woods to-day, with all their beauties and wonders, we shall make the round to-morrow of all the lonely cottages. To-night we shall read Cowper's "Winter Morning Walk," and see how far our observations have realized the descriptions of that delightful poet.'

FORBEARANCE:

Believe that you have really learned something, when you have learned to bear with the misinformation, the mistakes, and the prejudices of the ignorant.—*T. Cronwell.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.]

The coffin descends, with white blossoms strown o'er,
By the hand of a father absorbed in his woe;
Take them, O earth! Lo! now thou dost cover
Maiden and rose.

Give them not back to this world of deep anguish,
World full of mourning from birth to life's close;
The wind tears and scatters, the hot sun makes languish
Maiden and rose.

Thou sleepest!—thou, gathered so early!—nor fearest
The heat of the day in thy deep calm repose;
Both finished their course when life's morning was near,—
Maiden and rose.

O'er the fresh heaped-up turf the lone father is bending,
Pale as the dead. Where thy sturdy root grows,
Old oak, Time has mowed down, in death at once blending
Maiden and rose.

D. M. M.

CHAMBERS'S TRACTS.

OCASIONAL inquiries addressed to us respecting our MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS, lead us to say a few words on the subject. The Tracts may be regarded as supplemental to Chambers's Journal, though issued in a smaller size. While the Journal is composed of a variety of short papers, each Tract consists of but one article—a little book on some subject of peculiar and popular interest. Tracts strictly religious have been long known; but with the field in which these labour, it is not our vocation to interfere. Our design is to bring all the aids of literature to bear on the cultivation of the feelings and understanding of the people—to impress correct views on important moral and social questions—suppress every species of strife and savagery—cheer the lagging and desponding by the relation of tales drawn from the imagination of popular writers—rouse the fancy by descriptions of interesting foreign scenes—give a zest to every-day occupations by ballad and lyrical poetry—in short, to furnish an unobtrusive friend and guide, a lively fireside companion, as far as that object can be attained through the instrumentality of books.

In the attempt to fulfil these intentions, it has been our anxious wish to reach a still more humble department of society than that to whom the pages of the Journal are more particularly addressed. That no obstacle to the extensive diffusion of these Tracts may present itself in the way of price, they are issued weekly at a penny (32 pages), and occasionally at a halfpenny (16 pages), with illustrative engravings on wood. For those who may prefer them in a more compact form, they are also issued in monthly parts at fivepence, and in volumes at one shilling each. Nine volumes, embracing eighty-six numbers, are now completed, and numbers in continuation are in course of weekly publication. We need hardly add, that, engaged in what is to us a labour of love as well as of business, no pains will be spared to insure the continued acceptability of these books of general instruction and entertainment.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts are in the hands of all booksellers in the United Kingdom and colonies.

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VULGARITY.

It is one of the pleasant features of modern times, that the humbler classes are no longer condemned to the exclusive possession of the title of the Vulgar. They were peculiarly the vulgar of all times down to the present, because amongst them, almost solely, were vulgar feelings and vulgar manners exemplified. The term is no longer appropriate, because it is at once found that many persons of lowly station are not vulgar, and that many are so who move in a superior walk. This is coming to a right point; the truth being, that vulgarity is a character of mind, our possession of which is very much the result of natural endowment, and only in part, though doubtless in large part, dependent on circumstances.

A thoroughly vulgar person is—like the poet—born, not made. He is vulgar in his cradle—as a schoolboy—a young man—all through life. No matter what his original rank, or into what rank his intellect or good fortune may carry him—vulgar he must ever be. His manners, his speech, his style of ideas, will always be gross, and requiring excuse. He will be a scoffer at courtesy and politeness, and give his thoughts only to mean things. Such persons become a curious study. We see a man rise by dint of some force of character favourably placed towards circumstances, by successful business, by talent as a literary man or artist, or in public service; and he accordingly comes to mix continually with refined persons: and yet never is the original rusticity worn off; never do his coarse voice and broad accents soften; never does he acquire the tact necessary to make his converse pleasant to his associates, and to enable him to steer clear of their delicate points. It seems as hopeless a case as that a hempen bag should be converted into a silken purse. Or we see a man rise, and acquire, as he rises, all the courtesy and refinement proper to his new condition, while his wife remains fixed in her original vulgarity. Not a profusion of the best dresses, not an elegant home, not the reflection of better things from her well-educated children, will refine such a woman. She stands by the side of her husband as a memorial of his native status; and a memento to keep him humble in mind; much the same as if one grown to manhood were to walk with some piece of his original baby-linen pinned to his clothes, to remind him that he had once been a suckling.

On the other hand, we often meet with persons in very humble circumstances, of whom we say at once, That is one of nature's gentlefolk. It is not in any aping of the manners or habits of living of the higher classes; it is not in the avoidance of a provincial dialect; it is not in any peculiarly clean or neat style of dressing. Frugal or expensive habits, in proportion to means, have nothing to do with it. It has no reference to good

or bad fortune in life. It lies in the tone of the mind, as shown in speech and act. Such an exemption from vulgarity is often the more surprising, as having no visible dependence on education. The kind of person spoken of may have had little of what passes under this name; may even be wholly illiterate; and yet is (as the case may be) a lady or a gentleman. We thus see all the more in how great a degree vulgarity is an inherent quality.

It was pointed out, in a very interesting manner, in Mrs Grant's *Letters on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, that these mountaineers, in their native purity, were courteous and refined, notwithstanding the indigent circumstances in which they mostly lived. A Highland cottager observed such delicacy of discourse, that he put in the apologetic 'saving your presence' on mentioning anything in the least degree sordid or unworthy, as a person exercising a humble kind of trade, or a churlish person, or any act bordering on vileness. The poorest *dunny vessel* sustained a natural dignity of deportment, which prevented him in discourse from trenching on vulgar things. His daily life was elegant poetry in action. The same absence of vulgarity has been remarked in the Arabs and American Indians: they may be impulsive, fierce, revengeful, but they are never vulgar. These circumstances led a living writer to speculate upon vulgarity being the vice, not of uncivilised life, but of a certain stage of civilisation. 'Its seat,' said he, 'is not among mountains and wild pastures, but in comfortable trading towns and cities of gay manufacturers. The very savage has noble and refined manners, compared with the mechanic and auctioneer. . . A man who, in the course of one year, performs the functions of a soldier, a hunter, a shepherd, a fisher, and of twenty different mechanical arts besides—who roams, in the course of his employment, over a great tract of various country, and has occasion to study, however superficially, so many of the laws of nature, the habits of animals, and the characters of men—must necessarily have his mind more stored with ideas, must be more disposed to communicate them, and must think more highly of himself than the dull mechanic, who scarcely ever sees the open face of heaven or of earth, but spends his whole life in a dungeon, putting heads on pins, or points on nails, or passing a shuttle alternately from one hand to another.*' The writer then goes on to observe that the poifit of civilisation now reached has not only made the tradesman actually and absolutely an inferior being to the hunter-peasant of ancient times, but puts him in a lower place as compared with the superior classes. He comes not, as formerly, into the presence and company of the more refined, so as to obtain benefit from their example.

* Edinburgh Review, xviii. 404.

Finally, great stress is laid upon the effects of the good laws and powerful police which it is the tendency of an advanced age to establish; these, he thinks, take away from those motives to a guardedly-courteous behaviour which exist at a time when every man is liable to be answerable for his words with his life. This speculation shows the delicacy and acuteness of thought characteristic of its author; but it does not appear sound. He has not adverted to the fact, that there are many examples of the primary stage of civilisation in which there is no such notable exemption from vulgarity as is found in the hut of the Scottish Gael, the tent of the wandering Arab, and the wigwam of the American Indian. In attributing importance to the fact of the Highlanders having lived much in the company of their chiefs, he has forgot to tell us how the chiefs acquired refinement. Nor are we informed how the French, who have so good a police, should nevertheless be remarkable for politeness. We have now begun to look deeper for the causes of such peculiarities, and to think they may be found in characters originally appertaining to *race*. The Celt seems to be everywhere a courteous being. The French, who are four-fifths Celtic, show it as well as the Scottish Highlanders. Poor Patrick himself, amidst all his looped and windowed raggedness, is always allowed to possess a natural good-breeding. The Teuton, again, from whom come the bulk of the English and Lowland Scottish commonalty, is an honest fellow, with an immense tendency to hard work, wealth-gathering, law-making, jury-judging, and so forth, but comparatively little disposed to cultivate refinement of speech or manners. The connexion of vulgarity with mechanical pursuits may thus be regarded, not as resulting the one from the other, but as being common results of one kind of character. As to which race possesses the qualities upon the whole most conducive to national greatness and individual happiness, there can scarcely be a question; and we therefore the more freely remark on the dædige spirit of our race. It may be asked, if we do not still see the original relation of the homely Saxon to the half-Celtic Norman in the worship which the trading Englishman is so apt to pay to wealth and rank—assuredly the most vulgar feature of his character.

Although vulgarity and non-vulgarity are thus, we think, established as inherent peculiarities, not necessarily or absolutely dependent on circumstances, it is equally certain that the mass of ordinary persons will be vulgar or otherwise, according to the external influences acting upon them, and their inclination to submit to or resist these influences. Where there are mean and slovenly habits of life, a grovelling set of tastes and ideas, a coarse and careless style of elocution, individuals are, for the most part, apt to contract the same, unless some spirit, either inherent or acquired, set them upon an opposite course; in which case we shall see them exemplifying the gentleman and lady character in the midst of comparative barbarians. It is always difficult to resist such influences; but, on the other hand, it is difficult for vulgar persons to stand out against the influence of one who is continually holding up an example of better feelings and better manners in their presence. The majority are equally liable to be swayed, both ways. There is always, therefore, good hope for the diminution or abolition of vulgarity, so that only the proper agencies be duly brought to bear upon it.

Amongst these may first be cited the natural refinement and dignity of spirit which attaches to a few out of the mass. It is a spirit apt to be sneered at by mean and jealous souls; the prudent sometimes fear it as a thing leading to expense or to false positions in society. Let it rather be received as one of the genial emanations of a judicious Providence, designed to advance men out of their original savagery and squalor. Let it be fostered within all reasonable limits, as circumstances may dictate; and, even when associated with vanity or affectation, let it still have fair-play. On the other hand, let those who feel such aspirations within

them, endeavour so to act as to avoid raising prejudice against their superior tastes. There is an important mission in its own way; and they are concerned to fulfil it to the best of their power.

Another means to be looked to for the correction of vulgarity, is the progress of intellectual improvement among the masses. Men of all ranks are now becoming readers. Reading will give them notions above those which they find prevailing generally in the workshop and behind the counter. They will think; and thought will raise them out of the mire of rude and vulgar things. The connexion ordinarily observed between vulgarity and a totally-uncultivated and inapt state of the mind, is what we would chiefly insist upon as a reason for this expectation. Take the matter of speech alone as an illustration. Hear the clown speak, and what a relaxation of all the vocal organs attends the enunciation of his words. His language is a drawl, issued from some wrong part of his throat, through a pair of loosely-hung lips, denoting, with his vacant look, an utter unpromptitude of brain. Here is vulgarity of speech in its perfection. Listen again to the sharp citizen, whose vocal organs appear in a totally opposite condition, who clips his words, and utters twenty in the time employed by the clown in pronouncing one. This man is vulgar too; perhaps more vulgar than the boor. But this is because his better part of mind is as little cultivated. He is only sharp in the knowing faculties, in acquisitiveness, and in the skill of guarding himself against the paltry sharpening and swindling to which in his daily life he may be exposed. All that could give him true elevation of mind, or true taste in discourse, is as dead in him as in the man of clods. It is only when we arrive at the man whose reflecting faculties and higher sentiments have been duly cultivated, that we find a mode of speech which we can consider as not vulgar. And what makes this the more clear is, that the dialect, or assemblage of words, is not at all concerned in deciding the non-vulgarity. Provincial terms will not seem inelegant when used by the man of cultivated intellect. Scott illustrates this point well when describing his Mrs Bethune Baliol, who is understood to have been a real person. Her 'dialect was Scottish, often containing phrases and words little used in the present day. But then her tone and mode of pronunciation were as different from the usual accent of the ordinary Scotch patois, as the accent of St James's is from that of Billingsgate. The vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language; and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to southern ears.' We have often heard Scotch of this kind, and can easily see that its freedom from vulgarity is owing to the cultivated condition of the mind using it. The words are materialities indifferent to the case; it is the character of mind, which we apprehend from the manner of speaking, that determines us in pronouncing the discourse vulgar or otherwise. Hence we can entertain no doubt that the mental cultivation going on in the present day must tend to diminish vulgarity. It will yet be found that the mechanic, condemned to a comparatively narrow course of routine in his trade, is not necessarily condemned to the vulgarity which the Edinburgh Reviewer attributed to him, but may be, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman—yes, we speak advisedly, a gentleman—if he have sufficient opportunities for improving his mind, and take advantage of them.

We may also look for aid to this good cause in other revolutions now in the course of silent accomplishment. Increased facilities for travelling, by enabling the many to see other places besides their own, will materially help to break down those prejudices in which, perhaps as much as in anything, vulgarity consists. That grand school of vulgarity, the tavern, will gradually sink under the temperance cause, and the effects of the throwing open of parks, gardens, and museums to the public.

Is it to be hoped that any vulgar person will read

this paper, and read it to an end? Should such be the case, let us beseech him to admit into his mind, and make a reality there, the maxim, that all vulgarity is simply so much deducted from the pleasantness of life. A rational delicacy is as cheap, or cheaper; and whatever it is, it is a well of refreshing water, making all around to smile.

LOUISE DE LORRAINE.

A TALE FROM HISTORY.

On the 30th of April 1553, at Nomein, in a Gothic chateau on the banks of the Seine, was born the Princess Louise, daughter of Marguerite d'Egmond, the first wife of Nicolas, Duc de Mercœur and Comte de Vaudemont. At the birth of this child there was no prince in the eldest branch of the house of Lorraine. Nicolas anxiously desired a son; therefore the little girl was received more with resignation than pleasure. She was not baptised, with the pomp due to her rank, at the cathedral of Nancy, where her cousin the Duc Charles de Lorraine then ruled, but received the baptismal rite at the little chapel of Nomein: her sponsors were the bishop of Toul and the Comtesse Louise de Salins, whose name was given to her.

The little Louise was scarcely two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, one day came to seek her, all in tears, and bore her to the couch of her dying mother, who had never recovered the birth of Louise. Tapers were burning at the foot of the bed, whilst a kneeling priest recited the prayers for the dying. These prayers, repeated in a sad and monotonous tone by the persons around, filled the poor child's heart with terror, and she uttered loud cries. Her voice seemed to restore the dying mother to life; the comtesse extended her arms, and Louise forgot her fear in embracing her parent, who unfastened from her own neck a string of pearls, to which was suspended a sacred relic. 'May this guard thee, my child, as it has protected me,' said the dying mother, putting the necklace over the fair golden curls of Louise; 'and never, never part with it!' Then, unable to speak more, she pressed her already cold lips to the forehead of Louise, and signed to Madame de Champy to remove her quickly, lest the child should be witness to her death.

The Comte de Vaudemont loved his wife tenderly, and for a long time could not endure the sight of the infant whose birth had caused so grievous a loss. Louise was entirely confided to her governess, whose attachment to her pupil increased in proportion to the father's neglect. She was wholly engrossed with the care of Louise—in guarding her health, forming her mind, and implanting the germ of that fervent piety which so distinguished the house of Lorraine. But this strong affection, almost bordering on passion, rendered her often unjust to those who did not thus idolise her pupil. Mademoiselle de Montvert, under-governess to the young princess, added to this by flattery, so that the excellent disposition of Louise alone saved her from being ruined by indulgence. But if natural good qualities pass unaltered through this ordeal, still the sweetest temper is not proof against prejudices imbibed from those whom we love and revere.

The Comte de Vaudemont, having no son, thought of a second marriage. It was soon known that he had demanded the hand of Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duc de Nemours. This intelligence grieved the kind heart of Madame de Champy. 'The poor child will then have a stepmother,' cried she. 'Ah! Heaven have mercy on her!' and without considering the effect of her words on a girl four years old, she repeated them continually; and when the child questioned her on this fearful misfortune, she replied that it was meet to submit to the will of Heaven. So the fears of the princess were lulled.

'What is a stepmother?' said she one day to Mademoiselle de Montvert.

'It is a monster who brings ruin on families,' answered the under-governess.

'Ah!' cried Louise in terror, 'it is then a woman who beats little children?'

'Too often so,' replied Mademoiselle de Montvert; but then repenting having so said, she tried to weaken the effect of her expressions by adding that all stepmothers were not cruel—that some were very kind to their husband's children. But the impression was made, and on the marriage-day, when the Comte de Vaudemont desired Louise to embrace her second mother, the child fled away weeping, and nothing could induce her to receive the caresses of her stepmother. Troubled at this estrangement, yet considering it natural, the comtesse took the part of Louise, and opposed her being sent to a convent, as the Comte de Vaudemont had angrily decided.

Two years passed, and still the dislike of Louise to her stepmother remained unconquered. This sentiment, first roused by the lamentations of Madame de Champy, had become invincible; and the comtesse, despairing of winning the love of Louise, saw her no more, except at family solemnities.

At the age of seven, the princess was seized with small-pox, and was in the greatest danger. She was immediately sent to the chateau of Nomein. Madame de Champy shut herself up with the sick child, quitted her neither night nor day, and became so distracted with grief when the physicians declared the crisis had arrived, that she was borne fainting to her chamber, where she was confined for some time with fever and delirium. Mademoiselle de Montvert had left the chateau through fear at the first symptoms of the disease. Who was there to care for and watch over the poor little princess?

The malady affected her eyes; for four days she was unable to open them; but when reason returned, she called her 'dear kind friend,' *sa bonne amie*, for so she entitled Madame de Champy.

'Why is she not here?' said the child sobbing.

'Because she is very ill herself,' said a sweet affectionate voice, 'and she needs repose. But I am here to tend you as carefully as she, my dear child. Do not disquiet yourself, but drink this; it was she who desired me to intreat you to obey me.' This request was spoken in so winning a tone, that, in spite of her repugnance, Louise swallowed the potion which touched her lips.

'Who then are you?' asked she.

'A new nurse, who will replace your governess until she recovers.'

'Ah! you will not remain with me all night, as she did?'

'Yes, my child, I will stay with you night and day until you are strong and well, and then we will try to amuse you. You will love me a little then, will you not?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Louise, seeking with her burning hand that of the person who spoke. 'I see now that it is *ma bonne amie* who sent you. You love little children? you are not a stepmother?'

The hand which Louise held was drawn slowly away; a long silence ensued. 'What is your name?' asked the sick girl.

'Jeanne,' was the reply.

'Well then, Jeanne, do you know any pretty stories, such as Madame de Champy tells me, where there are handsome knights of Lorraine, and tourneys, and hermits?'

'Certainly I know some very interesting ones, which will send you to sleep as soon as hers.' She began, and in a short time Louise slept; and this quiet slumber dispelled her fever. Two days after, she was considered out of danger, but the effect of the disease on her face was dreaded. The physicians declared that she would be disfigured if she touched the spots which covered her features, and proposed to fasten her hands. The idea of being so restrained made the little invalid despair; but her new nurse engaged to watch her so carefully, as

to prevent her touching her face. Louise wished to embrace her; and Jeanne feared not to take the grateful child in her arms, nor to remain day and night, her eyes fixed on the little sufferer. Invalids are often capricious and wilful. Louise, dialiking the camphor odour of a lotion with which her eyes were bathed, refused to have it applied. Neither intreaties nor declarations that she would always remain blind could move her; and the physician departed, saying, 'If she will not be saved from blindness, I can do no more.'

'Who is weeping there?' asked Louise.

'It is I,' said Jeanne. 'How can I but be troubled, since you will be blind through your own fault?'

'Well, then, do not weep,' answered Louise in a softened voice; 'come and bathe my eyes. I will do all you wish; only do not weep.'

Jeanne took the liquid and bathed the child's eyes, praising her for her docility.

'Oh,' cried Louise with delirious joy, 'I can see! I can see clearly!' In truth her eyelids had half-opened, but the broad daylight caused them to shut quickly again.

Jeanne rushed to the window, drew close the thick damask curtains, and the partial obscurity thus obtained enabled the young princess to look around her.

'Jeanne, Jeanne!' said she, 'come, that I may see thee.' But Jeanne hid herself behind the curtains at the foot of the bed. 'Where art thou, Jeanne? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! It is thou who hast cured me! Come, and let me thank thee: come, dear Jeanne! Art thou not happy also?'

'Yes, I am very happy,' replied Jeanne, advancing to take the hand which Louise extended to her. But the child, struck with sudden terror, cried out, 'Oh Heaven! the comtesse!' and fell back almost insensible on her pillow.

'No, no, it is thy mother,' said Jeanne of Savoy, bathing the wasted arms of Louise with her warm tears. 'See what thou makest her suffer! Awake, and console her!'

The tones of her voice recalled to the child's heart all the care of this tender nurse, and her fears vanished. 'You do love me, then?' said she. She was answered by fond embraces.

Thus love and confidence were established between the kind stepmother and her daughter. Louise, repenting her unjust prejudice against her, promised her the affection and submission of a child. This promise, springing from gratitude, was easily fulfilled, for the comtesse became the best of mothers to the young princess.

Louise de Lorraine grew up a lovely girl; and her stepmother conducted her to the court of the Duc Charles, to be placed with the Duchesse Claude, daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis. There Jeanne of Savoy applied herself in developing all the good and amiable qualities of Louise, and in giving her that refinement and grace of manner which the Duchesse Claude had introduced from France into the court of Lorraine.

But the princess was called soon to deplore the loss of this second mother, so worthily beloved. The comte married again. His third choice was Catherine de Lorraine, daughter of the Duc d'Anjou; a haughty and jealous woman, hating Louise on account of her great beauty. The life of the princess was now as bitter as it had before been sweet. Each day she received fresh unkindness from her stepmother; and, to obtain a few hours' peace, she asked permission of her father to go on a weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of San Nicolas. History tells us that she went thither dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman, and a lacquey; giving away in alms the twenty-five crowns she received as her monthly allowance.

One evening, returning much wearied, she was about to retire to rest, although it was still early. Catherine de Lorraine entered her apartment, saying ironically,

'What, mademoiselle! are you about to retire at this hour, and steal away from the admiration which awaits you always? Are you not the star of the court of Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?'

'Pardon me, madame; I do not understand you,' said Louise.

'What! do you not know that the young king was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honour, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at court?'

'I think, madame, that I may dispense with this honour.'

'No, no,' replied the comtesse; 'your father commands you to dress yourself immediately, and to follow me.'

This imperious command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a court dress, simple but elegant, which showed to perfection her noble and graceful figure. Without ornament, she appeared most lovely. As soon as the young prince saw her, he stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with which Catherine de Medicis loved to surround her son, had given him the least idea of a creature so perfectly lovely. Too much struck to do more than politely greet her, Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof of her gentleness, her constant submission to the unkindness of her stepmother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont and his wife with marked coldness.

The king's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. 'He wished,' he said, 'to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit *la belle France*, even to gain a crown!'

Hunting, feasting, and dancing, occupied the second day. Never had the prince appeared to more advantage: his grace, his elegance, his noble countenance, charmed every one. All thought it unfortunate that a prince so winning and agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young king left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her stepmother, excited by the brilliant success of the princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly treated by her father, persecuted by her stepmother, the courage of Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young king of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcontour, gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valour: his generosity was well known; and a brave and generous king is so beloved in France!

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father.

One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet.

'It is I who ought to attend yours, Madame la Princesse,' replied the comtesse with deference, 'and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are queen of France; you are prepared to be king in marriage: I hasten to tell you the news. But you are

good and generous. Oh then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection—for their sakes, pardon their mother!

The princess believed herself still dreaming—surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe! It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the king's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

It was no dream. Henri III., charmed by the beauty of the Princess Louise, and still more by her noble character, preferred her to the loftiest alliances in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared to receive those of the court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to mass, as queen of France. As she entered the chapel, her eyes fell on the Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

'Embrace me,' cried Louise. 'It is said that, when on a throne, one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies.'

At these words of pardon the comtesse fell on her knees before the young princess; and all the people cried aloud, 'Long live our good queen!'

THE PUNJAB.

THE Punjab, to which recent events have attracted the eyes of the British empire, is an extensive territory at the northern extremity of Hindostan. It is of a triangular shape, the ridge of the Himalaya mountains forming the base, the river Indus separating it on the north-west from Cabool, and the Sutledge on the south-east dividing it from the Rajpootana and Bhawalpoor territories. It is computed to contain 60,000 square miles, and 4,000,000 of inhabitants. The word Punjab signifies 'five waters,' alluding to the five rivers by which it is bounded or traversed; namely, the Indus, Jelum, Chenab, Ravee, and Sutledge. Though a large proportion of the territory is of a fertile soil, especially in the neighbourhood of the rivers, there are many bare sterile tracts, which no amount of cultivation can ever render useful. Little attention, however, has been paid by the people to the improvement of the land; and it is supposed that not one-fourth of the whole has been brought into cultivation. No part of it, says Mr Mountstuart Elphinstone, will bear comparison with the British portion of India, and still less with Bengal.

In describing the state of the country, it will be convenient to follow the divisions which nature has made, and to take in succession the four *doabs*, as they are called, into which the great streams sever the whole. The *doab* lying between the Indus and the Jelum is, at the widest part, 170 or 180 miles across. This is the least populous and most sterile district of the Punjab. The streams run in deep beds between bare eminences, which, towards the centre, rise to a considerable height. The Indus, a stream of great historic interest, forms one boundary of this district. This river divides itself into many arms, which clasp in numberless islands, but there is little picturesque beauty on its banks. 'The greatest spirit of antiquity [Alexander the Great],' says Mr Vigne in his valuable book of travels, 'descended this river, and made it known to us; but it has flowed on almost unnoticed since that event: its grandeur has been unknown, and its importance unawakened, although for thousands of years it has formed alike the boundary of a mighty continent, and the barrier of its very ancient faith. One glance at the Indus, and without seeing them, we must believe in the immensity of the Himalaya; one glance at the Himalaya, and we cease to be surprised at the volume of the Indus; and it is impossible not to venerate a river, to form which ten thousand

streams have leaped from some of the most elevated and most interesting regions on the face of this earth—a river that, looking to the northward and southward, owns no horizon but that of a sea, and yet moves forward in a course so well-defined, that the Ganges, when compared with it, can only be regarded as a channelless deluge.' At the apex of the Punjab, where the Chenab (a confluence of four rivers) joins the Indus, the united streams are a mile in breadth, although the ocean is 350 miles distant. The towns in this, the largest of the four *doabs*, are far apart, and inconsiderable. Numerous defiles and hills throw obstacles in the way of travellers; and at the southern extremity there is an extensive desert of low sand-hills. Mr Elphinstone, who crossed it towards the upper end, where it is about 160 miles broad, describes the country as uncultivated, much cut with deep ravines and torrent courses, and, like the whole country between the Jelum and the Indus, pastured on by droves of horses of a good breed. He adds, that the country where he traversed it was the strongest, in a military sense, he had ever seen. One little valley near the Indus, however, is described as being extremely beautiful; and here the emperors of Delhi had a palace, the ruins of which are still visible. The next *doab* is included between the Jelum and the Chenab; a level district for the most part, upon which there is much jungle. Dirty villages, surrounded by fields of cotton, sugar-cane, and grain, are interspersed. Many wells have been constructed, by which the soil is much benefited; and some writers affirm that, if the wells were more numerous, and canals were dug, the country might be converted into a fruitful garden. The Jelum and the Chenab are both clear streams; the former attains a breadth of 300 or 400 yards, but the latter is not more than 100 yards broad. Between the last-named river and the Ravee, is the third *doab*, which, at the widest part, is nearly eighty miles broad. This district chiefly consists of a plain, over which tamarisks, wild indigo, and other shrubs, grow undisturbed. The mimosa, the poplar-leaved fig, and the tamarind-tree, flourish here luxuriantly; and there is no doubt that, if more attention were paid to irrigation, the produce of the country would be much increased. Some dry canals prove that civilisation has gone backwards. The towns which lie on the main road from the Indus to the valley of the Ganges are principally inhabited by Musulmen. Large herds of oxen and buffaloes pasture upon this and the preceding district. The fourth and most eastern *doab* is the most neglected. There is a luxuriant vegetation, but the hand of man has been employed in other works than taking advantage of the bounties of nature. The Sutledge, usually from 300 to 400 feet broad, overflows its banks in the rainy season, and spreads its fertilising waters over a large district. In this part Lahore and Amritsar, the ancient and modern capitals of the Punjab kingdom, are situate. 'The soil,' says Mr W. G. Osborne, 'appears to be rich and prolific, as far as it is possible to judge from the small quantity of ground under cultivation; and, with a more enlightened government, there can be little doubt of the Punjab becoming one of the richest provinces of India.'

Rice is not much grown in the Punjab, in consequence of its not suiting the palate of the people; their usual food being wheat or pease boiled into a thick soup. A good deal of sugar is made from a cane with an unusually small stalk; but, after all, the supply is not equal to the demand, and an importation from British India takes place. Indigo is produced to some extent, and exported to the countries in the west. Cotton is partially grown; but the climate is not favourable to its production. The cloth manufactured by the native looms varies in price from sixpence to two shillings per yard. It is stouter, but less showy, than that of British make. There is a range of hills, extending from the Indus to the Jelum, formed entirely of rock-salt, from which a large quantity is excavated, yielding a considerable revenue to the government. Another source of revenue is the shawl manufacture of Cash-

mere; eighteen lacs of rupees being stated to be the annual profit to government. In the province of Mooltan, a district on the right bank of the Indus, seventy miles in breadth, the silk-worm is bred, and the silks are highly prized; but in the Punjab itself, the silk-worm is unknown.

Though not the most numerous, the Sikhs are the dominant part of the population. The Sikhs are a religious sect, the founder of which, Nanac Shah, was born near Lahore in 1469. At a very early age he showed a strong inclination for religious pursuits; he practised austerities, he had communications with invisible powers in trances and visions, until at length he felt justified in declaring his mission to be the reconciliation of the Mohammedan and Hindoo faiths. He preached his doctrines in many of the cities of India, meeting with much opposition, especially from the Hindoos: but he succeeded in making thousands of converts; and when he died, he conferred his spiritual functions upon Angad, a member of the warrior caste. The doctrines of these two founders of the new faith were embodied in a book called 'Granth,' which served to keep the faithful united, and to increase their number, until they were a sufficiently large body to separate themselves from the heathens around them, and to venture on the singularity of a peculiar garb. Nine successors to Nanac appeared as spiritual leaders of the Sikhs; the tenth and last of whom bore the name of Govind. He remodelled the body, and, having ambitious designs, he prevailed upon the Sikhs to form a military as well as a religious association, like the Templar soldiers of the middle ages. He abolished caste, and enforced the adoption of a peculiar dress, which was of a blue colour. The use of tobacco was interdicted, their beard suffered to grow, and the bull was accounted sacred, as it was amongst the Hindoos. The new sect had endured much persecution, and the military regulation was partly instituted in self-defence, partly for retaliation. Their own excesses at length drew down upon them the vengeance of the emperor of Mogul, to whom the country then belonged; and so effectually were they suppressed, that for a time they seemed to have entirely disappeared. In the troubles that convulsed the northern part of Hindostan, between the invasion of Nadir Shah and the extinction of the Mogul empire (1738-1761), the Punjab became the drill-ground and battle-field of contending powers. These convulsions were taken advantage of by the Sikhs, who carried on for some time a sort of guerilla warfare against the potentate who, for the time being, had nominally conquered the country; until at length a company of twelve chiefs, supported by bands of followers, who adhered to their head in the manner of retainers to a feudal chieftain, were in open revolt against the government of the country, and, in fact, organised a kind of government of their own.

The members of this association were called Misuls, and they were powerful enough to bring into the field a body of 70,000 horse soldiers. Churut Sing was one of the first twelve Misuls, but one of the least in authority. However, his descendant, Maha Sing, possessing activity and enterprise, attached many of the subordinate officers—who professed to be independent chiefs on a smaller scale—to his banner, and success following his movements, he became the greatest of the Sikh grandees. Maha Sing was not allowed many years to acquire or enjoy his sovereignty, for he was cut off at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a son, called Runjeet, only twelve years old. The decision of character which Runjeet Sing displayed through life was precociously exhibited, for, at the age of seventeen, he assumed the command enjoyed by his father; and in the course of a few years he obtained peaceable possession of Lahore, the principal town of the Punjab. Slowly and steadily did the young Sikh make his advances; chief after chief submitted to him, till he found himself ruler of the whole country from the Indus to the Sutledge. The British government, perceiving how strongly he had seated himself in the district, and failing

to see that he had imposed any limit to his ambitious designs, determined on sending an agent, the present Lord Metcalfe, to negotiate a treaty; but it was not until we had made a display of our military force, that Runjeet condescended to make satisfactory terms. By the treaty, signed in April 1809, an offensive and defensive alliance was agreed on between the Sikhs and the British government. The rajah, however, continued his system of warfare and aggression in other quarters; and such was the ability with which it was conducted, that all his projects were crowned with success. The better to effect his purposes, he took into his service two French officers; and, with their assistance, he re-organised his army, which he increased till it amounted to 50,000 regular, and 100,000 irregular troops. He subsequently received two other French officers; but he commanded these, and all other Europeans who entered his service, not to smoke tobacco (which is offensive to the religious tenets of the Sikhs), not to eat beef, and not to shave their beards. The first regulation, however, was waived, upon their consenting strictly to observe the other two. He gradually possessed himself, by sheer force, of Cashmere and Mooltan. The Afghans were his most violent enemies; but he succeeded, in the end, in becoming master of Peshawer through the treachery of Dost Mahomed's brother. From the time of the treaty of 1809 to Runjeet's death, the British and the rajah continued friends. He seems at once to have comprehended that his best policy was to show his firm confidence in our honour and power, for he treated us throughout with uniform cordiality. Several interviews, conducted after the accustomed manner of Oriental etiquette, and on the usual scale of Oriental magnificence, took place between the maha-rajah and the governor-general; presents were interchanged, and embassies received and returned. In his personal appearance Runjeet was a mean-looking man: he was small, slightly deformed, and blind of one eye from the small-pox. He loved to see magnificence about him, but his own attire was simple; and he wore few ornaments, except on state occasions. He was delighted, however, to exhibit to distinguished guests the splendid jewels of which he had deprived less fortunate monarchs. The famous diamond called Koh-i-noor ('Mountain of light'), and a string of three hundred pearls of extraordinary size, were deposited, with a number of other valuable jewels, in his treasury. He looked best on horseback, for he was an excellent rider. Of great personal bravery, he always led his troops to battle, and was seen foremost in the heat of contest. Runjeet's chief political adviser was his physician, the Fakir Uzeezoodeen, descended from the Arabs of the desert between Bagdad, Damascus, and Aleppo. These fakirs are a kind of monkish race, who secrete themselves as much as possible from the world, intermarry only amongst themselves, and affect great poverty. The rajah, however, succeeded on more than one occasion in extorting immense sums from them for the supply of his own coffers. Several of Uzeezoodeen's brothers and nephews were in the confidential service of Runjeet. The rajah's vizier was Dheean Sing, to which post he had risen from that of porter in his palace. He was descended from a noble family of the Himalaya, and the rajah's attention had been first drawn to him by his fine personal appearance.

Runjeet died in June 1839, and was succeeded by his effeminate son, Kurruch Sing. The affairs of government were, however, left in the hands of his brother Ceth Sing, whose cruelty provoked his assassination. Kurruch Sing died after a short reign of seventeen months, not without suspicion of foul treatment, and his son Non Nehal Sing stepped to the throne. A few days after his accession, he was killed by an archway falling upon him as he was riding underneath. The great men of the court now deliberated who should succeed to the vacant throne, and thinking that a woman would be more easily managed, they chose Chandkaur, the wife, in preference to Shere Sing, the brother, of the late monarch. Quarrels sprung up between the queen and

Dheean Sing, whose authority she was prevailed upon to supersede. But the people grew discontented, insurrections broke out, and Shere Sing, assisted by the vizier, assumed the sovereignty. The queen was soon afterwards murdered by four of her female slaves. The new monarch found himself entirely dependent upon his minister, Dheean Sing, who possessed great influence throughout the country; and his intellect was of a much superior order to that of his master. The power wielded by the vizier was acquiesced in by the rajah; for he allowed him to nominate his own creatures to all the principal posts, and he showed his submission by rising and folding his hands whenever the minister entered his presence—a mark of respect in use amongst the common people. Shere Sing, in due time, was assassinated, and the country has since been in a state of complete political disorganisation. The Sikhs have had many captains, who have committed all sorts of disturbances; and the only recognised law seems to have been.

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Now that the territories under our protection have been attacked, the best policy for all parties seems to be, that we should restore peace to the Punjab by at once placing it under our own superintendence; and perhaps, before this appears in print, the news of our having done so may have reached Britain. A conflict between the Indian and the British powers in this part has been expected for some time. No farther back than the beginning of 1843, a German traveller, in considering the matter, came to the conclusion that this remarkable kingdom would soon become a question of life and death for our power in India. 'Unless possessed of this, there is no security: the Indus above Attock, with the mountain chain behind Peshawer and the Himalaya mountains, form the true and natural frontier of the immense dominions of the British empire in India. When once this has been attained, all her powers can be concentrated in the interior, and civilisation take root and flourish.'

BARON REICHENBACH'S EXPERIMENTS.

We were made aware, some time ago, that a German periodical, devoted to chemistry, had presented last summer a long and carefully-prepared paper, detailing certain experiments of the Baron Reichenbach of Vienna, respecting hitherto undescribed phenomena connected with magnetism. We were informed that, conducted as they had been by a rigidly-scientific investigator, and one whose writings were usually but statements of dry facts, they might be considered as entitled to respectful notice; and yet they were of such a nature as we have been accustomed to regard with the greatest suspicion. They appeared, in short, as tending towards the domain of animal magnetism, and yet as promising to bring that theme of marvels within the scope of exact science. This is a subject, of course, on which curiosity will be greatly excited; and we are therefore glad to obtain an opportunity of conveying some account of it to our readers, in consequence of the appearance of a very readable abstract of Reichenbach's papers in the Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science.*

The writer sets out as follows, strictly following, we believe, the statements of the Viennese chemist, but condensing his language:—'If the poles of a strong magnet, capable of supporting a weight of about ten pounds, be passed over the bodies of fifteen or twenty persons, there will always be found some individuals among them who are affected by it in a very peculiar way. The number of such persons is much greater than is generally supposed. Of the above number, there will be three or four at least. The nature of this impression on sensitive persons, who, in other respects, may be looked upon as perfectly healthy, is not easily described,

being rather disagreeable than pleasant, joined with a slight sensation, now of cold, and now of heat, as if the person were blown upon by a cold or lukewarm current of air. Sometimes they feel contractions in the muscles, and a pricking sensation, as if ants crawled over the body; and many persons even complain of sudden headaches. Not only women, but even young men, are sensible to this influence; and in young children the sensation is often very strong.' Susceptibility, however, amongst the healthy, is strongest in sedentary persons, and those suffering from secret grief and deranged digestive organs. Persons affected by nervous complaints, as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and paralysis, are peculiarly sensitive; and still more so are lunatics and somnambulists.

To pursue the abstract of our Dublin contemporary—'Actually or apparently healthy sensitive individuals discover, in their relation to the magnet, nothing besides the sensation just described. But the case is very different with the sick sensitive. Its action on them is sometimes agreeable, sometimes unpleasant—often disagreeably painful to such a degree, that fainting, cataleptic fits, and spasms, at times violent, and sometimes dangerous, ensue, according to the nature and degree of their disease. In this latter class, to which the somnambulists also belong, an extraordinary increase takes place in the sensitiveness of the senses. The patient sees, tastes, and feels better than others, and often hears what is said in the next room. This is, however, a fact well known, and is not by any means unnatural.

The hypothesis that the aurora borealis is an electrical phenomenon, produced by the magnetism of the earth, the real nature of which is at present unknown, owing to our not having been as yet able to detect an emanation of light from the magnet, led Reichenbach to try whether persons, in a state in which the senses were thus sharpened, could detect such an emanation from the poles of a magnet. He was enabled to make trial on a young woman named Vowotny, aged twenty-five, who suffered from continued headache, accompanied by catalepsy and spasms. So sensitive was she, that she could distinguish all the things in her room, and even the colour of objects, on a dark night. The magnet acted on her with extraordinary force; and though by no means a somnambulist, she was equally sensitive with one.

The experiment was made in a perfectly dark room. At the distance of about ten feet from the patient was placed a horse-shoe magnet of nine plates [a magnet of nine plates of alternate metals, bent into a horse-shoe form, so as to make the ends or poles approach], and weighing about eighty pounds, with its poles directed towards the ceiling. Whenever the armature of this magnet [a piece of iron, clapped upon the poles of the magnet] was removed, the girl saw both poles of the magnet surrounded by a luminosity, which disappeared whenever the armature was connected with the poles. The light was equally large on both poles, and without any apparent tendency to combine. The magnet appeared to be immediately encircled by a fiery vapour, which was again surrounded by a brilliant radiant light. The rays were not still, but continually flickered, producing a scintillating appearance of extreme beauty. The entire phenomenon contained nothing which could be compared to a common fire; the colour was much purer, almost white, sometimes mixed with iridescent colours, and the whole being more similar to the light of the sun than to that of a common fire. The rays were not uniformly bright: in the middle of the edges of the horse-shoe they were more crowded and brilliant than at the angles, where they were collected into tufts, which extended further out than the other rays. The light of the electric spark she considered much bluer. It left an impression on the eye similar to, but much weaker than, that left by the sun, and which did not disappear for several hours, and was transferred to all substances upon which she looked for some time in a painful manner.'

* New Series, No. 1, February 1846. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

Reichenbach endeavoured to verify these results by trials upon other persons, particularly a woman named Reichel, who was rendered sensitive in consequence of an accidental hurt, but was nevertheless healthy. In her case 'the appearance of the light along the four longitudinal edges of each plate composing the magnet was extremely curious, even where the edges of two contiguous plates fitted one another exactly; and where one would think rays of light given off from each plate must necessarily merge into one another at their bases, they could be distinguished with great accuracy.' Reichenbach, 'in order to be certain that there was actual light given off in these cases, made some very careful experiments with the daguerreotype; the result of which was, that an iodized plate was acted upon when placed opposite the poles of a magnet. He was also able to concentrate it with a lens; but the focal length was found to be fifty-four inches, while, for a candle, it was only twelve inches. He could discover no action of heat with the most delicate thermoscope. In some cases the patients declared they could see the surrounding objects by means of this light, and that any substance stopped its passage, as it would ordinary light: thus, for example, when the hand was laid before the poles, it streamed through the fingers. From the similarity of this light, in many respects, to the aurora borealis, Reichenbach considers them identical.' We may here add, from another source, that the baron contrived to subject his patients to an effectual test in these lens experiments; for he caused the lens to be shifted about, and the theoretically proper place for the focus on the opposite wall was invariably and at once pointed out.

Continuing his abstract, the Dublin journalist says—'From the observations of Petelin, made at Lyons in 1788, and which were afterwards verified by many others, we know that, in catalepsy, the hand is capable of being attracted by a powerful magnet, just like a piece of iron; and, as Mesmer observed, that water over which a magnet has been several times passed, can be distinguished from ordinary water by sensitive patients. Reichenbach has fully verified these facts in a large number of persons. He found that this effect took place not only during perfect catalepsy, but even afterwards, when the persons were in full possession of their senses. Miss Vowotny described the sensation to him as an irresistible attraction, which she felt obliged to obey, though against her will; that it was a pleasant feeling, combined with a cool gentle aura, which flowed over the hand from the magnet, the former feeling as if tied and drawn to the latter by a thousand fine threads; and that she knew nothing similar to it in ordinary life, it being a peculiar indescribable feeling of refreshing and extraordinary pleasure, particularly if the magnet attracted the right hand, and was not too strong.

He did not, however, verify Thilorier's observation, that nervous patients can convert needles into magnets; and he considers, in fact, the attraction of the hand by the magnet to be of a totally different nature from that between iron and the magnet. This opinion we shall see verified further on.

'We have had no instance hitherto of the form or arrangement of the molecules of a body rendering it capable of exerting force on other bodies at a distance; but Reichenbach, by a series of experiments on magnetic water—that is, water over which a magnet had been several times passed—was led to suppose that other bodies could, in all probability, be also rendered magnetic. This he soon found to be the case in a greater or lesser degree; but he also observed that many substances, which were never in contact with a magnet, affected the nerves; and by extending his experiments, he arrived at the law that amorphous bodies possess no power similar to that possessed by the magnet, but that crystals are capable of producing all the phenomena resulting from the action of a magnet on cataleptic patients. This is true, however, only of single perfect crystals, and not of an agglomeration of crystals, such

as lump sugar. Thus, for instance, a large prism of rock crystal, placed in the hand of a nervous patient, affects the fingers so as to make them grasp the crystal involuntarily, and shut the fist.

'This power is not equally distributed over every part of the surface of the crystal, but is found to concentrate itself in two points or poles corresponding to the principal axes of the crystal. Both poles were found to act similarly; but one was generally somewhat stronger than the other, with the exception that one gave out a cool, and the other a lukewarm gentle aura.'

Notwithstanding the apparent resemblance of the magnetic power in crystals to ordinary magnetism, Reichenbach satisfied himself that there is a difference; because he found that crystals do not attract iron filings, or affect the compass or needle. It appears that the ordinary magnetic power is of two kinds; one of which is this peculiar power resident in crystals, and in the living body. The learned chemist also found that a charge of this power can be communicated to bodies, as is the case with a charge of electricity. 'The readiness with which the situation of the poles could be detected by those sensible to their influence, was striking. Many of the patients could detect all the ores, even in the most complicated crystalline forms, with unerring accuracy, by their effects on them; as of course it is unnecessary to observe they could have no knowledge of crystallography. By extending his experiments, he soon discovered that the poles of a crystal gave out light exactly as the magnet does. Miss Sturman described it as a tulip-formed flame, blue at the base, passing into perfect white at the top, with scattered rays, or stripes of a reddish colour, passing upwards from the blue towards the white. The flame scintillated and flickered, and threw on the support on which the crystal rested, for a space of about eighteen inches all around, a certain degree of brightness. Miss Reichel describes the flame similarly; but, in addition, she saw a peculiar star-like light in the interior of the crystal, which evidently resulted from reflection, produced by the structure of the mineral. It may be necessary to remark, that, in order to observe these phenomena, the room must be perfectly dark, and the crystal very large; not less at least than eight inches thick, and proportionately long. Smaller crystals will, however, answer with exceedingly sensitive persons.

'The curious results produced on cataleptic patients, which we have already mentioned, excited some attention in the last century, and it was soon found that similar results could be produced without a magnet, by the hand alone. It was impossible, from the then state of physical science, to show the connexion between these phenomena and the ordinary physical ones of the magnet; and the subject was therefore passed over by philosophers, and gradually grew into disrepute, principally from the use made of it by mountebanks, and from the unsuitable name—animal magnetism—which it received. From the similarity of some of the phenomena observed by Reichenbach with those described by the elder magnetisers, he was led to think they might be the results of the same cause.

'As a magnet affects the human body, he thought that the magnetism of the earth cannot be without some influence of a similar kind; and in this he was not mistaken; for he found that, of all positions in which a nervous invalid can lie or sit, the best is in the magnetic meridian, with the head towards the north; the opposite direction is not quite so good; but the worst possible is at right angles to the magnetic meridian, with the head towards the west. He found that patients placed in the first position slept better at night, suffered less from headaches, and in general found themselves much better; while, with the head towards the west, the same patients suffered greatly; their pulse increased in frequency, hectic fever often resulted, and catalepsy was sometimes occasioned; but the moment the patient was restored to the first position, all these symptoms ceased, and were in general replaced by an agreeable

feeling of wellbeing. In some of the cases which were tried, the most extraordinary effects were produced on the patient by this change of position; and he hence concluded that the various and contradictory effects which have been attributed to the application of electricity and magnetism to the cure of diseases, have arisen from the neglect of the influence exerted by the magnetism of the earth on the patients; and to the same cause he also attributes the little success which has hitherto attended the treatment of nervous diseases.

In extending his experiments, he found that soft iron, which loses its magnetism when removed from the inductive power of a magnet, does not lose the power of acting on the nerves; and he hence concludes that magnetism, properly so called, is perfectly distinct from this new power, as we have already seen in other instances, when speaking of the crystal. We have also mentioned that bodies placed in contact with a crystal or magnet, such as water, &c. became possessed of the same power of affecting the nerves as those bodies, and could be distinguished from portions of the same substances not magnetised. But we have now to learn that the same properties can be communicated to the human body; or, in other words, that a man rubbed, or in mere contact with a magnet or crystal, is capable of producing the same effect on the nerves as those bodies; nay more, that a man has these properties even when he has not touched a magnet or crystal; in fact, that we are a source of this peculiar power ourselves. It is unnecessary to give here the mode in which he arrived at this remarkable conclusion, as the experiments are all similar to those made with the magnet and crystal—a man being merely substituted for these latter. Like them, the hand produces an aura, attracts the limbs of cataleptic patients, and communicates a charge to other bodies which, as in the case of the magnet and crystal, disappears again in a short time; and is capable of passing through all bodies, is little influenced by the magnetism of the earth, and, like them, is polar, the principal axis being across the body, the ends of the fingers being the poles. The head and genitals very likely form secondary poles.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole investigation is, that the tops of the fingers of healthy men continually give off tufts of light, just as the poles of crystals, while those of women give off none, or at most merely appear slightly luminous! The patients who were able to observe these phenomena, described the flame as being from one to four inches long, according as they were more or less sensitive, and of an extremely beautiful appearance.

Baron Reichenbach has also attained what he considers as conclusive evidence, that magnetism exists in the sun's light. All bodies exposed for a time to sunlight, retain a magnetic light for some time after. 'One of his experiments is so curious, that we shall give it here:—To a piece of thick copper wire, about thirty feet long, he fastened a piece of sheet copper, about nine inches square. The end of this wire was placed in the patient's hand, and the plate exposed to the direct rays of the sun outside the window: this was scarcely done, when an exclamation of intense pleasure was heard from the patient; she instantly felt the peculiar sensation of warmth, which gradually spread from her arm to her head. But, in addition to this, she described another and hitherto totally unknown sensation; namely, a feeling of extreme wellbeing, as the patient said, similar to the sensation produced by a gentle May breeze. It flowed from the end of the wire to the arm, and spread itself over the whole body, producing a sensation of coolness; the patient feeling at the same time strengthened and refreshed. In some of his experiments, Reichenbach substituted various bodies, and among them a man, for the plate of copper, and still obtained the same results. What is extremely curious, the yellow part of the ray of light produces the agreeable and refreshing feeling, while the violet part causes the disagreeable feeling, sometimes experienced from the action of the magnet;

and this violet part we know to be that at which the greatest chemical action takes place. In heat, friction, and artificial light, the baron found various modifications of the same surprising effects.

It equally appears that, 'in every case of chemical action, even where it consists in nothing more than the combination of water of crystallisation, with a salt or mere solution of a body in some solvent, this power is set free.' 'If we recollect,' says our journalist, 'how manifold are the circumstances under which chemical action takes place on the earth, we will be able to see what an inexhaustible source of this power there must be. In the animal body, there is a series of such changes continually going on; we eat food, it is digested in the stomach, and converted into blood, which is again further changed into muscle, fat, &c. and these in turn are again decomposed, to yield fuel for animal heat and motive power. This continual chemical action is, therefore, the generator of the peculiar force which we find developed in man, as in the magnet and crystal. But not only does the chemical action going on in the living body generate this power, but the decomposition which ensues immediately after death is also an abundant source of it. Reichenbach, on going into churchyards on dark nights with some of his patients, discovered that graves were always covered with a lurid phosphorescent glow, about six or eight inches high; and in one case Miss Reichel saw it four feet in height in a graveyard in Vienna, where a large number of persons were daily buried. When she walked through this graveyard, the light reached up to her neck, and the whole place appeared covered with dense misty luminous fog. This, the baron conceives, explains in a very satisfactory manner the appearance of light and ghosts, &c. which have been from time to time observed over graves.'

After thus discovering several sources of the power, Reichenbach was led to the detection of it, in a certain measure, in all bodies whatever. From this flowed some observations, the curious nature of which must be our apology for borrowing so largely from our contemporary. 'Every one,' says he, 'is aware that there is a large number of persons upon whom certain substances have a certain peculiar effect, generally of a disagreeable kind, which sometimes appears to be absurd and ridiculous, and is often attributed to eccentricity; thus there are some who cannot bear to touch fur, others who do not like to see feathers; nay, some who cannot bear the look of butter. The invariable nature of this feeling, and the similarity of circumstances attending its existence among the most different races, and in the most distant countries, led Reichenbach to examine it closer; and he found that these antipathies occurred, for the most part, among persons apparently healthy, but more or less sensitive, and that they increase in degree according as persons suffer from nervousness, &c.; and that, hence, there was evidently some connexion between these sensations and the effects which he had in so many instances found to attend the action of magnetic crystals, and on similar persons.

'We have already seen that, in certain cases, the action of the crystal was attended by a disagreeable feeling, which sometimes produced painful spasmodic affections of the limbs; and that this property could be communicated to various bodies, though in different degrees; and that it is never totally absent from bodies which form perfect crystals. On this subject we have, however, already said enough; and it only remains to say a few words on the sensation of apparent difference of temperature, the disagreeable feeling, as it were of disgust, and the apparent mechanical agitation of darting pains through the body, sometimes produced by most dissimilar substances.

'Some of these sensations were felt by healthy persons, but highly sensitive individuals felt them all more or less strongly, according to the nature and extent of their disease.

'On making a number of experiments on the most

different substances, he arrived at the conclusion that all amorphous bodies which do not possess the peculiar power resident in crystals, possess, in different degrees, according to the nature of the body, and with a great degree of constancy, the property of giving rise to disagreeable sensations, sometimes accompanied by heat, and sometimes by a feeling of coolness. In the crystal, we had a power depending on the state of aggregation, or form; while in the case before us, the nature of the substance is the determining cause of some dynamical effect of another kind.

Many curious observations remain, but our space is exhausted. Most readers will, we think, join us in wishing that the experiments of the Viennese philosopher should be repeated, and subjected to every imaginable test; as, in the first place, they seem worthy of this pains; and, in the second, it is impossible to receive such extraordinary matters into the book of science without the strongest of attainable proofs. It would now, we think, be wrong to treat such things with the indifference of mere incredulity. It is far from likely that so many persons as have now testified to peculiar effects of a zoo-magnetic nature, should have been entirely mistaken, or altogether possessed by a spirit of deception. Nor is there any improbability that we are tending towards the discovery of some new form of the imponderables, in which the human organisation is strangely concerned, and which therefore promises to possess medicative power. Where a prospect, however shadowy, holds out so much temptation, men will venture to follow it, and surely it were well for a few genuine men of science to go into the inquiry, if only to prevent the multitudes of the unlearned from breaking their heads upon it. It sometimes appears to us as if the spirit of incredulity overreached itself; and perhaps there is an instance here. Forty-six years ago, many cures by magnets, called 'metallic tractors,' were announced; they were suddenly quashed by two physicians, who simulated the applications, but used bits of wood and iron disguised as tractors instead. What, however, if it should prove that the cures were real cures in both cases, only produced by a cause different from the tractors, and which resided in the bodies of the operators, and connected with an earnest exertion of the will in both cases? Things as strange have happened.

[Since the above was prepared, we have seen a pamphlet by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh—*Abstract of Researches on Magnetism and on Certain Allied Subjects*, by Baron von Reichenbach—in which there is a much more ample account of these curious investigations. To this, as well as to the Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science, we would direct the attention of those who may wish to pursue the study into its minutiae.]

ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

It does not seem to us many years since we read in the papers an obituary notice of Daniel Boone, the founder of the state of Kentucky. Need we say what Kentucky now is? A state as large as Scotland, fertile and beautiful, and containing not much less than a million of people. Yet the first white man who set himself down to live in this grand country, only died at the end of the reign of George III.; so rapidly does the world advance in some of its districts. Boone's history is interesting, because it realises almost in our own day some of those first processes of civilisation which, in the elder world, passed long before history existed. It is the story of Jew and Canaanite—as far as that was a mere conflict for land—brought almost before our living eyes.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to

the west of Virginia. It was a beautiful wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset in England, but long naturalised to America, and now married, with a family of several children. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fireside. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamt upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavoured to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilisation to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the

forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot; even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it: it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referrible to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighbourhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian, and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June (1770), and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile a band called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked-for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old 'treed' instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the whites were victors; but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia (the Earl of Dunmore), to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonisation of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region: this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but, in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an offshoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs Boone, Mrs McGary, Mrs Denton, and Mrs Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the 'mothers of the west.' The war just then breaking out, and all the

horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honour.

We pass over much detail as to the various settlements which were formed, and entirely overlook the doings of a remarkable man, George Rogers Clark, who had much to do with the infancy of Kentucky. It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of 'cabiners,' those speculators who came out to obtain a pre-emption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders, who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumours of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre: silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, 'Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel's on the track.' And when, by and by, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he re-entered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swum in, and caught hold of it; and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss: turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more: then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles, they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if

their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fled, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milking the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of powder and shot, so that, unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day, he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and cared for by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favour with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconceivable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a-day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough—and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? 'Bless your soul,' said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, 'she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man's.' There was no time for regrets,

for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he started with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his Majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel has acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back, struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78 was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had

stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles—Daniel Boone.*

This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.

GROANS FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BATING the price, or offering for a piece of goods a lower price than what is asked by the party disposing of it, well known by the term haggling, is a custom probably of great antiquity—derived, doubtless, from those barbarous times when every man tried to over-reach his neighbour—when 'might made right'—but surely it is a practice altogether unworthy of the present day.

Every draper who properly understands his business will be most anxious to dispose of his goods at the lowest possible remunerating profit. For this purpose he visits the best and cheapest markets, carefully selects the most suitable goods, estimates the quantity he is likely to turn over in a given period, and determines the profit he must take, in order to be able, from this turn-over, to meet the expenses connected with his establishment, and leave himself a fair remuneration for his personal trouble and risk. Having done this, he fixes the price of each article according to its value, and in proportion to the share it should have in making up the sum estimated to be necessary for the accomplishment of the above ends; and the price so fixed becomes the lowest at which the article can be disposed of without incurring loss. Such being the case—and in every properly-conducted business it is the case—how unreasonable is it for any one to offer a lower price, or to suppose, when offered, that it will be taken? Why, this is equivalent to asking the disposer if he is willing, for the benefit of the purchaser, to be as much out of pocket as there is of difference between the price asked and the one offered.

But it may be urged, that goods are not always worth the price asked for them, and that it is therefore quite reasonable to try and bring them down to their proper value. To this it may be answered, that the lower a merchant of any kind can dispose of his goods profitably, the more it will be to his advantage, as he will be certain to sell the greater quantity. It is, therefore, the interest of every well-designing tradesman to ask a moderate price for his goods. If a higher price is asked for an article than is done elsewhere, the purchaser has the power of going there; for it is the right as well as the interest of every one to buy his goods where they are to be had at best value; but no one has a right to seek to make a man alter the price he has deemed necessary to be paid for his own property.

It is common, when the haggler is asked if the article he has not worth more than he has offered, to get the reply, 'Oh, I'm no judge of its value, but I'll give you that for it.' No judge of its value; and yet, by his conduct, stating his conviction that more than its value is asked! How unreasonable, and yet how frequent, is such conduct! In fact, those who are judges of the articles they purchase are the easiest served, and are those who never haggle. It is the individuals who, ignorant of the value of what they wish to buy, suppose that, by offering a lower price than the one asked, they are taking the sure method of making a good bargain, who constitute the great majority of hagglers; and who only require to be convinced of the uselessness of the system, in order to their giving it up. There are some, indeed, so selfish, that, although conscious the article is well worth the money asked for it, will, from the desire of buying cheap, endeavour to screw down the merchant, in order that they may save perhaps the sum of one penny! Yes, and they will not blush to use more intimacy to gain their end, than the most importunate beggar would do for the same amount, although in

his case it might be to enable him to relieve the cravings of hunger. Arguments with this class would be useless, for nothing will induce them to give up the practice of haggling till it has come to be universally despised.

The folly of those who think that they gain anything by this system will readily appear, if we consider the easiness with which its practice may be met by the disposer, and rendered entirely useless. They are, in nearly all cases, no judges of the article they intend to purchase: its value may be more, or it may be less, than what it is stated to be, for anything they know. Let us, for illustration, suppose a case. The price of an article is 6s.; but the disposer, believing that he will be offered less than what he asks, and conscious that he cannot take it without injury to himself, asks 7s. The person offers perhaps first 5s. 6d., and then comes up to 6s., and will give no more. The disposer, after a little higgling, accepts the offer; he gets what he wanted—the value of the article; whilst the purchaser goes home with the idea that he has made a grand bargain, and boasts to his neighbours, that 'the merchant asked 7s., but I prigged him down to 6s.' Wonderful triumph! well worthy of the person who has made an honest man practise a deceit, of which he himself, however, is the dupe. If any one has cause to boast, it is surely the disposer, who has outwitted the purchaser, and gained all he desired.

But this is not the worst; for in many instances not only is this system of no benefit to its supporters, but is the means of making them do the very thing they are so desirous of avoiding; namely, of paying more for their purchases than their real value.

The price of a piece of cloth is 10s. 3d. per yard; but, in order to be prepared for haggling, it is stated to be 11s. 6d. The purchaser in this case may be supposed to be one of those who say that they do not like to haggle, probably for the purpose of throwing the salesman off his guard, and inducing him to state the lowest price at once, but who, after all, make a habit of offering a little less. He says, 'That's surely too dear? I will give you 11s. for it, and take eight yards of it, and that is only 6d. less than you are asking!' Generous man! The disposer, of course, cannot say that his offer is 9d. more than the real price, since it is 6d. less than the one asked. This would at once be confessing himself as unworthy of confidence in the estimation of the purchaser, and by the means of losing not only the present sale, but future custom. The bargain is made, the money paid, and a slight discount given; and in this case, as in the former, the man goes home ready to boast of his bargain. And well he might, were things as he supposed; for his idea is, that on an amount of 88s. he has gained 4s. besides the discount, whilst in reality he has paid 6s. more than the merchant wished for his goods!

But more than this. Some people are so prejudiced in favour of this obnoxious system, that they continue to practise it even after they are shown its absurdity and entire uselessness. A woman asks the price of a yard of ribbon. She is told it is 3d.; but thinking the shopman said 5d., she cries out, 'I'll give you 4d.!' and when made aware that the price is only 3d., replies, 'Then I'll give you 2d.!' Ridiculous as this may appear to some, it is no picture of the fancy, but a case to which all drapers of any standing can furnish many parallels. Had the disposer in this case been so inclined, he might have allowed the woman to remain in her first opinion; and doubtless she would have been as well satisfied with the idea that she had got a ribbon worth 5d. for 4d., as she would have been in getting it for 2d., when made aware that the price was only 3d. Let hagglers only exercise their propensity, and they are better pleased, although they should be cheated of two shillings, if you have come down one, than they would be by getting the article cheaper than its value, if you made no abatement.

True it is that a stand is now being made in country towns by many, and in our larger towns by all the re-

* Abridged from the North American Review for January 1840.

spectable shops against this abominable practice. 'No abatement' has now come to be a term of more frequent use than formerly; and the words, 'We never make two prices,' are now common in places where formerly such a statement would not only have been false, but deemed ruinous. To the proprietors of those establishments who have taken this stand, the best thanks, not only of the young men in their employment, but of the public generally, are due; for whilst on their assistants they have conferred a boon of immense importance, in rendering equivocation and deceit unnecessary, they afford to the public security of fair-dealing, and of disposing of their goods at one price, and that price, as has already been shown, the lowest they can possibly take.

Another evil to which drapers and their assistants are exposed, is want of confidence in them by the public generally. This want of confidence extends only to their professional character, without having any reference to their character and conduct as members of society. It is confined within the shop, and to the transactions of buying and selling, and cannot but be galling and hurtful to the feelings of those who are conscious that they do not deserve to be so treated.

An idea is entertained by very many that drapers are a class of men who, in respect to business, are entirely under the guidance of selfishness, and who will stop at nothing in order to effect a sale. Falseness is attributed to them as their hourly practice; and dishonesty and roguery looked upon as necessary qualifications for their trade. It is no uncommon thing for them to be told plainly 'that they need say nothing in their own favour, for that, if they were not rogues, they would not be fit for their profession.' All do not go thus length in words, but show, by their conduct, that they hold the same opinions.

How provoking is it for a young man, after conscientiously recommending a piece of goods, to be told, 'Who is to believe what you say? It is of course your interest to praise the article.' What reason is there for this sneering, cruel expression? Is it only the offscourings of society who constitute the majority of drapers in our country? Are their assistants taken from our prisons, or the haunts of vice, that they are thus looked upon and treated as common tricksters? That cases of deception and 'in-taking' have been practised by shopmen on customers, cannot be denied; but they are very rare in the present day; and when such cases have occurred, if properly examined into, it will be found that in most of them the customers have had themselves to blame, and, by their own conduct, rendered it necessary on the part of the shopman, if he wished to sell to them, to practise a deceit, and take them in. A case of this description went the round of the newspapers some time ago. A person wished to buy a silk dress, and after being shown several pieces, at length fixed on one, for which, however, she would only give a certain price, and that considerably lower than the one demanded. As it would appear, there had been no abatement allowed to be made in the house, so the offer could not be taken. The customer was just going away, when the salesman rapidly put aside the piece of silk in question, and replaced it by another of a lower price than that for which she was offering, and cried to her, as she was going out at the door, 'Come away, ma'am, you may have it.' The dress was cut off, the full price paid, and the customer highly pleased at having got it all her own way. Now, cases similar to this sometimes happen; but was not the customer primarily to blame in laying temptation before the salesman? Treat young men in such a way as will show that you deem them worthy of confidence, and they will strive to act so as to merit it. But if you treat them as rogues, be not surprised if they act towards you as such.

That drapers are a class of men whose conduct should be the very opposite of what is so generally attributed to them, will be at once apparent, when we consider that their success in trade depends upon their so acting as to

gain the confidence and good-will of the public. They have a character to earn and sustain; it is for their interest to try and gather around them a class of steady and regular customers, who are made to find it agreeable and profitable to make their purchases in the same shop. And how is this to be accomplished? Is it by recommending bad articles?—by stating what is not the truth?—By taking advantage of the ignorant, and dealing unfairly? Surely not. The very opposite must be the case. Thus it is evident that, in the absence of all principle, regard for his own interests will serve to make a draper act so as to merit confidence: for where is the individual so foolish as, for the sake of the few shillings, or perhaps pence, to run the risk of losing years of that person's dealings, as he would assuredly do when his conduct came to be discovered?

It is not uncommon for a shopkeeper to find that his word in matters of business is held as nothing by those who, in other social relations, show that they regard him as a person who may be relied on. This may be primarily owing to its being understood that there are ways of speaking and acting in business which are considered as allowable, though they would be condemned in common affairs. We would remark, however, that to find one's honesty in business matters systematically doubted, must operate grievously in discouraging the desire of acting fairly in other respects. The vexation of spirit which the public want of faith excites in drapers and their assistants, must be felt in order to be properly known. Let any honourable person put himself in their place, and think how he would like to see everything he said listened to with obvious marks of incredulity, and this through a whole day, and from one day to another, and some faint conception of their sufferings may be formed. It is submitted that men thus continually liable to being lowered in their own esteem must be apt, sooner or later, to justify the suspicions with which they are regarded.

Another evil to which this class of the community, especially assistants, are exposed, is to be found in the practice of those who go 'a-shopping' without the intention of buying. This description of persons are of two classes; first, those who visit drapers' shops without any intention of purchasing, but probably for the sake of killing time, or seeing what are the fashions of the day. This class is by far the smallest of the two, and productive of the least amount of evil, as they honestly avow their intentions of not purchasing, but merely looking at the goods; and therefore no disappointment is experienced when they do not buy. It is the second and more numerous class who give rise to the evil now under consideration; namely, those who do indeed intend purchasing, but not until they have first visited a number of shops. Such persons enter the shop they have resolved to visit first with the full determination that, although they should see articles quite suited to their mind, not to purchase them till they first see what other shops have got. Some may be startled at this statement, and inclined to doubt its veracity; but it is quite true that such persons as those above-described are not rare, nor do they seek to make any secret of their conduct. Should these observations be read by any of this class, they will know that this description is a true one.

Another, and the last evil we would mention, is to be found in a habit which many have of stating the price of an article to be lower than they really paid for it. The reason for this conduct is a desire to be thought to have made good bargains, and the foolish wish of having those bargains envied. Many are heard to say, 'Some people get things unusually cheap; I can never see any of them when I come to buy.' No; and why? Because the 'some people' you allude to never bought the articles at the prices they stated, nor near to them. The evils of this practice consist in the false view it gives of the value of articles, and the consequent difficulty there is in obtaining them. An individual who has seen an article said to be purchased for a certain amount, and anxious

to obtain the same, cannot be blamed, when going to a shop to get it, and finding it to be charged considerably higher, if she should refuse to take it, and go away with the impression that the merchant wished to take her in. Here the vain desire for a little envy has led to the telling of a falsehood, has deprived the draper of a good customer, and has perhaps ruined his reputation in that customer's estimation, and in the circle in which she moves. Some, again, who are guilty of this practice, are actuated by a desire to gain not praise, but money by it. These generally work by means of another. They ask a person to bring them home, from a certain shop, a quantity of the same goods they themselves purchased a few days previous at a certain price; taking care, however, that the price mentioned be a little less than what was paid. They seem to reason in this way—'The merchant will perhaps forget what I paid; or he will not like to refuse the person I have employed; she is a good customer. Or he will not disappoint me for such a trifle: in either way, I will gain my end.' And often they do so; but the more the pity. Success only encourages future attacks; and the proper way of getting rid of this annoyance is by at once refusing to yield to it.

Such are the evils to which drapers and their assistants are exposed from the present system of doing business, and which tend materially to harass and annoy them in discharging the duties of their calling. Many of these evils are generally little known, except by those who suffer from them, and consequently their sources remain unheeded. It is to be hoped, however, that some good will be done by thus bringing the subject before the public. Should any such benefit result, even in the humblest and most partial degree, the writer of these remarks will have attained the object he had in view.

A DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

WORKING MEN'S EVENINGS.—THE HAMPSTEAD READING-ROOMS.

The devil is best met by *supersalens*. That is to say, less good is attainable by direct condemnation of his allurements, than by competing against him with allurements of an equally powerful, though innocent kind. For example, it is of little use to convince working men that the public-house is a vulgar and debasing place in which to spend the evening, unless you show them another place where the time may be spent as agreeably, and with benefit instead of damage. For this reason we are always pleased to hear of any efforts, on however humble a scale, to afford harmless amusement and recreation, not to speak of instruction, to the working-classes. And where we think the efforts such as may be easily repeated elsewhere, we are glad to say what we can in their favour.

It was under such feelings that we adverted, upwards of a twelvemonth ago, to a little establishment which had been set up, under somewhat peculiar regulations, at Hampstead. We now learn, from a report before us, that the *Hampstead Reading-Rooms* continue to flourish, though with some changes on the original plan. The furnishing of coffee to the members has been given up, as seen to be not required, and classes for instruction have been introduced instead. There are now between fifty and sixty members, chiefly working gardeners, young journeymen artisans, and the sons of the village tradesmen, whose weekly payments of twopence each, with a small sum raised by subscription, appear to be sufficient to defray the expenses. These are for rent, fire, and lights, books, newspapers, and periodical publications—the classes being taught gratuitously. Two rooms, front and back—open from six till ten every evening, except Sundays—form this little temple of dawning intelligence and rational amusement. In the front room are placed the *Times* and *St James's Chronicle* (which a neighbouring gentleman furnishes gratuitously), the *Illustrated London News*, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, *Punch*, and *Chambers's Journal and Miscellany*; and it

is not unworthy of remark, that the simply literary publications are the most sought after. Here also are thirty volumes of books, obtained from a public library at the cost of a small subscription, and of course changed at proper intervals. In the back room are the classes—senior and junior—for instruction in writing, grammar, and composition, Latin, and drawing. The three first are taught together, by setting the pupils to write down the substance of some tale, or other matter, which is read aloud to them, and then going over and correcting their productions. 'By this means,' says a correspondent, 'individuals who, a year ago, would have been unable, had they attempted it, to express themselves intelligibly in writing, have become competent to write a very fair and creditable letter.' Drawing is learnt in an equally practical manner, by copying busts; while the principles of perspective are not neglected. 'It is not a little remarkable,' pursues our correspondent, 'that the Latin class should be one of the two which are best attended; and the fact suggests that working men are capable of higher mental enjoyments than is usually supposed. Some of the junior classes are conducted by a few of the more advanced members, who are desirous of extending to others the benefit they have received and learnt to value for themselves.'

Altogether, the Hampstead Reading-Rooms seem to be serving their professed object most satisfactorily. If there is anything left to be lamented, it is, that the benefits are, after all, limited to a class or grade. There are in Hampstead hundreds of *sand boys*, *donkey boys*, and other youths of similar occupations, who equally require an evening refuge for hurtless entertainment and instruction, but who could not properly be taken into this institution. Let us express our hope that some equally appropriate barbourage will be found for this class of persons; as also that institutions of the kind which we have described may speedily extend into districts where they are as yet unknown.

PECULIAR MARRIAGE-CUSTOM IN WALES.

VERY little is known by the public generally of the manners and customs of the Welsh—among the lower orders of whom there still linger much of that brotherhood which characterised our ancestors several centuries ago. One of their most curious practices is that of marriage 'biddings,' which is invariably followed in the agricultural districts; and which, however odd it may appear to us, is not without its advantages.

As soon as the wedding-day is fixed, the contracting parties print and distribute small hand-bills, of which the following is a specimen, dated so recently as the 24th of January 1846:—

'As we intend entering the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends and relations to make a bidding on the occasion, which will be held on Thursday, February the 12th, at the house called *Berth-lyyd*, parish of Loughor, when and where the favour of your good and agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion, by your most obedient servants,

GRIFFITH HOWELL,
MARY MORGAN.

'The young man's mother, Sarah Howell, desires that all debts of the above nature due to her be paid on the above day; the young woman's father and mother, William and Martha Morgan, desire that all debts of the above nature due to them be paid on the above day.'

The number of persons who assemble on such occasions varies according to the character and connexion of the parties interested. Both issue billets to their acquaintances; and thus there are frequently congregated as many as one hundred, or one hundred and eighty individuals, of both sexes and all ages. Should the bride and bridegroom live some distance apart, their respective retinues set out early in the morning, headed by a fiddler, whose native music enlivens the journey. They generally congregate to make a half-way meeting, where both parties amalgamate, and proceed directly to church. On the way thither, it is usual

tomary, as in Scotland, for some of the neighbouring lads to hide behind a tree or hedge, and suddenly fire a salute, much to the consternation of the females in the joyous procession.

After the ceremony is over, the whole assemblage repair to the house of the bridegroom's father, to partake of some refreshment (for which each pays his or her quota), and to deposit their donations. The amount collected varies according to the circumstances of the individuals, averaging from L.30 to L.100; in some instances it has reached L.150. The sum thus gained affords to the 'young beginners' considerable assistance, enabling them to commence life free and unembarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. As will be seen by the printed invitation, the individuals thus assisted hold themselves responsible, in point of honour, for the repayment of the various sums contributed, when those who advance them are about to take a similar step. Should those who give the donations not require repayment on their own account, they have the power of demanding them in favour of any of their children. In almost every case there are a number of bachelor and maiden contributors; and thus the newly-wedded couple are on the whole gainers, while the repayments also fall due at distant and scattered periods.

As at the old Scotch 'penny-weddings,' the proceedings are wound up with a dance in the barn, or other convenient apartment, where, with music, dancing, and drinking, the mirth soon grows loud and furious; fortunate if it terminates as harmlessly as it began.

DEFECTIVE HOUSE DRAINAGE.

A recent number of the *Lancet*, in an obituary notice of the late Dr James Johnson, the editor of the *Medical and Chirurgical Review*, gives the following account of his death:—'At the age of sixty-seven he still carried his years bravely; his hair was scarcely bleached by so many winters—it had grown a little, and but a little, sparse upon the crown; his frame was still erect, his step firm, and not a tooth was missing from its appointed place. He had long been partial to Brighton, and the railway offered him facilities of which he determined to avail himself. He resolved to remain there for a couple of months, coming up to town three days in the week, to see his patients. Unfortunately, Brighton was so full, that he found it impossible to procure a house or apartments on West Cliff, and was compelled to repair to East Cliff, the lower portion of the town. Here the drains are frequently deranged, and it happened that they had been so at the house he selected, immediately before his visit to it. The residents and visitors had all been seized with diarrhoea, and this attacked himself, and those attending him, almost on the instant that he entered it. His intention to remain at Brighton three days in the week was not acted on. Devoured by ennui, he turned with satiety from the groups on the Parade, or the boats on the beach, and, after one attempt, he fled to the express train, and came to and returned from London daily. The excitement and exertion were too great. On the 4th October, returning by the train to Brighton, he was seized in it with a rigor. On arriving at his lodgings, he exclaimed to his wife that, unless he could procure a free perspiration, this attack would be his death. That night he was delirious. The diarrhoea, which had never ceased, became aggravated; dysentery—the low fever of the aged and exhausted—was established on it; and, worn out by purging, tormina, tenesmus, hiccup, he expired on the 10th, surrounded by his family, and sensible nearly to the last.'

HOW TO BREAK OFF A BAD HABIT.

The late Mr Louden, the celebrated writer on gardening, &c. during the time he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wine-glassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture became gradually weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water; and he found that he had cured himself of this dangerous habit without experiencing any inconvenience.

LOVELY SPRING.

IN ANSWER TO THE POEM ENTITLED 'HATEFUL SPRING!'

Thou say'st that spring is hateful, because her blossoms bright
Hidde the treasure of thy selfish heart from thine adorning sight;
But what is she to all the burst, and blush, and bloom of spring?
How dark the soul, at such a time, that thinks of murmuring!

Thy love has eyes of dewy blue, but spring's young glowing sky
Has a charm that thou canst never find in earthly maiden's eye;
Bright are her lips, but spring's exquisite fairy buds celipse
The beauty, and the whispered sweets, of thy beloved's lips.

She hath a graceful form thou say'st: go, mark the bow of spring
Sweeping the gloomy arch of heaven—a grand and glorious thing!
And tell me if that rainbow bright, the banner of the storm,
Hath not as perfect symmetry as thy fair idol's form?

Her brow is white; the snowdrop's head is whiter, purer far:
Her voice is soft; but full as soft the linnet's love-songs are.
Dark, selfish spirit! walk abroad on the young bridal earth,
And then call hateful, if thou canst, this glorious time of mirth.

All things look up to Heaven, and smile: the heart should most
arise,

And bless the love which sends us down an earthly paradise.
The flowers come forth, like voices sent from some sweet land of
love,

And breathe of some more glorious world, like the returning dove.

They come and bless the lowly cot, they crowd the princely bower;
The peasant has her wreath of spring, the queen her favourite
flower:

They, sympathising dear ones! come, their tearful heads to wave
Over the dust of those we love, the low and lonely grave.

Ah spring—kind spring! she ne'er forgets the tear-bedewed tomb!
No; she scatters there her youngest buds, and bids them softly
bloom:

She clothes with leaves the lattice of thy dear one's hallowed bower,
To teach thee there are lovely things besides that worshipped flower.

Go forth, and watch the glorious spring—the love, the bride of
earth!

Spring—blessed spring! so full of heart, and harmony, and mirth!
Oh, I would have all hearts rejoice, all tongues exulting sing.
'O God, we bless thy tireless love, for the bright and beaming
spring!'

We know the human bosom hath a world of love to pour
At the feet of some fair object it delighteth to adore;
That world of love should all be His who sends His angel spring,
And, next to Him, to all things bright and beautiful should cling.

Give me the great, grand heart, as large as it was made to be,
That takes in God, and heaven, and earth, like a deep and glorious
sea:

That sees the stamp of Beauty broad and wide on everything,
And loves that beauty everywhere—and dearly loves the spring.

Why dost thou narrow up thy soul to one thing God has made?
Why should one star of loveliness His boundless sunshine shade?
Idolater! go, mark the flowers, and hear the bright birds sing,
And bless the opened hand of love for the gay and glorious spring!

* See No. 110 (page 96 of present volume).

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A correspondent, referring to a late paper on the works of Ger-vasio Markham ('The English Housewife in 1645,' published in No. 90, p. 313, of 4th volume of the *Journal*, new series), where we had remarked *haggis* as described among other English dishes of the seventeenth century, directs our attention to the fact, that this peculiar preparation is alluded to in an English book of much older date, namely, *Lydgate's Story of Thebes*. Warton represents Lydgate as at his highest eminence as a poet about the year 1430. In this *Story*, a host at Canterbury, inviting his guest to supper, tells him he will have, among other dishes, 'a round haggis.' It is curious thus to ascertain that England, in an earlier and less dainty state of her cuisine, did not repudiate the homely, yet reliable fare which has since been left to the sole enjoyment of us northern barbarians, amongst even whom it is now nearly extinct. The same correspondent suggests that *sheep's head* may have been a Roman dish, as in *Juvenal* (book 1, satire 3) the following lines occur:—

Quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor et etiam vervecis labra comedib.

With reference to the biographic sketch of Theodore Hook, in No. 110, we are informed that that unfortunate wit, besides the late Dean of Worcester, had a second brother, now living, the result of a third marriage of his father.

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ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honoured with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philosophers. I must profess, however, that I feel there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The sports of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for our enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighbourhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at rumps, such as a merry group of human youngsters will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings; which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each others' heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill, the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastisement which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

*'Scour away in lang excursion,
And worry other in diversion.'*

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of *make-believe*, or jest as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done as a little practical joke. It may be added, that the cat stood it for some time very tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parent, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each others' cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each others' backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The kindly social acts of animals, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogises, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, 'Each aids the others.' It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indifferent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds within. Curiosity being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood, had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been consoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little field-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught—which was easily done

by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, 'nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other—now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to the view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.'

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around, regardless of their own danger, and endeavour to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavouring to rescue him from dying of his wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters. About ten days ago [writing in Jamaica], one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homewards through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal 'proceeded direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham's family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wailings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would, doubtless have perished had he lain much longer.' It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of duty is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards, under the care of his dog alone, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two

miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendant to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern states of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St Augustine; they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative:—'They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left for ever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere upon the road down to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked pitiously around upon the bystanders, then at the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter; and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her intreaties to those of her father's, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows.'

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of attachment, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or, it may be, merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *auld lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencontres of human friends long separated. For example—A few years ago, a sailor, entering a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very much agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful bellowings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his special care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognising his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of 'shaking a fist' with the beautiful animal, he was

suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, insomuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favour.

This predilection of animals for particular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-office, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr Davis, and sold to a Mr Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, 'Come, old boy, give me a kiss,' which the parrot instantly did. A youth, in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. 'You had better not try,' remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip, and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

Human foibles, too, are participated by animals. The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. 'Do you think,' said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavouring to gain his attention—'do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'I have remarked their vanity frequently.' 'We will call both feelings into action,' said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms. 'Mark that mother's offended pride,' said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. 'Do you think she will come if I call her?' 'Oh yes,' answered his friend. 'Not at all.' He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavoured to lick but an instant before. 'She will not speak to me to-day,' said Dr Gall.* Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impressions is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr Thomson, in his *Notes-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar cir-

cumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. 'In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day off the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot, and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water.'

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her, the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately dividing the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked, what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission: a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus: in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833), is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like circumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another: this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public-house: he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glens of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragoons. This also do the red-deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without favour of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaic mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He piles it in stacks as high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human hay-makers can pretend to. 'If at first you don't succeed,' says the moralist, 'try, try, try again.' The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been

a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation, crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Portpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the title of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rent makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavouring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sentiment, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity? Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a Divine author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

MR BROOKE IN BORNEO.

HIS INTRODUCTORY VISIT.

THE measures which have been recently taken for the suppression of piracy in the Indian Archipelago, have directed attention, in an especial manner, to Borneo, one of the largest and most fertile of these islands, and one which, under a new system of rule, is likely soon to assume an important position in the eastern world. Since the time of Sir Stamford Raffles, the East India islands have in a great degree been neglected. Britain has almost exclusively concentrated her energies in Hindostan and the adjacent continent; and the Dutch have neither the power nor the disposition to look beyond the interests of their present paltry monopolies. It is thus that the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of unrivalled beauty and fertility—lie neglected, and almost unknown. In this condition they were first beheld in 1830 by a British gentleman, who made the voyage from Calcutta to China in search of health and amusement. Struck with the anomaly, he inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the eastern isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. He had held advantageous situations in India; but, being wounded in the Burmese war, had relinquished the service, and was now ready for any undertaking that might present itself congenial to an energetic and inquiring mind. One ruling thought took possession of his mind: 'to carry,' says his friend, 'to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant vessel, the blessings of civilisation—to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects. Often foiled, often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacles, he was not, until 1838, enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. The intervening years had been devoted to preparation and inquiry—a year spent in the Mediterranean had tested his vessel, the *Royalist*, and his crew—and so completely had he studied his subject,

and calculated on contingencies, that the least sanguine of his friends felt, as he left the shore—hazardous and unusual as the enterprise appeared to be—that he had omitted nothing to insure a successful issue. "I go," said he, "to awake the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry Sir Stamford Raffles's views in Java over the whole Archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely: and if I fail in the attempt, I shall not have lived wholly in vain." This gentleman was Mr James Brooke, then in his thirty-fifth year—the son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service, and a descendant of Sir Robert Vyner, lord mayor of London in the reign of Charles II. We shall now endeavour to follow him in his career, from the time he left England in 1838, to the end of 1845—a period which witnessed peace restored, through his instrumentality, among the native tribes of Borneo; piracy in a great measure suppressed; a trade established with Singapore; himself installed rajah of Sarawak, and agent for the British government in Borneo! The story of his career, so very unlike the common course of events in modern times, reads more like a tale of romance than the journal* of veritable adventure.

The *Royalist*, which belonged to the royal yacht squadron—a circumstance admitting it, in foreign ports, to the same privilege as a man-of-war—left the Thames on the 27th of October 1838, properly equipped for a four months' voyage, and carrying a crew of twenty hands, trained for three years by her captain—Mr Brooke. Having touched at Rio Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, and Singapore, it was not till August in the following year that the vessel anchored off the north coast of Borneo—then almost a *terra incognita*, both as regards its productions and people. We were aware, no doubt, of its tropical position and general fertility, and that it was inhabited by native Dyaks, Malays, and a few Chinese settlers; but beyond this, the island was less known than it was fifty years ago. On the 14th, the *Royalist* anchored abreast of Sarawak, and prepared for the reception of Raja Muda Hassim, heir-apparent to the sultanhip of Borneo Proper, from which he was temporarily absent, for the purpose of suppressing some Dyak rebellion. And now for a glimpse of Sarawak, before it became the thriving capital of Mr Brooke's dominion. The town consists of a collection of mud huts, erected on piles, and may contain about 1500 persons. The residences of the rajah and his fourteen brothers occupy the greater part, and their followers are the great majority of the population. When they depart for Borneo, the remainder must be a very small population, and apparently very poor. The river affords a few fish; but there is little sign of cultivation, either of rice or other grain. Fowls and goats seem the only other means of subsistence of these people. The geological features of the country are easily described. Vast masses of granite rock are scattered along the coast; for instance, Gunong Poe, Gadang, Santobong, &c. &c. which have evidently, at some former period, been detached islands. The spaces between these granite masses are now filled in with alluvial soil, intersected in every direction with rivers and streams, and on the low alluvial bank of the Sarawak river stands this little town. The distance from the sea is about twenty-five miles, through banks of mangrove and the Nepa palm, until approaching the town, where jungle trees first appear. The breadth is about 100 yards, and the depth six fathoms, at low water spring tides, in mid river, opposite the rajah's residence. Here Mr Brooke anchored, gave a salute of twenty-one guns, and pulled ashore, to visit the great man.

Muda Hassim received them in great state, seated in his hall of audience; which, outside, was nothing but a large shed, erected on piles, but within was decorated

* The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. *Dido*, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq. of Sarawak. By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R.N. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. London: 1846.

with taste. 'Chairs were placed on each side of the ruler, who occupied the head seat. Our party were placed on one hand; on the other sat his brothers Mahammed and Macota, and some other of his principal chiefs; whilst immediately behind him, his twelve younger brothers were seated. The dress of the rajah was simple, but of rich material, and most of the principal men were well, and even superbly dressed. His countenance is plain, but intelligent, and highly pleasing; and his manners perfectly elegant and easy. His reception was kind, and, I am given to understand, highly flattering. We sat, however, trammelled with the formality of state, and our conversation did not extend beyond kind inquiries, and professions of friendship. We were presented with tobacco rolled up in a leaf, each about a foot long; and tea was served by attendants on their knees. A band of music played wild and not unmusical airs during the interview, and the crowd of attendants who surrounded us were seated around in respectful silence. After a stay of half an hour, we rose and took our leave.' To this visit Muda Hassim had of course to make a return, which he did with much barbaric pomp and etiquette. 'His sword, with a gold scabbard, his war shield, jewel-hilted kris, and flowing horse-tails, were separately carried by the grand officers of state. Bursts of wild music announced his exit. His fourteen brothers and principal pangerans surrounded him, and a number (formidable on the deck of a vessel) covered the rear. He stayed two hours and a half; ate and drank, and talked with great familiarity, till the oppressive heat of the cabin caused me to wish them all to another place. However, he departed at last, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and the fatigues of the day were satisfactorily brought to a close. I afterwards sent the rajah the presents I had brought for him, consisting of a silk sarong, some yards of red cloth and velvet, a pocket pistol, scissors and knives, with tea, biscuits, sweetmeats, China playthings, &c. &c.' The inferior chiefs were also presented with a few articles; and nothing was more acceptable than small looking-glasses, before which some of the lower orders, quite ignorant of the reflection, were continually laughing, moving, sitting and rising, to observe the corresponding effect.

All this ceremonial over, Mr Brooke proceeded to business; and the first point was to receive permission to visit the interior. This being readily conceded, the boats were next morning launched, and a native prahu, with a crew of Malays, attended the party. The country is described as fertile beyond conception. At short distances, little clusters of native houses studded the banks of the river. The verdant jungle reached to the water's edge, and on the cleared spots clumps of trees arose, which would be the pride of any park in Europe. Monkeys, in great numbers, frisked among the branches; deer and wild hogs were abundant; and on one occasion the attendant pangeran treated them to a deer-hunt after the native fashion. By day they pulled up the river, wondering and admiring; by night they lodged in the best house of the nearest village, broiled their venison on a stick, flavoured it with a glass of sherry, smoked their cigars, and laid their heads on the pillow with as entire a feeling of security as though reposing in England. A description of one of these village dwellings, situated some sixty miles inland, is given as a novelty. 'Built,' says Mr Brooke, 'like other Malay houses, on posts, floored with split bamboo, and covered with the leaf of the Nepa palm, it presents the very *beau ideal* of fragility; but affords at the same time many advantages, and, with a little improvement, might be rendered admirably calculated for a new settler in any warm country. It is built at very small expense, is remarkably roomy, free from damp, and weather-proof. The interior of the house consists of four rooms: the centre one large and commodious; the front narrower, but thirty-six feet in length; a family sleeping-apartment on one side; and a kitchen at the back. These apartments are divided one from the other by partitions

made of the Nepa; the floors were nicely spread with strong mats of Dyak manufacture, and on our arrival, finer white mats were laid over those. The entrance of the house is approached by a steep ladder, which, in case of attack, is easily removed.'

Having returned to Sarawak, the next step was to take a survey of the neighbouring coast, and to run up the navigable rivers as far as possible. In this operation Mr Brooke had every facility given him by the rajah, had an escort of native boats, and accompanying pangerans. Among the most interesting rivers visited was that of the Lundu, a stream half a mile wide at its mouth, and 150 yards off Tungong, a Dyak village, situated about eighteen miles in the interior. The description of this village and its inhabitants, the Sibnowan Dyaks, forms one of the most interesting novelties in the journal. 'Tungong stands on the left bank (going up), close to the margin of the stream, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is *one* enormous house for the whole population, and three or four small huts. The exterior of the defence, between it and the river, is occupied by sheds for prahus, and at each extremity are one or two houses belonging to Malay residents. The common habitation, as rude as it is enormous, measures 594 feet in length; and the front room, or street, is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The back part is divided by mat-partitions into the private apartments of the various families; and of these there are forty-five separate doors, leading from the public apartment. The widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public room, as only those with wives are entitled to the advantage of separate rooms. This edifice is raised twelve feet from the ground, and the means of ascent is by the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it—a most difficult, steep, and awkward ladder. In front is a terrace fifty feet broad, running partially along the front of the building, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo. This platform, as well as the front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowl, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c. &c. There were two hundred men, women, and children, counted in the room and in front whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than four hundred souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy storey, on which are stowed their stores of food, and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and ingenuous race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is larger than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls, according to the custom of these people. The chief was a man of middle age, with a mild and pleasing countenance, and gentle manners. He had around him several sons and relations, and one or two of the leading men of his tribe; but the rest seemed by no means to be restrained by his presence, or to show him any particular marks of respect—certainly not the slightest of the servile obsequiousness observed by the Malays before their prince. Their dress consists of a single strip of cloth round the loins, with the ends hanging down before and behind; and a light turban, composed of the bark of trees, round the head, so arranged, that the front is stuck up, somewhat resembling a short plume of feathers. Their figures are almost universally well-made, and showing great activity, without great muscular development; but their stature is diminutive, averaging from four feet ten to five feet four inches.'

Respecting the custom of adorning their houses with

skulls, Mr Brooke is inclined to regard it merely as a triumphant token of valour in the fight or ambush, similar to the scalps of the North American Indians, and not as evidence of a cruel and indiscriminate barbarity. On inquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now; and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his lady-love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies; adding they were bad people, and deserved to die. I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife. He replied "Yes." "When would he get one?" "Soon." "Where would he go to get one?" "To the Sarehus river." I mention these particulars in detail, as I think, had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them.

Of the general habits and mode of life among the Sibnowan Dyaks, Mr Brooke gives the following interesting synopsis, which, with little alteration, may be taken as a fair picture of the numerous tribes that form the native population of Borneo. The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious; and as related, is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls are placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the forehead of the pair, which done, they are cooked, and eaten by the newly-married couple alone, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night.—Their dead are put in a coffin, and buried; but Sejugah informed me that the different tribes vary in this particular; and it would appear they differ from their near neighbours the Dyaks of Lundu. Like these neighbours, also, the Sibnowans seem to have little or no idea of a God. They offer prayers to Biedum, the great Dyak chief of former days. Priests and ceremonies they have none: the thickest mist of darkness is over them; but how much easier is it to dispel darkness with light, than to overcome the false blaze with the rays of truth! The manners of the men of this tribe are somewhat reserved, but frank; whilst the women appeared more cheerful, and more inclined to laugh and joke at our peculiarities. Although the first Europeans they had ever seen, we were by no means annoyed by their curiosity; and their honesty is to be praised, for, though opportunities were not wanting, they never on any occasion attempted to pilfer. Their colour resembles the Malay, and is fully as dark; and the cast of their countenance does not favour the notion that they are sprung from a distinct origin. They never intermarry with the Malays, so as to intermingle the two people; and the chastity of their women gives no presumption of its otherwise occurring. Their stature, as I have before remarked, is diminutive, their eyes are small and quick, their noses usually flattened, and their figures clean and well-formed, but not athletic. Both sexes generally wear the hair long and turned up, but the elder men often cut it short. As is natural, they are fond of the water, and constantly bathe; and their canoes are numerous. I counted fifty, besides ten or twelve small prahus, which they often build for sale to the Malays, at a very moderate price indeed. The men wear a number of fine cane rings, neatly worked (which we at first mistook for hair), below the knee, or on the arm, and sometimes a brass ring or two; but they have no other ornaments. The ears of a few were pierced, but I saw nothing worn

in them except a roll of thin palm leaf, to prevent the hole closing. The women are decidedly good-looking, and far fairer than the men; their figures are well-shaped, and remarkable for their *embonpoint*. The expression of their countenance is very good-humoured, and their condition seems a happy one. Their dress consists of a coarse stuff, very scanty (manufactured by the Sakarran Dyaks), reaching from the waist to the knee; around the waist they have rings of rattan, either black or red; and the loins are hung round with a number of brass ornaments, made by their husbands. Above the waist they are entirely naked, nor do they wear any covering or ornament on the head. They have a few bracelets of brass, but neither ear-rings nor nose-rings; and some, more lucky than the rest, wear a necklace of beads. They prefer the smallest Venetian beads to the larger and more gaudy ones of England. The labour of the house, and all the dudgey, fall upon the females. They grind the rice, carry burdens, fetch water, fish, and work in the fields; but though on a par with other savages in this respect, they have many advantages. They are not immured; and eat in company with the males; and in most points hold the same position towards their husbands and children as the European women. The children are entirely naked; and the only peculiarity I observed, is filing their teeth to a sharp point, like those of a shark.

Having surveyed a considerable portion of the coast, and ascended several of the rivers, to the distance of thirty, fifty, and eighty miles, Mr Brooke returned to Sarawak, with a pretty accurate knowledge of the nature and capabilities of that portion of Borneo. He found that gold, tin, copper, antimony ore, porcelain clay, coal, and iron, were amongst its mineral productions; that timber fit for ship-building, aloe wood, ebony, canes, rattans, wild nutmeg and other spices, were everywhere in abundance; and that sago, rice, edible birds' nests, bees' wax, &c. might also be made profitable sources of commerce. These matters he urged upon the attention of the rajah, represented to him how much his country would be benefited by a trade with Singapore, and so far convinced him of the benefits to be derived from such procedure, that Mr Brooke's subsequent success may be said to have been then founded. After a few days' rest and refitting, he bade a temporary adieu to Muda Hassin and Sarawak, and the Royalist dropped down the river on her course to Singapore.

TIDE LIE OF EXPEDIENCY—A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'To what happy event am I indebted for this early visit?' asked Mr William Matthews, addressing his nephew, who with a light step, and countenance radiant with smiles, entered his little breakfast parlour.

'My master having given me a holiday, my good uncle,' was the young man's reply.

'Why,' rejoined the old gentleman, 'you seem as pleased as a schoolboy who has not had a holiday from midsummer till Christmas; but come, sit down,' he added, ringing the bell for an additional coffee-cup; 'I daresay, you are ready for breakfast after your walk from town; for I presume that you did not ride?'

'No, sir, I did not ride; nevertheless I am neither tired nor hungry.'

'Neither tired nor hungry after a walk before breakfast of more than eight miles! Well, I can only account for this circumstance by supposing your thoughts to have been very agreeably occupied, which supposition, indeed, your smiles corroborate. Why, Gilbert, you are surely in love?'

'You have not guessed far from the mark,' rejoined his nephew, colouring a little; 'and, to own the truth, I am come to Richmond this morning for the express purpose of obtaining your sanction to my choice.'

Mr Matthews looked grave, and set down the cup of coffee he was just raising to his lips. 'You speak as if my sanction were a matter of course,' he remarked, dropping his strain of raillery; 'but I must hear more of this matter. A young man who is just out of his apprenticeship, and without the means to set up in business for himself, is not in a situation to think of a wife.'

'That is very true, my dear uncle; but Mr Williams has offered to set me up in business; and not only so, but to furnish my house.'

'Ho! ho! it is your master's daughter you are aiming at?' Matthews exclaimed, opening his eyes wide with astonishment. 'How comes it that I have never heard of this before?'

'Why, uncle, I was not certain, till very lately, that I should be accepted by the young lady; that was the reason.'

'And which of the girls has charmed you into the desire to become a Benedict; for, if I recollect right, there are three?'

'Annie, the second daughter, who, you may perhaps remember, is the prettiest.'

'Not I,' rejoined the old gentleman laughing; 'I did not take sufficient notice; but I trust that you have not chosen the girl for her beauty, and failed to look for those qualifications which are far more important in a wife?'

'Beauty is Annie Williams's least attraction, I assure you, sir,' the young man interposed; 'but I thought that the information that she was the handsomest, might bring her to your recollection better than either her name or age.'

'We may differ in our ideas of female loveliness,' remarked the uncle; 'but it is natural for you to imagine the lady of your choice to be the most beautiful. Well, well, I don't know whether it may not be best for a man to marry in his youth,' he proceeded after a brief pause. 'I can't say but that I have wished that I had done so; though it may be better for you and your brother that I did not. I am not a bachelor exactly from choice, and I don't advocate the state.'

Mr William Matthews was a tradesman, who, having amassed sufficient property in business to retire somewhat early in life, had for the last seven years enjoyed it in a picturesque little cottage on the banks of the Thames, in the vicinity of Richmond; and James and Gilbert Faulkland were the sons of a sister, lately deceased, who had spent eighteen years of widowhood beneath his hospitable roof. He was universally looked upon as a just and upright man; but by some was deemed penurious, because he did not expend his money so freely upon his nephews as they imagined that he, under the circumstances, ought to have done. The truth was this. Mr Matthews was one of those old-fashioned tradesmen who had risen to competence by his own good conduct and industry, having commenced in the very lowest department of his business; and he was of opinion that young men were more likely to succeed who depend upon their own resources. In accordance with this notion, rather than from any selfish desire to expend his money upon himself, he had put them in a way of earning their own living, by apprenticing them to the trades they respectively made choice of. James had already, he said, given proof of the wisdom of his plan, having conducted himself in such a manner as to be received by his late masters as a junior partner in the firm. Gilbert, however, was of a character less decided: his virtues were of the negative order. He was neither dissipated nor idle, but he

wanted that moral courage which is essentially necessary in the pursuit of independence; and though, from some cause scarcely known to himself, his uncle regarded him with a stronger affection than his brother, yet he far oftener fell under his rebuke.

The result of the above conversation was the speedy marriage of the young people; for Uncle Matthews, though usually an enemy to precipitance, was in this instance easily won to consent. It was the old gentleman's wish to be formally introduced to the bride-elect; but as one of his frequent fits of gout confined him to his own residence during the season of preparation for the nuptials, and as his nephew, from some cause, did not bring his 'ladye love' to visit him, he was obliged to forego that pleasure. No sooner, however, were the young couple settled in their new abode, than, being a little recovered, he made known his intention of becoming for a few days their guest.

'Annie, my love,' cried the husband, addressing his fair bride on the evening of the day in which he received the communication, 'you must set your house in apple-pie order to-morrow; and he placed his uncle's letter in her hand as he spoke. Annie smiled, and glanced at the contents with evident satisfaction.

'I shall be pleased to receive any relative of yours, my dear Gilbert,' she affectionately said; 'but, above all, one of whom I have heard such an excellent character.'

'Uncle Matthews is justly dear to me, if only for the kind part he acted towards my mother,' the young man rejoined; 'but he's an oddity—one of those persons whose favour a very slight matter may deprive you of.'

'Indeed? I had imagined otherwise, from his undeviating kindness to you and your brother.'

'My brother has always been careful not to offend him,' Gilbert returned; 'but, from the fact of my having less caution, I have more than once jeopardised my interest in his will.'

'The forfeiture of the esteem of such a man would, I think, give me far more concern than any pecuniary loss I might sustain,' Annie interposed a little reproachfully. Gilbert felt the reproof, and quickly rejoined that, for his own sake, he was perfectly indifferent to the possession of wealth, and that it was for her alone he desired it.

The conversation dropped for the present; but it was resumed by the husband ere the evening had elapsed. 'Annie,' he said with an evident effort at composure, 'I have a caution to give you connected with my uncle's visit.'

'A caution!' the young wife repeated, whilst a smile played upon her ingenuous countenance; 'you need not, dear Gilbert, be under any apprehension that I shall offend; I am too predisposed to love him.'

'I am under no apprehension of that kind,' he made answer, and Annie now for the first time observed his agitation; 'but you may unwittingly bring me into such disgrace, that I shall never regain his favour.'

'How? You alarm me, Gilbert, by the bare supposition.'

The young man hesitated. 'I shall incur your censure, Annie,' he at length faltered forth; 'but I must tell you that I have practised a little deception, in order to obtain his consent to our union.' Annie did not reply, but the look of deep distress which overspread her usually placid features could not escape his observation. 'Dearest Annie,' he exclaimed, encircling her form, which seemed sinking under the distressing information his last sentence had conveyed, and drawing her towards him with tenderness—'dearest Annie, do not alarm yourself thus; I am not about to confess myself guilty of any very heinous offence: it was but a "white lie."' Still Annie spoke not. 'Uncle Matthews has been a kind friend to my family, as well as to myself, and I am grateful for the services he has rendered us; but I am not, on that account, blind to his one failing, which is the parsimonious spirit which he denominates prudence. I knew that it would be useless to talk to

him of beginning the world on credit, even though the creditor be my wife's father, and I just led him to believe that Mr Williams furnished this house, and set me up in business, in the room of a marriage portion for you: that is all, Annie, so you need not look so terrified.'

'And you wish me to corroborate these false statements?' the young wife, in breathless agitation, inquiringly rejoined.

'To be sure I do; that is, if my uncle should make any allusion to the subject. It is scarcely likely; yet he may do so; for he is not very delicate in such matters, and it is better to be upon your guard.'

'Oh, Gilbert,' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'you have imposed a task on me from which I shrink with abhorrence. I have been taught to regard truth as the basis of all moral good. My departed mother's dying injunction was, that I and my sisters should never, in the slightest degree, swerve from it: and I would sooner be deprived of a fortune, than thus act against my conscience.'

'Then you will selfishly entail all the ignominy on me!' the husband exclaimed, suddenly relinquishing his hold, and rising from his seat in anger. 'My love for you has brought me into this dilemma, and you heartlessly leave me to reap the consequences! I did not expect this from one who professed such affection for me,' he almost fiercely added, as he threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

This was the bitterest moment poor Annie had ever known. With the exception of the loss of her excellent maternal parent, her life had been one of sunshine, and she had commenced her new duties with all the hope and trust of an ingenuous and loving spirit. She had hitherto seen but the bright side of her husband's character; she had heard her father commend his industrious and steady conduct; she had herself witnessed his affection for his mother and brother; and she knew him to be kind-hearted and generous. Of the strength of his principles she had had no opportunity of judging, and she had taken it for granted that he was all she could desire in that respect. The discovery the last few moments had made, that he could be guilty of a premeditated falsehood, and afterwards try to palliate, if not vindicate the act, by the miserable subterfuge of its expediency, now brought a blight upon her young heart: yet reproach him she would not, though she felt that her happiness was wrecked; for what confidence could she place in one on whose word she could not rely?

With different feelings did the young wife now prepare for the reception of her expected guest; and instead of the affectionate warmth with which she would have greeted him, there was a constraint in her manner altogether foreign to her nature, but which she in vain endeavoured to overcome. Her attentions were, however, unremitting during his stay; and so gratified was the old gentleman with her unostentatious kindness and efforts to please, notwithstanding her reserve, which he generously set down to girlish timidity, that he protracted the visit to a fortnight which he had intended to be for only a few days. No words can express the anguish Annie endured during that period: she every day feared some reference to the subject which so entirely engrossed her thoughts. She dared not ask his opinion on any matter which could in anyway lead to the dreaded topic, and a flush of crimson would often suffuse her cheek at an imaginary allusion to it. At length Mr Matthews fixed a day for his departure; and his young hostess, who, under different circumstances, would have been delighted to detain him as her guest for a longer period, inwardly rejoiced at the announcement, thinking it would relieve her mind, at least for the present, of a heavy burden. As a stage-coach for Richmond passed the door early in the evening, the old gentleman resolved to wait for it, saying that he had some little business to attend to in the course of the afternoon. Annie, with her wonted thoughtful kindness, proposed making him an early tea; which offer he smilingly accepted, observing

to his nephew, who was rising from the dinner table to return to his business, which was at some distance from his dwelling-house, that it would give him an opportunity of drinking tea *à la-vite* with his fair hostess.

'Here's a parcel from a linen-draper directed to you, m'am,' cried Mrs Faulkland's little handmaid, as she entered the parlour just as her mistress and her visitor had finished the social evening meal.

'It can't be for me,' Annie returned, rising as she spoke to examine the direction, 'for I have not ordered anything of the kind.'

'It's quite right, Rachel,' interposed Uncle Matthews with one of his benevolent smiles; 'it is for you, my dear girl, though you have not ordered it; that is, if you will accept of it from the hands of an old bachelor: and now let me have the pleasure of seeing you open it.'

'You are always performing some act of kindness, sir,' Annie observed as her nimble fingers began to untie the knotted string with which the packet was bound.

'Ah, that is just as I hoped,' the old gentleman hastily exclaimed, familiarly patting her on the shoulder; 'you little think, perhaps, how I watch you, nor from what apparently small matters I draw my conclusions. Had you seized the scissors, which were just at hand on your work-table, to cut the twine, instead of setting your fingers to work to untie it, I should have set you down for an extravagant little jade, notwithstanding all your show of economy.'

'That would have been drawing rather a hard conclusion; for the eager desire we ladies are said to have for the possession of new articles of dress, might have pleaded an apology, I think, for the use of the scissors.'

'No, no, it would not,' he pertinaciously returned; 'a careful woman is careful at all times, even from habit. You have convinced me, by this little act, that you are a fitting wife for a young tradesman, and you well deserve this trifling testimony of my regard; and as he spoke he unfolded the paper, displaying a roll of rich figured silk, together with a variety of ribbons and laces. 'I hope I have pleased you in my choice of colours?' he pursued; 'I have not had much occasion to exercise my taste in the selection of female gear, but I have done my best, and we will have a light to examine them.'

'I cannot be otherwise than pleased with whatever you do or say, my dear uncle.'

'Don't be so certain upon that head,' he exclaimed as he reseated himself beside the fire. 'I am about to ask you a question which you will perhaps deem rude; but I am not prompted by idle curiosity, which I will prove to you when you have answered me.'

It was well for poor Annie that the candles were not yet introduced, or her agitation would have been palpable to her guest, though she, with forced composure, replied that she was ready to answer any question he might think proper to put to her.

'Well, my dear,' he resumed, drawing her affectionately into a chair by his side, 'I wish you to treat me with the same confidence as you would your father. I already regard you in the light of a daughter.'

'You have ever acted as a father towards my husband, and I should love you if only for your goodness to one who is so dear to me,' Annie returned with emotion.

'That is a pretty wifely speech; but as my time is brief, I must be concise, and to the point, for I am desirous of satisfying my mind before I go. The question I wish to ask you, my dear girl, is this—did your father furnish your house, and set your husband up in his present business?'

The dreaded moment had come; the question she had so long endeavoured to parry was asked; still it was put in such words as not to call forth a *positive* falsehood, if replied to in the affirmative; for her father had furnished the house, had set her husband up in business; though the money was to be returned by quarterly

instalments from the profits. She faltered forth, 'He did.'

'In lieu of a marriage-dower for you, my dear Annie?'

Had not the darkness prevented, her guest would have perceived the fearful struggle pictured in those features which had ever been an index to her heart, and that she was giving utterance to a falsehood as she uttered the little monosyllable 'Yes.'

'It is enough,' Mr Matthews exclaimed; 'I can rely upon your word; though, to confess the truth, I had reason to suspect that Gilbert had misrepresented the affair. I am happy, however, to find that it is not so.'

What would Annie have given at that moment to have thrown herself at the feet of her aged friend and acknowledged the deception. Such was the course her feelings and her conscience prompted. But the bitter words which had escaped her husband's lips when she had indirectly reproved him by asserting her own love of truth, still rung in her ears; and she could not summon courage to make known his delinquency. Had time been given her for consideration, her better feelings would probably have obtained the mastery; but Mr Matthews now rose hastily to prepare for departure, observing that the stage would be at the door before he was ready; and Annie's confusion and trepidation were unnoticed, as she busily occupied herself in helping him to put on his greatcoat, and tying the warm cravat around his neck. After ejaculating a hearty benison, he departed, leaving the unhappy girl in a state of torture even greater than that she had before endured. She re-entered the parlour, and putting aside the testimony of his affection with a sickening heart, threw herself upon her knees and sobbed violently. She felt she dared not ask the Almighty's forgiveness of a sin which she must still conceal from the knowledge of him against whom it had been committed. Poor Annie had, from the commencement, pursued the wrong course. Her conscience had prompted the plain path of duty; but timidity, and a false estimate of the duty she owed to her husband, had led her into a devious path, from which it was now difficult to extricate herself. She had not dared to premeditate the utterance of an untruth; but she left herself without that Omnipotent aid which was never yet implored in vain, erroneously trusting to the impulse of the moment, when she ought to have strengthened her mind for the exigence by prayer. Gilbert returned from his accustomed occupation, and as his wife had by that time regained her self-possession, he guessed not the trial she had for his sake endured. The evening passed without any allusion being made to the subject; but from that hour Annie Faulkland was an altered being. The naiveté which had once given such a charm to her manners, was exchanged for a morbid melancholy, for which no one could account, and which undermined her health. She had now lost her own self-respect, and with it her happiness. There was no one—her husband scarcely excepted—who was more concerned in her declining state than was Uncle Matthews. He, from the period of his first visit, had conceived a warm attachment for her, which had strengthened with each succeeding interview. He little imagined, as he addressed her with paternal tenderness, that his presence augmented her sufferings, and that the apprehension of the discovery of the duplicity made her dread his affectionate glance, and tremble at his approach. Three years thus passed, and the debt which Faulkland had contracted was now liquidated. Mr Matthews had liberally contributed a considerable sum to aid him in his business, and this had enabled the young man to defray the debt sooner than he had expected. To his credit it should be told, that he was scrupulous in denying himself any article of luxury till it was cancelled—a line of conduct in which his wife warmly concurred.

The duties of a mother now devolved on our young heroine; and this delightful task served for a time to wean her thoughts from the all-absorbing subject. Her

bodily health did not, however, improve; and after the birth of her second child, the symptoms of incipient consumption became too evident to be mistaken. Every means which affection could devise, or money could purchase, was resorted to in order to check the progress of the disease. There were times when the patient experienced so much apparent benefit, that her relatives entertained hopes of her ultimate recovery: but these hopes proved only a delusion. The sure termination of that devastating malady, which has, till of late, been deemed incurable, came at last, and cut off the fair young wife from the midst of her little domestic circle, in her five-and-twentieth year.

The invalid had, in compliance with Mr Matthews's express desire, been removed to his cottage at Richmond, and it was there that she breathed her last sigh. Her decay had been gradual; and her end was so peaceful, that no apprehensions that she was worse than usual were entertained on the morning of the day of her death, when her husband was obliged to leave her to repair to his business in town. The evening came—it was a tranquil summer's eve—and she was placed, at her own request, on a couch before her chamber window, that she might catch a view of the noble river and the beautifully-diversified prospect beyond. Mr Matthews was at the time confined to his own apartment by one of his attacks of gout. Mary Williams, who, during her sister's protracted illness, had become her attentive and devoted nurse, had, worn out by solicitude, been persuaded by Annie to retire for a short time to rest. She was therefore left with her little son, a boy of five years old, who had begged permission to watch by her side, promising to be very quiet, if allowed to do so. 'James,' she feebly said, addressing the child when they were alone, 'you will soon lose your poor mother; but you must be a good boy, and be a comfort to your dear father, and a protector to your little sister.'

'You must not die—you shall not die, mamma!' the child passionately interrupted her by exclaiming; and he rose as he spoke from the little stool on which he had been seated by her side.

'Nay, my dear, I must die; it is God's will, and we ought not therefore to murmur; but I wish to say a few words to you, which you must promise me never to forget. You are very young, James; and if you don't repeat them every day, they may perhaps escape your memory. Will you promise me to do this?'

'Oh yes,' the child sobbed forth; 'but I am sure I shall never forget anything you have said to me, my dear, good, best mamma.'

'Don't call me good, my love,' the mother returned, whilst the hectic flush upon her cheek grew deeper; 'I am about to tell you something which will let you know that I am not good; but I make it known because I hope it may save you from falling into a similar fault. I once told a lie, James. It was not a lie that would do anybody any harm, and I told it to prevent one I dearly loved from being thought ill of: but it was wicked, and I have never been happy since the day I was guilty of it.' The boy looked up in amazement. 'You may well look surprised, my sweet child,' the invalid pursued, pressing him to her heart with a maternal embrace. 'I have always taught you to tell the truth, and I will teach you with my dying breath. My very death is a lesson for you; for I am the victim of a deviation from truth. I might have died now, if I had never told a falsehood,' she resumed after a brief pause; 'but believe that I should not. It has preyed upon my mind, injured my health, and hastened, if not positively caused, my death. Do not weep, my love; God has, I trust, forgiven me that and all my other offences, and will take me to himself. But it is my wish that, you repeat these words every morning when you rise, and teach your little sister Annie to do the same—*"My mother intreated me with her dying breath never to tell a lie."*' Exhausted with the effort, she sunk back upon the scroll of the couch, from which she had partially arisen, and a few hours subsequently her gentle spirit took its flight from earth.

Mrs Faulkland's death was deeply felt in the domestic circle where her unostentatious virtues had been called into action; but the effect it produced differed according to the characters of the bereaved. Mr Matthews, though experiencing a pang equal to what the loss of a dutiful and affectionate daughter would have inflicted, bore it with the Christian fortitude which had at all seasons distinguished his conduct. Not so, however, the husband. Through the progress of the disease he had pertinaciously clung to the hope of his wife's ultimate restoration—a hope which was rather founded on his wishes than on his judgment; and when the blow came, he felt it with tenfold severity. His naturally weak mind was so completely enfeebled by the event, that great fears were entertained by his anxious family lest he should sink into absolute imbecility. Annie, a sprightly little creature of scarcely three years old, was too young to have any conception of the loss she had sustained. With her the tear was 'forgot as soon as shed'; but James, who was naturally more thoughtful than his sister, was not only powerfully affected at the time, but experienced a change which influenced his character through his after-life. Miss Williams generously devoted herself to the care of the motherless children; and time, that great soother of grief, at length restored Gilbert Faulkland almost to his usual cheerfulness. Uncle Matthews was so fondly attached to his second generation of nephews and nieces, as he facetiously termed them, that he would gladly have detained them as constant inmates of his cottage, had he not been unwilling to deprive their father of the consolation their presence afforded him. Little Annie, in particular, delighted him with her sportive sallies. She grew the counterpart of what her departed mother had been in extreme youth, both as regarded the simple beauty of her face and form, and the naïveté of her manners. The latter years of the parent had been embittered by one false step, which had cast a gloom over her otherwise buoyant spirits; but there was yet no sad circumstance to overshadow the sunshine of her innocent and happy child. Though Annie was the pet and plaything of her aged relative, he took no less interest in the welfare of her brother, who early discovered an energy and strength of character which afforded him the highest satisfaction. As his years increased, he became of great service to his father, whose once prosperous business had declined whilst he was suffering so severely from his domestic affliction. When scarcely twelve years of age, any errand which required punctuality and prudence was confidently intrusted to him; and Faulkland contemplated having him duly apprenticed, and afterwards taking him as a partner in his business.

The father was one day giving his son directions respecting some important commercial transaction, when, after explaining the whole affair, he concluded by saying that he must by no means let the parties to whom he was sent know that he was privy of the concern.

'But Messrs Smithson and Jones know me to be your son, and might try to draw some information from me,' the boy interposed.

'Then you must say that you don't know anything of the matter,' Faulkland quickly rejoined; but scarcely had these words passed his lips, ere he heartily repented of having suffered them to escape him; for the look of astonishment and deep concern which marked the expressive features of his child, made him truly ashamed of the counsel he had given him.

'Father,' James solemnly returned, 'I would not utter an untruth to gain a fortune.'

'No, that I am sure you would not, after teaching me to repeat dear mamma's dying words every day for so many years!' exclaimed Annie, who had hitherto been a silent, but not unattentive observer of what was passing between her father and brother.

'What do you say, my child?' Faulkland eagerly demanded, catching his little girl by the hand, and drawing her towards him. Annie hung down her head and blushed. 'What does she mean, James?' he further

demanding in extreme agitation; for a vague recollection of an event which had long ceased to dwell in his memory crossed his mind at this moment. The boy did not answer. 'I command you to tell me what she means,' Faulkland vociferated in a tone unlike that with which he was wont to address his children, and his whole frame was convulsed as he spoke. 'As you profess to be so scrupulous with regard to truth, I desire that you conceal nothing from me.'

'Dear father,' returned the boy, though scarcely able to articulate the words for the rising tears which his parent's unusual severity had called forth, 'it was for your sake I hesitated; but since you command, it is my duty to obey, however the information may pain you.'

'Say on,' Faulkland exclaimed, with a forced effort at composure, which really alarmed the trembling girl, whose hand he still held. James had hitherto concealed the last communication of his dying mother from his remaining parent; because, young as he then was, he had surmised that his father was the person for whom the sacrifice of truth had been made. He had likewise laid a strict injunction on his sister to keep it a secret, which injunction she had inadvertently disregarded. But thus called upon, he now, without hesitation, repeated the whole of a conversation which had been too deeply graven on his memory ever to be erased. Faulkland listened like one bewildered. Never till this moment had he even vaguely imagined the powerful influence this breach of veracity had had upon his gentle and devoted wife: he had never even questioned her as to whether she had confirmed his statements or not. Her prompt exclamation of disapproval on the evening on which he had proposed it, gave him reason to expect the latter; but he had subsequently conjectured the former to be the case, from a remark his uncle had once made on the subject. If the loss of his affectionate and deservedly-beloved partner had preyed upon his mind, when he believed himself to have done all a tender husband could do for her restoration, how was he overwhelmed by this second stroke! He did not speak, but, casting upon his children a look of unutterable anguish, rushed to the solitude of his chamber, where, falling upon his knees, he bitterly accused himself of having been the means of bringing his lovely and amiable wife to a premature grave, and of bereaving his children of their best and ablest protector. Meanwhile poor Annie would have given worlds to recall the words she had so unthinkingly uttered; and James, by turns, wept with and strove to comfort her.

The result of the aggravated renewal of Faulkland's grief was a return of his mental malady, from which he did not recover till within a few hours of his death, which took place some months subsequently. Weakness of character had distinguished him from childhood, though the early training he had received from his excellent mother, and the example of his firm-minded uncle, had saved him from falling into gross vices. This weakness had bowed down his manhood, and finally brought him to the grave. He spent the lucid interval given him in preparing his mind for that change which he now became fully aware was drawing near; and the consolation which religion yields, and the hopes it inspires, could alone animate his crushed spirit in this trying hour.

On Uncle Matthews once again devolved the office of fostering unprotected youth; and though age might have been pleaded as an excuse for his personal exertions in a matter of such importance, he shrunk not from the arduous task. Towards the orphan children of Gilbert Faulkland he performed a father's part, as he had done twenty years previously towards their parent; and thus even his declining days were gilded by active benevolence.

The sad events which had made such a chasm in the domestic circle were never forgotten by the survivors; but after the first ebullition of grief was past, the elastic spirits of youth returned to chase away the gloom, leaving only the deeply-rooted lesson on the heart, that

a firm adherence to truth is the surest road to peace of mind; and that the slightest deviation from its narrow path—however it may be palliated and glossed over by the plea of expediency—is essentially wrong, and will in most instances work out its own punishment.

PASSAGE OF THE STRAHLECK.

[The following account of this interesting excursion is translated from a French work by M. Desor, on the Glaciers of the Higher Alps.]

WE had already (says M. Desor) been domiciled above a week in our solitary hut, on the surface of the glacier, when the idea occurred to us, that the moment was favourable for the realisation of our favourite project; namely, that of attempting the passage of the Strahleck, by traversing the sea of ice separating the inferior glacier of Grindelwald from that of the Finsteraar. The plan was no sooner broached than it was acted upon. Guides were chosen, provisions prepared, and the following morning was appointed for the undertaking. To our great disappointment, it dawned upon us in a manner anything but propitious, every surrounding object being enveloped in dense mist. Discouraging as this appeared to all parties, a ray of hope soon dawned upon us, on hearing our chief guide, Jacob Leuthold, declare that the rising sun would quickly dissipate the obnoxious canopy of fog which hung over us. Such was indeed the case: the black angle of the Finsteraarhorn soon began to appear; and we accordingly started, though still doubtful as to the realisation of our guide's prediction. Hardly had we accomplished a quarter of a league, when on a sudden the mists cleared away in a surprising manner, disclosing the summits of the Shreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Oberaarhorn, Altmann, &c. the peaks of which appeared as islands rising from this ocean of vapour, and glowing in the rays of the rising sun.

The time necessary to attain the foot of the Strahleck from our hut on the glacier had been estimated at three hours, and as the inclination of the glacier is at this point but slight, little difficulty occurs in traversing it. The crevasses were generally covered by a coating of snow, hardened by the previous night's frost, and, as such, presented no danger. On approaching the Strahleck, however, these crevasses became wider, and we perceived several of them twelve or fifteen feet in width. These were avoided; and on reaching the foot of the ascent, we proceeded to ascertain its most accessible portions. 'Is this, then, the much-dreaded pass of the Strahleck,' said Agassiz, 'from which so many have retreated?' We were, in fact, disappointed at its apparent want of elevation; whilst, on the other hand, experience had taught us that nothing can be more deceptive than heights and distances among the Alps. We now began the ascent, following closely in each other's footsteps; Jacob and Wahren leading the way, and carefully sounding the snow, lest any concealed crevasses should exist. Gradually the slope became steeper and steeper, and the snow so dry and incoherent, that we sank up to the knee at every step. Fearing, therefore, the occurrence of an accident, the guides considered it necessary to connect the whole party to one another by means of a long rope. Each person passed it round his own body; the guide Gaopard being the first, M. Agassiz the second, then myself, M. Coulon, and Pourtales, and, lastly, two guides. Jacob and Wahren remained unconnected with the rest of the party, in order to allow greater liberty in choosing the proper direction. In this position, it was astonishing to notice the circumspection and *sans-froid* displayed by these two hardy mountaineers—at one moment stamping under foot the soft snow, in order to prevent their followers from sinking too deeply; at another cutting out steps with a hatchet, and then encouraging us, by voice and gestures, to remain at an equal distance from one another, and not to look backwards—the view of the precipice being likely, in such circumstances, to produce giddiness, even

in those persons who might not be liable to it on ordinary occasions. On so steep a slope, it is scarcely possible to ascend in a direct line, and our advance was consequently wavering and uncertain. We attained, however, in the space of an hour, the summit of the Col; and on looking backwards, we were almost terrified at the steepness of the ascent, which, seen from below, had appeared to us so little worthy of notice. Our chief guide then announced to us that, to his knowledge, the passage of the Strahleck had never before been accomplished in so short a space of time. The quantity of fresh snow which had lately fallen was in a great measure the cause of our success, by filling up the crevasses, which, had they not been covered, would have presented innumerable obstacles to our progress. On attaining the summit of the pass, we perceived at our feet the valley of Grindelwald, the Scheideck, the Paulhorn, the Stockhorn, the Niesen, bathed at its foot by the rippling waves of the Lake of Thun. In front rose the gigantic masses of the Eiger and Mönch, apparently in close proximity; a little to the south-west, the triangular summit of the Jungfrau appeared above the Vischerhornec; to the east, our view was limited by the Shreckhorn, which from this point presented a far less imposing aspect than when seen from our hut on the glacier.

The summit of the pass is a small plateau, covered with an unbroken coat of snow, and presenting no crevasses on its surface. We now proceeded to make a few observations with our instruments. The thermometer of Fahrenheit stood a little above the freezing-point, whilst the hygrometer of Saussure stood at 42 degrees, indicating an excessively dry state of the atmosphere. Our observations with the barometer gave us the height of the pass as 10,328 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

The weather had now become perfectly serene, and the sky appeared of a deep blue, particularly in the zenith. There was also a peculiar elasticity in the atmosphere, tending to destroy any feeling of fatigue which the previous ascent might have produced. In fact our guides, in the exuberance of their spirits, began wrestling among themselves, when an incident occurred which instantly caused the most complete silence among the party. Jacob Leuthold had perceived chamois on the slopes of the Little Shreckhorn, and we now saw, for the first time, these beautiful animals in full liberty. We clearly discerned a female and one of her kids clambering towards the summit of a neighbouring peak. They soon disappeared, but quickly returned into sight in company with three males; and, by the slowness of their motion, we had a most favourable opportunity of examining them at our leisure through our telescopes.

It was now about ten o'clock A.M., and we again proceeded on our course towards Grindelwald; and as the slope of snow which lay before us was very steep, our guides proposed to us to slide down, taking the precaution to connect the party again by means of the rope. The propriety of this measure was soon manifest; for we had scarcely commenced our descent, when the snow receded from under our feet, and one of the party sank up to the breast in a crevasse. Such was, however, the rapidity of our descent, that we had but little time to reflect on the consequences which might have ensued had the precaution previously mentioned been omitted.

After having thus slid down a considerable portion of the slope, its steepness gradually increasing, we were obliged to abandon our previous method of progression—the crust of snow frequently yielding considerably to our footsteps, and thus rendering our march wavering and slow. In addition to this inconvenience, my alpenstock slipped from my hand, and descending the slope with great rapidity, was lost in the crevasses of the glacier which lay at our feet.

We now directed our course towards the Zoesenberg, where, finding the steepness of the descent somewhat diminished, we again slid down with comparative faci-

lity over the frozen snow. I now learned, to my cost, the value of the mountain pole on such occasions; nothing, in fact, being more wearisome than the necessity of sustaining the erect posture whilst deprived of such a support. The muscles of the legs undergo excessive tension, and the difficulty of directing our course, or even of stopping it, when deprived of its valuable aid, was but too manifest. If by chance M. Agassiz, who preceded me, increased his speed, or M. Pourtales, who followed me closely, halted for a moment, the motion thus imparted to the rope was sufficient to extend me at full length on the surface of the snow. I repeatedly endeavoured to raise myself, intreating my companions to proceed more cautiously; they, however, were as little masters of their own movements as myself. These falls generally had the effect of implicating my two followers. Wearied at length by these continued mishaps, we determined to accomplish the remainder of the descent by sliding down at full length on the snow. We arrived thus in safety at the foot of the slope; the guides having previously stationed themselves, to prevent our striking against the rocks. Our chief guide now informed us that the worst was over; and having liberated us from the confinement of the rope, we again proceeded towards Grindelwald.

We now approached the glacier of the Eiger, which descends from the northern flank of the Viescherhorn: its inclination is very considerable, whilst in the centre of the glacier there is seen a rock, called by the natives the Heisse-Platte, which has never been invaded by snow or ice. In this portion of the glacier, during the year 1821, an accident of a fatal nature occurred to a Swiss clergyman named Mouron: whilst leaning on his pole, examining a crevasse, its edges gave way, and he was precipitated headlong into the abyss: his mangled body was, after considerable difficulty, withdrawn from a depth of 121 feet, and carried by his friends to the parish church of Grindelwald, and there interred.

Having arrived at the foot of the slope, our course should have been directed towards the Zoesenberg, which lay to the left, or to the Meltenburg. The guides, however, advised us to follow the edge of the glacier, this being apparently the shortest route. But, on attempting to do so, difficulties of an insurmountable character straightway presented themselves. The crevasses suddenly became so numerous, that we were forced to regain the right border of the glacier by scaling its vertical walls of rock. Hardly, however, had we proceeded a short distance on these rocks, when fearful precipices opened upon our view. Driven again, by necessity, to descend upon the surface of the glacier, we proceeded to seek for a passage among the masses of ice and gaping crevasses. The difficulty of accomplishing this, caused us to despair of attaining the termination of our journey; and we were on the eve of retracing our footsteps, when our guides informed us that we were within a short distance of Grindelwald. This welcome news revived our drooping courage; and after a few more efforts, we discovered a gully in the rock by which the descent upon the glacier might be accomplished. Proceeding farther, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the most beautiful phenomena afforded by the glaciers. An immense mass of ice, having become detached from one of the lateral clefts on the glacier of the Eiger, fell with terrific violence on the glacier of Grindelwald. The avalanche lasted for several minutes, bounding down the slope until it reached the surface of the glacier, which appeared at this spot as if covered with fresh snow. Our attention was, however, soon diverted from this magnificent spectacle; for, on turning an angle of the rock, a spontaneous exclamation of delight burst from the lips of the whole party, on suddenly beholding the church and village of Grindelwald. To our eyes no valley had ever before appeared so beautiful; the glare of the ice and snow, which for several hours had dazzled our sight, was now exchanged for the verdure of the pastures, watered by the foaming waves of the Lutschine.

We now at length reached the level of the valley, after descending constantly for five consecutive hours—a fact which the tired condition of our limbs reminded us of. The distance from the glacier to the village inn is but a quarter of an hour's walk; but such was the effect of the warm air of the valley upon us, that this short and trifling ascent fatigued us in a greater degree than the former part of our excursion; or it rather awoke in us the sentiment of fatigue. It was three o'clock p.m. when we entered the Hotel de l'Aigle, and no credit was at first given to our assertion, that we had that morning left the glacier of the Aar: it appeared that the passage of the Strahleck had never before been accomplished in so short a space of time, even by the chamois hunters. The mountaineers of the village, in fact, entertained a most exalted idea of our personal prowess; inasmuch as the rope, which had so materially assisted us, had been previously concealed by our guides, who stoutly maintained that our alpenstocks had been our sole aid during the course of this interesting and hazardous adventure.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. V.

They talk of the fine arts—popular amusements and indulgences—pawnbrokers—usury—gambling—and railway directors; on all which subjects Gilaroo announces some very extraordinary doctrines.

Stukely.—What a capital exhibition of pictures there is this season. Are you fond of pictures?

Gilaroo.—Yes; that is to say, I like to look at good ones. I cannot say, however, that I am a buyer. To be so, requires a heavier purse and a more profound credulity than I happen to possess. There is a great deal of trash palmed off on those not initiated in the mysteries of the craft.

Stukely.—What is your opinion as to the humanising influence of pictures—say the fine arts generally?

Gil.—I consider that the contemplation of all objects of refined art tends to elevate the sentiments, provided the mind is, generally speaking, cultivated in other respects. This, you will observe, is making a considerable reservation; yet not greater, I should think, than the subject demands. I will try to explain myself. In Italy, the common people have a greater relish for pictures than many of high rank in other countries. Of this class of productions they see great numbers in the churches; while some of the finest sculptures are equally open to their observation. If the fine arts could humanise anybody, it would be the Italians, particularly the inhabitants of Rome and Naples. Now, with regard to the lower orders in Italy, it does not appear that the frequent contemplation of some of the grandest achievements of the pencil is of the slightest effect in making them honest, industrious, or cleanly in their habits. In one of the towns of Italy, a large collection of pictures, of the best masters, is ranged in the open street on the occasion of a certain annual festival. To this public exhibition flock all the brigands within twenty or thirty miles; and these banditti may be seen pushing about among the crowd, to criticise the works offered so freely for inspection. After the exhibition is over, says the traveller who mentions the circumstance, the brigands return to the highways and mountains, where they recommence their predatory life, robbing and murdering without mercy or remorse. It would appear from this, that the fine arts have no necessary bearing on morality. As to their connexion with mere good taste, in the way we understand it, I am equally at a loss to see any such thing. A friend of mine, who, not long ago, spent a

winter in Rome, had occasion to go one day to the house of one of the principal artists. He found this man and his family living in the midst of all that is slovenly and nasty; his works full of ideal beauty of the highest kind, but his own common life an exemplification of all human beastliness. We often, in England, meet artists of whimsical character, whose habits of life make this description far from incredible.

Stuke.—Then you mean to say that a taste for the fine arts is of no use?

Gil.—Far from it. It seems to me that, by itself, this taste is of little use. Let us begin at the beginning—the schoolmaster first, to open the understanding; literature to cultivate; and the arts to refine. I should have no objection, however, to see pictorial art aiding, as far as it can aid, in the preliminary course of culture. We all know how children may be amused and interested with picture-books; and the increasing desire to visit galleries of paintings may be considered as indicative of a distinct advance made in the popular mind. Gratified with these signs of progress, or influenced by other considerations, some would exalt the fine arts beyond their proper sphere—make them all in all. According to them, the painter transcends the educator, the poet, and the philosopher; they talk of the 'divino Raphael' and the 'immortal Corregio,' as if they were demigods. Let me, however, do justice; it is principally dilettanti who write and chatter in this sort of way about art and artists. I should say that a man of really cultivated mind is above all this nonsense.

Stuke.—Still, you allow that there may be an advantage in improving the popular taste?

Gil.—I repeat that the exhibition of good pictures, or good designs and models in any branch of the fine arts, may be made instrumental to general improvement, more particularly if the people are prepared by education to relish and take an interest in these things. The attracting of multitudes, for a time, from low pursuits, and giving them something harmless to talk about, would alone furnish a reason for encouraging such exhibitions. Better be amused with a walk through a gallery of pictures, than with the spectacle of a horse-race, or a tavern potation.

Stuke.—There are, as you know, parties who consider all sorts of amusement sinful.

Gil.—That, I am sorry to say, is too true. Persons of this way of thinking err from an excess of good intention. They fail in making a just estimate of the wants of human nature. Work, books, study, devotion, out-of-door recreations, in-door amusements—everything in its own time and place. My own conviction is, that amusement, in some form or other, is a necessity of our nature. Those, therefore, who would put it down, must necessarily fail, for they fight against nature. The pent-up feelings only burst out in some unexpected and unpleasant way. All nature is full of rejoicing. Even the lower animals dance, skip, and amuse themselves. Many of them go further—they are fond of decoration. Some clean themselves, in order to be neat and attractive; and certain birds in Australia are observed to construct avenues and bowers of pretty shells and feathers, in which they promenade daily, as if enjoying a conversazione. And are not the flowers of the field clothed in beauty, to gladden the eyes of bees, and birds, and other creatures? Are not fishes covered with glittering and variegated scales? Are not shells, lying in the depths of the ocean, resplendent with hues which mock the painter's palette? Then, what sweet sounds expressed by some of the feathered tribes! Surely all this ought to teach us that amusement, drawn from harmless sports, recreations, a love of the beautiful, a love of melody and harmony, is alike natural and allowable. But it is only the gloomy who cherish contrary views. Throughout Great Britain generally, in some quarters more than in others, there has long been a morbid fear of popular recreations. The consequence has been, that, driven or discouraged

from what is ostensible and harmless, the people have sought relief in what is clandestine and vicious. There would be fewer taverns, if there were more places of resort of a purer kind.

Stuke.—Don't you think it would be a good thing to greatly limit the number of public-houses—give a license to comparatively few?

Gil.—Where the number is excessive, it ought certainly to be reduced; and I am inclined to think that on this subject the magistracy are, for the most part, anything but vigilant. Yet the adoption of any severe measure to limit public-houses is attended with serious difficulties, not at first observable. Where a demand exists, there will of course be a supply. The public-houses are a consequence of a demand for those enjoyments, such as they are, which are derived from them. By extinguishing them, the demand may, to a small extent, be limited in operation; but, in the main, it will supply itself somewhere, and somehow. It has been found, for instance, that where licenses were refused, a clandestine trade of dram-selling has sprung up; and to get at the parties who thus infringe the law, is next to impossible. Supposing that all the public-houses were shut up by authority, the selling of liquor would not the less be carried on; the only difference would be, that the trade would be conducted in a private and more objectionable manner. All that I should wish to see done, is to license only parties of respectability, and to a reasonable extent.

Stuke.—That would be making the trade a kind of monopoly.

Gil.—It would in one sense; but of two evils, it is best to choose the least. So long as there is a general demand for spirituous and other liquors, it is surely of importance that the trade should be conducted on a respectable footing. For my part, I by no means agree in abusing and calumniating the men who devote themselves to this profession. It is consistent with neither justice nor expediency to make an outcry against these individuals. Their business is sufficiently unpleasant, without the obloquy which many would thoughtlessly heap upon it; and a very little reflection will show us that such obloquy can only have the effect of driving respectable persons from the trade, and of consigning it to a lower, perhaps a despicable and dangerous class of society. All the declamation in the world against public-houses will never subdue intemperance.

Stuke.—I have always entertained the opinion, that stringent regulations were desirable for public-houses and pawnbroking establishments. Both are the blight of large towns.

Gil.—Let both be placed under strict, though not severe and capricious regulations; to that nobody can have any objection. The thing I would deprecate is that kind of sweeping severity which always, in some way or other, defeats itself. Take pawnbroking, to which you have referred. What trade has been exposed to more unjust sarcasm? Every epithet of abuse has been poured on the unhappy pawnbroker, as if he were a vampire preying on the vitals of the community; whereas he is nothing more than a tradesman, who lends money on goods at a certain regulated rate of interest. In this way he relieves the temporary necessities of thousands, who, but for him, would not know which way to turn for assistance. That very foolish and improvident people get into a habit of pawning articles, is nothing to the purpose. The fact is undeniable, that the pawnbroker is a reliever of those in urgent need of a few shillings or pounds; and, as such, why should he be persecuted? It could be shown, from historical evidence, that pawnbroking has contributed to lessen crime. Before it was established, robberies, in order to get hold of petty sums, were common in the neighbourhood of large towns. I believe that London, and many other places, would not now be endurable were this profession extirpated. In short, I consider the pawnbroker as a useful auxiliary in our present state of society.

Stuke.—What do you say to their taking such a usurious rate of interest?

Gil.—I believe, in the first place, the fact is not so; I have seen it shown that the profits of pawnbrokers are not generally higher than those of other tradesmen; in the second place, I do not join in the howl against what is called usury.

Stuke.—Not condemn usury, and you so great a philanthropist?

Gil.—I don't condemn things merely because they have for ages been subject to a vulgar clamour. I must know the why and the wherefore, before pronouncing a judgment. You will perhaps, therefore, inform me why there should be such an outcry against this terrible bugbear?

Stuke.—I—I cannot say much about it. All I know is, that there is cruelty in taking an excessive interest on money; it looks like crushing the fallen—robbing the poor and unfortunate.

Gil.—This is one of those cases in which, by a well-meaning but short-sighted wish to protect the unfortunate, as you call them, a general injury is apt to be committed. Supposing men to possess common sense, they are unquestionably able to protect themselves against imposition. When a man borrows £100, I imagine it is not to spend it foolishly, but to lay it out in some advantageous way. He reckons the cost of the loan—that is, the usury or interest to be charged—against the anticipated advantage, and if this advantage be greater, he borrows the sum. Here there is an act of reasoning; and, presuming that every man knows his own business best, it would seem to me to be an impertinence to prevent him making the negotiation. Laws against usury appear to assume that the mass of people are no better than children, and are not fit to manage their own business.

Stuke.—But are there not too many in that condition?

Gil.—There are many persons, doubtless, neither wise nor prudent; but it is poor policy to legislate for exceptions to a rule. Besides, the legislation does no good—fails to benefit the very individuals for whom it exists. It is clear that if a law be made to prevent any one from taking more than, say 5 per cent. per annum for the loan of money, while money is worth 6 per cent., it will, as a matter of course, be evaded. Ostensibly, the money will be lent at 5 per cent., but, by a private agreement, the borrower will be obliged to pay 1 per cent. additional in the name of commission or some other illusion.

Stuke.—Then you consider it impossible to regulate such matters by law?

Gil.—Quite so; not only impossible, but the effort to do so is immoral. Laws which propose to regulate profits of trade, or, in other words, to step in between man and man, can never be anything but fallacious. The better plan is to allow a perfect freedom in business transactions of every sort; and, as I said before, if there be an evil, it will soon correct itself. Nothing like rivalry in trade for keeping down exorbitant profits.

Stuke.—You consider gambling bad—immoral?

Gil.—Certainly.

Stuke.—Then, according to your view of affairs, gambling should be left to cure itself?

Gil.—No such thing. Gambling is not trading. It is a vice, ruinous alike to public and private morals. The result of every industrial pursuit is increase—something gained. All the objects of value which we see, have been produced by the united efforts of industry. But gambling produces nothing. A dozen men might sit round a table gambling for a whole lifetime, and at the day of their death, there would not be a penny more amongst them than at the beginning. Conduct of this sort is not less profitless than mischievous. It distracts the mind from every useful pursuit. In short, if all spent their time in gaming, society would stand still, or rather retrograde. On this account the law, as a matter of police, very properly discourages public gaming-houses and lotteries.

Stuke.—I am afraid you are knocking yourself down with your own argument. You formerly said that people were generally able to protect themselves against imposition. Why, then, may they not be left to protect themselves against the arts of the avowed gambler?

Gil.—Because gambling addresses itself to human weakness and passion, and is demoralising in its effects. A time is doubtless coming when the common-sense of society will be amply sufficient to put it down; but at present, the ignorant and dissolute are numerous, and they require the law to act parentally towards them. Already, by the advances which have been made, and by the increasing scope for industrial exercise, gambling is greatly on the decline—nothing like what it once was.

Stuke.—And yet what a monstrous deal of gambling there has latterly been in railway undertakings!

Gil.—Much could be said on this subject for and against. Railways are a new thing, and it is certain that some of them have been exceedingly profitable as commercial enterprises. The returns for investments in the better class of lines have been very large indeed. So much for the temptation, in the first instance, to peril money on railway shares. Condemning the late paroxysm of speculation as much as any one, I can see that much of this species of gambling—to call it by that name—arises from the difficulty of getting profitable outlets for capital in the way of trade. Hitherto, from the effects of various laws imposed on commerce, the savings of labour have been pent up in a great measure within the limits of our own country—not allowed to go abroad over the world, seeking for fields of usefulness. Abolish these laws; let people see their way clearly in matters of foreign and colonial enterprise, and we shall soon have a different result. Capital—which is fighting against itself at home, making railways where no railways are wanted, and committing many other absurdities—will in time, I have no doubt, be engaged in reclaiming the fertile lands of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—vastly to its own benefit. I expect to see some splendid changes of this kind within the next twenty years.

Stuke.—Well, I have done—and yet I would say one word more. Have not railway directors been very much to blame for what you call the paroxysm of speculation?

Gil.—I daresay some railway directors have been thus culpable; but because a few knaves have been detected, is it right that a large and most respectable body of men, with the purest motives, and many of whom have given themselves an immense deal of unrequited trouble, should be held up to ridicule and abuse? I greatly deprecate this species of injustice; for, if successful in its aim, it must inevitably have the effect of driving respectable individuals from railway management, and consigning it to parties of inferior standing and reputation.

THE PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

A SCOTCH LEGEND VERSIFIED.

Now, in these days, when every one is itching
To strike out some new, strange, and wondrous plan,
Though 'twere to make Vesuvius a steam kitchen,
Or turn Mount Etna to a frying-pan;
Yet I am sure you'd meet with many a man
Ready to listen to such arrant conkers,
And join the joint-stock company of wholesale hoaxers.

I'm tired of listening to each new invention;
Steam, gas, and railroads, almost make me sick;
They so engross the gentlemen's attention,
They care no more for us than for a stick:
A stick?—not half so much; for it's thick,
And sound, and strong, and long, it is a prize
More valuable by far than woman's eyes.

Alas, poor womankind! if I had leisure,
Your hard, hard lot I'd feelingly bewail;
I'd tell of all the days of bygone pleasure
In the chivalric times, when you'd prevail,
By a few glances, haughty knights to quell;
And cause both kings and kaisars own your power,
And humbly sue around bright beauty's bower.

You're ' fallen on gloomy days; ' gone is your glory !
But I can't help it, so I'll say no more,
But hasten onward with my little story,
And hope 'twill please you when you read it o'er.
'Twill show you that strange whims, in days of yore,
Possessed men's brains and fancies; so that we
Must be content with mankind as they are.

I doubt they'll ne'er be better. But I'm wandering,
Or rather dallying upon my way;
I do not think there's any use in pondering
Upon the imperfections of the day,
Unless we try to mend them: this we may
Find a hard task indeed, but we should try:
A mouse once served a lion—so may you or I.

But to my tale. When James the First was seated
Upon the British throne, from Spain's proud land
Came an ambassador, whose head was sheeted
Inside with learning mystical and grand,
Which few pretended even to understand
But our sage monarch, whose great bosom yearned
To bear the title of King James the Learned.

The Spanish don had taken up the notion,
That signs were far before the use of speech;
That every country should have schools, where motion
Should be the only learning they would teach;
Thus putting it in every person's reach
To be ambassadors to foreign lands,
By learning the diplomacy of hands.

The learned Spaniard one day was bewailing
The darkened state of Europe to the king,
And said that every monarch, without failing,
Should have established such a useful thing
In his dominions. James's pride took wing;
And, soaring above truth, to gratify
His humour and the don's, he told a lie.

'Why, sir, I have in my most northern college
(I'm sorry 'tis six hundred miles away)
A wise and learned professor of the knowledge
Of signs and signals.' 'Oh! what is't you say?'
Exclaimed the don with joy; 'this very day,
If 'twere six hundred leagues, I will set out
And see what your professor is about.'

In vain the king endeavoured to dissuade him
From going forth on such a wild-goose chase;
At last, on finding nothing could persuade him,
He wrote a letter, stating all the case,
And ordering the professors of the place
To do the best they could to entertain
The ambassador extraordinary from Spain.

You may be sure the college was confounded
When reading o'er this letter from the king;
The grave professors were amazed—astounded,
They never heard before so strange a thing;
But the command was urgent—they must find
Truth in the well; and, when the don should come,
Say that the Sign Professor had left home.

Meanwhile the college, all were in commotion,
Preparing entertainment for the don;
Couch after couch arrived, till, with emotion,
They saw the illustrious stranger step from one.
'Where is,' he cried, 'the Sign Professor?' 'Gone
Upon a tour unto the Scottish Highlands,
From thence to visit all the western islands.

'Twas most unfortunate that he had left them,
Nor could they guess the time of his return.
The ambassador's reply almost bereft them
Of all their senses, causing them to mourn.
'To see this wondrous man my soul doth burn!
I'll wait,' so said the don, 'his coming here
Days, weeks, and months—ay, if it were a year!'

Alas! what can they do, he is unshaken?
And certain were they that he would remain;
For, from the journey he had undertaken,
He was a most decided man, 'twas plain;
And oh! what cost 'twould be to entertain
Him and his suit for twelve months, and that then
He'd find their king and them but untrue men.

They were indeed in a most strange quandary;
Not knowing what to do, nor what to say.
I will not hint they cursed the king's vagary,
But, I am sure, they wished the don away.
At last they thought upon a man who'd play
For fun, the great professor of the knowledge
Of signs and signals in the learned college.

This man was butcher to the institution,
And full of drollery and mother wit;
And ever ready for the execution
Of any whim or frolic he thought fit:
And readily he undertook to sit,
In solemn guise, before the Spanish don,
Though he could boast two eyes, while Geordie had but one.

Geordie was not a single word to utter
Whilst in the presence of this lord from Spain;
But, with his hands, he was to sign and sputter,
And do the best he could applause to gain.
This being settled, suddenly they feign
That their professor had returned; and he
Would in the morn receive the illustrious grandee.

The day at length arrived; all were in motion;
Geordie was dressed in flowing wig and gown,
And seated in a chair. Soon, with emotion,
The Spaniard entered, bowing lowly down
Before the venerable man, whose frown
Invinc'd great condescension and benignity:
So thought at least even haughty Spanish dignity.

The real professors in the next room, trembling,
Sat, waiting the conclusion of this scene;
Fearful that now, at last, all their dissembling
Would by the great ambassador be seen;
And that, henceforth, he'd call them liars mean:
And thus their honour, and the king, and nation,
Would suffer loss by such a degradation.

The learned don began poor Geordie's trial,
By holding up one finger to his view;
And he immediately, as in reply,
Held up before his excellency two!—
Wondering within himself what next he'd do.
Three fingers then his lordship raised on high;
Stern looks and a clenched fist were Geordie's next reply.

From his pocket then an orange taking,
The Spaniard held it up to Geordie's face;
And he returned the compliment by shaking
A piece of barley-bread at his proud grace.
The grave Hidalgo, silent, left the place,
Bowing with reverence to the wondrous man,
Whose practice thus made good his favourite plan.

When he rejoined the masters of the college,
They timidly inquired what he now thought
Of their sage brother? 'Oh,' cried he, 'such knowledge!
He is a prize, whose life could not be bought
By India's wealth! Ah, long, long I have sought
For such a man profound, to understand
Point-most abstruse by motions of the hand.'

'May we presume, then, most illustrious stranger,'
Resumed the pleased professors, 'to inquire
(Now that they saw themselves safe from all danger,
Their courage did fine compliments inspire)
How fared your excellency?' 'Your desire,
Oh, gentlemen,' said he, 'I'll satisfy;
And well may what I tell your college gratify.

When first I came before this wondrous creature,
I held one finger up, to signify
There was one God, who made and governs nature.
He held up two, to show me, in reply,
That God and Father were but one—then I
Held up three fingers, thus to signify
That I believed the Holy Trinity.

He, looking sternly at me, closed his hand,
As if to show me that the three were one—
The wisest surely he had this hand,
And of your college quite the paragon!
I then took out an orange, to make known
The bounteous mercy of the Great and Good,
Who gives us luxuries as well as food.

But judge, oh gentlemen! what was my feeling
When this great man drew forth a bit of bread,
The staff of life! thus to my sense appealing,
'That necessaries were profusely spread
In every land, whilst luxuries were shed
But in a few. No more could I presume
To question him: I, silent, left the room.'

When the ambassador had left the college,
The masters hastened to call Geordie in;
And begged he'd tell how he required the knowledge
Of signs so well, such great applause to win:
In short, they prayed he would at once begin
To tell them of his curious transformation,
By which he saved their honours and the nation.

The butcher, having thrown off the professor,
Began his story thus:—'When the old don
Entered the room, the rascally aggressor
Held up a finger, as if making fun
Of me and my blind eye. To show my one
Was good as both of his, I held up two;
Then the old scoundrel raised up to my view

Three of his Spanish fingers, as if joking
We only had between us two three eyes.
This was so impudent and so provoking,
It made my passion angrily arise,
To think of such an insult. But surprised
Did not make me forget your honours—I
But gave him a cross look and bent fist in reply.

His impudence did not rest here, however; But from his pocket he an orange took, As if to show me that old Scotland never Could hope to vie with Spain. My whole frame shook With rage at this; but, with contemptuous look, I snatched a basely-scented from out my pocket, And shook it in his face, to show the blockhead

I did not care for all his trash a bucky! And neither do I—but I must complain Of being bound to silence—'twas unlucky; For I'd have taught the haughty lord of Spain Not to affront me or our land again! Thus saying, Gordie scraped and hastened thence, Regretting that he had not proved his sense

Upon his excellency's ears, by shaking And boxing them; that he might understand The great and powerful progress he was making In studying the motions of the hand: That so, when he returned to his own land, He might, to enforce his plans, tell of the knowledge Of signs acquired and taught in the Scotch college.

M. A. G.

RISE OF GREAT MEN.

It is beneath the philosophy of history to inculcate that men who rise from comparatively low to the highest stations, do so from any cause besides that of force of character, operated upon by force of circumstances. To suppose that the future dictator, king, emperor, or protector, shapes his conduct with a view to reach the greatness he ultimately arrives at, were absurd in the case, probably, of the most ambitious individual that ever existed. At most, the aspirer sees a few of the successive points of elevation that mark the height before him; and he is impelled upwards as much by the pressure of his fellows as by his own talents and desires. As 'hero-worship' goes far to make the hero, and as, where sacerdotal power predominates, the people are always as ready to constitute the priest their master as the priest is wistful to see the people obedient, so political power is thrust upon a man of commanding ability by a sort of instinct in the thrusters, especially in troubled or unsettled times. Such times are essential to the attainment of the most exalted posts by those who originally occupied much lower ones, be their ability ever so commanding: to this rule history will hardly present an exception. And so Cromwell would have been an eminent brewer, country-gentleman, or parliament-man under the reign of Elizabeth; Napoleon only the first general of his age, had he led the armies of Louis Quatorze—the demigod of the French nation; and Cesar, living in our own days, would have conquered and written as has done the Wellington of these times, adding to the splendours of the sway of George IV., and reposing on his laurels at the courts of King William and Queen Victoria.—*Literary Florets*, 1846.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REWARD.

Whatever may be the difficulties of the task before us—and difficulties great and many there are—we may rest assured in the reflection that our reward is certain. No man ever followed the study of nature with honesty and diligence, without an ample repayment of discovery. The particular object sought may not at that moment be attained; none can tell at the outset of an investigation where it may lead, or in what way it may terminate; but this is certain, that lead where it may, and terminate where it may, new, important, and interesting truths will have been met with, and the boundaries of human knowledge permanently enlarged. Disappointment in the study of nature is impossible, provided legitimate objects be alone pursued, and by the appointed means. When physical truth ceases to be admired and loved for its own beauty and excellence, and scientific discovery becomes merely valued as a source of personal reputation, as the road to wealth and power and earthly dignity, then indeed may the bitterness of disappointment be often felt, and jealousy and bickerings divide those who, beyond all man living, should be the first to set an example of unity and brotherhood, whose lives are habitually passed in the contemplation of the handwriting of God.—*Professor Furness*.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

We are far indeed from delighting in the tendency of some authors on natural sciences to drag in religious views at every turn, thus secularising things sacred in the attempt

to sanctify things profane. We avow our belief that the province of natural theology is confined within narrow and very definite limits, although within these limits it exercises a just and incontestable jurisdiction; but we delight not in the pedantry of converting treatises of science into doctrinal compilations. There is, however, an opposite pedantry as worthy of condemnation. We conceive it to be impossible for any well-constituted mind to contemplate the sum and totality of creation, to generalise its principles, to mark the curious relations of its parts, and especially the subtle chain of connexion and unity between beings and events apparently the most remote in space, time, and constitution, without referring more or less to the doctrine of final causes, and to the design of a superintending Providence. We call it the highest pedantry of intellect to put to silence suggestions which arise spontaneously in every mind, whether cultivated or not, when engaged in such contemplations.—*Quarterly Review for December*.

M. D'AUBIGNÉ.

The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity; no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause, upon him—a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment, and a quiet, well-balanced mind. You would not perhaps suspect him of a vivid imagination, and yet his writings do often show a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age. You would see in him a tall, commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen; a broad, intelligent forehead; a thoughtful, unsuspecting countenance; a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form, his appearance might be described in three words—noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the peculiar openness and manliness of his aspect.—*Wanderings in the Shadow of Mont Blanc*.

INGENIOUS MODE OF DEMONSTRATION.

In the collection of natural history at Cassel, in Northern Germany, is a very interesting set of volumes, as they appear to be; though, when examined, they prove to be no real library, but specimens of the woods of five hundred different European trees, made up in the form of books. The back is formed of the bark; the sides of the perfect wood; the top of the young wood, with narrow rings; the bottom of the old wood, where the rings are wider apart. When one of the volumes is opened, it proves to be a little box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree of which it is a specimen, either dried or imitated in wax. Something of this kind, though with a more especial reference to the age of trees, might be made an interesting portion of our own collections in natural history, both public and private.—*Chronicles of the Seasons*.

CONSEQUENCES OF INDULGENCE.

I have heard of a mother who humoured her son to that pitch of folly, that, upon his taking it into his head that it would be pretty to ride upon a cold sirloin of beef which was brought to table, she gravely ordered the servant to put a napkin upon it, and set him astride in the dish, that he might have his fancy; and of another, who begged her little daughter's nurse to take care of all things that the child should not see the moon, lest she should cry for it. If parents will in this manner make it a point never, even in the most necessary cases, to oppose the wayward wills of infants, what can they expect but that peevishness and perverseness should grow upon them, to a degree that must make them unhappy on every occasion, when they meet with proper treatment from more reasonable people?—*Burgh*.

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THE LADIES' INITIATIVE.

'WELL, Mr Balderstone, you are the most provoking person in the world—always bringing up that absurd idea of yours about our marriage. I should have expected you, at the end of twenty years, to have got tired of it, as I'm sure I have been for many a day. And to speak of it before people too! It is positively shameful.'

'Quite a true idea, however—I will go to death upon it. I was a young man taken in and done for. Perhaps well for me I was; but however that may be, so was the fact. I advert to the circumstance as a curious point in human nature, not as opprobrious to you, my dear Mrs B. Content yourself on that score.'

'Point in human nature! And so, to illustrate human nature, you are to represent me as having degraded myself by drawing you into matrimony! Oh, Mr B., Mr B.!

Here all the gentlemen at table set up their ears, as for a coming joke, while the ladies affected to look excessively indignant. Mrs Balderstone was all injured innocence.

'What, in brief, is your idea, Balderstone?' inquired my friend Sleeman.

'Why, it is just this—that, in our courtship, I believe it was only in appearance that I represented the active voice, and she the passive; for, in reality, intending it or not, she was the means of bringing our acquaintance up to marrying point.'

'I entirely deny the allegation,' said Mrs Balderstone; 'but let him go on.'

'Well, how was it?' said Sleeman.

'Why, if you would believe her, I performed courtship in the customary manner recognised among civilised nations; that is, showed an interest, paid attentions, took charge of an album, and allowed myself always to happen to take the next seat to hers at table, till at length it seemed meet to me to propose for her hand, which she, with a great deal of coyness, accepted.'

'Yes,' interposed Mrs B., 'that is the true account.'

'That I deny. The true account is this: at our first interview she proved extremely agreeable, and passed a very pretty compliment upon my violin-playing. Seeing her then to be an unusually attractive person, I asked leave to conduct her home, and found a gracious acceptance. We met again soon after, and she gave me such a decided preference as a partner in the quadrilles, that I became partial. She expressed a hope that I had brought my violin. I had done so, and in the course of the evening played a few solos. Not only did she listen attentively, but when an impertinent young bear addressed her in the middle of my playing, I observed her frown him into silence. There was so

much good sense there! We had a chat afterwards about Wordsworth, when I found her so completely of my own opinion as to the wonderful powers of the then neglected Lake poet, that I became convinced she was an extraordinary young lady. We so coincided, too, in our taste for the country. The town was horrible—only to be dwelt in from necessity. How delightful to consort with nature in her own domain—to watch the changes of the seasons, to roam the flower-gemmed fields or the shady forests, to see the sun rise, to hear the lark sing, to mingle with the simple-hearted rustics, and join in their glee. Oh there was nothing like the country!'

'Well, I think so still.'

'Yes, but that is not the point. The affair now went on rapidly. We agreed to consider ourselves as friends, and, in that character, to discuss a vast number of matters in conversation and by letter. We were to be quite abstract: it was understood, if not expressed, that it was no love matter, but only a communing between two uncommonly harmonious spirits, whose being of opposite sexes was only as it happened. I inserted at the same time in her album all the sentimental verses I had ever written, from school-days downwards. She liked the general style of them amazingly, though there were two lines which she thought might be improved, if I would give them my attention. About that time, spending the evening at her mother's house, I found a young officer present, whom they represented as an old friend. Very well, he was an old friend, and therefore entitled to be treated on comparatively familiar terms. What was this to me? Strange to say, it made me uneasy. I could not bear to hear Georgina abandoning her fine mind to the frivolous commonplaces which suit a military understanding, and I came away discontented.'

'He did not enter into your views about Wordsworth?' said Sleeman.

'Not at all—nor she neither for the time. It happened that just that night I had brought in my pocket—designing to read it to her—a critical analysis of the Excursion, which I had written for a west of England magazine. It had to lie *perdu* where it was, as Georgina was too much engrossed with the lieutenant's account of a recent ball, given by his regiment at their last quarters, to have any ear for either poetry or criticism.'

'Well, your friendly correspondence would be perilled?'

'Yes, and what was the provoking thing, my standing on the footing only of a friend gave me no title to complain. I was wounded, but had to conceal my hurt.'

'You have no idea how sulky he looked with it, though,' interposed the lady.

'Perhaps so. I daresay it was capital fun for you.'

I went one morning, designing, if possible, to express my opinion of friendships with unideal officers, when, behold the object of my antipathy on the ground before me! They were just going out to visit a picture exhibition. I retreated in great vexation of spirit, and that night wrote to Georgina, telling her that friendship was all very well, but nothing to love—

'Which I thought the oddest procedure in the world. What had my going to an exhibition with Lieutenant Littlepatte to do with the transformation of friendship into love?'

'Nothing in theory, but a great deal in practice, as I found to my cost. Three days after, I was Georgina's accepted lover. Three months after, we were married! You see, Sleeman, how it was?'

'Oh, perfectly; but by all means give us your own ideas about it.'

'Well, I was quite blind at the time, and for about a year after our marriage. But I then began gradually to see the real nature of the case. The feeling of preference had first arisen with her. She had gone ahead in attachment all the way along, though never betraying it.'

'Come, come, Mr Balderstone,' exclaimed two ladies at once. 'This is too bad,' pursued one of them, 'to make out your wife to have acted in such a manner. I stand up for her, and for my sex—in general. It is a scandal to us all.'

'Listen, my dear Mrs Asperall,' said I, 'and you will find I design no scandal. I acquit the lady of the slightest approach to impropriety. I do not think there was any harm in what she did. It was all very innocent and natural in my opinion. What I wish to establish is merely the fact, that I was a person acted on in the case, and not the prime agent. On investigating, in recollection, the origin of our attachment, I find that what first drew my attention at all, was a certain graciousness of manner towards me. She dropped, perhaps by mere chance, a word in praise of my violin-playing. My love of approbation was excited, and I became disposed to think favourably of her understanding. When she bade me adieu that evening at her own door, there was an indefinable something in the words, that remained with a pleasing effect in the memory. Strange that the shadow of a tone will rest on the heart, and be fostered there! At our next meeting I began with some *empressement*. It might have appeared as something spontaneous on my part; but, in reality, it was the effect of these same impalpable demonstrations of hers on the previous occasion. Then our harmony of opinion on literary and other subjects arose simply from this—that I spoke my own feelings, and she assented to and approved of them. She did so, because, in all sincerity, I believe she felt that they were, in the main, just, or was too partial to criticise them rigidly; but the effect was to increase my respect for her mental character, and to add to the interest already excited. Afterwards there was plenty of ardour and extravagance on my part, and no want of delicacy and shyness on hers—'

Mrs B.—'Well, I am glad he acknowledges that at least.'

'And yet each one of my words and acts was the result of something foregone on her part—something that, with a look of water, always somehow proved to be oil: mean it or not, such was the effect of her conduct. And thus, throughout the whole affair, seeming and reality were in constant contradiction. She was virtually the courting party, I the courted. And I have

no doubt that, when I at last made my proposals, she was at once surprised by them, as she professed to be, and yet had been, in some recess of her mind, wondering at their not being made three weeks before. Verily, wonderful are the mysteries of the female character! And so ends my ditty.'

'Well,' said Mrs Asperall, 'if my man were to make any such charge against me, I know what I should do!' Asperall, who was sitting at the other end of the table, observably shrunk up into a smaller space. 'What do you say to it all, Mrs Balderstone?'

'Oh, I deny everything. It is all an innocent dream of my worthy spouse. But I don't suffer alone. Thinking he had made a great discovery in our case, he has set his brain a-fermenting about it, and now he believes that, in a full moiety of instances, the women take, as he calls it, the initiative.'

'Oh monstrous, Mr Balderstone! So you traduce our whole sex! Oh—oh!' and all the ladies, with uplifted hands and averted eyes, murmured, 'Oh—oh!' As for the gentlemen, they were evidently under the influence of those feelings which, in favourable circumstances, develop themselves in mirth.

'You may martyr me with your fairs, ladies, if you please. I would die rather than bate one ace of my opinion. But don't suppose I bring it forward as an accusation against you. I rather think you quite justifiable in dividing with us the privilege, as it has been thought, of commencing *les affaires du cœur*. What imaginable right have we to be exclusive in this respect?'

'Ah, that is a very clever way of softening the matter,' said Mrs Asperall; 'but we disclaim all pretension to such a privilege. No, no; the woman is to be wooed, and the man is to be thankful if he can induce her to accept him. Our sense of feminine delicacy is shocked at the very idea of a lady doing anything which is to have the effect of bringing a man to her feet.'

'That may be a prejudice,' said I. 'But, anyhow, what we are first concerned about is the fact. Let philosophising come in its proper place afterwards. Now I say fearlessly—nay, strike me, but hear!—that, in a very large proportion of instances, probably amounting to a full half, the man is first moved by some hardly definable, yet true and real, symptoms of a partiality on the lady's part towards him. A word, a look of kindly grace, often suffices. And even the more obdurate men, who have passed scatheless through hosts of blandishments, are apt to be caught at last by some casual revelation of feeling on the part of one from whom no one would have previously thought that any such danger could come. Mind, to be successful, it must be *natural and unpremeditated*. No putting on of an air of preference will serve. No trick of any kind can be of avail, except with mere ninnies. But an honourable and sensible man is always liable to be affected when he thinks he can read in a woman's bosom, *before she can read it herself*, the trace of that magic element of life—LOVE!

'Come, Mrs Asperall, this does not look so bad for us after all,' said a lady at her side.

'There is nothing bad about it, let me once more tell you. It is as natural for a woman to become inspired with a feeling of attachment, as for a man. The only difference is, that her delicacy—a property which I believe to be natural to her, not a mere result of education—shrinks from a broad, deliberate avowal of the sentiment. But she cannot wholly disguise or conceal it. It will then depend entirely on the man's penetration, and his seeing only a natural betrayal of her preference,

whether he is to be affected by it, and moved to love in return. We have all read in the divine Mantuan's eclogue—"I love Phyllis before all, for she wept when I departed." Now, how eternal and invariable is human nature!—one of the men of highest rank and fortune in this country, was first inspired with a regard for his amiable consort by a tear which came into her eye on his departure from her father's mansion. During his whole residence, and to the moment of his leaving, there was no symptom of preference: any such demonstration towards a man so obviously an object for matrimonial speculations, would have only been disgusting. But the departed returned for something he had forgot—the tear, a natural tear, was there; and it had the effect of inspiring an affection which might otherwise have never existed.

'There is one other instance, in a very high rank, of the affair having taken its rise with the lady,' said Sleeman significantly.

'Yes, and good right the lady had in that instance,' quoth Mrs Balderstone; 'why, how was she ever to get a husband otherwise?'

'Right,' said Sleeman; 'and you might say the same thing in a vast number of other cases.'

'Oh, Sleeman, you're a horrid creature.'

'Well, but,' resumed I, 'set all jesting aside. It is only facts, and just inferences from them, which can settle such a question. The plan I took was to make up a list of married pairs whom I know, or have known, intimately, and to set down against each what I have been able to ascertain regarding their courtship. Here it is. [*Intense sensation all round the table—sight depicted on the face of Asperall.*] Of course, what is true in one man's circle of friends will be true in another's, and in the community at large. There are Mr and Mrs D'Oyley; the lady known to have gained him by praising a paper, which turned out to be his, in a review—doubts entertained whether she had not at least a suspicion of the authorship. And there are Mr and Mrs Fender; the gentleman known to have had no idea of marrying till Miss Wood's regard for him was betrayed by a lady cousin of his, to whom she had confided her secret. Mr and Mrs Jones—the lady had a fortune—saw one evening a handsome young fellow who, not having a penny, was about to go to India: they danced in two quadrilles, and met again once or twice; she asked him, and they were immediately married. Our friend Wakley—all the world knows his sisters courted him into marrying their friend Susan Hewit, who had taken a fancy to him. And so forth. What need of enumerating cases? [*Face of Asperall brightened considerably.*] Let summation decide the matter. Now, I find there are nineteen cases in which the gentleman fell in love with the lady, and took unequivocal first steps; and eighteen in which the lady had the priority, being, as near as possible, a half. I have not only, then, shown you the grounds for my opinion in human nature—made out, I may say, an *a priori* case—but proved from facts that it is really as I say; that is, the ladies take the initiative just about as often as the gentlemen—though, dear innocent creatures, they are, for the most part, quite unaware of it. I could even go further with the argument, and show the final cause of lady courtships in the sad torpidity which characterises some men, the modesty of others [*Cries of oh! oh! from the ladies in all parts of the house*], the fears of many as to family responsibilities [*Cheers and counter cheers*], and various other considerations tending to inopportunities amongst our sex. But it is quite unnecessary. Enough has been done to carry the question hollow, if it is to be decided by reason, and not by prejudice.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs Balderstone amiably, 'as you are never wrong, we'll hold that you are right in this case. Only don't be too long in following us up stairs.'

'Ah, Mr Balderstone, you're a sad man—I did not expect it of you,' quoth Mrs Asperall, sailing off to the drawing-room.

'Bravo, Balderstone!' cried all my gentlemen friends at once. 'We'll drink your health, my boy, in a fresh bottle of claret, if you will give it us. You have caused our sex to have the best of the plea for once. [*My health drunk with uproarious cheers, concluding with 'one cheer more,' demanded by Asperall.*]

THE BATHS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THE baths of the Romans have been frequently and elaborately described, but we think the following historical sketch, extracted from M. Corbel Lagneau's recently-published *Traité Complet des Bains*, contains many points of interest, some of which are not familiarly known.

The use of the bath has existed, in all probability, from the beginning of the world, since it is founded in the most natural wants of man. The necessity of maintaining the cleanliness of his person, of defending himself from the heat of a burning sun, and of seeking refreshment after the fatigues of the chase, war, or labour, must have taught him, from an early period, the advantages derivable from bathing. But in barbarous ages, in which art had as yet accomplished nothing for the conveniences of life, men merely plunged into rivers, streams, fountains, and other natural reservoirs of water. They were far from dreaming of the erection of apparatus by means of which they might be enabled, as at a later period, to take their baths at any time, season, or place, and of an agreeable and salutary temperature. Doubtless the discovery of hot springs, which must have existed then, as in our own times, at various parts of the earth's surface, suggested to them the happy idea of communicating different degrees of heat to the water they employed, and of erecting more commodious and less dangerous receptacles. It was amongst the nations of the East, the earliest reapers of the benefits of civilisation, that industry and the arts made the first efforts to satisfy the wants of men, and perpetuate the taste for, and employment of, warm baths. The custom was carried from Asia to Europe by the colonists, who successively established themselves in Greece, Italy, Iberia, and Gaul.

Greece knew the use of warm baths in the time of Homer, for mention is made of them in several passages of the writings of that poet; and among others, where he depicts the delicious life led in the palace of Alcibiades, and when he relates the reception given to Ulysses by Circe. Among the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians were the first, according to Thucydides, who adopted the custom, borrowed from Asiatic nations, of appearing naked at the public games; anointing themselves with oil, and covering themselves with sand, prior to the contest, and then plunging into hot baths. But the employment of baths in private families was not even yet very general in the time of Hippocrates. This prevented his recommending the bath in many diseases which called for its adoption. As to the public baths, they formed part of the *gymnasia* to which they were attached.

The Romans were accustomed, in the early period of the republic, after a day employed in labour in the fields, to wash only the arms and legs; and every ninth day, when they came to the city, to be present in the assemblies for state business, they bathed the entire body. At that period the Tiber or neighbouring streams formed their bathing resorts, vapour and hot-water baths being scarcely known to them. It was only at a late period they thought of establishing public or private baths. The city, by reason of its situation on hills, presented great difficulties for the conveyance of water. It was not until about four hundred and forty-one years after the foundation of Rome that water was brought, for the first time, from Tusculum, by means of an aqueduct constructed by the censor Appius Claudius. Aqueducts were multiplied afterwards; and baths, or *therme*, were constructed in various parts of the city, characterised as yet by the ancient Roman

simplicity, as may be seen from the description of that of Scipio Africanus, left us by Seneca.

The new custom which the Romans adopted towards the last years of the republic, of attaching baths to the gymnasia, rendered them indispensably necessary; and the frequent application which physicians, from this period, made of them in the treatment of disease, powerfully contributed to the increase and embellishment of these salutary and useful structures. But it was not until the reign of Augustus that they began to give to their warm baths that air of grandeur and magnificence which is yet to be observed in the ruins which remain. The public baths should, in fact, be justly considered as the most remarkable structures of the Romans. Their founders were princes, who, in their anxiety to conciliate the good-will of the people, endeavoured to surpass all that had been executed before their time. To conceive a just idea of them, we should examine the plans of the principal edifices, as traced by Palladio. In beholding his designs of the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorned the walls and ceilings, we are at once astonished at the perfection of the objects they represent, and at the exquisite purity of taste which then prevailed in the arts. Much more than this; we find ourselves forced to acknowledge that all the efforts of modern art, in the decoration of our palaces, museums, and churches, are in general but servile imitations of the wonders which the baths of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, &c. offered, near two thousand years ago, to the admiration of the Roman people. The rarest marbles, precious vases, bronzes, columns, statues from the chisel of the greatest masters, and gildings skilfully applied, contributed to the brilliancy of the interior of these gigantic monuments.

It is difficult to enumerate the immense number of uses they were devoted to. Besides the vast basins, and the thousands of recesses (the *therma* of Dioclesian contained three thousand) appropriated to the different baths, there were found there theatres, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, festive halls, vast open promades planted with trees, schools frequented by youth, academies where learned persons assembled for discussion, and libraries to which every one might freely resort.

The most complete establishments contained numerous apartments devoted to the various processes connected with an elaborate system of bathing. The bather, after having undressed, was conducted into the *unctuarium*, where his body was freely anointed with strong oils; afterwards, in an adjoining apartment, it was covered with fine sand or powder. He now repaired to the *sphaeristerium*, an immense hall or rotunda, in which he engaged in wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises calculated to develop physical power. When the locality admitted of it, the *sphaeristerium* was uncovered, and exposed to the sun; or rather, in the best-appointed baths, there were two *sphaeristeria*. The various games were continued until the sound of a bell announced that the vapour and hot-water baths were ready. To these the crowd of bathers now proceeded, each person taking his seat on a marble bench, placed below the surface of the water, around immense basins, wherein swimming might be executed when agreeable. While here, they diligently scraped the skin with a species of ivory or metal knife, termed a *strigilis*, by which they detached all impurities from the surface. The *tepidarium*, or tepid bath, and *frigidarium*, or cold bath, were finally employed for a short time, for the purpose of bracing the pores of the skin, relaxed by so long a proximity of moist heat. Before dressing, those who desired to employ perfumes again repaired to the *unctuarium*.

The baths belonging to private persons differed, of course, from those devoted to the service of the public, as each person followed his own taste in their construction. The same apartment sometimes served for various purposes; and the modifications of form, &c. were as numerous as those of the fortune and the luxurious taste of their proprietors. It was, indeed, the fashion to ex-

hibit an almost insane luxury; and thus we find Pliny addressing severe reproaches to the ladies of his time, who covered the floor of their baths with silver.

The baths of the ancients, although usually built after a similar plan, yet offered a notable difference. At Rome, even in the most splendid establishments, the greater portion of the extent of the edifice was appropriated to baths, properly so called, which obtained for them the name of *thermae*, from the Greek word *thermos*—heat. But with the Greeks the gymnasium occupied almost the entire structure, the bath itself being but of very limited dimensions. This difference exhibits the passion for bathing which seized the Romans towards the end of the republic, and continued to possess them until the fall of the empire.

At first, the public baths were only opened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and closed at five: the sick alone having a right to enter them at any time. Latterly, the emperors, wishing to conciliate the people by their favourite amusement, ordered the doors to be opened sooner, and closed later. Nero had them opened at twelve; Alexander Severus allowed the baths to be entered from the break of day, and even furnished, at his own expense, lamps and oil for lighting them. From that time the Romans may be said to have passed their lives at the baths. They frequently bathed twice a day; and hot water constituted one of the indispensable elements of their existence. We must not, however, attribute this singular passion exclusively to fondness of bathing. The desire and hope of meeting with friends, of discussing the topics of the day, and passing the time agreeably, were no less powerful motives.

Pliny relates a fact which proves the singular jealousy with which the Romans regarded all relating to their baths. A statue of a bather, scraping himself with the *strigilis*, was placed in front of the *therma* of Agrippa. It was executed by Dysippus, and of such marvellous beauty, that Tiberius, who admired it more than any other statue in Rome, had it removed to his own bed-chamber. The populace, unable to bear the deprivation, covered him with insults until he had restored it.

One of the greatest largesses an emperor could confer on the people, on an occasion of public rejoicing, was to decree gratuitous admission to the baths. So great was the passion prevailing for this pastime, that when Rome was labouring under fear, and mourning on account of frightful calamities which had afflicted her, Titus, in order to dissipate these, ordered the rapid construction of the *therma* and amphitheatre which bear his name.

Of all the Grecian people, the Lacedaemonians were the only ones in whom the gymnasia and baths were common to both sexes. The ancient Romans were far from following such an example, and carried modesty so far, as to consider it improper that a father should appear at the same bath with his son, or even son-in-law. Later, however, the corruption of manners made such progress, that in the reign of Domitian, women and men bathed pell-mell together. This custom, then generally adopted, was afterwards prohibited by Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius; again tolerated by Heliogabalus; and finally abolished by Alexander Severus.

The baths were frequented indiscriminately by persons of all ranks. The noblest and richest persons there found themselves mingled with the poorest plebeians. The following anecdote, related by Spartian, leaves no doubt upon this point. The Emperor Hadrian, he says, frequently bathed with a crowd of the people. One day he perceived an old soldier, who, having no person to cleanse his skin for him, contrived a substitute by rubbing his back against a wall. Hadrian, who had known him in the field, inquired why he did this. He replied, because he had no servant. The emperor immediately ordered him some slaves and a pension. The news of so benevolent an action, performed before so many witnesses, quickly spread into every part of Rome; and the next time Hadrian came to the public baths, several old men did not fail to be there

also, and endeavour, by the same means, to attract the notice and generosity of the prince. But the emperor, who had remarked the contrivance, far from treating them as he had done his old companion in arms, caused strigiles to be distributed to them, and ordered them to employ them by assisting each other.

It was not only the city upon the seven hills which contained public and private baths. They existed in all the towns of Italy, and in the palaces of nobles and freedmen. They were found also in all the Roman provinces. In our time even, it is easy to perceive the vestiges of the Roman *thermæ* in every country which formed a portion of the empire.

The greater number of these magnificent edifices, which, during the most illustrious period of the empire, had constituted the pride and delight of Rome, were destroyed by the Vandalian of the barbarian hordes. Those which were not pulled down were otherwise employed, or, being no longer repaired, gradually fell into ruin. Baths, which formed one of the requisites for the effeminate and luxurious life of the Romans, were, for the warrior and invading nations, mere means for the preservation of cleanliness. Thus the new conquerors were satisfied with taking a bath, as in the time of Scipio; and their slight taste for luxury never inspired them with the idea of erecting monuments resembling those which decorated the ancient city of the masters of the world. Utility and cleanliness were the only objects held in view in the construction of the *thermæ*, which were henceforth erected in Italy or the other countries of Europe. We find, by the 'Ephemerides Troyennes,' that baths were much frequented during the whole of the middle ages, until the sixteenth century—the epoch at which the use of linen became general. After giving a description of the ruins of the *thermæ* which remained at Troyes, Grosley adds, 'The barbarism of the middle ages not being able to attain magnificence, confined itself to the convenience of the public baths, and other establishments, which were erected in Europe. The idea was due to the Arabs, among whom the arts and sciences had found an asylum. The crusades and commerce had opened up to Europeans the countries which flourished under the rule of this people, and the natural taste for imitation did the rest. The vapour and public baths were, for a long period, as much frequented in Europe as they are at the present day in the Levant. People were attracted to them for the sake of health and cleanliness; but, above all, from the want of society felt by persons who saw little of each other except in these places. Some took water baths, others vapour baths; while several came only to gossip, comfortably protected from the cold. For these last, the baths were what the stoves of Germany, the *restamnets* of Holland, and the *cafés* of Paris, are to this day.' M. Marchangy, in his 'France in the Sixteenth Century,' says, 'It was only at the baths, at church, or in sickness, that women ever saw each other. The men also assembled at the baths, the barber's, the wine-shops, and the market-places. There were private baths in the hotels; and persons asked to dinner were at the same time invited to bathe.'

By St Foix's 'Historical Essays on Paris,' we find that the seigneurs and great ladies took a bath daily prior to dining, and that the citizens took several a-week. 'The use of vapour baths,' he says, 'was formerly as common in France, even among the common people, as it is, and has always been, in Greece and Asia. They went to them almost daily. St Rigobert caused baths to be built for the canons of his church, and supplied wood for heating them. Pope Adrian recommends the clergy of each parish to go to bathe, in procession, every Thursday, singing psalms the while.'

As in the times of the Roman emperors, the promiscuous assemblages of the two sexes leading to immoral conduct, gave rise to ordinances and statutes, which were not always strictly obeyed.

Although the increasing use of linen has much diminished the hygienic necessity of the bath, and has occasioned the ruin and neglect of the establishments of the

middle ages, yet public establishments have not ceased in our times to become multiplied on every side—thanks to the salutary counsels of medicine, the progress of civilisation, and the amelioration of the material comforts of the masses. Thus there is not a street in Paris, of any importance, which does not contain several baths; and although we find new establishments springing up every day, all, in spite of the number and proximity of rivals, seem to increase and prosper, giving, as it were, the measure of the necessities of an intelligent and enlightened population. It is thus, by spreading through all ranks of society, that this usage has already produced the most satisfactory results as regards the public health; and, by its happy influence, has diminished, among others, the number and severity of the affections of the skin, which no longer, as heretofore, exhibit at every corner of the streets this disgusting aspect of human infirmities.

TO SLAY OR TO SAVE?

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'WELL, I must say I was never more surprised than I have been to-day,' exclaimed Colonel Simmonds to his wife and daughter; 'and I am annoyed too; it is so disagreeable to lose a servant that knows what one likes.'

'You mean Pierce, I suppose?' said the lady.

'You have heard about it, have you?' replied the colonel, who had just come home from parade. 'I am sure I wish the old major had been alive again to plague me, rather than have left fifty pounds to be used for such a purpose. It would have taken a good many years, and no common luck, for Pierce to have saved enough to purchase his discharge.' And as he spoke, he dashed down his hat with a very undignified demonstration of ill temper.

'What, I wonder, could have induced him,' rejoined the lady, 'to leave such a legacy to a common soldier? If he had remembered one of the children, now, I could have understood it.'

'Oh, there is some story of Pierce having caught his horse almost at the moment it had thrown the major, and when he would inevitably have been dragged by the stirrup, and killed perhaps. It was a year or two ago, and I forget the particulars; but the major always took notice of him afterward.'

'Then, I suppose, he is not a coward, as one would think he must be from his wishing to leave the army,' exclaimed Laura Simmonds, a young lady who had received only a superficial and class education—a misfortune not uncommon to the children of officers, who are constantly moving their families about with their regiments. In truth, her nature was as largely compounded of silliness and pertness as seemed compatible with the position of a gentlewoman. Hers, too, was that excessive pride of station which attaches itself, in a remarkable degree, to the families of military men, and shows how corroding to the best impulses of the heart, and to the dictates of common sense, must be those strong prejudices which, early implanted, petrify themselves into the character with the encroachment of years. She thought the greatest person in the world was a soldier, and the next degree of rank was to be the daughter of one.

Walter Pierce was one of those handsome, athletic, noble-looking men, of whose imposing appearance as a 'bold dragoon' the recruiting-sergeant is well aware. As a mere youth—which he was when he enlisted—he promised to be such. I do not know precisely under what circumstances the 'persuasive' sergeant succeeded in his endeavour. I never heard that at that early age Pierce had been driven to desperation by a disappointment in love; and as he has always been of temperate habits, it is not likely he enlisted in a fit of intoxication. Thus two of the story-tellers' favourite excuses are at once rejected. Probably he embraced a profession which, to his cost, he found bitterly unsuitable and uncongenial to his tastes and inclinations, from feelings and circumstances common enough. A fine character is seldom that which

is early developed; and, moreover, in youth it is often fatally ignorant of its own nature. At eighteen he might have been dazzled by the vain word 'glory,' and not have known how to distinguish between the false and the real; and he might not have surmised that he possessed energies and aspirations which could by no means be satisfied in the life he was adopting. Walter Pierce had been seven or eight years in the army at the time he is introduced to the reader; but though he bore the highest character, and had always been remarkably attentive to his duties, it is certain that, for a long time, he had cherished beyond every other earthly hope that of one day obtaining his discharge. Fortunately for his own peace, he had had the discretion to keep his wishes to himself, or he would soon have become equally unpopular both with his officers and comrades. Perhaps the 'old major' might have guessed something of the kind, for sympathy gives us great powers of discernment. At any rate, Pierce had agreed with avidity to the proposal his colonel had made some time back, that he should undertake certain duties of a servant—an arrangement common enough—for the sake of the additional money he should be able to save.

In more respects than one, this partial domestication of Pierce in the colonel's family had not been without its results. There was a certain waiting-maid, Fanny Brownlow by name, whose arch beauty and lively manners had made no slight impression on the heart of the soldier. Now Fanny was as useful to the ladies as Pierce had been to the colonel; and the silliest people, when urged by selfishness, become cunning. Accordingly, Miss Sinmonds, entertaining a wholesome terror that the most trifling dresser of hair, and skilful fashioner of dresses, might be lured from her to share the fortunes of Walter Pierce, seized with avidity the opportunity for ridiculing him, which his withdrawal from the army afforded; divining, perhaps by instinct, that even serious accusations, made in a straightforward manner, are generally less injurious to the party attacked than the shafts of ridicule, if ably directed. Events must show the result.

Although Walter Pierce had procured his discharge, and gone through all the formalities attending it, he lingered for several days in the neighbourhood of S—, where his regiment was quartered—and this notwithstanding his express determination of going to London without delay, that he might push his fortune in the metropolis. For three consecutive evenings he might have been seen sauntering up and down a certain shady lane, and pausing occasionally at a substantial stile, which had often been used as a seat by the weary. A stranger might have guessed he was expecting to meet some one there, and would not have been wrong. It was on the third evening, just as the August sun seemed gathering all the glory of the day towards the crimson and golden west, that the pretty Fanny walked leisurely down the lane, and gave Walter Pierce the meeting of which he was again almost despairing. He sprang eagerly forward the moment she came in sight, and all the warmth of the greeting was on his side. Fanny had dressed herself in some cast-off finery of her young mistress; for though she came to discard a some-time lover, her vanity prompted her to summon all her powers of fascination on the occasion. To tell the truth, however, the faded but smart bonnet, and the soiled silk dress, became her as little as did the affectation of manner she also assumed.

'I declare I did not know you, Mr Pierce,' she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand coldly and decidedly from his lingering grasp; 'you look so different in plain clothes.' And she scanned him from head to foot with a glance that seemed to say, 'It was the red coat after all; I wonder I could have seen anything in the man himself!'

'But my heart is the same, Fanny,' he replied, 'under the soldier's coat or the civilian's; and his words had a more mournful tone than would have been prompted a few minutes before. Her altered manner had already begun its work.

'It is a very faint heart, at any rate,' said the pert girl with a sneer.

'It thought itself very bold just now,' sighed Walter; 'but I am afraid you are right. I have scarcely the courage left to speak the words I wished you to hear—or the pride,' he added after a moment's pause—'the pride to hide how much you have wounded me.'

Either really a little touched, or fearful she had bent the bow too much for her purpose, the coquette relaxed sufficiently to draw on the disclosure she desired; and Walter Pierce poured out his story with the natural eloquence of a true heart.

'I do not ask you,' he exclaimed, after confessing his attachment, 'to share my uncertain fortunes; I do not even ask you to pledge yourself to be mine. But I know that I have energies which, if properly directed, may raise me to some certain position. Then—then— if a year hence you still are free, and I have a prospect of competence from any honest employment, will you, Fanny, dear Fanny—will you give me some hope to lead me on, and cheer me through all my struggles?'

'I thought you had something of this kind to say,' replied she, withdrawing the hand which he had foolishly taken again. 'Honest employment indeed! I suppose you will turn a tailor or a tinker?'

'Well, theirs are both at least as useful, and therefore as honourable, occupations as that of the soldier. But I don't think it likely I shall become either.'

'However, it doesn't signify to me a bit,' continued the girl; 'I wouldn't marry any but a soldier—no, not for the world. And I can tell you I am not the only person you know who has a contempt for all others. Miss Laura says just the same.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Walter; 'and sorry at—the mistake I have made.' There was a bitterness in his tone which, but for the sadness which mingled with it, might have seemed contemptuous. The vain and heartless girl felt that she was not altogether a conqueror; and when saying something about the lateness of the hour, and that she must return home, he made no objection to their walking in that direction, it is possible she would have given—what precious thing shall I say!—her smart bonnet to recall the past hour. To such characters as hers, either in high life or low, the repentance for having been deficient in tact is of a very keen sort.

I hope Walter Pierce is the most interesting person introduced to the reader; and yet we must not track his fortunes for a while so narrowly as those of the pretty waiting-maid and her mistress. He journeyed to London we know; and fortunately he was possessed of a little money, which enabled him to look about him, and not plunge, as so many have done from desperation, into an utterly unsuitable occupation. The discipline of the army had to a certain extent unfitted him for any very sedentary employment; but to a much greater degree did it disincite employers from engaging him. Yet he was aided in his career by high principle, and by that moral courage which would dare all things rather than betray it. It might be, too, that the taunts which had reached him in consequence of his withdrawal from the army, had caused him to examine his own heart, till well he knew there was no 'cowardice' there, no deficiency in the power alike of action and endurance—a power which would increase in proportion to the strength of the governing motive. That only is true courage which, seeing and understanding a danger, yet calmly braves it for the achievement of some noble object. How different from the meaner impulse which is often called by its name, but which only arises from ignorance and insensibility, in combination with selfish or angry feelings!

Surely there was some employment in London for which Walter Pierce was ominently fitted. Let us leave him to seek it.

The military predilections of the pretty Fanny induced her, a few months after Walter's departure, to bestow herself upon a 'dashing sergeant,' and enter upon all the honours and some of the trials of 'a soldier's wife.' And not long after this, her young mistress consoled herself for the loss of an efficient waiting-maid, skilful in hair-dressing and divers toilet arrangements, by marrying a certain Captain Dornier, an officer belonging to a good

family, and the heir to a large property. Circumstances, however, were destined to bring mistress and servant again into something like their former relative positions, in a manner they had never expected.

Fanny's husband proved bad in the superlative degree; indulging in the curious variations of conduct and treatment by which a bad husband can make utterly miserable the woman he has sworn to love and cherish. Now, there are some natures—not the highest perhaps—which absolutely require a course of suffering to bring out the latent good of their characters, and poor Fanny belonged to this class. Vain, frivolous, and selfish, not till she had suffered herself did she learn to feel for others, and look at human life as it really is. She became a mother too, and this event developed yet more the better feelings of her heart; yet so completely did ill usage wear out any affection she might have entertained for her husband, that the circumstance of his being ordered to India, about two years after their marriage, was a source of rejoicing to her. She absolutely refused to accompany him, preferring to earn a subsistence in England in any capacity which might offer itself. Her old mistress, who had never lost sight of her favourite, was now in want of a servant for her child; and though Fanny's infant was somewhat of an obstacle to her taking a situation as domestic servant, it was one of those obstacles which strong inclination will overcome. It was arranged that Fanny's little one should be placed with a relative; while Mrs Dormer's attachment to her servant, the knowledge of her sorrows, and recollections of their early life, combined to procure her far more indulgence in respect to seeing her child frequently, than she could have expected from a stranger.

Mrs Dormer was scarcely less improved in heart and mind than her humble friend, though she had learned from a gentler teacher than suffering. Hers had been the great good fortune to marry a man of superior mind, who had had the penetration to discover the better qualities of her nature beneath the layer of prejudices and false impressions produced by a neglected education. After all, there is always great hope of correcting the errors of youth, which, I firmly believe, except in cases of natural incapacity or innate depravity, struggles towards the right, and only needs a helping hand to lead it on, instead of what it too often finds, the evil influence of sordid minds and narrow intellects, to lure it into the by-paths of selfish worldliness. In truth, it would not have been very easy to recognise, in the sobered minds and enlarged sympathies of the two young mothers, the selfish, thoughtless girls we first introduced.

Years passed swiftly away; news came often from the East; but, unfortunately, neither gunpowder nor tropical sun has respect for persons, nor a discretionary power to spare valuable lives and sweep off the worthless. Fanny was still bound to a husband whom she hoped beyond all things never to see again. It might be that sometimes the thought would rise to her mind of how different her fate would have proved had she wedded her early lover; but fortune never threw him in her path, and she was completely ignorant of his fate.

The hitherto happy career of Mrs Dormer was not destined to remain unchequered. On the death of an aged relative, her husband prepared to take possession of a large landed property, to which he was heir, when, to his great dismay, a rival claimant appeared in the field. All the miseries, anxieties, and perplexities of litigation followed; and, in asserting their just rights, the Dormers became cruelly impoverished. Their establishment was reduced as much as possible; but Fanny, true to the better impulses of her heart, remained faithful through all, performing tripled duties upon reduced wages, as many an attached servant—to the honour of the class he it said—has done under similar circumstances. Touched by her fidelity and affection, Mrs Dormer proposed, after a while, receiving her child into the house. Among several children, she said, one other little mouth was not much to feed; but Fanny felt grateful, nevertheless, and with all her manifold labours, she was happier at this period than she had ever been.

After a struggle of three years' duration, the right triumphed, and Captain Dormer was put into possession of certain documents which secured to him the rich estates of his kinsman. With lightened hearts the family paid a visit to London, chiefly that Captain Dormer might arrange legal business, to do which his presence was indispensable. They drove to one of those sumptuous hotels where every comfort and luxury is to be obtained for money, intending the next day to seek a more permanent residence. Wearied by a fatiguing journey, the whole party retired early to rest; but their rest was to be fearfully broken. Just at that dead hour of the night when the sounds of revelry are over, and those of early labour have not commenced, they were aroused by a cry which, of all others, brings with it the greatest terror. 'Fire! fire!' burst upon their half-awakened senses; and starting simultaneously from their beds, they saw a lurid glare from the opposite wing of the building, and felt the suffocating smoke, which was rolling in huge waves towards them!

In a moment of awful agony like this, life, dear life, is the one thing thought of. Seizing the elder children by the hand, Mrs Dormer succeeded in making her way down stairs to a place of safety, whence kind-hearted strangers conducted them to a neighbouring house; and seeing that these dear ones were safe, Captain Dormer burst the door of his servant's room with one blow, and exclaiming, 'My child, my child!—follow me, and save yourself!' he snatched his own youngest one from the cot where it slept by Fanny's side. Fanny attempted to follow with her own child, now a girl of five or six years old, in her arms. But, alas! terror had paralysed her for a moment, and in that moment a wreath of smoke hid Captain Dormer from her sight. Strange as it may seem, the increased danger appeared to sharpen her faculties. She remembered having heard that in an extremity of this sort there is often a stratum of clear air near the ground, though even a few inches above it suffocation would be inevitable. Accordingly, she dragged herself and her child to the door, and found that, by crawling on hands and knees, it was possible to breathe. The ascending smoke even permitted her to see the feet of chairs and tables, and a portion of the furniture, by which means she made some little advance towards the staircase, her piercing shrieks being heard the whole time above the din of the crowd and the blessed sound of the pouring water; for engines had arrived, and the ever-ready, all-helpful fire-brigade!

The period of Fanny's absolute danger might be counted by seconds rather than minutes; and yet did it seem to her an eternity of agony; but at the moment when lingering hope was yielding to frantic despair, she saw a man's strongly-shod feet moving rapidly towards her, and the next instant felt herself and her child caught up by what seemed the arms of a Hercules! As he neared the street with his burden, the cheers of the crowd rose with a deafening shout; but her rescuer tottered on the steps; for, despite his 'smoke-proof' head-gear, he had suffered much; and as some of the bystanders almost tore it off him to afford him air, while others supported Fanny and her child, she recognised in her deliverer the not-to-be-forgotten features of Walter Pierce! He had indeed found an occupation for which, by his noble heart and dauntless courage, he was peculiarly fitted. High in the service of the fire-brigade, it was his to save instead of to slay, and to brave the most frightful death in endeavours to aid the helpless. Oh these true heroes—these brave-hearted men! Every thoughtful heart warms at the contemplation of their doings.

The first violence of the fire abated, and the lapping tongues of flame stayed in their devouring, there was time between thanksgiving for life spared to recognise and bewail the loss of property. Captain Dormer remembered with indescribable agony that a tin box, containing the papers which secured to him his inheritance, was either already consumed, or awaiting certain destruction. Once more Walter Pierce came to the rescue. He heard the description of the box, and was himself the one to draw Captain Dormer back when he was on the point of

rushing into the burning house; for he was a brave man as well as a doting father.

'I must do it,' he exclaimed, struggling with Pierre, 'or my children are beggars.'

'I will go, sir,' replied the other; 'I am a father, and can feel for you. But we are used to these scenes, and heed not the danger.'

So saying, he disappeared from Captain Dormer's sight; but all made way for one of the brigade; and a few minutes afterwards, a moment before the roof fell in, the cheers, not so loud as when life had been rescued, but still hearty cheers, announced that our hero was once more safe and successful.

It was a curious scene which took place the following day, when, in consequence of Captain Dormer's intreaty, Walter Pierce waited upon him at his temporary residence. As was natural, the conversation began by inquiries connected with the catastrophe (though nothing was known with regard to the origin of the fire beyond vague conjecture and imputed carelessness); but in a few minutes Mrs Dormer entered the room, anxious to join with her husband in grateful acknowledgments—having heard from Fanny to whom it was they were so much indebted. Though Walter Pierce was somewhat disfigured by the recent singeing of his hair, and a wide scar upon his cheek—the result of a wound received by a falling beam some months before—she recognised him in an instant, sooner even than he remembered her; and she felt that it was not enough to thank him with every expression that could emanate from deep-feeling for his heroic conduct, but to ask pardon for the slights she had put upon him in her girlish days. Prompted by her better feeling, she shook his hand warmly, and acknowledged her early faults, adding, 'There is another who is anxious to see you—one whom, with her only child, you saved last night. Fanny, come in,' she continued; for the trembling woman still paused at the door.

'Fanny! is it possible!' exclaimed Pierce. 'And it was you I saved! This is indeed happiness.'

Poor Fanny would have sunk to the ground, had not Mrs Dormer placed her in a chair.

'Yes, Fanny—dear Fanny, great happiness; for though we both are married—and I only hope you are as happy as I am—I have always thought of you with kindness and interest, and wished that we might meet again. I assure you I have often talked to my wife about my first love.'

'Your wife! And whom have you married?' exclaimed Fanny with some naïveté, and finding it impossible to repress the large amount of feminine curiosity she possessed.

'Why, mine is rather a romantic story,' replied Pierce; 'and if I should not be intruding it on the company, I will tell it as briefly as I can.'

A sign from Mrs Dormer, and exclamations from all, intreated him to proceed.

'I came to London an adventurer, as I think you know; and but a few weeks afterwards, while wandering about the streets one night—for my mind was too restless for me to be still—I had the opportunity of assisting to rescue the inmates of a house in which fire had suddenly burst forth. This put it into my thoughts to offer myself as a recruit for the brigade; and being neither faint of heart nor weak of limb, as I had proved, I was gladly accepted. I was promoted as rapidly as possible; and have, for the last three years, held an office of considerable trust in the corps. With regard to my marriage, it came about thus: I was happy enough to save the life of a tradesman's daughter, a beautiful young woman, and one who unites to a clear and cultivated intellect one of those gentle natures which are usually the greatest admirers of anything like daring courage. You see it was just an accident my saving her—nothing but in the routine of my duty—yet somehow neither she nor her father ever felt it so, nor can I to this day make them understand it. Well, it was what the world would call a match above a poor man; and had I not loved her very dearly—for you see they would invite me constantly, and give me the opportunity of falling in love—I never could have mastered

my pride enough to woo her. But you guess the end of the story. We are the happiest couple in the world. I do not think the whole earth contains such another dear little wife; and she thinks, I believe, that the meanest man in the fire-brigade is greater than the generalissimo of the British army. But this perhaps is natural to one who well nigh perished in the smoke of a burning house.'

'Perhaps the brave and somewhat blunt Walter Pierce did not think at the moment how peculiarly capable his 'first love' was just then of echoing the sentiments of his wife.

Pierce resolutely refused the roll of bank-notes Dormer strove to press upon him; but the captain managed, a week afterwards, to invest double the sum in the funds for the benefit of a little chubby infant, who took the name of Dormer Pierce.

MR BROOKE IN BORNEO.

MADE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

In a former article, we traced the progress of Mr Brooke from the time he entertained the idea of carrying commerce and civilisation into Borneo, to the conclusion of his first visit to Sarawak, during which he had surveyed a considerable portion of the adjacent country, and acquired a knowledge of its produce and capabilities. We shall now follow him through his second and subsequent visits, which were signalised by the suppression of rebellion and piracy, and finally by his installation as rajah of Sarawak, with a mixed community of Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese as his subjects.

In August 1840 Mr Brooke landed a second time at Sarawak, and found his friend Muda Hassim still lingering there, while his forces were endeavouring to quell a rebellion among the Dyak tribes of the interior. The rajah's cause being just, and Mr Brooke feeling that no security could be given to commercial pursuits while the natives were in this distracted state, readily volunteered his assistance, and proceeded to the seat of war with part of his crew, properly equipped for the occasion. This rebellion, although it had continued for more than a year, seems to have been a very paltry affair, and one which a troop of British soldiers would have brought to an issue in a couple of days. The native tribes, though not destitute of personal courage, could never be brought to open conflict, their tactics consisting in taking each other rather by surprise than by valour, and in endeavouring to reduce to a capitulation by threats and blockade. For these purposes, they were continually planting stockade after stockade, and striving to cut off each other from supplies of food and water. Here is a graphic picture of their procedure:—'Dawn found us on the advance to our proper position. A thick fog concealed us, and in half an hour the people were on shore busy re-erecting our fort, less than a mile from two forts of the enemy, but concealed from them by a point of the river. No opposition was offered to us; and in a few hours a neat defence was completed from the debris of the former. The ground was cleared of jungle; piles driven in a square, about fifteen yards to each face, and the earth from the centre, scooped out and intermixed with layers of reeds, was heaped up about five feet high inside the piles. At the four corners were small watch-towers, and along the parapet of earth a narrow walk connecting them. In the centre space was a house crowded by the Chinese garrison, a few of whose harmless gingalls were stuck up at the angles, to intimidate rather than to wound. Whilst they laboured at the body of the defence, the Dyaks surrounded it by an outer-work, made of slight sticks run into the ground, with cross-binding of split bamboo, and bristling with a *chevaux de frise* (if it may be so styled) of sharpened bamboos about breast-high. The fastenings of the entire work were of rattan, which is found in plenty. It was commenced at 7 A.M., and finished about 3 P.M., showing how the fellows can get through business when they choose. This stockade, varying in

strength according to circumstances, is the usual defence of the Sambas Chinese. The Malays erect a simple and quicker-constructed protection by a few double uprights, filled in between with timber laid lengthwise, and supported by the uprights. Directly they are under cover, they begin to form the ranjows or sudas, which are formidable to naked feet, and stick them about their position. Above our station was a hill which entirely commanded both it and the river; to the top of which I mounted, and obtained an excellent view of the country around, including the enemy's forts and the town of Siniawan. A company of military might finish the war in a few hours, as these defences are most paltry, the strongest being the fort of Balidah, against which our formidable assault was to be levelled. It was situated at the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river, and a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breastwork of wood—judging from a distance, about six or seven feet high. The other defences were more insignificant even than this; and the enemy's artillery amounted, by account, to three six-pounders and numerous swivels; from three hundred and fifty to five hundred men, about half of whom were armed with muskets, whilst the rest carried swords and spears. They were scattered in many forts, and had a town to defend, all of which increased their weakness. Their principal arm, however, consisted in the ranjows, which were stated to be stuck in every direction. These ranjows are made of bamboo, pointed fine, and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes about three feet deep, filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called patohong. Another obstacle consists of a spring formed by bending back a stiff cane with a sharp bamboo attached to it, which, fastened by a slight twine, flies forcibly against any object passing through the bush and brushing against it: they resemble the mole-traps of England. The Borneans have a great dread of these various snares, and the way they deal with them is by sending out parties of Dyaks during the night to clear the paths from such dangers.

In this way the opposing parties went on stockading, till they were within parley, and then, like the heroes of old, they bullied each other. 'We are coming, we are coming,' exclaimed the rebels; 'lay aside your muskets, and fight us with swords.' 'Come on,' was the reply; 'we are building a stockade, and want to fight you.' And so the heroes ceased to talk, but forgot to fight, except that the rebels opened a fire from Balidah with swivels, all of which went over the tops of the trees. This mode of bullying and stockading at length exhausted the patience of Mr Brooke, who was, in reality, the commander-in-chief of the grand army, and he therefore insisted on carrying the town by storm. This, however, the native leaders regarded as little short of insanity: one talked of the loss of heads which such rashness would occasion, though only one man had yet fallen in the campaign; another talked of erecting forts in the surrounding trees, and 'puff, puffing' down into Balidah, accompanying the words 'puff, puff,' with expressive gestures of firing. None of them, however, would budge; and so Mr Brooke collected his artillery, and dropped down the river to Sarawak. The rajah was so alarmed at this loss, that he offered a large tract of his territory if the English would only stay and assist him in this difficulty; he would accompany them in person, and see that Balidah was carried by assault, even should he fall in the attempt. Mr Brooke was thus induced again to equip part of his crew, and re-ascend the river—the rajah's brother, and not himself, accompanying the party. It was now a couple of months since he had left the seat of war, and when he arrived again, he found the grand army in a state of torpor—eating, drinking, and walking up to the forts daily; but having erected these imposing structures, and their appearance not driving the enemy away, they were at a loss what to do next, or how to proceed. On

his arrival, he once more insisted on mounting the guns in their former position, and assaulting Balidah under their fire—a measure which was only carried into effect under the overawing presence of the rajah's brother. By this means the enemy were driven from their citadel, and in a few days from the whole of their surrounding stockades; upon which they capitulated, in hopes of being spared through the interference of the English. And in this the reader will be glad to learn that Mr Brooke was successful, though not before he had actually made preparations to leave Sarawak, and threatened to bid the reluctant rajah a final farewell.

Having thus put an end to the rebellion—which, paltry as it may appear to us, was in reality a source of great misery to the parties concerned, as their tedious tactics interrupt trade, and reduce all to a state of starvation—Mr Brooke next directed his attention to commercial negotiations with Muda Hassim. In these, after a visit with the Royalist to the sultan of Borneo, and a further survey of the country, he was eminently successful; so much so, indeed, that he obtained a right of free trading not only for the English and other people, but was offered the government of Sarawak and surrounding district, the rajah contending that commerce could not be better carried on than under the superintendence of the individual who had made the proposal. Waiving the latter offer in the meantime, Mr Brooke set sail for Singapore, with the view of obtaining a cargo of such wares as would be acceptable to the Borneans—expecting antimony ore, birds' nests, rattans, and other native produce in exchange. For this purpose he freighted the Swift, a small schooner of ninety tons, which, in company with the Royalist, entered the waters of the Sarawak in May 1841. Here, however, his difficulties commenced—difficulties, disappointments, and breaches of faith which would have damped the ardour of any one less honest and cordial in his intentions. A house and wareroom had been promised him on his return: this was not even commenced: antimony ore, to the amount of 6000 peculs, was to be in readiness: scarcely a pound, however, was collected. This was unjust and ungenerous on the part of the rajah—naturally an indolent and weak-minded man, who had been tampered with by several of his pangerans. Nothing daunted, Mr Brooke landed his cargo, overhauled his vessels, and in the meantime urged his suit. He had brought to a happy conclusion a war that had baffled the rajah, and devastated the country for four years; he had, moreover, elevated him in the respect of his people; had reinstated him in favour (by the successful issue of the war) with his uncle, the sultan of Borneo; and for all this, was he to be duped and cheated? Besides, he had been assured of the rajah's protection and encouragement to commerce; had been promised a residence and cargo; nay, had been offered the government of the country—an offer which he rejected, seeing that it was made under the pressure of the war, and might have been thus regarded as other than a free and voluntary concession. To this reasoning Muda Hassim was all attention; admitted it in full; urged the disaffection of some of his pangerans; but promised immediate redress. Mr Brooke's residence was accordingly built, and part of the ore collected and shipped. But his cargo, which had been handed over to the rajah, and divided among his followers, was not yet one-fourth reimbursed; and what, under these circumstances, was he to do?

In this juncture, one cannot help admiring the patience, the fortitude, and knowledge of human nature which our hero displays. He resolves to despatch the Swift to Singapore with what cargo she had obtained; to send off the Royalist, and dispose of her; and himself, with three or four faithful followers, to await the issue, trusting to reason and example over Muda Hassim, and willing to sacrifice all for the regeneration of a people not naturally evil-disposed, and of a country one of the most fertile in the world. But the services of the Royalist are required: pirate tribes threaten to

ascend the Sarāwak, and these must be repulsed. News reach him that the crews of certain shipwrecked English vessels are at Borneo in great distress, and that others are dispersed in slavery along the coast: these, God willing, must be released. The Royalist is therefore despatched on these missions of mercy, and Mr Brooke directs, encourages, and reforms at Sarāwak—the rajah and he having become sworn friends and brothers. During the absence of the Royalist Mr Brooke ascends several of the rivers, examines the country, hunts, makes the acquaintance of the native tribes, listens to their tales of distress, intercedes for them with Muda Hassim, and in almost every case is successful. At length the Royalist arrives, having released the shipwrecked captives—Sarāwak is visited by a steamer from Singapore—and everything tends favourably to strengthen the position of our philanthropic countryman. Passing, therefore, over many interesting visits to the interior, and descriptions of native customs, as well as over much preliminary diplomacy, we come at last to the cessation of Sarāwak—a district sixty miles coastwise, and about fifty in average breadth—in perpetuity to Mr Brooke, who was consequently installed 'rajah,' with the customary native ceremonies, on the 1st of August 1842.

Our space will not permit us to detail the wise and benevolent laws which Mr Brooke promulgated on the occasion; suffice it to state that, respecting as far as possible the native customs, his endeavour was to establish liberty to all, free right to labour and its produce, equal justice to the poorest Dyak and most powerful Malay, and a fixed taxation instead of arbitrary and overreaching avarice. Under these circumstances, he thus journalises on the 1st of January 1843:—'Another year past and gone; a year, with all its anxieties, its troubles, its dangers, upon which I can look back with satisfaction—a year in which I have been usefully employed in doing good to others. Since I last wrote, the Dyaks have been quiet, settled, and improving; the Chinese advancing towards prosperity; and the Sarāwak people wonderfully contented and industrious, relieved from oppression, and fields of labour allowed them. Justice I have executed with an unflinching hand; and the amount of crime is certainly small—the petty swindling very great.

'I have nothing to say about the country, except that I have given Paneran Macota orders to leave, which he is obeying in as far as preparing his boat; and I hope that in six weeks we shall be rid of his cunning and diabolically-intriguing presence. The Rajah Muda Hassim, his brothers, and the tag-rag following, I also hope soon to be rid of; for although they behave far better than they did at first, it is an evil to have wheel within wheel; and these young rajahs of course expect, and are accustomed to, a license which I will not allow. Budrudcen is an exception—a striking and wonderful instance of the force of good sense over evil education. The rest of the people go on well; the time revolves quietly; and the Dyaks, as well as the Malays and Chinese, enjoy the inestimable blessings of peace and security. At intervals a cloud threatens the serenity of our political atmosphere; but it speedily blows over. However, all is well and safe; so safe, that I have resolved to proceed in person to Singapore.

'My motives for going are various; but I hope to do good; to excite interest, and make friends; and I can find no reason like the present for my absence. It is now two years since I left Singapore, "the boundary of civilisation." I have been out of the civilised world, living in a demi-civilised state, peaceably, innocently, and usefully.'

Having visited Singapore in the spring of 1843—where, no doubt, he represented the capabilities of his acquired country, and the commercial advantages likely to accrue from it, as well as the difficulties which would be experienced so long as piracy was suffered to prevail in the Indian Archipelago—we find him returning to Sarāwak on board her majesty's ship *Dido*, commanded

by the Hon. Captain Keppel. This vessel had been ordered to visit Borneo and the adjacent islands, for the suppression of piracy—a mission which, in the course of a few months, she had so far fulfilled, that every piratical stronghold on the north coast was annihilated, and the ruffianly hordes dispersed. We cannot follow Captain Keppel in his spirited account of his rencontres with the pirates; but the following extract from Mr Brooke's journal will afford some idea of the nature and character of a piratical fleet; for in the East piracy is not a single effort, but a system of sea-life not unlike that of the old Scandinavian rovers:—'In the evening I pulled through the fleet, and inspected several of the largest prahus. The entire force consisted of eighteen boats; namely, three Malukus and fifteen Illanuns: the smallest of these boats carried thirty men, the largest (they are mostly large) upwards of a hundred; so that, at a moderate computation, the number of fighting men might be reckoned at from five to six hundred. The Illanun expedition had been absent from Magindano upwards of three years, during which time they had cruised amongst the Moluccas and islands to the eastward, had haunted Boni Bay and Celebes, and beat up the Straits of Makassar. Many of their boats, however, being worn out, they had fitted out Bugis prize prahus, and were now on their return home. They had recently attacked one of the Tambelan islands, and had been repulsed; and report said they intended a descent upon Sirhassan, one of the southern Natunas group. These large prahus are too heavy to pull well, though they carry thirty, forty, and even fifty oars: their armament is one or two six-pounders in the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. The boat is divided into three sections, and fortified with strong planks, one behind the bow, one amidships, and one astern, to protect the steersman. The women and children are crammed down below, where the unhappy prisoners are likewise stowed away during an action. Their principal plan is boarding a vessel, if possible, and carrying her by numbers; and certainly if a merchantman fired ill, she would inevitably be taken; but with grape and canister fairly directed, the slaughter would be so great, that they would be glad to sheer off before they neared a vessel. This is, of course, supposing a calm; for in a breeze they would never have the hardihood to venture far from land with a ship in sight, and would be sorry to be caught at a distance. Their internal constitution is as follows:—One chief, a man usually of rank, commands the whole fleet; each boat has her captain, and generally from five to ten of his relations, free men; the rest, amounting to above four-fifths, are slaves, more or less forced to pursue this course of life. They have, however, the right of plunder, which is indiscriminate, with certain exceptions; namely, slaves, guns, money, or any other heavy articles, together with the very finest description of silks and cloths, belonging to the chiefs and free men; and the rest obey the rule of "first come, first served." No doubt the slaves become attached to this predatory course of life; but it must always be remembered that they are slaves, and have no option; and it appears to me that, in the operation of our laws, some distinction ought to be drawn on this account, to suit the circumstances of the case. The datus, or chiefs, are incorrigible; for they are pirates by descent, robbers from pride as well as taste, and they look upon the occupation as the most honourable hereditary pursuit. They are indifferent to blood, fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves: they despise trade, though its profits be greater; and, as I have said, they look upon this as their "calling," and the noblest occupation of chiefs and free men. Their swords they show with boasts, as having belonged to their ancestors, who were pirates, renowned and terrible in their day; and they always speak of their ancestral heir-loom as decayed from its pristine vigour, but still the wielding of it as the highest of earthly existences. That it is, in-

reality, the most accursed, there can be no doubt; for its chief support are slaves they capture on the different coasts. If they attack an island, the women and children, and as many of the young men as they require, are carried off. Every boat they take furnishes its quota of slaves; and when they have a full cargo, they quit that coast or country, and visit another, in order to dispose of their human spoil to the best advantage.*

Since the expedition of the Dido, other war-vessels have cruised in the Asiatic Archipelago—all tending to suppress piracy, and encourage native trade and commerce. The island of Labuan, off Borneo, has been ceded to England, and Mr Brooke appointed agent for the British government—an appointment which confers on him additional power and influence. Thus, in the course of five short years, has a complete revolution been worked in one of the fairest portions of our globe, and a new and better system of things been established, all through the enlightened and philanthropic energy of a single individual—showing how much can really be accomplished when an honest, cordial, and unselfish nature is engaged in a holy cause. We regard the proceedings of Mr Brooke as the commencement of a new era in the history of the Indian Archipelago—an era which, under the favour of more enlightened views at home, is yet destined to realise all that was planned and propounded by his model and prototype, Sir Stamford Raffles.

JOTTINGS FROM HUME'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

A work in two large volumes on the life of an eminent philosopher, is not fit subject for treatment in these pages. We merely propose—with a general acknowledgment of the industry, judgment, and good taste of the author—to run trippingly over a few of the more lively and appreciable points of his work, aiming rather to amuse an idle half hour for our readers, than to afford them an insight into the recesses of a profound subject.

It will be new to the public at large, that David Hume was ever in love, or ever wrote poetry; but Mr Burton brings forward evidence for both conclusions. The following is a specimen of his verses—written to a lady who expressed a suspicion that the friendship of men to her sex always concealed a more dangerous passion:—

'Hark, my lyre, upon the willow,
Sigh to winds, thy notes forlorn,
Or along the foaming billow,
Float, the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Airs no more thy warbling raises,
Such as Laura deigns approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises;
Artless friendship—calls it love.

Implous love, that, spurning duty,
Spurning nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love no more, profaning
Truth with dark suspicion's wound;
Or, if still the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love, that name is given,
To ugels, to your purest flames;
Such a love as merits heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.'

Perhaps the love of Mr Hume rarely or never exceeded these very spiritual limits. As not irrelevant to the subject, we may cite a passage from a letter, written in 1748, in which he gives an account of the love affair of another intellectual person—*Pope's* Earl of Marchmont.

'Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was

at the play, where he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, air, and manner, made such a powerful and wonderful effect upon him, as was visible to every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that everybody took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crompton, a linen-draper's daughter, that had been bankrupt last year, and had not been able to pay above five shillings in the pound. The fair nymph herself was about sixteen or seventeen, and being supported by some relations, appeared in every public place, and had fatigued every eye but that of his lordship, which, being entirely employed in the severer studies, had never till that fatal moment opened upon her charms. Such and so powerful was their effect, as to be able to justify all the Pharamonds and Cyruses in their utmost extravagances. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring leave to visit his daughter on honourable terms; and in a few days she will be Countess of Marchmont.* All this is certainly true. They say many small fevers prevent a great one. Heaven be praised that I have always liked the persons and company of the fair sex! for by that means I hope to escape such ridiculous passions. But could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Artamenes, an Oroondates?'

Somewhat later (1751), he has to tell a lady friend (Mrs Dysart) that his elder brother, the laird of Nine-wells, is married, and that he and his sister will consequently have to quit the paternal mansion. We give some droll passages of the letter:—'Our friend at last plucked up a resolution, and has ventured on that dangerous encounter. He went off on Monday morning; and this is the first action of his life wherein he has engaged himself, without being able to compute exactly the consequences. But what arithmetic will serve to fix the proportion between good and bad wives, and rate the different classes of each? Sir Isaac Newton himself, who could measure the course of the planets, and weigh the earth as in a pair of scales—even he had not algebra enough to reduce that amiable part of our species to a just equation; and they are the only heavenly bodies whose orbits are as yet uncertain. * * Since my brother's departure, Katty and I have been computing in our turn, and the result of our deliberation is, that we are to take up house in Berwick; where, if arithmetic and frugality don't deceive us (and they are pretty certain arts), we shall be able, after providing for hunger, warmth, and cleanliness, to keep a stock in reserve, which we may afterwards turn either to the purposes of hoarding, luxury, or charity. * * My compliments to his solicitorship.† Unfortunately I have not a horse at present to carry my fat carcass to pay its respects to his superior obesity. But if he finds travelling requisite either for his health, or the captain's, we shall be glad to entertain him here, as long as we can do it at another's expense; in hopes we shall soon be able to do it at our own.

'Pray tell the solicitor that I have been reading lately, in an old author called Strabo, that in some cities of ancient Gaul there was a fixed legal standard established for corpulency; and that the senate kept a measure, beyond which, if any belly presumed to increase, the proprietor of that belly was obliged to pay a fine to the public, proportionable to its rotundity. Ill would it fare with his worship and I, if such a law should pass our parliament; for I am afraid we are already got beyond the statute.

'I wonder, indeed, no harpy of the treasury has ever thought of this method of raising money. Taxes on luxury are always most approved of; and no one will say that the carrying about a portly belly is of any use

* *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, from the papers bequeathed by his nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other original sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Tall. 1846.

* The marriage took place accordingly on the day following the date of the letter; namely, 30th January. She was the second wife of Lord Marchmont; his first countess, whose name was Western, having died on 9th May of the previous year.

† Alexander Home, solicitor-general for Scotland.

or necessity. 'Tis a mere superfluous ornament; and is a proof, too, that its proprietor enjoys greater plenty than he puts to a good use; and therefore 'tis fit to reduce him to a level with his fellow-subjects, by taxes and impositions.

'As the lean people are the most active, unquiet, and ambitious, they everywhere govern the world, and may certainly oppress their antagonists whenever they please. Heaven forbid that Whig and Tory should ever be abolished; for then the nation might be split into fat and lean; and our faction, I am afraid, would be in piteous taking. The only comfort is, if they oppressed us very much, we should at last change sides with them.'

It appears that his housekeeping, after all, began two years later in Edinburgh, where he had procured the situation of keeper of the Advocates' Library, with a salary of forty pounds a-year. 'I shall exult and triumph to you a little,' he says to Dr Clephane, 'that I have now at last—being turned of forty, to my own honour, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family; consisting of a head, namely, myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence?—I have it in a supreme degree. Honour?—that is not altogether wanting. Grace?—that will come in time. A wife?—that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books?—that is one of them, and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied.' The scene of this singular contentment was 'Riddel's Land, Lawnmarket,' probably a portion of a floor of one of those lofty composite houses which abound in Edinburgh. But Hume was more than an easily-satisfied man. He had a true independence of spirit, directing him, in narrow circumstances, to be a burden to no one; and though needful of means, and possessed of talents for many profitable drudgeries, he so loved letters, that for their sake he could endure any degree of poverty.

When our philosopher had a thousand pounds, he thought himself independent. In 1750, when forty-five years of age, and after the first volume of his history of England had appeared, he plumed himself on having a fortune of L.1600, producing, at five per cent., the pay of two French captains. But these traits of scholarly simplicity are nothing to what we hear of his friend Wilkie, a clerical poet, who, when assistant minister of Ratho, had twenty pounds a-year, and 'could not conceive what article, either of human conveniency or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money.' This man, who was immensely erudite, had originally been a farmer. 'Two or three years ago,' says Hume, 'Jemmy Russel put a very pleasant trick on an English physician, one Dr Roebuck, who was travelling in this country. Russel carried him out one day on horseback, to see the outlets of the town, and purposely led him by Wilkie's farm. He saw the bard at a small distance, sowing his corn, with a sheet about him, all besmeared with dirt and sweat, with a coat and visage entirely proportioned to his occupation. Russel says to his companion, "Here is a fellow, a peasant, with whom I have some business: let us call him." He made a sign, and Wilkie came to them. Some questions were asked him with regard to the season, to his farm and husbandry, which he readily answered; but soon took an opportunity of digressing to the Greek poets, and enlarging on that branch of literature. Dr Roebuck, who had scarce understood his rustic English, or rather his broad Scotch, immediately comprehended him, for his Greek was admirable; and on leaving him, he could not forbear expressing the highest admiration to Russel, that a clown, a rustic, a

mere hind—such as he saw this fellow was—should be possessed of so much erudition. "Is it usual," says he, "for your peasants in Scotland to read the Greek poets?" "Oh yes," replies Russel very coolly; "we have long winter evenings; and in what can they employ themselves better than in reading the Greek poets?" Roebuck left the country in a full persuasion that there are at least a dozen farmers in every parish who read Homer, Hesiod, and Sophocles every winter evening to their families; and if ever he writes an account of his travels, it is likely he will not omit so curious a circumstance.'

It is interesting to find Hume, after several blazing years of *lionization* at Paris, and acting there for a time as the British ambassador, returning (1769) to his little mansion in James's Court, Edinburgh, and joining once more in the homely and familiar society of his old friends. He thus addresses his friend Adam Smith, who was then composing his treatise on the Wealth of Nations in an equally humble mansion at Kirkcaldy. The letter gives an odd idea of the difficulties which then beset a ferry, now traversed hourly by well-appointed steamers. 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows; but as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulf* that lies between us. I am also tired of travelling, as much as you ought naturally to be of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither and pass some days with me in this solitude. I want to know what you have been doing; and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method in which you have employed yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially where you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the island of Inchkeith, otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of us ever to leave the place till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here to-morrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance.'

To Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, grandfather of the present Earl of Minto, he thus playfully details some of his studies at this time:—"I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except, perhaps, a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage (a charming dish), and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for, as to the giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition, as thinking it will redound very much to my honour.'

Here it may be pertinent to introduce the following remarks of the author:—"The impression of Hume's

* The Firth of Forth.

character, acquired by one who has sought it in the tenor of his works, and the history of his literary career, is quite different from that which we derive from those who knew him, and were connected with the social circle in which he lived. The former is solitary, self-relying, and unimpeachable even to sternness; the latter is good, easy, simple, social, and amenable to the sway of gentle impulses. These two representations are not without a harmony of principle. In all serious matters, in his projects of literary ambition, in the philosophy he taught mankind, in all that was to connect him with posterity and the intellectual destiny of the human race, he was resolute and uncompromising. But the exhibition of his strength was reserved for the arena of his triumphs; and in domestic and social intercourse he put aside his helmet, with its nodding plumes; feeling that the intellectual exhibitions suited for that sphere, should spring from whatever Nature had bestowed on him of sweet, and peaceful, and kind—whatever was fitted to drive rancour or angry emulation from the bosom, and to render life delightful. Hence to appear in the social circle as an intellectual gladiator, does not appear to have been his wish; he was content if he gave himself and others pleasure. On the same point we have some memoranda from the late Chief Commissioner Adam, who had known Hume in his boyhood:—“In all the intercourse of life, and in all he said, and wrote, and did, when not employed in his unnecessary metaphysical scepticism (well-named by a friend of mine intellectual rope-dancing), he was innocent, playful, and moral, and most natural in his conversation: equally pleasing and instructive to the young; and old of both sexes. He could bring himself down, without effort, to the most familiar playfulness with young persons; and particularly delighted in the conversation of youthful females.

“Mr Hume was one of our constant visitors, making, as was the custom of those days, tea-time the hour of calling. In the summer he would often stroll to my father's beautiful villa of North Merchiston. On one occasion—I was then a boy of thirteen—he, missing my mother, made his tea-drinking good with two or three young ladies of eighteen or nineteen (his acquaintances), who were my mother's guests. I recollect perfectly how agreeably he talked to them; and my recollection has been rendered permanent by an occurrence which caused some mirth and no mischief. When the philosopher was amusing himself in conversation with the young ladies, the chair began to give way under him, and gradually brought him to the floor. The damsels were both alarmed and amused, when Mr Hume, recovering himself, and getting upon his legs, said in his broad Scotch tone, but in English words (for he never used Scotch), “Young ladies, you must tell Mr Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers.”

SUMNER'S PEACE ORATION.

THE 4th of July has been set apart by the people of the United States as a national holiday, in commemoration of the achievement of their political independence, and is in some parts of the country signalised by public assemblages, at which an oration of a patriotic kind is delivered. On the last occasion of this anniversary in the city of Boston, the customary oration was delivered to a large audience by Charles Sumner, an American-born citizen; and, to the surprise of all present, it consisted of a fearless denunciation of war, on general grounds, as well as in special reference to its fatal encouragement by the citizens of the United States. The satisfaction with which the address inspired the local authorities having led to its publication, under the title of the ‘True Grandeur of Nations,’ copies have reached England, and a pamphlet, purporting to be extracts from the original, has been just issued by the committee of the Liverpool Peace Society.

Those living remote from large towns in Great Britain, are probably not aware that latterly, in various places,

there has been a considerable, though not obtrusive movement, against the principle and practice of war, and in favour of universal peace. Observing, with pleasure the daily progress of humane sentiment, we can have little hesitation in saying that this anti-war movement is likely to increase in volume and power, and, in the long run, to be effectual for its object. To all who feel interested in the great destinies of our race, such a movement will be cheering in no ordinary degree, and everything which marks its progress must be to them a matter of the deepest concern. Desirous of aiding, however feebly, a cause so grand and momentous, we beg to make our readers acquainted with the oration of Mr Sumner, which for taste, eloquence, and scholarship, as well as for fearless intrepidity, has been rarely equalled in modern harangues. Mr Sumner states, in commencing, that he does not propose to pass judgment on the wars in which his country has already been engaged. On each occasion the people acted in accordance with the notions in which they had been educated: but now they are able to recognise the supremacy of the moral faculties, and to despise an appeal to brute force for the settlement of their quarrels. ‘In our age,’ he proceeds, ‘there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable. The true honour of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment, vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils.’ He is the true benefactor, and alone worthy of honour; who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honour in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honour, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, “The world does not know its greatest men;” for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing. It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the honours of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax, the images of war; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories; and selected for his playthings the plume and the sword. The child is father to the man; and who can weigh the influence of these early impressions on the opinions of later years? The mind which trains the child is like the hand which commands the end of a long lever; a gentle effort at that time suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth, he is fed, like Achilles, not only on honey and milk, but on bear's flesh and lion's marrow. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields have been moistened by human blood. And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the highest prizes of honour. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul swells at the thought that he also is a soldier; that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country;

and perhaps he dreams that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave.

With regard to the character of war, it is clearly an attempt, on the part of two nations, to overpower each other by force. Reason, and the divine part of our nature, in which alone we differ from the beasts; in which alone we approach the Divinity; in which alone are the elements of justice, the professed object of war, are dethroned. It is, in short, a temporary adoption, by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion's paw, to hold an asserted right. This character of war is somewhat disguised, in more recent days, by the skill and knowledge which it employs; it is, however, still the same, made more destructive by the genius and intellect which have been degraded to its servants. The early poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened, in their rage, to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection. Modern literature is full of many such allusions.

The orator considers the consequences of a resort to this brute force in the pursuit of justice. 'The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations, and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries—the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace—would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes, to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse, which have become woven into a thick web, would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters which each fortnight are speeded from this port alone across the sea, could no longer be sent; and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation? But this is nothing in comparison to the scenes of horror caused by war. At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, gray hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called "a glorious exploit." This was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued, in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated, the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged, fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored; and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced [by Alison] "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian [Napier]: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled! The wounded were then looked to—the dead disposed of."

After some further illustrations of the same kind, Mr Sumner refers to the terrific sufferings of Genoa at the close of last century. 'In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French Republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbour is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce, scarcity sharpens into want, till fell famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinny. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noon-day—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas, and almonds, are ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for 32 cents [1s. 4d.]; a pound of bran for 30 cents [1s. 3d.]; a pound of flour for 75 cents [about 6s. 6d.]. A single bean is soon sold for four cents [2d.]; and a biscuit of three ounces for 2 dollars 25 cents [about 10s. 6d.]; and finally none are to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delicious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded—those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the un pitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more un pitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh has so far abated, that numbers feed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honours of war;" but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy.'

Our next extract will refer to a branch of the subject which may be said to lie at the basis of the whole question. We allude to a selfish or exaggerated love of country. Exclusive love for the land of our birth is

not less irrational than immoral. 'It has been a part of the policy of rulers to encourage this exclusive patriotism; and the people of modern times have each inherited the feeling of antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is in a condition to reproach the other with this patriotic selfishness. All are selfish. Among us, the sentiment has become active, while it has derived new force from the point with which it has been expressed. An officer of our navy, one of the so-called heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, has gone beyond all Greek, all Roman example. "Our country, *be she right or wrong!*" was his exclamation; a sentiment dethroning God, and enthroning the devil, whose flagitious character should be rebuked by every honest heart. "Our country, our whole country, and *nothing but our country!*" are other words, which have often been painted on banners, and echoed by the voices of innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish, would be this life, if *nothing but our country* occupied our souls; if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that spot of earth, where we have been placed by the accident of birth.

'I do not inculcate an indifference to country. We incline, by a natural sentiment, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes, in indelible colours, all these things upon the heart of man; so that, in the dread extremities of death, he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its nature, and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb the whole character. In the moral night which has enveloped the world, each nation thus far has lived ignorant and careless, to much extent, of the interests of others, which it imperfectly saw; but this thick darkness has now been scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are other nations, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

'Viewing, then, the different people on the globe as all deriving their blood from a common source, and separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers, and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country, we must regard all the children of the earth as members of the great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than civil war. It will be in vain that we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single state. The muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy which has been profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce *all war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.*

Having employed various arguments to show the folly and crime of war, he observes that there is still one more consideration, yielding to none of the others in importance—that of the enormous cost of actual warfare, as well as of the preparations for war in time of peace. The summary which he presents on this head is exceedingly striking; but instructive as it is, we must necessarily give it in a condensed form; and, for the sake of clearness, shall turn his calculations by dollars into sterling money.

'According to the most recent tables, the public debt of the different European states amounts to *one billion three hundred and thirty millions six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds*—all the growth of war. It is said

that there are, throughout these states, seventeen millions nine hundred thousand paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them L.78, 2s. 6d.—a sum which would place all above want.'

Excessive as are the burdens imposed on European nations by war debts and current war expenditure, it appears that the proportion of outlay on war is much greater in the United States—a fact which will astonish a number of our readers. 'Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States in the scale of the nations for military preparations in time of peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of government: in Austria, as 33 per cent.; in France, as 38 per cent.; in Prussia, as 44 per cent.; in Great Britain, as 74 per cent.; in the United States, as 80 per cent.'

'By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, it appears that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present government in 1789 down to 1843, there has been spent the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions* of dollars (L.361,458,333)—a sum beyond the conception of human faculties—sunk, under the sanction of the government of the United States, in *mere peaceful preparations for war*; more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever!

Mr. Sumner, seems to be very properly aware, that of such statements the mind fails to take any adequate grasp. The idea of hundreds of millions of money is apparently beyond ordinary comprehension; and to this fact is perhaps, in no small degree, owing the heedlessness as to war expenses. In order, therefore, to bring the matter more clearly before his auditors, the orator refers to the comparative cost of certain venerable and useful institutions, and that of a war-vessel lying at anchor in the harbour of Boston. He refers first to the Harvard university, the oldest institution of the kind in the states, 'the most important seat of learning in the land; possessing the oldest and most valuable library, one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history; a school of law, which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names have become among the most valuable possessions of the land; a school of divinity, the nurse of true learning and piety; one of the largest and most flourishing schools of medicine in the country; besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe where science, learning, and taste are cherished. It appears, from the last report of the treasurer, that the whole available property of the university—the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity—amounts to 703,175 dollars (L.152,354, 4s. 2d.). There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbour, a ship of the line—the Ohio—carrying ninety guns, costing, with its armament, 834,845 dollars (L.180,049, 15s.); more than 100,000 dollars beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land.

'Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the university during the last year, for the general purposes of the college, the instruction of the under-graduates, and for the schools of law and divinity, amounts to 45,949 dollars (L.9538, 9s.). The cost of the Ohio for one year in service—in salaries, wages, and provisions—is 220,000 dollars (L.47,066, 13s.), being 175,000 dollars (L.38,131, 4s.) more than the annual expenditures of the university; more than *four times* as much. In other words, for the annual sum which is lavished on one ship of the line,

four institutions like Harvard university might be sustained throughout the country! Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the captain of a ship like the Ohio is 4500 dollars (L.970) when in service, 3500 dollars (L.755, 6s. 8d.) when on leave of absence or off duty. The salary of the president of the Harvard university is 220,000 dollars (L.477, 15s.), without leave of absence, and never being off duty.

Passing over numerous arguments proving the unchristian character of war, we arrive at the orator's exposition of the remedy for this universal disease. In nearly every instance, war fails to secure the rights for which arms were taken up. Each party, as the war proceeds, becomes tired of the contest; and the affair generally ends by leaving the matter in dispute where it stood at the outset. Thus, the last war with the United States and Britain was utterly fruitless in any result but loss on both sides. It being impossible to obtain justice by war, what is the alternative? The various modes which have been proposed for the termination of disputes between nations, are negotiation, arbitration, mediation, and a congress of nations; all of them practicable, and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a necessity; and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations!

We heartily wish that Mr Sumner may be able to impress these considerations on the minds of his countrymen, who at the present moment seem little disposed to consign national disputes to just and peaceful arbitration.

FUNERAL-FANCYING DOG.

My attention was recently taken up by reading in *Chambers's Miscellany* a very interesting article, entitled 'Anecdotes of Dogs'; and the instances adduced by the writer of the personal attachment, fidelity, educability, sagacity, benevolence, and eccentricities of dogs, are highly amusing and surprising. I was particularly struck with an account given of a dog which, a few years ago, attended all the fires that occurred in London, as forming a very close resemblance to a dog which I knew, a few years ago, belonging to Mr Henderson, late post-master, Fort-William, which attended every funeral that took place in that village and neighbourhood. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was a rough, thick-set, stout little animal—a cross between a cocker and a terrier. His master taught him nothing, nor seemed to take much notice of him. Gilliemor was his name, and a sulky, surly little fellow he was, as all the urchins who used to play about the post-office could testify; for he had a mortal hatred to their noise, as he had also to beggars, at whom he would bark and snap furiously. He did not seem to be particularly attached to any person, nor did he care much about being caressed; neither did he associate with other dogs. The only remarkable feature in his character was his predilection for attending funerals. Whenever a funeral happened, although it were ten miles distant, and although he had to cross ferries, rivers, and often arms of the sea, the moment the coffin appeared, Gilliemor appeared also, and never left its side until it reached the burying-ground. There he would look anxiously on while the body was being interred; and that melancholy duty over, he would immediately trot away home, or set off to attend some other funeral. He has been known to attend many funerals in different parts of the county in one day. When any person died near his master's residence, on the day of the funeral Gilliemor, as usual, employed himself in driving away the noisy children and beggars, till within a few minutes of the hour specified in the funeral letters, when he would shake himself, as if dressing, and trudge away to join in the mournful procession. This was so well known in the place, and people became so much accustomed to it, that it excited very little surprise; and scarcely any notice was taken of Gilliemor unless among the ignorant and superstitious, who looked upon him as an indispensable chief mourner, and always wished the favour of his company to the place of interment.—*Correspondent of Current.*

A GREEK ALLEGORY.

DEEP in a forest lay the shepherd Mysius,
Where the thick foughs made twilight dim all day;
And the pressed hyacinths, in scent delicious,
Beside him breathed their frail pure lives away;
He, evermore, through the wood's stillness crying,
'Echo, sweet echo, listen to my sighing.'

'Echo, sweet echo, oft I hear low voices
Stirring the leaves and whispering in the grass,
And my sick heart leaps up in wild rejoices,
To think it may be thou who near dost pass;
I, who have heard thee once, must ever pine,
Until I look upon thy form divine.

Nymph, goddess, shade, whichever thou art, oh never
Will this mad longing from my spirit flee;
Nor seeking, will I shrink from the endeavour,
Until I clasp grim death itself—or thee!
Death came; but never in the haunted shade
Did Mysius gaze upon the phantom-maid.

And many a young heart, in after ages,
Has formed, like him, some idol for its shrine—
Fame, poetry, or love—which all engages
Its powers, and with its every thought does twine;
A voice is heard, a shadow glads the eyes;
The soul's ideal ever onwards flies.

Yet life has treasures rich to give, love-worthy
And beautiful, oh foolish shepherd boy:
Hadst thou but seen the fair things that bloomed for thee,
The woods, the skies, the flowers all breathing joy,
Thou hadst not pined away in lone unrest,
But drank of nature's fulness, and been blest.

D. M. M.

CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplation is the peculiar attribute of man, who alone dives into the causes and effects of things. Without it, memory and observation are in great part useless; for we can profit but little by what we see and remember, unless we rightly think. It forms facts into systems, even as the architect erects with his materials, and reduces into harmony and order, the discordant and confused. It especially distinguishes great minds, and separates them from the herd of the superficial and the shallow. Because some men neglect it, they are passively moulded into any form which chance or fortune in its caprices may choose for them, and, like straws upon the stream, they are carried onwards by the current of opinion. Did you contemplate oftener, you would no longer complain that your studies are laborious in pursuit, but sterile in their consequences; you would glean more knowledge with less toil. The mind should view the subject it considers in all its phases, and should divide it into its elements, even as the prism acts upon the light. It should search for theories to explain details, and for details to illustrate and confirm theories. It should be perpetually on the wing—arranging, comparing, analysing, deducing. Do you know a man superior to all the rest of your acquaintance, be sure he is habituated to contemplation; it is this which has given such strength to his reason, such depth to his judgment.—*Self-Culture.*

HOW TO BE LOVED.

To be really loved, we should cultivate, by all our language and conduct, a certain reverence in others towards us; even in those between whom and ourselves familiarity has been longest established. At the same time we should take care to excite no apprehension; either by ill-natured exhibitions of wit (if we have it), or by displaying any species of power or superiority. Genuine attachment naturally allies itself with respectful deportment; and the most rooted dislike is the offspring of dread. To express all in a distich—

True love to win, live so that men revere you;
To gain their hatred, live to make them fear you.

—*Literary Florets, 1846.*

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POLTRY IN ALL THINGS

It is easy to ring the changes upon a set of words but unless our words express distinct ideas we may as well exercise our ingenuity upon a peal of bells in either case our sense of melody may be gratified, but we shall make small progress in the one great purpose of human intelligence—the development and application of truth. Let us then endeavour to understand clearly what we mean by poetry.

Often as the question has been repeated it does not as yet appear to have been answered satisfactorily. Indeed the replies are as various as the minds which have put them forth, and almost as vague as the celebrated oracles of Delphi. But must we therefore suppose that poetry has no clear and definite characteristics? Is it conceivable that a power which has in all ages exercised so mighty and so direct an influence upon the minds as in its own nature so vague or so uncertain, that it cannot be brought within the grasp of human intelligence or that its essential qualities cannot be expressed in the compass of a definition? Surely not. How then is it that, with so much wondrous and soul thrilling poetry in the world men should be so little agreed about what is essential to its nature? It is because poetry is the voice of the Infinite and can accommodate itself to the capacities of all. Man's conception of Duty has ever been influenced by his ideal of perfection, and his feeling for poetry, whether consciously or not, must always be regulated by that which constitutes his ruling love. Whatever a man most loves, will be to him the poetry of his life. Thus men have judged of poetry from their own experience, and their opinions have been as various as their feelings have been different. But the attributes of Duty are not dependent upon the conceptions of man and the essential nature of poetry is not based upon human imaginations. The highest poetry is a living reality—universal and immutable; it is coeval with creation, for it is the likeness of God, reflected in his works. The truest poet is not creative, as some have imagined, he merely sees and feels more deeply than others. He looks around upon the wonders of the universe, he penetrates the recesses of the human heart and every good thing speaks to him of a wondrous Intelligence and an exhaustless Love. The true poet has been not aptly described as one who is ever striving after the pure and perfect, and what can be purer than Infinite Love, or what more perfect than Infinite Wisdom? This is the 'divine idea' of all true philosophy. God in all things, not as a vague abstraction, but as the creator and upholder of the universe.

This high order of poetry, hitherto, has been but feebly developed. We have caught a glimpse of the eternal truth, but we have yet to learn its practical value.

There is, however, another order of poetry, which has yielded a more abundant harvest. Less divine in its character and perhaps more evident in its significance, it has been better suited to that lower condition of humanity from which we are gradually progressing. Instead of seeing in every object of creation an infinite intelligence and a boundless love, poets have been content to trace throughout nature merely human attributes and utterances. And this, although not the highest that nature is capable of revealing is nevertheless real truthful poetry. Thus men have felt their joys and sorrows, their struggles and their triumphs, shared or reflected by the living or senseless objects by which they are surrounded. Instead of nature being a mere convenience by which they are to supply their material wants, she is felt to be a living companion, sympathising with every emotion, and speaking in tones that can touch the heart, or animate the soul to exertion. This consorting with nature is more or less the characteristic of all poets and he has been indeed a true poet who has made men feel that the whole created universe is knit together in one eternal bond of harmony and companionship.

Perhaps of all men Shakespeare and Burns have been in this respect the most successful, not because they have asserted this relationship more definitely than any others—this may be, and often has been done, with small aid from poetry—but because they have actually manifested this universal sympathy, as the experience of their own hearts. In this point of view, it would be difficult to establish the poetic superiority of either one over the other. This assertion may appear rash to some, even of Burns's most ardent admirers, while to the true believers in the divinity of England's bard, it may seem little short of poetic heresy. Nevertheless, it is not made without due consideration as we will presently endeavour to show. Notwithstanding the admitted disparity between the wide surveying intellect, the human omniscience of the great dramatist, and the more limited, yet not less clear sighted vision of the humble minstrel, in poetic genius they are twin brothers. Though the one is to the other as the sweet and simple lute to the full band of instrumental harmony, yet is it the same universal melody, the same heartfelt strain, that finds utterance in each. Although, in intellectual capacity, they are as distinct and wide asunder as the lowly hawthorn and the giant oak, in poetic endowment they are identical. The question involved in this statement, is not whether they have given to the world an equal amount of genuine poetry, but rather whether we can find examples of truer poetry in the one than may be found in the other? In order to determine this with any degree of clearness, it will be necessary to understand what it is that constitutes them poets.

We have already said that a poet is essentially a

who sees and feels more deeply than others. Let us endeavour to explain this more fully. To be a poet, a man must not rest contented with conventionalities and outward shows; with mere arbitrary distinctions, of right and wrong, however specious they may appear: he must have that directness and clearness of vision which can at once discriminate between the essential and the accidental; between that which exists in the very nature of things, and that which is merely of artificial growth. An intellectual discrimination, however, is not all that is required. A man may be very acute in detecting fallacies, and even in discerning truth, and yet have but a small claim to the character of a poet. To be a poet, he must not only see beneath the surface of things, but he must feel as deeply as he sees: he must not only see that a thing is true, but he must also feel that it is true; else whatever it may be in itself, or to others, it can be no poetry to him. Let a man possess these two requisites, and if he is but true to himself, if he will but give scope to his own nature, and not fritter away his life and talents by striving to cramp them into some artificial mould prescribed by custom, he will be a poet in the truest sense; if he does not write poetry, he yet cannot fail in that which is often better, for his life will be a real poem, doubtless sadly chequered in its course, but ever eloquent in its significance; ever earnestly striving after the real and immutable. To the mere conventionalist, such a life may often seem a vain, perhaps even impious struggle. But why should he venture to rebuke that which he cannot comprehend? Shall the barn-door fowl measure the flight of the eagle? Shall the pert sparrow prescribe limits to the wing or the warbling of the lark?

To the mere prose-thinking mind, a beautiful tree is a certain well-contrived ornament, or perhaps a very useful and ornamental production, showing a perfect skill in the adaptation of means to a given end. But to the poet it is all this, and far more than this: it is a living comparison. That unconscious tree has for him a thousand sympathies, ever speaking to his heart. Will it be said that this is all 'imagination,' a beautiful fiction? that poetry is but a comely garment, hiding, rather than revealing, the truth of nature? Away with the godless thought! Are we then to believe that creation is but a dumb show, a mere mechanical contrivance, and that all the beautiful and soul-thrilling poetry that has so often kindled and delighted the world is really an invention of man's? Do we generally find more to admire, more to awaken our sympathies with truth, in proportion as we depart from nature, or as we unfold her hidden loveliness? Truly the greatest poet is he who sees the deepest beneath the surface of things, and who feels the truth of what he thus discovers. No one who really feels the beauty of a poetic thought, but must also feel that it would degenerate to a mere elegant conceit, if it did not convey some truth to his mind. And it may be well here to remark that we cannot, in any strict sense of the term, be said to 'invent' that which is solely a development, or an application of truth: we may invent errors, or fallacies, but we cannot invent what is true. Truth is essentially that which exists; and proximately, the laws by which things exist, or are related to each other. It must be clear, then, that the most we can do is to discover truth, and apply it. To discern it, to see its various applications, is simply an intellectual operation; but it requires a deeper and more vital principle to develop it in its power, or in anyway to make it our own; to do this, it must be felt, it must be conjoined with our very life: and this is the

source of all poetry, whether developed in action or in words.

The quality of any given poetry (or the nature and application of the truths thus developed) must, then, evidently depend upon the quality of the heart from which it sprung; whether it be the awful and selfish daring of a Lady Macbeth, or the sweet simplicity and generous affection of an Imogen. Thus even selfishness may be manifested poetically; and although it can never be genuine, rightful poetry, inasmuch as it is based upon a perversion of truth, yet is it the only poetry that the utterly selfish could appreciate. All truth, however, being essentially of divine origin, to be truly and rightly felt, must appeal to, and be recognised by, the diviner principles of our nature. Now, the feelings by which we may be brought into the closest communion with the divine, are evidently reverence and love. Truth, then, to be vitally received, must appeal to at least one of these sympathies; and to do so, it must be felt to be either beautiful or sublime. That which we can cling to with a deep and exhaustless love, we instinctively regard as beautiful; while that which we revere, and which fills the mind with a feeling of immensity and of power, we speak of as sublime. Beauty is the innate loveliness of truth; sublimity its immeasurable grandeur, its immutable strength. There is, however, a factitious beauty and sublimity, as well as a genuine. To the selfish, that will ever be felt as beautiful which harmonises with his self-love; and that will be felt as sublime which overawes him by an appearance of resistless strength.

Poetry, then, may be defined to be truth inspired by feeling, and breathed into forms of beauty or sublimity. This definition seems to express the essential characteristics of poetry, in all its manifestations; whether the inspired thought be developed in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, in language, or in action: they all range themselves under the same formula; for they are but various modes of expressing the same divine principle. Of this we shall speak more fully hereafter. Let us now apply the foregoing observations to the elucidation of the supposed identity of poetic genius in Shakspeare and Burns.

If the view here taken of poetry be correct, the question for us to consider is—what was the nature and depth of their poetic insight? It evidently consisted in a clear and intuitive perception of the social relations of man. They are pre-eminently the poets of social life. The most obvious and superficial view that we can take of the great family of mankind, is that which embraces only their conventional, and merely arbitrary relations; and this is the standard by which men are usually judged. Society has ever had its own special standard of morals, of rank, of human worth; the same being an embodiment of the changing spirit of the times. But besides this fluctuating and partial standard, there is another, founded on the intrinsic nature of man, which is universal and eternal, and thus applicable to every form and condition of society. It is only by this latter standard that we can appreciate the true worth of any given character or custom; and it is this power that especially belongs to Shakspeare and Burns. They saw mankind not merely as they were connected by the customs and regulations of society, but in their actual relation one to another. They saw not merely the arbitrary relation of outward rank, but also the sterling value, and genuine relation of heart and of intellect. This is what they developed more clearly than others; and this they saw with equal distinctness, and

felt with equal power. This appears to be the first definite advance in genuine poetry: it raises man above mere sensual enjoyment, to the higher poetry of social life: it does not reveal the deeper mysteries of our being; it does not show the great purpose of life as consisting in conquering self, and striving after conjunction with the All-perfect. This is the highest of human poetry; and it has yet to find a poet to give it utterance. Alas! how much easier is it to see the want than to supply it!

It is an old remark, that the most astonishing characteristic of Shakspeare's writings is not the depth or the intensity of the poetry which they contain, but the comprehensive, all-surveying intellect which they manifest. It is necessary to keep this in view in forming an estimate of their actual value, for in this respect they are altogether without parallel. This comprehensiveness of intellect is, however, essentially distinct from the poetic power; indeed it may exist in connexion with the veriest prose; but it is not, on that account, of little value even to the poet; it affords the mind a wider range of thought, although it does not enable it to penetrate deeper into the mystery of existence. We can imagine that Shakspeare's capacious intellect would have been equally well adapted to the production of a set treatise on the various workings of the human mind; he could doubtless have been as unparalleled in the character of a prose philosopher, as he is now in that of a dramatist. In this respect the genius of Burns is far more limited. He has the same poetic insight, but not the same intellectual capacity. They are equally remarkable for the sterling truths which they educe from their subject—truths which strike home to the heart: but they are widely different in their treatment of the subject itself. Shakspeare sketches a complete character, while Burns gives only a few, or but one of its phases. Yet they both penetrate to the heart of the subject; they both develop the same poetry of social life. In short, the one is a dramatist, the other a minstrel.

There is the same coincidence, and the same difference, in their mirth. Their very laughter has poetry in it; for it is instinct with truth, and it comes directly from the heart. The mirth of Shakspeare is not more genial or more truthful than that of Burns; but it is broader and more varied—in one word, more comprehensive. The laughter of the one beams from the whole visage, the laughter of the other may be best seen sparkling in the eye. The one delights in broad jests and many-sided wit, the other in quaint simplicity and sly humour; but the mirth of both is equally suggestive of glowing thoughts, of social poetry.

With Shakspeare, poetic insight forms but one element of his wondrous mind; with Burns, it is that which has rendered him remarkable; he is essentially and almost solely a poet. He does not present a comprehensive view of the details of his subject; but he seizes at once upon that which gives it vitality, which imparts to it a living and eternal interest. Witness his 'Bannockburn.' Shakspeare has nothing that surpasses it. Even Coriolanus, as a poetic conception, can only rank by its side. And why is this? Simply because he has spoken the very truth of the matter in tones coming from the heart. Many have confessed their inability to discover the poetry of this glorious ode. Alas! they looked for 'figures of speech,' personifications, comparisons, and other technical abstractions, degrading these, however cold and truthless, the essentials of poetry. These, indeed, may 'seem,' like Hamlet's 'customary suits of solemn black;' they are, however, but the 'trappings' of that within which too often passeth show.

Shakspeare and Burns, we repeat, are pre-eminently the poets of social life. No wonder, then, that their poetry should be welcomed and appreciated wherever the human heart beats in sympathy and affection; no wonder that their memories should be loved and associated with the most hallowed of our household gods. But while we freely and gratefully accord all honour to

these—the brightest stars in the social firmament—we must not forget that there is a higher poetry than even they disclose to our hearts. The further development of this higher order of poetry, however, will probably form the subject of a future paper.

THE TWO MOTTOS.

Two young men were standing in the booking-office of the Cernay diligences, having taken places in one that was about to start for Kayersberg. They were apparently of the same age—perhaps four-and-twenty; but there was a striking difference in their persons, and in the expression of their countenances. The shorter of the two was slightly made, pale, and dark, betraying his southern origin at a glance; by his quick movements and impatient gestures. His companion, tall, fair, and blooming, was a good specimen of that mixed race of Alsace, in which the vivacity of the French is tempered by the equanimity and good-humour of the Germans. At their feet were two small portmanteaus, to which the addresses were affixed by sealing-wax. On one might be read, Henri Fortin of Marseilles; and on the seals were the words 'My right.' On the other was written, Joseph Mulzen of Strasburg; and the motto on the seals was 'Charity.'

The clerk had inscribed their names on his list, and was adding the quantity of luggage belonging to each, when Henri asked to have it weighed. The man replied that it would be done at Kayersberg; but the Marseillais objected, alleging the inconvenience of such a formality and all the bustle of arriving, and insisted upon its being done at once, saying he had a right to require it. The office-keeper, with equal obstinacy, refused to comply, and a warm and angry discussion ensued. Joseph tried to put an end to it by observing that they had barely time to dine before the diligence started; but Henri, who prided himself upon acting up to his motto, never would yield when he thought himself in the right; and unfortunately he seldom thought otherwise. At length the man, tired of the debate, quitted the office, and as his assistant spoke nothing but German, Henri decided upon following his cousin, on whom he vented his ill-humour.

'You would make a saint swear at your indifference,' cried he as soon as they were alone. 'Not even to support me against that obstinate fellow.'

'I thought he needed support more than you,' said Joseph laughing; 'for you piled up arguments against him, as though your fortune or your honour depended on the result.'

'Then you think it would be better not to assert one's rights?'

'When those rights are not worth asserting.'

'That is like you,' interrupted Henri with warmth; 'you are always ready to give up to every one: you would be trampled on before you would dream of defending yourself. Instead of looking upon the world as a field of battle, you seem to consider it as a drawing-room, where civilities are exchanged.'

'Not so,' said Joseph; 'but as a ship full of passengers, who ought to show mutual kindness and forbearance. Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy.'

'And I think every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend. I have always found this sort of prudence the most successful; and I would advise you to adopt the same when we arrive at Kayersberg. We shall meet there with the other heirs to our uncle's fortune, and depend upon it they will do all in their power to secure the best share; for my part I am resolved not to make the slightest concession.'

The young travellers had now reached the inn where they intended dining. On entering, they found the public room empty; but at the farther end was a table laid for three persons. Henri desired the landlady to bring plates for Joseph and himself.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the woman; 'but you cannot be served here.'

'Why not?' asked the young man.

'Because the persons for whom the table is laid have requested to dine alone.'

'Then let them stay in their own room,' returned Henri sharply; 'this is the public room and the public table, and surely every traveller has an equal right to enter and to be served here?'

'What does it signify whether we dine here or in another room?' asked Joseph.

'And what is it to those persons if we choose to remain here?'

'They came before you, sir,' remonstrated the landlady.

'Then it is the first come, who give the law in your house?'

'They are known to us besides.'

'Their money is not better than ours, is it?'

'It is our interest to oblige our customers.'

'And all other travellers must obey their caprices?'

'You can be waited on in another apartment.'

'With the remnants from the table of your privileged guests, I suppose?'

The landlady seemed hurt, and said, 'If monsieur thinks he cannot have a good dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns in Cernay.'

'Very true,' replied Henri, taking his hat and walking out, regardless of his cousin's attempts to detain him.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best way to act with his cousin was to leave him to himself until the fit was over, for every attempt at reasoning only added fuel to the fire. He decided, therefore, upon remaining where he was, and requested to have dinner served immediately in another room. He was about to go thither, when the persons who were expected made their appearance; they were an old lady with her niece, and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be their protector. The landlady was giving them an account of what had passed, but perceiving Joseph, she left off abruptly. The latter bowed, and was leaving the room, when the old gentleman stopped him.

'I am very sorry,' said he in a friendly tone, 'for the dispute that has taken place. We had requested to dine alone, to avoid the company of certain individuals whose free manners and conversation might be disagreeable to these ladies, but not to drive other travellers away, as your friend seems to have supposed; and as a proof of it, I hope you will oblige me by sitting down to table with us?'

Joseph thanked him, and endeavoured to excuse himself, saying, that far from feeling offended at their desire to be alone, he thought it a very natural and proper precaution; but M. Rosman, which was the name given by the ladies to their protector, insisted in so frank and good-humoured a manner, that Joseph thought it best to comply. The old lady, who seemed little used to travelling, sat down opposite to him with her niece, and gave utterance to a deep groan.

'Are you very tired, Charlotte?' asked M. Rosman.

'Am I tired?' repeated the old woman; 'is that a question, after being shaken all day in that swinging diligence, eating out of my regular hours, running all manner of risks; for I am sure it is a wonder we were not upset fifty times; the diligence was always leaning to one side. I would give a good year of my life for this journey to be at an end.'

'Happily for us, dear aunt, you cannot make such a bargain,' said the young lady, smiling affectionately at her.

'Yes, yes, you may laugh,' returned Madame Charlotte, trying to look displeased; 'young girls are afraid of nothing now-a-days! They travel by railway, by steamboat—they would go by balloon if they could! It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before the Revolution, the most courageous were content to travel in a cart or on a donkey—and then not unless it

was absolutely necessary. I have often heard my dear departed mother say that she had never travelled otherwise than on foot.'

'But then she never went farther than the chief town of the department,' observed M. Rosman.

'She was not the less a worthy and a happy woman,' replied Madame Charlotte: 'when a bird has built its nest, it remains in it. The present fashion of being always on the move, diminishes the love of fireside enjoyments: people get so used to be away from their homes, that they cease to care for them, and find a home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society, but it makes individuals less happy and contented.'

'Come, come, Charlotte—you have quite a spite against travelling, because of the jolts,' said M. Rosman smiling. 'I hope this soup will dispel some of your prejudices; it could not be better even at Fontaines. I appeal to your impartiality.'

The conversation was continued in the same unembarrassed and cheerful manner; and Mulzen, who at first had discreetly kept silent, soon felt quite at home. M. Rosman frequently addressed himself to him; and they were talking like old friends, when it was announced that the diligence would start in a few minutes. They quickly settled with the landlady, and hastened to the office.

As Joseph arrived, he saw his cousin hurrying towards the same place. Whilst he had partaken of an excellent dinner, Henri had been running from one inn to another, without finding anything prepared; and as the time was gone, he had been forced to purchase a small loaf and some fruit to appease his hunger. This anchorite's repast had by no means improved his temper; which Joseph perceiving, forbore to make any remark; nor had he time, for the other passengers had already taken their places. As the cousins were preparing to follow, they were stopped by the office-keeper, who said he had made a mistake in booking them, for the diligence was already full.

'Full!' cried Henri; 'but you have taken our fare?'

'I am going to return it to you, sir.'

'Not at all!' said the Marseillais; 'when you took my money, you engaged to convey me to Kaysersberg. I have a right to go, and go I will.' And thus saying, he took hold of the leather strap, and mounting to the top of the diligence, took possession of the only seat that was not yet occupied. The person to whom it belonged requested him to give it up; but Henri refused decidedly, saying that no one had a right to make him come down, and that if force were attempted, he also would use force. In vain did Joseph remonstrate, and urge him to give up the contested place—the contradiction he had met with, added to his frugal meal, had completely soured him, and he persisted in his refusal.

'Let each have his right!' cried he; 'that is my motto—yours is charity. Be as charitable as you like; for my part I only pretend to be just. I have paid for this place; I have a right to it; and I mean to keep it.'

The dispossessed traveller urged priority of possession; but Henri, who was a lawyer, answered him with scraps of law; and thus they continued exchanging angry explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Madame Charlotte, who heard all from the coupée, groaned audibly, and began to exclaim against travelling in general, and public conveyances in particular. At length Joseph, seeing the disputants becoming more violent, proposed to the office-keeper to hire a cabriolet, in which he and the ejected traveller might follow the diligence. The expedient was adopted, and they all set off.

It was November: the air, already cold and damp when they quitted Cernay, became freezing at the approach of night. In vain Henri, accustomed to the sun of Provence, buttoned his coat up to his chin: he trembled from head to foot in the chilling night fog. His face became almost blue; his teeth chattered; and, to add to his discomfort, a small drizzling rain began to

beat in his face, and soon penetrated his garments. His next neighbour, who was well sheltered under an ample and warmly-lined cloak, might have given him a share of it, without inconvenience to himself; but he was a stout elderly shopkeeper, very careful of himself, and very indifferent about others. When Henri had taken such forcible possession of another's place, he applauded him, saying that each travelled for himself. The young man then thought his maxim perfectly just—now he had a practical illustration of it. Once during the journey his corpulent companion turned to look at him, and observing his miserable condition, said, 'You look as if you were cold, sir?'

'I am wet to the very bones,' replied Henri, scarcely able to speak.

The shopkeeper drew his warm cloak more tightly round him, as if he enjoyed it the more from the contrast, and remarked philosophically, 'It is very injurious to get wet: when you travel again, I would advise you to get a cloak like mine; it is warm, and not dear;' and having delivered himself of this sage advice, he again buried his chin in the warm folds of his cravat, and resumed his comfortable doze.

It had long been dark when they arrived at Kaysersberg. Henri, half dead with cold, hastened to the kitchen of the inn, where a fire was blazing brightly. Among the travellers who surrounded it he perceived Joseph Mulzen and the stranger whose place he had taken: the cabriolet had brought them a nearer way across the country, and they had arrived full an hour before the diligence. Joseph, seeing the state his cousin was in, gave him his place near the fire; but as for his companion, he could not refrain from laughing heartily. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'I ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman. Without his usurpation, I should have been frozen like him, instead of being here warm and comfortable.' The Marseillais, too much out of temper to make any reply, sat down and warmed himself as well as he was able. As soon as he had in some measure recovered himself, he asked for a room and a bed; but there had been a fair at Kaysersberg, and the inn was full of persons, who intended leaving the town the following day. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived earlier, had only found one very indifferent bed, which the former, with his usual good-nature, had given up to the stranger. After a great deal of bustling and searching, however, it was found that there was still one bed disengaged; but it was in a room already occupied by four pedlars, who declared they would not admit any one else.

'Have they engaged the room for themselves alone?' asked Henri.

'No,' said the innkeeper; 'each pays for his bed.'

'Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit another?'

'None at all; but as they seem to be quarrelsome fellows, no one wishes to interfere with them.'

'For my part,' said Henri, 'I shall not sit here all night because those insolent fellows choose to monopolise more beds than they can use. Show me to their room, and let them oppose me if they dare.'

'Take care, Henri,' said Mulzen; 'they are low, vicious men, and will probably insult you.'

'And is it because of their vices that I must lose my rest?' he asked angrily. 'Not I, faith! I shall go to bed in defiance of them.' And taking his travelling-cap, he was leaving the room, when M. Rosman, who had come to look after his luggage, and had heard the words exchanged between the cousins, accosted them in his usual pleasant and friendly manner.

'You are at a loss for beds, I perceive, gentlemen?' he said.

'I shall not be so long,' replied Henri, going towards the door.

'Stop a moment,' said M. Rosman; 'those men may handle you more roughly than you would like. You will find it difficult to convince them that you have an equal right with them. If you will accept a bed at my

house, it is at your service. I reside only a few doors from here, and shall feel pleasure in accommodating you.'

The young men bowed, and thanked him; but there was a marked difference in their manner of doing so. Joseph looked pleased and grateful; whilst Henri, who had not forgotten that M. Rosman was the cause of his having lost his dinner at Cernay, was constrained, though polite.

'You are very obliging, sir,' said he, softening his tone; 'but I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience; besides, I think it will not be amiss to give those fellows a lesson, and teach them to respect the rights of other travellers.' And bidding them good-night, he left the room.

Joseph, fearing the consequences, followed his cousin; but whether they were drowsy, or that the resolute air of the Marseillais deterred them, the pedlars only muttered a little; and Henri took undisturbed possession of his bed. Seeing there was nothing to fear, Joseph returned to the kitchen, where M. Rosman was waiting for him.

On reaching the house of the latter, they found Madame Charlotte and Louise preparing tea before a bright fire of pine cones. M. Rosman said a few words in a whisper to the ladies, who received Joseph with courtesy, and made him sit down to table with them. Louise poured out the tea, and Madame Charlotte, seating herself in her easy-chair, complained that she still felt the motion of the diligence, and that the bubbling of the kettle reminded her of the noise of the wheels. She asked Joseph what had become of the young man who had taken an outside place by assault; and M. Rosman answered by relating what had passed at the inn.

'He seems determined to have wars and contestations wherever he goes,' observed the old lady; 'if he continue, he will be feared by every body.'

'A better heart than his could scarcely be met with,' said Joseph; 'but, unfortunately, he is determined to act up to his favourite motto—"Let each have his right."'

'Whilst yours is—Charity,' said the old woman smiling; 'we heard it all at Cernay.'

'Do you travel together?' asked M. Rosman.

'We are cousins,' replied Joseph, 'and have come to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow morning.'

'A will?' repeated Madame Charlotte in surprise.

'That of our late uncle, Dr Harver.'

The two ladies and M. Rosman exchanged looks.

'So you are the doctor's relatives?' said the latter; 'well, chance could not have directed you better. I have long been your uncle's most intimate friend.'

This species of recognition served as an introduction to speak of the departed. Mulzen had never seen his uncle, but he had felt for him that respectful affection that nature seldom fails to establish between distant members of the same family. He listened with deep interest and emotion to the details of his life, and the particulars of his last moments; and after one of those long, unreserved conversations, from which all restraint is banished, and in which hearts are laid open without disguise, Joseph retired to his chamber, delighted with his new friends, who on their part were equally pleased with the young man.

It was late when he rose the next morning, the fatigue of the previous day having made him oversleep himself. He dressed in haste, intending to call on his cousin, that they might go together to their uncle's lawyer; but on descending to the parlour, he found the latter there, together with Henri, who had been sent for, and M. Rosman. Madame Charlotte and Louise soon joined them; and when all were assembled, M. Rosman, addressing himself to the young men, said—'No one here is ignorant of what brings you to Kaysersberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, Madame Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louise Armand, whose guardian I am, are also come to be present at the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr Harver.'

The young men bowed to Madame Charlotte and Louise, who returned their salute.

'I thought,' continued M. Rosman, 'that as chance had brought hither the parties interested, the doctor's last directions might be read at my house.'

Henri bowed his assent; they all sat down; and the notary was about to break the seal, when he stopped, and said—'This will is already of an old date, and during the few last months of Dr Harver's life, he frequently expressed his intention of destroying it, so as to leave to each of his heirs the share assigned them by law. I can only attribute his not having done so to the suddenness of his removal. I thought it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the parties interested, who are here present, if they are willing, with one accord, to destroy this will, without knowing which of them is enriched or set aside by it?'

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause, Mulzen was the first to break silence.

'For my part,' said he modestly, 'having no special claim to my uncle's regard, I cannot think it any sacrifice to accept of an equal share, and I willingly agree to the proposal.'

'As far as I am concerned,' said Madame Charlotte, 'I have not the slightest objection.'

'And I consent to it in my ward's name,' added M. Rosman.

'There remains only this gentleman, then,' said the notary, turning to Henri, who seemed somewhat embarrassed.

'Like my cousin,' said he, 'I have no reason to expect a decision in my favour, but on that very account I withhold my consent. Whatever may have been my uncle's intentions, his will should be regarded as sacred. To alter it would neither be just to the testator nor to the unknown legatee.'

'In that case let us say no more about it,' said the notary; 'unanimity could alone legitimate such a proceeding. Let each have his right, as the gentleman requires, and be so good as listen:—'

'Of the four individuals who have any claim to my fortune, I am only acquainted with two—my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louise Armand; but as these two have long had but one interest and one heart, and in reality form but one person, there is only Louise Armand to inherit on that side. It was my first intention to leave all I possess to her; but of my two unknown nephews, one may be equally worthy of my regard: the difficulty is to distinguish between them.'

'Not being able to do it myself, and knowing the tact and intelligence of my niece Louise, I leave it to her judgment, and declare my sole heir whichever of her cousins she chooses for her husband.'

A long pause followed the reading of this singular will. The young men seemed embarrassed, and Louise's eyes were fixed on the ground.

'The doctor has given me a difficult task,' said Madame Charlotte at length.

'Not so difficult as you imagine, my sister,' said M. Rosman smiling. 'I have long known the contents of Harver's will; and the inquiries I made in consequence, have satisfied me that, however she may choose, she has nothing to fear.'

'Then let the young lady decide,' said the notary laughing; 'since it is in all safety, it can only be a matter of inspiration.'

'You must decide for me, aunt,' said Louise in a low tone, hiding her face in Madame Charlotte's bosom.

'My dear child,' said the latter, 'it is very embarrassing. I really do not know—'

Pronouncing these words, with a look of uncertainty she glanced at Mulzen. Henri perceived it, and exclaimed, 'I see your choice is made, madame; and though I must regret it, I cannot but approve of it. Mademoiselle,' he added, taking Joseph's hand, and leading him to the young lady, 'your aunt has seen and judged aright: my cousin is more worthy than I.'

'What you say proves the contrary,' said Madame

Charlotte with emotion; 'but we already knew M. Mulzen; and — you deserve that I should be candid with you.'

'Say on,' interrupted Henri.

'Well, then, his motto gives me confidence—yours makes me fear: he promises indulgence—and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for the angels, but we poor mortals need charity.'

'Perhaps you are right, madame,' said Henri pensively; 'since yesterday, it seems as if everything had conspired to teach me this lesson. My determination to defend my rights has, in every instance, turned against me, whilst my cousin's generous behaviour has always been to his advantage. Yes, Joseph is right; his motto is better than mine, for it comes nearer to the divine precept. Christ did not say—Let each have his right; but "Love your neighbour as yourself."

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON IN RUSSIA.

This distinguished geologist, knighted a few weeks ago by our queen, produced in 1840 a splendid book on the lower rocks which contain memorials of life—the Silurian System. The field of observation in that case was a portion of the west of England. He has now laid claim to even brighter laurels, by presenting an equally important work on the geology of Russia in Europe. The summers of the years 1840–4 were devoted by Sir Roderick, in company with two continental gentlemen of kindred taste, to a geological exploration of that mighty region, where, owing to the comparative rarity of disturbances occasioned by mountain ranges, particular formations (seen in little stripes in England) are developed in tracts equal to the whole surface of our island. In this undertaking he met the cordial approbation and assistance of the czar, who naturally is glad to be informed of the mineral wealth which the crust of the earth contains within his dominions, and perhaps has a love of science besides—a taste which has not hitherto been found incompatible with despotism.

In this superb publication—which seems designed to show that the age of great books is not yet past—we have many details of journeyings and explorings; on the shores of the White Sea, along the banks of the Dwina, throughout the great Ural range, and in the southern provinces; in the steppes of the Kalmycks, and on the sea of Azof; next in Poland; and finally in Scandinavia. The labour appears to have been immense, the adventures often painful and perilous. Mines were dived into, forests and mountainous tracts penetrated, and hyperborean oceans defied—all for the sake of science alone; for the whole of the party were men who could live at home at ease if they chose. Such things are, we think, worthy of particular notice; for they show the gifts of fortune not enervating the possessor, but only enabling him to render the more important services to his fellow-creatures. Finally, he prepares an elaborate book, not only giving us a history of what he did and saw, but containing a vast number of plates, illustrating the additions which he has thus made to the store of human knowledge.

Before the appearance of this work, it was known that the deposits formerly described by Sir Roderick (the Silurian) are developed in America and other distant portions of the earth, containing kindred fossils, and thus showing that the seas of that epoch were everywhere inhabited by a similar set of tenants. Here he brings forward Russia and Scandinavia, to attest the same fact. So it is with higher formations, amongst which he devotes particular attention to those connected with the lower New Red Sandstone—a group

so amply and so interestingly developed in the province of Permian, that he now raises it to a distinct place in the geological scale, under the name of the Permian System. This system lying unconformably upon the coal formation, we become aware that 'disturbances' took place just before its deposition. The fossils, nevertheless, experience no violent change. We only see here a continued decline in their numbers. Strange to say, however, the next higher strata—the Lias—though lying quite conformable to the Permian, exhibit shells which are held by geologists as new. 'This,' says our author, 'is an important fact, and we dwell upon it as a proof that the most marked distinctions between the fossils of succeeding formations cannot always be referred to violent physical revolutions of the surface, by which, as it has been supposed, one class of animals was annihilated anterior to the creation of another.'

Leaving scientific results, as scarcely suitable at any extent for our pages, we feel tempted to accompany the enterprising travellers on their journey to the Ural mountains, the great mineral region of Russia. First explored in the days of the Czar Peter, the produce of these mines now contributes to the most important branch of the industry of the empire. A marked contrast exists between the inhabitants of these districts and those of the agricultural portions of the country; the former being much more active and intelligent than the latter. During this part of their journey the travellers entered Asia, and obtained a 'peep' into the dreary wilds of Siberia. Everywhere they found the name and authority of the emperor secure them an hospitable reception, and the readiest means of transit.

A large portion of the Ural tract is covered with dense forests and impassable marshes—diversified solely by occasional stony peaks, lifting their heads through monotonous and silent woodlands, which would to this day have been peopled by a few wild Voguls only, had not the precious ores led the Russians to colonise and clear them. . . . In these districts all difficulties have, in truth, vanished before the perseverance and energy of the Russian miners, whose labours have thinned the forests, erected commodious and often splendid buildings, drained the marshes, filled the gorges with lakes (for water is their great mining power), and rendered the tracts around their zavods, or mines, the residence of a population more advanced in knowledge than any with which it was our lot to meet in the greater part of the Russian empire. Yet in no work of geography or statistics can the general reader acquire an adequate conception of the highly flourishing condition of these centres of industry, each more populous and thriving than many towns which are marked on maps in large letters; and though it is not our object on this occasion to enter into economical details, we cannot avoid stating that these establishments, both imperial and private, often contain many thousand industrious workmen, whose houses and essential comforts we have seldom seen surpassed in the manufacturing towns of Europe. The town of Zlatoust, or "gold-mouth," situated at the foot of Mount Taganal, an elevation which, from its form, the Bashkirs call the "tripod of the moon," has become the great imperial workshop of the chain. Under the direction of the able engineer and metallurgist General Anasoff, this establishment, whether for the superiority of its blades of damasked steel, or its richly-embossed ornaments, may truly be called the Sheffield and Birmingham of Eastern Russia.

From Ekaterineburg, the capital of the Ural, the party descended the river Issetz to Katchedansk in Siberia, with a view to the examination of the rocky strata on its shores. Every facility was offered by the local authorities for their advance: the inhabitants of the villages on the banks of the stream were forewarned to hold themselves in readiness to assist with canoes. Looking back from Ekaterineburg to the Ural, the traveller can scarcely recognise the chain he has passed, so imperceptible is the slope; the gay spires and towers of the town itself, 850 feet above the sea, seeming simply to

rise out of a slightly-inclined woody region. We travelled rapidly in our "tarantasses"—the carriages of Eastern Russia, which have the body of a calèche on long elastic poles, that serve as springs—and joined the Issetz near the station of Laginof, forty-seven versta from Ekaterineburg, and where the river becomes deep enough, even in dry weather, for the navigation of small boats. Here, taking to the canoes, we soon learned to how much trouble we had exposed a whole population in order to satisfy our geological inquiry. Flowing with some rapidity from the eastern slopes of the Ural, and through a thickly-peopled tract, well covered with grain, the inhabitants naturally avail themselves of this stream to grind their corn, damming it up to establish the necessary mill-races. At each village, therefore, often not more than a mile asunder, we were compelled to disembark and walk round the dam, whilst the boats were lifted over by numerous peasants, assembled at each station for the purpose.

The descendants of Demidoff, the agent employed by Peter the Great to explore the mineral resources of the region, are still living at some of the mining establishments. At Neviansk they keep up a large and commodious house for the entertainment of all strangers, free of expense.

Nijny Tagilsk is described as 'the chief zavod of the Demidoff family. With a population of 22,000 souls, it is truly a well-ordered town, in which the comfortable dwellings of the workmen, the capacious hospitals for their relief, the schools for the education of youth, the elegance of the public buildings and houses of the chief managers, and, above all, the skill with which the machinery, forgery, and works are conducted, would reflect the highest credit upon any European establishment.'

On all convenient occasions the travellers availed themselves of water conveyance, as the banks of the streams afforded the best sections of the strata through which they flowed. On arriving at the Serebrianka, they found to their disappointment that 'the river beneath the water-works was nearly dry. The imperial instructions, however, for the fulfilment of our wishes were not to be slighted; and by daybreak after the evening of our arrival at Serebriansk, the worthy director of the establishment, M. Moskvin, having let off a large body of water from the upper reservoirs or lakes, had in one night created a river for our use, on which a few canoes and a larger boat were already afloat and manned!

In this little flotilla we descended the wild and uninhabited gorge, though not with facility. The body of water was insufficient for our larger boat, laden with provisions and baggage; and even in the smaller canoes, it was difficult to avoid the rocks; so that, after descending for some hours, one of them was upset, and the geologists were well drenched in the rapid stream. The large boat, often lifted through the rapids by our hardy and cheerful boatmen, was at length worn through by the rough treatment of the projecting rocks. When within two miles of the mouth of the river, we were compelled to abandon the flotilla, and endeavour to force our way by night along the edges of the wild, untrodden, and virgin forest on the banks of the Serebrianka, not reaching the warm and dry huts of the peasants at Ust-Serebriansk until two in the morning.

In crossing the Ural by the Katchkanar, the party took a road which had not been used for many years; workmen were therefore sent in advance to prepare the way. The director of the mines of Chresto-vodsvigusk, M. Graube, a most intelligent Saxon miner, made every arrangement for this expedition, consisting of twenty horsemen, and also accompanied us to the Katchkanar, and bivouacked with us for the night in an open shed ("balagan") constructed on the moment, and roofed in by our handy Russian attendants, having taken care to send forward, according to hospitable Uralian custom, a supply of food and beverage. . . . Lying in the balagan before-mentioned, with our feet towards a large fire, we may remark that scarcely could

the smoke defend us from the myriads of mosquitoes of these northern forests, which, in the height of the summer, overpower the strongest man, and render geological observation difficult even in such gauze masks as we wore. . . . In a few minutes the broken and jagged outline of the Katchkanar burst upon the sight under a fine bright sun, and amid the merry song of birds. The dull, wet, and marshy woodlands were now exchanged for sunshine, rocks, and gorgeous vegetation. At length, then, we had found out a true mountain in the Ural; and leaving our horses at the first buttress which rises above the forest, we ascended the impending crags. Accustomed as we have been to the wildest features of the western Highlands of Scotland and the Alps, we are unacquainted with any scene presenting a finer foreground of abruptly-broken rocks; and never, certainly, had we looked over so grand and solitary a trackless forest as that which lay around us, and from which some straggling distant peaks reared their solitary heads.

The aspect of the southern Ural is described as far more cheerful than that of the northern regions. Vegetation is rich and abundant. 'Light-running waters have access to beautiful glades, which, peopled by picturesquely-clad Bashkirs, cheer the sight of the traveller, who contrasts them with the gloomy and unpeopled thickets of the north.'

From the peak of Sugomac 'the panoramic prospect is very striking. To the west is a vast rolling surface of mountains, made up of ridges separated from each other by dark depressions, and all, with the exception of the distant stony crest, or "Ural Tan," covered with the densest forest. On the east, Siberia lies absolutely at your feet, and minor inequalities of the surface being merged, looks like one vast plain. The lake and zavod of Kishtymsk, with rich meadows around them, are in the middle ground, and the distance is composed of a woody and partially-pastoral tract, inhabited by Bashkirs, in which, as we were informed, at least a hundred lakes exist, ninety of which belong to the proprietor of Kishtymsk.' A view is given of the dreary and boundless plains, which the travellers describe as one of their most striking 'peeps into Siberia.'

'We spent a night amid the peaks of Trendyk, in the tents of the Bashkir chief, Mohammed John, who was encamped here for the summer pastures of his herds of mares and flocks of sheep. . . . In his tent, where we slept upon fresh-chopped fir-leaves, we were refreshed with excellent tea, whilst surrounded by numerous black skins filled with kumis, or mare's milk, and ornamented chests, from which one of his wives unpacked his best crockery. The small horses of the Bashkirs are unequal to heavy labour, and eight of them, sometimes nine, with four riders, were deemed essential to conduct our "tarantass" along this "commerzi tract!"* Our attelage measured forty-five feet from the leading-horse to the carriage—with such long cords do these wild people fasten on one little pair of horses before the other! The relays of horses, boys, and men, were usually stationed in the glade at some ferry or natural boundary upon our route.'

It is a remarkable fact, that the metallic deposits of the Ural follow generally, a meridian line, a course, indeed, that is taken by the whole mountain range. Relics of the mammoth and rhinoceros have been found in great quantities in the superficial deposits of the mineral region. These fossilised bones were regarded with great veneration by the Bashkirs, who said to the earliest Russian miners—'Take from us our gold if you will, but for heaven's sake leave us the bones of our ancestors.' So abundant is the produce of gold from this region, that it threatens, at no distant day, to cause a general reduction in the value of the precious metals. The mines near Ekaterineburg have yielded, in ninety-six years, 52,000,000 of poods of ore, or 679 poods of gold. In eleven years the Peshauka mines yielded

10,000 Russian pounds* of the metal; while near Miask, where the richest deposits lie, the gold has been found in solid lumps, one of which, discovered in 1843, weighs about 78 English pounds. Gold, in smaller quantities, is also dug with the iron ore: the mines around Kishtymsk produce 250,000 poods of iron and 17 poods of gold annually. The chromate of iron, so extensively used in dye-works at Manchester, is supplied from the mines at the foot of the Ural: one establishment sends 20,000 poods to Moscow every year.

Though the volumes before us are barren of incidents of travel, we occasionally catch a hint of the difficulties attendant on locomotion in remote and wild regions. At one time, on the Cossack frontier, when the party had travelled far beyond the limits of civilisation, their escort consisted of Kirghis, armed with bows and arrows. Even here, at Trojsk, a town of 5000 inhabitants, they found an annual fair. 'Four to five hundred Bokharians, a few Persians, and not less than 20,000 Kirghis, are said to frequent it annually with their various goods.' These, principally silk and cotton, are sold to the amount of 3,000,000 of rubles. A great source of discomfort was experienced in the swarms of mosquitoes, which are said to have been more numerous than the drops of rain. 'They constitute the chief impediment to geological research during the hot summer months in all these high latitudes, and particularly where wood and water abound. The hardy natives are even compelled to work in cowls, like those of Capuchin friars, through which their eyes, nose, and mouth only are seen; and we were driven to the use of masks and veils.'

An attempt is made to account for the changes of surface which Russia has undergone, and which are going on at the present day: the gradual filling up of her inland seas—the drift of loose rocks and stones from the Baltic to the White Sea, a distance of 2000 miles—and the 'black earth,' which, possessed of the most fertile properties, overspreads so large a portion of the country. The limestone of the boundless steppes is supposed to be the relic of a great inland sea, now shrunk down to the narrow limits of the present Caspian. The mountains of the Hindoo Koosh and Chinese Tartary formed its boundary in one direction, while in the other it reached to the Ural chain. Researches in every part of the vast region favour the supposition, that here flowed a sea exceeding 'in size the present Mediterranean. No one, in truth, can have stood upon the promontories of the Volga and the Sarpa, and have observed their salient and re-entering angles, so like the worn coasts of the sea, nor have gazed, as we have done, over the vast expanse of lower steppe at his feet, covered with marine exuvia, some of them identical with the forms now living in the Caspian, and others closely allied to them, without being convinced that there was a period—and at no very distant period of time in the history of the planet—when the waves of a former Caspian washed against these shores.'

Before the party returned, they mounted to the summit of one of the loftiest peaks of the mountain range—Uralskaya-Sopka—where, 2500 feet above the level of the sea, with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe, they sang 'God save the emperor!' They speak highly of 'the hearty hospitality and generous support of all classes of Russians,' and remark that, with regard to that distinctive trait of national Muscovite character—a will which admits of no obstacle—they are bound to record that their own impatient 'forward' was ever cheerfully repudiated by the *mōjina*† of the natives. With this talismanic word, the Russian, has indeed raised monuments on the Moskwa and the Neva, that rival the grandest efforts of ancient and modern times.

Amidst such a people no real difficulty could be experienced. If a bridge were broken, it seemed rebuilt

* A Russian pound is 14 oz. 7 dr.

† Literally, 'It is possible'—equivalent to the sailors' 'Ay, ay, sir.'

* Commercial road.

by magic; though a river-bed was dry, the travellers beheld it converted, as if miraculously, into a navigable stream; was the water too shallow—then did the athletic peasants cheerfully lift the boats over rocks, enlivening their progress with a merry carol. Wet or dry, hot or cold, no murmur escaped these resolute men; and *majna* was their only cry.

MRS KIRKLAND'S 'WESTERN CLEARINGS.'

Mrs KIRKLAND is the same lady who, a few years ago, under the name of Clavers, presented a lively, descriptive volume on the *far-west*, wherein, it appears, she is a settler. A new volume, called 'Western Clearings,' consisting of a series of brief tales and sketches, is another gathering from the same field. The perfect originality and freshness of life, as it exists in the back states, insures that almost any account of it should be worth listening to; but in the present case, we have it handled by one of the acuter class of female minds, one with much literary dexterity, and an unusually keen eye for the ludicrous, so that the 'Western Clearings' is really a very presentable treatise. The fêtes, dancing meetings, and other hospitalities of the clusters of half-civilised, yet not unkindly people of these wildernesses, are sketched with a particularly free and lively pencil.

There is one paper, to us most attractive, but hardly fit to make any impression in detached passages, on 'Idle People,' treating the backwoodsman form of that passion of us all to be busy with anything which is not work. Industrious application is in vogue there; but still there are people who like it not, and these are forced, in their saunterings, to do something which will at least appear as having some solid result in view. They fish, gather whortleberries or plums, or take to bee-hunting.

'Baiting for wild bees,' says our authoress, 'beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch, and many a lost day. This is a most fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the very spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some, who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness, cannot withstand a bee-hunt. A man whose arms and axe are all-sufficient to insure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family, is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood, where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper, and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the only sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset. He feels lonely and listless; and as noon draws on, he ceases from his hot toil, and seating himself on the tree which has just fallen beneath his axe, he takes out his lunch of bread and butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is, and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it. His eye wanders through the thick forest, and follows, with a feeling of envy, the winged inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes among the singing throng some half-dozen of bees.

The lunch is soon despatched; a honey-tree must be near; and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavouring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight plods homeward, laying plans for their destruction.

The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the horizon, finds the bee-hunter burning honey-comb and old honey near the scene of yesterday's inking. Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sated with the luscious

feast sets off in a "bee-line"—"like arrow darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate. This is enough. The spoiler asks no more; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hoard transferred to his cottage, where it, sometimes serves, almost unaided, as food for the whole family, until the last drop is consumed. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree; and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whole cost and consequences be counted. To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment, is, after all, the characteristic rather of the brute than of the man; and a family accustomed to this view of life will grow more and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almost proverbial among farmers that bee-hunters are always behind-hand.

Another paper, styled 'Ambuscades,' relates the efforts made by a village belle, Miss Celestina, or Teeny Pye, to entrap a dashing young hunter, yecept Tom Oliver. She was the niece and protégée of Mrs Purfle, a lady possessing a small competency; so the villagers were much cap-in-hand to her. Tom, however, was not to be caught. After many plans had failed, Mr Ashdod Cockles came amongst us in the character of an artist, having his wagon loaded with wax-figures, puppets, magic-lanterns, and all those temptations which the pockets of western people, lank as they are, always find irresistible—including a hand-organ of course. Being a nephew of Mrs Purfle, he puts up at her house. 'Most exhilarating were the preparations. The village ball-room was to be the scene of the grand exhibition of Mr Cockles's glory, and the stairs which led to that honoured chamber were well worn during that day of ceaseless bustle and excitement. Not that the common eye was permitted to get even a glimpse of the mysteries within; for a thick curtain was suspended inside, so that the assistants could pass in and out a hundred times without one's getting a single peep. But the boys and idlers still thought they should see something; so there they stayed from morning till night, scarcely taking time to eat.

But while all promised so fair for the multitude, what was the surprise and grief of Mr Ashdod Cockles to find that one of his wax-figures, nay, the one of all others that he could worst spare, had been completely crushed by the superincumbent weight of the hand-organ. The Sleeping Beauty! That she should have been lost! What is a wax-work without a Sleeping Beauty? Dire was the disappointment of Mr Cockles, and loud his lamentations (in private), and much did he try to make his factotum acknowledge that he had erred in the packing. Nick knew his business too well for that; but he nevertheless condescended to suggest a remedy; namely, that Mr Cockles should induce some pretty girl of the village to be dressed in the glittering drapery of the crushed nymph, and perform the part for that night only. This seemed the more feasible, that the figure was to be covered up in bed, and the performance would thus involve no fatigue. So it only remained to obtain the handsome face; and, touching this delicate point, Mr Cockles consulted Mrs Purfle.

The lady communicated in a whisper her belief that Celestina would undertake the part, if properly requested. The reader will appreciate the value of the hint, when he knows that Miss Pye was thick and short, with the complexion of a stewed oyster, and a mouth so pursed up, that it seemed at first glance as if she must always have been fed through a quill. "Ahem!" said Mr Ashdod Cockles, who was troubled with a cold—"ahem! yes, ma'am—but it would be asking quite too much of your niece. I think we had better—"

"Not at all, not at all!" insisted the lady; "Teeney is so obliging, she'll not think anything of it. I'll ask her at once."

"But," persisted Mr Cockles, fidgetting a good deal, "she is really quite too short for the character. A taller figure—"

"Oh, you forget she is to be conveyed under the quilt!

"I'll manage all that," said the zealous diplomatist; "I'll dress her, and everything."

"And she left the room, and returned in a very short time with Miss Pye's unhesitating consent. So Mr Cockles could not but be very much obliged; and Mrs Purfie, in the highest spirits, sent Brim off at once to Mr Oliver's, to tell him he must be sure to come to the exhibition. "And, Brim," she added, "if you tell him a word about you know what, I'll skin ye!" A favourite figure of speech of Mrs Purfie's.

"What exhibition?" said Tom, who had but just returned from the woods.

"Oh, everything in the world!" said Brim, who was as much excited as anybody; "and Miss Teeny——" But here he thought of his skin, and no persuasions of Tom could extort another word on that point, though he was fluent on the main subject.

The evening came at last, and the weather chanced to be pleasanter than it generally is on great occasions. The ball-room was elegantly fitted up, with suspended crosses of wood stuck with tallow candles—rather drippy, but you must keep out of their way—(I have seen gentlemen's coats completely iced with spermaceti, which, if more genteel, is also more destructive). Instead of glass-cases, a screen or medium of dark-coloured gauze was interposed between the eye and the wax-figures, in order to produce the requisite illusion. The puppets and the magic-lantern came first in order; and so great was the delight of the spectators, that it would seem that any after-show must have been an anti-climax; but the experienced Mr Cockles knew better. It was not until all this was done, that he ordered Nick to draw aside the baize which had veiled the grand attraction. Great clapping and rapping ensued, and it was some time before Mr Cockles could venture to begin; this being a part of the exhibition in which he expected to shine personally.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he began at the upper end of the room, "this is the New Orleans beauty. She was engaged to be married to two gentlemen at once; and, to avoid the torments of jealousy, they scuttled it between 'em, and first shot her and then each other through the heart! And they're all buried in one tomb; and I should have had the tomb too, only it was rather heavy to carry." Everybody crowded to this interesting sight.

"This," continued the exhibitor in a high-toned and theatrical voice, waving at the same time a gilded wand, which excited much admiration—"is the celebrated Miss McCrea and her murderers, from likenesses taken on the spot by an eye-witness."

A shudder ran through the throng at this announcement, and the grinning Indians were closely scrutinised, and the fierceness and many evil qualities of their race commented on in an under-tone.

"Here is a revolutionary character, ladies and gentlemen," Mr Cockles went on, as his familiar edged him along on his wheel-chair; and he pointed to a stumpy old man in a blue coat faced with red, who brandished a wooden sword as high as the ceiling would allow. "This was one of my forefathers," observed the orator with no little swell; "my great-great-grandfather, or some such relation. He was a man by the name of Horatio Cockles, who cut away the bridge at Rome just as the British was coming across it. You've all heard of Rome I suppose?"

A murmur of assent went round; and one man observed, "I was born and brought up within five mile of it, but I never heard tell o' that 'ere feller!"

"Ay—yes—maybe not," said Mr Cockles, quite undisturbed; "but do you understand history?"

The objector was posed, and the orator proceeded.

"This is Lay Fyett; and this is Bonypart, with a man's head that he has just cut off with his sword. He used to do that whenever he got mad."

A shudder, with various exclamations.

"But here," said Mr Cockles, drawing aside with a flourishing air a mysterious-looking curtain, which had excited a good deal of curiosity during the evening, "this here is the Sleeping Beauty. Her infant daughter got broke a-coming."

"And there lay a female figure, in whose well-rouged cheeks and dyed ringlets no one recognised the heiress of Mrs Purfie's worldly substance. Even the eyebrows, which nature had left white, were entirely altered by the experienced skill of the artist, who had felt himself at liberty to put them on where he thought they would look best, the original ones being invisible by candle-light. A very elegant cap, full-trimmed with artificial flowers, had been arranged by Mrs Purfie; and the sky-blue pillow fringed with gold, and the purple quilt which belonged to the character, made altogether a very magnificent affair; though Mr Ashdod Cockles had not thought it prudent to suspend more than a single candle within the chintz curtains and the gauze blind.

Just as the concealing screen had been withdrawn, and while a buzz of admiration was still in circulation, Tom Oliver, who had been in no haste to obey Mrs Purfie's hint, made his way into the room. He took a momentary glance at the attractions which lined the walls, and then sought the object which now fixed the eager crowd. It took a good look to satisfy him; but with the help of Brim's hint, and certain potent recollections, the truth came upon him at once; and with a very audible "Pshaw!" he turned on his heel and made for the door. The string by which the Sleeping Beauty's candle was suspended passing along near the ceiling, caught Tom's cap in his hasty retreat, and ruin ensued. In an instant Miss Teeny's gay head-dress was all in a blaze, and one whole side of her curls was burnt off before the cruel flames could be smothered. Tom was among the most active in endeavouring to repair the mischief he had done, and then, much mortified, darted out of the room. The story ends by Tom marrying another young lady.

In 1835 a fever of speculation took place in the far-west, land being the matter dealt in. Both the speculators, and the 'land-lookers' who helped them in the business of their purchases, were odious to the actual settlers, because, by thus buying up land, they threatened to maintain a wilderness round the clearings for years a serious disadvantage to these already too-solitary men. So much being premised, and with the additional knowledge that the backwoodsmen are generally very hospitable, the reader will apprehend the humour of the following sketch. It was at the height of the fever that a respectable-looking middle-aged man, riding a jaded horse, and carrying with him blankets, valise, saddle-bags, and holsters, stopped in front of a rough log-house, and accosted its tall and meagre tenant.

"This individual and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half-filled in with clay; its "looped-and-windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend——" civilly began Mr Willoughby.

"Oh! friend!" interrupted the settler; "who told you I was your friend? Friends is scarce in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetched you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Just as you like," said the other, turning on his heel and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr Willoughby, stalking after the nonchalant son of the forest,

"whether this is Mr Pepper's land?"

"How do you know it aint mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present, it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen—Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news? You aint the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop!" screamed a white-headed urchin from the house—"mam says supper's ready."

"So aint I," replied the papa; "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pig-sty on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squalling multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr Willoughby looked at the western sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch; and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament—on the whole an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady as he approached the door; but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children; and Mr Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband—as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malvina Jane!" she exclaimed in no dulcet treble, "be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll—"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess," was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look you'll see!" responded Miss Malvina coolly as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am! I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer: "with my will, we'll lodge nobody."

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered; and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And, in truth, he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fireplace, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do

no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster (it was his week) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally when the children cried too loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hog; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger; for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation, or the longing for whisky, to degrade himself by labour. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favourite ditty of the west—

"All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;"

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterwards a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterwards at the discretion of the company.

The traveller having received a cloudy assent from the settler to put up his horse in the shed, supper commenced. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney-corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

"To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little incagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"Aint my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh, the potatoes are excellent; but I am very fond of tea."

"So be it, but I can't have everything I want—can you?"

This produced a laugh from the shoemaker, who seemed to think his patron very witty; while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then, reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain, which now poured violently, not only outside, but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccup, he withdrew from the table, and sending himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double-beds and the long cradle seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder, which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well-stored with the usual articles, among which a teapot and canister shone conspicuous; so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The question of bed accommodation for the traveller by and by came forward. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys. Mr Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well, just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon

sleeps there—and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should."

"This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr Willoughby once more cast woful glances towards the ladder. But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest; who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

"The storm continued throughout the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

"But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse; and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word. His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar. Mr Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look towards the hearth, and perceiving the preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr Pepper," he began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh—"if this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you—"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for! My name isn't Pepper no more than yours is! Maybe that is your name; you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray what is it then?"

"Ah, there's the thing now. You land-hunters ought to know such things without asking."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter."

"Well, you're a land-shark then—swallowing up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr Willoughby, who waxed warm; "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole state for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for then?"

"And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And, to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed. A good breakfast restored all to harmony, and Mr Willoughby parted with his entertainers on the best of terms.

Mrs Kirkland, in extenuation of the coarseness of things in the west, says, "Those to whose apprehension sympathy and sincerity have a pre-eminent and independent charm, prefer the kindly warmth of the untaught to the icy chill of the half-taught, and would rather be welcomed by the woodsman to his log-cabin, with its rough hearth, than make one of a crowd who feed the ostentation of a millionaire, or gaze with sated eyes upon costly feasts which it would be a mockery to dignify with the name of hospitality." This may be true; but we cannot doubt that, when a people exchange the roughness of

the early settlement for the refinement, and, it may be, greater coldness of a higher civilisation, they do it by free choice; and therefore, it may be presumed, from finding that, upon the whole, the latter is productive of greater happiness.

CHADWICK ON RAILWAY LABOUREIRS.

MR CHADWICK, the indefatigable enunciator of enlarged views on many subjects of social economy, has just laid before the public some papers of startling interest on the demoralisation, loss of life, and injuries occasioned by the present system of railway excavation. The facts which he produces are contained in statements from members of the statistical society of Manchester, and appear to be the result of careful inquiry: in all particulars they so essentially correspond with what we hear daily of railway workings, that they can admit of no debate, and demand the most careful consideration.

The digging of large masses of earth, and the blasting and removal of rocks, for the railways lately formed, and now in course of construction, have called into operation a class of labourers almost new in the country. First employed in cutting canals for inland navigation, these men received the appellation of 'navigators,' or 'navvys,' as the word has been abbreviated. Collected principally from the hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire, they display the strong Anglo-Saxon type: in point of physical stamina, they are altogether unequalled by any other race; while, under a rough exterior, are good mental qualities, susceptible of a high moral cultivation. Being reared without education, like the peasantry of England generally, they are valuable alone—to speak commercially—as engines of physical labour, and are drawn together in vast numbers by the temptation of high wages from railway contractors. Latterly, as railway digging has increased, they have become blended with hosts of miscellaneous labourers, and with Irish in still greater numbers—in all cases the groups being composed of men unprepared by culture for an absence of discipline and supervision.

Such are the operatives employed in the stupendous public works now advancing to maturity throughout the British islands—in England much more than elsewhere. Unfortunately, the execution of these works is seldom in the hands of the actual proprietors. Railway directors are usually gentlemen connected with city life, who know nothing of engineering or manual-labour operations; and if it were otherwise, they cannot overlook the progress of the works nominally under their charge. It is found to be the best policy to let out portions of a line to a contractor, who engages to complete the excavations, bankings, &c. at a specified price. Contracting for railways has thus become a great business; so great, that there are men who will now undertake the whole works on a line—earth, stone, and iron work—all together; they again letting out portions to sub-contractors, and these sub-contractors letting lesser bits to what may be called sub-sub-contractors. In such arrangements, it will be observed, the proprietors or directors of the railway lose all connexion with the progress of the works: all they look to is having the contracts fulfilled by a stipulated day. Down and down through all the subordinate contractors there is the same disregard of everything but the completion of engagements; and hence the operatives—the men who are the real railway-makers—are at the mercy of a set of persons very little, if at all, removed above them in station, and who, from their very obscurity, are removed from any chance of obloquy.

The consequences may be anticipated; a state of demoralisation, crimes, riots, and confusion, fearful to contemplate in their present aspect, but still more so in what they are likely to become. Should the sanction of parliament be given to any considerable proportion of the new railway works presented for its consideration, and if no new precautions be taken in respect to

the mode in which they are conducted, some eight, ten, or twelve millions per annum, or as much as the annual expenditure of the whole of the effective and non-effective naval and military force of the country, will shortly be expended as wages for the payment of manual labour in railway undertakings. To aggravate the dangers to be apprehended, masses of untrained and inferior workmen will be congregated; while the superintendence, by competent engineers and superior officers of practical experience, must be diminished. Yet it would be difficult to conceive anything worse than what now is observable on various lines in progress.

Mr Robertson, a correspondent of Mr Chadwick, relates the following particulars of what he saw last June on the Sheffield, Ashton-under-Line, and Manchester railway. At the highest part of the country which the railway has to cross, the line is carried through a tunnel the longest in the kingdom, extending to five thousand one hundred and ninety-two yards, or nearly three miles. Here, as in most instances of railway workings, there is no town or village in which the labourers may reside; and rude hovels have been erected for their accommodation near the mouths of the shafts which penetrate the surface of the bleak moor, and at the two terminations of the tunnel. 'The huts are a curiosity. They are mostly of stones without mortar, the roof of thatch or flags, erected by the men for their own temporary use; one man building a hut in which he lives with his family, and lodges also a number of his fellow-workmen. In some instances as many as fourteen or fifteen men, we were told, lodged in the same hut; and this at best containing two apartments, an outer and an inner, the former alone having a fireplace. Many of the huts were filthy dens; while some were whitewashed, and more cleanly.' In these wretched hamlets, far removed from civilisation, from nine to fifteen hundred men had been crowded for the space of six years. Living almost like brutes, they were described as depraved, degraded, and reckless. Drunkenness and dissoluteness of morals prevailed. There were many women, but few wives; loathsome forms of disease were universal. Work went on in the tunnel without intermission, on Sundays as well as other days. No provision had been made at any period in reference to religious instruction, public worship, or visitation of the sick or wounded, by any of those having a pecuniary interest in the works. There appears, however, to have been a surgeon. A school for children, supported by the men, had been discontinued. The list of accidents reported to Mr Robertson embraced 32 fatal, and 140 severe cases—fractures, burns from blasts, contusions, lacerations, dislocations, eyes blown out, &c. A large proportion of these injuries were caused by the men going to work more or less in a state of intoxication.

The wages paid to joiners were 5s. per day, masons 6s., miners from 4s. to 5s. Such wages seem fair, if not what would be called excellent; but the whole thing is practically a delusion. Here we arrive at the execrable practices of the sub-contractors. The wages we allude to were paid only once in nine weeks, and the payment took place at a public-house—a beer-selling hovel. Think of a working man waiting nine weeks for his earnings, and getting from L.8 to L.10 in a lump! However, few or none have much to receive when the pay-day arrives. The great object of the contractors in thus staving off payment, is to drive the men either to take goods on credit at certain shops—technically called 'tally shops'—with which they are connected, or to accept of tickets, which, like cash in hand, they can exchange for articles at these establishments. The high prices charged for every article, and the frequent exchange of tickets for beer, absorb all the poor men's wages; and the nominal 5s. a-day is not worth perhaps two or three shillings in ordinary circumstances.

The practice of paying wages by orders on shops for goods, or, as it is called, the truck system, is contrary to law; but, in the present state of things, it seems impos-

sible to prevent it. 'The labourer,' observes Mr Chadwick, 'who might want employment, has found that he could only get it on the recommendation of the beer shopkeeper, or the tally shopkeeper; the labourer has also found that, somehow or other, he could not retain his employment unless he took a certain quantity of beer from the beer-shop, or of goods from the tally-shop.' Supposing, however, that truck could be reached and put down, what is to prevent the sub-contractors from keeping tally and beer-shops, and only employing those men who would spend their wages at these establishments? Such has actually taken place in making the Rouen and Havre line. The wages are paid in money, but they are only transferred to the hands of sub-contractors, who keep chandlery-shops.

In Ireland, as we observe by an article in the Freeman's Journal (March 14), the mode of paying railway labourers is fully worse than anything we have heard of in England. It appears that it is a practice on the Mullingar line to pay wages monthly by bill, the bills being liable to a discount before the money can be realised. Many of these bills are for so low a sum as one shilling, and are made payable from twenty to thirty days after date, at an office in Dublin. The prevalence of practices of this sort is a scandal to the country, and ought by all means to be checked. Railway directors should be compelled to be more careful in the selection of their contractors. 'Their contracts for the execution of railway works,' says Mr Chadwick, 'are often undertaken at prices which their engineer, if he be a competent and honest person, must know cannot pay the contractors. I have been informed of one piece of work undertaken by a few contractors, who will lose by the work itself, but who will make upwards of L.7000 by the truck of beer and inferior provisions to the workmen. Here the interests of the contractors in the sale of beer were greater than in the good execution of the work, and men under their arrangements were often at work in a state of intoxication.'

One result, as already shown, of the intemperance which prevails at these works, is the number of fatal and severe bodily injuries which are constantly occurring. Another unhappy consequence of the general debauchery is deterioration of race. The children, born and bred up in the crowded hovels, are physically inferior to the parents, and are still more depraved morally. As long as the works are going on, these and other evils are not very observable by the public; for the hordes of labourers are living considerably apart from the rest of the community; but when the period of disbanding arrives, it is to be feared that predatory hosts of vagrants will be created, whom it will be difficult, as well as expensive, to repress. Of the present course of demoralisation to which these really useful men are exposed, perhaps enough has been said; but the few facts presented fall far short of the truth. The railway workers form a really accumulating mass of savagery, with the worst vices of civilisation. They realise within the bounds of the United Kingdom a specimen of habits common only in the most barbarous tribes. Among them Christian and surnames disappear, and they become known and are entered in the contractors' books by the same species of cognomens as are fancifully adopted by roving Indians and other wild races.

As the condition of affairs we have been faintly picturing is neither creditable nor safe, the question naturally arises—how is it to be effectually remedied? Nearly the whole of the mischief may be said to be traceable to two things—the method of paying, and the method of lodging the men. Mr Chadwick suggests express legislative interference. Railway directors should be made responsible for the good behaviour of the labourers, as also the injuries which they may suffer by improper methods of working. The directors must bind their engineer to overlook and pay for the work of the contractors weekly: because, unless the contractors get their money weekly, they cannot be expected to pay it out

to their operatives at these intervals. The men should be paid in detachments—so many on Monday, so many on Tuesday, and so on; never all in a mass, and never at longer intervals than a week. The payment must be made in cash on the spot, not in a public-house. Moveable wooden habitations, each with at least two apartments, weather-tight, and well-ventilated, must be provided in sufficient abundance to accommodate families in decency and health. Means for moral supervision and instruction are also called for, and might be provided in various ways. As to shops, it is exceedingly likely that, if the men were paid promptly in cash, every well-regulated colony would be provided with such establishments by ordinary competition. This, however, and all other matters, would be unavailing; laws of the most stringent order would go pretty much for nothing, and the present horrors would remain unabated, unless the supervision of such works were placed under an authoritative officer appointed by government. Properly qualified functionaries would require to move about among the lines in course of construction, everywhere seeing that the legal provisions were obeyed, and acting as magistrates to settle all petty disputes between workers and contractors on the spot. We agree with Mr Chadwick in thinking that all the degradation, iniquity, and misery which have been alluded to, is no more a necessary consequence of public works, than plague was to past populations, or than fever is now; and that if the means we speak of are adopted, there can be little doubt that railway labourers will become as orderly as any other portion of the community.

USAGES OF SOCIETY.

A CORRESPONDENT, a great stickler for etiquette, hands us the following hints; a knowledge of which, however commonplace, he thinks may be useful to those not up to the mark in this weighty subject.

I shall begin with calls. When you call at the house of an acquaintance, or indeed call anywhere, and do not happen to find the party at home, you should leave your card. Leaving your name will not do; because names left verbally are seldom correctly delivered, if delivered at all, and your call may be said to go for nothing. Your card is the enduring evidence of your visit. The card is one of the most useful things in modern society. All are supposed to carry a small stock of these pasteboard representatives about with them, and the giving of one is very handy on many occasions. For example, in visiting, instead of sending in your name by a servant, hand in one of your cards, and then you may be sure there will be no mistake.

Having either seen your acquaintance, or left your card, it is now the duty of your acquaintance (supposing it is a call of ceremonial intercourse) to return the call within a reasonable time. If he do not call, you do not repeat your visit. And why so? Because it may be his wish to drop your acquaintance, and your continuing to call on him may be disagreeable. Knowing that such is the rule, a second call from you seems like forcing yourself on his notice—a determination that he shall not rid himself of you. The rule of call for call, therefore, is on the whole, not a bad one. It affords every one an opportunity of dropping an acquaintance when his society is no longer wanted. In good society, no one ever complains that an acquaintance has not returned a call—the thing is silently dropped.

Calls of ceremony, which are not usually performed till past one or two o'clock, are seldom expected to last more than ten or fifteen minutes, and, as everybody knows, are performed in a plain walking-dress. Gentlemen, in making forenoon calls, or attending soirées, do not lay down their hat in the lobby, but carry it in their hand into the room, and never let it go, however long they stay. This is a very odd piece of etiquette, that has often amused me. I frequently see gentlemen walking about a drawing-room for hours, each cuddling his hat below his arm. It were a crime to part with it

even for a moment. A man might as conveniently carry about a child's drum under his arm; yet he cannot well escape from the annoyance. If left in the hall at large parties, and worth the stealing, the unfortunate hat will in all probability be never more seen by its owner; for there appears to be nothing like conscientiousness in the matter of hats. How far the dread of losing the hat led to the practice of parading about with it under the arm, is of little consequence. The modern custom of keeping fast hold of it during short or extempore visits, is considered to indicate that you do not intend to stay any great length of time, nor expect an invitation to remain to dinner, or any other meal; in short, that it is your design to vanish after a little friendly chit-chat. Thus, laughable as it seems, there is really a meaning, and not a bad meaning either, in the practice. A host who wishes you to remain, or at least not to go in a hurry, will beg to relieve you of your incumbance.

Next as to invitations. When you ask a person to dinner, let it, if possible, be done a week or ten days in advance; because, to ask a person only a day or two days before, looks as if you had been disappointed of somebody else, and had asked him as a mere stop-gap. A short invitation is only allowable for off-hand parties, or with strangers who are passing through a town.

When you invite a person to dinner, or any other party at your house, specify only one day. Don't say you will be glad to see him on either of two days, as Tuesday or Wednesday next. And why? Because this person may not wish to dine with or visit you at all; and so far from a choice of days being thought an act of kindness, it may be considered one of servility, if not rudeness. Always state only one day; and let the invitation, like the answer, be unequivocal.

Invitations for several weeks in advance are almost as bad as invitations for alternative days; because long invitations convey the impression that the inviter is desperately ill off for guests, and wishes to insure a number at all risks. The person invited is also apt to feel that it is not his pleasure or convenience that is consulted; and to raise a feeling of this kind is anything but consistent with true politeness.

The receiver of an invitation has a duty to perform as well as its giver. It is incumbent on him to say *yes* or *no* at once—not to allow a post or a day to elapse before answering. The reason is obvious: a delay on his part looks as if he were waiting for a better invitation before he made up his mind. Not to send a speedy reply, therefore, is one of the worst pieces of breeding of which a man can be guilty. It is also not using the inviter well: for a dinner-party usually consists only of a certain number; and if you cannot accept the invitation, say so, in order that time may be allowed to invite another person in your place. Let the answer also be distinct: no uncertainty is allowable; and if the invitation be accepted, let it be kept.

The answer to an invitation should be directed to the lady of the house.

I now come to the fulfilment of the engagement. Some time ago it was fashionable to be rather late—twenty minutes after the hour being considered a fair thing. Now, prompt to the hour is the rule, which is a great improvement. In attending two or three dinners lately, I found that all had assembled within the space of ten minutes.

A drawing-room is the domain of ladies, and on entering, you first make your obeisances to the lady of the mansion, who is of course ready to receive you. Leading the ladies down stairs to the dining-room is a simple affair; yet one may be a novice in this as well as in everything else. The rule is, for the lady you take down to sit on your right hand, if that can be managed conveniently. But when you take down the lady of the house, you sit on her right hand—that is, you have the seat of honour. It will not do for any guest to rush forward to offer his arm to the lady of the house. The honour of leading her down, if not assigned by the host to a favoured guest, is taken by the most

elderly gentleman, or by the party of highest rank present. To save all doubt on this point, the host almost always asks one of the party to be so good as take Mrs So-and-so down stairs. Where the party are generally strangers to each other, it is customary for the host to make a similar request to the other gentlemen as respects the other ladies. The host selects the lady of greatest consequence, and leads her off first. The hostess waits to go down last—sees all go down, before her.

In going down stairs, the lady should have the widest side, supposing the stair to have a narrow and a wide side, as is the case with winding-stairs. Better, however, take the wrong side, than make any fuss about correcting so small an error.

A custom, lately come in, seems to be deservedly gaining ground: instead of sitting at the top and bottom of the table, the host and hostess sit opposite each other at the middle; by which means they are more at ease, more in the centre of their guests, and better able to communicate with each other. George IV. adopted this practice twenty years ago: it is followed by the present queen. According to this arrangement, two persons can be accommodated at each end of the table—not a bad point where there is limited accommodation.

A dinner-party usually lasts four hours. If you go at six, you may order your carriage at ten; if at seven, it may come at eleven; and so on. What dinner hours are by and by to come to, I cannot tell. Not many years ago, dinner at five o'clock was thought mighty genteel; then we had half-past five; next came six, and six and a-half—both of which are now general; but seven is also far from uncommon. That the fashionable dinner hour will be pushed on to eight, to nine, or to ten, is what we may reasonably expect. When it comes to this pass, will dinner bound back to its ancient hours, or will it be extinguished as a formal meal?

So much for dinners: now for a little about personal decoration: and here I address myself chiefly to ladies. In giving a dinner or evening party, take care to dress somewhat less elegantly than any of your expected guests; because, were you to dress much more elegantly, it might be supposed that you invited the party only to astonish them with your finery, or at least to show them that you could afford to dress better than they—a thing not likely to be agreeable to their feelings. As under-dressing may be considered disrespectful to guests, it is equally to be avoided with over-decoration. Good taste will suggest the proper medium.

I must say a word on tokens of sympathy. "If you wish me to weep, you must weep with me," says the Roman poet. Quite reasonable this. If you wish to condole with a friend, you must at least employ the emblems of woe. In calling on an acquaintance who is in mourning, put on a little mourning also—don't go in flashy attire, out of character with the occasion. If your correspondent seals his letters with black, seal your replies with black also. These may be trifles, but if they tend to give any one gratification, why not practise them? A thousand comforts in life depend on what are intrinsically trifles.

The prompt answering of letters is considered an unequivocal mark of a gentleman and a man of business. Why is delay the reverse? Because not to answer a letter (supposing it deserves to be answered) is the same thing as not answering when you are spoken to; and everybody knows that that is bad enough. Yet some people, who mean nothing wrong, but are only ignorant of what is due to the feelings of others, are most remiss in the answering of letters, and will allow days and weeks to elapse before despatching a reply. When letters are conceived in an impertinent or intrusive spirit, it is of course allowable and reasonable to let them remain unanswered. Persons of notoriety, for example, who are pestered with letters on all sorts of frivolous subjects, frequently for no other purpose than to get hold of their autograph, may very excusably take some latitude in regard to this rule.

In asking after the health of a person's relations, give each his or her proper name and title, unless it be a child. Ask for Mrs. —, or Miss —, and so on: never say, "How is your wife?" "I hope your daughter is well?" &c. Any such mode of address is intolerably over-familiar, and almost certain to give offence. Calling persons "Brother" or "sir," or "My good fellow," in speaking to them; also holding them by the button—an offence denounced by Chesterfield—are, for the same reason, objectionable.

NOTES.

SAVINGS BANKS.

A correspondent, signing himself 'A. J. Englishman,' makes a few remarks on the paper on Savings Banks which appeared in the Journal of January 17, being chiefly an abridgment of a paper by Dr Chalmers in the *North British Review*. This gentleman laments that, in that paper, the view of advantages from little accumulations to the working man should be so much limited to provision against sickness and old age. He contemplates, and it appears to us with justice, benefits gliding and improving the general current of the labouring man's existence, as a possible result of saving. In many circumstances 'a labourer,' he says, 'having realised a few pounds out of his wages, may rent an acre or so of land, buy an additional pig, take advantage of a right of common for a cow or a sheep: as he goes on, he may add field to field, till he has almost a farm. Such things are done; and undoubtedly not only is a better style of living so attained, but even greater security is made against evil days of every kind, than by continuing to hoard in a savings bank. In other circumstances men may improve their condition by similar means. Hundreds of suitable expedients suggest themselves to the frugal and vigilant man who possesses a little money. I remember some remarkable instances of colliers advancing themselves, by dint of little savings, from the common working situation to that of renters of levels, and that while they were still young men. I know an instance of a young man who, from an occupation yielding one pound a week, raised himself to one bringing in five hundred per annum; and what were the means for effecting such a change? A lady gave him £15 to rent a level in the railway construction; which was speedily repaid with gratitude. So serviceable may a little accumulation prove even in the humblest walks of life! We are content that these remarks should speak for themselves; only deeming it necessary to add, that there may be virtue and happiness in the homes of the labouring classes without such an employment of savings; but yet it is undoubted that, in the present constitution of society, we generally see both improved in proportion as absolute poverty is left behind.

THE GREGORY FAMILY.

With reference to a paper in No. 102—*Does Talent go in the Male Line?*—a correspondent strengthens our argument for a so-far favourable answer to that question, by telling us that the series of Gregories holding professional chairs in Edinburgh during the last hundred years, is of the same family with the equally celebrated mathematicians of the preceding century. As this family history may be regarded as a curious natural fact, showing the long descent of certain characters of mind, we give some of the details of our correspondent's letter.

The first man of any note in the family was John Gregory, minister of Drumoak, son of a burgher of Aberdeen, whose father or grandfather was a M'Gregor from Glenlyon, a younger son of M'Gregor of Roro in that valley. The minister of Drumoak lived during the civil wars, and seems to have been "gay canny," for, like the vicar of Bray, he stuck in through all the troubles, and bought a good estate—Kinsairdy in Banffshire. He married a lady named Anderson, the daughter of a man possessing remarkable mechanical abilities, and herself a woman of superior intellect. She it was who is supposed to have brought the talent into the family. Of the minister's eldest son, it is only recorded that he was stabbed in a fray by Crichton of Frendraught. The second, David, the eldest of Miss Anderson's children, succeeded to the estate. He was taught mathematics by his mother, and was considered a good geometriean, though only as an amateur. David had twenty-nine children, who of course ate up his estate; but three of them were professors of mathematics at one time; namely, David, first of Edinburgh, afterwards of Oxford, a friend of Newton, and a first-rate mathematician; James, and Charles. The son of David became professor of history at Oxford, and a friend of Christchurch. He had three sons, who, being by their mother connected with the English aristocracy, took to horses and dogs, and soon died out. The dean's fine library was bequeathed to the late Dr James Gregory of Edinburgh; but somebody was neglected at Oxford, and, I believe, finally lost and embossed. Either James or Charles, the brothers of the first David, had a son Charles, also a professor of mathematics. It is also worthy of note, that from two daughters of the first David Gregory came two other professors; namely, Professor Irvine of Marischal College, and the celebrated Dr Thomas Reid, author of the *Inquiry into the Human Mind*; both of whom were mathematicians.

It is well known that Dr Reid was originally a clergyman; though his faculties not lying that way, he never acquired any reputation in the profession. The following (original) anecdote of

the great metaphysician, strikingly proves the inapplicability of his powers to the pulpit. In a pariah close to Old Aberdeen lived a kind of half idiot, who had an amazing memory, inasmuch that he could repeat any sermon which he heard even after years had elapsed; and his great pleasure was in listening to sermons and repeating them. When Reid, as an elderly man, visited his old university of King's College, he heard of this man, and was anxious to see him. He went accordingly to the man's laird, who introduced Reid, and requested the man to give a specimen of his powers by repeating the sermon of the preceding Sunday. "Fidna koo," says the man, "if I can do that; but I'll tell ye what I can do: I'll let ye hear a sermon that your friend here preached in our kirkyard some time. Atweel he was a puir hand." Reid did not much mind the proposal; but when he heard the fellow begin and repeat correctly a sermon which he had actually preached there about twenty years before, and which was really a miserable production, he turned on his heel without waiting for the conclusion of this remarkable proof of memory.

I have now to go back to James, the third son of the old minister, and the younger brother of David. This was the inventor of the reflecting telescope. He was professor of mathematics first in Aberdeen, afterwards in Edinburgh, where he died early of apoplexy, following a sudden attack of amaurosis, which is said to have come on while he was showing his pupils the planets of Jupiter through that tube by which he had so much increased the power of vision to the rest of mankind. He was, as well as his nephew David above-mentioned, the friend and correspondent of Newton, many of whose letters continue in the possession of James's descendants. In fact these Gregories were among the first to adopt and teach Newton's views; they did so long before those views were admitted at Cambridge. His son James became professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, holding the very same chair which, a hundred years later, was occupied by one of his descendants. He was a man of strong sound practical sense, and is still remembered locally as the author of many improvements. He planted, in 1726, the *Medictor's Glbe* with the fine trees now ornamenting it; and a dike on the Don is still called after him *Gregory's Dike*. He acquired a fishing on that river, which now belongs to one of his descendants. He had two sons—James, who at one time held the same medical chair; and John, who also held that chair, but was invited to Edinburgh, and there distinguished himself. He wrote a "Father's Legacy to his Daughters," an often-printed book, and "A Comparative View of Man and the Animal World," one full of common sense, and which has contributed most powerfully to the introduction of rational habits among our ladies, in reference to the nursing and physical education of their children. He also published "Lectures on the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician," a work distinguished by a high strain of morality, and still looked upon as a standard.

Dr John Gregory had two sons—James, professor of the institutes of medicine in the Edinburgh university, and who stood at the head of his profession in that city, author of the well-known "Conspectus Medicinæ;" and William, who entered the English church, and had a stall in Canterbury cathedral. Of Dr James's family, one is the present professor of chemistry in Edinburgh; another, Donald, who died in 1836, was a profound and accurate antiquary, and author of a book of extraordinary research, entitled "A History of the Western Highlands and Islands;" a third, David, died in youth, but not before acquiring the character of a first-rate mathematician at Cambridge, where he had established and conducted a mathematical journal. In him the original talent of the family might be said to have blazed out in all its pristine lustre; for the two intermediate generations, although entitled to be called good mathematicians, had not distinguished themselves in this line. Finally, it ought not to be forgotten that one of the daughters of Dr John Gregory was the mother of Dr W. P. Alison, who succeeded his uncle in the chair of the institutes of medicine; and of Archibald Alison, author of the History of the French Revolution.

It thus appears that from the elder Miss Anderson, who lived in the time of Cromwell, have proceeded fourteen professors, some of them men of extraordinary ability, and one of them a great inventor; besides other men of eminence in literature and philosophy. As talent has thus descended, ever since the first generation, from male to male, it would appear that the favourite theory of its descending invariably through mothers is inconsistent with facts. One particular in the history of the Gregories is peculiarly striking—the sudden outbreak of the original mathematical talent, after having had only a subdued existence through three generations. We are forcibly reminded by it of what Washington Irving tells of the revival of family features in great-great-grandchildren. It is also somewhat curious to reflect on this long list of eminent men having had their remoter origin in the solitude of Glenlyon, amongst the wild clan Gregor. This reminds us of an anecdote which Sir Walter Scott gave in the final edition of his novel of Rob Roy, and which cannot be the worse of being here reprinted. Rob was, it seems, sent by the Earl of Mar in 1715 to raise the arm-bearing men of a portion of the clan seated near Aberdeen. While in this city, he met a relation of a very different class and character from those whom he was sent to summon to arms. This was Dr James Gregory (by descent a Macgregor), the patriarch of a dynasty of professors distinguished for literary and scientific talent, and the grandfather of the late eminent physician and accomplished scholar, Professor Gregory of Edinburgh. This gentleman was at the time professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and son of Dr James Gregory, distinguished in science as the inventor of the

reflecting telescope. With such a family it may seem our friend Rob could have had little communion. But civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange bedfellows. Dr Gregory thought it a point of prudence to claim kindred at so critical a period with a man so formidable and influential. He invited Rob Roy to his house, and treated him with so much kindness, that he produced in his generous bosom a degree of gratitude which seemed likely to occasion very inconvenient effects.

The professor had a son about eight or nine years old; a lively stout boy of his age, with whose appearance our Highland Robin Hood was much taken. On the day before his departure from the house of his learned relative, Rob Roy, who had pondered deeply how he might requite his cousin's kindness, took Dr Gregory aside, and addressed him to this purport:—"My dear kinsman, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality: Now, here you have a fine-spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning; and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great good-will to you and yours, to take him with me, and make a man of him." The learned professor was utterly overwhelmed when his warlike kinsman announced his kind purpose, in language which implied no doubt of its being a proposal which would be, and ought to be, accepted with the utmost gratitude. The task of apology or explanation was of a most delicate description; and there might have been considerable danger in suffering Rob Roy to perceive that his promotion with which he threatened the son was, in the father's eyes, the ready road to the gallows. Indeed every excuse which he could at first think of—such as regret for putting his friend to trouble with a youth who had been educated in the Lowlands, and so on—only strengthened the chieftain's inclination to patronise his young kinsman, as he supposed they arose entirely from the modesty of the father. He would for a long time take no apology, and even spoke of carrying off the youth by a certain degree of kindly violence, whether his father consented or not. At length the perplexed professor pleaded that his son was very young, and in an infirm state of health, and not yet able to endure the hardships of a mountain life; but that, in another year or two, he hoped his health would be firmly established, and he would be in a fitting condition to attend on his brave kinsman, and follow out the splendid destinies to which he opened the way. This agreement being made, the cousins parted, Rob Roy pledging his honour to carry his young relation to the hills with him on his next return to Aberdeenshire, and Dr Gregory doubtless praying in his secret soul that he might never see Rob's Highland face again.

James Gregory, who thus escaped being his kinsman's recruit, and in all probability his henchman, was afterwards professor of medicine in the college, and, like most of his family, distinguished by his scientific acquirements. He was rather of an irritable and pertinacious disposition; and his friends were wont to remark, when he showed any symptom of these foibles, "Ah, this comes of not having been educated by Rob Roy!"

SONNET.

THIS mirthful spring hath come to us at last;
Down her bright brow she shakes the sparkling dew,
And from her leafy screen peeps laughing through,
Coaxing to distant climes the nipping blast!
The mossy buds spring proudly up and fast;
For her white arm and robe of wavy blue
Daintly o'er their tender shoots she threw,
Till the fierce Wind King should have ridden past.
Now, undisturbed, we feel her dear caresses,
Now from the rainbow-foam strange music sounding,
Now, as her graceful foot the green earth presses,
The forest minstrels their soft tones are blending;
And the rich incense from her amber tresses
Comes from her golden throne in clouds descending.

F. B. S.

IMPORTANCE OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

In Great Britain a very large proportion of the imports consists of raw produce, obtained from the vegetable kingdom. Thus in the year 1836, the net-produce of the customhouse duties amounted to £22,774,991. Of this large sum not less than £21,127,000 was collected upon vegetable, £1,177,091 upon animal, and only £72,823 upon mineral substances. These sums are certainly not in proportion to the importance to the country of the three kingdoms of nature, as the exports consist chiefly of manufactured articles, both of mineral and animal products, as well as of the vegetable substances previously imported; but they very strikingly confirm the commercial importance of the vegetable kingdom.—*Dr Royle.*

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MY FATHER THE LAIRD.

[It may be well to state that this piece—the first of a short series in which, as it appears to us, domestic life is sketched with singular spirit and fidelity of pencil—is really what it appears to be, the composition of a lady advanced in life, the daughter of a Highland proprietor of ancient name. This first paper depicts the north-country gentleman of the conclusion of what we may call the age of old-world things—the time when there was no systematic agriculture, no struggling activity, and only a simple and antiquated kind of refinement. A second paper shows a transition state of things in the middle of the last war; and a third, we believe, will set forth the contrast afforded by the present stage of society.]

It must be above a hundred years since my father was born, for he did not marry early, and I, his youngest child, am now something past seventy. I have always heard that he was near his fiftieth year at my birth. My first recollection of him is as an elderly man, grave, yet kind in manner, passing through the quiet routine of his life with the dignity befitting the laird of the wild Highland glen that was his heritage. Of his youth I know little. In those days children held but distant intercourse with their parents; they seldom shared their confidence, either as to memories of the past or plans for the present or the future. Orders were given and obeyed, with a little sternness on the one hand, and extreme submission on the other; and thus was preserved the distance in position then considered essential to good family government. I learned, however, that he had been partly educated at Aberdeen, that he had made one or two journeys to Edinburgh, had even been in London, and, upon some particular occasion, had gone from thence as far as Dover, where he had had a peep of the French coast.

My mother was not a Highlander, on account of which defect she had never been thoroughly popular among her husband's vassals, whom, perhaps, she did not sufficiently understand to be enabled to conciliate. She was of an ancient border race, descended from some of those moonlight riders whose fame has hardly passed away with their rude age, yet who were so little accounted of by the proud clans of the Highlands, that, despite her beauty, her grace, her unwearied benevolence, my mother never, in their eyes, filled the place of her predecessor, my grandmother, the Lady Rachel, a termagant of a woman, who ruled her whole household by the help of a good stick, and fed ever so many rebels in the caves and woods in the very face of the government.

The beautiful glen appropriated by my ancestors several long ages ago, when 'might made right' all over the 'north countrie,' runs deep up into the chain of hills which stretches across the central Highlands, lost in a pine forest at the upper end, and at the other expanding towards one of the many considerable lakes intersecting these solitudes. A small river, frequently in-

terrupted in its course by rocky birchen-wooded banks, falls within a mile of the lake, over so steep a precipice, as to entitle it to the reputation it has long maintained, of being one of the finest bits of scenery in the district. About the middle of its descent the stream is broken by a high, black angular rock, dividing the water into two diverging cataraacts. On a sort of natural terrace raised from the meadow, backed by the gray mountains, the lake in front, the stream at hand, the waterfall in full view, stood, in my father's day, the ruins of an old massive tower, with the usual long, high, narrow steep-roofed house attached to it. It was the ancient seat of the family; but my father, since his marriage, had never lived there, my grandmother, the much-revered Lady Rachel before-mentioned, having demurred as to the necessity of removal from the place she was used to. My gentle mother, therefore, had prevailed on him to occupy, in the meanwhile, what had been the jointure house on the property, a mile or two farther up the glen; and when, in the course of years, the castle became vacant, they had grown unwilling to leave this their humbler dwelling-place. They found, too, it would be cheaper to add to it than to repair the more chieftainly-looking residence. They therefore built two heavy square wings to the lowly centre, with what was called a back 'jamb' for kitchens; walled in a bit of ground behind for a garden; set the barn, the poultry-house, the forge, and a labourer's hut or two, down in full view on one side; the stables and cow-sheds in an equally conspicuous situation on the other; with a duck-pond in front, and a sun-dial before the door, to watch over it; and the whole premises being at a most respectful distance from every appearance of a tree, it was altogether the only ugly spot in the neighbourhood.

Within, the arrangements quite corresponded to the taste displayed without. I cannot forget now how all the different rooms were connected; but I know that half the family lived on the ground-floor, the remainder up in the garrets, leaving the first floor entirely for company. My father and mother occupied a small parlour, with a sleeping-closet adjoining it, in one wing; my French governess and I had the same extent of accommodation in the other; the old but-and-ben were turned into rather a handsome entrance-hall, and what would have been really a fine dining-room, had the ceiling been higher. There was a good staircase too, leading up to a long, narrow drawing-room, and the bed-chambers for visitors. My four brothers, with their tutor and the servants, were all packed away in the garrets, as were the apples, the feathers, and the oysters.

The furniture was for the most part plain enough. In the dining-room I remember neither curtains nor carpet; yet I think there must have been a bit of carpet, Krench fashion, round the long table. There was

a sort of buffet at the end of the room, well filled with plate and glass upon occasion; silver mugs, and jugs, and horns deeply tipped; a large waiter or two, and a couple of vases, with plenty of long-stalked, though very small glasses, some of them with spiral stems curiously embossed or fluted, and three different-sized real china punch-bowls, and a great quantity of small silver-edged horn ladles. My mother's parlour, where we always breakfasted when alone, had, in the winter, a home-made carpet, dyed black, yellow stuff curtains, and a high-backed couch. In a closet near the fire, she was in the habit of putting all such delicacies as she reserved for our private entertainment; or rather for hers and my father's, as we children seldom came in for more than the plainest fare. The mantelpiece was covered with snuff-boxes, of every sort of shape and value, amongst which were a few foreign shells. Over it hung, crossed, my father's two swords; in dirty red bags. The drawing-room was more magnificent. The curtains were of silk, fringed the same as the bed-hangings, and the curtains of the best bedroom, which opened out of it. The carpet, though not quite covering the room, was a purchased one, and handsome; the tall chairs, ranged in rows against the walls, were covered with my mother's own needlework; the walls themselves were hung with family portraits—the Lady Rachel figuring there in dishevelled hair and a flame-coloured gown; and on the mantelpiece was a large glass-case, filled with white paper flowers, manufactured by my French governess, who had also made a filigree basket, inlaid with what we children called sheep silver, gathered from the granite stones by me, her pupil. It stood on a small table near a harpsichord, opposite to a neat cabinet. There was also a round table, on which was set a tray of tea china—the cups hardly bigger than those of the doll sets of this age—made of the clear egg-shell china, and really used, as I have seen, in an afternoon by my mother and such lady guests as occasionally occupied the state bedroom. Tea was not at that time a daily luxury with us. As a meal, my mother never got reconciled to it; her own usual breakfast was soup, and wheaten bread baked on the girdle, with a very small glass of brandy after it. Meat, fish, wine, spirits, bread, milk, sometimes chocolate, were served before the guests. I think my father generally took porridge. The breakfast was late—so was the dinner; but my recollections of these very early days are confused, as I mixed but little with the company.

When alone, my mother's usual morning dress was a chintz bed-gown over a quilted petticoat, and on her head a square handkerchief of cambric, trimmed with lace, placed straight across her forehead, and pinned at the back beneath its extra drapery, which, hanging down behind, formed a high ear on either side, something like the *coiffure* of the old Rochelle fisherwomen, or the prints of our Henry of Bolingbroke. By the middle of the day she was dressed in her dark silk full-skirted gown, or her *parade* of warm cloth in winter; a lace handkerchief, or a thick shawl over her bosom, according to the season; her hair slightly powdered, and pulled oddly up from her forehead to the crown of her head, supporting a flat muslin cap, with a deep flapping frill, and long ends of ribbon dangling from it. In fuller dress there was more cap, and more lace, and more powder; and I remember once or twice a little hat, with puffs of ribbon and feathers; to honour which, her long diamond ear-rings were added, and a single string of pearls, or a black velvet band with a diamond clasp, fixed round her throat. Her brooch in full dress was my father's picture set in brilliants, altogether about the size of a modern card-case. She had one dress which I do not remember to have ever seen her wear, and which I have now beside me, among other venerable curiosities. The petticoat was white quilted satin, covered with a silver net, looped up by silver tassels; the gown was open, edged with silver fringe, and composed of white watered lace, embroidered in silver. It was probably her wedding-dress, from the care that

was taken of it. Her occupations were all quiet, for her health was indifferent; yet I always remember her as busy and cheerful. She rose early, gave her orders in the family, heard me read my 'chapter,' read herself for a short time in some serious book; took a turn in the garden, gathered herbs, prepared her confectionary, or her sirups, or her infusions—for she was both head cook and head apothecary—and then she worked chair covers, and stools, and rugs, like her great-grandchildren. She seldom moved from home; neither had she often ceremonious company to entertain; but a chance visitor was a very frequent occurrence, as my father's was a house where the passing guest was always welcome.

My father's time was less fully occupied, as in his day the care of property was a very simple matter. The little crofts, stolen from the thick birchwood that clustered upon every bank throughout the glen, were let in small patches to innumerable tenants, who paid their trifling rent in kind or labour—so many days' work, so much corn, so many peats, so much poultry: our own farm supplied the rest; and all the money he ever looked upon was what his large flock of sheep produced him. His pipe was therefore of some importance; he opened his red-flapped gold-laced waistcoat after dinner, reclined in one of those corner chairs with a low circular back, which presented its lozenge-set seat to the curious in antique comfort, and holding the long pipe lightly across the fingers of his beautiful hand, he indulged in a reverie no one ventured to disturb. I have him now before me—calm, serene, placidly enjoying the quiet he loved. His wig was short-tailed, slightly powdered, off his forehead, and the strings of stiffened hair that fell from it nearly reached his shoulders; the wide long-skirted coat possessed no collar, nor did the shirt; and the deep cuff of the coat-sleeve did not reach down within an inch or two of the full shirt-sleeve, which was finished by a double ruffle, that showed to much advantage the shape and colour of his hand. I don't think he was handsome; there were no features of particular beauty; no expression but serenity; yet there are moments when my early-formed taste, shocked by the bustle of modern manners, has reverted with regret to the gentlemanly repose of my father.

He had two brothers, one of whom he had long lost sight of; for, by some strange accident, very uncommon in that age, he had gone in his youth with his regiment to India. The other, my uncle the captain—for, as a matter of course, he also had been a soldier—had seen some service in various parts of Europe; he had, however, retired early from his profession, owing to some disgust he had received in it, and he had lived for many years at a small farm not very distant from our own. The captain being a bachelor, passed much of his time at my father's; he had his long pipe too, and he sat at the opposite side of the fire to the laird, keeping him silent company. They were very unlike. The laird, negligent in air and in dress, seemed to play with his whiffs of tobacco; while it was quite a matter of business with the captain, who, stiff, erect, with plaited stock and ribboned queue, and short decisive manner, smoked in good earnest so many puffs to the minute.

My uncle's home was a mere cottage; a parlour with the usual sleeping-closet adjoining it, a spare room for a friend, and the kitchen. Very scanty was the furniture, very few the servants, very simple the fare; but they suited both the habits and the finances of the captain, with the help of the laird's fireside. My brothers and I liked to visit the captain. Besides the bowl of broken milk, the cranberry jam, the cheese and thickly-buttered oatmeal bread his old housekeeper gave us, my uncle had stories of the wars which we were always glad to listen to—long histories of his few campaigns, tales of his dull or gay garrison life, frightful sea-storms he had encountered in his transports, and the usual degree of honour his merits had been required with. Over his fireplace hung a very martial

array of swords, daggers, pistols, and carbines, with a military sash festooned around them. He had a small garden, in which, besides the common vegetables then cultivated, was a hedge of gooseberries never pruned—so full of hairy fruit, small of course, but so sweet, so highly-flavoured, I would give all the gigantic insipidities of these gardening-days for one Scotch pint of my uncle the captain's black gooseberries. He took some pride in them himself, and had particular pleasure in observing them to ripen by my mother's birthday—a gala-day duly celebrated. Our nearer relations, when they could be reached, were always invited to it, with many of their retainers, and all our own people, from every corner of the glen. There was a dinner in the long dining-room, and a dinner in the barn, which was afterwards cleared for dancing—gentle and simple meeting in perfect fellowship.

Upon this occasion the captain invariably wore his uniform. It was a little tight—for his regular habits, and his native air combined, had rather encouraged an inclination in his figure to rotundity—yet it suited him well; the long queue figuring almost as an upright, while his head was bending low before my mother, with whom the etiquette of years had established that he was to open the ball. The chapereau bras pressed tightly under one arm, the other was extended resolutely to touch with its single-fingered point the gently-raised hand of his partner. Quietly and gracefully I remember my mother moving through the slow strathspey in her long, rich full gown, her stately head and diamond drops; while my uncle's busy feet—in the neatest of low-quartered shoes, where sparkled most brilliant buckles—worked merrily away in double time to the family 'raut.'

I had two aunts, both of them younger than my father, and both married long before I had any recollection of them. They were settled in different directions, each more than what was then a good day's journey from us. They had married well—lairds suited to such ladies. My uncles-in-law were well connected and well descended, and for their means they had acres enough, whatever they made of them. One attribute of wealth they possessed in abundance—overwhelming families. My Aunt Grace had latterly brought five sons and two daughters to the family gatherings—her stock; while my more discreet Aunt Peniel selected for inspection only a few specimens from the eight or ten sturdy urchins that enlivened her home.

I wish I could call to mind more accurately the habits of those long-past days; but, as will be seen, my connexion with this dearly-loved home of my childhood was early severed; and thus deprived of any assistance in recalling what has left so few traces of what was once existing, my young memory proved faithless to many of its first impressions.

My brothers were studiously kept as much apart from me as possible: the only meal we shared together was dinner. It was my mother's wish that her daughter should be educated in advance of the age; and this she thought would be effected by in-door employments, instead of healthy romping without. My governess had no delight in exercise. A French novel, her coffee, her embroidery—these were her recreations. She particularly disliked the tutor, who was too young for a lover, too unpolished for a companion. What he taught my brothers I never knew. They seemed to be mostly occupied in fishing, rowing, riding, and, in the proper season, shooting and deer-stalking. They certainly passed a few hours daily in their studies, when whatever studies they pursued there, must have been considerably entertaining, were we to have judged from the loud bursts of merriment which issued from their apartments. My mother sometimes ventured to remark, in her gentle way, that she doubted whether my brothers were making much progress. My father replied in his, that the boys looked healthy, and seemed happy; and the captain added, that in the army a good constitution was of much more consequence to an officer than any

amount of learning; so that matters proceeded with them as usual.

We had no neighbours; the wide moors on either hand were all my father's; the lake was broad enough to form a barrier between our retired glen and the more fully-inhabited opposite shore. We were therefore little disturbed by its population. A bridle road only led on some twenty miles to the military highway, for which General Wade had to be venerated. We were therefore thrown upon ourselves for our occupations, and upon our humbler retainers for our general companions. They were not few: old servants, some still capable of their duties, others retired on trifling pensions to small turf-huts erected for them; old tenants of various degrees, from the humble tiller of a few acres, to the distant relation with a larger farm, and perhaps the half-pay of a lieutenant in addition to it; and the young of all, with whom we habitually mixed—none of any rank ever for a moment losing sight of our relative positions; for there is an indescribable superiority of manner, I believe I may say of character, among the Highlanders as a people, which raises the humblest of them completely above the rank of modern peasantry. They were then quite unskilled in the ways of life beyond their mountains—unacquainted with any of the refinements of luxury, even with many of the arts necessary to decent comfort; full of old prejudices, bigoted to old habits, devoted to old attachments, not over-cleanly in house or person, idle, irritable, and upon some points impracticable. Yet there was a dignity of mind common to them—a self-possessed deportment, springing from their peculiar condition, which made them no unfit associates for the higher members of the clan with whom they felt themselves to be connected.

My father had a 'grieve'—a Donald Dhu, or Black Donald—whose father, grandfather, and, for all I know, great-grandfather, had been grieves before him. He lived in one of the many dwellings close at hand, and his wife tended the cows and the poultry for my mother; in fact this wife—a pretty and a stirring woman—was the real head of the whole establishment, for she had the most perfect control over Donald; Donald was all-powerful with my father; and my father's slightest wish was law to my mother. Donald and Eppie were careful creatures, honestly guiding their master's business as they would have done their own—badly enough, I believe, but to the best of their ability. They were far from being overworked; they had leisure-time to fill our young heads with the grandeur of our ancestors, the pride of feeling requisite in our important station, and such other topics of feudal principle as suited the haughty spirit of the Highlanders. Towards nightfall of a winter afternoon my brothers and I, when we could escape from our respective superintendents, were happy to gather round Eppie's neatly-swept hearth, which she would render more cheerful by setting a small torch of bog-fir on a stone slab, left purposely for it in the chimney; and there she would entertain us not only with tales of the clans, or anecdotes of our own family, or stories of the late rebellion, but with legends of the goblin inhabitants of every spot of note in the country. Some of these long-descended superstitions were beautiful in their imagery, poetical in every sense, with generally a moral tendency even in the few instances of retributory horrors occasionally inserted among the lighter fictions. The Highland fairy is not a sanguinary avenging demon; there is nothing of the gloom of the Goth among the supernatural agents of our traditions, at least rarely. Puck, with his frolic fun, is more akin to the mischievous revels of our fays and brownies, which, for the most part, rather aided than impeded the affairs of the race with which they were connected. I recollect, however, that when an Allister Moore—literally Muckle Sandy, or the Big Shepherd, as his name had been translated for my mother's southern ignorance—joined our friends party, the legends of men and fairies assumed a much more harrowing form.

Allister's employment necessitating, for the greater part of the year, a solitary life, a gloom had crept over his mind. Following his flock up to the hollows among the bare hills, inhabiting for weeks his lonely bothie, or sleeping in his plaid beneath a stone, tracking the stragglers through the heath and forest, or to the silent corries near the rocks, he came to imagine voices in the storm, shapes in the mist, the graves of the murdered near every cairn, or the wail of the drowned by every torrent, and along the shores of the lonely lake. There was a very aged cowherd, or bowman, as in those days they named him—his office having, in olden times, obliged him to protect his cattle with a cloth-yard shaft—almost in his dotage from the weight of years, who had himself, in his youth, been spirited away to fairy-land; and though after a while restored to his lamenting relations, he had never thoroughly recovered from the effects of the spells then thrown round him. An ugly red shock-headed fox-hunter, a great ally of my elder brother's, had had his experiences of these deceptive associates—having danced a whole twelvemonth with them with a sack of meal upon his back, the cords supporting which had worn through the skin to the bone, from the weight he had borne on his shoulders through this long reel; for it was on Hogmanay night that he had been persuaded, by a little group of merry folk in green, to enter a bothie with them, and join their revels, he being on his way home at the time with this provision for his family; and it was on Hogmanay again, a twelvemonth after, that, on the ending of the reel, he took his leave of his pleasant entertainers; without an offer of refreshment, however, which accounted for his spectre-like appearance on his return to mortal society. An old 'Bell' too, had in her youth seen many wonders, and heard of more, so that our stores of such learning quickly accumulated; and though all these legends were in a manner discouraged in the parlour, my father and my mother, and even the captain, had each heard of one or two extraordinary facts, so strangely authenticated, that they confessed they hardly dared to doubt them—the mysteries of nature being acknowledged by them to be unfathomable. We fathomed them all by the help of our numerous humble acquaintance; for we knew all, each and all, by name and calling, and felt an interest in their fortunes fully reciprocated.

Several times a-year my father collected his followers around him. On my mother's birthday there was always, as I have mentioned, a dinner and a ball; at harvest-home another; on Christmas-day—old Christmas-day, for in our glen we knew nothing about the new style—there was a ba'-playing in the morning, a supper and a dance at night; and in summer, in the clipping season, when every one was collected at the sheep-cote, high up towards the hills, this most serious business of the year was finished with perhaps the merriest of all his entertainments. For it was in the bright June weather, out in the fresh air, all that was beautiful in mountain scenery around us. These were happy times: at least I was a happy child, finding, like others of my age, amusement in the objects around me; and if there be truth in the importance of early impressions, receiving on a ductile imagination such as tended to nourish a wild poetry of feeling, which, like other human associations, was fruitful both of good and evil. Educated in our youth my brothers and I were not: to avoid such habits as were considered beneath the dignity of a son or daughter of our race, was the extent of our moral training. We had the example, too, of the naturally high-bred manner of our parents; and so far as these causes could influence tempers, ours were regulated. Our 'princely' position taught us to know that on our affability depended the ease of all with whom we associated: neglect would have been painfully felt; any want of courtesy would have been looked on as unkindness. It was therefore of necessity that politeness grew with us; it was not condescending, impertinently-condescending politeness, neither was it

haughty: it was simple. It was the noble, neither jealous of his rights, nor arrogant in their exercise towards the vassal, too secure in self-respect to refuse the homage due to his chieftain. My father was indeed the father of his clan. Accessible to all, interested in all, he was everything in every way to all his people. I have a pleasant recollection of my father, he was so thoroughly the gentleman. In his rude dwelling, with his simple habits, unlearned, unrefined, he was the head of an ancient race unmistakably.

I must not forget, among these sketches of the olden time, the minister, as his ballad lore made his company of some consequence in our quiet home. Yet there was little to mark him by: he was neither a rigid disciplinarian, nor a moving preacher, nor a busy, meddling censurer of foibles he was himself exempt from. He was 'just an honest man,' as Miss Nelly, another affectionate friend of my childhood, described him; taken up with the care of his little glebe, and the value of his bolts of victual, and the decent bestowal of his only son, and of his several industrious daughters, in some suitable employments. The wife I don't at all remember; yet she was there, in the kirk on Sunday, at the manse when called on, and once or twice in the year at the house by invitation: still I cannot recollect her in the least. The minister I well remember—a short, rosy man, in his well-worn suit; the best maker of punch in the parish, and always the life of the company.

Miss Nelly was a distant relation; from what particular dell, or haugh, or mountain-side she came, I know not; neither am I clear as to whom among our numerous cousins she was descended from. The purpose for which she came to us was to 'keep the keys,' when my mother's increasing delicacy of health made the management of her family too great an exertion for her. Miss Nelly, though of a good height, and what the Highlanders call handsome—that is, well-shaped—was far from being a beauty; indeed her face was plain, without one good feature, a little pitted with the small-pox, and freckled; her complexion suiting the light sandy hair, she wore unpowdered, neatly twisted round a high comb at the back, and kept in order by the snood, that was bound rather low on her forehead. But who that knew her worth ever thought about the beauty of Miss Nelly? She was like an abiding gleam of sunshine in the house, so gay, so active, so kind, so good; cheerfully, faithfully doing her own duty, encouraging rather than commanding all around her to do theirs. After her arrival, all had to bestir themselves; even Black Donald had to look about him, for the keen eye of Miss Nelly penetrated far and near. What churning and yernings followed her care of the dairy; such baskets of eggs, such fat fowl, such well-reared calves, had never been seen about the place before; and how the wheels birred of an evening in the kitchen! Such webs of linen, and woollen, and linsey, as filled the old chests on the garret landing. In my mother's quiet reign, as much was not spun in a dozen years as Miss Nelly had off to the weaver, the result of one winter's labours. Yet the whole household liked her. Then she sang with a voice of such sweetness, and power too, when she chose to exert it, a few good merry songs and several plaintive ballads, as the 'Ewo Bughts,' which I well remember. But she shone in her Gaelic airs, the lilt known to the shepherds and the dairy-maids, and the boat-songs of the western isles. They were beautiful in themselves, most beautiful as she sang them. Then for family history she was as good as a chronicle. She had every incident of the rebellion off by heart, though she was only born as it burst forth; but she was christened with a white cockade on her cap, taken by Prince Charles from his own breast, and thus made his devoted adherent for ever. She kept the precious relic in a box, almost her only valuable, and she sometimes allowed us to have a peep of it. She also showed us many places where his followers had found shelter in the glen, among the rocks and caves by the river side, and in the woods; and she took us often to the old

tower, down near the lake, and pointed out the back window in the lower storey out of which my grandmother, the Lady Rachel, used to sally with her confidential maids to carry provision to their hiding-places.

It is like a dream to me now these recollections of my childhood. The world we live in is so unlike this time long past. I often think of it to sadness, for the marked character of the scenery and the people made impressions never to be removed from a partaker in all the associations of a chieftain's state. We were rude in those distant Highlands, for we were removed from the course of civilisation, which was even then polishing away the peculiarities of distinctive races; and we were proud, for we had never seen our superiors, and we had but little intercourse with our equals. Have we gained by the change of habits which the progress of 'improvement' has produced? I am too old to feel myself sufficiently unprejudiced to answer this wide-spreading question. I have undertaken to give my grandchildren my impressions of their Highland ancestry, and I will leave to them the comments on my simple facts.

ST HELENS AND ITS GLASS-WORKS.

THERE is no county in England to whose importance manufactures have so much contributed as that of Lancashire. Nature has denied to it the charms which arise from a rich soil or a variegated surface, but has given instead rich beds of coal, and two important navigable rivers. When, therefore, machinery began to be commonly used, and America sent large quantities of raw cotton, to be spun by English skill into clothing, the great resources of Lancashire became available. Steam machinery was established where it would be nearest to its requisite food—coal; and cotton-mills sprung up in that district which was nearest to the great port that communicated with America. Population was attracted to the county, and almost every village that had a favourable situation grew apace into a large and wealthy town. An attempt will be made, in the following sketch, to give a picture of one of these, which, though now containing a population of about eighteen thousand, was, twenty years ago, but a small and insignificant place.

The town of St Helens is situated about eighteen miles to the west of Manchester, and is reached by a branch railway, three miles in length, communicating with the line between Liverpool and Manchester. It is in the centre of a rich coal district, and has, by means of railways and canals, the most easy communication with the port of Liverpool and other parts of Lancashire and Cheshire. So plentiful is coal in its neighbourhood, that, from an eminence near it, the country is seen for miles around thickly studded with collieries; and while that mineral is selling in Liverpool at fifteen shillings and sixpence per ton, it can be purchased at St Helens for seven shillings and sixpence, at the mouth of the pit. In a few places the coal-beds crop out in the soil, and in passing over one or two fields, the attention of the visitor is directed to what appears to be a quantity of coal-dross scattered about, but which, in reality, is the edge of the coal-seam. This excellent supply of fuel renders St Helens an admirable site for those manufacturing processes which require a powerful heat; and this consideration, together with its vicinity to the extensive salt-mines of Chester, have made it one of the most important seats of the glass manufacture in England.

The first view of St Helens, as of most other manufacturing towns, is not very prepossessing. It lies on a piece of level ground, surrounded by a few gentle eminences, and seldom on any week-day is it without its overhanging cloud of smoke. Through this the visitor sees irregular masses of brick houses, two or three churches with square towers, tall chimneys vomiting smoke, and conical glass-houses giving out occasional bright flashes of flame. The clank of hammers ringing against iron is heard from many a forge and foundry, and a strange compound of smells proceeds from a chemical work which rears its head close by the railway station, and in the

suburbs of the town. The streets have apparently been laid out without any plan, as chance or interest might direct, and the houses, which are chiefly of two storeys, are as plain as a combination of lime and bricks can well be. In many of the streets only one side has been built up, and there are therefore various vacant spaces of ground, which, in rainy weather, contain pools of water, and prove anything but conducive to health. Like many other manufacturing places, St Helens seems to have been built in a hurry, the attention of the inhabitants being so much absorbed in advancing manufactures, that they would care little about the kind of houses they should provide for themselves. There is much truth in a remark which was once made, that 'our manufacturing towns too much resemble the hasty encampment of settlers in a new country, anxious to avail themselves as speedily as possible of its natural advantages.' And yet it is to such towns that Britain owes its greatness as a manufacturing country; and it is out of St Helens that we obtain that clear, pellucid, and most transparent of all substances—glass; which is of such vast importance to man, and which is daily used, in some way or other, by almost every human creature.

Manufactured glass is of three kinds—plate, crown, and flint. The first is used for mirrors, shop-fronts, &c.; the second for glazing ordinary windows; and the third embraces all such vessels as tumblers, decanters, &c. In St Helens all these kinds are manufactured. There are two establishments for making plate-glass, two for flint-glass, two for crown-glass, and one where bottles (green glass) are made. The most important of these is situated on a gentle eminence in the neighbourhood of the town, and called Ravenhead, the road to which is strikingly characteristic of the present age. The visitor walks for some distance along the banks of a canal which connects St Helens with the Mersey river. On each side of this canal are seen various manufactories, with their tall 'steeples chimneys' clouding the air with smoke. On the water various vessels, called flats, are seen loading and unloading with glass, coal, and other articles. The canal terminates at a large establishment for the smelting of copper, and near it is a confused heap of sandy-looking refuse, cast out from some manufactory. The road then ascends to Ravenhead—the largest plate-glass work in the kingdom. It was established in 1773, at a time when foreign nations were so much more skilled in manufactures than the British, that the first workmen had to be procured from France. It was carried on by its original founders at a pecuniary loss: in 1798 it changed hands, and came into the possession of a company called the 'British Plate-glass Company,' by whom the manufacture has ever since been conducted. The establishment at Ravenhead occupies more than thirty acres of ground; the original cost of the buildings was £30,000, and upwards of three hundred hands are regularly employed. The cottages of many of the workpeople surround the works, and the whole establishment is like a little colony. The various stages of plate-glassmaking may be thus described:—It is well known that glass is obtained by the fusion of sand. To enable the sand to fuse, it has to be combined with what chemists call an alkali, or a body which combines with an acid, and produces salts. The alkali used at the works in St Helens is soda, obtained from common salt. The sand employed is procured from the sea-shore at Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, near the estuary of the sea called The Wash. Various other chemical ingredients are used, and the proportions of each substance necessary to form a good plate are thus given by the chemist, Mr Parkes:

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Siliceous sand, washed and sifted, | 720 lbs. |
| Alkaline salt, or soda, | 450 ... |
| Quicklime, slacked and sifted, | 80 ... |
| Nitre, | 25 ... |
| Broken plate-glass, | 428 ... |

1700 lbs.

This mixture, which will yield, on an average, 1200 lbs. of good glass, is put into pots, and then placed in the furnaces. It is carefully examined while the smelting

process is going on, and gradually refined until it is found to be in a fit state for casting.

The house at Ravenhead in which this process is performed is remarkable for its extent and appearance. It is nearly 350 feet long and 150 broad. On entering, the visitor sees the gloomy passages extending the whole length of the building, and lighted only by the bright glow proceeding from apertures in some of the furnaces. In the centre are the furnaces containing the prepared mixture, and at each side are what are called the 'annealing ovens.' These are chambers in which the glass, after it has been cast, is subjected to a slow and gradually decreasing heat, until it is quite cool. In these ovens, plate-glass usually remains about fifteen days. Glass which is not subjected to this process is sure to fall into fragments when exposed to any change of temperature. The well-known experiment of the Rupert drops, which, after being held in the hand for some time, suddenly explode, and become a mere mass of sand, is performed with pieces of glass which have never undergone the annealing process, but been allowed to fall among water. There are upwards of forty of these ovens at Ravenhead. Each is sixteen feet in width, and extends forty feet back. Various groups of workmen are seen moving about in the most strange and striking costumes. Some have the eyes protected from the heat by a piece of transparent cloth or gauze, which hangs in a curious fashion from the cap on to the shoulder. Their dress is very scanty, and of course not at all clean. The face and hands are streaked with black, caused by the perspiration and coal-dust. At each end is seen a massive iron table, on which the glass is cast. These tables rest on a framework, and are heated by a quantity of hot coal placed in a pan underneath their entire length. They are on a level with the surface of the annealing ovens, and are supported on wheels, by which they are moved on a railway from one end of the building to the other. They are composed entirely of cast-iron, and are fifteen feet long, nine broad, and six inches in thickness. Across each is seen a heavy cylindrical roller, and alongside is a massive crane, and other apparatus for lifting the metal.

When the composition, or 'metal,' as it is usually called, is in a fit state for being cast, the pot containing it is hoisted out of the furnace by means of the crane, and suspended over one of the tables, which is carefully swept down, so that no specks of sand or dust may rest on its surface. Small iron slips, of the same height as the thickness of the required sheet of glass, are placed all around. The pot is then inverted, and the metal allowed to run gradually over the surface of the table, reaching no higher than the shallow borders of iron. The heavy cylinder is then rolled over its surface, to smooth it down into proper shape. The whole of the operation is conducted in perfect silence, and the glare of the red-hot metal cast on the grim attentive features of the workmen, gives a fearful, as well as picturesque appearance to the scene. The glass, as the roller passes over its surface, displays, like the diving dolphin, a great variety of brilliant colours. The process requires to be conducted most carefully; for, should any air-bubbles be produced, they will cause blisters to appear on the surface of the plate, which must consequently be cut across at the place where they are seen. 'The casting' usually takes place once each day, and the quantity cast daily at Ravenhead is generally eight tables, or about one thousand square feet of glass.

The surface of the plate being left rough by the casting, it has to undergo various other processes before it can be used. After lying a sufficient time in the annealing ovens, and after the rough edges have been cut away, it is conveyed in large quantities, by means of a railway, to the grinding-sheds. The appearance of these is entirely different from that of the building where the casting process is performed. The casting-house is gloomy and silent; the grinding-shed is full of light and noise. Plates of glass are here cemented to large stone-slabs, which are placed on supports at regular intervals. Other plates are cemented to frames above. The surfaces of the upper plates are placed on the surfaces of those attached to

the stone, and the frames are connected by an iron rod with machinery, which causes them to revolve. The one surface of glass is thus made to grind the other. These frames are attended by boys, who throw fine sand and water alternately on the surface of the lower piece of glass, and who chant a rude kind of song, to keep time with the screeching noise of the machinery and the grating of the plates of glass against the sand and each other. When one side of the plate has been ground enough, it is reversed, and the same process is adopted with the other side. The glass, on being removed from this shed, presents a dim, obscure appearance; the surface is rough and scratched, and it is not yet fit for use. It is then conveyed to another shed, where it undergoes a similar but finer process of grinding. Here the upper plates of glass are fastened to a frame, which is moved by women. If the plate is small, one woman only works at it; but if large, two or more are necessary. The glass is then taken to be polished—one of the most delicate processes of all. This is done by small wooden-blocks, covered with cloth where they come in contact with the glass, and working in frames, which push them backwards and forwards over the surface of the glass, on which is strewn a reddish kind of polishing-paste. By the constant action of these polishers, the plate is at last brought to a beautifully smooth and transparent state, and is then quite fit for use.

Those plates which are intended for mirrors are taken to another house, where they are 'silvered.' This is accomplished by laying down a sheet of tinfoil on a stone slab; on this some mercury is poured, in a quantity regulated by the size of the plate. The glass is then carefully pressed down on the mercury, the pressure being equal in every direction. In a day or two the mercury combines with the tinfoil, and both adhere to the back of the glass, thus forming a mirror. This process is likely ere long to be superseded by the cheaper and more simple process of Mr Drayton, described in No. 96 of our present series.

All these processes are performed on a great scale at Ravenhead. Different houses and different workmen are appropriated to the different processes; and so distinct are the various operations, that a workman who has a perfect knowledge of one is often very ill-informed about all the rest. Since the abolition of the duty on glass, the demand has become very great, and the quantity of plate-glass now used is enormous. Its effect on the appearance of the shop-fronts in our large towns is particularly striking. The great aim now is, to have only one pane of glass in one window; and thus shopkeepers are enabled to display their goods to more advantage, and to produce a more pleasing effect than could be done under the old system of numerous panes.

The manufacture of crown-glass is a process quite different from that which has just been described. The 'metal' is prepared in a similar manner; and as soon as it is ready for use, the workman inserts a tube into the melting-pot (which still remains in the furnace), and gathers on the end of it such a quantity of the metal as, from long experience, he knows is sufficient to form a circular piece of glass. The metal adheres readily to the iron, and is kept from falling off by the tube being turned rapidly round. It is then rolled on an iron slab, and, by a little blowing, is made to expand and assume a long pear-like form. At this stage the tube is handed to another workman, who blows it still more, and heats it at other furnaces, until it expands into a nearly globular form. When this is accomplished, the blower raises the tube in a horizontal position, and another workman gathers a small portion of metal on the end of an iron rod, by means of which he attaches the original globular mass to his rod. The tube is then withdrawn, and the globe conveyed to the mouth of another furnace, before which it is made to revolve. It is beautiful to see how the glass then gradually expands centrifugally, until, in a few minutes, it acquires a perfectly circular form of about five feet in diameter. It is then carried away, the edges glowing of a bright red colour, and placed on a soft cushion, where the tube is detached, leaving on the surface of the glass that mark which is usually called a

'bull's eye.' The piece is instantly lifted and placed in a perpendicular position in the annealing oven, where it remains about two days, after which it is ready for use.

There is another kind of glass made in St Helens, called sheet-glass. It was first manufactured in Germany, and the principal workmen engaged in it here are foreigners. The process in some respects resembles that by which crown-glass is made; the difference being, that the glass is blown into a cylinder, circular at one end and convex at the other. As may be imagined, it is very difficult to make the glass assume this form. After the workman has blown it into a long oval shape, he stops the end of the tube, and heats the opposite end of the glass at the furnace. The air is thus made to expand, and to break, for its escape, an aperture at the end of the glass, which, by heating and turning, is enlarged until it is precisely of the same diameter as the whole mass. The convex end is made to fly off by causing it to be heated and then suddenly cooled. A hollow glass cylinder then remains. A diamond is drawn across this from top to bottom, and it is removed to an oven, where it is placed in a horizontal position. The action of the heat causes it to divide where the diamond has been drawn, and the workman, by means of a piece of burnt wood, smooths it down to a plane surface. It is then placed upright in the annealing oven. None but those who have felt it, can form any idea of the intense heat which has to be endured in many of these establishments. The visitor, unaccustomed to it, is, soon after entering the glass-house, bathed in perspiration; and there are few who can look for more than a few seconds on the fearfully-bright white glow of some of the furnaces.

Besides these glass-works, St Helens contains five foundries—three for brass, and two for iron; several manufactories of earthenware; and various other works. Indeed, from the quantity of coal used in these establishments, and the elaborate scientific processes which are there carried on from day to day, this town may be regarded as a great laboratory, where the coarsest and rudest materials are, amid smoke, rubbish, and intense heat, changed by the skill of man into beautiful articles to minister to the wants and luxuries of life.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

SOME years ago, when the American fur company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other in the wild and rocky territory of the Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, to which our tale refers, was planted in a green and secluded valley, where pasture for cattle and comfort for man were as much as possible combined with security and safety. A little stream, bordered with cotton-wood and aspens, afforded a constant supply of water; while in the grand and magnificent valley of the Bayou Salade, at no great distance, pastured, in inexhaustible thousands, the buffalo and the elk; its rivers abounding, moreover, with the beaver, whose skins principally induce the hunters to tempt the dangers of the great American wilderness. In this spot, known as Spokan Fort, dwelt James M'Pherson, the owner and governor of the wild locality. M'Pherson was a Scotchman, who in early days had left his native country a poor lad, and now, by the exercise of that perseverance characteristic of his countrymen, had attained the position of a well-to-do merchant. Of an enterprising disposition, he had penetrated into the interior in search of further wealth; and having for some two years settled himself at Spokan, had there driven a thriving trade with the Indians, despite the impediments thrown in his way by his rivals. Nothing can equal the excitement of this precarious commerce. It is the constant effort on the part of opposition companies and traders to out-general the other, to mutually blind their opponents as to their destination and plans, as well as to be ever in the field first. These efforts

give rise to almost superhuman exertions, and tend to sharpen the wits of all parties in a very sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of the haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of the time to move and the time to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the most successful campaign. M'Pherson was shrewd and acute, and these qualities serving him in good stead, his affairs advanced in a very satisfactory manner.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a young Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and travelling the whole distance from New Orleans, had conveyed a cargo of merchandise for the use of the company. In addition to this, he had taken up, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson and a female attendant. So peculiar and so long a journey had thrown the young people much together, and without any reflection with regard to their difference of position, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Under these circumstances the voyage up the Mississippi and across the vast interior plains was of a most agreeable character. Both lingered upon deck to admire the bluffs and grassy plains, the vast interminable prairies; and never wearied of their gaze. The desert even had charms; and when the Rocky Mountains burst upon them in all their sublimity, their pleasure was complete. At length, however, they arrived at their journey's end. Ray became a clerk, and Miss M'Pherson presided over the establishment, as the daughter of the owner was in duty bound to do. Whatever might have been the lady's feelings, the poor clerk sought not to learn. He felt the difference of station, and, shrinking from any manifestation of his aspiring hopes, attended to his business honestly and diligently, but without ever showing the slightest enthusiasm for the avocation. Under these circumstances he was considered useful in his way, but failed to excite that notice which might have led to his advancement. Reserved and taciturn, even his mistress thought herself deceived in him. With the excitement of their happy journey, all his energies appeared to have departed. The truth was, that Ray, who was not of a sanguine disposition, saw no means of rising to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit.

About three months after his arrival, the time approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place: a meeting of much importance, as then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp, with their beaver and other skins, where the rival traders then repaired, and whoever offered the best price, obtained a ready and profitable market. About two days before the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasonings. Buffalo, deer meat, trout, salmon, wild fowl, all abounded on the board—round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party were engaged in discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and, after the pause of a moment, a half-bred hunter appeared on the threshold.

'What news, Nick?' said M'Pherson, who recognised in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

'Bad,' said Nick, advancing. 'Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan. The Indians all at camp already, with plenty beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some; then smoke, and buy all the beaver.'

'Why, that is good news,' said M'Pherson laughing; 'if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin until he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men, be continued, addressing his clerks; 'you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed.'

All very fine, said Nick with a knowing jerk of his

head; 'but Sublette him know a trick worth two of that. A hundred Blackfeet are outlying in the woods, and not a soul will reach the market until they are gone.'

'The Blackfeet,' cried M'Pherson; 'then we are defeated surely. What is to be done?'

'How many bales will suffice?' said Ray quietly.

'If Johnson, our agent, had but one,' replied the trader despondingly, 'all would be right. It is impossible, however; and this year is lost to me.'

'By no means,' said the clerk, rising, with all his native energy and fire beaming in his eye; 'Johnson shall have the bale, or my scalp shall hang in a Blackfoot lodge before morning!'

'Edward!' exclaimed the daughter with an alarmed glance, which opened the father's eyes to what hitherto had been a profound secret.

'Are you in earnest, Mr Ray?' said M'Pherson gravely, and even sternly.

'I am, sir; give me Wild Polly' (a favourite mare), 'and trust to me for accomplishing your wishes.'

'You will go alone then?'

'I will.'

M'Pherson ordered the mare he valued so much to be saddled, and in half an hour Edward Ray, with two bales of tobacco behind him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan amid the plaudits of the whole party, whose astonishment regarded less the perilousness of the adventure, than the character of the man who undertook it. Miss M'Pherson, conscious of the interest she had betrayed in her father's clerk, hastily retired to her chamber; while the father, after carefully fastening the gates, and posting proper sentinels, lit his pipe and seated himself, absorbed in reflection, by the huge fireplace in the principal apartment. Great smokers are your Indian traders, who in more things than one resemble the men with whom they have to deal.

Meanwhile Edward Ray, after leaving the fort, rode slowly down the valley, reflecting on the wisest course to pursue. Before him was a journey of seventy miles, with a hundred wild Indians thirsting for a pale face victim; the no less welcome that he owned a horse, and carried a rare prize in the shape of two bales of tobacco. Ray felt that he had rashly ventured on a wild and doubtful enterprise, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have soon turned back; but he knew the opinion his fellows had of him, and felt with pride that no one had offered even to accompany him. Besides, in the presence of her he loved, he had undertaken his bold task, and was determined that she should not think him indifferent and timid. A ride of half an hour brought him out of the valley, and upon the skirt of a plain of some extent. Here Ray halted, and gazing upon the prairie that lay at his feet, endeavoured to discover some sign of the Blackfeet. The moon shone brightly upon the waters and woods, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of an American night in the wilderness. Ray felt the influence of the hour and the place; and forgetting all but the delight of travelling by the moonlight over that plain, removed thousands of miles from civilisation, set spurs to his mare, and trotted swiftly along the path leading in the direction of the Indian mart. It was some time ere the young clerk paused, and then a sudden hesitation on the part of his mare brought him back to consciousness. Raising his eyes, he found himself close upon a wood, between which and a somewhat broad river he had now to pass. A single glance told him that Indians were near, as a light smoke rose from amid the trees; whether they had yet discovered him, was a matter of uncertainty. Ray therefore determined to make a bold dash; and, trusting to his beast, rode at a hard gallop along the skirt of the forest. The moment he neared the trees, his hand upon his rifle, he listened with the most anxious attention. Not a sound, save the clatter of his unshod mare, was heard, until he had half-cleared the dangerous cover. Then came the sound of horses in pursuit, and then the Blackfeet war-whoop,

with the crack of rifles. His enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit rose, and that he felt himself a man, with all a man's energies, and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back, he saw the wild Indian warriors coming fast towards him, but still not gaining ground; and he felt sure, did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests, and he urged his laden steed to her utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping Indians, half a hundred in number, galloped madly after him, their long spears waving in the moonlight, and their black hair streaming to the wind.

Before him lay a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched, and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand; and there, at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching a pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against this new opponent, who, just in time to save himself, cried, 'All right—Saucy Nick!' There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake; not before, however, the half-bred had cast a brand amid the reeds. They had not proceeded a hundred yards ere a wall of fire rose between them and their pursuers. Magnificent was the scene which now greeted the admiring eyes of Edward Ray as he halted on the other side of the brake. The reeds, scorched by the summer sun, were as inflammable as straw, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the right and left. The poor birds that sheltered in the morass below, alarmed, rose on the wing, and flying a few hundred yards, halted to gaze at the fire, which seemed to fascinate them; the wild animals, too, clinging to their lairs until the fire touched their very nostrils, would then unwillingly rise, and, leaping over it, scour over the black plain of cinders in the rear of the flames. As the two fugitives retreated, the scene became more magnificent, for the blaze was then seen in the distance creeping to the right and left in sparkling and brilliant chains. Then, as the wind arose, it hurried after them: as the roar of a distant cataract it was heard; while the heavens were overcast with the dense volumes of smoke that ascended.

'Away!' cried Nick, urging his steed to the utmost; 'the Fire-spirit is awake; he rides in yonder cloud! Away, or our bones will be mingled with those of the red men upon this plain.'

'But, Nick,' said Ray, as side by side they dashed across the prairie, 'how met we? I left you at the fort?'

'No! Nick start half an hour before. Wouldn't let brave warrior go by himself. Found him chased by Indians—Blackfeet; but Indian no take Master Ray. Nick know trick worth two of that. But hush!' he added, as they gained the entrance of a valley; 'the hoofs of our horses have waked the great Fire-spirit; but we are not yet free. Blackfeet in valley.'

At this intimation of their being again about to meet a party of their enemies, Ray prepared his arms once more, and then patting the neck of his gallant steed, urged her at a rattling pace through the valley. A flash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was not mistaken; but giving a volley in reply, and without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick now led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they followed slowly for some time. At length, satisfied that he had baffled pursuit, the half-bred once more entered upon the usual track; and, before daylight, reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents with a view to traffic with the rival white men.

To the right were the wagons of Sublette; to the left those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent. They found the latter in very bad spirits, as his rival was expected to

receive the necessary supply of tobacco in the course of the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would have been over. As, however, Ray detailed the object of his journey, and the success which had attended it, the agent's eyes glistened, and at length he exclaimed with a chuckle, 'Bravo, Mr Ray; I should just like to be in your shoes; for if you haven't made old Mac's fortune, my name is not Johnson. Such prime beavers you never saw. By the immortal head of General Jackson but you are a lucky dog!' Ray expressed his satisfaction at having been of such great service; and after a hasty meal, the traders began their day's work. First the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to the consternation of Sublette, with a liberal and plentiful smoke. Seated round the agent's tent, the Spokan, Kamloops, Chaudievs, Sinapoi, and other Indians, enjoyed with unmixed satisfaction what to them is a most precious luxury. The agent was most liberal of the weed: not a single Indian was forgotten; and when the barter commenced, the gratified aborigines testified their delight by disposing of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such, indeed, was the activity of the Spokan agent, and of his assistant Ray, that when Sublette received at length his supply of tobacco, not a beaver nor even a skunk-skin remained for which he could trade. Well aware that the Blackfeet, when once discovered, would draw off, Ray, after a brief hour of repose, borrowed a fresh horse, and hurried back towards the fort. His journey was tedious in the extreme, for the smouldering grass rendered it as unsafe as it was disagreeable. At length, however, the young clerk, to whom had returned much of his former despondent feeling, came once more in sight of Spokan, where he was received with open arms, as was Nick, who accompanied him.

M'Pherson, eager to learn the result of the young man's journey, drew him to his counting-house, and motioning him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray began his story, and, to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers which had befallen him, and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to that part of his story which referred to the extraordinary quantity and excellence of the beavers which had been obtained by means of his bold undertaking.

'Know, lad,' said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, 'that you have brought me the best year's trade I have had yet. Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beat Captain Sublette—the most cunning trader on the frontier.'

'I am very much gratified,' said Ray, 'that I have been anyway instrumental in serving you.'

'Ah, that is all very well,' interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes; 'but just tell me frankly, Mr Ray, why you, who are generally so slow and cold, should all of a sudden take so much trouble to do me a service?'

'It was the first time,' replied Ray, 'that I ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do.'

'Oh,' said the trader, still more enlightened, 'and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?'

'That I leave to you, sir.'

'Now, Mr Ray,' said the trader with a smile, 'I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me. I can see plainly enough that you have had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for, suddenly, when you could really serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct, of mine or of which to complain? Is your salary too small? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubled my fortune; let me do you some service in return.'

Ray determined to be plain. He saw that the worthy merchant was still in part in the dark, and he resolved to enlighten him. 'My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say I have hoped one day

to possess all you now hold.' This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson.

'What! would you be a partner, young man? The idea is a bold one; but, after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it.'

'Sir,' said Ray hurriedly, 'I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter, without whom wealth would be contemptible, and poverty insufferable.'

'Wheugh!' cried the astonished merchant; 'sits the wind in that quarter? And pray, sir, does my daughter know of this?'

'She does. You will recollect our long journey, when we were inseparable companions?'

'Oh, I recollect all; and pray, does my daughter encourage you?'

'She will speak for herself, dear father,' exclaimed the young girl, who, entering, had caught the import of their conversation. 'I did encourage him, because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late, Mr Ray had almost induced me to regret my resolution; but his recent devotion in your service convinced me that he was still the Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans.'

'And so,' said the old man pettishly, 'you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice or will?'

'We have arranged nothing, dear father, and leave it all to you.'

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no great difficulty in talking over the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law, but partner at Spokan; and I believe that none of the parties has had yet any cause to regret the 'midnight ride' over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE RAGE FOR CROMWELL.

We shall now probably have a rage for Cromwell, to last some time, as a make-up for the injustice with which his memory has been treated during the past two centuries. Mr Carlyle has set the fashion, and already Cromwell ribbons are sported at many inferior lapels. No one can now be suffered to say a word against this celebrated personage, under pain of an imputation of Dryasdustism, flunkeyism, and many other *isms* terrible to weak brains. What perfect folly, nevertheless, is all this! The man who slaughtered thousands of defenceless people, in order to terrify a nation into submission—a very pretty example, truly, of the principle of 'doing evil that good might follow'—who, finding parliaments troublesome, made his council ordinances pass as laws—who, having thrown a monarchy, professedly for the benefit of the people, was not unwilling to take the crown to himself and his own family—this man to be an object of undivided worship! Surely nothing but the hatred of something else could make men love Cromwell so much—like Hazlitt lauding Napoleon because he was so detested by the legitimists. What on earth is there to object to in the good old plan of viewing a human being's errors in connexion with his glories—mixing his shades with his lights? Why should we not see and acknowledge that Cromwell was only one of the class of warrior tyrants, although comparatively a well-meaning one. Surely nothing but a ridiculous truckling dread of that to which he stood in opposition, could dictate an exclusivism of panegyric so utterly absurd.

THE FREQUENT BREAKING OF LARGE BELLS.

An ingenious mechanical correspondent suggests that the frequent breaking of large bells, by which so much expense is occasionally incurred by corporations, cathedral chapters, vestries, and other bodies, is very probably owing to the partial manner in which the striking

of them takes place. The hammer for the hours impinges on one place alone, where it generally forms a deep hollow. The tongue hits two places almost as determinedly. The necessary consequences are a wearing and hardening of the metal at certain parts of the bell, thus introducing into its constitution an inequality, which will make it less able to resist powerful vibrations than it would otherwise be. The obvious remedy is to hang the bell in such a manner that it could be shifted round a small space each week or month, and thus exposed in every part alike to the action of the hammer and tongue.

AUTHORCRAFT.

Sir Lytton Bulwer thus speaks of authorship by profession, in his generous biography of Laman Blanchard, lately published:—For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his deathbed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than forge his place amongst his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which “the something to verify promise was to be completed.” No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggle, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus, generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the occupation seems sudden and unlooked-for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement.

We believe this to be, in the main, a true picture of the life of one who makes literature his profession in London, a few brilliant cases excepted. It is nevertheless true that successful authorship is a recognised means of advancing men in the world, and that there really is a considerable number of persons who, by their pens, and what their pens have done for them in political and social life, occupy enviable positions. While such is the case, there always will be many toiling with little success, as there are in other professions. It is also true that the profession of literature shows us many who have come into it on account of narrow circumstances, and who would be poor although they had never become men of letters at all. We thoroughly believe, however, that the great cause of the personal disasters which we hear of in connexion with the names of literary men, is their being contented to live in the manner of the great bulk of the industrious classes—making the daily effort supply the daily bread, and never providing against the contingencies which embarrass, impoverish, and lead to misery. In a struggling world like this, they have no chance, unless they can make themselves in some measure unpropertied men. Could they but retain one productive copyright, or keep a little reserve-fund at the banker's, their independence would be comparatively secured.

They could choose their task and their taskmasters. They might even come to be the employers of publishers—their natural position—instead of the slaves of that trade, which is the prevalent, and, as we hold, the false one. Were this the case, we should hear but little of the woes attendant on authorcraft.

‘It is impossible,’ cries some one; ‘authors begin poor, and never can they emancipate themselves from that state.’ We deny the impossibility. Means have been reserved and stored in far less favourable circumstances; and were there a true will, there would soon be a way. We fear that here lies the real evil. Literary men appear to hug their poverty as a kind of honourable badge of the spirituality of their trade. The common tone amongst them is contemptuous towards the prudential virtues which other men see to be the sure basis of so many others. The very supposition that poverty and literature are necessarily connected, must tend to establish the connexion, and make it indissoluble. We can imagine nothing more contemptible than a whining submission to such an adage.

One example, however, of respectable authorship rising above poverty, is worth pages of discourse upon the subject; and we therefore conclude with a notice which lately appeared in the *Sun* newspaper respecting the celebrated Peter Parley:—

‘Fancy a pretty and picturesque suburb of a large city, and that in this village there is one of the most charming cottages in the world, shadowed by graceful American elms, and surrounded by alanthus, chestnut, and dogwood trees. Enter the door, around the trellis-work of whose portico luxuriant creepers twine, and you will find yourselves, after passing through an entrance-hall, in an apartment, every article of furniture in which, whether for use or ornament, displays the perfect taste of its owner. Pictures by the best English, European, and American masters, adorn the walls, and articles of *vertu* are scattered about in various parts of the room. From the windows we have a charming view of the surrounding country. Away to the right rises the capitol-crowned city of Boston. A hot summer day, even so far north as Boston, is no joke; and that it is unusually warm, is proved by a green and golden humming-bird, which (a rare thing in the neighbourhood) is busy in the bell of a trumpet-vine just outside of the window.

“Will you walk into the library, sir?” says a servant; and, following her, we were ushered into a small room, adorned with

“Statues, books, and pictures fair.”

and a gentleman cordially welcomes us. It is Peter Parley himself—the beloved of boys, and the glory of girls. He is tall, and rather slightly made: for a moment he has laid aside a large pair of smoked-glass spectacles, and we observe that he has a pair of very bright, small, intellectual eyes, and soft and kindly in their expression. I had imagined him an elderly, bald-headed, venerable-looking man; he was quite the reverse of the picture of him which I had hung up in my own private and particular image-chamber. Over a beautifully-shaped head grew short, crisp, curly, dark hair, and his features were rather more youthful in cast than might be supposed in those belonging to a man of some half-a-century old—for that I take to be about his age. He was about the best-dressed man I had met in America; and the whole appearance and bearing of Peter Parley was that of the perfect and high-bred gentleman. Of his mental qualifications, which are not, as they ought to be, appreciated in this country, I shall speak presently.

Peter Parley's real name is Samuel Griswold Goodrich. He is the son of a clergyman of Connecticut—a state which has sent forth more literary men than any other in America. Mr Goodrich was educated in the common school of his native home; and soon after attaining the age of twenty-one, he became engaged in the business of publishing at Hartford, where he resided for

several years. In the year 1824, he was compelled by ill health to travel, and he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade, or profession, as it is more genteelly called, of authorship. Since that time he has produced some thirty and odd volumes under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in America and in this country, and many of them have been translated into foreign languages. Mr Goodrich informed me that a friend of his had actually met with one of his books "done" into Persian; and I have seen a Constantinople edition of one of the earliest of the "Parley" series.

Of some of these works, more than 50,000 copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr Goodrich published "The Token," the first annual which ever appeared in America; and for fourteen years he continued to edit it, during which time he contributed most of the poems, of which he is known to be the author. His " Fireside Education" was composed in sixty days, whilst he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusetts senate, and superintending his publishing establishment.

He told me, in the course of a conversation, that he had adopted the name of "Peter Parley," as he wished the tales he told children to be related by a gossiping old gentleman, who could talk and "parley" with them. "When I first used it, I little thought," said he, "that before long it would be better known than my own."

During the disastrous panic which occurred some years ago in the American money-market, Mr Goodrich, in common with hundreds of others, was a sufferer to a very serious extent. Previously to the calamity he had built himself a beautiful mansion at Roxbury, near Boston, and near it a lodge of very elegant design. Here he had fondly hoped to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment of competence, and even of affluence. But the crash came; and one dreary day Peter Parley, after all his hard work, found himself stripped of every dollar; and, instead of being independent in circumstances, ten thousand dollars in debt. But he was not the man to despair; and, acting upon the principles of perseverance and industry he had so often inculcated, he "never gave up," but set his shoulders once more to the wheel, and, with a willing heart and cheerful hope, commenced life anew. He was not so young as when he first wrote books; but the mine was yet inexhausted; his arm was still vigorous, and he recommenced working in the veins of knowledge. He was a prudent man, and so he sold his large house, and, with his accomplished wife and young family, removed to the lodge, which his taste soon converted into a charming home; "and," said Mrs Goodrich to me, when I visited them a few months ago, "we are just as happy as we were there." Day and night toiled Peter Parley, flinging off book after book with unexampled rapidity, until fortune smiled on her patient wooer, and partially restored him that of which chance had deprived him. Still he is toiling for the children, and, I am happy to say, not without earning his just wages.

Mr Goodrich's eyesight obliges him to seek the aid of his wife's pen; and it is not impossible that a certain indescribable charm which pervades Peter's later works may be ascribed to this circumstance.

Talk with interest of a literary life spent in garrets and prisons! How infinitely more interesting this picture of prudential authorship, practised amidst the unostentatious comforts which make a rational man's sufficiency!

HUME AND SCOTT.

To a common being of this world, one almost inevitable (fortunately not invariable) result of being patriotically exalted above his fellow-creatures, and the

necessity of applying to any useful employment, is the creation of a peculiar selfishness. He comes to think of the world as made for him and his grade alone; the other classes appear as mere servile appendages, whose merits are to be estimated only by the mastery they give and the services they render—too well off if they make a tolerable living, and by no means entitled to complain if they be occasionally cheated out of the fruits of their labours. Against such a spirit it would apparently require all the efforts of a high principle to make head. It is perhaps the most dangerous particular in the position of an exalted class, however otherwise circumstanced, for it galls the very soul of all beneath them.

It is curious to see two men so identified with old cavalier principles as Walter Scott and David Hume allowing their natural feelings on this point to escape them, as we find in their respective biographies. The former does so in speaking of his father as an agent for landed men. 'Most attorneys,' says he, 'have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expense of their clients: my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance, for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and benighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a lawsuit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants.'

We have an escapade of Hume's feelings in reference to a gentleman of noble family (the brother of an earl), who chose to make up to him when he thought he could be of service to him, albeit he had previously overlooked the philosopher. The circumstance occurred when Hume was secretary to the embassy, and in the blaze of distinction, at Paris in 1764. We may imagine with what feelings his friend Dr Blair read the following, in reply to a letter in which he had requested Hume to introduce Colonel L— to the good company where you are, and 'put him on the best methods of enjoying and improving himself at Paris:—'Before I was favoured with yours, I had seen Colonel L—, who waited on me, as is usual with the British who come to Paris. I returned his visit, and introduced him to the ambassador, who asked him to dinner among seven or eight of his countrymen. You will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that this is the utmost of the civilities which it will ever be possible for me to show Mr L—. For as to the ridiculous idea of foreigners, that I might introduce him to the good company at Paris, nothing can be more impracticable. I know not one family to which I could present such a man—silent, grave, awkward, speaking ill the language; not distinguished by any exploit, or science, or art. . . . Your recommendations have great weight with me; but if I am not mistaken, I have often seen Colonel L—'s face in Edinburgh. It is a little late he has bethought himself of being ambitious, as you say, of being introduced to my acquaintance. The only favour I can do him is to advise him, as soon as he has seen Paris, to go to a provincial town, where people are less shy of admitting new acquaintance, and are less delicate judges of behaviour.'

No one can reasonably doubt that both Scott and Hume were alive, where necessary, to the selfishness so besetting, as we have said, with those whom, as a class, these men worshipped. Both men, too, manifested in life a hardy spirit of practical independence, which seems totally at variance with their feelings respecting artificial distinctions of ancient date. Does not this tend to make more and more clear the principle we lately endeavoured to illustrate, that men sometimes embrace and profess obnoxious theories, because of the very purity of their own hearts from all that these theories imply? With the great minstrel and the great philosopher alike, the ancient ranks and other institutions were favourites of the imagination, not the reason. They gave them

qualities out of the riches of their fancy, as men do their mistresses, and then fell down and worshipped them. But all this was quite compatible with dispositions on their own part most humble and kindly; in every respect the reverse of those which an undue exaltation tends to create; and such, we know, really were the predominant moral qualities of both men.

SUMMARY OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

A SUMMARY of the collective accounts of the savings' banks distributed over Great Britain and Ireland, has recently been drawn up and published by Mr John Tild Pratt, the barrister appointed to certify the rules of friendly societies and savings' banks. The account is closed to the 20th of November 1844, and presents data for reflections and deductions of an extremely gratifying and interesting character.

It would be rash to conclude that the amount of deposits in these provident institutions is an indication of universal prosperity; because two sections of the community do not share in their advantages—namely, those who are too poor to have money to save, and those who, being too rich, make use of banks of higher pretensions. There is, however, a third section of the nation—happily far from a small one—consisting of frugal and industrious individuals in the humbler ranks of society, who may be designated the savings'-bank class. They are the working part of the community—its sinews; and, in so eminently-productive and manufacturing a country as ours, unquestionably the most important part of the nation. The inference, therefore, is as inevitable as it is pleasing, that the larger the capital in savings' banks, the more healthy the condition of the nation at large. Keeping these considerations in view, all must be gratified to learn that at the end of the year 1844, the deposits in the 577 savings' banks existing in the three kingdoms amounted to the amazing sum of L.31,275,636, accruing from 1,012,475 separate accounts;* the average amount of each account being L.27, 18s. Since 1844, twelve additional savings' banks have been established—a circumstance which leads to the anticipation that, when the 1845 account comes to be made up, it will be found greatly to exceed its immediate predecessor.

By the rules of regularly-appointed savings' banks, no depositor can invest more than L.30 in any one year, ending on the 20th November; nor more than L.150 altogether. Should the maximum sum be permitted to lie and accumulate at interest, no interest is allowed after it has risen to L.200. The rate of interest payable to the trustees and managers by the government is L.3, 5s. per cent., whilst that payable to depositors must not exceed L.3, 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. The difference in these rates of interest provides a fund for office expenses.†

When we look into the particulars of the summary, we find a few facts which speak for themselves, and others which admit of interesting comment. To begin with England:—At the end of 1844 it had 445 banks, in which 813,601 single depositors had placed L.23,469,371. More than half of them (namely, 461,195) were creditors for sums not exceeding L.20. Besides individuals, 18,689 friendly and charitable societies had placed in the English savings' banks L.1,643,494; so that the total of accounts was 832,290, and of deposits L.25,112,865.

* The number of depositors greatly exceeds the number of accounts, inasmuch as 10,631 of the latter are those of friendly societies, each made up of at least twenty times the number of members. It may therefore be reasonably computed, that the number of persons in immediate and indirect communication with savings' banks—including the workmen in various manufactories who club together a single account—is not much under one million and a half.

† The last of the acts of parliament by which savings' banks are regulated, was passed in August 1844. It is the 7th and 8th of Victoria, cap. 55.

Taking these facts as a data for England, we find that, contrary to general expectation, the English are more provident than their neighbours; for, as the single depositors amount to 813,601, out of a population of more than fifteen millions, it follows that one individual out of 18½ was in 1844 a savings' bank depositor. The average amount of each deposit was L.28.

In turning to Scotland, it is natural to expect evidences of that frugality for which the people of the north are celebrated brought out by the savings' bank returns. But the very reverse is the fact. In Scotland (population in 1841 about 2,600,000), there were, at the end of the savings' bank year, thirty-six savings' banks, containing L.966,149, arising from 68,791 single depositors, three-fourths—namely, 52,442—of whose accounts were for sums not exceeding L.20; whilst 1033 charitable and friendly societies were creditors to the amount of L.77,034 more, making a total of 69,824, and L.1,043,183 sterling. Thus we find that only one person in about every 38½ was in 1844 a depositor; whilst the average amount of each deposit, as well as the proportionate number of depositors to the gross population, was half that of England; being only L.14. These figures might be apt, without explanation, to overturn the current notions of the frugality and hoarding habits of the Scotch. The fact is, that the excellence and general efficiency of the local banking-system of Scotland offers so many advantages to persons possessing small accumulations, that it draws away the better class of depositors from the savings' banks. A small tradesman will, for example, go on making use of the latter till he has accumulated from L.10 to L.20, and then withdraw it to establish a credit at a bank of issue. Although such banks allow him about one per cent. less interest than the savings' banks, yet his capital in their hands is more current and pliable; he can draw and pay in when it suits him; he can get accommodation in loans and discounts; and, in short, render his little stock of cash of infinitely more use, and therefore of more value to him, than if it were locked up in a savings' bank. For these reasons, the line which separates the savings' bank class from that which deals with issue banks, must be drawn much lower in reference to Scotland than in England, and we must expect it to cut off a vast proportion of the more affluent amongst the savings' bank depositors. And thus it happens that, while in England not much above half the depositors before referred to were in possession of sums not exceeding L.20, the proportion of that rate of depositors to the whole of the savings' banks contributors was in Scotland above three-fourths.

In Wales, there were, at the period so often referred to, 18,007 single depositors, whose accounts united to make up L.518,348; and adding 683 friendly and charitable societies' deposits, which came to L.81,448, there was a total in Wales of 18,690 accounts, and L.599,796. The Welsh, who have no superior facilities of general banking, or perceptible cause to remove them from the rule we have laid down, appear to be either poorer or less provident than the English; for, out of their population of about 911,000, they had only 18,007 depositors; and it follows that, according to this calculation, one person in fifty only contributes to the twenty-three savings' banks distributed over the principality.

Ireland, when I rought to this test, bears out its unfortunate character for poverty and improvidence; for in it only one individual in about 90½ had dealings with the savings' banks (of which there were 78) in 1844; there having been 90,144 single depositors to a population of more than eight millions. Their united capital was L.2,685,698; to which, when we add 1099 societies, with a deposited capital of L.63,319, we obtain a total for Ireland of 91,243 accounts, and L.2,749,017 in deposits. The average of each deposit was L.29. The proportion of persons whose savings did not exceed L.50, was below that of the others we have instanced, being less than half, or 41,546.

In regarding the savings' banks of Great Britain and

Ireland through the medium of Mr Pratt's comprehensive summary, one of the most interesting points of view from which to observe them. In reference to their local situation. The topography of savings banks forms a study, by which we arrive at a knowledge of the comparative providence of people in various localities. We naturally turn to the English manufacturing districts to seek for the most extensive employment of these institutions. Though not the largest, the most populous county in England is Lancashire; and here we find that, to a population (in 1841) of 1,667,064, there are 67,159 accounts in thirty-five banks (only one less than all Scotland can boast of), yielding L.2,150,766, making an average of L.30 for each account. Yorkshire presents a more flourishing state of things; for although the population is lower in number than that of Lancashire (having, in 1841, been 1,591,584), the savings banks accounts were larger in 1844. They stand thus:—35 banks, 71,114 accounts, and L.2,256,843 sterling. Warwickshire, which, though it includes Birmingham, is partly an agricultural county, had, with a population of 402,121, seven savings banks, and 21,684 accounts, from which an accumulation arose of L.502,389. The amount of deposits in the great commercial and manufacturing towns was as follows:—Manchester, the highest in the empire, L.568,313; Liverpool, L.474,452; Newcastle, L.264,077; Leeds, L.262,908; Birmingham, L.250,080; Sheffield, L.182,838. In Staffordshire, the seat of the pottery trade (population 510,206), there were L.520,470 accumulated from 15,953 accounts.

The mining districts make a very respectable show in this summary for 1844. Cornwall, with its 341,269 inhabitants, had ten savings banks, and 13,167 accounts, amounting to L.525,922. In Cumberland (population 177,912), there were seven establishments, 7638 accounts, and L.219,457. Durham had 7467 accounts, and an accumulation of L.209,988, to a population of 324,277. Northumberland, with a population of 250,263, contained seven banks, holding 13,114 accounts, and L.477,476 in deposits.

Amongst the agricultural and sea-board districts, Devonshire appears to stand foremost for thrift, in reference to dealings with the banks for savings, even when we consider its large population. Plymouth, including Devonport and its dockyard, had, in four banks, 15,962 open accounts, the total of which was L.565,999. In the quiet city of Exeter, the surprising sum of one million three thousand pounds had found its way into one bank!

In Scotland, the greatest amount of wealth, and perhaps of prudence, appears to prevail in the capital. In the three savings banks (two in Edinburgh, and one in Leith), 23,479 accounts remained open in November 1844, amounting to L.350,197. The other savings bank in this county is in Dalkeith, which quiet little place contributed 668 accounts, and L.5356 deposits to its bank. In Glasgow, with a vast excess of population over Edinburgh and Leith, there were only 20,118 accounts, and L.322,144.

The highest accounts in Ireland are those made up in the north, over which a large proportion of prudent Scotch blood is diffused. Antrim contains three savings banks, which do business with 6909 depositors, and hold L.131,993. The population of the county is 276,188. The noisy county of Tipperary, in the south, with double the population, has only 3567 accounts, and L.116,000, in five savings banks. In the city of Dublin there are two banks, containing L.568,947, belonging to 23,542 depositors.

Few materials for considering savings banks with reference to the occupations of depositors exist. Those, however, to which we have had access, prove that the most frequent depositors are domestic servants; next come clerks, shopmen, and porters; after them operatives; and last of all, persons employed in agriculture. One class, much in need of saving habits, have recently been afforded the opportunity of putting by the very

small spare sums they may have: we mean soldiers. By a warrant issued in October 1843, regimental banks for savings were established. They have succeeded beyond expectation. From the date of their commencement to the 31st March 1844 (scarcely six months), there had been L.15,069, 3s. 2d. placed at interest by 1890 depositors.

Besides the banks to which we have referred, a few are set on foot by individuals—chiefly with the aim of encouraging prudent habits amongst such poor as they happen to possess any influence over. These are private concerns, not in communication with the authorities, and from which, consequently, no official accounts can be obtained. Though existing in England and Scotland, they abound most in Ireland. While giving the originators of these concerns credit for the best intentions, we must lament that they should keep aloof from the great national system; thus depriving depositors of the broad security which that system offers, and also contributing to defeat an important end—the realisation of exact statistics as to general savings. In some instances, there is reason to believe these private savings banks are illegal, in consequence of not having their rules certified by the author of the summary before us. For various considerations, we earnestly press on the managers of these concerns the necessity and propriety of uniting them with the national system.

THE GONDOLIERS OF VENICE.

THE well-known peculiar arrangement of Venice, as a city planted on a cluster of islands, with the intermediate stripes of water, or canals, serving as streets, has given occasion, in all ages of its history, for boats and boatmen as a means of conveyance. There are, it is true, some land passages through Venice, by means of narrow alleys connected with bridges; but these are inconvenient and circuitous compared with the water communication; and, accordingly, boating has ever been in requisition, and the gondolas and gondoliers continue to this day to be amongst the most characteristic things connected with

'The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.'

Reduced as Venice now is from her ancient dignity and affluence—a mere appendage to Austria—the remains of former magnificence, and the number of persons of fortune still residing in it, render it an interesting city. About two thousand public gondolas are required to serve the ferries, and convey passengers from one part of the city to another. These ferries, we may remark, are farmed by little associations of gondoliers from the government. It is now proposed to reduce them, by the erection of another bridge across the Grand Canal; and if this measure be carried, a serious blow will be given to the gondolier interest, already much damaged by the erection of a bridge to the mainland, in connexion with the Milan railway. A few years hence, we may see, indeed, but the ghost of that maritime intercourse which was once the most characteristic feature of the 'sea Cybele.'

While this likelihood is pending, we may be the more curious to know how the gondolas of Venice were constructed and conducted, and what sort of persons were their conductors—a race coeval, we believe, with the city. The gondola, then, may be described as a species of canoe, with a long projecting swan-like neck, and in general having a place fitted up in the centre, much like a carriage or fly, for the accommodation of passengers. The general form is so long and narrow, that a stranger, at the first glance, would suppose the shape to be grossly improper; and a northern would be induced to believe that the mode of propelling boats to which he has been accustomed, would be much more efficient than the method of the gondoliers, who manage their long-shafted oars by pushing them out, and not by drawing them in. The fact, however, is, that the Venetians

tian canals, especially at ebb tide, are so narrow, that boats of the ordinary breadth would be unable to pass each other; and the water being often not more than twelve inches deep, the vessels are in consequence made flat-bottomed. With a load of eight or nine hundred pounds, these vessels draw not more than ten inches. But this trifling draught, combined with the requisite narrowness, is only attainable by means of excessive length. With regard to the manner of rowing, the employment of two men for short distances is regarded as a luxury of the rich. One rower is the usual thing; and it is necessary that his eyes should be directed forwards, that he may turn on one side or the other at any instant. Moreover, he has to shout out at every angle, to avoid coming in contact with the iron prows of boats going in a contrary direction, and not yet in sight. It requires a good deal of practice to manage these long gondolas properly with a single oar.

In a particular class of gondolas, not the least graceful, the place for the accommodation of passengers is without a roof, or covered merely by a light awning of striped linen. Such is the fashion of a great number of the public gondolas, as it is found conducive to cheerfulness; and in these instances there are usually gay-coloured cushions and green-painted seats, for the sake of greater liveliness. But the leading kind of gondola, and that to which all the private conveyances belong, present a receptacle like a close carriage, of a sombre appearance; being not only painted black in the sides, but covered with black cloth, and trimmed with cords and tassels of the same colour, the door-handle and window-sliders being of bronze or gilt. This mournful uniformity has its origin from an old edict which still influences the custom. Under the Doge Barbarigo (1486 to 1500), commerce had expanded to such an extent, that the net income of the state was rated at twelve millions of ducats. Notwithstanding that from that period there was a gradual decline of prosperity, luxury continued to spread itself so much, that government deemed it expedient to impose sumptuary laws. The nobles strove to emulate each other in the decoration of their gondolas; and thus was a source of so much extravagance, that an edict was issued commanding gondolas thenceforward to be of one uniform black colour. Previously, the variety in the hues, and the richness of the materials, must have had a beautiful effect. The bridges occasioned the shape of the low round roofs; but the small space assigned for seats is not so readily explained; for, strictly speaking, sitting-room is only provided for two persons. A third person must push himself through the little narrow doorway backwards, and must take some pains to avoid treading or falling upon the two others. When he has, by good luck, accomplished his entrance, he finds a miserable little stool close by the door, where he may indulge himself by sitting almost upright, provided he take his hat off.

The motion of a standing oarsman is pleasing and graceful. How beautiful must the gondoliers have looked in their old picturesque costume! Now-a-days, they are tastelessly habited as livery-servants, in coat and round laced hat. Even the gondoliers proper (Barcarolen) have nothing peculiar in their attire save a red or black girdle, to distinguish the party to which they belong. They are all either Castellani or Nicolotti, and warm adherents to their colour. Just see what a sensation you will excite by calling out, as you pass another gondola, *Castellano!* He to whom the question is addressed will either reply eagerly, *Si, si, signor; Castellano!*—(Yes, yes, sir; a Castellano!), or morosely grumble to himself as he passes on; whilst such gondoliers as happen to be therabouts will sing out, *No, signor; è un Nicolotto!*—(No, sir; he is a Nicolotto!), usually adding some irritating nickname. A stranger who feels inclined to amuse himself with this party-spirit, will do well to have a little money in readiness, either to restore peace, or to prove the interest implied in his inquiries. It is strange that the people themselves do not seem to know

anything positive of the origin of this division. If you ask any questions on this head, they reply that it has always been so, and that the Nicolotti had earlier possession of one side of the Grand Canal than their opponents. Whether there is any truth in this statement, I do not know; but certainly the Castello stands on the east, and the church of St. Nicholas on the west of the city. The abodes of the boatmen are now no longer kept in distinct quarters, according to their party. The profession of a gondolier is hereditary; and there are some families amongst them who may contend, in point of antiquity, with many noble houses. I myself have seen a book in the possession of a gondolier which had belonged to his family for three hundred years. Thus the feud, whatever may have been its origin, is tenaciously preserved like an heir-loom. The regatta, which takes place yearly, has its share in keeping the strife alive; and the quarrel sometimes waxes so warm, that acts of open violence are perpetrated. A few years since, one of the clan Castellani, who bore the well-known name of Morosino, had carried off the prize, in spite of some trickery on the part of the Nicolotti, and was, in consequence, so severely handled, that the authorities determined to suppress the regatta for the future. For a year or two nothing of the kind took place; but latterly, it has been revived. The boats used on this occasion are built expressly for the purpose. They are slender and fragile; even the weight of a single rower would double them up, were the edges not kept apart by means of cross-bars. I was much surprised to see only black girdles taking part in the training for the regatta; and I inquired if it were pride that restrained the Castellani from preparing themselves for the contest like their opponents. The Nicolotti are a good deal employed in smuggling, and thus acquiring great expertness in managing their boats, one would suppose that it was rather the Castellani who stand in need of a training. Indeed the latter have the reputation of being a proud set. They form the aristocratic party; enter, when young, into the service of the more distinguished nobles; pay a greater regard to a respectable appearance, and still more to a good name, than their rivals; and look upon smuggling as something beneath them. After many inquiries, I was unable to learn any further particulars touching the origin of the quarrel upon which I can place reliance; nevertheless I may mention, that one day as I was passing the Tiepolo Palace, on the Grand Canal, my old boatman, who was a Castellano, told me the dissension between his clan and the Nicolotti had its rise in the political contests which, in the time of the Doge Tiepolo, divided the city into two contending parties. Without treating this tradition as an historical fact, it is interesting to see how the popular tales connect the present state of things with past times. On this account I may be permitted, perhaps, to bestow a few words upon the political contests alluded to.

Two of the Tiepolo family were called to the dignity of doge not long after one another. Jacopo Tiepolo reigned from 1229 to 1249, and Lorenzo Tiepolo from 1268 to 1274, succeeding Raniero Zeno, under whom a new and intricate law of election was promulgated. This law had its rise from the apprehensions felt by the Great Council, in consequence of new schisms amongst the nobility, who sided either with the Tiepolos or the Dandolo. These families had been in open feud since 1228, when, at the election that followed Pietro Ziani's death, Jacopo Tiepolo and Raniero Dandolo had an equal number of votes. No other way of getting over the difficulty offered itself except the having recourse to lots; and in this appeal to chance, Tiepolo was the winner. At that time the dignity had real power attached to it; and it was commonly made a source of wealth to the holder. Ambitious men aimed at the rank, and covetous men at the means of acquiring a large fortune. At the death of Raniero Zeno in 1268, there was a great scarcity of food in Venice, and the people grew clamorous. This discontented feeling against the old houses was encouraged by the ambitious partisans, especially those of

newly-enobled family, who desired to turn the popular humour to their own advantage, and pit the people against the ancient aristocracy. To this aristocracy the Dandolo belonged; for they traced their descent from one of the twelve who chose the first doge, Anastaso, in 697. Lorenzo Tiepolo, however, was placed at the head of the other party; and the Dandolo were exasperated at the result of the election to such a degree, that Lorenzo and Giovanni Dandolo lost all command over themselves, and publicly insulted the doge in St Mark's Square. At this unheard-of act of violence the dissensions became more general. For some time all intercourse between the two parts of the city ceased, and it was debated whether or not the bridge of the Rialto should not be removed. At length the doge succeeded in putting an end to the famine by commercial treaties with Greece, Tunis, and England.

We ought to have adverted sooner to the songs of the gondoliers, as these have served, more perhaps than anything else, to give them celebrity. Who has not felt delight in the homage, presumably paid to genius, in the singing of Tasso's poetry by the Venetian gondoliers? There is, we believe, no doubt that these men had learned by heart, and handed down amongst themselves, favourite passages of both Tasso's and Ariosto's poetry, which they sang in alternate stanzas, in the manner of the Greek chorus, though much corrupted in the course of transmission. The custom, of late years, has died almost out.

'In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier.'

says Byron; who nevertheless tells us, as it were privately, in a note, that he met a man who could sing three hundred stanzas. The present writer can say, for his own part, that he has frequently, at a more recent period, heard the gondoliers singing verses which were partly improvised, partly repeated from memory; and amongst the latter he recognised stanzas of Tasso. Mr D'Israeli, whose acquaintance with Venice was in an earlier age, describes the singing of the gondoliers as harsh and screaming when heard near, but beautiful at a little distance. Offended by the noise, while shut up in the gondola, he was induced to go ashore, leaving one of the singers in the boat, and sending the other to the distance of some hundred paces. To pursue his own narrative: 'They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still, and hearkened to the one or the other.

'Here,' he says, 'the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from afar, and called forth the attention; the quickly-succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved, like spirits, hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

'It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel, at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and, as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

'At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard, as he heard the other. By a tacit convention, they alternate verse for verse. Though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.'

Such are—perhaps we should rather say were—the gondoliers of Venice.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

NEAR the close of the last century, a tailor, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by a person who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards eloped without paying for them. The account was placed on the poor man's books, and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to his mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

'I'll try an experiment,' said he to himself; 'perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue, and getting my money.'

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—'If J—C—, who was in Philadelphia about the month of —, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighbouring states are requested to copy.' The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the debtor, if he should call, but to request him to leave his address, the tailor patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed, by a note from the printer, that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the debtor. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The tailor now rang the bell; and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

'The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

'How do you do?' kindly inquired the tailor. 'Perhaps you do not know me?'

'I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance,' politely answered our hero.

'Do you remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and forgetting to pay for them?'

'Oh no,' said the gentleman, blushing slightly; 'you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find.'

'There is no mistake; you are the very man I wished to see. You have on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for you; and you will acknowledge it was of good stuff, otherwise it could not have lasted so long.'

'Oh yes,' said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; 'I do remember now the circumstances to which you allude. Yes, yes; I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune.'

Here he handed the tailor a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The tailor looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and said—'Yes, I see you are in good luck; but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before you come into possession of your property.'

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astounded at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

'What!' exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone, 'you surely haven't sued me?'

'Yes I have,' replied the tailor; 'and you should be thankful that nothing worse has happened to you.'

'Come in then,' said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; 'come in, and I will pay you, if I must.'

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of the

* Quoted in Notes to Charles Harold from *Cyclopedia of Literature* (edit. 1807), II. 128.

late creditor with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "for advertising," when he broke forth— "Halloo! what's this? 'for advertising?'" That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"Oh no," coolly replied the tailor; "that is all right. I have charged you the cost of publishing the advertisement which you have just now showed me."

Here the swindler demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the tailor with most provoking coolness.

"Then you told me a falsehood in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the tailor; "and you will find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage if I would come here."

"You are mistaken," immediately responded the tailor; "I only promised that you should hear of 'something to advantage,'" and it is not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt."

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cow-hiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense now," said the tailor; "if you really intend to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard, and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely nonplussed by the coolness of the tailor, and stood speechless, and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, "let me give you a piece of advice. When next you have occasion to get a suit of clothes, you had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly; for then will your conscience not disturb you, and your sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farwell!" *

JOHN BULL'S HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNT—1844 AND 1845.

THE question of comparative prosperity is one of which people have a much more distinct idea in its private than in its public application. Any one with that very usual degree of resources expressed by the term "a limited income," understand clearly enough what is meant by being a little better off one year than another. We appeal to a small tradesman, or a small clergyman, or any other small person, with not a small family. Suppose he has got on in the world, and is not quite so pinched as he was; the difference is this—he has two or three joints a week instead of only one. He sometimes sees a sirloin on his table. Once a month or so fish is substituted or prefixed. Instead of the everlasting "light" dumplings, and suet dumplings, and batter puddings, with which he was compelled to satisfy or deaden the hunger of his children, he can afford an occasional plumpudding; and is not deterred from rice or fruit tarts by the expensive appendage of sugar. The batter betrays a little more of the egg; and winter is beguiled with jam and preserves. Cheese comes in after dinner, notwithstanding the old housewife's saying, evidently a tradition of the revolutionary war, that "cheese stands in no stead." After that also now and then there is a dessert. Oranges, almonds and raisins, figs and prunes, are either spread out in state, or made the subject of an agreeable surprise at some less solemn hour of the day. The young gentlemen and ladies are earlier delivered from the bondage of milk and water, and made free of tea and coffee. It is no longer a rule that the third cup shall be without sugar; and the presiding matron has not quite so anxious an eye on the butter pot. There are two candles instead of one on the table; and if any of the family should be discovered reading, or talking, or playing by candle-light in another room, it is not thought as bad as schism or rebellion. Then the children do not go so long out at the elbows, or knees, or toes, or heels, or other salient points of their structure. New kid gloves, and new silk pocket handkerchiefs, oftener remind the elders of their first infantine delight at "new clothes." When the family becomes a little larger for the house, and the crowded population of the nursery begins to emigrate into separate bedrooms, the father either himself builds another "room below and rooin above," or gets his landlord to build them with a rise of rent. As the furniture has then to be re-arranged, the mistress of the house takes the opportunity of dignifying herself with a new mahogany wardrobe, and perhaps a new drawing-room table.

There is something very intelligible, and not at all low-minded, or utilitarian, or irreligious, or otherwise offensive, to those at least who are themselves the subject of this happy change. It is what the master of the house has toiled for, and denied himself many a pleasure to obtain. He has slaved at his counter or his desk, or worse than either, in his school-room; he has taken no holidays, no summer excursions; he has drunk no wine, mounted no horse, kept no dog, gone to no parties, had no friends—of a convivial sort at least; indulged in no tastes, had no hobbies, built no castles; has, in a word, been that slave of slaves, that king of drudges—a family man; rarely that he might have the means of increasing all these poor creature-comforts to his wife and children,

* We find the above piece of drollery in a periodical entitled 'The Spectator,' published at Rochdale—one of those small country papers which it is pleasing to see starting up in different parts of England and Scotland. We have taken the liberty of altering some of the expressions.

together with the further comfort of a better education, concerning which we will not now speak more particularly. And who will gainsay, who will censure, or who will deride this sort of prosperity? The man who willfully flies from banquets that he may play the Spartans, or the hermit, on black bread, acquires a right, which we will not dispute or envy him, to laugh at this smug felicity. But the ninety-nine men out of a hundred who get or enjoy whatever they can, have no right to do anything but be thankful that others share with themselves the favours of a beneficent Providence, and the fruits of honest exertion.

But take only a still more numerous family, the elders still more hard-worked, their income still more limited, their hardships, and labours, and denials still more considerable, their children still more numerous, craving, and wasteful—take the great family of the nation—and though the case is really just the same, an absurd affectation prevents many people from recognising the elements of its prosperity. Better trade, busier ports, more ships, give them no idea than so much selfish mercantile hubbub. They think only of a few speculators, or a few manufacturers making their fortunes. But it is evident that, if there is a larger introduction of the gifts of Providence, there is more for every one to enjoy; and though some poor creatures are so utterly destitute and deserted that nothing will alleviate their condition, a very great proportion of the people must experience that increase of comforts of which we have given above a particular illustration.—*Times*.

THE TROUBADOUR AND HIS SWALLOW.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

THE warm breath of summer
Has burst the frost's chain;
The earth is all blossom;
But the bird of my bosom,
My beautiful swallow, returns not again.

I hear its gay fellows—
More faithful, alas!—
The bright dawn saluting;
With rapid wing shooting,
I see them across the blue lake's surface pass.

Long known—long beloved!
When wilt thou return
To cheer me, heart-weary?
In absence so dreary
From thee, O my swallow! I linger and mourn.

None other can give thee
A life half so fair;
Like thine was my nature,
Thou bright joyous creature;
The same food and shelter with me thou didst share

For thee does my window
Half open remain:
What hinders thee, dearest?
Can it be that thou fearest
In me a harsh tyrant with prison and chain?

The flower in the wild-wood
Gives place to the fruit:
The summer on stoaleth;
And each day roves to
My hope of thy coming grown fainter and mute.

My strain, once so gleesome,
Is now a sad song:
Art thou faithful no longer?
Has death proved the stronger?
No matter; thy minstrel will pine for thee long.

D. M. M.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, has a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir W. Scott*.

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MY BROTHER THE LAIRD.

I was very young when I left the Highlands, and I was many years absent from the wildly-beautiful glen in which had been passed my happy infancy. When, almost as a stranger, I returned to it, my brother was the laird—not my noble-spirited elder brother, the first in the chase, the foremost in every 'plov' of daring, the friend of the shock-headed fox-hunter. He had fallen in the battle-field, far from all those who so proudly gloried in him. Nor was it my second, handsome, light-hearted brother, the gay promoter of all the mirth we had enjoyed. He must 'serve' too. There was no other profession but that of arms then thought of in the Highlands, and the transport he was embarked in was lost on its way with troops to America. My third brother, a small, delicate child, quiet in all his plays, solitary in all his habits, thoughtful, serious, the embryo student rather than the worthy descendant of Highland chieftain or of Border moss-trooper—he it was who was destined to wear and to transmit the honours of his line. He had been latterly educated in England with our younger brother and myself, who, at the death of our parents, had been left to the care of our Indian uncle.

The colonel had brought back with him from the East an English wife, a handsome fortune, and the same warm Highland heart he had taken out with him, which prompted him to visit my father with the least possible delay after his return. He had no children of his own, which perhaps made him take so fondly to us; and when, as orphans, we became entirely dependent on him, his affectionate solicitude for our welfare appeared to redouble. His wife did her part to repair the loss of our parents, as far as was then understood to be the requisite attention to the young. She was always kind in manner to us; provided us amply with the necessaries befitting our station; and encouraged my uncle in various little plans for our amusement. They lived in London, in a good house in Lower Brook Street, and we were placed at school. My brothers were sent to a clergyman near Henley, who took a limited number of pupils. I went to Queen Square, in common with most young ladies of our station. My holidays, in winter, were spent in my aunt's drawing-room; in summer at some watering-place. My more fortunate brothers passed their summer holidays in the Highlands, under the care of our uncle the captain. I therefore saw little of them; and we were soon entirely separated; for they went to college in Glasgow, from whence my younger brother proceeded to India—my uncle, the colonel, having influence enough to procure a writership for him. The laird went to travel with a college friend, an Irishman, who took him over to his own green isle. There he married. He had been settled for some time on his Highland property, with his handsome Irish wife, more

years than there is need to mention, before circumstances enabled me to fulfil the treasured wish of my heart—a visit to him.

My husband and I travelled from Edinburgh in a way I cannot now look back on without smiling. The same horses took us on from Perth by very easy stages, getting through but two in a day, at five miles an hour, or thereabouts. When I quitted the Highlands, I had ridden from home down the bridle-road for near twenty miles to a small inn or rather clachan; for there were several black huts collected near a small stream, a short distance from the military road. The principal hovel was then of turf, like the rest, but much larger, with an open chimney-top over one gable, and a stone-and-lime chimney-stalk at the other. Of the many smaller black huts round, some were barns, and some were stables, and some were sheds for cows and poultry; a few were merely peat-stacks; while a few more were the habitations of human beings, as was known by the hole in the roof, through which the smoke issued. All had troops of half-naked children playing in the mud, and dirt, and duck-pools before their untidy doors, looking, with their sun-burnt skins and sun-bleached hair, like nothing human. Now, amidst such of the old black huts as still remained, there were several stone-built cottages, windowed and chimneyed, deserving of better care than they had met with; for the old dirt about the doors remained, with the addition of dung-heaps under the windows. I looked in vain towards the burn for the humble black 'public.' In its place stood a three-storey-high stone building, full of good-sized windows, with a good square of offices behind, and upon the flight of steps leading up to the door was a smart little Englishwoman, the wife of the Highland landlord. The old bridle-road was gone. No horses waited at the clachan for the guests of the laird of the glen. Our carriage rolled on over a fine well-engineered road, which at this spot turned off into the mountains. It followed the course of the stream for some miles through the dreary moor, enlivened only by a few wandering sheep, and a few scattered turf hovels, each with its patch of corn; then winding up a hill, we left all that was bare behind us, and at our feet lay the wide lake, with its fertile shores and its distant walls of mountains, its further extremity lost beneath the high-peaked hill on which the beacon-fires of our clan had in former days been lighted.

On descending this rising ground, the road divided—a branch diverged to each side of the lake. A dozen miles of beautiful scenery, and of somewhat perilous travel in those rocky parts, where we journeyed along galleries cut from the bank high above the water, brought us 'home.' We were expected, and I had hoped to have met at the march some of our many humble friends to give me welcome; but we crossed the burn

which divided my brother's property from the little kingdom of the neighbouring nobles, without one voice to greet us. We passed on among the birch thickets; and I was bending forward to catch the first look of the old tower of my fathers, when a shout, perfectly astounding, rent the air. The carriage had emerged from the wood upon a plain of meadow land stretching across all the lower part of the glen, where the stream which almost dashed through the upper end of the valley, after falling from the rocky ledge, wandered quietly forward to the lake. A little back stood the old castle on its terrace, and between it and the river had been, in my father's day, a marsh, constantly overflowed in the Lammas floods and winter speats, where my brothers had spent many a long day duck-shooting. It was now dry, firm, and level, and, at the moment we entered on it, covered with troops, by whom, it was clear, I was to be received with military honours. I had never thought of the volunteers; but there they were—several companies of well-appointed men, in the belted plaid, with plumed bonnets and glittering arms; and when manœuvring in measured step with the firm and springy tread of their race, the chequered hose and tasseled garter on every handsome leg, a degree of effect was given to their marchings and counter-marchings not to be approached by a regiment less picturesquely accoutred. Several mounted officers were galloping over the field, and every here and there flag-staffs were erected on it. Near one of these more marked stations was a group of ladies and gentlemen on horseback—one of the ladies in regimentals, as nearly as they could be affected. She wore a scarlet jacket with gold facings, a tartan petticoat, and the blue bonnet with feathers. Her gay and graceful air, with a certain habitual assumption of authority in her manner, showed her at a glance to be 'the lady.' The officer in command had given some orders to his troops; for, on ceasing their shout of welcome, part left the lines, and bounding on without order towards the hill we were descending, the military mob in a few moments surrounded and seized the carriage, unharnessed the horses, and, with another wild hurrah, they bore us along the plain and through the river to the foot of the terrace, my London man-of-business husband fully as much amazed as pleased with the theatrical grandeur of our reception. At the castle, all the rest of the people were collected. Women, girls, old men, and children—all eagerly watching our triumphal progress, and rushing forward with the warm shake of the hand, the blessing, and the smile of real love, that so truly welcomed home the child nurtured amongst them.

I was several days in recovering from the agitation of my arrival. When my feelings had leisure to comprehend what was passing around me, how every way changed appeared the habits of the once quiet abode of my father's retired family!

My brother had never lived at the new house. He had, before his marriage, repaired the old castle, very much altered its interior arrangements, added some kitchen offices, laid out a garden, and was now occupied in building a second tower—not exactly resembling the ancient gray building from which the Lady Rachel and her maids had issued, but modernised upon the same idea, and erected at the other end of the long steep-roofed house, the side wall of which he had battlemented. He had also filled up all the old ill-matched windows, substituting correct ranges of Gothic lattices opening from stone mullions. He had been his own architect, and he had done his business well, though probably not very economically; and there was some confusion among the various crooked passages within, leading to the additional apartments, which would have been avoided by an experienced professional man. None of the furniture I remembered was anywhere to be seen. The whole house had been fitted up by a London upholsterer in the classical style of the day. In the drawing-room countless yards of chintz were festooned over the windows by the help of Roman battle-axes at one side,

Danish spears at the other, and Turkish crescents in the centre. Uncomfortable chairs, with the slenderest supports compatible with safety, thinly lined the walls—a few plain, high, naked tables among them. A Grecian couch stood on each side of an Egyptian fireplace, where two heavy sphinxes seemed to weigh down the ends of the fender, while headachy caryatides upheld the ponderous front of the grate. My sister-in-law not being musical, there was no instrument; and not being literary, there were no books; and not liking her needle, there was no work. Nicknacks had not come into fashion. A large Indian box for cards and counters, a pair of glass girandoles on the mantelpiece, and a small basket made of pasteboard, ribbon, and gilt paper, into which notes were thrown, comprised the ornamental details of her reception-room. The bedrooms, uncarpeted, and some of them uncurtained, contained little beside the heavy-drapered beds; no extra tables, no easy-chairs, and a scanty washing apparatus. I can't look back on the skeleton rooms of that day without a shudder. There were only two parts of the house I had any pleasure in entering: the nursery, at the top of the old tower, filled with healthy, happy children, presided over by the kindest of Irish nurses—an old family-piece imported with her handsome lady, who, whatever was doing below, managed to keep all right in her own territories; and my brother's study, where, besides the books, plans, prints, maps, and instruments necessary for his own pursuits, stood the only memorial of the past I could discover at the time—the cornered chair in which my father reclined with his pipe after dinner. The dining-room had a prim-looking side-board in lieu of the old beaufet, and a well-covered side-table remained in it the livelong day; for eating went on almost without interruption during all the waking hours. Every guest of every degree was offered refreshment. It was etiquette to decline at first; but, on being pressed, all fell to, beginning with a dram, whatever might be the hour of the day, and generally ending with one, ladies and gentlemen and all—none of the elders of either sex ever tasting breakfast, at any rate, without this provocative to appetite. This being the custom in the parlour, the fashion was of course fully followed in the hall, where bread, cheese, and whisky were served to all comers—two large bottles of spirits per day being the usual allowance. There was a constant coming and going of the family followers, each native of the glen seeming to think it incumbent on him to visit the castle unceasingly, whether he had business to carry him there or not.

It was much the same up stairs. My sister-in-law delighted in company. She welcomed all. The minister, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the better rank of tenant farmers, the half-pay officers, the poor relations, the cousinhood of higher degree—all were welcomed with a warmth of manner which made her peculiarly a favourite among them, and which had contributed, as much as her liveliness and beauty, to atone in their eyes for her foreign extraction. She was unrivalled in her reception of company, putting the most timid at ease, seeming to know by intuition the topics of conversation most suited to her visitors, and the proper distance each rank required her to attend them on their departure. She pressed them to stay, heaped their plates, showed them to advantage, all so easily, that she threw a cheerfulness over her heterogeneous society which her exquisite tact alone could have insured. Add to this no small skill in matters of cookery, and an admirable taste in dress, and who could desire a fitter 'lady' when she was in good-humour? When her temper failed, it was for want of amusement; and as she was at those moments alone, this defect had hardly then been discovered by her many admirers.

My brother and his wife lived in a crowd of company. Besides the unceasing visits of the numerous family retainers, the new roads, opened all through the country, brought them into contact with a large circle of neighbours. Distance is merely comparative; and the High-

land lairds of those days, insulated in a degree by the extent of their properties, thought little of a journey of from ten to fifty miles to visit agreeable acquaintances. Other lairds had conformed to the times as well as the laird of the glen; gay parties were constantly going forward among them. My sister-in-law's heavy coach, drawn by four large horses, driven by a little old man and a smart boy, in jackets and jockey-caps, as postillions, and followed by two outriders, often conveyed us to places which, as a child, I had hardly heard of, where the same extent of hospitality seemed to prevail as in our own modernised castle. In due time these visits were returned: equally heavy coaches, with the same attendance of servants, drove to my brother's open door, setting down in quick succession company most cordially welcomed. Our extending roads had also brought the far-off world upon us. War having closed the continent to the rambling English, they were obliged to wander nearer home; and crowds began to turn their steps towards the then almost unknown Highlands. With introductions, or without, all made their ready way from one hospitable roof to another; not always, by the by, requiting the attentions paid them; for although some of the most valued associates of my after-life date, with me, our mutual regard from the accident of our thus meeting, many a lively companion of our long mountain rambles showed, by their cool recognition of such acquaintance, that the scenes they had so much enjoyed while among them, had left very faint impressions upon their memory.

They were merry days too that were thus easily forgotten. Mornings passed out of doors in exploring the thousand beautiful recesses of our mountain solitudes—pony rides in groups or parties—boating, fishing, climbing steep hill-sides—always surrounded by humble attendants full of anecdote, full of enthusiasm, ready to succour in little difficulties, familiar, yet courteously respectful; for there was a simple dignity in the manner of the Highlander of that day, to be deeply felt, yet not described, which made the society of the merest peasant agreeable to the most polished gentlewoman. Our evenings were mostly spent in dancing, even after all the fatigues of the day: dancing which began in the parlour often ended in the hall, most of the men-servants playing the violin. We were at no loss, therefore, for both a first and second fiddle, and my brother's valet could play a tolerable bass. The periodical balls, too, were never neglected: indeed my brother had added to their number—his wedding-day and the young laird's birth being both duly celebrated. My sister-in-law was the life of all these parties—the boldest in our morning rides, the keenest in the pursuit of all our varied out-of-door amusements: she was the gayest in the dance at night; she had caught, as by inspiration, the flings, and cuts, and shuffles of the Highlanders, cracked her fingers with the best of them, and had taught her own jigs to a set of her peculiar favourites, and encouraged the merry laugh with which the performance of them was greeted. Some of the older people looked back with a grave sigh to the quiet dignity of my mother's slow strathspey with the captain; but the young race growing up half-worshipped her gay successor, who, amid all her fun, never for one instant forgot that she was the Lady. She was taller than my dear mother, slighter made, with dark hair and eyes and skin of snow, and teeth of pearl. She was quick in all her movements, yet not ungraceful, not even when at her merriest. Her usual morning-dress was a habit which particularly became her style of figure, and her uncupped head of wavy dark-brown hair. For the evenings she had an endless variety of Indian muslin, gauze, and other light materials for dresses, which were the fashion of the day—crossed in full folds over her fine bust, and stretching out in a long train half over the floor behind her.

My brother evidently admired her exceedingly: he permitted her to do whatever she liked: he seemed to be pleased with whatever pleased her, and to agree with-

out reluctance to every plan that she proposed. Yet he was little with her; and I never thought the sort of life they led suited to his natural inclinations. He might be almost said to act the solitary in his crowded house, remaining much in his own study, or wandering alone, or with his different overseers, about those parts of his property he was engaged in improving. He had one constant companion—his little son. The child was seldom absent from his father's rambles: sometimes capering across a stick beside him, sometimes on his Shetland pony, sometimes hand in hand, they would wander the summer's day; and, strange to say, he was appealed to for his opinion on any points at issue between the master and the workmen; and the boy answered readily, and was listened to, and attended to—the factor, forester, and grieve, uniting in deference to him. My brother's pursuits were all tranquil, equally unlike the habits of the baron of old or the modern fine gentleman. Yet, odd as the laird was undoubtedly considered, I question whether one of his race ever lived more truly in the hearts of his people. In person he had no resemblance to my father, except that, like him, he was fair. He was extremely polished in manner, and very exact in dress. Being high Tory in politics, he wore powder till long after it had been discarded from the toilets of all but footmen; and he long preserved his queue, tied with broad black ribbon. He always wore stocking pantaloons, Hessian boots, and the red Pitt waistcoat, except in full dress, or when lounging about among his plantations, when he sported a sort of woodman's gray frock, full of pockets, and covered with straps, from which hung an axe, a saw, a large knife, and a hatchet. He took his own levels, laid out his own drains, engineered his own roads, marked out his own plantations, pruned his own trees, built his own house, planned all his cottages, managed his farm, and trained his volunteers. There never was a busier or a happier man. He had no turn for field-sports, yet he had good dogs for his friends, and the proper array of keepers required by the extent of his moors. He cared little for horses, though he rode a handsome charger, and had a creditably-filled stable. His house was rather over than under-servanted, although his independent habits made him personally indifferent to much attendance.

He had introduced many judicious reforms among his people: he employed his own hired labourers, instead of requiring the ancient rent-service; he abolished all rent in kind, with the exception of the kaim or duty fowl, which, being also an Irish custom, and considered to be very convenient in such an hospitable household, my sister-in-law had prevailed on him to continue; he had reclaimed a good deal of waste land, and encouraged his tenants to do so likewise; he had also assisted them to drain and fence; in short, he was for his day an improving landlord—a shining light in his darker neighbourhood. His home-occupations were also numerous; for he could draw his plans on rainy days, and when weary of business, he read, or arranged a good library he had collected, or wrote acrostics on his wife's pretty Irish name, which he also Italianised in sonnets to her beauty. He had his soldiers too—a little box of well-arranged battalions, with their attendant flags, officers, and fuglemen, which he placed in different positions by rules laid down for the guidance of such improviso commandants; for he was much interested in the training of his volunteers, and very proud of the inspecting-general's annual praise of the fine body of men he had taken such pains to discipline, without any aid from the captain, who, regarding the whole affair as child's play, hardly even worth smiling at, looked down on the volunteers from the heights of his 'line' recollections with very contemptuous indifference.

I have always heard my brother say that he considered the calling out of these volunteers as the first step in the civilisation of our countrymen: it trained them to habits of order, and cleanliness, and obedience; and roused them from the sort of lethargic indifference to their condition which had so long contributed to their

poverty. The people themselves delighted in the soldiering; it was as second nature to them. They did not take so kindly to all other innovations, conforming to them a little against the grain, to please the laird. Donald Dhu, who was still the grievance, often shook his head over the new modes of management; while Eppie very openly grumbled at the extra cares imposed upon her. With old Bell times had rather improved. The foreign lady—knowing little about yarn, whether of linen or woollen—never failed to praise the finished webs when they happened to fall in her way; but as to the number of yards they had stretched to, or the cuts yielded, or the hanks spun, she left it all to Bell, who therefore guided the wheels at her own pleasure. I had found most of the old family retainers in their places: all who were still left, remained where my father had fixed them. They appeared to me to have improved in many of their habits. My brother, as I have mentioned, attributed much of this to the volunteers, and a little to the roads; and perhaps with reason. But after I had lived for some time his inmate, I determined that he had himself contributed in no slight degree to their advancement. Poetically attached to the past, he was tenderly careful of old prejudices, while insinuating rather than enforcing the practically-useful changes he felt to be necessary. He mixed much with them, listening to every petition, assisting every one in need of help, receiving every application affably, granting cheerfully, denying kindly. He was courteous to all. And though failing in some of his many projects, mistaken in several of his intentions, and unsteady in a few of his undertakings, he was so good-humoured when jested with upon such subjects, that he was rather the better loved for being fallible. There was much of my father's character revived in my brother the laird, and a curious mixture in his manner of my father and the captain.

I am glad to speak again of my uncle the captain. It was one of the sincerest pleasures awaiting me in my native glen to find our good old uncle living, healthy and active as before, and much more happy; for he was married. He had not lived for so long the intimate companion of the worthy Miss Nelly, without discovering how admirably she was fitted to enliven the declining years of an elderly gentleman. Desolate indeed would have been his latter days, after losing the laird's fireside, if he had not bethought himself of the wise plan of contriving a cheerful chimney-corner of his own. The captain and Miss Nelly had therefore made common cause of it after the family break-up. They had settled down where they were, in the big house; first remaining there in care of the place for the young laird—the captain's valuables arriving in detachments from the cottage, as year by year he felt more secure in his new possession, till at last it was formally ceded to him, or my brother detaching to his own residence at the castle. I found them where I had left them, and almost as I had left them—in the little parlour my mother had always lived in, which was unchanged in all things but the want of the cornered-chair, and the addition to the two swords over the mantelpiece of all the other warlike family weapons which had formerly figured upon the walls of the cottage. My uncle was much less changed in appearance than could have been expected—a little shrunk, not quite so brisk, but hale and hearty, and hospitable as in his less affluent days; for my brother had not been unmindful of the good captain's comfort, and had taken the occasion of the marriage considerably to increase his worldly means. Miss Nelly had changed as little. She even looked better as the captain's lady than she had done as the elderly maiden cousin; for she had imperceptibly acquired a higher composure of manner, befitting her advance in station, while the certainty of her provision had added to the contented expression of her homely features. She continued her thrifty housewifery, storing up gear never to be of use either to herself or to her carefully-attended husband, but which early busy habits had

made a necessary exercise of her activity. They seldom entered the upper part of their large house, finding the ground-floor more than sufficient for their accommodation, with help from the garrets. The drawing-room, therefore, remained much as my mother had left it. The bedrooms adjoining had been stripped of some little furniture, to add to the capabilities of the castle; but the deserted chambers still retained the look of the old times—a melancholy air of the past to me, but on which the captain commented very gaily, giving, in his comparisons, all the advantages to the present. Happy in his home, looked up to by the people, always welcome at the castle, the evening of life was closing cheerfully on the captain. My brother the laird treated him with the most studious respect. My sister-in-law the Lady liked him above all her new connexions; for, besides that the high tone of his gallantry both amused and flattered her, 'he played,' she said, 'a most capital good game at whist, and he had no objection to bragge or loo when the loo was limited.'

The captain's lady did not exactly follow the times with equal confidence. She never said a word in disparagement of aught pertaining to the family; but there was a certain little nod, followed by a raising of the head, and a screwing of the mouth, which very plainly indicated that, though it was not her part to condemn, she did not by any means approve. She had a dry habit of repeating any remark she did not think it proper to answer; which I never heard without uneasiness, and which years after recurred to me as prophetic warnings of all that her sound common sense enabled her to foresee. 'My brother has such fine children, dear aunt!—' 'Such fine children, niece.' 'What a large meadow he has drained, aunt!—' 'Drained, niece.' 'This unexpected demand for wool will make his fortune; so many saw-mills; such a felling of timber!—' 'Such a felling of timber.' 'He is so happy with his young gay wife!—' 'Young gay wife.' She almost provoked me with her perpetual wet blanket thrown over those brilliant days. The captain's lady and the laird's lady hardly got on well together; yet there was no open variance. The aunt bore with the niece; and the niece, in spite of herself, looked up to the aunt, and in manner treated her with particular deference. Indeed there was an intimacy of ceremony between them. At their visits the one rose and advanced to receive the other, placed the honoured chair, made the greatest parade of refreshments; and on the leave-taking, there was such conducting and reconducting, that I have known them pace the same bit of the road for half an hour before politeness permitted them formally to separate. My sister-in-law would then skip gaily back, as if for the day relieved from duty; while the captain's lady, with the mouth well screwed up, moved stately home without a glance on either side.

The cottage deserted by the captain had been given to the factor, a person whom the increasing business of the property had rendered a necessary assistant to the laird. This responsible agent united the employments of factor and head forester—the manufacture of the fir timber growing in the upper part of the glen having then just risen into a very important branch of the economy of Highland estates. He was chosen for the management of my brother's affairs for a thoroughly Highland reason—the having been particularly unfortunate in the care of his own. He was one of the far-away cousins with whom nothing had ever prospered; and having an equally ill-managing wife, with a large family of children, it was matter of necessity for the head of the house to provide for them. A second cottage, at a little distance from the first, was built for the children; a distant maiden cousin, an inferior Miss Nelly, provided to look after them; and, with a little plenshing, gathered among the better-off family connexions, the factor settled down for life, in thorough happiness, on one of the prettiest of the many lovely nests stolen, as it were, from the birchwoods. His principal meat was his very beautiful playing upon the

violin, being little inferior to old Niel Gow himself in the tones he drew from the instrument, and the expression he gave to the more melancholy airs. It was no small treat to hear such music. The only person insensible to his genius was his wife, who had little patience for any kind of harmony, for she passed her days regretting the tea and card parties of the provincial town in which her husband's mercantile speculations had failed. His most devoted admirer was the under-forester, also a new acquaintance to me. He was a stranger, brought from some wood-cutting district to set my brother's saw-mills properly agoing—a little handsome Highlander, the best dancer, the best ba' player, the stoutest walker in the country—he gained all the men's hearts, and broke half the lasses', making great impression even on mine; for I liked no one so well to guide my pony's steps on our excursions as the handsome forester, who, child of nature as he was, had the tastes of the highest order of minds. His enjoyment of scenery was intense; his descriptions, as he translated them from the original Gaelic of his thoughts, quite poetical; his observations on the world without, and on the little world around—more interesting to him—were those of the acute, feeling philosopher; the results of a little good reading and much reflection, his half-solitary life throwing his mind back upon itself, except when casually encouraged to open its stores to another. I have often since, when most interested in the go-ahead progress of our awakening age, thought of what my brother's forester would have said on passing events—what shrewd remark of his would have penetrated the perplexities encompassing the new lights which are shining on us. And I have always felt that I never passed hours of higher enjoyment than when—wandering through the forest on a long summer's day, my pony's certain foot crushing the fragrant heather, the burnie dancing along its rocky bed, the straight pines now enclosing us from the dale, now opening on some sunny croft or glade—I had for my chief companion this nature's gentleman, a character in that day by no means rare in the Highlands.

I love to remember the glen as it then was in its rude beauty. Miles and miles away from any market-town; its own resources almost sufficient for its few wants; news very scanty; the post but twice a-week, and sent for to the clachan; not a bridge over the many streams which flowed along the thousand sequestered dells—beyond a plank, often without a hand-rail—for foot-passengers; bolts, and bars, and locks unknown, even to the castle doors and windows; and the people so dependent on, yet independent of, their chief, coming to him as to a father, paying him the respect of children without any of the submission of servants. I particularly liked the Sunday, for it was a day of cheerful rest at that period among the Highlanders, when all gathered in the barn-like kirk, oddly enough situated on a promontory running out into the lake—the most far-away point at the southern extremity of the estate. Yet, distant as it was from the upper end of the glen, few failed to attend the service: not from any particular veneration for the preacher, who, worthy man, troubled himself but little about doctrinal matters in his addresses to them. It was more a family reunion, which all assisted at in their best attire, with their happiest faces. The laird's large pew was opposite the pulpit—his servants all behind him. The captain and his lady on the one hand—the factor with his town-dressed wife and dozen rosy children on the other. The grandees being thus disposed of, the rest of the congregation fell into suitable places without much pre-arrangement. It was a beautiful assemblage. There was the old white-headed man, the rugged lines of whose countenance seemed softened by his flowing silvery locks; there was the dark, gray-sprinkled, middle-aged man near him, the thoughtful features beginning to contract into the furrows lengthened years would deepen; and there was the young, gay, joyous face, where the bright eye flashed, and the raven curls waved as in triumph over the quick-

looking sandy-haired rival at its side. The plaid enveloped all; really wrapping the aged; it decorated the young, being thrown across the shoulder with a jaunty air, the peculiar sling of which seemed to have been caught from my friend the forester; for much male coquetry was displayed in its arrangement. No wonder; for how many modest eyes stole a glance at by moments towards the smartly-belted plaid. The young Highland girls were particularly comely: their fine skin, their healthy colour, their neatly-dressed hair, smooth and bright, braided over the forehead, bound by the snood, and turned up *à la grecque* behind; with the homespun gown, neat kerchief, bright scarlet plaid, and a string of glass beads, or a narrow band of black velvet tightened round each fair throat, made perfect pictures of these mountain beauties, who seldom shackled their well-developed feet with either shoes or stockings. The matrons, however young they married, all wore high-crowned caps: snow-white muslin steeples, almost vying in height with the Norman peasant woman's cap, filled the kirk; deep lace borders, shading features which, though bonny enough in the bride, family cares, hard work, and exposure to weather, soon rendered sufficiently homely. To the high cap the wives added an outer shawl over the kerchief, and the universal plaid; which became graver in its many colours as the wearer advanced in years, till it looked little better than a chequered blanket with the very aged. It was a curious scene, but not a quiet one; for the dogs had their part in it—these faithful attendants never in any circumstances deserting their post beside their masters.

The minister was not my old friend with the good stories, but a tall, spare man, absent in manner, confused in ideas, and who frequently, for lack of higher matter, interlarded his sermons with the current news of the day. Every door in the glen was open to him; for all the people loved a quiet chat with the worthy man, who was equally welcome at the castle as at the cottage, both my brother and my sister-in-law really liking his society. The number of cups of tea he could swallow was his most remarkable peculiarity. I have seen my wicked sister-in-law offer him, in succession, near a dozen, prefacing each with the remark that he always liked a *third*. The only part of his clerical duties which much interested him was the school my brother had established, and which, being left to the master's sole guidance, who educated boys and girls together, was far from working out as much good as was intended. The Bible and the Latin language occupied the poor children taught in it nine or ten years of their young lives. Seven hours a day of toil, unmingled with play, but plentifully seasoned with birch, by help of which it turned out several very fair scholars, to whom my brother gave Goldsmith's works as prizes.

The only remaining subject connected with the glen in my brother's time was his arrangements for the sick. My mother's skill in medicine, not having descended on her successor, he had agreed with the garrison surgeon of the neighbouring fort to visit once a-week at the castle, where a room had been fitted up as a dispensary. Thither all who were able came to consult the doctor, and to those who could not leave their home, one of the laird's horses carried him. A dinner and bed on these occasions, and £10 a-year, fully remunerated this clever entertaining man for his day's work, as he had the chance of practice among the rich by the way. By his directions my brother administered the necessary medicines, and the equally necessary nourishment during his absence, till he grew to great skill in most of the diseases incident to his people; nay, was considered by many of them to be much more successful in his mode of treatment—the old feudal feelings inclining them to favour the laird.

I must mention my aunts before taking leave of the glen, as I saw them both during this visit. Their lairds were gone, and they were widows. My Aunt Pennel had left her son's house, and taken up her residence in the provincial town, where she sent me word she should

be very happy to receive me, if I had time to spare, but that she was too infirm herself to undertake journeys, though she was some years younger than my Aunt Grace, who crossed the lake the first week of my arrival, bringing her eldest grandson with her, the head of another hopeful flock. Her own family were all dispersed about the world, with the exception of one daughter, who she said remained to nurse her. She lived on in the old place with her son the laird, whose wife she spoke of as a sort of angel—her own kind heart inclining her to see but good in every one. My Aunt Penuel's family had all been settled much more brilliantly. The eldest son had married nobly, the second richly, and the third was in high military employment; the daughters had been bestowed on the greatest houses in the neighbouring north. But our connexion with them seemed to have been broken, as I hardly saw any of them during this gay summer; while those of my Aunt Grace's family, who had continued near at hand, came and went perpetually, as still belonging to their mother's race. It is all like a dream to look back on, so different from the ways of the world we live in were the habits of those days in that distant glen. What a revolution in manners, even there, has one life of ordinary length witnessed! But the completion of this series of contrasts must be the subject of another paper.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF FRANCE.

JUDICIAL statistics have recently excited much attention in Britain, and deservedly so, as it is now clearly perceived that a large accumulation of facts is an indispensable preliminary to the satisfactory solution of many social problems, and to safe and satisfactory legislation. It is interesting to inquire whether some of the conclusions already arrived at are corroborated by the experience of investigators in other countries than our own; and to none can we turn with more expectation of profit than to those of France, where inquiries of this description have been pursued for a considerable period with diligence and success. A valuable document was issued by the government of that country at the beginning of the present year; namely, 'A Statement of the Administration of Criminal Justice in France during the year 1843.' It is an immense quarto volume, which, like so many of the 'blue-books' in our own country, would deter, by its very bulk, any but persons fully impressed with the importance of the subject from approaching it. Professor Michael Levy has, however, furnished to a French periodical an analysis of the more interesting conclusions, some of which, with a few of the remarks which accompany them, we proceed to submit to the notice of our readers.

1. *Age of the persons accused.*—In each annual report this is observed to be remarkably similar, a fact whose explanation appertains as much to the domain of the physiologist as to that of the statesman. The ages of the 7226 persons tried in 1843 were as follows:—66 were less than sixteen; 1170 between sixteen and twenty-one; 1122 between twenty-one and twenty-five; 1171 between twenty-five and thirty; 1048 between thirty and thirty-five; 819 between thirty-five and forty; 1165 between forty and fifty; 433 between fifty and sixty; 186 between sixty and seventy; 44 were septuagenarians; and 2 were octogenarians. Of 100 persons accused of crimes against the person, only 13 were of less than twenty-one years of age; while the proportion of such accused of crimes against property was but 10 per cent. More aged persons are likewise accused of crimes against the person than against property. It is during the reign of the passions, and the perfection of his physical organisation, that man tends to transgress the limits of justice and honesty. A sad lesson it is, that during the most flourishing period of the exertion of his free-will, man most frequently violates the laws of society, and is subjected to the greatest number of fatal errors.

2. *Sex.*—The proportion of the sexes among the

accused is remarkably uniform. From the year 1826, the number of women accused has never exceeded 20 per cent., nor been less than 16. The crimes most frequently committed by them are infanticide, concealment of birth, abortion, and then poisoning. With respect to this last, M. Levy observes—'It would be interesting if we could ascertain to what degree imitation, so active among women, has contributed to augment the annual total of poisonings. It cannot be denied that the publicity given to certain trials, and the almost flattering curiosity exhibited towards some of the heroines of the assize courts, have acted upon many an imagination, exalted the secret passions, and excited wicked ideas in minds ill-contented with their position, or the subjects of conjugal hatred.'

It is a curious fact, that in the country where the social emancipation of woman has least advanced, the smallest number of female criminals is found. In Corsica—where the wife does not even sit at table without the permission of her husband, and where she is subjected to severe rural and household labour, obliged to receive the law from her husband, and only remotely participating in the benefits of civilisation—there is annually a smaller proportion of women sent to the assizes for trial than elsewhere. Thus, in 1843, of 112 prisoners, not one was a woman. A Christian resignation to the sufferings of their condition, a great purity of mind, pride of character, fidelity to legitimate affections, and a deep sentiment of duty, are traits which an impartial pen cannot refuse to these noble Corsican women, and which render the rarity of their appearance before the tribunals nowise surprising. Among the other departments which exhibit few women in their criminal returns, are the Pyrenees Orientales, La Haute Marne, Maine et Loire, and the Puy de Dome; while other provinces, which are at the head of the national civilisation, as La Moselle, La Meurthe, Les Vosges, &c. present a much larger proportion. In the department of the Seine, there are always 17 per cent., which is the mean number of the entire kingdom.

3. *Marriage.*—As women commit fewer crimes than men, we might conclude, *a priori*, that the living together of the two sexes in the state of marriage must exert a favourable influence upon the morality of men; and the statistics prove the justice of this opinion. Of 100 male persons tried in 1843, 57 were bachelors, 40 married men, and 3 widowers. Of 100 females, 52 were unmarried, 36 married, and 12 widows. It has been elsewhere shown that unmarried persons also offer the greatest amount of mortality, suicides, and insanity. It is always in those departments which contain the most populous towns that the proportion of unmarried criminals is found greatest. Among the accused persons, those who have been born out of wedlock, and those who have had natural children, form a large proportion. The dreadful mortality of very early life chiefly occurs among these unfortunate illegitimate children; while of those who survive, a large proportion go to swell the calendars of crime.

4. *Instruction.*—Of the 7226 persons who were tried in 1843, 3719 were completely illiterate; 2316 could read and write imperfectly; 955 derived some advantage from these accomplishments; and 236 had received a superior education. Upon this table M. Levy remarks—'We observe, then, how few persons really instructed are upon the lists of criminal justice. A superior education acts preservatively by multiplying the resources of existence, and rendering it needless to resort to unlawful means, as also by elevating morality proportionately to information, and producing a salutary reaction of the intellect upon the conscience. Let there be an end of blaspheming the intellect, and of doubting the result of cultivating the understanding. When the culture is complete, it produces excellent fruits. Ignorance is a near neighbour to crime, and seems to induce it; for if we place in one category the illiterate persons, and such as had only an imperfect

notion of reading and writing, we find it alone represents 83 per cent. of the entire number of criminals.'

5. *Occupations.*—Of the 7226 persons, 6102 exercised some calling, or possessed means of living. 'This result conveys an important lesson to those whose ideas on the reformation and amelioration of the condition of the masses are limited to providing for their material wellbeing. The certainty of provision for to-morrow does not seem to be a preponderating element of the moral manifestations of man; for five-sixths of these persons belonged to the class of persons gaining a livelihood by their occupations, or whose condition in the world was such as enabled them to dispense with labour. The nature of the occupation exerts considerable influence. Thus the manufacturing classes, taken generally, furnish 33-hundredths of the entire number; persons engaged in the sale or transport of goods, 12; the united classes of inn and coffee-house keepers, lodging-house keepers, and domestic servants, 10. But the manufacturing population is surpassed in number in the criminal tables by persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, which of all classes commits the greatest amount of crime, and whose numbers amount to 35.'

6. *Seasons.*—The social system, as well as that of individuals, seems subjected to a law of periodicity. The regularity, almost the fatality, of the variation of the amount of births and deaths, is remarkable amid a variety of causes which would seem to dispose to the greatest fluctuations. And even crimes seem to observe a certain order in their distribution over the year. In winter and autumn, those against property increase in number; while, during summer and spring, those against the person preponderate.

7. *Locality.*—It is in the southern departments [the most rural] that crimes against the person prevail, and in the central, eastern, &c. departments [where there are most commerce and manufacturing industry] that those against property predominate. Two departments always stand at the head of the melancholy list; namely, Corsica and the Seine; the first in the department of crimes against the person, which are as 90 to 10; the second for crimes against property, which are nearly in the same proportion; namely, as 89 to 11. Respect for human life is undoubtedly the best measure of the civilisation of a country. If property be seldom attacked in Corsica, it is because the soil is fertile, the population small and of temperate habits, pauperism almost unknown, wants limited, tastes simple, and luxury confined to the towns on the coast; but the lower passions, such as hate and vengeance, disturb these fiery natures; and an island that seems to enclose within its shores a race of geniuses and heroes, is horribly saturated with the blood of her children, who slay each other in part from habit, and in part from a false notion of honour. On the other hand, in a large city, such as Paris, where wealth and poverty are brought together, the leading temptations have reference to property.

8. *Relapses.*—This is the most important of all the questions connected with these statistical tables. In 1843, as in 1842, one-fourth of the persons tried at the assize courts were relapsed criminals. Of these, 166 had been formerly condemned to hard labour; 90 to seclusion; 607 to a year or more of imprisonment; 911 to less than a year; and 40 to a fine only. The number of relapses has progressively increased from 1826, when it was 11 per cent., to 1843, when it was 25 per cent. Women have, however, only furnished 8 per cent. Crimes against property are always followed by a greater number of relapses than crimes against the person. It is important to determine the influence of the central prisons (*maisons centrales*) and the hulks (*bagnes*) upon the number of relapses. An examination shows, that of 6841 convicts who quitted the three *bagnes* of Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, during ten years (1830-9), 1753—26 per cent.—were tried for new crimes within five years of their liberation; while of 54,192 persons discharged from the central prisons, 15,881—more than 29

per cent.—were apprehended again within the same space of time. In both cases the number of relapses has increased from year to year. Two facts are worthy of notice—1st, That more than three-fourths of the relapses in those discharged from the central prisons—as also from the *bagnes*—occurred within the two first years of their liberation; and 2d, The relapses were rather more frequent among those discharged from the central prisons—who had sums of money exceeding 200 francs in their possession—than in those who, when discharged, received less than twenty francs. 'If the relapses had occurred at a more remote epoch, we might have attributed them to the intervention of new causes powerful enough to destroy the work of moral redemption, which had been attempted to be produced during the detention. But the early period of their occurrence testifies not only to the uselessness of the detention as a means of reformation, but even also to the increase of the moral perversity by the contagion to which it has been exposed, and which only seeks occasions for breaking out into new crimes. In the same manner, the savings from wages during imprisonment—which should, on the discharge of the prisoners, be a means of obtaining employment for them, and the recovery of their position in society—are dissipated in orgies which are but the prelude to new crimes. Nothing is better proved than the endemic moral pestilence of these central prisons and *bagnes*. Their only effect is to sequestrate and deprive the criminals of their liberty. But should our efforts at repression be confined to this? Is the external and apparent expiation of the crime to be our only objects? Has society no other duty than that of striking, without correcting? Far be it from us to recommend the mere conversion of places of legal expiation into schools of instruction in morals and labour, where more care would be lavished on the education of criminals than upon that of the poor children of the people; where, fed, lodged, clothed, warmed, provided with books, and surrounded by masters and consolers, they would only require a little patience to pass through their period of sequestration. Neither the one nor the other is desirable! Chastisement alone does not meet the wants of society; the progress of civilisation alone would change the character of prisons, and soften the vindictiveness of the laws. Let us unite the two conditions. Do not allow legal vengeance to annihilate the moral being in the prisoner. Instruct, ameliorate the condition of the man who has violated human and divine laws; but let him never forget whence he has come, and the expiation which his crimes have rendered necessary.'

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

It is surprising how little the general reader is acquainted with the peculiar beauties of a poem whose title is as familiar as a household word—the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of Tasso. The unlearned lover of poetry takes alarm at the formidable appearance of a voluminous translation in blank verse—certainly an unwise mode of conveying a just idea of a poet whose chief beauty consists in the liquid softness and imitative harmony of his rhyming stanzas. The commonplace Italian scholar is often disinclined to resume the study of the twenty long cantos through which he wearily toiled in the days of his novitiate, in search of beauties which were then unappreciated. The *Gerusalemme*, like Spenser and Chaucer, is scarcely suited for continuous study; a few dazzlingly-beautiful passages, and some touching episodes, are succeeded by lengthy and tiresome descriptions; even the sweet rhythm of the verses adds to their wearisomeness. To interest the every-day reader, these gems with which the poem is studded require to be pointed out, and the thread of a story followed from canto to canto, where it has been discontinued and then resumed, so as to make a perfect whole. Begin we then with the first episode introduced, and nearly, if not quite, the most beautiful—the story of Sophronia and

Olindo—giving the substance of the less interesting passages, and translating almost literally the stanzas which are richest in the charms of poetry.

The army of the Crusaders is leagued round the Holy City, within which are besieged a mixed population of Christians and Mohammedans. The Mussulman king is advised by Ismeno, an apostate Christian and magician, to carry away from the Christian church the veiled image of the Virgin Mary. 'Then, O king!' says he, 'place it with thine own hand in the mosque. I afterwards will work so strong an enchantment, that while the image remains, thy city will be secure.' The tyrant was persuaded. Impatiently he rushed into the house of God, and irreverently snatched thence the image, and bore it to the mosque, where, over it, Ismeno muttered his charms. But when day broke, the statue had disappeared: they sought it in every place, but in vain. The enraged king imagined that some one of the Nazarenes had stolen and hid it. 'But,' adds the poet, 'whether the deed was the work of a faithful hand, or whether Heaven exerted its power to snatch the sacred image from pollution, is still unknown: faith and piety ascribe the mystery to God.' The tyrant searched the houses and churches of the Christians, offered rewards, and threatened punishments—the truth remained unrevealed. Then he ordered that the faithful should be pursued with fire and sword; that, innocent or guilty, they might meet an equal death. Fearfully the Christians heard; the terror of death fell upon them; they attempted neither defence nor flight, neither prayers nor courageous opposition. But in their utmost peril a deliverer arose—a maiden of their own faith.

She was a virgin in ripe womanhood;
Rich in high thoughts and noble, very fair;
But from herself the loveliness all viewed,
Unseen, or else unheeded, won no care
Save to dust pride; within the solitude
Of her close home she hid her beauty rare;
Flying from vile gaze and flattering tone,
She sheltered there, unwooed, unloved, and alone.

But never yet was earthly wall or prison
Of power such loveliness in won to hide:
Forbid it, Love! who gav'st her to the vision
Of one who for the fairest maid long sighed.
Love—who now blind, now Argus-eyed—thy mission
Perform'st with glances veiled or darting wide,
Who through a thousand guards that would thee slay,
Unto a maiden's bower canst pierce alway.

Sophronia she, and he Olindo was;
Both of one city, both one faith; thy youth
Modest, as she in beauty did surpass;
Wished much, hoped little, nothing asked, in truth;
Doubt, fear, or trained his tongue; and she, alas,
Saw not his love, or else with hard untruth
Despised it; so his hopeless passion burned
Unnoticed, or contemned, or unreturned.

The virgin hears the murderous command, and resolves to devote herself for her people. Timidity and maiden shame strive with noble courage: at last the latter triumphs.

The maiden from the crowd went forth alone;
She showed not her meek beauty, nor concealed;
Her eyes bent down, her veil around her thrown,
She moved in noble purity revealed;
Whether adorned or careless, none had known,
If art or nature did the victory yield;
Her negligence was as the divine,
Given by nature, love, and Heaven benign.

Winning all eyes, herself regarding none,
The noble virgin passed unto the king;
Nor shrank back, though she saw his wrath begun,
But undaunted heart did thither bring.
'I come, sire, to reveal the guilty one,'
She cried; 'I pray thee cease from punishing,
And rein a while thy people's frantic rage,
Till on one head thou mayst thy wrath assuage.'

At such unwanted boldness, and yet mild,
At the swift lightning of such dazzling charms,
The king, confused, half-conquered, and beguiled,
Restraints his wrath, his angry frown disarms.
Had the severe and cold proud virgin smiled,
His tyrant soul had felt love's soft alarms;
But beauty cold, charms not a heart so rude,
And tender graces are love's sweetest food.

It was not love; 'twas wonder and delight
That moved a while the tyrant's bosom stern.
'Declare the whole,' he cried; 'my vengeful night
Against thy Christian nation shall not burn.'
Then she—'The guilty one is in thy sight;
The work is mine; this hand thou dost discern
Stole the fair image, hallowed and most dear!
Thou seek'st the guilty—punish! I am here!'

So unto death she bowed her noble head,
And wished alone her people's doom to bear.
Oh virtuous falsehood, to such motives wed,
That may with beautiful truth itself compare!
The king remained aghast, astonished,
Nor yielded to his wrath so quickly there
As he was wont, but softly bade the maid
Reveal who counselled her, and gave her aid.

'I would not share the glory of the deed
With any one,' she answered; 'I alone
Conceived the work, which Heaven made succeed;
The thought and the performance all mine own.'
Cried the fierce king, 'On thee, thy nation freed,
Shall fall my wrath, and for such guilt atone.'
She spake, 'Thou just; as I with none did share
The honour, I alone the doom should bear.'

Then hotter grew the furious monarch's ire;
'Where hast thou hid thy theft?' he fiercely said.
'I hid it not; I burned it up with fire,
Rejoicing, as the holy flames out-spread,
That unbeliever's hand might ne'er come nigher,
Or with vile touch pollute that sainted head.
Seek'st thou the robber? Lo, king, I am she!
The sacred theft on earth thou'lt never see.'

And yet no theft it was—no thief am I;
I but restored what by foul wrong ye took.'
The intrepid maiden spake, and wrathfully
The tyrant all restraint from passion shook.
Ah! hope no more to find a pitying eye,
Thou modest heart, high soul, and angel look!
While of thy peerless beauty all revealed,
Vainly love tries to frame a powerless shield.

The gentle maid they seize; the ruthless king
Dooms her to perish on the raging pyre.
Already her chaste veil they from her bring;
Her arms they chain, which no such bonds require;
Peerless, though mute, she stands, unmurmuring.
A little is the strong heart moved as nigher
Steals the dread hour, and the sweet face does wear
A hue which scarce is pale, but purely fair.

The wondrous rumour grows; the people throng
Unto the scene, Olindo 'mongst the rest.
The deed was known—the doer uncertain long;
Little he deemed 'twas as she he loved the best.
He saw the beautiful captive bound among
Her wounds, her doom on every face expressed;
Darting, he madly dashed the crowd aside,
And rushed before the monarch's throne of pride.

'O king, this maid is innocent,' he cries;
'The deed she madly boasts is not her own';
How could a feeble elf the theft devise,
Or execute, unaided and alone?
Or how elude the guards' unweary eyes,
And steal the image? Let the deed be shown;
If true—I, only I, the work have done.
Alas, so well he loved the moving one!

Olindo then repeats a feigned tale of how he, at dead of night, climbed in by the opening which admitted light and air into the mosque, and secretly conveyed away the image. He concludes by passionately claiming, as his just due, the chains and the burning pile which threatened his beloved. At these wild exclamations of her lover—

Sophronia raised her head, and on him bent,
Compassionately, her sweet gentle eyes!
'Why art thou here? for thou art innocent;
Whose counsel sends thee in such frantic guise?
Can I not without thee in this fate blunt,
Endure whatever man's fierce anger tries?
I also have a fearless heart and brave,
Alone to dare the torture and the grave.'

So spake she to her lover, heeding not
If he replied, or silence did maintain.
Oh noble sight! when for such bitter lot
Virtue and love contending strive in vain!
The victor's meed, to be in death forgot,
And safe, though the vanquished utmost bane,
But fiercest raves the tyrant as he sees
How each, assuming guilt, the other frees.

The king, imagining that by this noble strife between the two young Christians his authority is contemned,

orders both to be united in one fate. The youth is bound to the same stake as his beautiful mistress, being tied so that face is hidden from face.

Around them does the fatal pyre arise,
Already creep the stealing flames above;
When the sad youth broke forth in mournful oris,
And said to her be loved, with such deep love,
'Is this then the sweet bond—are these the ties
With which, entwined with thee, I hoped to move
Through life? Is this the ever-burning fire
That once I thought would our twin hearts inspire?
Love promised other flames and bonds than these,
To which most cruel fortune makes us bow;
Too much she severed once our destinies,
And mournfully at last unites them now.
My soul in this one thought some comfort sees,
In death, if not in life, my spouse art thou;
Beloved! only for thy fate I sigh,
Not for mine own, since at thy side I die.

And oh! how fortunate my death would be,
How blissful all these burning tortures were,
If I, close fettered, face to face with thee,
Might breathe my spirit on thy lips so fair;
And thy sweet soul could likewise mingled be
With mine, together our last sigh to share!
Weeping he spoke; she answered mild and sweet,
And in these words, she gave him counsel meet:
'Friend, other thoughts thy last sad moments claim;
Other laments than these to thee are meet;
Think on thy sins, with meek and contrite shame,
Remembering Heaven's promised pardon sweet;
Pain will be light, if suffered in God's name,
And joyful thou shalt reach thy heavenly seat.
Look on the glorious sun, the shining sky,
They welcome thee to immortality.'

At these words even the Pagans wept aloud: the Christians dared not show their grief. The tyrant's heart was strangely moved: he would not yield, but turned away from the scene. Sophronia, alone the object of so many tears, wept not. Suddenly there appeared at a distance Clorinda, the maiden warrior, who had borne victorious arms from her earliest youth. She, seeing the preparations for death, and curious to know the cause, spurred on her courser to the scene.

The warrior-virgin pierced the yielding crowd,
Nearer to view the twain together bound;
One silent, calm; the other groaning loud;
And in the feebler sex most courage found.
She sees the youth in helpless anguish bowed,
In pitying love all selfish error drowned;
And fixed on heaven the maiden's saint-like eyes,
She seeming half celestial ere she dies.

Clorinda's woman-heart was melted with compassion; a few unbidden tears fell from her eyes—tears shed for the one who herself did not weep; for silence moved her more than lamentations. Without delay she turned to an aged man who stood by, and inquired the reason of such a punishment. All was declared: and immediately Clorinda guessed that both the lovers were innocent. She boldly extinguished the rising flames, and ordered that the fate of the condemned should be deferred until she had spoken to the king. The guards, struck with her regal port, silently obeyed, and the Amazon advanced to the king. 'I am Clorinda,' she said; 'thou mayst have heard my name: I come to defend thy kingdom and our common faith against the Christians.' Courteously and gladly the king received the noble warrior, whose fame had spread everywhere; and she, as the reward of her promised aid, asked of him the life of the innocent condemned ones. The monarch wished to conciliate her, and her prayer was granted. 'Let them have life and liberty,' he said; 'I can deny nothing to such an intercessor. Be it justice or clemency, I free them if innocent—I pardon them if guilty.'

So they were freed. Adventurous, in sooth,
Olindo's fortune was, that showed through pain
His love; and in a bosom full of truth
And noble thoughts, awakened love again.
From pyre to marriage-altar went the youth
With his fair spouse, no longer loved in vain:
For her he feared not death itself to dare,
Therefore with him she willed her life to share.

So ends this beautiful episode of courageous virtue and devoted love. It is said that Tasso, under the guise

of Sophronia, portrayed his own mistress, the Princess Leonora, in person and mind; and himself as the hopeless Olindo. Critics often discover recondite meanings, of which the author himself never dreamt; yet it is pleasant to believe that so lovely an image of womanhood came from the poet's own heart—the hidden source of all true poetry, however it may be interwoven and disguised from the world's eye. Sophronia, in her perfect purity, her fearless self-devotion, and her pious faith, forms a beautiful contrast to the wars and tumults in which the poem abounds. D. M. M.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. VI.

They talk of public monuments, titles, and other weighty matters.

Stukely.—I have just come from a walk through Westminster Abbey. What a glorious old pile that is—what a number of heart-stirring monuments to great men!

Gilbaroo.—Some of the monuments are deserved; nearly all may be considered fine workmanship, with here and there instances of a poor taste; but a great many, both there and in St Paul's, are intended to preserve the memories of men who are either lost to fame, or had better be forgotten.

Stuke.—Forgotten! Why, if they are in any danger of being forgotten, the monuments serve to keep them in remembrance. This is just the purpose of monuments. Is it not a fine thing to see a people thus taking a pledge, as it were, never wholly to cease being grateful for the merits of its great men?

Gil.—If the subjects of the monuments were, in general, real benefactors to their race, there might be little to say against them. But in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, public monuments are commemorative either of men who have done nothing to deserve lasting gratitude, or of persons whose lives were positively disreputable. Kings are put into brass or marble, no matter whether good, bad, or indifferent. There are as many, I believe, of Charles II. and George IV., two selfish sensualists, as of any better monarchs. The next class in frequency are the successful commanders. Few are those designed to honour the quiet triumphs of literature or philosophy. But it is needless to complain of the selection of personages; for it is not made by anything like a deliberate choice of the nation. A set of persons club their funds to celebrate by these means a king or minister whom, as party politicians, they admire. Another set raise a statue to their favourite hero. This is the way that monuments are usually got up. As an expression of the public voice, they are nearly useless, and the public has no responsibility about them.

Stuke.—Well, however erected, are they not calculated to be of use in stimulating men to worthy deeds, conveying, as they do, the impression that no extraordinary doings in the public service will be overlooked by one party or another?

Gil.—I am loath to sanction such a principle, because the love of such distinctions is a motive of only a secondary class, and the persons most susceptible of such an influence are not the most worth having as public servants. A truly great and worthy man needs no such bribe to make him perform meritorious deeds; while a bad man is certainly undeserving of any mark of remembrance.

Stuke.—That is as good as saying there is no need of monuments at all?

Gil.—Very nearly so, as matters stand. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the erection of public monuments is good in principle, the way to proceed would be to poll the intelligence of the nation as to the propriety of all existing monuments, and also as to supplying monumental deficiencies. We might then expect to see all monuments to bad men removed as a national scandal, and numerous new monuments erected as a national honour. At present, the whole thing, I

say, is a burlesque—a jumble of principle and no-principle. Monuments to men of worth erected within a stone's throw of monuments to men whose reputations are the pollution of history.

Stuke.—At all events they are generally ornamental. A statue erected on the top of a fine Corinthian column is a handsome decoration to a street or square.

Gil.—So, I daresay, was the golden calf which the Hebrews took a fancy to set up as an object of worship—a very handsome piece of workmanship, a fine specimen of the arts, really a pretty-looking thing. But handsomeness is no reason for adoration. A monument may be elegant and ornamental; but if it be the impersonation of a vicious or discommendable principle, it is worse than buffoonery to set it up—its exaltation is demoralising. I believe, however, that monuments are generally of little consequence one way or other. After the novelty of looking at them is worn off, they appear to be unheeded, and are of no more account than so many stocks and stones; which they in reality are. Of the myriads who daily stream past Charing Cross, how few look at or think of the equestrian monument which has there been for ages erected! It is thus that the ordinary pursuits of mankind, the obliterating effects of time, and the novelties of the passing hour, render all our schemes of perpetuity abortive.

Stuke.—You would not, however, say the same thing of the private and well-kept monuments in churchyards?

Gil.—Alas! yes, and much more. I grant that it is an amiable feeling in the main which prompts people to raise stones over the remains of their deceased relatives. It gratifies a yearning of the heart; and we must not be too severe in scanning and estimating such foibles. But it often seems to me as if more pain were incurred by seeing the neglect into which all such monuments fall in a little time, than there can be pleasure in erecting them. In no churchyard have I ever seen a tombstone three hundred years old; seldom do they reach two hundred; and often, in fifty or sixty years, they are mutilated, thrown down, or altogether removed. This tells me such a tale of the fleeting nature of human feelings, and perhaps, I may add, of the vicissitudes attending the fortunes of families, that I could almost wish that no such 'frail memorials' were erected over the dust of the dead. I sometimes think that a churchyard may be compared to an inn, which is constantly receiving new guests. The last owners banish all traces and recollection of their predecessors.

Stuke.—I have been told that Quakers never erect tombstones or monuments of any kind?

Gil.—Such is the case; and this is not the only thing in which that orderly and intelligent body, the Society of Friends, have got the start of the public generally. They protested against war, with all its wickedness and misery, more than a century before the rest of the world. They took the lead in anchoring the condition of prisoners and lunatics. They have been earnest and consistent opponents of negro slavery. They have had the courage to do that which other people have not yet begun to think of—disused personal titles.

Stuke.—A mere crotchet; as much a piece of pride as anything else—the pride, at least, being singular.

Gil.—That is scarcely charitable. We must not, you know, employ sweeping condemnations. But be this as it may, the circumstance of a respectable body of men disclaiming the use of any appellation beyond their own proper names, is curious and suggestive. I believe it is the first time that such a thing has been carried out permanently since the beginning of the world; it could only, I apprehend, take place among a people of reflection and deep moral qualities. Among a rude or impassioned people, it might be attempted, but not successfully. The French, in their revolutionary paroxysm, threw down titles; but, morally unprepared for such a step, they took them up again; and everybody knows that titles, and orders, and bits of ribbon, are now to them almost necessities of existence.

Stuke.—You speak as if titles were worthless—things not to be respected.

Gil.—I speak of them as they are likely to be spoken of in a century hence; very silly additions to our ordinary names—as useless as would be the wearing of gold lace on the clothes, in order to dazzle children. The worth of a man should not be estimated by a title, a feather, or a piece of lace.

Stuke.—True; but do not forget that what all view with respect and admiration is worthy of being supported, however valueless in the abstract. Titles, therefore, as I apprehend, serve a useful purpose in society; and if so, why abandon them?

Gil.—But I anticipate more enlarged and correct views.

Stuke.—A dream! The love of title seems to be inherent in mankind; and so far from cooling down, it is increasing in fervour. The Americans, a professedly go-a-head nation, seem to be fond of titles, although they have neither a king nor an aristocracy. Great crowds of them, on visiting England, hunt up family coats of arms, crests, and mottos, at the herald's college. As politicians, they may pretend to lay aside things of this sort; but as men, they cling to them. Next, look at the mass of our own people. In my young days, workmen took nothing but their own plain names; now, they generally give each other the title of *Mister*. The title of *Esquire* is now becoming so common, percolating so fast down through the mass of the middle classes, that I imagine it will soon reach the manual operatives. According to your notion, this is advancing backwards.

Gil.—I account for it in this way. The working-classes observe others employing titles, and they see no reason why they should not employ them also. In one sense, the adoption of the practice by them arises from a commendable motive—a wish to rise and be respected. But let society advance to the point already attained by the Friends, let the higher classes quietly relinquish, or cease to care for titles, let us hear gentlemen speaking of each other respectfully by their Christian or surnames, and then the operative classes, having no factitious example before their eyes, will abandon what, as far as their respectability was concerned, it was quite unnecessary for them to assume.

Stuke.—'Let the higher classes relinquish titles, and so will the lower.' That is your proposition. But I dispute that they will ever come to this point. The thing is an entire supposition on your part, unwarranted by facts. We see no evidence of any class being likely to relinquish titles—we in truth see the reverse. We see a growing love of titles everywhere, and yet society is said to be advancing. I cannot understand how you are to reconcile these inconsistencies.

Gil.—I think I observe symptoms of a growing disregard of titles among the more reflecting portion of society; and were the higher classes better educated, which they will be by and by, we should see this disregard much more extensively manifested. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the day is not far distant when members of the aristocracy will pray to be relieved of titles and privileges which not only injure their usefulness, but mar their fortunes. Without them, however, there will be a progress towards greater simplicity of address, as there has already been towards simplicity of attire. If any man a hundred years ago had said that, in a century hence, gentlemen would not wear powdered wigs, queues, laced coats, swords, and buckles, he would perhaps have been set down as the kind of visionary which you are pleased to think I am. Yet the whole has come to pass. On the same principle of advancement, why may we not predict the finish of name-ornaments—titles? There may be a silly craze at present for adopting *Esquire*, but I overlook that in the many greater symptoms of a contrary tendency.

Stuke.—Still, I do not readily abandon the idea of titular honours. As rewards for important public services, they are matters of some consequence in our social policy.

Gil.—Unfortunately, they are as indefensible on this score as on any other. It has been too long the practice to hold out rewards of various kinds for meritorious actions; so long, that disinterested services of any kind are considered Quixotic, and are, in fact, not believed in. Society is so much accustomed to think that everything is, or ought to be, done for a selfish purpose, that faith in purity of sentiment is become one of the rarest virtues. I cannot but think this a hardship. When a man performs a benevolent or heroic action for the pleasure it is calculated to impart, or because it is his duty to do so, he cannot but feel hurt that his motives are misinterpreted, that every one imputes to him the hope of some paltry reward.

Stuke.—I cannot exactly see what all that has to do with the spontaneous distribution of honours?

Gil.—Only that the distribution, as you call it, establishes a sort of coin in payment of what it was quite unnecessary to pay. Then what mischief is not done by the capriciousness of the distribution—what vanities are pampered, what mortifications are created! There is as little principle in the bestowing of honours as in the erecting of public monuments. With some few exceptions, the rule in England seems to consist in giving honours only to soldiers. By a false mode of speech, it is inferred that no one serves his country except by fighting in its cause. The educator, the lawyer, the philosopher, the divine, the man of letters, the merchant—none of these serves his country, or is worthy of so much as thanks for a whole lifetime of usefulness. The only man considered deserving of public approbation, honours, rewards, is the fighter. The world yells in acclamation of a well-fought field, and courts hasten to load its hero with favours. In France, there is a little more liberality in this respect: honours are there distributed in nauseous profusion, to meet the national appetite, and often with little regard to decency. I observe by the newspapers that the king of the French the other day graciously entertained at his table a butcher, who had made a present of a fat ox, to walk in a religious procession in Paris—a cheap way of getting admitted to court. Ridiculous as this is, it is not more so than the origin of many titles in England. Sir Richard Arkwright was not knighted for his valuable inventions in machinery, which one could have understood, but for presenting a corporation address to the reigning monarch—a mere piece of ceremony. Such things cast a species of odium over titles. Like our public monuments, they teach no truth, promote no virtue. The Friends are quite right in having nothing to do with them.

Stuke.—Back again to the Quakers! Among your commendations of these personages, I wonder you do not mention their odd sort of dress?

Gil.—Because I do not think it deserves commendation; yet it is not unworthy of notice, if only for the purpose of showing how men with generally clear understandings may sometimes fall into petty errors. I do not know why the Friends have chosen to adhere so closely to a garb prevalent in the seventeenth century in England. I should think it is not from religious principle; certainly not from any attachment to old costumes. The dress is more probably worn for the sake of distinction, and in disregard, perhaps contempt, of current changes of fashion. From whatever cause, the usage is anything but philosophical. A principle, to be sound, must be susceptible of being carried out consistently in all ages, and in all climes and countries. What is right in principle in England, must be right in principle in Timbuctoo, where the garments we are talking of would assuredly never answer. Thus we see that fixedness in dress is a ridiculous notion. Costume must always less or more depend on degrees of latitude, and should be left to alter according as new lights break in upon mankind. A person may dress in the fashion of the day without being chargeable with vanity. I rather think that the best way of showing that dress occupies no part of our thoughts, is to adopt exactly that form of

attire which happens to prevail: leave the whole affair to the tailor, as unworthy of serious consideration. I am sorry that the Friends have not viewed the matter in this light. They have made themselves singular for no good purpose that I can see; and the sooner they glide—as I perceive some of them are already beginning to do—into the ordinary stream of society, as regards such trifles, the better.

VISIT TO THE CROCODILE CAVES.*

On a fine sunny morning, with a light wind, my boat floated quietly down the Nile, its broad waters reflecting village after village, and grove after grove of date-trees. Long lines of pelicans edged the sand-banks: they did not move for us. I mused on the same, with my constant friend by my side—my pipe: all was tranquillity. I could but lament that, in a few short weeks, I must bid adieu to a country which had so much interested me; and with deep regret I contemplated the time when, in sketches and recollections, I must try and conjure up the magic scenes by which I had been so many months surrounded. I had revelled in temples (pardon the expression), I had lived in tombs, I had boiled my tea-kettle with mummies' bones, descended into labyrinths of passages—poking up from their long-hidden places birds and beasts; in short, I had become artist, naturalist, and half-Arab. I had ridden a camel, and I had shot at—but never killed—a crocodile. Here my train of musing was at once cut short by the remembrance that I had never been in the crocodile pits—so graphically described to me by my French companions at Thebes. True, they said it was a dangerous undertaking—that few accomplished it; nay, they had a story of some traveller having either lost himself, or some of his people: but what of that? If one never attempts a difficulty, he can never experience the pleasure of overcoming one. So with this reflection I filled my pipe, took up my map, just to see whereabouts the place might be; and to my no small pleasure discovered that by to-morrow morning we should arrive at the spot—*Man about . . .* hence—my mind was made up. The rest of the day I teased the Arabs with questions and cross-questions, to see if I could procure any information; and in the evening, when joined by my fellow-travellers—Mr G. an English gentleman, with an abundant stock of good-nature, and my French friend, Monsieur D., with a violin—it was settled to make a party.

About five in the morning we awoke by the keel grating on the sand, and the lullaby of the Arab sailors ceasing with their rowing. They make a rascally noise, but travellers praise it—like Tasso's songs by the gondoliers in Venice. I've heard them both, and when I've not been in a very poetical mood, wished both the Arab sailors and Venetian gondoliers at . . . I won't say where. Alleck was despatched to the town to inquire for a guide, and procure eggs. We commenced washing—that is to say, myself and my English friend; but Monsieur D. forestalled his morning's labours by a tune on that diabolical fiddle. It was found broken one day, and right glad was I of it—it put an end to the *music* for a time. In half an hour, just as the sun began to peep over the sand-hills of the desert, as if 'twas a novelty to him, our breakfast was announced—boiled rice, dates, figs, coffee, eggs, and new bread—and we did justice to it. Shortly after, our guides made their appearance, and informed us that the pits were on the other side of the river, at Amabdi. This was soon obviated. We cast loose, and got into the stream, and a few minutes took us to the other side, where we found the boat of an English gentleman, who was returning from India, but, by an injury to his arm, from a fall from his camel at Thebes, had been an invalid—had put himself under an Arab doctor, been cupped with a cow-horn, and martyred with certain little insects which make the acquaintance of strangers with great pertinacity. He was a

* This sketch is slightly altered from the Art-Union of March, in which it appears, with illustrations from the pencil of its lamented author—the late William Muller. 'It is,' says the editor of that elegant journal, 'a graphic description of a most extraordinary scene; and a striking record of one of the many persons the accomplished writer underwent in his search after knowledge. It was written by Mr Muller for the Art-Union many months ago; he had previously furnished us with the sketches, which we immediately engraved. We were, however, for some time under the impression that the descriptive matter had not been prepared; fortunately, it was found entire, and ready for the printer, among his papers, and was kindly transmitted to us by his brother.'

gentleman of considerable information, and fond of pursuits of a much higher nature than ordinary travellers. In geology and botany he had made considerable advance; and many pleasant evenings I had spent with him in Upper Egypt, generally gaining much valuable information. Our meeting was a pleasure; and, on his hearing our intention of visiting the crocodile pits, he requested permission to join our party: of course we were most happy.

The guides informed us it was necessary to take arms, as in the desert there were some very bad men; and soon the inhabitants of Amabdi saw us loading guns, flourishing sabres, &c. But now came the most difficult part—as to the reward of our swartly servitors. After much banter, noise, and gesture, we agreed to give them thirty piastres; so, forming a line of march, our party advanced, consisting of about fifteen persons, with guides, boatmen, ourselves, &c. Our way lay along the plain, through beautiful clover-fields, the fragrance of which was most grateful; its luxuriant growth astonishing. Half an hour brought us to the margin of the desert; and it is curious to see what a positive line vegetation makes with the sand: just as far as the waters rise during the inundation, you have rich fertility; but past that, eternal sand.

Our path lay by a ruined convent, long deserted; and then we began to ascend the hills, which are here of considerable height—some thousand feet. We found abundance of shells in the rocks: the echinus was common. We kept on loading our guides, and should have had a very pretty museum, if the cunning rascals had not kept throwing away in nearly the same proportion as we gave them. Having crossed the hills, we came once more into the sandy plain, bounded by hills in the distance—the peculiar character of most deserts. Our guides now pointed to a small spot in the wide expanse; this was the mouth of the pit, and the object of our search. On arriving at it, I found a perpendicular hole, or shaft, of perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet, partly covered by a large block of stone, and the entrance surrounded by numbers of fragments of crocodiles, as also a great number of small pebbles, which that animal at times swallows—I believe to assist digestion. Amongst these, I was informed by a Jew at Cairo, they sometimes find stones of value, that must have been washed from the mountains of Abyssinia, and carried down by the Nile.

Our party made a halt, our guides threw off their clothes, and, with the assistance of the sash worn round the waist, I descended, and was followed by a guide. On arriving, however, at the bottom, I could not discover, at the first instant, where in the name of fortune our direction would be; but as the eye became accustomed to the change of light, I observed a small hole, just large enough to admit a person to enter by lying flat on his chest. The place had a disagreeable smell, different from any chimney-pit I remember; and what did not enhance its general appearance, was a number of large black insects crawling about. The Arab lit some yax candles, motioned to me, and at once placing himself flat on the ground, extending his arm with the candle, commenced to enter this mysterious abode of silence. I followed, and then there was room for the rest of my friends to come down. Mr N. declined the attempt, as his arm was far from well. We proceeded; the passages being tortuous, and the bats most numerous, inasmuch that at times we feared they would extinguish the lights. We soon, however, arrived at a small chamber, when we left off practising our lizard-like exercise, and began to look at one another, and to rest for a second; but *en avant*. We now changed our previous order: my stout friend G. went before: the passage became narrower, inasmuch that more than once two bats that were hanging to the roof came to an untimely end by being squeezed to death by the backs of the foremost of our party; and poor G., who was much the stoutest of our set, in one place stuck fast and firm. My laugh was unavoidable; but it sounded strange to the ear, as it echoed through the long passage. By dint of much exertion he got free; and once more we came to a chamber of rather large dimensions, the roof ornamented with hieroglyphics. Several small holes surrounded it: our guides fixed on one, and again we continued our route. The heat was tremendous; and it was with no small pleasure we found ourselves in a vast cavern, the roof of which I could not well see with our small means of lighting it. We sat down on some large blocks of stone, and began to take breath, for our exertions had been great. The guides, who looked like two fiends from the infernal regions, began to undo a piece of wood (made from the

fibre of the date); this they tied to a large stone, then commenced searching about for the entrance to the next passage. All this caused a suspicion on my mind, and I determined to mark the passages as we entered and as we left them. I think, in the sequel, I, as well as my companions, had much reason to be thankful for this precaution.

We went once more creeping, the last Arab taking in his hand the cord, and came to chamber No. 4. Here large blocks of stone formed the ground, until a chasm, the depth of which I know not, presented itself. We summoned our courage and our strength to jump it, and all gained the other side: it was a place, to use the words of a favourite author of mine (Forsyth), 'that curiosity might stand appalled to gaze within.' We entered another passage which led us to the largest chamber we had yet been in. Here it was discovered that the cord had broken—the thread to our labyrinth gone! The two guides began now looking about for the next passage, but in vain; amongst the many, they could not determine. They entered some, and then came out again: we heard them shouting to one another, as the voices of some demons, but all to no purpose. We sat with patience; we had been under ground an hour, or very nearly so; our candles began to burn short; and our patience, much like our candles, could not continue for ever. The guides began crying, beating themselves, and performing a very pretty farce; but it would not get us on, and we made them signs to return; but in this we were as unfortunate. Passages on all sides of the chamber, they knew not which to take; and now came the full horrors of our situation before us. We might have strayed so far from the right path, that, in case of our friend and servant seeking us—and they had no guide—they might not find us. Where and to what may not these passages lead? How far may they continue? And to what extent? These were questions which forced themselves upon our minds. Our candles went on burning, and, much like time to the ill-fated man about to be executed, each moment shortens both. Truly our consternation was great—to be buried alive in such a place!—without light, without assistance, without the means of making ourselves heard. We gazed on one another, and the full truth of our situation seemed to occupy our minds past the power of utterance. This, then, might be the termination of all our travels, of all our hopes. In vain had our pretended guides sought the path by which we entered; they sat down, and for a moment all was silence. That black gulch over which we jumped presented fresh horrors; the little narrow winding thread-like passages, all came before the eye, and the picture was despair. No word spoken—silence, deep and profound, alone seemed to occupy this abyss: the moments seemed hours. Still the candles burned: the knowledge of this roused us. We for the first time, in a low voice, began to communicate our ideas one to the other: the voice now sounded like some discordant noise. How different from when we entered!—the laugh, the jest; then all was mirth, now all gloom.

We knew well that those who were without—our servants and friend—might never have it in their power to assist us; the former from superstition and fear (the loss of poor Legh's guides in this place must be fresh on their minds); and the latter (Mr N.) could have little power to cause us to be sought. We had tried all in our power to discover the passage; we talked over all the probabilities of finding it. In vain I had sought my piece of paper. All was dependency: the ideas of a lingering death—famine in its worst form—haunted the brain, and filled it with terrible forebodings. The candles were becoming shorter and shorter: the truth of this seemed to flash upon my mind more than on my companions, and at once I determined to act. That determination I believe saved us. How absurd to waste that on which our only power of escape existed—the means of light! I immediately proposed the putting out all but one, dividing the few matches we had between two of our party, and then commencing a search for the paper with the utmost attention, as that was our only clue. We left our French friend sitting alone; not that he was a man of courage and considerable thought. I could not help at the instant expressing a wish that he had had his '*vieux pour passé le temps*,' he gave me such a look. But I did not, melancholy as much as I did my situation; and if the worst came to the worst, our entertainment promised nothing better than eating our lean, dry, brown Arabs up—and that was not exactly the thing one would like. These reflections came into my head as I

was poking it into one hole after the other: and how I regretted the wax that kept on falling drop after drop; how we may want it in this infernal petrified region!

We had gone on nearly round the chamber, when all seemed hopeless. There remained but one or two holes more. A shout of joy broke from us both: there was the paper! But was it possible we had entered by that little hole? It must be so. It was truly so small, that we had overlooked it in our former search, and not regarded it as we crawled into the cavern. Huzza! Poke up those black devils, and come along, my boy! In our joy, the Arabs were more frightened than before: they must have thought it was our song previous to a cannibal feast. But how the rascals showed their teeth when they saw us light the candles, and begin the crawling exercise! With our passage out I will not inflict the reader: he must be as tired as we were, especially as he has to descend again. We gained the fresh air, all perspiration and sand: we congratulated one another, had a good draught of water, lit our pipes, and instructed our servant, in particular set terms, to abuse the pretended guides. They looked rather queer when they found we did not intend paying them. But we had not seen the crocodiles.

We were regretting this, when on a sudden we saw an old man with a long beard coming across the desert: he was of a most venerable appearance. All shouted out, *this is the true guide*: this is I forgot his name. He laughed with a sort of inward satisfaction when he heard our story, and told us he expected it. He had heard of our departure, and, with anticipation of its proving unsuccessful, came after us, had brought some candles, &c.: this was evil. I liked the look of the old gentleman. I had faith in him; indeed so we all had, and we disliked being foiled in anything we attempted. We made certain we should go down again; and so we did; but we took with us our interpreter, followed a different route, and did not pass the chasm or the large hall. He showed us his marks on the sides of the rock, scratched into the stalagmite, which was of a beautiful brown colour. Could the exhalations of the bitumen have mixed with it? He gave us particular caution as we began to enter one passage, to mind and not let the candle fall on the inflammable substances by which the ground was covered—dried leaves and old pieces of rag.

On proceeding a little farther, judge of our surprise: we were literally crawling over the bodies of once living human beings—mummies! Were these the *red-haired*—sacrificed to the crocodile, as some authors assert? The head I brought out with me, and afterwards sent to Bombay, had *red hair*—the learned must decide. There was something a little novel in this. We continued thirty or forty yards, when the old man stopped, turned round and pointed, then touched himself, and then something on the ground. This was the body of a man; just behind him another. These were the remains of Legh's guides: they died from the mephitic vapour, he narrowly escaping. One was better preserved than the other: it was in a bent-up position, dried with all the flesh on, and a part of the blue dress still left. I lifted it. It may have weighed ten or fifteen pounds.

We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I dare say more: thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all bandaged in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued: it evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been twelve or fifteen feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens.

Our return, however, was rather ludicrous: one of the Arabs stuck the head on a spear, and looked a little like David of old. I chalked, or rather printed, the line of Dante over the entrance—

* *Lasciati agnè speranza voi che entrate.*

We gained our boats at a late hour in the evening, enjoyed boiled rice and fruit; and just as we were commencing to light our pipes, the fiddle struck upon my ear, with 'Dunois the brave.' I wished him at a place in the country he was bound to—Jericho.

One by one the stars shone out, the sky became of a deep purple, then to an indigo, the moon was high in the heavens, the plumed date-trees slept in her silver light, the slender minarets of Mansalout painted into the clear vat of the sky. All was repose. My friend's music had

long ceased. All was silence. 'How beautiful is night!' At least so I thought. My mind, nevertheless, turned to friends. I had few to trouble my mind about at that time; and then to home—that was more easily disposed of, for I had no particular spot in the world so called. After these and various other subjects, but all in vain, I hit upon the right one—*sleep*. But my kind-hearted musical friend was of a different opinion. He opened a box, took out a little miniature, and then I heard a sort of snacking noise. Ay, ay, my fine fellow; my head to a handful of split peas you wout do that ten years hence. I pulled my bearnouse tighter, over my face. What he did next I could not see; but in the middle of the night I awoke with the idea that the boat was on fire: it was only Monsieur writing a long letter, by camp-light, to no matter whom. Good-night, again, M. B.; and once more to sleep, with hopes of an early breakfast.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S FURTHER RESEARCHES IN MAGNETISM.

IN No. 114 of the present series of the Journal, we gave a brief report of Mr Faraday's lecture on the relation of light and magnetism. Since its delivery, he has explained away a misapprehension existing in the minds of many persons as to his experiments, which it was imagined were meant to prove that the luminousness of a ray of light is due to magnetism. The truth, however, resolves itself simply into this: that, regardless of any of the existing theories on the nature of light, whatever is magnetic in a ray only has been affected; the line of magnetic force was illuminated by the ray of light used in the experiment, as the earth is illuminated by the sun: there was no creation of light; the ray was required to show that light, in common with ponderable matter, is acted on by magnetism.

A second lecture was delivered by Mr Faraday, at the beginning of March, 'On new magnetic actions, and on the magnetic condition of all matter.' So great was the interest excited by the announcement of the subject, that the entrance-hall of the institution was thronged, long before the hour of admission, by a dense body of individuals from among the most scientific class, who afterwards filled the theatre to overflowing, many being unable to obtain seats. It was impossible to look round on the intellectual looking assembly, without being struck with the reflection that they had met to do homage to some of the highest truths of science.

Punctual to the hour, the lecturer made his appearance, and observing that he would not waste time in idle regrets that a portion of the audience was unable to find accommodation, proceeded to the discussion of the subject. The apparatus used on this occasion was the same as at the former lecture, with a little difference of arrangement. The helix stood perpendicularly on the floor, connected as before by wires with the electro-galvanic battery; and the large horse-shoe magnet was placed so that two poles only were seen rising through openings to a level with the surface of the table in front of the operator, who, by this arrangement, had the great power of the apparatus completely under command, while it afforded the best means of exhibiting the effects. A few experiments were made to display the energy of the magnetic force, with less than which, the lecturer observed, it would be in vain to look for the phenomena. He succeeded in showing, with a quantity of iron nails, the line of force passing from one pole of the magnet to the other; along this curve they were seen clinging to each other, and describing a regular arch several inches in length and height; which position they retained until, on breaking communication with the battery, they instantly fell in a confused heap to the table.

Mr Faraday next adverted to the popular ideas of magnetism with regard to iron and some other metals, which point freely north and south, and explained the importance of showing the relation of the power he employed to common magnetism. A small bar of iron was suspended by a thread to move freely in the line of force between the poles, and, on charging the magnet, the bar was seen to obey the natural law by pointing north and south, in a line from one pole to the other, or what the lecturer terms the *axial* line. This simple experiment was necessary to enable the audience to understand the allusions to the axial line in the subsequent portion of the lecture. Among the metals, nickel, cobalt, platinum, palladium, titanium, and a few others possessed of the same property, are classed as magnetics.

The power here afforded for testing the magnetism of all substances, was noticed and exemplified by suspending, in the place of the iron, a small bar of copper, which was found to be neither attracted nor repelled, remaining, with the exception of some very feeble manifestations, indifferent to either position. A piece of paper was also tried, and, after some vibrations, proved to be magnetic, by remaining stationary in the axial line.

Mr Faraday then recalled to the memory of his hearers the experiment in his former lecture, showing the peculiar action of glass on light. On that occasion the piece of glass, through which the magnetism found its way as readily as though no substance intervened, was named a diamagnetic; and it was to the testing of this peculiar property that the subsequent experiments were directed. To insure a satisfactory result, more than ordinary care and delicacy were required in the manipulation. Threads of cocoon silk, free from torsion, were used as the suspending medium, bearing at their lower extremity a small stirrup of magnetic paper, in which was laid the substance forming the subject of the experiment, and the whole was hung inside a glass chamber, to protect it from currents of air. On placing a small bar of the heavy glass in the stirrup, instead of pointing north and south, it took up a directly contrary direction, east and west, or what the lecturer termed the equatorial, in contradistinction to the axial line; describing it further as 'a tendency of the particles to move outwards, or into the position of weakest magnetic action,' the whole of the particles being jointly exercised in producing the effect.

Of all the metals, bismuth is found to be the most energetic diamagnetic; and to show that such substances are repelled by either pole of the magnet, a long glass tube, balanced horizontally, was charged with a piece of the metal, at the end within the line of force; at the other end a piece of coloured paper was fixed, which, by the sweeping arcs it described, demonstrated the repelling power of the two poles as the piece of bismuth was alternately brought within their influence. Sufficient care was taken to show that this is not an accidental, but a constant result in the numerous substances which have been put to the test of experiment, among which were phosphorus and water: the latter, constituting nine tenths of nature, may play a most important part in her operations as a diamagnetic. All natural substances are affected one way or the other, either magnetically or diamagnetically. A slice of apple cut with a silver knife, a piece of wood, beef, bread, and a thousand other objects—a man, even could he be suspended with the requisite delicacy—all would point east and west, or in the equatorial line. They are all acted on by magnetism, though not magnetic, as iron.

Some curious facts come out with regard to gases, which appear to fill a place, as yet unoccupied by any other substance, between the magnetism and diamagnetics. Whether dense or rare, the phenomena produced are the same; from which it has been inferred 'that air must have a great and perhaps an active part to play in the physical and terrestrial arrangement of magnetic forces.'

Mr Faraday considers air to be a zero point, from which the magnetism and diamagnetics start on an ascending and descending scale; the former rising through various substances and metals to iron, the latter sinking through gold, water, flint, glass, &c. to bismuth, as the most sensitive of the diamagnetics. It is a curious fact, however, that a tube of air, though perfectly neutral when suspended in the magnetic field, in a natural or artificial atmosphere, betokening, as it were, a normal condition, yet on plunging the tube into water, alcohol, or turpentine, it immediately becomes magnetic, and moves into the axial line. It is the same with a vacuum, carbonic acid gas, hydrogen, sulphurous acid gas, and vapour of ether: all point axially when surrounded by water, but equatorially when in air or carbonic acid gas. It is interesting to learn that all the compounds of the magnetic metals are affected in the same way as the metals themselves: 'even the solutions of the ferruginous salts, whether in water or alcohol, were magnetic. A tube, filled with a clear solution of proto-per sulphate of iron, was attached by the poles, and pointed very well between them in the axial direction. These solutions supply a very important means of advancing magnetic investigation; for they present us with the power of making a magnet which is at the same time liquid, transparent, and, within certain limits, adjustable to any degree of strength.' It is also obvious that here we have the opportunity of looking into a magnet, and noting the results

of different portions of magnetic matter placed one within the other.

Heated iron, which is insensible to the action of an ordinary magnet, is affected by the electro-magnet, and points, though but feebly, in the axial line; but on cooling, it soon regains its active magnetic properties, and leaps to the pole by which it is attracted. This experiment will tend to throw a further light on the question of the magnetism of heated metals.

Some experiments were next introduced to show that the results are frequently modified by surrounding circumstances, rendering caution necessary in the deduction of conclusions. Chromate of lead, on being subjected to the magnet, took up the equatorial position; but crystals of the bichromate showed themselves slightly magnetic. And again, a solution of the latter pointed equatorially; but, on the addition of a little alcohol, resumed the axial position. The lecturer illustrated this fact still further by bringing forward a glass jar, the lower half of which contained a solution of sulphate of iron, the upper half water. This was placed between the poles of the magnet, and the tube of air suspended in the fluid; in the water the tube pointed as before, north and south; but when lowered into the solution, it became a diamagnetic, and pointed east and west. In connexion with these apparent anomalies, it may also be noticed, that although blood and flesh, beef and mutton, contain iron, yet they are not magnetic.

The general sum of the experiments may be best given in a quotation from Mr Faraday's published observations on the subject—

'Having arrived at this point, I may observe, that we can now have no difficulty in admitting that the phenomena abundantly establish the existence of a magnetic property in matter, new to our knowledge. . . . All the phenomena resolve themselves into this, that a portion of such matter, when under magnetic action, tends to move from stronger to weaker places or points of force. . . . This condition and effect is new, not only as it respects the exertion of power by a magnet over bodies previously supposed to be indifferent to its influence, but is new as a magnetic action, presenting us with a second mode in which the magnetic power can exert its influence. . . . All matter appears to be subject to the magnetic force as universally as it is to the gravitating, "arranging itself" into two great divisions—the magnetic, and that which I have called the diamagnetic class; and between these classes the contrast is so great and direct, though varying in degree, that where a substance from the one class will be attracted, a body from the other will be repelled.'

Mr Faraday considers that the uses of this power will eventually be developed. 'It cannot for a moment be supposed that, being given to natural bodies, it is either superfluous, or insufficient, or unnecessary. It doubtless has its appointed office, and that one which relates to the whole mass of the globe; and it is probably because of its relation to the whole earth, that its amount is necessarily so small, so to speak, in the portions of matter which we handle and subject to experiment. . . . Matter cannot thus be affected by the magnetic forces, without being itself concerned in the phenomenon, and exerting in turn a due amount of influence upon the magnetic force. . . . When we consider the magnetic condition of the earth as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matters which, to our knowledge, forms its crust; and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters, and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, which I hope successfully to have developed, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and to us its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled, which now we shall have the pleasure of searching out. . . . If one might speculate upon the effect of the whole system of curves upon very large masses, and these masses were in plates or rings, then they would, according to analogy with the magnetic field, place themselves equatorially. If Saturn were a magnet, as the earth is, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the magnetic forces would be to place it in the position which it actually has.

'It is a curious fact, to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet; or taking the leaf of a tree, and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur in nature among the myriads of

forms which, upon all parts of its surface, are surrounded by air, and are subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which can only be answered by future observation.

The lecture, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, was listened to throughout with undivided attention by the auditory, who, at the close, manifested their pleasure in loud and enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot conclude our notice better than in Professor Faraday's own words:—"It will be better to occupy both time and thought, aided by experiment, in the investigation and development of real truth, than to use them in the invention of suppositions which may or may not be founded on, or consistent with, fact."

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD AS IT IS BELIEVED TO BE.

[From a pleasant little volume, entitled *Literary Florets*, by Dr Thomas Cromwell, consisting of short pieces in prose and in verse—"the products," according to the author, "of moments calling for no more important employment." London: J. Chapman. 1846.]

I VENTURED this observation to my companion over an excellent breakfast in the travellers' room at the 'Crown Inn, Devizes. He was a veritable 'traveller,' arrived late the night before; but I had been such by courtesy only, while making this inn my head-quarters for some preceding days, devoted to antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood. "No," said I, in answer to a remark which I thought too derogatory of men in general, 'the world, in my opinion, is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

'The world,' replied my new acquaintance, 'I think a very wicked world. It shows its wickedness by its suspicion. It trusts nobody: and why? Because it knows it is not worthy to be trusted. And so, as I expect it will place no confidence in me, I place no confidence in it. "Trust no man any further than you can see him;" that's my maxim.'

I was provoked by this to relate a little 'incident of travel,' which, occurring to myself not above a week before, had proved, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that the world *will* sometimes trust those whom it does not know. I had reached Salisbury after dark, and all the shops were closed. Notwithstanding, I presumed to knock at a bookseller's opposite my inn, and beg to be allowed to purchase a 'guide' to Old Sarum and Stonehenge, as it was my wish to employ an hour or two in recanting my knowledge (then wholly derived from reading) of those interesting antiquities, the better to enjoy a personal inspection of them the next morning. The worthy tradesman was 'out of the guide,' but would with pleasure lend me a book—a portly volume, and with plates, which, he assured me, contained all the information I required. Surprised, I stated that I was only at the—naming where the coach had set me down—for a night, and should quit in all probability soon after daybreak. "That," he said, 'need make no difference; you can leave it for me at the inn.' Even my desire to make a proper compensation for the loan was not accorded to, on the delicate ground that, as the books did not 'circulate,' he, the bookseller, was ignorant of the proper charge. As I told my story, methought the traveller's eyes opened wider; and when I had done, he was so rude as to give the lowest possible whistle. But, apologising, 'I'll believe you,' he said; 'though it's the strangest way of turning stock I ever heard of. Not very likely to make fifty per cent. of his money. Well, people are not always awake. But I say still, "Trust no man any further than you can see him."' Long before our conversation had proceeded thus far, we had, I should think, equally arrived at the opinion, that two persons could hardly be more unlike each other, in their whole turn of mind and pursuit, than were my companion and myself; he entirely devoted to business, and I the rather given to literature; he a keen man of the world, and I—an antiquary. But, nevertheless, we got on surprisingly well together; and our discourse, I am persuaded, gave a zest mutually to our breakfast.

It appeared that we were going the same road; though he only as far as Reading, and I through that town to London. Having settled with the 'house,' therefore, we took up a position in front of the 'Crown,' to be ready to mount the first coach from Bath. In those days stage-coaches were in their glory; and several, whose destination was the metropolis, changed horses at Devizes daily. But, for a reason which I forgot, coach after coach came up, and not a place, outside or in, could be obtained. My

friend bore the arrival and departure of the fully-loaded vehicles with true traveller-like equanimity; but my—yes, I confess it—my ill-humour grew with every disappointment; and when the last day-coach was gone, and we were left without another chance until the evening, I had so little of the traveller's heart remaining in me, as to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of my brother in misfortune—that the best way to fill up the time would be by 'dinner and a bottle.' To tell the exact truth, I employed the intervening hours in a spiritless inspection of some relics of early Norman architecture possessed by the oldest church in the place, taking a solitary snack at a small road-side inn, in preference to a good meal with fair companionship at the 'Crown.' My conscience smote me for this, when, on returning, I saw my friend already at his post, on the spot we had so fruitlessly occupied in the morning. I thought too that his greeting was not quite cordial. But almost immediately the evening coach drove up; it had room for both outside; and as we sat together, I took an opportunity to say that vexation at the imagined possibility of being kept another night at Devizes, when it was of great consequence to me to be in London (early the next day, had rendered me not 'in the vein' for good fellowship. The excuse was accepted; and our talk was cheerful until we had passed, as daylight was failing, the great barrow of Silbury, which my restored companion seemed interested to learn was not, as he had always supposed it to be, a rather considerable natural hill. When informed, however, that this same barrow was a work of the ancient Britons, and might boast an antiquity of at least two thousand years, he hoped he should be allowed to 'tell that again with some discount.'

But now a new unpleasantness began to be felt by one of us. It was early summer; and, for a brief week's excursion, I had not thought of an equipment adapted to a night-ride through almost frosty air. My friend observed my deficiency; and remarking that, as a traveller, he was very differently provided for, proposed to invest me with a most capacious box-coat, which, he said, he could perfectly well spare, having another top-coat and a cloak besides. I demurred to the offer, since I should be only the worse off for having accepted it when he got down at Reading. "But my coat needn't get down at Reading," was his reply; "here's a card of our house in town; you can forward it when you arrive." The conversation of the morning flashed through my mind, and I hardly repressed an exclamation of astonishment. What! the traveller, the man of business, and of the world, confide a coat that must have cost seven or eight pounds, and which, as I had seen in the daytime, was still in excellent condition, to a perfect stranger, to one whose name even he did not know, and as to whose whereabouts 'in town' he made no inquiry! As I donned with thankfulness the comfortable habilitment, having first deposited my card with its owner, I could not avoid repeating, "Trust no man any further than you can see him." "Pooh!" said he; "safe as the bank at Salisbury." He shook my hand heartily when he alighted at his destined hostelry; and a nap I soon afterwards obtained in his coat was forwarded, I make no doubt, by my often murmured repetitions of, 'The world is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

[From an American publication.]

"PLEASANT day this, neighbour Gaskill," said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop by means of a fan.

"Very fine day, friend Alton. 'My news'" returned the individual addressed.

"Nothing of importance. I have called ever to see if you wouldn't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars."

"Nothing cheap that you don't want," returned Gaskill in a positive tone. "I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my gals are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week; and, besides, dollars aint picked up in every corn-hill."

"But think, neighbour Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading would be nothing to what they would gain."

"And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black; isn't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper-reading gals? Not worth to her

father three pumpkin seed. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and to look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that she must be sent to school again; and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty-piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.

'Then you won't join us, neighbour?' Mr Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

'Oh no—that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price.'

Mr Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbour Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr Alton.

'Yes, I sold it day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five.'

'No more? Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-five cents. To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R—. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price; and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon, and took it away.'

'This was hardly fair in Wakeful. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that, in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which, after some haggling, he consented to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-five cents?' exclaimed Gaskill in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad!—too bad! No better than downright cheating to take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.'

'Certainly Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wholly ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved, in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars! Just think of that! Mr Wakeful takes the newspapers, and, by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some half-dozen others around her who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenue of information on all subjects—the newspaper.'

'Have you sold your potatoes?' asked Gaskill with some concern in his voice.

'Oh no—not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But, from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are worth about thirty cents here.'

'About thirty! Why, I sold to Wakeful for about twenty-six cents!'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly. He offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels; but I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.'

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. 'There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk into the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you were too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spigot, and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbour Gaskill.'

'I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll sell off money for a paper; and if any one gets ahead of me again, he'll have to be wide awake I can tell him.'

'Have you heard of Sally Black?' asked Mr Alton after a brief silence.

'No. What of her?'

'She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R—.'

'Indeed! What for?'

'Her father takes no newspaper, so on know?'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education?'

'So they say; but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed: two weeks ago Mr Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches in the ordinary way. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The trustees of the seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a-year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes.'

'You cannot surely be in earnest?' farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

'It's every word true,' replied Mr Alton. 'And now you will

hardly say that a "newspaper is dear at any price," or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black?'

Gaskill looked upon the ground for some minutes. Then raising his head, he half-ejaculated with a sigh, 'If I haven't been a confounded fool, I came plaguy near it! But I will be a fool no longer: I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I don't!'

AFRICAN HAIR-DRESSING.

Some of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of plaiting the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and, considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' locks, this must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue bead is drawn over the end of each braid; or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plait is covered with as many various-coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all around the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remaining hair into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave it quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, which is left on the crown, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and thus the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one-half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front—leaving the other in its natural state.—*Tam's South-Western Africa.*

DEATH IN LONDON.

The Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently issued his annual tables of the mortality in the metropolis for the year 1845. In the year 1844 there were computed to reside within the city and suburbs 1,915,104, of whom 1,018,091 were females; being in a majority of numbers over men of some hundred thousand. Of these, and such as have been added since, there died in 1845—males, 24,496; females, 23,836; forming a total of 48,332, or, as near as can be computed, about 1 in every 41. No fewer than 14,637 died of diseases of the respiratory organs. The most fatal months in the year were December, January, February, and March—the fewest deaths occurring in June and July. In reference to the comparative healthiness of various localities, the table shows that the low level districts on the south side of the Thames are the least salubrious, whilst the higher grounds, towards the opposite point of the compass, and the flat sandy divisions towards the west, are the most so. Affixed to this useful table is a register of the daily temperature during the year; from which it is seen that, during varying and cold states of the atmosphere, the greatest number of deaths takes place.

SLIDING SCALE OF ABUSE.

The emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who, not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those who, in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which, further on, is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody: by his master, when he descends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starosta*; by the public authorities, the *starostoi* or the *ispriavnik*; by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow, on his part, has no means to indemnify himself except on his wife or his horse; and, accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used.—*Russia under Nicholas I.*

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GOSSIP.

THERE is a general prejudice against gossip; yet every one more or less indulges in it. Small country towns are made tight of in metropolitan ones on account of this propensity; and yet even in the greatest, we hear much conversation which cannot be regarded as anything but gossip. Why is this? How comes it that men have universally the grace to condemn what they have universally the bad taste to give way to? May it not be that there is an error in the condemnation of gossip, not in the indulgence in it? If we could suppose such to be the case, the practice and principles of mankind would on this point be in harmony, excepting only for the anomaly of our condemning what is not entitled to be condemned.

The truth seems to be, that gossip comes in for a great deal of the odium due to its step-sister Scandal, and this in consequence of a confusion in the use of the words. We often speak of a coterie being addicted to scandal, when it is fond merely of gossip; and as frequently that is softened into gossip which in reality is scandal. And doubtless there is some reason for this confusion, seeing that the two things are occasionally seen shading into each other so finely, that hardly anybody could determine where the one begins and the other ends. But things may be blendingly connected, and yet perfectly distinct—as (to take a palpable though not new illustration) the cheek and chin melt into each other, and yet are unmistakably separate things. When we set ourselves seriously to distinguish between the two entities in question, no difficulty is experienced, and the innocence of Madame Gossip becomes as manifest as does the spitefulness and wickedness of Miss—(yes, for she is an old maid)—Miss Scandal.

Miss Scandal is a very dire old lady, with something like that interest in the morality of a country which the hangman has; that is to say, she has a sensible gratification in seeing errors committed, because, without occasionally having such to comment on, she could not exist. She sniffs a trespass afar off, watches its development with fond anxiety, and would suffer grievous disappointment were it in anyway to go off abortively. It is needless to ask why any one should delight in batten on the faults and follies of other poor mortals: as well inquire why the crocodile and vulture seek their highest enjoyments in putrid animal substances. Enough that there are such beings.

Very different is that good-humoured matron Mrs Gossip. She takes an interest in the affairs of her neighbours, but it is in matters which there is no harm in speaking of. If resident in a country town, she will tell you who is to have a dinner-party to-day, and who are to be at it—what jellies have been ordered at the

confectioner's, and which of the two extra servants of the place has been hired in to assist. What mischief, however, is there in this? In a cathedral town, she will give you every particular of the shades of opinion of the various clergy, and how each of them stands affected to the white gown: but is there any harm in merely talking of such things? Again, in a mercantile place, you will hear from the same excellent authority how much certain parties are doing at present in cottons, and what certain other parties are understood to have cleared by their late speculations in railways. But here too her tongue is innocuous. Every kind of place, not excepting London itself, every great profession, every great interest, has its own gossip—gossip being, in short, nothing more or less than the particulars respecting the many private persons, characters, and events which come within the range of observation of particular parties. But in adverting to, and commenting upon, such matters, there may be no harm either meant or done. If there is merely an indulgence in a natural curiosity, or perhaps an unbending of the mind from severer studies—some being gratified, and no one injured—what can reasonably be said against it?

Gossip is sometimes condemned upon what appears at first rather plausible ground; namely, that it is an unwarrantable interference with the affairs of our neighbours. 'Mind your own concerns' is, for sundry reasons, a favourite maxim. Gossip violates it, and gossip is therefore branded as something very bad. All this, however, is a fallacy. It is quite impossible for any person to mind only his own affairs, and take no concern in those of his fellow-creatures. Were it possible, it would be at once absurd and wicked. But it is not possible. And the reason simply is, that we are social beings, and not hermits. If I am put into a world where I cannot pursue a single object, or indulge in a single pleasure, without being more or less brought into connexion with other parties, it appears to me that to say, 'Mind not the affairs of your neighbours,' is like bidding a man be cool whom you have placed at a roasting fire, or telling him to be clothed when he has no clothes, and nothing where-with to purchase them. If I am to be in the world at all, I must take a concern in everything pertaining to my neighbours: I must know much of their character, their domestic habits, their connexions in life, their means, or I shall not know how to deal with them in any of our unavoidable relations. Either I shall, in ignorance, trust them too much or too little, according as my cautiousness may dictate; and thus, in one way or another, commit an error. It is not merely that I shall be in the dark as to their fidelity in affairs touching pecuniary interests. Some men speak widely, some precisely; some are sanguine, others too despondent. It is necessary to know the character of men in these respects, in order to know how to re-

ceive anything they say—what allowance to make, and what defect to supply. Hundreds of things we do every day, are done with any degree of confidence or accuracy only in consequence of our having previously consulted with this same Madamé Gossip, who is at the same time in so much odium and so much request. It will not do to say, 'Inquire into characters and circumstances when occasion arises,' we must have a large stock of such knowledge ever on hand, in order to be able to act with promptitude, or to any good purpose. In fact, in all but extraordinary cases, it is necessary to have the knowledge in a ready-money form, if we would act at all; for, if we had to seek for it, the opportunity would stale, and the door would close. Perhaps, going to seek for it, we should not readily find it. It is therefore necessary, I say, for all men who are to take a part in worldly affairs, to have their ears open to whatever they can readily hear regarding persons and things. Often they will hear what is incorrect; sometimes prejudice will mingle in the tissue; but for this there is no remedy but in hearing much, and testing one man's discourse by another's.

There is even some higher ground on which a concern in the affairs of our neighbours might be advocated. We are to love our neighbours as ourselves; and undoubtedly if we do not feel kindly towards our fellow-creatures generally, and busily seek to benefit at least some of them, and be more concerned for the welfare of a certain *few* than for our own, we cannot be truly happy. But how are we to carry out this beautiful maxim, the deep and eternal basis of all human morality, and that which is yet to make the earth a rose garden, if we are never to listen to a single circumstance respecting these neighbours, never to take a moment's interest in any one of their domestic concerns? It is manifestly impossible. A love, then, to hear of that which touches the well or wo of our neighbours, abstracted from all tinge of officious and malicious interference, seems to me essentially a good point in human nature, something leading to and assistant of the working out of the great moral apothegm in question, and without which life would be a dreary and sapless waste. Call it gossip, or by any other smile-provoking name you please; but, regarded merely as a certain form or expression of the interest which man feels in man, as his brother in this pilgrimage, I think it not merely a defensible, but, under limitations, an admirable thing.

Have we not here an instance of the feelings giving forth a wiser response than the intellect? Mankind love gossip; this is the language of the feelings. They condemn it; this is the declaration of the intellect. Looking narrowly, we find that the dictum of the feelings is susceptible of a better defence than that of the judgment. Wondrous, wondrous are the ways of the mind in dealing with what surrounds it in this mazy scene!

THE HUMAN SKIN.

THE writings of Drs Southwood Smith and Andrew Combe were among the first to direct popular attention in this country to the important uses and functions of the skin. Before the publication of their works, a large proportion of the community regarded the cutaneous coat as a mere covering, intended to keep the fat and muscles of the body in their place, which might be left to take its chance amid the wear and tear of life. The daily ablution, so essential to its healthy action, was seldom if ever thought of: there were thousands who never washed the whole of their bodies from the day they ceased to be infants to that of their death. The most pernicious and absurd notions prevailed respecting the clothing worn next the skin. It was in many instances considered essential that flannel, when once put on, should on no account be taken off again; hence the garment remained unchanged until it dropped piece-

meal from the wearer's back, when it was replaced with a new one, only to undergo the same process.

Happily, much of this deplorable ignorance has disappeared before the increasing spread of knowledge and information. In a work now before us,* by a medical writer, the whole question of the cuticular economy is thoroughly investigated. The author explains the nature of the outer and inner skin, the perspiratory system, the oil-glands of the skin, and the influences to which it is exposed from diet, clothing, exercise, and bathing; and the causes and progress of disease. The descriptions are assisted by engravings, which represent, on an enlarged scale, the anatomy and appearance of the membrane.

The interior, as well as the exterior of the body, is covered with a skin: in the former case, from being constantly moist, it is known as *mucous membrane*. The difference between the two, which are connected by the perspiratory tubes, may be seen in the inside and outside of the eyelids, or where the skin of the face passes into the soft red skin of the mouth. The outer skin is composed of two layers: the upper, or that raised by a blister, is the *scarf-skin*, or epidermis; the under layer is the *sensitive-skin*, or dermis. The offices they perform are different. The *scarf-skin*, as may be seen by the finger-nails, is horny and insensible; while the other is possessed of the most acute sensibility, except where dulled by unusual thickness of its covering. The latter is formed by the exudation of a transparent fluid from the blood-vessels, crystallised, so to speak, in innumerable granules, each one endowed with life, on the surface of the sensitive-skin. These granules increase in size by constant accumulations from beneath, and form cells, which gradually become converted into dry flattened scales, yielding to every movement of the body, while they protect the sensitive surface from unwholesome influences. These little scales are worn off by washing and friction of the clothes; but their place is continually supplied by others. They are too small to be visible, except when they peel off in large masses, as in some cases of fever, and on the scalp, where they become entangled with the hair, and give rise to the appearance called "scurf." This observation will show how futile any attempt must be which shall have for its object to prevent the formation of scurf. It may be removed, and should be removed, every day with the hair-brush; but prevention is impossible, inasmuch as it is opposed to a law of nature.

The chemical composition of the scarf-skin is found to be albuminous, similar to the white of eggs dried. The philosophy of ablution is explained by the fact, that albumen is soluble in the alkalis which enter into the substance of soap. 'The excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with it a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the scarf-skin, and when this is rubbed off, the rest of the dirt disappears; so that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the scarf-skin, and leaves a new one.'

After showing that the objection to soap, 'as an irritant,' may be attributed to weak health or foolish habits, and the injurious effects of 'wash-powders,' or any other 'sluttish expedient,' in lieu of soap, for the cleansing of the skin, the author specifies the influence of light on the surface of the body. The elementary

* A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, &c. By Erasmus Wilson. London: Churchill.

granules of the scarf-skin contain a colouring principle, susceptible of a high degree of stimulation, where light and heat are in excess, as in the torrid zone, whose inhabitants are the darkest of the race. The action of the summer's sun is seen in our own temperate latitudes in increased brownness of the skin, as compared with the paler complexion in winter. In this respect the human being appears to be subject to the same 'law of colour' as the vegetable world.

The nails, as portions of the scarf-skin, claim a share of attention. With ordinary care they may be kept in proper condition, and the deformities avoided which affect more particularly the nails of the toes, and owe their origin to the wearing of short or tight shoes while the foot is growing.

It is the dermis of animals, from which the hair and scarf-skin has been scraped off, that is tanned into leather; its inner surface is composed of meshes containing fat, which, resting on the fat of the body, enable it to resist a sudden blow or pressure. It is by this contrivance that the skin of the sole of the foot has the power of supporting, for a long period, the whole weight of the body; and that the cricketer catches the fast-flying ball with impunity.

The perspiratory system consists of the pores—the minute tubes which penetrate from the surface to the meshes lying beneath the sensitive skin, with the oil-glands and hairs. The tubes are circular, and twisted like a cork-screw, the perspiratory gland being formed by a peculiar fold of the spiral; while the external orifice or pore, in consequence of these convolutions, possesses all the advantages of a valvular opening.

Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast numbers of similar organs composing this system are considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. . . . To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that, in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of *drainage* as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful, and the thought naturally intrudes itself—what if this *drainage* were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000; and the number of inches of perspiratory tube, 7,750,000; that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles.

The regulation of the temperature of the body is only one of the purposes fulfilled by the perspiration; another, and an important one, is the removal from the system of a number of compounds noxious to animal life. It was estimated by Lavoisier and Seguin, that eight grains of perspiration were exhaled by the skin in the course of a minute—a quantity which is equivalent to thirty-three ounces in twenty-four hours. . . . When the perspiration is checked, from disorder of the skin or

cold, the whole of these matters fail of being removed, and are circulated through the system by the blood. Under favourable circumstances, they are separated from the latter by the kidneys, the liver, or the lungs, but not without disturbing the equilibrium of action of those organs, and sometimes being the cause of disease. The perspiration is a fluid, whose regularity and continuance of exhalation are not merely conducive, but absolutely necessary to health.

Viewed as an absorptive agent, the skin would be exposed to the danger of transmitting infectious miasm to the fluids of the body, were it not for the oily condition of the epidermis when in a state of health, which renders absorption impossible. Medicines have, however, been applied through the skin by a process known as the *endemic* method: the scarf-skin is removed by means of a blister, and the medicines sprinkled on the exposed surface, where they have been found to act as rapidly as when taken into the stomach. The practice has been followed in hydrophobia and other diseases, in cases when the introduction of remedies by the natural means was impossible.

There is great similarity between the perspiratory apparatus and that by which the surface of the skin is oiled: the tubes penetrate the two skins, and terminate in glands in the network beneath; with this difference, that while the former are spiral, and found on every part of the body, the latter are, with very few exceptions, straight, larger in diameter, and are deficient in certain parts, as on the palm of the hand and sole of the foot; while in situations where they are most required, they are most abundant, as on the face, nose, head, ears, &c. They open along the edge of the eyelids, and prevent the eyes from becoming glazed together when closed; they supply wax to the ears; and clustering thickly in the scalp, open in pairs into the sheath of the hair, supplying it with a pomatum of nature's own preparing.

A very remarkable fact in natural history, associated with the oil tubes, was discovered a few years ago by Dr Simon, a German physician—namely, the presence of minute animals in the unctuous matter. Mr Wilson having read of the discovery, devoted himself almost exclusively, during six months, to its investigation; and in the course of his inquiry, examined many thousands of the animals in their development from the egg to full growth, of which he gave a full account in the Philosophical Transactions for 1844, describing the animalcule by the name of *entozoon folliculorum*.

These little animals are invisible without the aid of a microscope; forty-five placed end to end, would measure in length only one inch. In form and shape, in the perfect state, they are very like caterpillars, and have a distinct head, with feelers, a chest, with four pairs of legs, and a long tail. The whole body is so transparent, that its interior may be easily seen, and the animal always occupies the same position in the oil-tube—the head being directed inwards, and the tail towards the aperture of the tube, as though it had crept into that situation from without. No age or condition of life is free from these minute intruders; but they are more numerous in old age, and during sickness, than at any other period. Mr Wilson concludes that the animals serve a beneficial purpose, by 'disintegration of the over-distended cells, and the stimulation of the tubes to perform their office more efficiently.' He has discovered them in the horse and dog as well as in the human being.

We have next a chapter on the nature and structure of the hairs, and the purposes they serve in the animal economy, in connexion with the oily and perspiratory apparatus; from which we gather, in passing, that the beard grows at the rate of six inches and a half in the course of a year; and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet will have fallen before the edge of the razor. The author disbelieves the statements that hair

* The living inhabitant of the follicles (that is, oil tubes) of the skin.

has turned white in a single night, or even in a single week; the first step in the change may have been made in a single night, and on that night-week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at their roots; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance.

The influence of diet on the health of the skin is the part of the subject next treated of. 'The temperature of health,' we are told, 'is a genial summer over the whole surface; and when that exists, the system cannot be otherwise than well. This brings me to the rule of health which I wish to establish; namely, *by food, by draught, by exercise, and by ablution, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin.* Everything above this is suspicious; everything below noxious and dangerous.' After showing in what way food contributes to the heat of the body, and insisting on the necessity for its soundness and freshness, combined with moderation in eating, Mr Wilson discusses the question of clothing, which 'in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body. . . . Our garments retain a stratum of air, kept constantly warm by its contact with the body; and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one which fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious: the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing.' In the remarks on the suitability of various articles of clothing, we learn that the greater warmth of thick woollen textures over thin ones of the same material, consists in the retention of a greater body of air in their meshes. Linen, though 'a soft and agreeable covering . . . has its objections: it is a good conductor, and bad radiator of heat, and therefore the very opposite of a warm dress, which should be a *bad conductor and good radiator.*' Although cotton does not impart that feeling of 'freshness' to the skin communicated by linen, it is far preferable as a covering; it absorbs less moisture, and maintains the body at a more equable temperature. 'Wool is one of the worst conductors and best radiators of heat, and is on this account a valuable and indispensable means of preserving the bodily heat in the winter of cold climates like our own; and even in the summer it is a serviceable defence against colds and rheumatism.'

Mr Wilson urges the necessity for regulating the amount of clothing in accordance with the season and external temperature; and gives a table to show, by comparison, the greater age attained by those whose circumstances enable them to attend to this particular. Of one hundred persons of the richer and poorer classes respectively, from the age of eighty to ninety, the common rate of mortality being nineteen and a fraction per cent., while the whole hundred of the latter died, only thirteen died of the former. The fatal effects of cold, both in infancy and old age, are pointed out. 'The mortality of infants during the first year of their life amounts, in Paris, to nearly nineteen per cent.; in the whole of France, to twenty-one and a half per cent.; in Philadelphia, to twenty-two per cent.; in Berlin, to twenty-five per cent.; and in St Petersburg, to thirty-one per cent.'

The author justly animadverts on the folly and cruelty of dressing children as 'young Highlanders,' or in any other insufficient and fantastic manner. 'There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently.

One-sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.' In connexion with this part of the subject, we find observations on the dangerous consequences of long exposure to a low temperature, and the suppression of perspiration, in producing derangement of the internal organs.

Mr Wilson has some sensible remarks on the influence of exercise on the skin. His idea of exercise is, that it should embrace the mind as well as the body. 'What is it,' he asks, 'that makes the difference between the exercise of youth and that of the felon on the tread-wheel; between the pedestrian in the Isle of Wight or Switzerland, and the pedestrian from Chelsea to the Bank; between the light and quick footstep wending to Greenwich Park, and the dull tread of the nursery-maid at home? Is it not mind? Is it not the young and buoyant joy of the schoolboy that inspirits his laugh and his leap? Is it not the novelty or the beauty of the scene, the pleasant weather, or the immunity from customary labour, that gives spirit to the pedestrian's tour, as compared with the dull, desultory repetition of the same sights, same persons, same things, and same path from and to business? . . . In mind lies the great secret of *beneficial exercise*; and without it, exercise is a misnomer, and a fraud upon the constitution. The injurious effects of neglected exercise cannot be better illustrated than in the medical history of those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life. In such persons we find a pallid and discoloured skin, depressed spirits, incapacity for exertion, headache, frequently palpitations of the heart, fulness of the head, dyspepsia, tendency to biliousness, and general imperfection and irregularity of the alimentary functions.' The absurdity of repressing the noisy and boisterous sports of childhood is too obvious to require comment. The equally absurd custom of confining young girls in stays, and of repressing their merry games and their appetites, with the view of rendering them 'ladylike,' cannot be too forcibly reprehended.

'Walking, when practised with a proper regard to physical conditions, bestows all the advantages which are to be derived from exercise. It favours digestion and nutrition, facilitates respiration, stimulates the skin, and promotes its action; increases the temperature of the body, and invigorates the physical and mental powers.'

At this point we come to the remarks on the influence of ablution and bathing on the health of the skin, to which the preceding chapters serve as a substructure. We have already seen that the scarf-skin is constantly thrown off in minute scales: the clothing, however, retains them in contact with the surface of the body, where they mix with the unctuous and saline excretions, forming a crust, which, while it collects dust and dirt, chokes the pores, and impedes transpiration. There is also the risk of absorption of the effete matter while it remains on the skin, in which case the lungs, kidneys, liver, or bowels, are called upon to perform double duty, to rid the system of the noxious accumulation; by which means these organs frequently become diseased: while, on the other hand, the obstruction of the pores interferes with the chemical processes of nutrition, the animal temperature is lowered, and cutaneous eruptions are engendered. 'With such considerations as these before us,' says our author, 'ablution becomes a necessity which needs no further argument to enforce strict attention to its observance.'

Mr Wilson enters into the subject of the various methods of ablution, and recommends *training* to those unaccustomed to wash the whole surface of the body daily, beginning with warm or tepid water, as most agreeable to the sensations, and gradually diminishing the temperature, until quite cold may be constantly used. Temporary trials are, however, useless: the practice must be persevered in to insure the whole moral and physical effect. Those with whom it is a daily habit, can alone appreciate 'the warm glow,' while 'the thrill of health which follows is positively delicious.'

The concluding portion of the work is occupied with the question of the diseases of the skin, and their mode of treatment. Warts and corns come in for a share of attention, and, like most cutaneous disorders, are shown to be more easy of removal than is commonly imagined. The author condemns the practice of ignorantly using

old women's' remedies, many of which are highly pernicious.

We take our leave of Mr Wilson's book with a hearty wish for its success and wide diffusion. The subject is one of essential interest to every class of the community, and commends itself especially to those who are helping on the great cause of humanity.

MY NEPHEW THE LAIRD.

THE prophetic doubts of my good aunt, the captain's shrewd-judging lady, did not fail in time to be very painfully realised. Though widely separated from my Highland kindred, I had kept up a correspondence with the principal members of my brother's family, sometimes hearing from himself of some new golden project, now and then from his wife—latterly to complain of an increasing dulness in the neighbouring society—and very constantly from the elder children, to whom I had had the extreme comfort of sending a young woman, of superior understanding, as their governess. About the time that my two eldest nephews came to England, to a public school, rumours of my brother's embarrassments began to be urgent around him. Without any very expensive habits, he and his lady got through large sums of money, which even the better resources of their improved management failed to supply. Besides their hospitable summers, there were winter visits to Edinburgh, Dublin, and sometimes London; with no farm at hand to aid in housekeeping, when some ready money being of absolute necessity, it had often to be raised at ruinous interest. Then came the system of long credits, bills renewable, a trust-deed—all vain attempts to stave off, for some indefinite period, the crash, which every expedient to avert tended but to aggravate the weight of. It came at last, and it was overwhelming. The trustees entered upon the administration of the property, and my brother had to remove with his family, to live where he pleased, on a very slender annuity.

At first they went abroad, but the continent not suiting either himself or his wife, principally from their ignorance of modern languages, they were advised to fix at Cheltenham, to which they were the more inclined, as we were enabled to lend them a house there. Our Indian uncle, the colonel, had bought a villa on the outskirts of what was then a pretty village, and this his widow had lately left to me. Soon after the completion of this arrangement, our younger brother, who had gone out early in life to Madras as a writer, returned home a wealthy man; and he too settling at Cheltenham, to be near the 'laird'—for never has he been heard to call his elder brother by any other name—and also with a view to the happiness of his wife, who was of a Gloucestershire family, he gathered his scattered children from their various homes, and, applying to the 'laird' for advice in every circumstance of the life equally novel to both, the old age of two men, used to the most active habits in totally dissimilar spheres, where each had commanded, is gliding away, I believe, in quiet happiness. I had feared that my brother 'the laird' would have felt very painfully his descent in position: but no; his seems to be a mind which accommodates itself without effort to events. He considers himself the victim of philanthropy; and, persuaded that his patriotic attempts to improve his place and people were the sole cause of the ruin brought on him and them, he hardly even regrets it. It was the consequence of good intentions; and the schemes in the Highlands failing, he has begun another series in the South, not so costly at any rate, being principally confined to his study, where his fertile brain and ready pen occupy him very profitably, as he writes for several of the higher-toned periodicals.

My sister-in-law is certainly more in her natural sphere where she is. She does not affect to conceal that the change is agreeable to her. The perpetual little party-giving is quite to her mind; so are the

dressing, the morning calls, the card-playing: her taste for this mode of getting through part of her time having rather increased as more youthful inclinations have declined. Unluckily for my brother, the joy she so much delighted in was not always limited; but years had brought some degree of prudence along with them, and her gains are beginning to preponderate over her losses. She was still a fine-looking woman when I last saw her, ten years at least younger in appearance than her real age. She had latterly devolved the management of her household on her eldest daughter, who has been taught by adversity the prudence ordinarily the result of half a life's experience. The second daughter, who, from the more intellectual expression of her countenance, surpassed even her mother's early beauty, had married just as the family were leaving the Highlands. She had married greatly—the young master of the neighbouring noble domain, who discovered, at the prospect of parting, that he had been cultivating the society of the brothers for the sister's sake. Though the bride was portionless, she was received with affection, and parted with without elation: like sought like. There was nothing the Highlanders considered uncommon in an accident which we, more worldly-minded, thought so fortunate.

My brother's eldest son, he more peculiarly the subject of my present sketch, had been educated, while at school, with my own boys, passing, too, the most of his holidays with us. Before his college days, the funds were wanting to complete what had been begun: he studied one year only at Edinburgh. The two following he spent at a German university, which he left to accompany his family home, upon their tiring of the continent. We thought him anything but improved by his foreign travels, and we fancied his character still further deteriorated by a couple of seasons at Cheltenham, where, as a handsome beau—a mustache—he lounged away the mornings, with other idlers, in the High Street, or in the billiard-rooms, or on the cigar benches, while at the evening balls he was the coveted partner of every fair exhibitor, unchecked in his advances by any maternal frowns; it being well known that the Highland estate was entailed, and of course redeemable. His mother rather encouraged his numerous flirtations, almost glorying in his easy conquests: his father, occupied in his study, knew little of what was going forward: the gentle rebuke of his sister he only laughed at. Suddenly he vanished: he joined a party to shoot in the Highlands, and returned no more. He had ventured to his own glen; he wrote his sister word; and he meant to remain there on a visit to my old friend the forester. The next thing we heard of him was, that he was in Edinburgh at college again; then domesticated in some farmer's house in the Lothians; next back to the Highlands; and then came a joint letter from the trustees to announce that, being dissatisfied with the gentleman hitherto charged with the management of the property, they had relieved him from his duties, and had appointed in his stead the person most interested in the retrieval of its difficulties, and, in their estimation, best qualified for a task of such delicacy, from the high testimonials he had brought forward both as to character and abilities. In short, the new manager was my nephew, who, awakened to the value of all he was well-nigh losing, had been fitting himself to attempt the recovery of his birthright. We regretted his next step; for, after a year or two, he married a wife of high degree, brought up in a home of luxury—a daughter of the noble house into which his sister had been adopted. Years passed on, and when events brought my nephew into prominent notice again, the measures he was carrying through necessitated my brother's revisiting Scotland, from whence he returned indeed landless—having made over his whole inheritance to one sole trustee, his son, for ever; who took upon himself every existing debt, and commenced his reign of undivided authority by doubling the annuity paid by the estate to his father.

All the news that ever reached us from the north in-

directly, told of the wonderful improvements my nephew the laird had been successfully carrying on there. But a few appeals had been made directly to the old laird concerning the consequences of certain of his son's changes, which had filled his affectionate heart with grief. In some cases whole families, whose existence upon the lands had been coeval with our own possession of them, having been deprived of their small holdings, had emigrated to America; others had abandoned their homes to settle in the burgh town, or to seek their precarious fortunes elsewhere; while a few lingered on where they were born, loath to leave scenes that were dear to them, though without any means of subsistence beyond the charity of their relations. My brother felt some delicacy in interfering with a son who had acted so generously to himself, while he was distressed at the idea of abandoning the interests of those over whom Providence had once placed him as their protector. From my nephew having passed so much of his boyhood in my family, he knew that he had an old affection for me, and that I had some influence over him; so he thought it would be of considerable use to all parties if I could make up my mind to pay a visit to the glen. It was not altogether an agreeable duty; but it was one which seemed to have been thrown in my way, and from which, therefore, I did not feel it right to shrink; so I consented.

My former journey north had occupied nearly a fortnight: we were five days on the road between London and Edinburgh, and five more between Edinburgh and the glen, with a rest in Edinburgh, much needed. On the present occasion we landed at my nephew's door on the third evening after leaving town, travelling by railway to Liverpool, by steamboat along the coast, and up the lochs to the new pier, built out near the promontory where stands the church, just concealed by a bank of weeping-birch from the castle. A thriving village had risen round the pier, in which was a good inn, several shops, and a post-office—the mail now going regularly across that part of the country which was formerly termed the new road; besides two coaches—one daily, the other thrice a-week—and an omnibus, for tourists only, who engaged it for the trip, which always occupied the same number of days, and embraced the same round of scenery. A road really new to me turned up from this village through the glen, passing the old castle, and stretching up across part of the forest to meet another new line of road, connecting districts hardly known before. The castle was in high preservation, the pleasure-grounds much extended, and beautifully kept; while the wide meadow on either side the stream lay in large level fields, bearing the most luxuriant crops, far up into the birch wooding. My nephew did not live there. It was let, with the shooting, to an English millionaire; who paid nearly as much for his six weeks' amusement as supported my poor brother's diminished state at Cheltenham. My nephew lived in the new house, as it was still called; for the captain and his worthy lady were both dead. The widow had indeed been living when my nephew first returned to the glen; and he had gone, at her desire, to visit her—a visit which never ended, for they remained together till her death, when he inherited all her worldly goods, all the gatherings of her later savings, all the labours of her busy years, with the various heirlooms of the family, carefully collected and treasured up by this last of the old race. I had expected improvements to have been made at the mansion, but I was quite unprepared for their extent. The bare moor had become a perfect garden; large fields lay around, intersected by belts of plantations almost to the door, from which they were separated by a shrubbery, enclosing a perfect gem of a little flower-garden, with a small conservatory attached to the house. One of the square wings was gone, its materials having assisted in the erection of a commodious set of offices behind, to which all the straggling sheds of former days had also contributed. The other wing had had its front wall

carried up to a gable end, its two narrow casements below altered into one large bay-window, the terraced roof of which, filled with flowers, served as a balcony to the two enlarged casements above. A wide porch had been added to the doorway, covered with creeping plants. And this in a wild Highland glen!—wild no longer. The mountain range around, and the little foaming river, now scantily fringed with birch, were all that remained of the rude Highlands.

The change within was even greater. My mother's parlour and bedroom, thrown into one long room by the help of supporting pillars, was fitted up as a library, and was the sitting-room of the family. In the recess of the bay-window was placed a large, round table, covered with books and writing-materials; in the side wall, doors of glass opened into the conservatory; at the farther end a pianoforte, a violoncello-case, and a high stand full of music, denoted the happy employment of many an evening hour; near the fire was the old cornered chair, now covered with needlework, exactly copied from the faded, worn original; all my mother's chairs found places, too, as stationeries, intermixed with some of a lighter make; the little tea-table, with its egg-shell china, was set before a side window, opening on a small courtyard at the back of the greenhouse appropriated to pet birds. The whole thing spoke of home-occupations and home-happiness, to increase which, every memorial of the past appeared to have been studiously introduced; and it affected me even to tears when I found myself alone there, after walking up from the steamboat a mile and a half or more, unnoticed by any one; for we had not been expected—they had not looked for us till the next boat, not reckoning on our timing our changes of conveyance so accurately. By the advice of the governess, who shortly made her appearance with the younger part of her happy-looking charge, I occupied the time that must be passed before the return home of my nephew and niece with their elder children, in taking a review of the pretty cottage into which the old house had been metamorphosed. Taste and comfort were happily blended throughout all the arrangements, united with the most economical simplicity. Nothing my good Aunt Nelly had left was missing, though there were many additions suited to modern refinement. The old dining-room had been shortened, to give my nephew not a study, but an office; for it was plain that business was in earnest pursued here. The back 'jamb' had been extended indefinitely as part of a range of farm-offices, evidently superintended by a lady's eye. The entrance-hall alone looked feudal; for in it were neatly arranged upon the walls my father's swords, the captain's pistols, and some old battle-axes, leathern shields, old chymores, and such-like antiquities, intermixed with stags' horns and stuffed otters, which my nephew had fallen upon in the garrets when remodelling his residence. I was particularly touched by this careful preservation of every object connected with the olden time; for even the flower-case and the fligree box of my poor old French governess remained in their own place, though the drawing-room did duty now as the children's study. Where the Grecian and Egyptian curiosities had taken refuge, I know not; probably in the bedrooms of the castle; for no remains of them were to be seen in the cottage; and the millionaire had entirely refurnished his reception-rooms in what he called the Highland style—all tartan, dirks, broadswords, and bog oak.

I was warmly welcomed by my nephew and niece; made one of the family at once; consulted, and employed, and appealed to as another of themselves; where all, big and little, master and servant, parent and child, seemed to have but one common interest. We were early up, early to bed, busy all day; and we enjoyed our short evening as only those can enjoy the hours of relaxation who have earned them by daily duties well performed. We did not live alone. Several of the nearer landed proprietors, whose pursuits were beginning to assimilate in some degree with

my nephew's, with the addition, occasionally, of the family retainers, formed an agreeable society, amongst whom no formalities existed, and who seemed to enjoy the easy intercourse prevailing in their unceremonious visits to one another all the more, that display was altogether unthought of as a mode of entertainment. Higher sources of enjoyment have opened upon the rising generation than were ever dreamt of by their ancestors. Conversing with my nephew on his wonderfully altered habits, he told me that he dated the change from the time that a sense of duty dawned upon him. He had wakened from the follies of a frivolous existence to see the inheritance of his family passing from them; the people, whose interests had been delegated to his care, suffering from his desertion. His pride of birth, first humbled, was then aroused, and the keen desire to redeem his station took entire possession of his very energetic mind. Encouraged by the forester, stimulated and assisted by the captain's widow, he first fitted himself for the serious task he had undertaken; and then beginning by managing for others, he proved himself to have become the best manager for all. His character had won him his wife. Her little fortune, and her father's influence, had been of considerable use to him in assisting plans he still pursued as a trustee. He lived upon the allowance he received as manager, grudging no outlay on the estate that would afterwards pay, yet restricting even that to a certain annual sum, while faithfully, year after year, relieving the property of its heavy encumbrances. He had no factor, managing all his own affairs himself. He had two working grieves and a forester, who received their daily orders, and had their labours daily inspected; and he had a book-keeper, chosen, like his other assistants, not for his kindred or his destitution, but for his efficiency in his particular department. His farms were models; and he had many—for here it was that the young laird had offended. The good of the property was his aim so exclusively, that he never permitted private feelings to interfere with what he thought essential to it. He said that where he had found it possible, he had left all the old people in their old places; but that the change of manners had necessitated many removals. He required no band of idlers round him; therefore some were thrown out of bread, whose former dependent existence had quite unfitted them for regular work. A few he had quite reclaimed; some partly; some were not to be reclaimed, and they had either hung on at home, living on more industrious relations, or they had enlisted or emigrated, often assisted by himself, as he owed them help, and was willing to give it. He had had most trouble with his class of small tenants—honest, respectable men, living poorly enough on the few acres their ancestors for centuries back had tilled, much in the same style, too, with their own slovenly system of management; for they were proud, idle, poor, and doggedly opposed to any innovations on the habits of their forefathers. These continued to live in the smoky turf-huts, and to lie in the airless box-beds: they called trees big weeds, and thought flowers an cucumbrance; and the better crops, and the increasing comforts of their more docile neighbours, all so many preparations for expediting the approach of the day of judgment. With such thorough men of the old school, it had been extremely difficult to deal. It was these principally who had emigrated to the new world rather than conform to the times in their old places; and some of them, despite their obstinacy, I could not but regret; for from amongst them, when thrown by different accidents into the current of the world, had sprung men who left these lowly roofs to rise, by their own exertions, to the highest honours of the state. But my nephew was not of an age or a temperament to believe there would ever be any want of force to fill the vacancies: to him these sturdy fathers of the great were so many obstinate old men, who were predetermined never to try to extract its full value from the soil; and

therefore, in his eyes only encumbering it, he joyfully seized every opportunity of assisting in their removal.

He was opposed to the whole system of jobbing. He said it had hitherto been the ruin of the country, as we might see in our own family, and in that of my poor Aunt Grace, the last of whose descendants, this boy she brought over the lake to see me on my former visit to the north, having just started for Australia, after parcelling out what was once a fine property amongst a whole bevy of small purchasers. He would put none into situations they could not honestly fill; he would help the unfortunate to the best of his ability; but he would leave no land with Black Donald's son, or any other body's son, who would not or could not improve it; nor should old Bell's grandson mismanage a saw-mill, had the old woman been foster-sister to a score of lairds. The factor, our cousin's son, need not have bristled up at the ill usage he met with in being passed over for a stranger. He required no factor: the stranger bookkeeper did what the cousin could not do—work; to which he had been bred, and for which he was well fitted. With these sentiments all in active operation, the glen had indeed made strides. Three or four large farms, managed by my nephew's advice, were in the hands of young scions of some of the old stocks; the rest he superintended himself, and cultivated to the utmost—large, level, well-fenced, thorough-drained fields, bearing crops that were a marvel in the Highlands. Still I, like the old useless retainers, felt some regret. A wise writer has remarked, that the actual living present has little interest for the bulk of mankind; that the young are looking hopefully forward to the unknown future; while the elderly return in thought to the fondly-cherished past, where the melancholy which forms the tenderest part of memory mingles with all recollections. It must have been this natural inclination of the mind which made me, in thinking of my native glen, pass over its present flourishing condition, and revert to it as I knew it in my youth, during the bright summer I spent among its beauties when my brother was the laird. The people were then just beginning to arouse from the sleep of ages; new ideas and new wants were just dawning upon the rising race, while the old feelings, and habits, and prejudices, were still the creed of their fathers. It was this that made them so interesting, so unlike the world we left when we came to visit them in the recesses of their mountains, and this was wearing gradually away before the advance of more useful business habits. I could never reconcile myself either to the smoke, and the fizzing, and the racket of the steamboat rushing over our once secluded lake, or to the bustle of the village on its shore. I missed too, through the glen, all the pretty crofts, stolen, as it were, from the birch-woods: they were all gone, the timber of their hanging banks cut and stacked for sale, the heights and hollows levelled, and all the little wild paths through this once graceful wooding, leading from one little sheltered farm to another, existed now only in the memory of such as I, who had loved to linger the long summer hours among scenes so quietly beautiful.

In the forest too, we no longer came upon the solitary woodman felling and barking his tree, or on a half-ruined saw-mill with its leaking watercourse, offering itself to the pencil with all its picturesque infirmities—the sawyer lazily reading, while the tarry log moved on. All this had vanished. A small part of the forest was cut down in rotation yearly, immediately enclosed, and left to nature to replenish. One band of active workmen felled, another barked, another stacked; all roots were raised; horses for the purpose carried the logs to the only mill, an immense building, with a large artificial supply of water, and a yard attached, where the wood was sorted. The thorough air of business interested me here in spite of myself: the regularity astonished me; as did the amount of work done, by which no one, however, seemed oppressed—method making all easy, even to Highlanders. With his workmen my

nephew was a favourite, nor can I say that he was out of favour with any, even of those drones whom he would banish from the hive. He was forgiven much, on account of his position—acting, as they insisted, for my brother; redeeming his father's property at his own risk—and they excused his stern utilitarianism, on account of the several disadvantages he had laboured under. A foreign mother, a foreign nurse, latterly a foreign education, they could not expect his heart to be all Highland. The wiser among them were beginning, too, to be quite sensible of the substantial benefits his rule had brought with it; money, with all the comforts it can buy, being no longer scarce with the industrious. They had regular pay, good houses, shops in the village at hand, a market at their door for their produce, help in sickness, a good minister, and a good school. It was in these latter departments that my nephew's wife most interested herself.

My niece was scarcely handsome, being fair and slight, and wanting height; yet she grew on me as beautiful, from her sweet, cheerful temper, her goodness, her activity, and her cleverness; all these resources of her mind, too, called forth solely by her love of home. It was to enliven her home that she produced her accomplishments, to improve her home that she exerted her various talents; regulating her household so quietly, pursuing her various employments so steadily, associating her elder children with all her works. She was really a help meet for her husband, beloved throughout his whole estate, the support and the solace of all around her. No 'lady' had ever yet so truly possessed the affections of the people. She was of ancient Highland blood too, and understood their ways, and shared most of their feelings. The young laird owed more of the respect he met with than he was at all aware of to the 'gentle Lady Anne.' The employment which, next to her home duties, appeared the most particularly to interest her, was her charge of the newly-founded schools, where she taught daily, not as in the old times of birch rods and Latin grammar, but according to the improving views of the age upon this most important subject. Then she had a school of industry upon a plan of her own, where all of any age got work, if they wished for it, with a small magazine where their labours were sold. A dispensary was under the care of an hospital assistant, whose practice was directed by the weekly visit of the doctor from the neighbouring town, and who received a small salary from the laird to compensate for the low price of his advice and medicines. A soup-kitchen and a linen store belonged to the institution, carefully superintended by my active niece. And all this was done so easily, so cheaply, time being much more abundantly bestowed than money.

Such is the glen as my nephew has made it—changed by the progress of years, aided by the energies of one powerful mind. He has taught his people to help themselves; he has altered their blind submission into a reasonable attachment; and though, from circumstances as much as from character, he may have been a little rigid in the straight course, the end was certain, and worth achieving at any price. Though the poetry of the connexion between the laird and the vassal has undoubtedly suffered by the tie to the *race* being broken, yet affection for the *man*, always given when deserved, may be a higher and a surer bond between them. With such thorough business habits, it will not be supposed that he much encouraged the gaieties formerly so essential to the happiness of the Highlander. He kept up the ball and supper at harvest-home, the dinner at Christmas, and the feast in the hall at the sheep-shearing; but there was no whisky admitted to the entertainments, and they were early over. He discountenanced in every way the expensive funerals, the noisy weddings, the numerous excuses for gatherings, which seldom ended in the good of the younger part of the company. Indeed the tastes of the people were outgrowing the mirth raised by the punch-bowl: a tone

of higher enjoyment was gradually expanding over their feelings, which was assiduously fostered, and wisely directed.

The minister was another of my nephew's lucky hits—a truly well-educated man, anxious for the morals of his flock, proving by his own habits the worth of the Christian precepts he inculcated. He was neither kith nor kin to our family. He preached well, visited his flock unceasingly, abounding in the works of truly gospel charity. His congregation was large, and extremely attentive, but by no means so interesting to me as that of former days. The young men in their fashionable attire did not look half so well as in the plaid. The smart caps, or the very finely-trimmed bonnets of the younger women, were frightful to me, whose thoughts returned to the glossy snood-bound hair of their comely mothers. Old age was less marked, youth was less picturesque; there were few high caps, no groans, no dogs; and the psalms, skilfully sung in parts by the children of my niece's schools, had no resemblance to the Sincby-line-delivered noises of the ancient precentor, taken up in every key and every tune guessed at by the congregation.

The world has reached the glen: every-day life now meets us there: the romance of the Highlands is gone: they will soon offer few distinctive peculiarities. Another generation will very faintly trace the remains of the manners of their primitive forefathers, and the records of scenes I have lived in will be as Robin Hood's tales to my grandchildren.

I took leave of my nephew with sorrow. At seventy odd years, old ladies, even in these days of steaming comfort, travel uneasily. I felt, when I quitted the glen, that its beauties, except in memory, had closed on me for ever.

UNRESTRICTED DANGERS.

Two things, involving liability to great loss of life and damage of property, are left almost without any means of prevention or control in this country. The first is the erection of houses, and other buildings of various kinds. It is found that the greater number of fires originate in flues. Beams of wood are carelessly built in connexion with chimneys: the beams catch fire, and the house is burnt, to the great loss of the proprietor or the insurers. The beams which support the flooring of a house are also sometimes too slender and too short; in some instances the ends have not a rest of more than two inches on the walls. The builder coolly and stupidly sees this done, and nobody but himself knows anything about it. Some day, years afterwards, there is a more than usually large meeting in one of the apartments—perhaps a sale of furniture, perhaps a festive assemblage. All at once the slender beams yield to the pressure, and, slipping out of the wall, down goes the floor, with all who have the misfortune to be upon it. The accident, as it is called, produces a great sensation: several people are killed or maimed; but the author of the disaster is unscathed; the builder has long since been paid for his job, and he is such a decent man, that nobody thinks of blaming him. From similar blunders a newly-built factory falls down, and many poor workmen are destroyed, leaving a number of orphans and widows to be supported by the public; yet great as is the loss, it leads to the adoption of no preventive—everything goes on as usual.

The second, causing a still more flagrant loss of life and property, is the employment of any kind of ships, and any kind of skippers, in our commercial marine. Although a ship is rotten, and unfit for service, it will be loaded with goods for a distant part of the world; and as to the commander, he may know no more of navigation than his own cabin-boy, if even so much. But do not the shippers of goods look into this? No. Because, if the ship is lost, the entire value of the goods is paid by the insurers. Then, do not the insurers look into it? No. They charge for what they consider the

risk, and if they win, they have made a good profit. The whole thing is a species of gambling. If all vessels were seaworthy, and all captains able seamen, underwriting would be nearly extinguished; and that would not be pleasant.

The revelations made before parliament on this subject are appalling. The following piece of evidence occurs in a blue-book on shipwrecks. A witness being asked how shippers of goods in merchant vessels should proceed in the very strange way they seemed to do, he answered that it arose—'From a variety of motives: from being perfectly irresponsible; from there being no authority to investigate their actions or scrutinise their conduct; and from the destructive effects of insurance in removing all motives to care. No one can go into the city, or have transactions with the fitting out of merchant ships, without witnessing, in daily transactions, the fatal extent of the carelessness which prevails in the selection of the master, officers, and men, and in the equipment of merchant vessels. Any man who can procure a loading for the vessel from any foreign port, will seldom be refused the appointment of master, or have any inquiry made into his character. I have even known a Portsmouth-publican who commanded a vessel trading from Lisbon to London.'

'Was this man versed in navigation, or capable of taking an observation had the vessel driven out of its course?' 'No: he had evidently not the most distant conception of it, but depended on the empirical knowledge of one of the seamen. I once sailed from London with ninety persons (in 1835) in a steam-vessel which was highly insured, commanded by a man whose thorough ignorance and habitual drunkenness were such, that I was called upon by the officers and crew, for the safety of the vessel and lives, to take the command out of his hands; which I did. When he got on shore, he cut his throat in a fit of *delirium tremens*. The man's character must have become known to the owners, had it been their interest to make any inquiry upon the subject. I once came home from Portugal in a brig of two hundred tons, when the second mate was the only one on board who knew navigation, the master being perfectly ignorant of that science; the result of which was, that, in a run of five or six days, with a fair wind, we made Cape Clear instead of the Land's End, being bound to London from Cape Finisterre. Seeing the evident danger of such ignorance, I was compelled to interfere to control the vessel. Such instances are constant and notorious, from the circumstance of *examination* being neglected, and qualification being considered unnecessary in the merchant service. Not only is there no interest in getting good hands, but there is a fearful effect in going short-handed. Merchant vessels are to a shameful extent inadequately manned. I once came to England in a brig which could only afford two hands to each watch. The man at the helm was frequently obliged to leave his post to let go ropes in a squall at night. In one case the vessel was almost lost from this circumstance off Cape St Vincent. In a moderate gale, it was necessary to cut away from the yard a fore-top-sail, which could not be furled, from her having only three men and two boys in a vessel of 250 tons.'

'If the lives of the men are lost, does the widowhood or orphanage or any such loss fall on the owners?' 'No: on the contrary, the owners frequently gain. In the case of the loss of the vessel, there is no claim for wages, and the parish supports the widows and orphans, if any of the men happen to be married.'

'Are the losses ascribable to ignorance, and are those losses very great?' 'Yes: I believe it has been ascertained, beyond contradiction, that the number of British ships which is lost is more than one in twenty-four; and that property to the value of nearly three millions annually is thus lost to the nation; chiefly through ignorance and the present system of nautical insurance, which assures any vessel, on good premium, however unsafe or decayed. Further, that for every seventeen sailors who die, twelve are drowned or lost by shipwreck;

and that nearly two thousand perish annually in the deep. Thus hundreds of widows and thousands of children are thrown on the precarious charity of the public.'

It appears to us, as it has long since appeared to others, that the only remedy for these public and private wrongs is to place the erection of all edifices, and the sailing of all ships, under the supervision of educated and responsible surveyors; and to oblige shippers to employ only properly-trained and licensed commanders. The legislature, we believe, has some such arrangement in view; and if so, it is very desirable it were hastened to a practical issue.

ADVENTURE OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

MR MELVILLE, according to his own account,* was a sailor on board the 'Dolly,' an American whaler, which visited the cruising-grounds of the Pacific in the year 1842. The vessel had been six months at sea, out of sight of land, chasing the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the line—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else. Many weeks had elapsed since her fresh provisions had been all exhausted; there was not a single yam or sweet potato left; nothing but salt horse and sea-biscuit, nothing green or fresh to look upon save the inside of her bulwarks, and these were of a vile and sickly hue. To aggravate these evils, unendurable enough in all conscience, the commander was a harsh, selfish fellow, who would not have cared, so long as his own wants were attended to, though his men had been living on salted plank. No wonder that, under these circumstances, the crew became land-sick, and that visions of verdant islands, happy valleys, tropical fruits and flowers, desertion and liberty, floated before their minds. The captain's store of delicacies was not everlasting, however; an appeal to his stomach was more powerful than one to his heart, and so the Dolly's prow was at length turned landward. The Marquesas was her destination; and thither, in eighteen or twenty days, the gentle trade-winds wafted her yearning crew. It was in the summer of 1842 that they dropped anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, and just at the time that the French Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars was taking measures for the subjugation of these islands. The bay and valley of Nukuheva were of course in great commotion. It was high gala-day with the crew of the Dolly; and the temptations of the island, rendered doubly powerful by the memory of the harsh treatment they had experienced at sea, told among them, as might have been expected. Here, then, Herman Melville, in company with another shipmate, made up his mind to desert, and to take his chance among the natives until some more kindly craft might appear for his reception.

Having made their escape in their ordinary sailor dress, with no implements save their knives, and no stores save a few biscuit, a pound or two of tobacco, and a piece of calico to serve as a present to the natives in case of need, our two runaways made for the heights of Nukuheva, whence they might watch the departure of the Dolly, and be out of reach of the inhabitants, who never leave the bosoms of their valleys—each tribe possessing its own vale, to which they are confined at once by the surrounding heights and the fear of their neighbours. To these heights they forced their way through jungle and cane-brake, drenched to the skin by heavy rains, bruised, torn, and bleeding. At the height of 3000 feet night fell around them, cold, weary, and hungry; the rain and friction had ground their biscuit to pulp, and this pulp was rendered all but uneatable by the juice of the tobacco, which had been thrust into the same receptacle. They looked around them for fruit, but they were above the region of the cocoa-nut and bread-tree; and, unsavoury as their dis-

* Narrative of a Four Months' Residence among the Natives of a Valley of the Marquesas Islands. By Herman Melville. London: Murray, 1846.

cuis pulp might be, it was their only resource. What they had might have sufficed for a single meal, but the Dolly would not sail for eight or ten days, and to descend from their security till then, would be to defeat the project for which they had already hazarded their fame and fortune. What then was to be done? After a brief discussion, in which both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that, little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition was assented to; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and cutting it with my knife into half-a-dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division. At first Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we must have greatly diminished its quantity. When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a table-spoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in the bit of silk prepared for it; and, joining them altogether into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of my companion. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.

Still holding inland towards the central heights of the island, from which the valleys radiate like the spokes of a wheel, our adventurers came to a waterfall, under the cliff of which they proposed to rest till the morning. The night was wet and gusty; so, slanting a few fallen branches against the precipice, and covering them with leaves and withered grass, they crept under and disposed their wearied bodies as they could best contrive. 'Shall I ever forget that horrid night? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice; but he lay shivering the livelong night, like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents, that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to clude the incessant streams that poured upon me. By protecting one part, I only exposed another; and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and in general care little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition, almost unmanned me.' As might be expected, the earliest peep of dawn found them stirring from this uncomfortable resting-place; and having despatched their scanty breakfast of biscuit pulp, they were once more on their journey. After three or four days of toilsome wandering by day, and lairing by night under the shelter of rocks or fallen trunks, their miserable stock of provision was consumed; and there was now no alternative but to descend into the first valley, and risk a reception with the natives. To turn back to the Nukuevans would have been madness, as these people were sure to deliver them up to the vessel in hope of reward; to make a hap-hazard descent was a mere life-lottery—they might fall into the hands of the mild and gentle Iapappas; but they were quite as likely to enter the valley of the Typees, reputed the most fierce and cannibal of the Marquessans. Descend, however, they must, or starve where they were. Their biscuit crumbs were gone, and the chewing of succulent shoots and young buds was but a temporary expedient.

Taking, then, the first watercourse that offered, they commenced their descent to the more fertile low lands. From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs; which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarcely light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the un pitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing. Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparation for passing the night. Here we constructed a shelter in much the same way as before; and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings. Having continued their descent on the following morning, they soon came to a rocky precipice, nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Desperate men will often accomplish, it is said, what would utterly baffle the most skilful and cautious; and so it was with our adventurers. The sides of the ravine were covered with curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly over it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown, and decayed, with their extremities snapped off; and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Their scheme was to intrust themselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and, by slipping down from one to another, to gain the bottom! Toby, the lightest and most active, commenced this dangerous descent; our hero followed, cautiously transferring himself from the root down which he first slid to a couple of others that were near it, wisely deeming two strings to his bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before he trusted his weight to them. On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots that were round me, to my consternation they snapped off, one after another, like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches by which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air; and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain. I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it, until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swung myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root, caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to

it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

We need not follow our adventurers through every difficulty and hairbreadth escape in their descent to the valley; enough to state that they reached it, worn-out and hungry, and found it the abode, not, as expected, of the gentle Happar, but of the warlike Typee. They were first discovered by a boy and girl, who instantly gave the alarm; and in less than twenty minutes they were surrounded by half the inhabitants of the valley. After considerable scrutiny and questioning—a questioning which was all but unintelligible—the natives seemed pleased with the new-comers, admitted them into one of their best bamboo houses, and placed before them a repast consisting of cocoa milk and poce-poce—the latter a staple article of food among the Marquessans, manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned by a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the line. They felt our skin much, in the same way that a silk-mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ. After supper they were regaled with a pipe; and about midnight the group around them gradually dispersed, leaving only those who appeared to be permanent inmates of the house. These individuals now provided them with mats to lie upon; and then extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down to sleep, allowing our adventurers to follow their example. Thus entered they upon their sojourn in the valley of Typee, ignorant whether on the morrow they were to be treated as friends, or served up as a banquet to the cannibal natives.

It was broad day when our hero awoke, and by this time the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex. As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honoured us, and so uproarious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sleepy; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity. These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane, fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows, presenting us with food, and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But, in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum. Having diverted themselves to their heart's content, our young visitors at length withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time, I have no doubt, the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances!

Notwithstanding all this distinction, Melville felt ill at ease. The limb which he had injured in descending the ravine began to assume alarming symptoms; and

as no medical aid was near, the suspicion crossed his mind that he might remain there a disabled prisoner for life, if indeed the disease might not prove fatal. His companion strove to cheer him. The native doctor exhibited his skill in frictions and emolliments, but to little purpose; and for the meantime there was no resource but to submit to be carried hither and thither, as the chief commanded, on the shoulders of a herculean Typee, some six feet three inches in height. In this style he was borne to the stream to bathe, to the chief's residence, to the sacred groves—in fact wherever his curiosity suggested. Though comfortable in every respect, nay, though doted on by the natives, our adventurers had no wish to become adapted Typees, and were consequently plotting their escape. For this purpose it was agreed that Toby should steal across the frontier ridge, pass the Happar valley, and make for Nukuheva, where, telling his tale to the French, he might induce them to send a boat to ransom or rescue his disabled companion. In this attempt, however, he was completely unsuccessful; for even before he had crossed the frontier, a party of straggling Happars fell upon him, and he only escaped by a rapid flight into the valley of Typee, though not before he had received a javelin wound, that disabled him for several days. All hope being cut off in that quarter, they now waited in patience for some boat to touch at the valley to barter with the Typees for fruit, pigs, and water. Such an opportunity at length arrived; but, unfortunately, Melville was still unable to avail himself of it; and Toby left him, under promise of returning in three or four days with help from Nukuheva. Of his companion, however, he was destined never to hear again. Whether he had gone off in the boats of some passing vessel, had reached Nukuheva, and there forgot his promise, or had been massacred by the natives in his attempt to escape, Melville could never learn. The Typees could not by any means be brought to mention the name of Toby; or, if they did, it was vaguely to denounce him as an ungrateful runaway.

But whatever might have been Toby's fate, now that he was gone, the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention to Melville; treated him, in fact, with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had he been some celestial visitant. In spite of all this, he was nevertheless a prisoner: his athletic valet was never from his side; he was guarded and tended with the strictest care; and none of the natives would listen for a moment to any conversation respecting his departure. The cause of all this kindness he was utterly at a loss to discover. Did they regard a white man as a curiosity too valuable to part with, or—horrible thought—did they nurse and nourish him as the future victim of some of their cannibal festivals? Such thoughts he could not altogether repress; and though never uttering the word departure, it was the one thought ever uppermost in his mind. His injured limb being so far recovered that he could walk without support, he now roamed over the valley, attended by his appointed valet, visited every nook and cranny, studied the customs and manners of the natives (to which we shall hereafter allude), conformed himself so far to their ways as to adopt their dress; and even consented to be tattooed; and, if we may judge from his relation, was about to accept a Typee bride, on whose beauty and gentleness he dwells in no measured terms. But though our hero thus revelled in all the enjoyments of Polynesian life, it was enjoyment under restraint. The glorious festivals of the chiefs, the dances and rejoicings, the love-wanderings with his chosen Fayaway, would have been rejected at any hour for the hail of an English voice, or the sight of a whaler's long-boat. Nor was he destined long to dream of such an occurrence; for one morning the valley was startled from its propriety by the arrival of a native stranger, whose looks, gestures, and words were regarded by the Typees with more than human reverence. This was a tabooed Marquessan from Nukuheva; one who had right

to wander where he chose without molestation, and one whose presence was eagerly sought after by the chiefs, who were anxious to learn the proceedings of the French. 'Marnoo' was his name. He had been taken; when a boy, to Sydney by the captain of a trading vessel, and had, in addition to his other qualities, acquired a smattering of English. From this individual Melville learned what was going on at Nukuheva; and a scheme might have been concocted for our hero's release, had not his anxiety betrayed him; and he and Marnoo were instantly separated by order of the chiefs. Was ever poor adventurer born under a more unlucky star?

Another month had scarcely passed by, when the valley again rang with shouts of 'Marnoo peni,' and the tabooed stranger once more made his appearance. This time he had come from his native valley of Pucarkaka; and the thought instantly struck Melville that thither he might escape, and then take his chance of getting to Nukuheva, provided he could enlist the sympathies of Marnoo in his behalf. But 'my heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered me that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said; "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihenee (young girls). Oh, very good place Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come." These words distressed me beyond belief; and when I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley, and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming passionately—"Me no hear you talk any more; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No; you see he no want you to speak to me at all—you see? Ah! by by you no mind—you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now, you listen; but no talk any more. By by I go; you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep); you run away; you come Pucarkaka. I speak Pucarkaka Kannaka—he no harm you. Ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more." So saying, Marnoo left him, and engaged in conversation with the chiefs.

Here, then, was a way of escape for poor Melville; and he instantly set about to accomplish it. But night after night, as he attempted to steal from the house, his ever-watchful valet was in a moment by his side; and his excuses for rising at such untimely hours were as instantly nullified by the objects he sought being placed by his side. His last and only hope was to wait the arrival of some boat in the bay, his determination being, in such an event, to reach the sea at all hazards. He had recently witnessed sailings in the valley which made him more uneasy than ever. The men who could revel over the carcass of a Happar, would have little compunction, in case of offence, to do the same with the plumper body of an American. Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, when one morning the valley was startled by the shouts of, 'Toby has arrived here!' and the reader may well guess of Melville's sensations. Whether it was Toby or not, it was clear a boat was in the bay, to which the crowd was fast hurrying; and, mounting on his valet's shoulders, our adventurer was proceeding seaward with the throng. Mark, however, his disappointment when the chiefs ordered him to stay, and forbade any one to render him assistance, believing that his lameness would prevent his getting to the beach. The crowd still hurrying seaward, left Melville in a great measure to himself; so, seizing a spear, he supported himself as he best could, and made for the bay. When he reached the open space that lay between the groves and the sea, he saw an English whale-boat lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms from it. She was manned by five islanders, and a sixth, dressed in European clothes, stood on the shore, negotiating with the

Typees. This was Karakoe, a tabooed Kannak, whom Melville had often seen on board the Dolly at Nukuheva, and who was treating for his ransom by offering a musket, some bags of powder, and several pieces of calico. The Typees, however, turned from his offers with disgust, and motioned him from their shores, threatening to pierce him with their spears if he advanced another step. Our hero now urged the Kannak in an agony of despair; but he too was seized, and compelled to sit down.

It was clear the Typees were not disposed to part with him. Seeing this—in despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprung upon my feet, and rushed towards Karakoe. The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoe, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavoured to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat. It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore. Blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Clasping my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes; but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kannak, who had been anxiously watching my movements. The rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoe by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way.

The danger, however, was not past. The javelins of the Typees were now hurled after them in showers; and as the rowers had to pull against a strong head wind, the boat made so little way, that several of the chiefs stripped, and, with their tomahawks in their teeth, plunged into the water, in hopes of detaining her. 'It was all a trial of strength: our natives pulled till their oars bent again; and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity. By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives, and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that, if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manoeuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas—they would grapple the oars, and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy. After a few breathless moments, I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us; and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act. I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and, with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow; but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance. Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale, but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in

safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoev. In the course of the day he was lifted on board the 'Julia,' where, under proper treatment, he speedily recovered the use of his injured limb, and became, we have no doubt, a more steady and enduring seaman.

Such was the adventure of Herman Melville among the most dreaded inhabitants of the Marquesas. The boat which effected his deliverance belonged to an Australian vessel, which, being in distress of men, had put into Nukuleva to recruit her crew. The captain having been informed by Karakoev, who had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, that an American sailor was detained in the neighbouring bay of Typee, supplied suitable articles to offer as ransom, and the generous Kannak immediately undertook the adventure which we have seen end so successfully.

AGE AND REIGN OF MONARCHS.

THE causes which affect the health and duration of life of mankind, and the average age at which individuals engaged in various professions die, have been for some time, and are now, exciting considerable attention. The labours of government officers, and others, in preparing statistical tables, &c. have brought to light many results of a curious and instructive kind. Not the least interesting amongst the results of these inquiries, are those which show the average duration of life in various professions, and which prove that all those engaged in pursuits which are attended with much mental excitement and care, do not, as a general rule, live so long as those whose occupations require mere bodily exertion. For example, it has been estimated, by Dr Bellefroid, that the average age at death of those who reach their twenty-eighth year, is, among barristers, 62; physicians, merchants, and farmers, 64; clergymen, 65; poets, 61; artists, 62; professors in universities, 63½; and military officers, 64½. When we consider the very arduous and harassing nature of the duties of monarchs, and the dangers to which, in former times especially, they have been exposed, we will not be surprised to find the average age at death, among such of them as pass their twenty-eighth year, estimated at 56½. It may be interesting to give some details regarding the ages of various monarchs that have ruled in several countries.

Taking the ages of 196 sovereigns, who, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, ruled in Europe and China, it will be found that their average age at death was 50 years, and that of this number only eighteen reached the age of threescore and ten. This is a different result from that quoted above, but it is explained by the fact, that this calculation embraces several kings who never reached their twenty-eighth year. The oldest monarch of the above number was Kien-lung, the grandfather of the present emperor of China, who died in 1798 at the age of 88. The next to him, in point of age, was George III. of Great Britain, who may be called the contemporary of Kien-lung, and whose age, at his death in 1820, was 82. The only other monarch who lived to see his eightieth birthday was Kubla Khan, fourth son of the renowned Jenghis Khan, who ascended the throne of China in the year 1281. The average number of years which each of these 196 monarchs reigned was 23.

In examining the ages of monarchs in the different countries embraced in the above list, we shall find a difference: as regards both the age at death and the number of years of each reign. In rude and unsettled times, the average length of a reign is, comparatively speaking, short. For example, it is recorded that, for fifty years during the third century, there were about fifty Roman emperors; and while England was under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxons from 820 to 1017, there were fifteen kings, the average duration of

each reign being 13 years. The three Danish princes of England reigned only twenty-seven years altogether, from 1014 to 1041; while the reign of Edward the Confessor, by whom they were immediately succeeded, and who is regarded as among the most distinguished of the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, extended to a quarter of a century. From the time of the Norman Conquest, in 1066, to the close of the Tudor dynasty in 1603, there were twenty-two monarchs in England, whose average age at death was 44, and each of whom reigned, on an average, 24 years and 5 months. In this number Edward V., who was smothered in the Tower by order of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., is not included, he being but a child of twelve years old at his father's death, and regarded nominally as king for only two months and a few days. Of these monarchs only three died under forty years of age. These were Richard II., said to have been murdered after his deposition at the age of 33; Richard III., slain at the battle of Bosworth at the age of 32; and Edward VI., who died in his 17th year. The oldest of these English sovereigns, and the only one whose years numbered threescore and ten, was Elizabeth. She reigned forty-five years; a longer time than any other monarch, with the exception of Henry III. and Edward III., the former of whom reigned fifty-six, and the latter fifty-one years. Besides Elizabeth, the ages of five other monarchs exceeded 60. These were, William the Conqueror, 63; his son, Henry I., 68; Henry III., 65; Edward I., 66; and Edward III., 63. It is worthy of notice that all these princes, with the exception of Henry III., are regarded by historians as eminent for their talents, energy, and skill. Both William the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus, met their deaths by accident—the former by a fall from his horse, the latter by being shot with an arrow in the New Forest.

It is impossible to ascertain from the early history of Scotland the duration of the lives of many of the kings of that country. Twenty-four are said to have reigned from 843 to 1153, which would give an average of about 13 years to each reign. From a statement of the ages of thirteen sovereigns, who ruled from 1153 to 1567—that is, from the time of Malcolm IV. to that of James VI.—it appears that their average age at death was 46, and each reign extended, on an average, over 29 years. Taken in the aggregate, therefore, the sovereigns of Scotland, though younger than those of England, reigned for longer periods. The ages of two of these Scotch kings exceeded 70; namely, William the Lion, who died in 1214, aged 72; and Robert II., who died in 1371, aged 74. All the others, with the exception of Robert Bruce and Alexander II., died at ages under 50.

From the accession of James VI. to the death of William IV., there have been eleven kings of the United Kingdom, whose average age at death was 63, and each of whom reigned on an average 21½ years. With the exception of Charles I. and Queen Anne, none of these sovereigns died under the age of 50; the age of one, George III., exceeded 80, and of George II. and William IV. exceeded 70. The longest reign was that of the third George, which extended to sixty years; and, with the exception of that of his immediate predecessor, all the others were under a quarter of a century in duration; the shortest being that of James II., which only lasted three years, and the next to it that of William IV., who ascended the throne at the advanced age of 67, and reigned only seven years.

From the time of Charlemagne in 800, to that of Louis XVI. in 1792, there have been forty-five kings of France. The ages of forty of these are ascertained; those which are unascertained or doubtful, are all in the end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century. Of these, only two exceeded the age of threescore and ten; and these are among the most remarkable sovereigns that ever ruled in France. The first was Charlemagne, who may be said to have been the con-

solidator of the French monarchy, and who died at the age of 71, after he had reigned forty-seven years as king of France, and three years as the first emperor of Germany. The second was Louis XIV., whose reign is considered the most brilliant in the annals of France, whose court fascinated all Europe, and under whom the dominion of the French was greatly extended. Louis was sovereign for seventy-two years, and died at the age of 77. Seven of these French kings lived to exceed 60 years of age, and the ages of six were under 30. Of the latter, one was poisoned, and it was suspected that the deaths of other two were brought about by the same means. The ninth Louis, who, after his death, was canonised as a saint, reigned forty-four years, and died at the age of 56 of the plague, off the coast of Tunis, in Northern Africa. The great Henry IV. was assassinated in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and fifty-sixth of his age; and Charles VII., after having reigned 39, and lived 60 years, died in 1460 from want of food, which he refused to eat, from the fear of being poisoned. The average age of these French kings at death was 52½, and the average duration of each reign 22 4-5th years.

The history of Spain is a very ravelled skein, in consequence of the country having been at one time divided into a number of separate kingdoms—such as those of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, &c. It is therefore difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion with reference to the ages of the kings who ruled in it. However, from the time of Ferdinand of Aragon, under whom Spain was, in the end of the fifteenth century, consolidated into one monarchy, to the death of Ferdinand VI., in 1759, eight kings ruled, whose average age at death was 55 7-8ths, and each of whose reigns averaged 35½ years. It was during this period that Spain acquired so much strength and importance among the powers of Europe. Under these monarchs she obtained an enormous amount of wealth from her American colonies; and during the reign of one of them, Philip II., she fitted out the so-called 'Invincible Armada.' This king reigned forty-two years, and was the only one among these Spanish monarchs who reached the age of threescore and ten. He was surnamed 'The Prudent;' though it is probable this title was earned before his great naval imprudence—the unfortunate Armada. His immediate predecessor was the renowned Charles V., who was emperor of Germany as well as king of Spain, and who, surfeited with the splendour of courts and the cares of royalty, retired to a convent, after he had reigned about forty years, and died at the age of 59.

The empire of Russia was under the dominion of the Tartars until the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was freed from their rule by a monarch named Iwan, or John. The dynasty which has now possession of the Russian throne belongs to the family of Romanoff. The first czar of this name was Michael, who was elevated to that dignity when he was only seventeen years old. This prince was taken from a convent to fill the Russian throne at a time when the country was in a distracted state, and when his father, an archbishop, was a prisoner in Poland. He reigned thirty-three years; and from 1610, when he ascended the throne, to 1825, when Alexander died, Russia was governed by eleven monarchs (exclusive of two who died in childhood, and whose reigns did not last a year each), whose average age at death was 44½, and each of whom reigned on an average for 21½ years. In the history of Russia, we find an illustration of a rule that holds good in many other cases—that the longest reign is the most conducive to the consolidation and extension of the power and development of the energy and industry of a country. The longest rule is that of Peter the Great, which extended to forty-three years; this czar dying at the age of 53. None of these Russian sovereigns attained the age of threescore and ten; the oldest was the Empress Catherine, who died at the age of 68, after she had reigned thirty-four years. Elizabeth and Anne, other empresses, died at the respective ages of 52 and 47. The Russian empresses have been longer

livers than the emperors; for the average ages of four of the Romanoff line is 51½, while of the emperors it is only 40 3-7th years. Their reigns are, however, shorter; the average being 17, while that of the emperors is 24 years.

The first emperor of Germany was Charlemagne, who, as has been stated, was likewise king of France, and died at the age of 71. The last emperor of Germany was the late Francis II. of Austria, who died in 1835. Between these two sovereigns—that is, between the years 800 and 1835—there have been fifty-three German emperors, thus showing that each reigned, on an average, nearly twenty years. Calculations based on the ages of twenty-nine of these, show that their average age at death was 53½, and the average duration of their reigns 22½ years. This shows these emperors to have lived as long as the kings of Spain, and to have been exceeded in age only by the kings who reigned in Britain from 1603 to 1837. This is, to a great extent, accounted for by the fact, that nearly all these German emperors were men of experience, and advanced in years, before they obtained the imperial crown. There are only two whose ages at death were under 35; one of these was poisoned in 1001, and the other died of small-pox in 1711.

The kings of Sweden do not appear to have lived to a great age. Of ten monarchs who reigned from 1523 to 1792, the average age at death was 50½, and the average duration of each reign 21½ years. Here again we perceive an instance of the same general rule to which allusion was formerly made; for the longest of these reigns was that of the great Gustavus Vasa, who elevated Sweden to a high position among the nations of Europe, and of whose heroic conduct, both while working in the Dalecarlian mine, and when seated on the Swedish throne, all history speaks in high terms. He died at the age of 70, after a reign of thirty-six years. Another Swedish king who filled all Europe with his fame was Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at the battle of Lutzen, where he was 'victorious for the last time.' He lived 38, and reigned 22 years. The other great military hero of Sweden, Charles XII., was killed at the siege of Frederickshall, after he had reigned 22, and lived 36 years. The lives of these two kings show few years, but many actions; and the restless activity of Charles caused his life to be so crowded with deeds, both good and bad, that it may really be said of him, though not quite in Johnson's meaning,

'He left a name at which the world grow pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

His successor, Frederick I., formerly Prince of Hesse, was the oldest of these Swedish monarchs. He lived 75, and reigned in Sweden 32 years.

The ages of nineteen sultans, who ruled the Ottoman empire from 1453 to 1789, are ascertained, and show an average of 49, the average duration of each reign having been 17½ years. Only one of these lived to be threescore and ten. That was Solymán II., who died in 1566. In this list of nineteen are included five Mahomets, the youngest of whom died at the age of 44, after reigning eight years.

The history of the Chinese, as preserved by themselves, is perhaps the most complete record possessed by any nation. It extends as far back as the common date for Noah's flood; and though much is regarded by some as fabulous, still the portion that may be considered authentic embraces a more extensive period than the history of any European nation. The present inquiry will not, however, be assisted by penetrating into the very remote portions of Chinese history; a period of about eight centuries has therefore been selected, from which to ascertain the ages of the emperors. Of thirty-six, who sat on the Chinese throne from 977 to 1793, the average age at death was 46½, and the average duration of each reign about twenty years. Of this number six were under 30, sixteen under 40, and nineteen under 50 years of age. In the year 1721,

the emperor Kang-ly completed the sixtieth year of his reign. He was the first Chinese emperor whose rule had lasted so long, and the rejoicings of himself and his subjects on the occasion were very great. His reign, which lasted another year, is the longest recorded in the Chinese annals. He died at the age of 69. His reign was marked by two very important circumstances. The first was the commencement of the trade with Europe in tea; and the second, the introduction among the Chinese, by Father Verbiest, of the art of casting cannon. This Father Verbiest was a missionary of the Jesuits, and rose to be chief mathematician to the Chinese emperor. He was greatly lampooned by many of his brethren in Europe, for putting such powerful instruments of warfare into the hands of the Chinese; but he had the satisfaction of receiving the approval of the high dignitaries of the church for what he had done. The grandson of Kang-ly was Kien-lung, who, on mounting the imperial throne, took a solemn oath that, in the event of the gods permitting him, like his grandfather, to reign for sixty years, he would then show his gratitude for such a distinguished favour by resigning the crown to his heir. A curious vow, which he lived to keep; for in 1795 he abdicated in favour of Kea-king, father of the present emperor of China. The reigns of these two emperors, Kang-ly and Kien-lung, extending as they did over a period of nearly a century and a quarter, are perhaps the most important in Chinese history; for in them was first commenced the breaking up of that exclusive nationality which had jealously guarded the Chinese people from intercourse with foreigners, and prevented that interchange of thoughts and commodities which has hitherto proved an efficient promoter of civilisation, and an admirable preserver of peace.

Column for ~~the~~ People.

SERVANTS.—BY MADAME GUIZOT.

[Monsieur de Bonnel—Augustus, his Son.]

M. de B.—Augustus, I hope you have returned that mask that you took from George, as I desired you?

Augustus (in a peevish tone).—I was obliged to return it as you ordered me; but I had not taken it from him—I was giving him what it cost. If George was sulky, and would not take the money, it was not my fault.

M. de B.—He did not want your money, but wished to keep his mask. You had no right to compel him to dispose of it.

Augustus.—I have a very good right to make George do as I choose.

M. de B.—And what gives you that right?

Augustus.—His father, Antoine, is your servant.

M. de B.—And is that a reason why George should have no will of his own?

Augustus.—No; but it is a reason why he should give up to me; and as a proof that he knows he should do so, he always does give up to me. To-day, though, he would not sell me his mask; he had no idea of taking it from me; and only for you, he certainly would have made me keep it.

M. de B.—Well, he will soon think differently, and will hereafter resist your authority.

Augustus.—I should like to see him attempt it.

M. de B.—You shall soon have that satisfaction. Antoine had forbidden his son to use any violence with you, lest he might hurt you. I have just been telling him that if he does not order George to defend himself against you, whenever you torment him, as he would against one of his companions, that he shall come no more here. You will now see whether it is his duty to yield to you in everything, and if it was out of respect to you that he has hitherto done so.

Augustus.—It would be a pretty thing for George to treat me like one of his companions!

M. de B.—You have only to avoid being too familiar with him.

Augustus.—It is not being familiar to wish to make him do what I please.

M. de B.—When you have no right to exact obedience, you can only obtain it by compulsion; by making it a request as you would from an equal, or by force, which he shall

be able to repel; and that is the greatest familiarity which I know.

Augustus.—George is intended to be my servant some day—he has told me so a hundred times: he must then be submissive and respectful.

M. de B.—He will not be submissive except in those things in which he shall have agreed to obey you; he will not be respectful but so long as you are not wanting in what is due to him. A servant agrees to obey in everything that regards his master's service, without doing injury to himself. Thus, if a master were to order his servant to go and fight for him, or to give him money out of his savings, the servant would be free to refuse.

Augustus.—People do not require such things as those from a servant.

M. de B.—It is equally foolish and unjust to ask them to work and run about for you, so as to injure themselves, and to oblige them to give up what belongs to them at a price they do not agree to. If you try to compel your servant by force to do what is unsuitable, then he loses his respect for you, and resists as much as he can; and he has a right to do so, for he has only agreed to obey your orders: he has not engaged to expose himself to any other risk, if he disobeys them, than that of being reprimanded or discharged. If you go farther, you break your agreement: abuse, as well as a blow, releases a servant from all duty.

Augustus.—There are, however, servants who continue their duty although they are overworked or ill-treated by their master. I have heard my cousin Armand abuse his groom, and even threaten him with his whip, because he was bleeding a horse badly; and yet Jack continued his work without answering a word, because he knew very well that he must bear it.

M. de B.—What would he have done to Jack if, as his master very well deserved, he had answered him impertinently?

Augustus.—He would have turned him out of doors, and not have given him a character, so that he would not have been able to get another place.

M. de B.—So, then, masters have the power of ill-treating their servants as much as they please; and if every master were to act in this way, all servants would be obliged to bear it?

Augustus.—Of course they would.

M. de B.—But if all servants were to take it into their heads to resist their masters, then the masters would have to bear it, or to do without servants.

Augustus.—That is what can never happen.

M. de B.—It is what would happen were service to become so intolerable that people could not endure it, and consequently had no interest in attending their masters. But masters and servants, being necessary to each other, have found it for their advantage—the one to be kind, the other to be respectful and submissive. It is, then, because there are many good masters, whom it is their interest to serve, that servants are respectful even to bad ones. Therefore he who abuses this respect is a coward, who takes advantage of the goodness of others by sheltering himself behind them, that he may do wrong with impunity.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

At the last Cheshire quarter-sessions, held at Knutsford, Mr Sadler, chief constable of Stockport, made his first of a series of formal reports to Mr Trafford, the chairman of the sessions, on the state of juvenile delinquency in this division of the county, and of the causes inciting thereto. As the subject has now become one of great and absorbing interest, not only with the legislature, but with the public generally, and as the document in question has become to some extent public property, we have deemed it more devoted to the following rather lengthy extracts by no means uselessly occupied. Mr Sadler commences by observing:—I have taken from our prison register the names of 280 juveniles, all under the age of 16 years, whose arrests extended over a period of several years, and have made inquiry into their parentage and condition at the time of apprehension, as far as we were able, with the view of ascertaining the causes leading to so much juvenile depravity, and, if possible, of suggesting measures to prevent it. . . . Of these 280, there are 98 of whose circumstances I shall speak particularly. . . . There are 36 who were strangers unknown to our police. . . . and the remaining 134 I shall only allude to by a general observation in con-

clusion. I will commence by observing, as a general summary, that of the 98 juveniles, 36 have been transported, all of whom have been more than once in custody; 32 have been in custody more than once, but not yet transported; and 30 only once in custody. . . . Again, of these 98 juveniles, 6 were orphans, their parents having been dead some years; 3 of these have been transported, and 2 more than once in custody; 13 left without fathers in infancy, 9 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 left without mothers, with fathers living, 3 of whom were transported, and 6 more than once in custody; 7 left without mothers, and whose fathers were men of bad character, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 5 left without fathers, whose mothers were bad characters, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 8 left without fathers, whose mothers became prostitutes, 2 transported, 5 more than once in custody; 8 whose fathers were felons, 2 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 4 whose mothers were felons, 3 transported; 4 both parents felons, 1 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 22 both parents living, but bad characters, 8 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 whose fathers were drunkards, mothers creditable, 1 transported, 5 more than once in custody; and 1 whose father was creditable, but mother a drunkard, once in custody. In speaking of character, I include only such parents or guardians as were known to be guilty of drunkenness, or gross immorality, both in language and habits, and leading vagrant, idle lives; many subsisting on the food or money obtained by their children, expressly trained for such purposes. Those known as felons are separately noticed. What portion of the 134 which I have not particularised may have received proper instruction, is not for me to determine. In another portion of the report, Mr Sadler thus enumerates the causes leading to crime:— Entire absence of proper instruction, attributable to the ignorance or indifference of parents; the influence of bad example, profligate or drunken habits of parents; parents, who from illness, neglect to provide their families with necessary food; absence of due restraint on the part of parents, regardless of what associations are formed by their children; parents who are themselves vagrants or pedlars (and this is a large class); parents who train their children to habits of mendicancy, and live themselves upon the proceeds; where parents are themselves thieves, and train up their children as such; the seductions or inducements of vicious companionship; children left to their own resources, without parents, home, or shelter of any kind. The remedial measures necessary to counteract these evils, and which are pointed out at length in the report, may be thus summed up:—Moral and religious instruction, and proper family discipline; an alteration of the poor-law, so as to meet the condition of such as are not only left without parents, but where neglect or gross profligacy can be proved with regard to parents, by compelling such to support their children in the workhouse; an improvement of the police system, and of prison discipline, suggesting the principle of separation in the latter case, temporary residence in an asylum or house of refuge, banishment from the country for a term of years in extreme cases;—the present treatment of transports being somewhat mitigated as regards juveniles;—summary commitment, increased rigour in the treatment of adult prisoners. Mr Sadler also states his opinion that the cost of the alterations, means, and appliances necessary to carry out this scheme, would be saved by the diminution in the number of prosecutions, and charge for the maintenance and apprehension of prisoners, which would result from its adoption.—*Manchester Guardian, February 1846.*

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work grow forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE POET.

AMID life's busy hum and clamour hoarse,
Himself though not unseeing, yet unseen,
The Poet still pursues his placid course.
With quiet pace and upturned eye serene,
He looks regretful on the tinsel scene,
The swollen nothings on life's witching stage:
All to his taste is profitless and mean;
Far higher thoughts his towering mind engage—
A fairer, nobler home, a worthier heritage.

For he, while others crawl along life's road,
Scorns the base dust, and soars to fancy's bowers—
Makes, lark-like, in the air his bright abode,
Hath his own world of sunlight, love, and flowers:
Around his heart joys fall in plenteous showers,
And add new vigour to his tireless wing.
While earth-born dullards count the weary hours,
And to their parent dust contented cling,
True to his native heaven, he still doth soar and sing.

Nature and God his animating theme,
The fields his study, and the woods his books,
He seeks the grassy dell and wimpling stream,
And haunts the shadowy groves and rushy brooks;
Even in the meanest things reads happy looks,
Hears joyful utterances in tongueless things,
Finds sweet companionship in loneliest nooks.
How much of Paradise to earth still clings,
Far, far beyond the world's cold dull imaginings!

But ah, he mourns when, though, like princely feast,
Beauty lies spread o'er every hill and plain,
Man still will grovel like the brainless beast,
To Mammon's drudgery bound with iron chain!
Shall Spring put on her beauteous dress in vain,
Nor honoured man, earth's great high-priest, afford
A loving glance at Nature's fair domain?
His only wealth the dross in coffer stored—
Living alone to get, and getting but to hoard?

He grieveth too that man on man should frown,
That creed, condition, country should divide;
That blustering Might should Meekness trample down,
And bloated Wealth o'er Poverty should stride.
How long, how long shall Self be deified,
Imperious Mammon fill his wrongful throne?
By blood and sorrow are not all allied?
Oh that fair Love again would claim his own,
That each might live for all, that all might live as one!

But though for this his bosom grieveth sore,
With hopeful heart he tunes his lofty lay:
Nor deem his words mere figures on the shore,
Which the next tide shall ruthlessly sweep away:
No; he may die; his words shall not decay,
Nor only live to grace a lady's bower;
But kings and senators shall own their sway.
Great 'mong the greatest is the Poet's power,
He moves the wheels behind, whoe'er may strike the hour.

The venerable wrong, the hoar abuse,
The social mischief, the truth-seeming lie—
The ills that fashion, caste, and pride induce—
Full against these his sharpest arrows fly:
And now he lays his unloved thunder by;
And, as the rainbow, smiling fair above,
Embraces, gladdens all that 'neath it sigh,
Persuasion's mightier power he seeks to prove,
And charm a heedless world perchance to truth and love.

S. W. P.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is, indeed, on all accounts inexcusable, and can never proceed but from some unworthy principle—as cowardice, malice, or a total contempt of virtue and honour. The difficulties it runs one into are not to be numbered. One lie requires ten others to support it, and the failure of probability in one of them ruins all. The pains necessary to patch up a plausible story, and the racking of the memory, to keep always to the same circumstances in representing things, and avoid contradictions, is insufferable; and, after all, it is a thousand to one but the artifice is detected, and then the unhappy man is questioned as much when he is sincere as when he dissembles; so that he finds himself at a full stop, and can neither gain his ends with mankind by truth nor falsehood.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

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SUSPICION, OR THE LAST APPLE.

THE parlour bell rang, and Mrs Bridget hurried up stairs at an unusual rate, for she judged, by the hasty and peculiar tinkle, that she was summoned upon no ordinary occasion. Bridget had lived with Mrs Simpson as maid, or rather as confidant and humble companion, for nearly twenty years. The term humble companion may perhaps have been rather misapplied, as it generally happened that Bridget's opinion took the lead, though the mistress was not always aware of it. It may, however, be justly concluded that, during such a lapse of time, Bridget had become so well acquainted with the temper and habits of the lady, as to understand to a sort of hair's-breadth nicety her mistress's humour by the slightest circumstance. For instance, when Mrs Simpson returned home from an evening party, the quick-sighted Bridget could tell in one moment, by the sound of her footstep, or even, she declared, by the hang of her shawl, whether she had been gratified or otherwise. On the present occasion, therefore, the ringing of the bell indicated something remarkable; and in haste and perturbation Bridget made her appearance to inquire the cause.

'Bridget,' said her mistress in a quiet tone, which did not altogether accord with the hasty summons, nor yet with the agitated looks which accompanied it—'Bridget, come here,' repeated the old lady, who was standing near the window. Bridget obeyed, and looking in the direction to which her mistress pointed, saw, and at once comprehended, why she had been summoned.

'Gracious goodness!' exclaimed Bridget in almost a scream; 'the last apple gone!'

'It is indeed,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'but how is it gone, that's the question?'

'The beautiful apple!' cried Bridget; 'the finest on the tree; indeed the only one that could be said to come to perfection. It was but yesterday morning that I stood admiring it. One side was so sweetly streaked with red, and I said to myself that apple must certainly be ripe, for it had got that fine-gold-coloured tinge all over it. Indeed, ma'am, if you recollect, I wished you to gather it some days ago. But, as you say, which way could it have gone? Certainly by no fair means.'

'I think not,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'the weather is so mild and still, that it can hardly have fallen of itself.'

'That I am positive it has not,' cried Bridget. 'If the high wind of last Monday did not bring it down, it could not have dropped since.'

'However,' said the old lady, 'for my own satisfaction, we will just look round the garden.'

'As you please, ma'am, though I feel convinced it will be to no purpose.'

Mrs Simpson and her confidant accordingly set out

on the important search; the mistress, with her spectacles on, slowly and carefully peering on either side, and despairingly shaking her head, as every step she took showed the search was useless. Bridget took a less accurate survey as she kicked the fallen leaves about, so thoroughly assured did she feel that the apple had been spirited away. Having thus traversed the whole round of the garden, it was a settled point that the apple was gone to all intents and purposes, and most pathetically did the lady lament that she had not gathered it before; nor did Bridget, in the midst of her condolence on the occasion, fail to remind her mistress that it was about the hundredth time that she had had good reason to repent not taking her (Bridget's) advice. Indeed, though the servant's loss in the apple was equal to that of her mistress, as the favourite fruit was always shared with the favourite maid, yet she had infinitely more of consolation in the idea of her mistress being punished for not attending to her counsel: and next, having declared her assurance that the apple had gone by unfair means, she was, in truth, not sorry it could not be found.

'Well, ma'am,' said she, 'you see I was right; indeed, from the first moment that it was missed, I felt certain that the apple had been stolen; and now, ma'am, all that remains is, that you will catch your death with cold if we stay out any longer. I can positively affirm that we have sought over every inch of ground; and I once more repeat, that some one must have taken the apple.'

'I am quite of your opinion,' replied the lady; 'and, as you say, there is no good in seeking any further.'

Mistress and maid then directed their steps towards the house, re-entered the parlour, shut the door, and seated themselves by the fire, in order to discuss the subject. The matter of extreme importance now was to ascertain the offender.

'Who can have taken it?' cried Mrs Simpson.

'Why, ma'am,' replied Bridget, 'the truth is, I have but little scruple in saying I firmly believe that Tom Randal, the butcher's boy, is the thief; for, besides that he is one of the most audacious lads I ever knew, he has always cast such a keen look towards that apple-tree, that I often thought it would be next to a miracle if the fruit escaped him. There is something insolent in Tom Randal's whistle. I am positive he is daring enough for anything; and it will only surprise me if that boy does not come to be hanged.'

'I hope not,' exclaimed the charitable mistress. 'Even if he has taken the apple, it is hard to prophecy that he will come to the end you mention. Besides, we cannot speak positively; for though Tom may be saucy at times—'

'May be!' interrupted Bridget; 'indeed, ma'am,

there's no "may" in the matter. He is at all times the most insolent chap that I ever spoke to. It was only yesterday morning that, because I made him go back for the suet, which he had forgotten, he went off muttering. I am sure that I would not for the world wrongfully accuse any one; but I only wish I was as sure of some other things, as I am sure that Randal stole the apple.'

'It may be so,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'but now, Bridget, I will tell you whom I suspect as at least as likely to have taken the apple as the butcher's boy: why, no other person than Jenny Price, the washerwoman's niece. The girl is civil and well-behaved, but yet to me she appears artful.'

Bridget, though generally pretty positive, changed her opinion, and in an instant transferred the guilt from Tom Randal to Jenny Price. She gave her mistress a nod, as much as to say, 'You have hit it!'

'It never struck me before,' cried she; 'but indeed, ma'am, you are right. Jenny is as artful a little puss as ever breathed. I shall never forget, when they had scorched my best lace frill, how cunningly the young gipsy put it underneath the other things, supposing that I should not find it out. I could suspect that girl of any trick. And let me see—she was here late yesterday afternoon, and was dawdling about below for some time; for, after I thought she was gone, to my surprise I saw my young madam creeping out at the gate. Now I say, what business had she to stop an instant after she had been paid? And what could she be doing? But I'll go to her aunt this blessed day, and if I don't make the little demure wretch confess what she has done, my name is not—'

'Stop, Bridget,' exclaimed the old lady; 'we must not be in too great a hurry. Though I mentioned Jenny Price, yet where so many people have been in and out, she is only one among others; besides, I have had another thought. Did not the cheesemonger's lad come here this morning? How can we be certain that he did not take the apple?'

Bridget paused, and looked much concerned. 'I have never seen anything,' said she, 'which could give me reason to suspect him of such a thing. Indeed he seems quite a respectable sort of lad, remarkably well-behaved, and never fails to pull off his hat whenever he meets me. I should be sorry to think any harm of him.'

The circumstance of his politeness very much inclined Mrs Bridget in his favour, especially as she did not in general meet with much civility, being one of those acting managers who take upon themselves infinitely more than their superiors. Mrs Bridget had a notion that the sure way to make herself of consequence, was to find fault and give as much trouble as she possibly could. Consequently, while the shopkeepers, for the sake of profit, bore as patiently as they could with the fault-finding housekeeper, their assistants and she were generally at warfare. The politeness of the cheesemonger's boy was valued accordingly, and it was with some degree of reluctance that she allowed the possibility of his being the culprit. But the longer she considered the matter, the more did circumstances appear against him.

'I am sorry for it,' cried Bridget; 'but, to be sure, boys will be boys; and, upon further consideration, I am sadly afraid it was poor William. He was here very early this morning, ma'am—full two hours before you were up; and as he came along the garden with a basket in his hand, he stopped for a moment close to

the apple-tree, and I certainly observed one of the branches shake a little; but I thought nothing about it at the time. So Hannah took in the things, and the lad was going away again, when I recollected that we wanted another lump of butter; and wishing it to be from the same dairy as the last, which was remarkably good, and thinking he would be more likely to attend to my orders than to Hannah's, I ran down stairs and called after him; and, to be sure, I never shall forget how frightened and confused the lad looked. As sure as I sit here, ma'am, he has taken the apple; else why should he have seemed so alarmed? I did not speak angrily; on the contrary, I said, "William, you are a good boy for bringing the eggs in time for our breakfast." So, as I said before, what should make him appear so confused if he had not done something wrong?'

'Well, Bridget,' exclaimed the mistress, 'from all you have said, I certainly think there is little doubt that it was the cheesemonger's lad who took the apple; and really, for a decent well-behaved boy, as you say he is, it was a daring action.'

Bridget made no reply. Though she had given her full evidence against her favourite, yet she seemed pondering over something in her mind.

'After all, as you say, ma'am, it is not right to accuse any one, unless we are quite sure; and I have just recollected another person that neither of us thought of—old Janet Gray. I would not swear that she did not take the apple.'

'Nay; Bridget,' interrupted the lady, 'now your suspicions go too far. I cannot for an instant believe that poor old Janet would do such a thing. You know she only comes now and then for a little skimmed milk or broken victuals, and she has not been here for several days; besides which, I believe her to be as honest a creature as ever lived. What can induce you to suspect the poor old soul?'

'Why, ma'am, you shall hear,' replied Bridget, who had quietly heard her mistress out, aware that she could presently shake her mistress's extreme confidence in Janet's honesty. 'I will just give you my reasons for thinking as I do of the old woman. In the first place, begging your pardon, ma'am, Janet was here no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, and Hannah, by my orders, sent her home with a basketful of different things, even a cold veal cutlet, which I could have eaten myself, for I am very fond of cold veal cutlets; but I said, "Hannah, you may as well give it to the poor old woman;" and this was the return the ungrateful creature made—to carry off our last apple.'

'Well—but,' again remonstrated Mrs Simpson—
'You shall hear, ma'am,' continued Bridget. 'There was a time when I felt a regard for Janet Gray, knowing that she had gone through much trouble, and had seen better days; and there was a time when I thought her as honest as the day, and would have trusted her with untold gold. Indeed so I would now, sooner than with either fruit or cakes; for I do not believe that, upon her own account, she would take a pin: but then Janet has got a grandchild, and, ma'am, you would not credit, nor could anybody believe, the way in which she pampers that brat, and for its sake I firmly think she would beg, borrow, or steal. I remember, times and oft, she has looked at the apple-tree, and sighed; but I thought nothing about it, never supposing that people who wanted bread could long for apples. At the other day I saw old Janet purchasing some coals, and the coals happening to be less than she expected, she got

no change out of her sixpence; and so, not having a halfpenny left, she positively intreated the people of the shop, almost with tears in her eyes, to give her an apple or a cake to take home to her dear little Mary.

'Poor soul!' exclaimed Mrs Simpson in a tone of compassion; 'I cannot think the worse of her for being so fond of her grandchild; nor do I still see, from such a circumstance, that you have any reason to believe that she would steal.'

'Well, ma'am,' replied Bridget, 'perhaps I might not have thought so much about it, but for an artful trick which she served me the other day. Janet had come as usual for her skimmed milk, and hearing her cough very badly, I gave her a large lump of sugar-candy, for which she thanked me most kindly; but—would you believe it, ma'am?—instead of putting it into her mouth, she popped it into her pocket; and I should never have found her out, but that, in her hurry, she slipped it through her pocket-hole, and it fell to the ground. The old woman looked foolish enough, you may be sure, declaring, however, that her cough was nothing, but that, if I pleased, she would take the sugar-candy home to her dear little girl. I own I felt provoked, for I looked upon it as neither more nor less than a cheatery; however, I said nothing; but from that hour I felt convinced that old Janet would go any lengths for the sake of pampering her grandchild.'

'Well, poor creature,' said Mrs Simpson; 'one cannot wonder that she should be so fond of the orphan child of her only son, who was killed in the wars: it is very natural that she should make a pet of it.'

'Very true, ma'am, but there is reason in all things,' and Mrs Bridget argued so forcibly upon the subject, and brought so many instances of the old woman's stratagems to procure niceties for the child, that at length Mrs Simpson felt convinced that she might have been the culprit. There was now a long pause: the thoughts of both mistress and maid were absorbed in the same subject, though in a different way; Mrs Simpson regretting that poor Janet should have forfeited her integrity, while Bridget was casting about in her mind how she should be able to bring the guilt home to the delinquent; that is to say, in what manner she should make the old woman confess the fact.

'I shall be truly sorry,' cried Mrs Simpson, 'if poor Janet has done such a thing.'

'Oh, ma'am!' cried Bridget, 'the more I think of it, the less doubt I have upon the subject.'

The old lady was again silent; for she was still considering if there were no other possible way in which the apple might have gone. At length she said, 'Bridget, did not Mrs Robinson send her maid here yesterday afternoon to inquire after my health? Now, the truth is, I do not like the young woman; and though I would not mention such a circumstance, out of delicacy to my friend, yet I do not think it impossible but that she might take the apple.'

'I never once thought of her,' cried Bridget; 'but, in my opinion, she is about the most likely of all we have guessed at to be the one who has taken the apple; for I never saw that girl, in doors or out of doors, but she was munching something. She seems to be one of those greedy people who are continually eating—her pockets are always filled with nuts, apples, or gingerbread. Now, it being almost dusk when she came yesterday, she might not be aware that the apple she saw was the last on the tree, and that we should immediately miss it. Unluckily, it hung so low, that no one could pass without perceiving it, which was the reason, ma'am, that I wished you to gather it before. So, as I say, you may depend upon it the greedy creature could not refrain from plucking it, and a most barefaced piece of impudence it was; and though it does not become me to differ from you in opinion, ma'am, yet I do think you are over-scrupulous in not liking to mention the circumstance; for a hussey who could not deliver a message without stealing something by the way, ought to be exposed. Indeed it is but common justice that her

mistress should be made acquainted with the character she has to deal with; for the more I consider the matter, the more convinced I feel that the girl is quite equal to such an act, and very little scruple should I have in telling her so.'

Which words were scarcely out of Bridget's mouth, ere the subject of them made her appearance. The lady and her confidant exchanged looks, as a well-known saying recurred to the mind of each.

Susan curtailed; she had now brought an invitation from her mistress, and also a request for a book that she had forgotten to ask for the evening before; and while Mrs Simpson went herself to bring the volume, Bridget was considering in what way she should attack Susan upon the subject of the apple; for, notwithstanding her declaration that she should like to tell her of it, she found it rather an awkward affair to directly accuse the young woman of being a thief. But she was spared further deliberation by Susan's leading at once to the subject, exclaiming, as she cast her eyes towards the window, 'Why, gracious me! Mrs Bridget, all your beautiful apples are gone!'

'Yes,' replied Bridget, 'they are indeed;' laying a peculiar emphasis on the last word. 'Every one,' continued she; 'and the last apple went in a very remarkable manner;' and Bridget fixed her eyes on the young woman. Susan bore the scrutiny without flinching; but whether from innocence or consummate effrontery, was hard to determine. The housekeeper concluded the latter; but the girl's assurance, though it appeared to add to her guilt, rendered it the more intimidating and difficult to bring her to a confession; when Bridget thought her of putting a home question, which she imagined must let in some light upon the affair.

'Pray, Susan,' said she, 'did you ever taste our apples?'

'No, ma'am,' replied Susan and she certainly did blush as she spoke. At this critical moment, however, Mrs Simpson re-entered the room with the book, with which, and compliments and inquiries after the lady's health, Susan was despatched on her return. To have lost such an opportunity was not easily got over by Mrs Bridget.

'Never was anything half so unlucky, ma'am, as your coming in at the instant you did. I was just getting at the truth in the cleverest way imaginable I merely said, quite coolly, "Pray, Susan, did you ever taste our apples?" and I only wish, ma'am, that you had seen her countenance when I put the question. You would then feel as convinced as I do that she was the person who took the apple; and if I had not brought her to a confession, the apple is not gone—that's all.'

'I am not sorry, however,' replied Mrs Simpson, 'that matters did not go so far. It would have been very awkward to have accused the young woman of such a thing without proof; and you know, Bridget, that circumstances have appeared very strong against every person whom we have thought of, so that we cannot say positively who it was; and I really think, after all, we must let the matter drop.'

Now according to law, persons suspected are considered innocent till their guilt is proved; but Bridget's zeal stripped her charity, and, far from being puzzled by a circumstance which would have perplexed most people, namely, that among all those accused, only one could have taken the apple, she rather concluded them all guilty till the real culprit was found; and, accordingly, felt very indignant at hearing her mistress talk of letting the matter drop, which, however, in her own mind, she resolved it should not do—not one of the suspected should entirely escape a more rigid scrutiny. Some she resolved openly to accuse, while to others she planned to throw out such broad hints as could not fail to make them understand her meaning; and still, as she canvassed the affair in her imagination, more were added to her list of suspected persons. A family living next door were now brought in: to be sure they were kind neighbours, and of the highest

respectability; but then they had a family of children, and the children had got visitors, and these visitors were schoolboys, who, it is well known, are equal to any pranks in the way of fruit-stealing. This family, therefore, Bridget determined should know a little of her mind upon the subject: but this she kept to herself, aware that her lady would not be willing to risk anything that would be likely to make a difference between herself and her neighbours; so for the present, the subject was suffered to rest. Except that when Bridget read the newspaper to her lady, she did not fail, in commenting upon the crimes which filled its pages, to dilate upon the mischief ensuing from suffering small offences to go unpunished. The lady bore all these half-reproaches patiently. The circumstance which had occurred still grated on her mind; but the matter had been discussed so warmly, as to threaten unpleasant consequences, arising from some difference of opinion between the lady and her confidential servant. Thus the subject, though occupying the mind of both, was, for the remainder of the day, not mentioned by either.

On the following morning, however, Bridget, having been out on some particular business, entered the parlour with a hasty step, and a countenance glowing with triumph and satisfaction, and began with, 'Well, ma'am, thanks to stirring pretty briskly in the matter, I have at last found out the real thief: ay, ay, let me alone, I generally know how to go to work in such affairs; and now, ma'am, I hope in future you will take what I say a little into consideration. For I repeat, that it is a shocking thing, and a public injury, to suffer thieves to escape with impunity, though it may be only an apple they have stolen.'

'But, Bridget,' said the lady—

Bridget's impatience bore down all interruption. 'I declare, ma'am,' exclaimed she, 'it is enough to try the temper of a saint to hear you with your buts and ifs, when I say that I have got positive proof of the person who took the apple, though I have not yet seen or brought him to confession.'

'And where,' said Mrs Simpson, 'did you or could you get your positive proofs?'

'You shall hear, ma'am,' replied Bridget, unpinning her shawl, and seating herself in regular, comfortable form to begin her story—'you shall—'

'And you shall see, Bridget,' said Mrs Simpson, at the same time taking up the identical apple, the subject of so much debate, suspicion, and false accusation, and which, though it had lain on the table before her eyes, Bridget had been too much occupied to observe.

It is not too much to say that the most terrific apparition would hardly have had a greater effect on Mrs Bridget, who was, to use a vulgar but appropriate expression, completely 'dumbfounded.' When she had somewhat recovered the first shock, for we cannot give it any other term, she endeavoured to doubt the fact, alleging it to be an actual impossibility; but the apple bore a mark, a very remarkable one—a little diat, with a bird-peck on the side of it—which had been too often noticed by both mistress and maid to allow of any doubt. Indeed it seemed like one of those lucky marks which, time out of mind, have served to identify lost children.

In answer to Bridget's looks of wondering curiosity, the old lady went on to relate the circumstance of finding the apple, and to supply this. In taking her customary walk round the garden, by that sort of natural disposition which frequently prompts one to seek, even when all hopes of finding are over, Mrs Simpson, on reaching the apple-tree, cast a look towards the bereaved branch, and from thence to the ground, where, immediately underneath, but nearly concealed by the box-border beneath which it lay, was the lost apple. 'How it happened,' said Mrs Simpson, 'that we missed finding it yesterday, is more than I can imagine; but so it was.'

Bridget sighed, wondered, and once more examined the apple, to see if she could find a flaw in the evidence;

but it was not to be done: the only flaw was in the apple, which had been most cruelly tunnelled and honey-combed by the insects.

'Ah, Bridget,' said the old lady, 'how many innocent people have we accused, and never once suspected the real depredators—the slugs and snails! I hope, for the future, we shall know better: indeed it is a true saying, that "the loser is often the greatest sinner." I am very glad, however, that we went no further than talking the matter over between ourselves, as it might otherwise have led to unpleasant consequences.'

Bridget's conscience in this respect was not quite so clear as that of her mistress; but she was thoroughly humbled, and we trust she received a *beneficial lesson*.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE—as far as the communication of ideas by certain modes of contact, by gesture, or by sounds, can be called by that name—seems to be possessed in common by all living creatures. The first or simplest form in which this faculty is manifested among animals, is that of contact—a species of intercommunication beautifully illustrated by the habits of such insects as the ant. 'If you scatter,' say the authors of the *Introduction to Entomology*, 'the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these, in their turn, become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.' The mode of communication employed by bees, beetles, and other insects, is much of the same nature, being almost entirely confined to contact, and rarely or ever partaking of gesticulation, which may be considered as the next form of language in the ascending scale.

In expressing their wants, feelings, and passions, almost all the higher animals make use of gesticulation. The dog speaks with his eye and ear as significantly as he does by his voice; the wagging of his tail is quite as expressive as the shake of a human hand; and no pantomime could better illustrate conscious error, shame, or disgrace, than his hanging ears, downcast look, and tail depressed, as he slinks away under rebuke. The dog, indeed, is an admirable physiognomist, whether actively or passively considered. If you can read craving, fear, or anger in his countenance, so he will kindness or surliness in yours, just as readily as he can interpret the physiognomy of one of his own species. Observe that huge mastiff gnawing a bone on the other side of the street, and see how the Newfoundland that is coming up on this side deports himself. First, he stands stock-still; not a muscle of his frame is moved: the mastiff takes no notice of him. Next, he advances a few steps, looks intently, wags his tail once or twice; still not a glance from the mastiff, which is evidently striving not to observe him. On the Newfoundland goes with an indifferent amble, keeping as closely to this side as he can, and thinks no more of the mastiff. Had the latter, however, lifted his head from the bone, had he exchanged one glance of recognition, had he brushed his tail even once along the pavement, the Newfoundland would have gone gambolling up to him, even though the two might have had a tussle about the bone in the long-run. Here, then, is an example of strict physiognomy or pantomime, quite as well understood between animals as the most ardently-expressed sounds. Again, mark that couple of terriers, bound on a secret rabbiting excursion to yonder hill-side. Two minutes

ago, that shaggy native of Skye was dozing on his haunches, as little dreaming of a rabbit-hunt as of a journey to the antipodes. But his little pepper-and-mustard friend awoke him from his reverie, and pricking up his ears, gambolled significantly around him. Next he scampered onwards for a dozen of yards or so, looked anxiously back, again scampered forward, looked back, whined, and returned. Then he set out, scenting the ground as if he had made some important discovery, stopped suddenly, made a short detour, tracking some imaginary scent as eagerly as if a treasure of venison lay beneath his nose. This at length rouses his friend of Skye, and away they trot as slyly to the hill as any couple of poachers. Now our pepper-and-mustard hero is beating the whin-bushes, while his comrade stands outside the cover, ready to pounce on the first rabbit that makes its appearance. Not a whine, not a yelp is heard—the whole is conducted by signs as significant and as well understood as the most ingenious system of marine signalling.

Independent of the humble kind of expression which gesticulation implies, many of the higher animals are possessed of vocal language, by which they can give the most intelligible utterance to their feelings of delight, pain, fear, alarm, recognition, affection, and the like. Nor does this language differ in aught but degree from that which we ourselves enjoy. Our organs may be capable of a greater variety of tones and modulations; and yet in some cases this is more than questionable: all that can be said is, that the human organisation is capable of more perfect articulation, and this articulation is a thing of art, imitation, and experience, depending upon the higher degree of intelligence with which the Creator has endowed us. The brute creation express their feelings and passions by certain sounds, which are intelligible not only to those of their own species, but in a great degree to all other animals. Man, in his natural state, does little or nothing more. It is civilisation—the memory of many experiences, aided by his higher mental qualities—which gives him his spoken language; each new object receiving a name founded on association with previously-known objects, and each conception receiving expression by association with ideas formerly entertained. Nothing of this kind takes place among animals; their limited endowments do not permit of it, as the range of their existence does not require it. Their language may be considered as stationary in a natural state, though capable of some curious modifications under human training, or even under certain peculiar changes of natural condition. It is to this range of animal expression that we would now direct attention.

Take that barn-yard cock, for example, which five minutes ago was crowing defiance from the top of the paling to his rival over the way, and hear him now crowing a very different note of delight and affection to his assembled dames. In a few minutes you may hear his peculiar 'cluck, cluck,' over some tid-bit he has discovered, and to which he wishes to direct their attention; his long-suppressed guttural cry of alarm, if the mastiff happens to be prowling in the neighbourhood; or his soft blurr of courtship, when wooing the affections of some particular female. All of these notes, even to the minutest modulation, are known to the tenants of the barn-yard, which invariably interpret them in the sense they were intended. Or take the barn-yard hen, and observe the language by which she communicates with her young. By one note she collects and entices them under her wings, by another calls them to partake of some insect or grain she has discovered, by a third warns them of danger, should any bird of prey be sailing above, by a fourth calls them away to another place, or leads them home, should they have strayed to a distance. Nor are these various calls known instinctively, as is generally believed, by the young brood. We have watched the habits of the barn-fowl with the closest scrutiny, and are convinced that a knowledge of the mother's notes is, to the young, a process of acquirement;

in the same manner as a human child quickly, but nevertheless by degrees, learns to comprehend tones of affection, doting, chiding, and the like. The knowledge of the lower animals is in almost every instance acquired; a process necessarily more rapid in them than in man, as they much sooner reach the limit of their growth and perfection. Animal language is most perfect and varied among such animals as are gregarious in their habits. Let the most ignorant of natural history attend for a few days to the habits of a flock of birds, a herd of oxen, horses, deer, elephants, or the like, and he will find that they make use of a variety of sounds often totally different from each other. Friendly recognition, hatred, fear, mirth, satisfaction, the discovery of food, hunger, and so on, are expressed each by a peculiar note, which is distinctly and instantly comprehended by the whole flock. And as among men, when simple sounds are insufficient, so among animals gesticulation is made use of to assist the comprehension and deepen the impression.

If, then, animals are really in possession of a vocal language, it may be asked, is that language capable of any modification, improvement, or deterioration; and have we any evidence to that effect? That animal language admits of extensive modification, we have ample proof in the history of cage and singing-birds. The natural note of the canary is clear, loud, and rather harsh; by careful training, and breeding from approved specimens, that note can be rendered clear, full, and mellow as that of the finest instrument. We have further proof of such modification, in the fact of a young canary being made to imitate the notes of the linnet or goldfinch, just as either of these may be taught the song of the canary. The starling and blackbird may be trained to forsake their wood-notes wild, and to imitate the human whistle to perfection in many of our national melodies. Nay, the parrot, starling, raven, and even the canary, may be taught to articulate certain words and phrases with more precision and emphasis than the tyros of the elocutionist. Nor is artificial training always necessary to accomplish such modification; for we have the gay and lively mocking-bird of America producing, of his own free-will, almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. 'While thus exerting himself,' says Wilson, 'a person destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master; he squeaks out like a hurt chicken—and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, ~~and~~ with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quivering of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.'

As there is thus an evident capability of modification, so there must, to a certain degree, be improvement or deterioration, as surrounding circumstances are favourable, or unfavourable to the development of the vocal

powers. A young canary brought up in the same room with a goldfinch and linnet, if he does not slavishly adopt the notes of either, will often be found to add them to his own natural music. The natural voice of the dog, so far as that can be ascertained from wild species of the family, is more a yelp and snarl than a bark; and yet what is more full and sonorous than the voice of the Newfoundland or mastiff? The wild horse—depending so much as it does upon the society of its kind—acquires the nicest modulation of neighing, so as to express pleasure, fear, recognition, the discovery of pasture, and so forth; while the laboured hack has scarcely, if at all, the command of its vocal organs. The voice of animals is just as evidently strengthened and increased in variety of tone by practice, as is that of the human singer or orator, and thus becomes capable of expressing a wider range of ideas. Indeed it is certain that, if animals are placed in situations where the use of their language is not required, they will in a short time lose the faculty of speech altogether. Thus, on the coral island of Juan de Nova, where dogs have been left from time to time, and where, finding abundance of food, they have multiplied prodigiously, it is asserted that the breed have entirely lost the faculty of barking. We knew an instance of a young canary, just bursting into song, which was rendered permanently dumb by being shut up in a darkened chamber, and by occasionally having a cloth thrown over its cage, that its notes might not disturb an invalid. This treatment was continued for several months; and so effectually did it destroy the clear, brilliant notes of the youngster, that he was never afterwards known to utter a note beyond a simple 'tweet, tweet' of alarm. As the human speech is affected by disease and old age, so likewise is that of the lower animals. The husky, paralytic voice of the old shepherd-dog, is a very different thing from the full-toned bark of his athletic years; formerly, its modulations could give expression to joy, fear, anger, reproach, and the like; now, its monotony is destitute of all meaning. We were once in possession of a starling, which we had taught to utter a number of phrases, and to whistle in perfection a couple of Scottish melodies. After a severe moulting attack, not only was his power of voice destroyed, but his memory apparently so much affected, that phrases and melodies were ever after jumbled incoherently together; much like the chattering of an old man in his dotage, or like those individuals who, after severe fevers, forget some of the languages they have acquired, or make themselves intelligible through a new jargon of English, French, and Latin phrases.

But it may be asked—if the lower animals thus make use of a vocal language, are those to whom it is addressed at all times capable of interpreting its meaning? The well-known habits of gregarious animals, in our opinion, ought to answer this question. Every individual in a herd of wild horses & deer, most perfectly understands every gesture and sound of the watch or leader, which is stationed for the general safety. Nor is such understanding altogether instinctive, but a process of training and tuition quite analogous to what takes place in our own case. Farther, the speech, if we may so call it, of one animal is not only understood by the animals of its own class, but in a great measure by the other animals that are in the habit of frequenting the same localities. Thus the chaffinch, which discovers the sparrow-hawk sailing above, instantly utters a note of alarm—a note known not only to other chaffinches, but understood and acted upon by all others of the feathered race within hearing. The suspension of every song, the rustling into the thicket beneath, the sly cowering into the first recess, or the clamour of impotent rage, abundantly attests how well they have interpreted the original note of alarm. But if all other evidence were wanting of the capacity of the lower animals to interpret other voices than their own, the fact that many of them learn to interpret human words, and to distinguish human voices, would be sufficient

attestation. Thus the young horse taken from the hills, learns in a few months to discriminate the words spoken to him by his driver; and so do the ox, the dog, and other domesticated animals. This comprehension of vocal sounds evidently implies a sense of language—a sense that, on their part also, the expression of certain sounds will meet with a certain interpretation.

Such is the language of the lower animals: limited, no doubt, when compared with that of the human race; yet all-sufficient for their wants, and only inferior because not combined with that higher intelligence which, after all, forms the true distinction between man and his fellows of the animal creation.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MURILLO.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTERAN MURILLO, the eminent Spanish painter, was born at Seville on the 1st of January 1618. His genius was displayed at a very early age, for little Bartolomé was in the habit of blackening the white-washed walls of the rooms in his father's house with his sketches, and scratching figures on the brick floors. It was the wish of his parents that he should be educated for the church; but the boy evinced so strong a predilection for the art in which he afterwards so brilliantly distinguished himself, that they at length yielded to his intreaties, and placed him with his uncle, Juan del Castillo, a painter of some repute, especially in the art of colouring.

The subjects in which Castillo excelled were fairs and markets, which afford such varied materials for picturesque groups. Murillo painted several pictures in that style, and his preceptor took great delight in encouraging him. The result was, that in a few years the disciple had learned almost as much as his master was able to teach.

At this epoch, Castillo having suddenly broken up his school, and quitted Seville to reside at Cadiz, Murillo was thrown upon his own resources, and, instead of entering any of the other schools which had rivalled Castillo's academy, he followed the impulse of his genius, and struck out a path for himself. Collecting the implements of his art, he hastened to the fair, which was then being held at Seville. It was the custom for very inferior artists to post themselves in the fair, and execute orders on the spot, for portraits of saints and martyrs, and other devotional subjects, for the adornment of dwellings, or to be exported to the then extensive Spanish colonies. Murillo, though he must have been aware of his own superiority to the class by whom he was surrounded, did not hesitate to become a candidate for employment, and performed cheerfully whatever work was offered to him, without bargaining as to price. This apparently disadvantageous commencement was perhaps one of the main causes of his subsequent success, inasmuch as he was obliged to work so rapidly, and his subjects were so varied, that he at once attained a remarkable freedom of touch and readiness of expression.

When Murillo was in his twenty-third year, one of his brother pupils at Juan del Castillo's, named Pedro de Moya, and of whom he had lost sight for several years, returned to Seville from Flanders, where he had enjoyed the advantage of studying his art under the celebrated Vandyck. The progress made by his former companion, as evinced by the specimens he displayed, stimulated Murillo to endeavour to avail himself of similar opportunities of improvement; but his resources were insufficient to defray the cost of foreign travel. Seville did not supply a field for increasing his means; but the idea struck him, that he might profitably dispose of the productions of his pencil to the masters of vessels trading from Cadiz to South America. Accordingly, he purchased a large piece of canvas, and having been well-grounded by his master, Juan del Castillo, in the method of preparing or priming it, he performed that

operation himself—thereby economising much—and then, cutting it into unequal parts, he painted upon the greater portion of them Scriptural subjects, and portraits of saints, and on the remainder landscapes, animals, and flowers. He then hastened to Cadiz, where he found no difficulty in disposing of his pictures; and returning to Seville with their product in his purse, he remained there only a sufficient time to acquaint his brother with his intention to travel, and then wended his way on foot, with an anxious, yet hopeful heart, towards Madrid. He was now twenty-four years of age.

On his arrival at the Spanish metropolis, he introduced himself to Velasquez, chief painter to Philip IV., who was highly esteemed not only at court, but universally, as an artist of transcendent merit, and a good and high-minded man. Velasquez received Murillo with the kindness which was natural to him; and having heard his simple history, he entered warmly into his feelings, and insisted that he should become his guest. In the palace, galleries, and collections of Madrid, and at the Sacristy, Murillo beheld, for the first time, some of the most celebrated works of the great Italian and other masters: the delight of the young artist may be easily conceived. His generous patron, Velasquez, obtained for him every facility for copying those valuable models; and during the three years of his residence in Madrid, he manifested his great artistical powers. Velasquez watched the remarkable progress of the youth with the greatest interest, and brought under the king's notice copies made by the latter from three pictures—one by Vandyck, another by Rubens, and a third by himself. They were greatly admired by the sovereign and his court; and Velasquez strongly recommended Murillo to go to Rome, proposing not only to give him letters of introduction to eminent individuals in that city, but offering him the pecuniary means of accomplishing the journey, and of remaining at Rome commodiously. These generous proposals were, however, declined; no doubt Murillo felt unwilling farther to avail himself of the bounty of Velasquez, and, impressed with gratitude for the invaluable protection and friendship of his disinterested patron, he took an affectionate leave of him, and returned to Seville.

Among other reasons which it has been supposed weighed with Murillo in producing this fixed resolution to return to his native city, without fulfilling his original intention of visiting Italy and other countries, there is one which appears to have been very natural; namely, that, having had access in Madrid to a number of the works of the first masters of every school, and having enjoyed the advantage of studying and copying them under the eye and with the advice of Velasquez, he felt that the object of his departure from Seville had been attained, and was drawn towards the place of his birth by the desire to enrich it with the productions of his genius.

The first employment he obtained after his arrival at Seville, was to paint eleven historical pictures for the *claustro chico*, or smaller cloister of the Franciscan convent. He was not, however, engaged by the friars to paint those pictures because they considered him to be superior to the other artists resident in Seville, but, on the contrary, in consequence of the backwardness of those painters to accept the very moderate sum at the disposal of the community. Murillo being applied to as an artist of inferior grade, consented to paint the pictures on the proffered terms. They were so admirably executed, that they became the theme of universal praise. The author's fame soon eclipsed that of all the other painters in Seville, and he was overwhelmed with orders for pictures.

This was indeed a triumph; nor did his good fortune stop here. Having occasion to undertake a journey to a small place at a short distance from Seville, called Pilas, the birthplace of his mother, from whom he had inherited some little property, he there saw Donna Biatriz de Cabrera y Borja, a lady of great beauty, and not only gifted with superior qualities of mind

and disposition, but possessing a considerable fortune. Murillo became enamoured of this lady; but his diffidence, which was exceeded only by his merit, restrained him from aspiring to an alliance with one whose rank in life was so superior to his own. It is related, however, that, having been requested to paint an altar-piece for the church of San Geronimo at Pilas, he made so exact and beautiful a portrait of Donna Biatriz, in the countenance of an angel, that the lady, on being informed thereof, bestowed her affections on the painter, who had thus proved his attachment to her; and they were shortly afterwards married. This happy event was but the prelude to the astonishing success which attended Murillo's future career. Seville became adorned with the productions of his pencil; and it is worthy of record, that the highest price he received for any picture was 15,975 reals, or about L.160, for the justly celebrated picture of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, painted for the hospital of La Caridad at Seville; whilst for an almost equally prized painting, formerly in the Franciscan monastery, he was only paid 2500 reals, or L.25. For the great picture of San Antonio de Padua, for the baptismal altar of the cathedral of Seville, he received 10,000 reals, or L.100 sterling.

Eleven years after his return to Seville—that is to say, in 1658—Murillo formed the project of establishing an academy of painting in his native city. He met with much opposition from Herrera, and other artists, who had studied in Italy, and who were unwilling to support an artist who had never quitted Spain, as the founder of a school of painting. But his genius and perseverance vanquished every obstacle, and on the 1st of January 1660 the academy was opened, Murillo being its first president, though, with the modesty and generosity by which he was ever distinguished, he placed the name of Herrera—who had yielded to the force of his reasonings—at the head of the list of the members of the academy.

Murillo's fame may be considered to have reached its height between the years 1670 and 1680, during which period he painted his celebrated pictures of the prodigal son; our Saviour miraculously feeding the five thousand, in which there are a great number of figures in a variety of groups and attitudes, and which is remarkable for the beauty and mellowness of the colouring; Moses striking the rock; and St Thomas distributing alms to the poor. Murillo is said to have preferred the latter to all his other works. His grand picture of Moses striking the rock, displays, with great power, the varied sensations of the multitude. Some are full of anxiety for the fulfilment of the hoped-for miracle, crowds of Israelites are seen rushing towards the rock in order to assuage their thirst, whilst the exercise of Divine power is conspicuously manifested in the flow of water from the rock.

It was about this period, too, that he painted for the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville, the admirable picture of Santa Isabel, queen of Portugal, visiting the sick and infirm poor: it is now in the collection of the Royal Academy of San Fernando at Madrid. Nothing can be more touching than this picture. The eye rests with delight upon the figure of the pious and youthful queen, who is personally performing the charitable office of attending to a youth afflicted with the loathsome distemper called a *galla*. Her beautiful countenance seems illumined by the most tender and benevolent emotions, whilst with gentle care she squeezes some water upon the boy's head from a sponge which she holds in her hand. One of her ladies holds a silver basin, in which the water is contained, whilst the mother of the youth looks up with anxiety, mingled with confidence and gratitude, towards the benevolent princess. There are several other figures in the picture, all in harmony with a subject wherein human suffering appears to be softened and allayed by the presence, tenderness, and practical Christian charity of the royal visitant. This beautiful composition rivets

the attention of the beholder, and leaves a lasting impression on the mind.

But our limits will not admit of an attempt to enumerate the works of this celebrated and truly original Spanish painter. His Scriptural pieces, which he painted in great numbers, are universally and justly admired; they are to be found in the best collections both in Spain and other countries. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes which Spain has undergone, and the number of valuable paintings of all the masters which were abstracted from that country in various ways in the course of the wars by which it has unhappily been afflicted, the far greater proportion of Murillo's pictures still adorn the public galleries, churches, and private collections of his native country.

Murillo was commissioned by Philip IV., king of Spain, to paint several historical subjects: those pictures were highly esteemed; and having been afterwards sent to Rome as presents from his majesty to the pope, the Italians were so much struck with their excellence, that they gave Murillo the title of the second Paul Veronese. The altar-pieces of many of the convents and churches of Madrid, Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Cadiz, were painted by Murillo; and even some of those of Flanders were sent thither from Spain. His portraits and landscapes are also excellent. Although Murillo was so highly distinguished as a painter of Scriptural and historical subjects, his talent in another branch of the art was extraordinary, and peculiar to himself, and has justly added to his celebrity. His portraits and groups of Spanish peasant and beggar boys, drawn after nature in a variety of attitudes and actions, such as playing at games, &c. are so truly characteristic, that all who have visited Spain, down to the present day, are struck with their identity. A gentleman who had resided some years in the peninsula, on visiting a gallery where there was one of these groups by Murillo, exclaimed to a friend by whom he was accompanied when the picture caught his eye, 'I have seen those boys, those very boys, in Spain!' So true to life and nature was Murillo.

Numerous copies of his pictures have been disposed of to foreigners as originals, though many of the latter are to be found in private and other collections in England, France, and other countries. In the National Gallery in London there are three of Murillo's paintings—a holy family; St John, when a child; and a Spanish peasant boy. They are well worthy of contemplation.

Murillo's disposition—which was characterised by gentleness, benevolence, and all the attributes of a sincere and practical Christian—exercised no doubt a great and softening influence over his choice of subjects for the exercise of the art in which he gained such high renown; and it is worthy of record, that such was the elasticity of his virtuous mind, that instead of being vain of the praises he received, they only stimulated him to increase his efforts to attain perfection. Even when compared with the great Italian masters, this eminent Spanish painter stands unsurpassed. He was peculiarly happy in drawing women and children. His style is graceful, the composition of his pictures well-studied, the attitudes of his figures varied and correct, their expression natural and attractive, the draperies elegant. All the subjects he made choice of, though brought forward with great skill, have a character of beautiful simplicity. His coloring is soft and harmonious, united to the delicacy of the Flemish with the correctness of the Venetian school; and the more his paintings are studied, the more conspicuous does their merit become.

Towards the close of the year 1681, Murillo, whilst painting an altar-piece for the chapel of the Capuchin convent at Cadiz, fell from the scaffolding, and was so seriously hurt, that he was obliged to return to Seville, where, after intense suffering, he breathed his last on the 3d of April 1682, in the arms of his friend and pupil, Don Pedro Nunez de Villavicencio. His wife had died about twelve years previously, and beyond the for-

tune she brought him, his property was small. He bequeathed the whole to his sons.

Among the pictures enumerated in his will, there was a portrait of himself when about thirty years of age, which was also the period when his marriage took place. It conveys a most pleasing impression of the amiable and gifted characteristics of the original.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DROMIO PUBLICATIONS.

THE withering ridicule bestowed by Horace upon literary imitators in his one emphatic appellative, 'servile herd,' has been repeated times without number, and the veriest tyro is now aware that theirs is, of all the sins of composition, the greatest. But since Horace's time, an entirely new kind of literary imitation has come upon the field, one in which publishers are primarily, and in general authors only secondarily, concerned. It consists in the presentment of works in direct imitation of others which, whether from their originality and merit, or from their aptly subserving some public need, have met with success. The writings of Swift and Pope tell us of a branch of 'the trade' devoted to this business early in the last century, with Edward Curl for its most eminent professor. But it has, in our time, reached a magnitude, compared with which its early history is as mewling infancy to a Hercules's manhood. It is now absolutely impossible for the slightest originality to be shown in any of the forms of paper and print, but it is immediately run upon by scores of the bibliopolic pecus, and tossed and gored into a thousand deformations.

There is a vast number of grades in this imitative power—altogether apart, it must be understood, from respectable efforts in the line of fair competition—from him who can get up a simulative novel or periodical, down to the poor serf who limits his efforts to the counterfeiting of a clever book-cover. It is, however, all one thing in its ultimate character—an effort to come in for a share of the benefits which some wits of a happier kind are supposed to derive from their originality. One cannot but be somewhat amused in contemplating the proceedings of these dullards. Their private ratiocinations are of course simple enough: 'There are Smart and Spritely—understood to make a capital thing by that magazine of theirs; can't we get up something of the same kind, and take a share of their profits?' Here is the real principle of action; but of course the public must be told something else. A prospectus accordingly deplors the absence of a certain desirable character in all existing periodicals. They are too utilitarian, and do not address themselves sufficiently to the feelings; or perhaps they are too sentimental, and do not condescend sufficiently to the affairs of common life. Anything will do that may serve to mask the real object—that of draining away a portion of the patronage bestowed upon Smart and Spritely. Sometimes even a tone of censure is assumed towards the parent works. They are misleading guides: much need has the poor public to be rescued from them. Here is the pure and clean tuber at last! An instance could actually be shown of this kind of swagger being assumed, where the extreme meanness had been descended, to of stealing part of the name, as well as imitating the form, of the work rivalled. What an odd idea—pretending to a superior virtue over the publication for which it was willing to be mistaken! But such is the nature of the herd in general. Capable of the sneakery of a direct imitation, they seem to be capable of any inconsistency in working it out. Hence all the progeny of successful works are more or less parricidal in their tone. The parent is astonished to find twenty images of himself putting on a hostile frown against him, and that faults and failings in his character, which the world never could see, are at length detected and exposed by his own children.

To achieve an end with the unfortunate polypoid

animal, the public, is of course the real intention of these breaches of the fifth commandment. The public, to do it justice, means well, and dreams not of evil. But this just the more lays it open to be practised upon by the fraternity of imitators. The public wishes to be shaved; it has heard of a clever artist in that line near the Blue Posts; it seeks the shop according to a description it has got, and blunders into one of four exactly imitative barbers' tabernacles which have been got up by the side of the meritorious original. The public has heard of an amazingly clever cork-screw, which whips corks out of bottles as it were by magic, and it goes to provide itself with the admirable instrument: it does not get the genuine screw, but one made by a man with a similar name, and who, being a numskull, gives his wares only an appearance, but not the reality, of their pretended virtues. Again, the public is anxious to get a certain pill, in which it has been taught, from its youth up, to place reliance: it sends for a three-shillings-and-sixpence box, and is supplied with a base imitation, loudly proclaiming on its cover, 'Be sure to ask for the true-blue antibilious pill, prepared by ———.' Thus is the public imposed upon in literature also. To every favourite work which it may desire, it has to make its way through an entangling brushwood of simulative works, all pretending to be the true work in the first place; and in the second, if the first trick fail, to be better. Every now and then its attention is attracted by a prospectus which will not be overlooked; for go where the public will, there is the portentous announcement. Well, the public reads the advertisement, and (we shall suppose the thing referred to is a newspaper) not being behind the scenes in such matters, it yields a kind of credence to the tale which it is told—as to interests of its own to be advanced, and so forth. It purchases; it reads; half-recollecting all the time that there were very tolerable publications of that kind before, even to the minutest specialty of character; rather lairy, however, about the fact; always looking for the outcome of the great promise—when is the fun to begin? Why, after all, the old work was just as good, or rather better. What is the meaning of all this? Only, dear public, that a certain worthy person, who could not start an idea of his own, got up behind another man's idea, and tried all he could to oust him from the possession of his own vehicle. There is nothing else in the whole matter. But only thou, silly public that thou art, couldst never see it.

It is melancholy, too, this desperate struggle to get bread reft from each other's mouths. It is not all slavish meanness of soul. Often there is ingenuity of no inconsiderable amount expended in getting up a passable imitative work. Often wonderful sacrifices of capital and labour are made to thrust the secondary work into the saddle of its primary. It was lately stated that an imitative weekly newspaper had caused an outlay of twenty thousand pounds, the return of which was one of the remotest of contingencies. What heroisms these are in their way!—perverted, misapplied, yet still heroisms—elements in what might, associated with purer elements than acquisitiveness for self and partners, constitute great characters. One could almost weep over human nature thrown into positions so wretchedly false, and the redemption from which seems, for the present at least, so hopeless.

A PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

Good is extinguished when it is rewarded. Even praise to a living philanthropist is to be deprecated. Yet it seems necessary, on other considerations, that publicity should be given to the proceedings of the now not unknown Thomas Wright of Manchester, who has attracted the attention of official persons connected with the jail of that town, by his unostentatious zeal in behalf of liberated culprits. A local paper describes him as a gray-haired man of sixty, the overseer of a foundry, and an elder in a dissenting congregation; a man, therefore, of humble grade and means, and yet a perfect hero of

charity. It is Mr Wright's custom to attend in the prison of Manchester every Sunday evening to perform religious services with the inmates, and exhort them to reformation. He thus becomes acquainted with particular characters among them; and when their term of imprisonment expires, he endeavours, for such as he has a good opinion of, to obtain a restoration to society, and to employment. The importance of this service to a penitent malefactor is of the highest consideration, as his greatest difficulty always is to re-establish that confidence without which employment is not to be expected; nor is its importance less to society, seeing that, for want of a ready access to a remunerative labour, many penitents are forced back upon their former courses. During the last five years, Mr Wright has got no fewer than seventy liberated prisoners into employment, and reconciled twenty to their friends; out of which united numbers only four have relapsed into error, and of these one is again reclaimed. What is also very striking, one of the restored men uses the means and influence he himself now possesses to befriend others on their liberation from prison, and actually has obtained employment for several of these unhappy beings—charity thus, as it were, reproducing charity. Altogether, these doings of a single right-hearted man, in the midst of a form of society which tends to make everything professional, and a source of gain, are most wonderful; and we feel bound to say, that we have seldom heard of a philanthropist at once exhibiting such enlarged views, and reducing them to so happy and useful a practice, as Thomas Wright.

TOBACCO SPECTULATOR.

A French newspaper, makes the following statement: 'We learn that M. de Rothschild has arranged an affair which will insure him the monopoly of tobacco not only in France, but throughout the continent of Europe. He has for some time had agents in America to buy, by anticipation, the growth of all the plantations for a great many years to come. Thirty millions of francs have been appropriated to this vast speculation. The news has spread alarm among the capitalists who have entered into contracts with the royal tobacco manufactory, as it will soon be impossible for them to supply their tobacco at the stipulated prices.' What an unheard-of proceeding! One man, by wealth, to acquire a power of money-squeezing or taxing over every one of his fellow-creatures, who is addicted to a by no means rare habit! The Dutchman and German, who live in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke; the Parisian gentleman, who could not want his cigar; the operative, to whom the short pipe is equally indispensable; the old woman, who would perish without her *tabatière*; all to become liable to a suffering in purse for the benefit of M. de Rothschild, because M. de Rothschild happens already to possess overgrown wealth. Is there not something alarming in this announcement, as if we were now to find the results of industry converted into the most serious of tyrannies? Why, at this rate, it would only require the profits of the tobacco monopoly to enable the monopolist to acquire a monopoly over sugar or tea; the profits of these united, to establish a monopoly of corn; and then we should have Mr D'Israeli's ideas of 'the Coming Man' realised with a vengeance—the ailment of the human race depending on the will and pleasure of an individual, and he a member of the house of Israel! Such may not practically be effected, but it is theoretically possible; and, on a simply philosophical consideration, nothing could be more curious. The profligate monopolies granted to courtiers, in the seventeenth century, for base and selfish reasons, here recur under totally different circumstances. Here reappears a power of units over multitudes, such as existed in similar force only in the earliest state of society.

MANNER OF EXPRESSING IDEAS.

Mr Dawson of Birmingham, in delivering a lecture on Mr Bailey's *Festus*, mentions that, on a certain read-

ing society, the poem went the whole round of the members without having its leaves cut open. It was for the purpose of drawing attention to the merits of this neglected production that Mr Dawson lectured. It was a book, he said, only for the initiated. All that we know of *Festus* is, that it is a long poem in an extremely mystical style, and containing many passages which strike an ordinary reader as extravagant. Yet we are willing to believe that, to a certain class of minds, able to go through with the perusal, this poem will appear to possess merit far beyond that of many more intelligible works. The remark we would make, however, is this: how unfortunate, if this be a true and great poem, that it should not be appreciable by a greater number of the author's fellow-countrymen! What a pity to present one's ideas in a style which wards off all but 'the initiated!' Is it utilitarianism to say this? Be it so; but surely also it is common sense. We feel the more concerned to express an opinion on the subject, because there is at present a tendency among young writers, in prose as well as poetry, to rush into a dark and Sibylline style, which they evidently think extremely fine, when it is only a blemish to the thoughts which they aim at expressing. It were very important, we think, at this moment, to have a just distinction laid down, in some authoritative quarter, between the respective values of the matter and the manner of writing. It forcibly appears to us that the matter is transcendently paramount. So that it be presented in terms which are clear, and not inconsistent with any of the requirements of taste, the grand end seems to us accomplished. To profess anything else is, in our view, to prefer the shadow to the substance, the tailoring to the man. The writers of the last age were sounder on this point than we: one used to say that a perfect style was like the atmosphere—the medium for seeing things correctly, but itself invisible.

THE MARQUESAS AND THE MARQUESANS.

THE following description of these islands and their inhabitants may prove not an unacceptable sequel to the Adventure of Herman Melville, which appeared in our last number. The facts are derived from the published narratives of individuals who have visited Nukuheva, the largest island of the group, and the field in which the French have recently made attempts at colonisation in the Pacific.

The Marquesas were discovered, near the close of the sixteenth century, by a Spanish navigator, who named them, in honour of his patron, the Marquis Mendoza de Canete. There are thirteen islands, divided by a channel of some breadth, into groups of eight and five; the largest having a length of twenty miles, with a circumference of about seventy. The coast is armed with promontories, which terminate in abrupt cliffs, and render the greater part of the shore inaccessible. A chain of hills, rising occasionally to a height of 3000 feet, stretches from one end of each island to the other, and the promontories are offshoots from that chain. The little valleys shut in between the ridges are of a triangular or semicircular shape, and afford the only ground capable of cultivation in the islands. There are none of them more than a mile in width at the point where they open out upon the sea, nor is any of greater length than two miles. Bays more or less convenient are found at the mouths of these valleys, some offering a safe anchorage to vessels; but many are too narrow, or too much exposed to the winds.

The natives, who call themselves *Kannaks*, inhabit the valley plains, where they construct huts, very similar to those of the West Indian negroes, amidst the trees and plants from which they derive their support—such as the cocoa-nut tree, the banana, the sweet potato, and the bread-tree. The last of these furnishes their principal food. Oranges, citrons, sugar canes, and guava-trees, grow wild on the mountain flanks; and the soil also produces the cotton plant, the grape, nuts,

(the fruit of which contains an irritating oil), and a peculiar kind of chestnut, the fruit being larger, but of a worse quality, than the European chestnut. Tobacco grows without cultivation; and numerous aromatic plants fill the air with their fragrance. The hillsides, to the very summit, are covered with rose-trees, palms, and ferns as large as shrubs. In consequence of the summer heats, vegetation is apt to become scorched, and this circumstance prevents the rearing of flocks. Cattle, goats, and swine, are found in a wild state; but for want of pasturage, they do not increase very rapidly, although the natives are not in the habit of hunting them. In their endeavour to colonise these islands, the French have met with considerable difficulty; and in an agricultural point of view, there does not seem much temptation to pursue their labours. Not a twentieth part of the surface can be brought into cultivation. Moreover, the spots which are capable of tillage are small detached pieces, having no means of internal communication, so that the only method of going from one to another is by sea.

The inhabitants construct their huts of the yellow bamboo, tastefully twisted together in a kind of wicker-work, and thatch them with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto. These huts are placed upon a stratum of stones, elevated a few feet above the ground, and are scattered about the valley without regard to regularity, generally under the shady branches of some lofty cocoa. Their shape is a parallelogram. The partitions which serve for walls are only three feet high, supporting a roof which rises to a height of ten feet. The door is almost always open; and the doorway is so low, as to render it necessary to stoop in order to enter. Each hut usually contains two or three families, with the exception of the royal residence, which the king's family alone inhabits. This cabin is constructed with more care, and is of larger size, than the others: it is here that the king receives the principal men of his dominions. Every one of the Marquesan islands has its king, whose authority extends over all the other chiefs of the island. These latter only rule in the bay where they live, and their power is entirely circumscribed by the limits of the valley. Indeed each valley may be regarded as containing a separate and independent community, who are in perpetual enmity with the inhabitants of the other bays. The authority of the ruling powers is firmly settled; and although living in familiar intercourse with those under them, their persons receive all the respect due to their stations. They are endowed with arbitrary power; but there is no instance of their prerogative being abused. Their subjects are bound to supply all their wants—no heavy task, under a climate so fair and fertile. The royal authority passes by hereditary descent from male to male.

The principal food of the *Kannaks* consists of the fermented fruit of the bread-tree, and the preparation of *poco-poco*, as they term it, forms their chief employment. A pit, five or six feet deep, is dug in the ground, the bottom being roughly paved, and the sides covered with dry herbs. The fruit is then stripped of its rind with the aid of the sharp edge of a shell, and it is pierced through and through with a splinter of wood, in order to forward the process of fermentation. The pit is filled about five-sixths with fruit thus treated, and the whole is covered up with herbs and large stones. At the end of five or six months, the mass becomes changed to a thick yellowish paste, exhaling a strong smell of leaven, in which state it is called *mā*. The farther fermentation has proceeded, the more excellent the *poco-poco* is rendered; and it is asserted that in some pits there is *mā* that has been there fifty years. The fermented matter is taken from the pit as it is required for use. A small portion is added to fresh fruit, and the mixture is baked in an oven, which is nothing more than a hole in the ground, in which fire is placed. Their method of cooking is to bruise the fresh fruit, add a portion of *mā*, and mix the two in a trough made out of the hollowed trunk of a tree.

The whole is beaten with a stone pestle into a homogeneous paste. This is the Kannak delicacy called *pocce-pocce*. The paste has only to be tempered with a little water in a calabash, and the food is ready for use, the superfluous water being drunk at intervals during the repast. The *pocce-pocce* forms a nutritious diet, somewhat tart, but not disagreeable, even to European taste. The native mode of eating it is curious, and requires considerable dexterity of hand. Dipping the forefinger of the right hand into the dish, and giving it a rapid twirl, they draw it out thickly coated with the preparation, and then, with a second peculiar flourish, they convey it to the mouth without spilling a single drop. The awkwardness of Europeans, when attempting to eat *pocce-pocce* in this fashion, generally convulses the natives with uncontrollable laughter. This preparation is usually the only dish at their meals; but sometimes, when they have for once laid aside their characteristic indolence, they have the addition of pork or fish. Roasting is the sole method of cooking with which they are acquainted, for they have no vessel capable of bearing the action of fire. Fish are, for the most part, eaten without any dressing, and are considered in this way as a luxury.

A fermented liquor called *kava*, made from the root of a plant bearing the same name, is used in all the islands. The root is chewed in the mouth so as to extract the juice, and then spit out into a calabash. This is allowed to stand until fermentation takes place. The liquor possesses the combined properties of an acid and a narcotic. The men drink it to such an excess, that they are in a state of almost perpetual inebriety; yet alcoholic liquors introduced by foreigners are always preferred. The people are fond of tobacco, but being too idle to cultivate the plant in their own country, they receive their supplies from whalers. They are accustomed to form a smoking party in one of their huts: the pipe is passed from mouth to mouth, as no one inhales the smoke more than three or four times at once. The Kannaks fish with hooks and with nets by torchlight; they have also a third plan of taking fish, which succeeds very well. They go at flow of tide to the rocks, where they know that the fluky tribe are plentiful. Whilst some hold a net stretched out under water, others plunge into the sea, and drive the fish towards the net. The pursuers then seize them, and ordinarily bring three fish to shore, one in each hand, and one in the mouth. To take bonitoes and flying-fish, they simply fashion a bit of mother-of-pearl into a hook. The fish snap at the unbaited hook, being doubtless deceived by its colour.

In general, the Marquesans are tall and well-made; but their strength by no means corresponds with their fine figures. This is owing to their diet being almost entirely vegetable, and to their abstaining from exercise. Their physiognomy is between that of the negro and that of the European. They are all—men, women, and children—excellent swimmers. They throw themselves fearlessly into the water several times a-day, and although in a state of perspiration, they suffer no harm. They are also dexterous climbers of trees, making the ascent like monkeys, with the hands and feet only. The men wear a girdle of *tapa*, a species of stuff made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree; this girdle is sufficiently long to pass twice round the body. To a similar vestment the women add another piece of *tapa*, with which they drape themselves not unfrequently in a graceful manner. The transition from barbarism to civilisation is always ludicrous. In those bays where Europeans have obtained a footing, the Kannaks array themselves in the cast-off clothing of their visitors; but when they retire inland, they resume the garment to which they are most accustomed. The men go bare-headed, and wear the hair cut in many odd fashions. Some have merely stumps on the top of the head; others have tufts, one on each side; some cut the hair on one side only; others do not cut it at all, but collect it behind, and bind it together. Tattooing is universally

practised: it is made to extend over the whole body; and the gradations of rank are marked by its presence, the great men having their figures nearly black with it. Very often the tattooing of one side corresponds with the other; fishes and other objects are curiously mingled with straight lines and curves. When the women are tattooed, which rarely happens, it is only on their hands and lips. Both men and women wear rudely-carved boar or sperm-whale tusks in their ears by way of ornament.

The life led by the Marquesans is usually quiet and monotonous. To dissipate the ennui inseparable from their indolence, they sometimes assemble and form a circle in a squatting position. They then strike their hands against one another, drawing out at the same time certain monotonous airs, which call to mind the vespers for the dead in Catholic countries. Their songs are nothing more than bare narrations of some important event or piece of news. On all great occasions they have festivals termed *coinas*. In these they dance violently to music on flutes and tambours, the only instruments they possess. The flute is a bamboo with an opening near the closed end. They place the opening under one nostril, and having closed the other, they produce a single note by blowing into the cane. Their tambour is made of the hollowed trunk of a cocoa-nut tree, over the two ends of which the skin of a shark is spread. It would be difficult to imagine that anything very melodious could be drawn from these uncouth instruments. A *coina* is always held whenever a victory has been gained. It is then that the horrible ceremony of eating the flesh of their prisoners takes place, the savage orgies being celebrated by the light of fires at night, in the midst of songs and dances.

The people in the different bays are almost always at war with one another. Their hostile expeditions are usually made in the night: then it is that an invading party advances in silence, and endeavours to surprise the inhabitants of a neighbouring bay. All who resist are slain; but everything that can be carried away is removed, including men, women, and children. These excursions are often undertaken without any previous provocation, and solely with a view to procure human flesh wherewith to celebrate a *coina*. When an attack is made in open day, and there is no attempt to surprise, the two parties utter ferocious cries as they advance. On these occasions they make little use of their bludgeons, their weapons being chiefly firearms, procured from the crews of English or American whalers. The following is Mr Herman Melville's description of a warrior chief in his native costume:—His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropical bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plumage of the cock, were disposed in an immense upright semicircle upon his head—their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads, which spanned the forehead. Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boar-tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner, as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest. Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely-shaped sperm-whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garnished in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, embellished not a little a pair of cornucopias. The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark-coloured *tapa*, hanging before and behind in festoons of braided tassels; while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume. In his right hand he grasped a beautifully-carved paddle-spear, nearly fifteen feet in length, made of the bright koa-wood, one end sharply pointed, and the other flattened like an ear-blade. Hanging obliquely from his girdle by a loop of sinuate was a richly-decorated pipe: the slender reed forming its stem was coloured with a red

pigment; and round it, as well as the idol-bowl, fluttered little streamers of the thinnest tapa. But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of the splendid islander, was the elaborated tattooing displayed on every noble limb. All imaginable lines, and curves, and figures, were delineated over his whole body; and, in their grotesque variety and infinite profusion, I could only compare them to the crowded groupings of quaint patterns we sometimes see in costly pieces of lacework. The most simple and remarkable of all these ornaments was that which decorated the countenance of the chief. Two broad stripes of tattooing, diverging from the centre of his shaven crown, obliquely crossed both eyes—staining the lids—to a little below either ear, where they united with another stripe, which swept in a straight line along the lips, and formed the base of the triangle. The warrior, from the excellence of his physical proportions, might certainly have been regarded as one of nature's noblemen; and the lines drawn upon his face may possibly have denoted his exalted rank.

The Kannaks' treatment of their sick is in the highest degree cruel and unnatural. Instead of giving assistance, every one shuns the invalid; and if he is thought to be at all in the way, he is taken to some distant spot, whither it is thought sufficient to carry him food at intervals. It is also a custom of theirs to prepare the dying man's coffin before his eyes; and, what is still more incredible, when they see him about to render up his last sigh, they place a bit of moistened tapa in his mouth, whilst the fingers of some friend are employed in closing the lips and nostrils. Death of course is the immediate consequence. This proceeding has its origin in the notions which they entertain as to the nature and future destiny of the soul. They suppose that the soul, the principle of existence, has its seat in the epigastric region, and escapes from the body along with the parting breath. They therefore believe that, by shutting the orifices through which the breath is sent, they prevent the egress of the vital principle, which remains in its place, and continues to live, until the body has entirely wasted away. During the period of decomposition, another body is in process of creation in a far-distant island, where all the good things of this life are found in abundance, and the soul flies thither as soon as its old habitation is completely destroyed. If death were allowed to steal upon its victim in the natural way, the soul would escape from its receptacle, wander into empty space, and die of inanition. Death being thus hastened, the body is anointed for several days with cocoa-nut oil, and then conveyed to a solitary hut called a *morii*, prepared expressly for it. Care is taken to place poce-poec, and whatever else the soul may require for its sustenance, in the inside of the coffin. With regard to children, however, their bodies are not carried to a *morii*, but are deposited in a kind of basket, which is suspended from the branches of a cocoa-nut tree especially devoted to this purpose.

Notwithstanding these and other superstitious observances, the idea of religion is but faintly developed among the Marquessans. Wooden images, rudely carved, have been occasionally seen; yet worship is but seldom, and then only coldly, offered to them. Indeed the poor images are cuffed and kicked about in the most irreverent manner, just like any other block of wood or stone that may lie in the way. A class of priests and priestesses exists, it is true, ranking next the royal persons; but their functions have nothing at all to do with the observances of religion. They are occupied in publishing the commands of the king, in presiding at the great festivals, and in imposing the *taboo*; which last operation consists in declaring that certain persons, things, or places, are sacred, and thenceforth it is unlawful to touch the persons and things, or to place the foot in those places. The high priests also undertake to foretell events, and are frequently consulted previous to a battle.

Their division of the seasons is simply into wet and dry, and indeed any exacter partition would not be

very easy. The moon is watched to indicate the lapse of time; and the bread-fruit tree enables them to calculate roughly the period of a year, since about three crops of fruit are equal to thirteen lunar months. As for the reckoning of past time, the epochs by which they date are irregular and uncertain. They calculate by generations—a mode only adopted by certain families who pretend to a greater antiquity than the rest, and by the royal house. In these families a sacred cord is preserved, to which a knot is added whenever the head of one of them dies.

The language is described as very poor. The alphabet includes only fourteen of our letters; but there are others which it is impossible to express exactly in English.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

'A BRIEF Narrative of the Services Performed to Three Noble Ladies, by Gilbert Blackhall,' is one of the books printed by the Spalding Club in Aberdeen. It affords some curious peeps into the state of society in the north of Scotland in the first half of the seventeenth century, especially those families by whom the Catholic faith was still adhered to. The reverend father is an arrant gossip. He is curious in the everyday pursuits, the tempers, the occupations, nay, the clothing and feeding, of those with whom he was concerned. Moreover, he was an ill-requited man. He had the highest possible opinion of his own merits and exertions; but he did not find other people ready to acknowledge his claims; hence he set them forth, with all due precision and minuteness, in a narrative which fills a considerable quarto volume. Had he not been a weak-minded man, occupying himself in trifles, he probably had gained a great reputation by some folio volume, written in Latin, against Luther and John Knox, but we would not have had the curious pictures of national customs and grotesque incidents with which his garrulous narrative supplies us. The first person to whom we find Father Blackhall performing his services is the Lady Isabel Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol. This lady, after her mother's death, went to France in 1630. A certain Mr James Forbes was her father's friend and correspondent in France, and she was, as merchants say, 'consigned to him.' He appointed Blackhall her confessor; 'which he did repent thereafter,' as Blackhall says; and indeed the chief purport of the narrative is to describe the efforts which her spiritual adviser made to protect her from the unseasonable addresses of Mr Forbes. There is much curious matter in this part of the father's narrative; but we must pass from it to another portion of his adventures, in which we think the reader will probably be more interested.

At the conclusion of his engagement with Lady Isabel, he received an application from the Lady Fren-draught, celebrated for the suspicion under which she fell, a few years before, of having set fire to her house, in order to burn Lord Aboyne in it.* The horror of this event appears to have deterred the reverend father from such a connexion. He says—'My Lady of Fren-draught did send to me, praying me to come to her, for the *frère* she had before was lately departed from this life. I refused absolutely to see her, because she was suspected to be guilty of the death of my lord of Aboyne, who, seven years before, was burned in the castle of Fren-draught: whether she be guilty or not, God knoweth, for that hath not been yet discovered.' Fate determined that, instead of the suspected murderess, he should ally himself with the Dowager Lady Aboyne, the widow of the victim; and he entered the service of 'this truly noble and religious lady' about the middle of July

* See an account of this strange tragedy in former series of the Journal, vol. iv., 101 (No. 100).

1638. Though the Roman Catholics were a proscribed body through Scotland generally, the Marquis of Huntly, and some other Catholic lords in the north, possessed a considerable extent of feudal power for the protection of themselves and their adherents; and such a person as Blackhall, if not absolutely secure, would be removed from many causes of apprehension by such an alliance. In addition to their claims on the respect of the people as their spiritual advisers, these priests could found on the dangers and hardships they were perpetually liable to; and as they were execrated and hunted beyond their own community, they seem to have obtained the greater privileges, immunities, and benisons within it. In his new appointment, the reverend father loses none of that spirit of inquiry and interference regarding small matters for which he has already appeared so conspicuous. We find him thus describing his position in the household, and the order he thought fit to take concerning it. 'I did eat in my chamber as they who were before me used to do: four dishes of meat was the least that was sent to me at every meal, with ale and wine conforming; which I thought superfluous; but knowing the noble disposition of the lady, who gave the order herself for all the tables, as well of her servants as her own, I would not so soon utter my mind, until I should know better how my admonitions would be received. I asked my man what was done with the relics of my table. He answered me boldly that he sold them, and said the relics of priests were due unto their men. When I did hire you, said I, did I promise you such casualties? No, sir, said he; but it is the custom of this house, as all the servants will bear witness. They are fools, said I, and not capable to bear witness who give testimony to their own prejudice. What prejudice is that to thee? said he. My lady doth bestow the meat upon you, and asketh no count of it back again; so what you leave, I think should be for me rather than for any other body. If I did buy the meat myself, said I, was I bound to give you all that rested over my own suffisance, so that I could not bestow it in any other way after you had got your suffisance of it? No, said he; you might dispose of it at your own pleasure, and so doth my lady, who wills your man [to] get what you leave. No, said I; my lady wills, and I likewise, that thou carry to the kitchen all that I leave, both meat, bread, and drink, that all may serve the common table; and go thou to it, and there take your part of all, as the others do. And if thou determine anything another way, thou shalt not serve me one hour longer. I told my lady afterwards this dialogue which passed between my man and me, whereat she did laugh well; and this did acquire me the affections of the servants, who grudged, but could not mend it; for they knew that my lady would not take notice of such base things, much less correct them.'

The people in the neighbourhood seem not to have been in general Roman Catholics; for the father complains much of their importunate curiosity, saying that 'if he but opened the window, they ran to see him, as some monstrous thing,' and one woman declared she hoped to wash her hands in his heart's blood. Aboyne castle stands near the village of Charlestown of Aboyne, close to the river Dee, and thirty miles from its mouth at Aberdeen. Eastward, descend fine sweeps of arable land towards the coast, while to the west begins the great Highland range of the Grampians. There, in the close vicinity of their strongholds, the lands of Aboyne were subject to perpetual depredations by the Highland reivers of the day. The lonely widow appears to have had but a scanty retinue for so wild a neighbourhood, and we find her obliged to add to the accomplished Blackhall's titles of priest and chamberlain, that of captain of her castle. He describes the manner in which he repelled one of these invasions; and it is clear that his own prowess on the occasion has not been neglected by the historian. When his visitation by friends was of the following character, the nature of an inroad from neutrals or enemies may be anticipated:—

'The very first that obliged us to make use of our arms were the Marquis of Huntly's* own men of Badenoch. They had been at Aberdeen getting arms, some forty, or thereabout, with their officer, Thomas Gordon, a proud and saucy rascal. They, coming up the north side of the water of Dee, came to Aboyne, and presented themselves upon the Peat Hill; and Thomas Gordon, leaving the rest there, did come with three others to the gate, which I made to be kept fast. I sent Thomas Cordoner, the porter, to the gate to ask what they desired. Thomas the officer answered boldly that they would lodge in the house, because they were my lord's men, and the house was also his; and that the night before they had lodged in the place of Drum; which I knew to be false, for the laird of Drum was not a man, to lodge such rascals in his house. When the porter told me this so insolent answer, I did go to the gate; for I had the key in my pocket, and did not give it to the porter, fearing that he might be so simple as to let them in, and we should have had more pain to put them out than to hold them out. I did take with me six good fellows, every one with his sword at his side and a light gun in his hand, and placed them all on one side of the alley that goes from the outer gate, betwixt two walls to the court, every one three or four spaces from another, and made them turn their faces and the mouths of their guns a slanting way, not right to the port, nor to the wall over against them, but a middle way betwixt them both, that they might see both at once.

'When I had placed them thus, and encouraged them, I did go to the gate with a bended pistol in my hand; and before I did open the wicket, I told them to retire themselves, all but one, to speak to me: they did so. Thomas Gordon only stayed; the rest were retired only the matter of ten paces, ready to rush in if he could have thrusted up the wicket fully. Then I did open it a little, so that he might see my soldiers in the alley. Before he did see them, I asked them what they did come here to seek? He very confidently said, We will see my lady, who we know will give us money, and lodge us; and with that was pressing in his shoulder; and I, seeing his impudence, said, As you love your life, stir not to win in, otherwise I will discharge my pistol in your heart; and you shall not see my lady, nor get anything from her, unless it be meat and drink without the gate; but none of you shall come within it, and go out again living. Sir, said he, we are my lord's men, and this house is his, and why may we not lodge in it? Have you an order from my lord, says I, to lodge here? Let me see his order. Sir, it is my lord's will that we lodge in his land. Then go seek his land, and lodge in it; for he hath no land nor house here so long as my lady liveth; but if my lord were dwelling here himself, durst you present yourselves to his gate to lodge with him? No, said he, we must respect my lord. You base fellow, said I, should not ladies be respected as much as lords, and more. But you have not so much honesty as to respect anybody. But put in your head, and see how we are prepared to receive you; and tell your neighbours that you shall get no other money here than that which shall come out of these guns, nor lodging, unless it be graves to bury you; and therefore retire yourself, that I may shut the gate. He retired malcontented; and my lady did send meat and drink to the foot of the Peat Hill, forbidding them to live upon her tenants, but bade them lodge in taverns, paying what they should to the taverners; they should not go far unpunished. They did so, and went away the next day peaceably.'

The next visit was from a party of the clan Cameron, who were at first perplexed by the diplomatic skill of Blackhall, but had subsequently to yield to his warlike prowess. The marauders commenced operations by plundering a tenant's house.

'So we marched with a dozen of guns, eight pistols,

* The deceased Lord Aboyne was son to this great noble, the chief of the clan Gordon.

and my big carbine. Before we went out at the gate, I told them what order I desired to be kept, which was this: we must seek by all means to surprise them in the house plundering; and to do it, we must march as the Highlanders do, every one after another, without any words among us.

Blackhall then gives all the necessary orders to his men as to where they were to place themselves, so as to guard both door and windows; and says, 'How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, Every one to his post; which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a thick double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it; and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards that the ball did pass through the hair of his head: whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging them, and praying them at the windows to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would mean to come forth without my leave; and still I threatened to burn the house and them all in it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion; which they were loath to do, until they saw the light bundles of straw that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house; although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward, and his wife and servants, and his son John Dorward, and John Cordoner, all of whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would not have made any scruple to have burnt the house and all the Highlanders within it, to give a terror to others who would be so brutal as to oppress ladies who never wronged them.

'They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them surrender themselves before they be burnt, called for quarter. I told them they should not get other quarter but my discretion; unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarter; if not, be at their hazard. Thereupon I bade their captain come and speak with me all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, they should kill both him and them who should press to follow him. He did come out as I ordained, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from him, and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief Donald Cameron hath; for, said I, he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's went to him where he was hiding himself with his cousin Ewan Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly for three weeks, until their enemies the Covenanters had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beast as you are, have rendered a displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you. He pretended ignorance of that courtesy done to his chief.' Blackhall then made him swear that all that was plundered from the tenants should be restored, and what had been consumed should be paid for; and also made him swear by the soul of his father that neither he, nor none whom he could hinder, should ever hereafter trouble or molest my lady or any of her tenants.' He then ordered every man separately to come out and take the same oath.

'They did all come out severally, and took the same oath as I had commanded them; and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight-and-forty, which made the tenants convene to us from the parts where the shots were heard; so that, before they had all come out, we were nearly as many as

they, armed with swords, and targets, and guns. When they had all made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five paces distant from one another's rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouths of their guns and their faces one towards another, so as the Highlanders might pass, two and two together, betwixt their ranks: they passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place where their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing, as if they had been in a fever quartan.' He and his men then saw the marauders fairly off Lady Aboyne's lands, and, returning to Aboyne, 'told my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that there was no blood shed on either side.'

The state of letter-writing is fully disclosed by the fact, that, in the space of eleven and a half years, Lady Aboyne had only received two letters, and these were from two of her sisters. Indeed she appears to have lived a most lonely, desolate life. At her death, all her care seems to have been that her daughter, her only child, might be brought up in the Catholic religion. For this purpose she had previously charged Blackhall with the care of her; and manfully did he redeem the pledge, as we find related in the chapter entitled 'The Good Offices done to Madame de Gordon, now Dame D'Attour to Madame; by Gilbert Blakhall, priest'—which we shall make the subject of a separate paper.

PAUPER COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

EVERY one must have heard something of Dutch husbandry—its formal regularity, thrift, and unparalleled tidiness. Few, however, may be acquainted with the agricultural colonies of Holland—those pauper establishments so peculiarly adapted to the genius of the country, and consequently so pregnant with advantage not only to the class for whom they are directly intended, but to the community in general. It is now upwards of twenty years since they were established, a time sufficiently ample to test their value; and we readily avail ourselves of the narrative of a recent tourist,* to convey to our readers some idea of their system and economy.

The first place in Holland I went to visit connected with agriculture, was the agricultural colonies at Fredericksoord and Willemsoord. They were established when, after two years of great scarcity, a large proportion of the population were reduced to absolute destitution, and depended entirely for their subsistence on the charities of their more fortunate countrymen. So prevalent did the practice of begging become, that it was found necessary to do something to relieve those unfortunate men who were willing, but unable to get work. A society was therefore formed by a few benevolent individuals, the object of which was to give employment to men in this deplorable condition. In carrying out their purpose, they conferred not only an immediate and lasting benefit on the individuals in question, but effected great national advantages; first, by stemming the spread of vice, which would have been the natural consequence of such destitution; and, in the second place, by increasing the national resources, in converting to arable land a waste on which even a sprig of heather was scarcely to be met with. Such was the origin of these colonies twenty-four years ago. And no one can travel the road along which they are situated, without noticing the great change that has been effected on the face of the country by their establishment; and the change is doubly observed when we pass from the unimproved waste to the neat cottages which line the road. From a wild barren country, we enter at once a little oasis, which bears every mark of prosperity; neat cottages, betraying the Dutchman's taste in their clean appearance, crops as luxuriant as if nurtured by a better soil, and gardens stocked with useful vegetables, and adorned

* Sketches of Belgian, German, and Dutch Husbandry, in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for 1846. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

with a variety of flowers. Each house is placed at the road-side, in the middle of the plat belonging to it, and directly opposite to another on the other side of the road. The buildings are all in one; the part allotted to the cow and pig being built of wood, and the cottage of brick. In the cottage are two rooms: one of them is large, and answers the purpose of kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room for some of the family; the other is small, and contains only a bed at one end, and at the other a closet, which answers the purpose of a milk-house. Great attention is paid to the dung, which is put up in neat heaps at the back of the house, consisting of alternate layers of turf and manure from the byre, and watered every now and then by the liquids previously collected from all the houses in a cask sunk in the ground.

In Willemsoord, which is the smaller of the two colonies, there are 176 such houses, all tenanted by paupers but six, whose occupiers pay rent for their farms. The quantity of land attached to each house is about seven acres imperial. The colonists are all supplied with implements on entering on their plat, besides a cow and pig. The food of the colonist is for the most part potatoes and rye-bread, with milk; little or no flesh being used. The small farmers pay £3, 15s. a-year for their plat; but the whole produce of the colonists' land is taken to the general magazine. There is a regular creditor and debtor account kept with them from their first entering the colony. Everything they receive on entering is marked down against them; and whenever they are enabled to pay off their debts, from economy of living, they are allowed to rent their plats. Some have succeeded in this; but the instances are rare. The scheme is not to be looked at in the light of a speculation, for as such it was never intended; but it has sufficiently succeeded in the object for which it was designed; namely, the relieving of the destitute, besides the consequent advantages referred to before. Attached to these colonies are others of a penal character, to which unruly members are sent, and which are subjected to more rigorous laws than are necessary in the free colonies.

The wages and rations allotted to them are as follows:— Suppose a family of eight individuals, husband, wife, and six children, three of whom, with their father, work, the other three go to school, while the mother remains at home. The sums set down for wages here are only imaginary, being somewhat higher than are generally allowed:—

| | |
|---|-----------|
| | Per Week. |
| Man at 10d. a-day, | L.0 5 0 |
| Wife at 10d. a-day, and other two at 2s. 2d. each per week, | 0 9 4 |

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Wages earned for whole family per week, | L.0 14 4 |
| From which is deducted— | |
| Winkel geld, | L.0 5 4 |
| Bread, potatoes, and clothing for eight, | 0 9 0 |
| | } per week. |
| | L.0 13 4 ————— 0 13 4 |

Which is put down to their credit for future emergencies, L.0 1 0

By winkel geld is meant money for buying little necessaries; such as coffee, tobacco, &c. The allowance of it for each person is 8d. a-week. The allowance for bread, potatoes, and clothing, is 1s. per week for each person. The only crops grown by the colonists are rye, potatoes, and grass. The farmers grow what they choose.

There are several overseers, who superintend the work done in the colonies. Attached to them are schools for the gratuitous education of the children, and also workshops in which they are taught some useful trade. I passed one of these shops, in which there were from thirty to forty looms worked by the children; and adjoining it was another room, where some were engaged in spinning, mending shoes, and other occupations. I was attracted to the place by the busy clatter of the shuttles, and sounds of music, which proceeded from it; and on coming up to it, found them engaged at their respective occupations, cheering on one another

in their work by a song in which they all joined. What health, what happiness, shone in these pauper children's faces! Their looks were a sufficient proof of the benefits derived from such an institution.

So much for the system; now for the principles upon which it is founded. There is not a sounder maxim in political economy, than that every man should labour for his own support, and if he cannot obtain labour; that it should be furnished to him by the state; for it is certainly better that he should contribute, however little, to his own maintenance, than that he should be upheld in idle indigence. Of course the kind of labour will differ, according to the facilities of the district, as that may be maritime, manufacturing, or agricultural; but this matters little, so long as the labour is of a profitable kind. Perhaps of all species of labour, agriculture is the most universally applicable, as its object is the production of food, a commodity the demand for which never fails; and not only the production, but the increase of food, as every effort of culture is attended with a proportional fertility of the soil. In Holland, where agriculture is conducted on what may be called the garden system—that is, a careful and ceaseless attention to a comparatively small plot—such colonies are particularly appropriate. There culture is carried to such perfection, that a man, if not absolutely idle or prodigal, may thrive on his little allotment; and the state, taking this into account, puts the pauper in the way of making his own livelihood, if he chooses. If not, he is handed over to the penal colony, where compulsion is substituted for free-will.

Taking these matters into consideration, our tourist naturally puts the question, 'Is the establishment of such societies impracticable in our own country? Are there not thousands of unimproved acres, that have been condemned as useless, many of which exceed in fertility the waste in which the Dutch colonies are situated? Are there not hundreds of unemployed hands who crowd our poor-houses and pauper rolls, who frequent our roads and streets as mendicants, who haunt our lanes as degraded miscreants, advancing their poverty as a palliation of their vices and crimes? Is there not money raised to relieve the destitute? And are there not many benevolent individuals who, by the gratuitous bestowment of their charity, encourage idleness and foster vice? In Britain, truly, we have the elements for such a society, but we want some master-spirit to bring them together, and put them into operation. It is a subject that cannot be too strongly pressed upon proprietors of land, as the best way of improving the waste portions of their properties, and of reducing at the same time the burdeous with which their cultivated lands are so heavily taxed.' These questions require to be answered with caution: than pauperism, there is not a more difficult question to deal with in the whole range of political economy.

Conducted as the Dutch colonies are, the system seems at once fraternal and politic. It places the individual in a position to earn his own subsistence, and to raise himself from pauperism to that of an independent rent-paying farmer. It is true that his family may increase, and by this means he may be kept in pauperism; but then, from the care which the society takes of these—in educating and training them to industrial habits—they start from a better position than their parents, unaided, could have acquired for them. To plant a poor man on a piece of land, is to do but little for him, unless he has the hope of rising, by his industry, from begging to honest independence; and this the Dutch system seems calculated to accomplish. We are by no means in favour of a mere cottage system, which may furnish a man temporarily with bread, and tempt him, as it were, to bring into existence a large family, for whom he can do almost nothing; thus increasing pauperism by increasing its numbers. But we do see much force and truth in a system which while it places a man in the way of earning his livelihood, places him also in a position from which he may

rise, by industry and economy, to something better than he was before. As long as a Dutchman holds his allotment from the society, he is but a pauper; so soon as, by his savings, he pays off their claim, he becomes a rent-paying farmer; and this rent-paying condition is one of hope and encouragement. Complicated and distracting as the subject of pauperism is, the agricultural colony system of Holland seems one at least worthy of imitation in certain districts of our own country. It is not an untried novelty, like the many schemes which are annually promulgated in Britain: twenty-four years of endurance, if not of success, is at the least no slight recommendation.

MORAL COURAGE.

[From an American Newspaper.]

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

Have the courage to tell a dramatic author that his piece is unfit for presentation to a manager, when your opinion is asked concerning it.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavourable one.

Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a just one.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

Have the courage to leave a convivial party at a proper hour for so doing, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one, upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go.

Have the courage to dance with ugly people, if you dance at all; and to decline dancing, if you dislike the performance, or cannot accomplish it to your satisfaction.

Have the courage to say you hate the Polka, and prefer an English song to an Italian 'piece of music' [if such be really your taste].

Have the courage to shut your eyes on the prospect of large profits, and to be content with small ones.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess, when he convinces you that he lacks principle. 'A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities'—not his vices.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to thrust your legs down between the sheets in cold weather; and to shave every day before breakfast.

Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, when you are urged for so doing; and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and to insist upon your wife and daughters doing the like.

Have the courage to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

Have the courage to decline playing at cards for money, when 'money is an object,' or to cease playing, when your losses amount to as much as you can afford to lose.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other.

[We beg to add another counsel which we have always regarded as of the highest importance—

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever, or with regard to whatever subject, you really are uninformed.]

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

[The following beautiful lines, which we find in a newspaper, are said to be the production of a servant girl from Devonshire.]

THE brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around—
When, near the scene, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head,
And trembling to the breeze it hung!
The streamlet, as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

'Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness.
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee—
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye.'

'Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,'
Replied the radiant drop of dew—
'You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove.
But when the sun ascends on high,
His beam will draw me towards the sky;
And I must own my little power—
'I've but refreshed a humble flower.'

'Hold!' cried the stream, 'nor thus repine—
For well 'tis known a Power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art (I that allow),
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou—
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.'

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all;
This thought may all repinings quell:
What serves his purpose, serves him well.

SELF-ENERGY.

Self-energy is the true life of a man. To think by other men's thoughts, is no true living thinking; to believe by other men's belief, is no true living faith. The mind must, by its own independent exertions, seek, and, so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at, the *modus* and *causes* of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially it will think and believe nothing. Substantially, neither will the propositions exist for it, nor it for them. They will be nonentities; and it will only dream of understanding them.—*Cromwell's Literary Forests.*

WHOM TO LOOK TO.

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Burgh.*

LIBERTY.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke.*

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SALEABLE CIVILITIES.

WE observed the other day, in a popular magazine, an anecdote of a gentleman who, having dropped a package of papers, and getting it restored to him by a working man, who ran across a street for the purpose, *was so shabby* as merely to render thanks in return. The writer seemed to consider it necessary that the gentleman should have given at least sixpence as a remuneration for this act of ordinary civility. This way of thinking touches upon a feature of our age, especially as regards metropolitan life, which is worthy of a few remarks.

It seems to be now held as a fixed point of duty amongst us, that whenever a gentleman, by choice or accident, receives the least civility from his inferiors, he should reward them in money. It may be something costing hardly an effort, something called for by the exigency of a moment, and done through merely instinctive impulse: yet coin must honour it. The simplest charities of life become a matter of tariff between superiors and inferiors.

Let us proceed to illustrate this part of our national code of morality. We were once placed in circumstances in Paris strongly reminding us of Sterne and his grisette. Wandering along its obscure streets, we lost our way, and appeared likely to have roamed on for ever, as each new street seemed the precise facsimile of the last, until at length we ventured to ask the way from a busy, little Frenchwoman, seated at the door of her shop. A thousand different directions, uttered in a thousand different phrases, sent us away as perplexed as before. Led by blind chance, we directed our steps straight on, and passed a street down which we ought to have turned. We had not gone far, when a great outcry was heard behind us, joining itself to the clatter of a couple of wooden shoes. Monsieur was altogether wrong; and we were led to understand that we might have girdled the globe in that direction without arriving at our destination; however, the error was corrected, and we speedily reached home. We were in precisely the same predicament in London, and had occasion to ask for similar instruction from one of two lumping boys idly lounging at the corner of a street. What was our success? The boy declined affording the requisite information gratuitously, but offered to put us right in two minutes for twopence. Behold the contrast! Assuredly, many though the social errors of our neighbours are, mercenary civility is not to be reckoned among them.

Every-day life supplies us with abundant instances—they must occur to every one—of the venal light in which all little good offices are regarded in England. If a horse has broken his bridle, and gambolled a few yards down the street, and is brought back an unwil-

ling captive by some adventurous person; if a memorandum is dropped, and some lucky boy has picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owner; if, on a blustering day, the wind will take your hat off, and it scampers down some hilly street, and is caught by some fleet-legged errand-boy, who has participated with some half dozen others in the fun of the capture; if your handkerchief hangs from your pocket, and some extra-honest passer-by informs you of the circumstance, with a touch of his hat, intimating that your honour might have lost it; if you sprain your ankle, or fall over a shred of orange-peel, or are knocked down by some runaway horse, and are assisted by some humane members of the surrounding mob into a neighbouring surgery; if, in short, in any of the thousand misfortunes which are daily apportioned to us, an inferior renders assistance to, or does some little office for, his superior, a debt is incurred; it is a cash account; creditor and debtor are the synonyma for obliger and obligee: humanity, good-nature, nay, the first elements of the Christian duty of man to man, are obliterated from the minds of both parties, and the obligation can only be discharged by treating it as so much merchandise, and paying for it. It would be far from difficult to construct a scale of metropolitan civilities, and to affix the orthodox rates to each of the minor kindnesses; thus—

Holding a horse for a few minutes, twopence—if with extra politeness, fourpence.

Directions in topography, or street-seeking, twopence—with personal attendance, threepence.

Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, twopence to men.

Shutting a cab-door, to the waterman one penny—where does your honour want to go?—twopence.

Assistance in case of accident—varies from sixpence to a shilling;

and so on. He who would be so foolhardy as to refuse these regular demands, while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execrations of the disappointed benefactor.

Such a state of things is very disgraceful in an age calling itself an era of refinement, and turning up its nose at all bygone times, as if there were nothing that was good or great in them. If out-of-door civility must have its price, let there be a regular body of such 'helps' enrolled at once; give them a regular livery, and let each wear a brazen badge, denoting his number and the regular rate of payment for all sorts of civilities; and thus deliver honest men from the insult and injury of the degradation of their brotherly-kindness to the level of, or rather to an inferiority to, the base metal with which it is bought and for which it is sold.

We are continually being disgusted with applications for beer, for something to drink our health, for something to grease the wheels of our gig with, for some-

thing to water our garden with, or to sprinkle the dusty road with. If the carpenter has done some trifling job, when he comes to be paid, something must be given over and above his regular pay to wet the work with, or it is impossible that it will stand. If the dustman perform his arduous office, and, after relieving our dustbin of its contents, comes up, with hindered hair and grimy face, to acquaint us with the fact, surely we could not deny him something to wash down the dust with which he is pretty nigh choked. If the sweep has been putting the chimney to rights, then 'the heap of soot there was to be sure—never seed a chimbley so foul—he always was so pettickler about them smoke-jacks—he knowed a many sweeps as 'ud smesh them all to nothing: could our honour give him something to oil his husky throat with?'

The principle on which such demands are made seems to us wholly bad. It is on this, the hydra whose hundred heads spring up in every possible direction, that we would animalvert. The work done, of course, is worth its pay, just as much as twenty shillings are worth a sovereign. The demand is made for the civility with which its performance is attended—a demand, by the way, invariably greater in proportion to the civility with which the workman himself has been treated. Such civility, we would say, is due, and ought to be rendered, merely as a requirement of the social compact between man and man in all ranks and spheres of life. This custom of performing work in a civil manner, merely with the ultimate view to certain pence, sixpences, and shillings, must be directly injurious to the workman's own character, lowering him in his own esteem, and derogating, in no inconsiderable degree, from his respectability in the estimation of his superiors. We regard it in its least serious light, simply as unreasonable. The matter puts on a more serious aspect when we look at it, as we have strong reason to do, with regard to its normal consequences, as the A B C of a course of beggary. The tale of the officer who gave one of his men a sovereign to drink his health with, and was astonished to find that, in the man's anxiety to obey orders, he had drunk his health so assiduously for three or four days, as to be brought at last to the guard-room, and disgraced in his regiment, is one which is continually enacted. The money given and received in the manner to which we are alluding, is sacred to the alehouse, and to the fellowship of pot-companions; and the libations made at such a shrine, commenced under the sanction, authority, and recommendation of the donor, are perpetuated by the taste and newly-acquired habits of the recipient, until, in too many instances, they reduce him to rags, and his family to wretchedness.

We are here looking at the subject in a strong, but in by no means a singular light. We know many who deplore the necessity they are continually under, in order to avoid insult, of contributing to keep up a custom in direct opposition to their deliberate convictions; and we believe that few ordinary doings of the affluent classes are more injurious to the character and wholesome self-esteem of the humbler classes, than when, instead of reciprocating kindness for kindness, or expressing simply a sense of sincere obligation in return for a minor good office, they make unworthy, and, after all, inadequate returns of money. If brotherly-kindness be the bond of union among men, and a series of mutual obligations the links of that chain, can it be otherwise than that the rude attempt to cut asunder one of these links by the strong hand of

money, will injure, if not loosen the rest? The example set by railway companies, in making a demand for money by any one of their officials a sufficient ground for his dismissal, is one which, if its principle were carried out in private life, would tend to the complete abolition of the nuisance; but we regret to add that, even at railway stations, in spite of the urgent request that no money should be offered, and the threat that its acceptance would be followed, if discovered, by immediate dismissal, persons are yet found, on the one side, stimulated by a weak and foolish pride, to offer the temptation, and, on the other, sufficiently blind and unprincipled, for the sake of a few paltry pence, to hazard the security of an otherwise permanent and comfortable situation. We can vouch for the correctness of our assertion.

Like some diseased atmosphere, this custom has penetrated the remotest recesses of social life, spreading its infection on high and low, from the palace to the prison, in the streets, by the road-side, in the grand hotel, in the petty tavern, in the playhouse, and even inside the church-door; and though now and then some ultra-reformer of a commercial traveller, in a fretful letter to the Times, goes into an elaborate calculation of how much a-year the item of civility costs him, and denounces the whole host of waiters, and chambermaids, and hostlers, and boots, and ostlers, and porters, spreading wild dismay throughout the hostels of our quondam; and though some Boanerges of a public writer hurls his thunderbolts at the stolid head of that sluggish giant, the People; and though some mighty preacher proclaims it, as practised within consecrated walls, to be on the one side an insult, and on the other a sin, like a noxious weed, it only springs up the ranker, whether it is cut up or cut down.

We cannot help believing that it is to the upper classes of society that the origin of the evil is attributable; and among them, its parent may be found in pride—we would not say an ungenerous, but a mistaken pride, productive of an unwillingness to receive the smallest assistance from the hands of an inferior, without the endeavour to return it. How salutary a sentiment under the control of a sound judgment—how unsalutary when misdirected! The error was mainly in the head. The dangerous consequences of introducing a species of moral barter were unforeseen, and no definite line was drawn between good offices costing the poorer man little, and those costing him much. Thus was the custom developed. How easy its conception, how rapid its growth, how ripe its maturity, when, lost to a sense of mutual esteem, the poor man renders, and the richer pays for, a civility whose venal character defiles its purity, and robs it of its value!

Thus neither is honesty nor civility suffered to be its own reward. Well might the (I believe) virtuous old man in 'The Mysteries of the Forest' exclaim, 'What! must I be paid for doing my duty?' Let us hope for the time when, under a second Lycurgan code, money will resume its proper level; when *pour l'amour de Dieu* and *pour l'amour d'homme*, will be tenfold more constraining motives to the relative discharge of moral duties, than heaps of silver or bags of gold; the time when there will be no more charges for 'fish,' no more touching of the forelock, and 'Please remember the boots, sir; no more money-seeking officiousness of your host's lacquey, as he tenders your hat and gloves; no more the half-extended hand of the pew-opener, and the 'Would you like a seat nearer the desk, sir?'—the time—oh, Utopian dreamer!—when he who would offer

to pay by money for an act of humanity, performed from no mercenary motive, would be rebuked as one who had offered an insult to his fellow-man, and an injury to society; the time when civility shall have lost its vengality, and when love shall be shown for love, and not love for money!

THE NEUVAINÉ OF THE CHANDELEUR.

A TALE—FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is in country life a charm unknown to the inhabitants of large cities, particularly in early youth. A city life may be preferred in the age of activity of the passions, when the spirit of enterprise and the thirst for success animate the soul; but the country is the element of childhood and youth, where the tenderest and most exalted sentiments of the soul may unfold and expand. In the country, the familiar abandonment of the early relations of life is prolonged, without danger, till beyond the age when the least familiarity becomes dangerous and suspected among young people in large cities. In the country, habit prolongs those innocent pleasures, under the attentive eye of mothers, even in the ardent season of youth. One is already a man in mind, but a child still in tastes. At the age of eighteen, I loved the fair young girls, amongst whom I passed the happiest hours of the day, with all the affection of a heart accustomed to love them, but without fever, without inquietude, and almost without preference.

On the 24th. of January 1802, we were all assembled, as usual, before the hour of supper—for suppers were still in fashion—and were talking confusedly around our mothers, who were gravely conversing on matters not less frivolous. The question debated amongst us was the choice of a game.

'We should not be at a loss,' said the dark-haired Theresa, 'if Clara were come. She knows every game that has ever been invented; and when, by chance, she happens to forget, she invents one immediately.'

'Clara will not come,' said Marianne. 'I am sure of it; for this evening she commences the Neuvainé* of the Chandeleur.†'

'The Neuvainé of the Chandeleur!' cried I in my turn. 'I did not know she was so devout.'

'It is not for the sake of devotion,' said Emily with ill-natured gravity; 'it is through superstition or ostentation.'

'Through superstition!' replied Marianne; 'superstition indeed! The most whimsical, the most fantastical, the most extraordinary, the most extravagant—'

'But what is it?' I interrupted, laughing. 'You excite my curiosity without satisfying it.'

'Pshaw!' said she, looking at me with an ironical expression; 'it is too stupid for such a wisacre as you. As for the rest, they are not ignorant, I imagine, that the Neuvainé of the Chandeleur is a particular devotion among young people of the lower classes, the object of which is— How shall I tell it?'

'The object of which is?' murmured a dozen voices, whilst a dozen pretty necks were stretched towards Marianne.

'The object of which is,' resumed Marianne, 'to know beforehand what husband they shall have.'

'The husband they shall have!' repeated the dozen voices, with as many different inflections; 'and what connexion can the future husband have with an act of devotion like the Neuvainé of the Chandeleur?'

'You all know very well that I don't believe it,' she continued; 'and even if I did, I should not be the more anxious about it. What is it to me what husband I shall have, provided he be a man of honour, birth, and fortune? My parents will give me to no other; so I don't trouble myself about the matter so long beforehand.'

'Nor I either,' said Theresa, drawing her chair close to that of Marianne. 'But the spell?'

Impatience was now at its height, and that of Mari-

anne was not less than ours; for she always took more pleasure in talking than any one else did in listening to her. Throwing a glance of satisfaction over her audience—'You must know,' she resumed, 'that there is no devotion more acceptable to the blessed Virgin than the Neuvainé of the Chandeleur; and on that account it is thought, that she recompenses with peculiar favour persons who pay her that homage. But there are so many ceremonies in the experiment in question, that I am afraid I shall go wrong, if Emily do not give me a little help. She was with us the day that Clara told me all about it.'

'I' returned Emily disdainfully—'I never take any part in your conversations.'

'I do not say you take any part in them,' replied Marianne, 'but you listen to them.' Then, after biting her pretty fingers for a little, she added—'The Neuvainé must be commenced this evening, by praying for eight hours in the chapel of the blessed Virgin. Afterwards, you must hear first mass every day, and return to prayer every evening with unabated piety and unshaken faith until the first of February. It is terribly difficult. Then, on the first of February, you must hear all the masses, from the first to the last, in the chapel. In the evening you must hear all the prayers, and all the instructions, without missing a single one. Stop, stop. I was near forgetting that you must also have confessed on that day; and if, unfortunately, you have not received absolution, all you have done will be labour lost; for the essential condition of success is, that you enter your chamber in a state of grace. Then—'

'Then you fix the husband there before you?' cried Theresa.

'You are in a great hurry,' replied Marianne coldly; 'I am not yet through the half of my instructions. Then you again begin to pray: you shut yourself up, in order to fulfil the conditions of a severe retreat; you must be fasting, and yet have everything disposed for a banquet. The table must be laid for two persons, and furnished with two complete services, with the exception of knives, which must be avoided with the greatest possible care. I need not tell you that the table linen must be perfectly white, and as clean, as fine, and as new as can be got, that good order and good taste may reign in the little apartment; for these things are always attended to when a person of consideration is expected. The repast consists of two bits of consecrated bread, brought away from the last mass, and two glasses of pure wine, placed of course at opposite sides of the table. Only the middle of the service is garnished, if possible, with a porcelain or silver dish, which contains two sprigs (carefully blessed) of myrtle, rosemary, or any other green plant—boxwood excepted—placed side by side, not crosswise. This also is a point which it is essential to observe.'

'Then?' asked Theresa, and the whole circle repeated the question like an echo.

'Then,' replied Marianne, 'having opened the door, that the expected guest may enter, you take your place at the table, devoutly commend yourself to the protection of the Virgin, and go to sleep, in expectation of the effects of her favour, which never fail to be manifested according to the person who implores them. Then begin strange and wonderful visions. Those for whom Heaven has prepared on earth some mysterious sympathy, see the man appear who is to love them if he meet them—who would have loved them, at least, if he had met them: the husband they should have, if favourable circumstances brought them together. It is also pretended, for a positive fact, that the Neuvainé has the peculiar privilege of causing the young man of whom one dreams to dream the same thing, and inspiring him with the same desire to find that half of himself which has been revealed to him. That is the bright side of the experience. But woe to the young girls whom Heaven has neglected in the distribution of husbands, for they are tormented with frightful prognostics! Those who are destined for a convent, see, it

* Neuvainé, a nine-days' devotion. † Chandeleur, Candlemas.

is said, a long procession of nuns, chanting the hymns of the church, slowly defile before them. Others, who are to die before the time, are present at their own funeral, the sight of which freezes the blood in their veins. They are awakened with a start by the light of funeral torches, and the sobs of their mother and friends, who weep over a coffin hung with white.

'I solemnly declare,' exclaimed Teresa, 'that I will never expose myself to such terrors. It makes one shudder even to think of them.'

'You might, notwithstanding, expose yourself to them without fear,' replied Emily. 'I warrant you would sleep soundly till morning, and should be wakened as usual to take your Italian lesson.'

'That is my opinion too,' said Marianne; 'and, I should be very much astonished if it were not also that of Louis, who seems buried in his reflections, as if he were trying to explain a difficult passage in some Greek or Latin author.'

'I don't know,' I replied; 'and you will excuse me if I do not pronounce judgment so hastily on a belief supported by the testimony of the people, whose opinions are generally founded upon experience. But pardon, dear Marianne, if the details you have just given, with your usual grace, have left me still something to desire. In your recital you have mentioned young girls only as being benefited by the effects of the Neuvaine of the Chandelier. Do you think that the Virgin does not grant the same favours to the prayers of young men?'

'By no means!' she exclaimed; 'and I beg pardon for being so remiss. The Neuvaine of the Chandelier, performed with this design, has the same virtue with respect to all unmarried persons, without distinction of sex. Would you have any strong desire to try it?'

'Truly,' said Emily, 'it would be a fine thing to see a rational young man, accustomed to the society of men of learning, and whose father was the friend of M. de Voltaire, giving credit, like an ignorant child such as Clara, to such shameful folly.'

I made no reply, but rose quietly, under pretence of suddenly recollecting some engagement; and gliding gently from chair to chair behind the elder ladies, I seized my hat, and ran to the chapel of the Virgin to commence the Neuvaine of the Chandelier; for, in truth, I saw no plausible reason against it. 'Why,' said I to myself, when I had proceeded some steps towards the church—'why may it not be so? Nature has twenty mysteries more marvellous than this, and no one doubts them. Gross and apparently insensible bodies have affinities between them, which attract them to each other through incalculable space. The magnet, if consulted under the equator, recognises the pole; the newly-hatched butterfly flies unerringly towards his unknown mate; the pollen of the palm-tree goes upon the winds of the desert to impregnate the solitary flower that awaits it. And is it prohibited to man alone, otherwise so privileged, to foreknow his destiny, and to join himself to that essential part of himself which God has prepared for him in the treasures of his providence? To believe in such neglect, would be a calumny against the power and goodness of the common Father.'

I had fulfilled all the obligations of the Neuvaine; and after having finished my preparations, I opened my door to the approaching apparition, and had hardly regained my *strâ-chair*, when I was surprised by a most profound sleep. I know not how long it lasted; but it suddenly seemed to me that I had ceased to sleep. My chamber resumed its usual appearance by the vacillating light of the candles. I distinguished every object—the slightest noise. Hearing a slight murmur, like that caused by the motion of a plume of feathers, I looked towards the door, and saw a female enter. I wished to rise and receive her; but an invincible power retained me in my place. I tried to speak, but the words remained glued to my tongue. My reason was not lost in this mystery. I felt that it was a mystery, and that the prayers of the Neuvaine had been heard.

The unknown approached, without seeming to perceive me, as if she had obeyed a kind of instinct, an irresistible impulse. She seated herself in the arm-chair which I had prepared for her, and, with downcast eyes, remained thus exposed to my view. I certainly had never seen her before, and I felt, in the vague consciousness of a dream, a conviction that this existence, strange as it was to all my recollections, was not the less living and real. I will not speak of the beauty of this female; portraits cannot be drawn with words; I have often doubted whether they can be with colours. I did not ask myself why I loved her; I knew that I loved her; for it must be recollected that the apparition of the Chandelier is conjured up only through a complete and absolute sympathy between the persons whom it brings into *rapport*.

The stranger seemed to be dressed, like myself, for a bridal feast; but her garments were not familiar to the brides of my province. They recalled to my mind those I had often remarked, in similar circumstances, in a town at some distance. It was the graceful costume of Montbelliard, which the highest society in the country still preserved by tradition, in certain solemn ceremonies, and which is probably now abandoned by the people themselves. She had placed beside her, on the table, one of those little bags in which young ladies keep those trifles which they are pleased to call their work, and on the steel-clasp of which I perceived two letters engraven, which must have been the initials of my future bride. At length her eyes met mine. I could scarcely support the fascination of that heavenly look. Never did the fire of innocent affection animate eyes more lovely, nor better reveal those secrets of pure love for which no human voice can find words. A strange cloud, however, suddenly darkened her brow; her bosom palpitated; her eyelids became moistened with tears, which she tried to restrain. She gently pushed away the bread and wine which I had placed before her, took one of the sprigs of consecrated myrtle, and slipped it under one of the knots of her bouquet. She then rose, and departed by the way she had come. I was then relieved from the horrible constraint which chained me to my seat, and I darted after her, to obtain one word of consolation and hope. 'Oh! whoever you are,' I exclaimed, 'abandon me not to the terrible regret of having seen you, and never being able to find you out again! Think that my future happiness depends on you, and make not the sweetest moment of my life an eternal misfortune! Tell me, at least, I implore you, whether I shall again press this hand which I bedew with my tears—whether I shall see you again?'

'Once more!' she replied; 'or never! never!' she repeated with a mournful cry, and vanished.

I felt my strength fail, and my limbs sinking under me, and was obliged to lean on a chair for support. At this point I was awakened to broad daylight by the bursts of laughter of a servant, who was removing the preparations of my nocturnal collation, and which he attributed to the fantasies of somnambulism—to which, indeed, I was subject.

I was not of a character easily to lay aside ideas with which I had once been strongly impressed. This unknown female, whom I loved with all the strength of my heart, even to distraction, and who perhaps was not in existence, became my fixed idea—the only thought of my life. I shunned society, and sought for solitude; because it was only when alone that I could freely indulge in the contemplation of my wishes and hopes. To what friendship, or to what complaisant credulity, could I have dared to confide them? I imagined that some unforeseen circumstance would shortly bring me in contact with my visionary betrothed. I expected her. I fancied I should find her in every strange female whom I saw at a distance; but she always escaped me, like the dream in which I had seen her. My reason and health sunk under this perpetual succession of powerful emotions. The physician, vainly called to my bed of grief, in a few days gave up all hope of me. In

the meanwhile, I had neglected no means to discover my mysterious friend. Under the seal of profound secrecy, I communicated to a schoolfellow of mine, who lived at Montbéliard, the initials of the bag, with a most circumstantial portrait of the young girl whose name they were meant to express.

The reply came at length to cheer my heart, in one of those moments of extreme anguish when my exhausted strength seemed no longer able to struggle against death. The ideal being of whom I dreamt on the night of the Chandeleur really existed! The resemblance was perfect, even to a small mark on the back of her neck, which I had noticed in her retreat. Her name was Cecilia Savernier; and these names corresponded with the letters I so well remembered to have seen on the steel-clasp of the bag. She usually resided with her father, in a mansion situated at some distance from the town of Montbéliard, where her beauty and virtues were the theme of every conversation. Thus my illusion assumed a body; my chimera became a reality; my languor disappeared with my anxiety; my health improved; and my father rejoiced in the certain hope of my recovery.

One day my father entered my room, which I had not yet left. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, affectionately pressing my hand; 'my son is restored to me.' After a few minutes' silence, he added, 'Louis, I am come to speak to you on a subject which I have much at heart—your marriage.'

I looked at him in surprise. 'Don't you think, father,' I replied, 'that there is still time enough to trouble ourselves about that? I am not yet twenty.'

'It is a matter which concerns you deeply,' he returned; 'and why not? I married too late, or else the years have passed away too quickly; and I should have been one of the sweetest enjoyments of life if I died before having been loved by a daughter whom you should have given me, without having played with your children, without leaving behind me the remembrance of my features and affection to a new generation. This, my son, is the *material* immortality of man, which alone the weakness of our organs and intelligence permits us to foresee clearly. The other is a great mystery, which religion and philosophy prudently abstain from attempting to explain. Your marriage, then, has become, for your own sake, the principal object of my thoughts and hopes; however, I do not wish to put any force on your inclinations, but leave you perfectly free in your choice and establishment; and I shall never depart from this promise.'

'You overwhelm me with gratitude and joy!' I exclaimed, embracing him. 'On my side, I swear to you that I will never bring a daughter into your house whom you will not have adopted beforehand.'

'As you will,' said my father; 'however, this idea which I must now sacrifice to you was the sweetest dream of my old age. Suffer me to speak of it to you for the last time. I have perhaps never mentioned before you the name of one of the friends of my youth, the remembrance of whom recalls the only real friendships we generally enjoy in this life—the sincere and disinterested friendships of the college. Though a great difference of vocation, habits, and abode, seemed to have separated us for ever, yet I have never forgotten him. He became a colonel of artillery. He emigrated, and this circumstance rendered our separation irrevocable; for I, like many others, had followed the movements of the Revolution, when I was far from perceiving its aim and results. This transitory direction of a mind deceived by appearances, gave me a political credit which I have had the happiness of seeing sometimes useful. My friends, undecieved in his turn from another kind of error, sighed for his country, always so dear to every well-constituted heart. I succeeded in obtaining his extradition,* in restoring him to his hearth, his paternal fields, and native air. We have not seen each other

* Getting his name struck off the list of the proscribed.

since, but his letters cease not to testify an affectionate gratitude, which sweetly repays me for my efforts in his behalf. Mutual confidence has made us acquainted with the most trifling particulars of our inmost thoughts and fortune. My old friend Gilbert knows I have a son in whom I repose all my hopes of the future. He has a daughter whose praise is in every mouth, and who will certainly make her husband as happy as she has made her father. I do not conceal from you that we had seen in this projected union an agreeable means of reuniting ourselves for the remainder of our days. It was a life we had fondly planned in our foolish confidence; so true is it that we deceive ourselves at every age, and that old age, matured by experience, is as apt to give way to illusions as youth itself. This prospect was delightful! It must be renounced!

'Pardon, my father; a thousand pardons! Why has Heaven condemned me to acknowledge your affection so badly?'

'Never mind,' said he; 'I shall easily forget the joy I promised myself in seeing my hopes realised by thinking of yours. After all, it is a pity, for Cecilia Savernier is considered a handsome girl in a country where it is difficult to choose—'

'Cecilia Savernier!' I cried, jumping to my feet; 'Cecilia Savernier! Oh, father! have I heard you rightly?'

'Perfectly,' said he. 'Cecilia Savernier, daughter of Gilbert Savernier, late colonel of artillery, residing at Montbéliard, department of Mont-Ferrable. It is of her I spoke.'

I fell at my father's feet in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Unable to utter a word, I covered his hand with kisses and tears. My father raised me anxiously, pressed me to his bosom, and asked me what was the matter more than ten times before I had power to answer. 'Cecilia Savernier! 'Tis she; 'tis she, father!' I cried with a choking voice. 'Tis for her I ask you on my knees!'

'Indeed,' he replied; 'then your prayer is soon heard, since the affair is nearly all settled. But where can you have seen Cecilia? Or where can she have known you? Montbéliard is the only town in France she has appeared in since her return from abroad. And when you were in that part of the country two years ago, I am positively certain she was not yet there.'

I blushed. This question touched too nearly on a secret which I had not strength of mind to reveal, and which my father might regard either as an illusion or a falsehood. 'Believe,' I replied, 'that I have seen Cecilia, and have reason to think that she will not be unfavourable to my love. With respect to the circumstances or accident that brought us together for an instant, be so good, I beseech you, as not to question me further.'

'Heaven forbid!' said he, embracing me. 'I have too much respect for this kind of mystery to take from you the merit of discretion. There are secret links, sympathies, known only to lovers, which one at my age can but ill discern. This state of things accords so well with my wishes, that I have no desire to find out how it originated. Let us now think only of your marriage, which will be celebrated without fail after you shall have taken your degree. This delay seems to frighten you; but it is not so long as you imagine. You will soon regain the time you have lost during your illness. You must feel that it would ill become you to bring yourself at the most solemn act of life, without bringing as a dowry an honourable and serious title. Besides, it is but proper that you should first see your intended wife and father-in-law, and obtain a more positive consent than that on which we have been flattering ourselves, before pushing things any further. As your health is so much improved, I trust that a month's residence at Montbéliard will quite re-establish it. You will be present at your cousin Clara's wedding as you pass, for she lives half-way, at the Bois d'Arcey.'

'Clara's wedding!' I exclaimed in surprise. 'Is Clara going to be married?'

'Yes,' replied my father, 'I wish she may be happy; though there is something extraordinary about the whole affair. This year she refused three highly-advantageous offers, and her mother thought she was disposed to embrace a religious life, when a strange young man, who had arrived in town only a day or two before, obtained her consent in their first conversation. The references he gave as to character and fortune were satisfactory, and their two families promptly agreed to the match. Clara is happy in this union, which the Virgin, she says, had in reserve for her since the night of the Chandeleur. But what say you? Does the arrangement I have proposed suit your inclination?'

I threw myself into his arms; he kissed my forehead, went into his study, and soon came out with a letter in his hand, addressed to Colonel Savernier. Next morning I set out for Montbéliard, happier than I can express.

Alas! what are human joys!

I have said that the strange illusion that filled up my whole life, and absorbed my every thought since the night of the Chandeleur, had to me become equivalent to the most positive truth. The result of my inquiries had given to it an extreme likelihood. The unforeseen concurrence of my father's projects with the time and circumstances of my dream, distinguished it from the class of ordinary dreams. It was no longer a dream—it was a revelation. Constitutionally disposed to be easily impressed by the marvellous, I abandoned myself to this without resistance. Hearts that resemble mine will have no difficulty in understanding me. I embraced, for the first time, the thought of a happiness which I imagined nothing was to disturb. I flew towards Cecilia in all the confidence, all the abandonment of my heart. It was at the end of January; and I was struck with a strange sensation when I remarked that Clara's marriage was exactly on the day of the Chandeleur. I arrived in time to be present at the ceremony. The countenances of the bride and bridegroom expressed the most perfect happiness. The young man was handsome, affectionate, and engaging, but serious in his demeanour. When the ceremony was ended, I approached my cousin, and pressing her hand to my lips, whispered, 'I hope, my dear friend, that this gentleman is the husband who was revealed to you on the night of the Chandeleur?' Clara blushed, and gave me a look which seemed to say, 'How do you know that?' Then pressing my hand, she replied, 'I would not have married another.' I felt myself agitated by a delightful emotion, impossible to describe, in thinking that a similar happiness awaited myself.

Whilst the fêtes of Clara's marriage detained me at the Bois d'Arcey longer than I could have wished, my excellent father had advised Colonel Savernier of my intended visit; of which the latter, curious to know me first, did not think proper to inform his daughter. When I had presented my letter to the colonel, he merely glanced at it with a smile, and coming to me with open arms, 'I need not ask your name,' said he with affectionate cordiality; 'you bear so strong a resemblance to the friend of my youth, that I think I see him still, as when every morning brought us together—only you are a little taller. You are welcome, my dear boy, as a friend—as a son—if, as I hope, your heart and that of my Cecilia's come to a mutual understanding. And now, sit down and rest yourself, while I read your father's letter, and consider you more at my ease.'

The kindness of this reception brought tears to my eyes, which I sought to restrain by taking a survey of the room. A straw-hat, trimmed with blue ribbons, hung upon a nail: it was Cecilia's. There was a harp in one corner of the room: it was Cecilia's harp. A bag had been carelessly left upon a chair close to mine, on the steel-clasp of which my eye quickly detected the initials that had struck me on the night of my vision. Yet the idea suddenly occurred to me, what if Cecilia was not the right person after all? The thought froze

me with terror. I found myself engaged in the most sacred, the most irrevocable manner, by the wishes I had expressed to my father, by my present proceedings with respect to M. Savernier, and my blind precipitation was perhaps about to separate me for ever from the bride who had been promised me. A mortal shudder ran through me when I perceived, at a distance, the portrait of a young female wearing a straw-hat. I collected all my strength, and hastened across the room to examine it more closely. I was struck with despair. It was the portrait of a charming woman, but whose face bore no resemblance to that of my imaginary Cecilia. It was not she! My limbs were sinking under me, when the arm of M. Savernier, passed round my body, held me up. 'Alas!' said he, wiping away a tear, 'you will never see her! That is Lily! my fair and gentle Lily! the mother of our Cecilia. May you never experience the grief of surviving what you love!'

My terror vanished, leaving only a profound sympathy for my friend, who seemed to appreciate my feelings, for he said, 'Yes, you shall be my son! for you have a soul! You shall be the husband of Cecilia, if she consent. And why should she not?' After a pause, he added, 'My dear young friend, a regard to propriety will not permit that you should stay at my house; but we shall see you every day while you remain at Montbéliard, before going to resume your studies. The sweet intimacy that ought to precede a serious and inviolable engagement will grow up of itself. One ought not to proceed lightly with affairs of life and eternity. But I learn with much surprise, from your father's letter, that you already love my Cecilia; and, what is still stranger, if it be possible, her artless heart, which has never concealed anything from me, feels drawn towards you by the same inclination, though you have never seen each other; unless, indeed, my vigilance has been deceived by some of those artifices which youth practises by instinct, and old age forgets. That, I own, is a point on which I am anxious for an explanation; and my friendship for you gives me some right to expect it.'

The colonel cast a searching look on me; and the trouble into which his question plunged me could not have escaped his notice. I cast down my eyes, hesitated, and vainly sought for an answer.

'I swear to you, upon my honour, sir,' I at length replied, 'that I have never seen Cecilia; that I have never seen her portrait; that I have never presumed to write to her; and that her name was known to me scarcely two days before my father mentioned it to me. Notwithstanding, it is a year since I first loved her; and I will love her all my life. There is the truth, sir. The rest is to me an incomprehensible mystery.'

'Incomprehensible indeed!' replied M. Savernier with an anxious air—'quite incomprehensible; for I do not suppose you could be guilty of a falsehood. And yet—'

And yet I have disguised nothing from you. Is it not an instance of those mysterious sympathies which sometimes unconsciously take possession of us, and carry us away with all the vehemence of a passion? It is what I am profoundly ignorant of; however, I must believe it, for I have no other explanation to give you.'

'Pshaw!' replied the colonel; 'you will next have me believe that you have seen and loved each other in a dream. If the secret of that kind of rendezvous get abroad, it will be all over with paternal surveillance. But what matters it, provided you love each other?—just as I wish things to be. This is what we shall all know before long in a more positive manner; for you shall dine to-morrow with Cecilia.'

'To-morrow!' I exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment.

'To-morrow,' said he, smiling, 'it is not so soon as you would wish; but the delay is not long enough to cause you any real affliction. I have not told Cecilia of your expected arrival. I reserved to myself the pleasure of discovering at your first interview, when I had

known you a little, whether there is any reality in the sympathy between you; and I was not sorry that an opportunity offered to get my daughter out of the way at the moment I expected you. A country family, in which Cecilia counts no less than six friends—all sisters—solemnise to-day the anniversary of the birth of their excellent grandmother, who is an old friend of mine. As the long retirements of the Chandeleur are over, and the rest of the time between this and Lent is, by immemorial custom, consecrated to amusements more or less innocent, but which religion itself does not forbid, they dance, they disguise themselves, and I even believe they will be masked. Don't be alarmed, my friend; the programme of the fête admits females only, nor will any man be received there, whether father, husband, or brother, till the hour appointed for the sweet lambs to return to the fold. Meanwhile we shall dine *tête-à-tête*, for there is Dorothy calling us.'

'Do you know,' said he suddenly, when we were about to leave the table, 'an idea occurs to me. Since to-morrow seems so long to your impatience, we shall at least try to deceive her till then. I shall tell you how. At the hour of breaking up this evening, you shall accompany me when I go for Cecilia. I shall enter alone, and in a few words smooth all difficulties. A servant, at my appointed signal, will introduce you as a friend of the family. We must seem to be entire strangers to each other. In this way I shall be enabled to appreciate the reality of those marvellous sympathies you speak so much of; for there will be nothing to prevent you, if not from seeing Cecilia, at least from conversing with her without restraint. I hope you will have no difficulty in distinguishing her in her disguise as a bride of Montbéliard.'

'She is disguised as a bride of Montbéliard, say you? Can it be possible?'

'Why, yes; as a bride of Montbéliard,' he replied. 'It is a good omen, is it not? But this costume is so graceful, that more than one of her companions may have also chosen it. In that case you will know her from the others by a little sprig of myrtle, separated from her bouquet, which she took a fancy to attach to her bosom, and by which I am myself to recognise her.'

This second circumstance, which recalled so vividly the particulars of my dream, renewed my emotion; but I soon mastered it, and answered to the proposal of M. Savernier by testifying the most tender gratitude. An hour afterwards, he had executed his project in all points, and I was in the presence of Cecilia, whom I easily recognised by the tokens her father had given me. On her side she had shown some emotion at my approach, and when I had taken my place beside her, I thought I perceived her tremble. 'Excuse,' said I, 'a liberty which the mask and disguise will in some degree explain. The vicinity of a stranger may perhaps be unpleasant to you; yet I doubt much whether my features are wholly strange to your recollection?'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'I do not think I have had the honour of ever seeing you before.'

'Never?' said I.

'Never,' she returned with a forced laugh, 'unless it was perhaps in a dream; and you may believe my word, for I am incapable of feigning. I have not even tried to disguise my voice.'

It was indeed the voice I had heard a year before, and which still echoed in my heart. 'Permit me, then,' said I with warmth, 'to seek some motive which may supply the pleasing customs of established acquaintanceship. My name, or rather that of my father, must have often been mentioned to you by yours, and I am not ignorant that I speak to the daughter of M. Savernier. Would this name be happy enough to awaken any kind of sympathy in your soul?'

I had hardly pronounced my name, when Cecilia started, and turned on me a look expressive of tenderness, mingled with terror. 'Yes, yes!' she replied; 'your name is well known to me. It is dear to my father and to me also, for it recalls to us recollections

which are never effaced from an honest heart—those of gratitude! It is true, then?' she continued, speaking to herself, as if she had suddenly forgot my presence; 'it was not an illusion? All has been thus far fulfilled—all will be fulfilled without doubt! The will of God be done!' And she fell into a state of gloomy dejection, in which all her ideas seemed to be absorbed. One of her hands nearly touched mine. I took it without her making the slightest effort to withdraw it. She only looked at me more attentively. 'It is he!' she said.

'Oh, let not the sight of me give you any alarm!' said I, pressing her hand. 'The sentiment which has led me to you is as pure as your own heart, and it has the sanction of a father whose only thought is your happiness. You are free, Cecilia; and our future destiny depends only on you.'

'Our future destiny depends only on God,' she replied, letting her head droop with a deep sigh. 'But you have spoken of my father. You have surely seen him? He knows that at this hour of the night, for some time past, I suffer from an inexpressible affection which stifles and kills me. I wished so much to prevent its approach! How is it that my father is not come?'

Although the colonel had told me something of this circumstance, which inspired no fear, the expression of suffering that accompanied those words froze my blood. Besides, her father was standing before us at the moment that she seemed to be seeking him through the room with an uneasy look. I was surprised that she had not seen him. 'I am near you,' said he, encircling her with his arm, for she was going to faint. She leant upon him, and passed one of those moments so long to pain.

The friends of Cecilia had gathered around her, and, in the cares they lavished on her, displaced her mask. Alas! all my doubts were dissipated; but a frightful pallor covered those features so dear to my memory. I felt as if life was about to leave me, when Cecilia breathed, raised her head, and looked at the persons who surrounded her. 'Ah! all is well now,' said she. 'I am better. I no longer suffer. I ask pardon, and thank you all. This crisis is never long, but I would have wished to have spared you the pain of witnessing it. In that case I should not have come, or have gone away sooner. I will no longer interrupt your pleasures; the air and a walk will complete my recovery.'

Shortly after we set out, and M. Savernier intrusted his daughter's arm to me. She was near me—close to my heart. I conversed freely with her. I spent ten minutes of the fullest, the purest happiness that ever mortal was permitted to enjoy on earth. Cecilia walked with a light and firm step. She seemed happy. Her father, with one arm passed round her, congratulated himself on seeing her so well, and attributed her late illness to the fatigue of dancing, or to some sudden emotion, the secret of which he gaily refused to penetrate. The space we had to walk was very short. We arrived. 'Adieu till to-morrow,' said the colonel—'till to-morrow! To-morrow, the fairest day of all our lives, if my hopes be not deceived. But the night is past, and this fair to-morrow must be near its second hour. At four o'clock in the evening,' said he, embracing me; 'and this time we shall all three sit down to table. Sleep, the toilet, and hope, will help to shorten the time all then.' They retired. I still hear Cecilia's adieu.

Next day was Sunday. The hour so impatiently expected at length arrived—the hour at which I was to see Cecilia! Cecilia, by whom I believed myself loved! Cecilia whom I adored! The street through which I had to pass, and which I had seen nearly deserted the evening before, was now filled with people. I attributed this difference to the solemnity of the day; but I could not explain why the crowd formed itself here and there into motionless and silent groups. I rapidly threaded my way through those little assemblies, and only by chance caught a few confused words to the following effect:—'An aneurism?' said one; 'persons do not die of aneurism at that age.' 'One dies when the hour of

death is come,' replied his neighbour. A little farther on was a young girl, adorned and veiled, to whom one of her companions was listening in tears. 'At half-past two, when leaving the ball, she said truly that she would never be married!' A horrible light glanced in upon my mind. I was not more than twenty steps from the house. I ran. The many years which have elapsed since then cannot weaken the impression of that fearful moment. The door was hulk with white; in the passage was a coffin, surrounded with torches.

'Who is dead? Who is dead in this house?' I exclaimed, violently laying hold of the arm of a man who seemed to have charge of the preparations.

'Mademoiselle Cecilia Savernier!'

DR MANTELL ON ANIMALCULES.

WE quote below the title of a recent volume by Dr Mantell,* the object of which is 'to present a familiar exposition of the nature and habits of some of the invisible beings which people our lakes and streams.' Invisible beings! and yet not the creatures of superstition and dreamland, but actual substantial existences, that, unseen by the eye of sense, perform, within a single drop of water, the circle of an economy as perfect in its kind as is that of man himself. The object is in the highest degree commendable, and the name of the author is guarantee sufficient for its correct and agreeable treatment. There is no branch of science more interesting, none whose revelations are more wonderful, than that which unfolds the forms and nature of the minute creatures which people every stagnant pool, inhabit the leaves of every forest, and which take up their abode even in the fluids and tissues of other living beings. Nor is it a study the result of which is merely amusement and wonder; for, like the minute parasitic vegetation whose growth absorbs the elements of decay, and which occasionally create such havoc among human food, and engender disease and death, the myriad animalcules in nature may execute similar missions, sometimes repressing putridity, at others becoming the sources of the most loathsome and fatal diseases. It is, therefore, only by a knowledge of the nature of these creatures, and of the causes and sources of their development, that man can call in their aid or control their results, as his purposes may demand. So simple, moreover, and so easily discernible is the organization of many animalcules, that the physiological functions of their structure is fully exposed to view—functions which find their counterparts in the higher animals, but in whom the mode of operation is hopelessly obscured. Apparent as are the advantages resulting from a study of microscopic life, it must not be supposed that the little work before us either affords an ample exposition, or adds new discoveries to the subject. All that is attempted, is a familiar description of a few common facts, a description which will in some degree instruct the ordinary reader, and lead him—if he can be led at all—to further investigation, while works of greater research and higher pretensions would have been unintelligible and forbidding.

Dr Mantell's idea is a happy one: he takes a little water from a neighbouring pool, and confining himself to the examination of this, describes, in simple but attractive terms, what he sees, figuring at the same time, with the greatest delicacy and elegance, the objects of his observation. 'From some water containing aquatic plants, collected from a pond on Clapham Common, I select,' says he, 'a small twig, to which are attached a few delicate flakes, apparently of slime or jelly; some minute fibres, standing erect here and there on the twig, are also dimly visible to the naked eye. This twig, with a drop of two of the water; we will put between two thin plates of glass, and place under the field of view of a microscope having lenses that magnify the image of an object two hundred times in linear dimensions. Upon looking through the instrument, we find the fluid swarming with animals of

various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the water with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water—appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die, if separated from the parent mass. No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose.' To the uninitiated this must be a startling revelation; more wonderful, because real, than all the multitudes with which superstition and fancy have peopled the realms above, beneath, and around us.

The animalcules above enumerated now become the subjects of individual examination—there being nearly a dozen different genera in the small phial of water selected. The first and most conspicuous of these is the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polype, an animalcule visible to the naked eye, appearing, when at rest, a mere globular speck of jelly, but, when active, protruding into a funnel-shaped body, furnished with a number of long, delicate tentacula or arms, by which it secures its prey. This polype is carnivorous in its habits, feeding on small worms and insects. 'I have seen,' says our author, 'a polype seize two worms at the same instant; and to reach them, the arms were extended to such a degree of tenuity, as scarcely to be perceptible without the aid of a lens; and the worms, though very lively, and struggling violently, were unable to break asunder these delicate instruments, and escape, but in an instant were struck motionless. This phenomenon strikingly resembles the effect produced by the electric eel; and it is not improbable that the hydra, like that fish, kills its prey by an electric shock.' The fresh-water polypes are exceedingly prolific, several hundreds of thousands springing from one parent stock in the course of a few months. The generation or mode of multiplication in the hydra is one of its most striking peculiarities. In its ordinary condition, this takes place by gemmation, or buds, as in certain plants. A small protuberance appears externally on some part of the body of the polype, and gradually enlarges, and becomes elongated; arms speedily spring forth from the free extremity, and a miniature hydra is formed, which in a short time separates from its parent, and assumes its individual existence. Nor is this all: a single hydra may be cut into several pieces, either across its body, or longitudinally, and, what is wonderful, every section will in time become a polype, as perfect as the original of which it formed a part! Further, the animal may be turned inside out like a glove, and the original outer surface will perform the function of digestion, while the former lining of the stomach becomes the skin; and, this without the creature apparently suffering any inconvenience.

From the examination of the *hydrae* or polypes, which are giants in comparison, Dr Mantell passes to the consideration of the true Infusoria—those minute animalcules which were sporting in the drops of water between the plates of glass placed in the field of his microscope.

* Thoughts on Animalcules; or a Glimpse of the Invisible World Revealed by the Microscope. By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL.D. London: Murray, 1846.

The existence of these minute beings having been first detected in water containing vegetable matter, such as hay, grass, &c. it was taken for granted that they were peculiar to certain infusions; hence the term *Infusoria*, given to this class of animals, in allusion to their supposed origin. This name is still employed as a general designation, although it has long been known that the presence of animalcules in infusions has no necessary relation to the vegetable ingredients, except so far as the decomposition of the latter may tend to the production of a proper medium for the development of the invisible eggs, or germs, of these creatures, which are everywhere present. The essential characters of the Infusoria—in other words, those points of organization in which they differ from all other animals—consist in their bodies being destitute of any true articulated or jointed limbs, and locomotive members or feet; their varied movements being performed by means of processes or filaments, which are always in motion, and are termed *cilia*, from their supposed resemblance to the eyelashes. The cilia, in many species of the Infusoria, are more or less generally distributed over the surface of the body; in others they are disposed in one or more circles around the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs; and in some, are arranged in zones on one or more circular or semicircular projections on the upper part of the body.* The examination of these minute creatures requires great tact and patience. From the original drop of water a particular species is first selected; it is then removed, transferred to a drop of pure water, and placed under the field of the microscope—the observer beginning with low powers, till he obtain a general knowledge of the form and appearance of the species, and afterwards examining the several parts of the body with the most powerful glasses.

By such a scrutiny, Dr Mantell detects, in the original glass of water, a number of species of the most beautiful forms, and of the most curious economy. Among these are *Momids*, animated spherules of various colours, little more than the thousandth part of a line in diameter; and yet each exhibits an individual activity, feeding, disporting, and propagating its kind with inconceivable rapidity. The floating coloured slime which sometimes appears in the water of stagnant pools, is an aggregation of countless myriads of these beings—not individually distinct, but visible only in the mass. There are also *Vorticellæ*, or bell-shaped animals, and *Stentors*, or those of trumpet shapes—fixed singly, or in clusters, by the narrow extremity, and waving in the water their wider extremities, fringed with cilia, like so many animated harebells of astonishing minuteness. The digestive organs of these tiny creatures consist of a series of globular stomachs—hence the term *polygastria*—connected by a common tube, which allows entrance to the food, and exit to the effete particles. The food is brought to the mouth by the currents produced in the water by the cilia: aëration is performed by the agency of the same organs; and the increase of the species is effected by spontaneous division, each part, like the severed portions of the polype, growing into a perfect individual. Besides these polygastric animalcules, which are the lowest of the Infusoria, there are in the water under examination numerous species of *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearing animalcules, so called from the circular rows of cilia which fringe the upper parts of their bodies, and which, when in motion, appear like wheels revolving round a common axis. These are more highly organized than the former class: the digestive canal is a tube more or less straight, which in many genera is provided with jaws and teeth, which, like the masticatory organs in birds, are situated low down, are very distinct, and present considerable diversity of form and arrangement. Jaws and teeth in creatures invisible to the naked eye! Yet so it is: like the miniature watch set in a finger-ring, its wheels and springs are not less perfect because of their tiny dimensions. In the *Rotifera* there are indications of nerves, muscles, and punctiform eyes, all shadowing forth, as it were, the dawn of higher existences. Some are oviparous, others viviparous—the eggs in many species being in size equal to one-third of the animalcule. These ova retain their

vitality for almost an unlimited period, and are transported by the water and wafted by the winds—for, whether dry or moist, they remain uninjured—till, thrown into the conditions suitable to their organization, they become developed, and the apparently pure waters teem with myriads of highly-organized beings. Even the adult animals of some species—the common *Rotifera*, for instance—after being apparently dried up for several years, will start into life upon the addition of a few drops of water, and throw their rotatory organs into full play, as if roused from a refreshing slumber.

Of these *Rotifera*, Dr Mantell detects several genera: some flower-shaped, *Ploesularia*; some crown-shaped, *Stephanoceros*; the common wheel-animalcule, *Rotifer*; and other species covered with siliceous shells and spines, *Fractinous*. These last are perhaps the most wonderful, as they are, geologically speaking, the most important of their class. Their cases or shells consist either of lime, silex (flint), or iron; and these retain their form and structure for unlimited periods of time. From the inconceivable numbers of these shell-animalcules, which swarm in every body of water, whether fresh or salt, and the immense rapidity with which the species increase—by spontaneous fissuration, germination, and ova—extensive deposits, or strata of their cases, are constantly forming at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and seas. Hence have originated the layers of white calcareous earth common in peat-bogs and morasses, the tripoli, or polishing-slate of Bilin,* consisting wholly of the siliceous cases of animalcules, and the bog iron, composed of the ferruginous shields of other forms. In short, the extensive and important changes that have been produced on the earth's surface by this agency in the earlier ages of the physical history of our planet, and those of a like nature which are going on at the present time, are in the highest degree interesting, and have but lately become the subject of scientific investigation.

The contents of the little phial have now been explored, the microscope removed, and all that remains is a small twig, two or three minute leaves, a few flakes of mucus, and a turbid condition of the water from the presence of earthy particles. All the diversified forms of life that were sporting in the apparently wide waste of water have vanished from our sight, and are as though they were not; yet what a world of wonders, what a marvellous display of infinite wisdom, are there concealed! Within that narrow space, the microscope has shown us the mysterious principle of vitality embodied in structures of which we had previously no conception, and under conditions which, if estimated according to our experience of the visible creation, would appear incompatible with animal existence. Were we to describe the facts that have come under our notice to persons unacquainted with the optical powers of the microscope, and tell them that the seeming particles of earth in the water are creatures of various forms and structures, endowed with life, and the capacity for its enjoyment; that those flakes of mucus are aggregated thousands of animals, in the shape of flowers, which increase, like plants, by buds and by self-division; that some of these creatures are carnivorous, feeding on living atoms more infinitesimal than themselves; that others are herbivorous, and nourished by particles of decomposed vegetables too minute to be visible till accumulated in the internal organs of the animalcules; that we selected some of these animals, and caused them to swallow carmine, and thus imparted a red colour to their digestive organs, and rendered their structure more obvious; that some are free, and roam through the water at pleasure, others always sedentary, others locomotive in youth, and fixed to one spot in after-life; that many have eyes, the number and colour of which can be distinguished; that the difference in the relative magnitude of these creatures is as great as that between a mouse and an elephant; that if the water in

* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness that a cubic inch of the same contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

which these beings are now immersed be allowed to evaporate, and the sediment become as dry as dust, and this be moistened three or four years hence, many of the individuals at this moment sporting through the water will be resuscitated, and appear in full activity, although, had they remained in their native element, the term of their existence would have extended but through a few days—thus realising one of the beautiful fictions of Arabian story—would not this statement be deemed unworthy of belief?—would it not be regarded as improbable and as extravagant as the wildest chimeras of the imagination? And yet such a narrative would be but the simple truth—an unexaggerated, unadorned matter-of-fact summary of the phenomena that have come under our observation! Verily, there are more things in nature than the uninquiring dream of.

Like animals of higher organization, these microscopic creatures suffer and perish from sudden transitions of temperature. Atmospheric air is as necessary to their existence as to ours; and they are killed by substances which affect the chemical composition of the water. Fresh-water species instantly die if sea-water be suddenly added, though the latter may swarm with marine species; but they survive if the mixture be gradual; and many kinds inhabit brackish water. Infusoria always appear in vegetable infusions, because their ova or germs, being everywhere present, find in such fluids a proper medium for their development. Every stream is laden with them; every breeze wafts its myriads of myriads. Though the influence of light is favourable to their life, yet it does not appear indispensable, for they abound in the waters of deep mines, which are always in impenetrable darkness. The ordinary duration of life in the Infusoria varies from a few hours to several days, or even weeks. Rotifers have been traced to the twenty-third day of their existence. The death of these animals is generally sudden; but in some of the larger species, convulsive struggles attend their dissolution. Shortly after death, the soft parts rapidly decompose, and all traces of their beautiful structures disappear: the species which are furnished with earthy cases, or shells, alone leave durable vestiges of their existence.

Such is an outline of Dr Mantell's 'Thoughts on Animalcules,' which we cordially recommend to the perusal of the young and intelligent. They may or may not become original inquirers—they may never adjust the focus of a microscope, or place one drop of an infusion under the lens of a magnifier—but this need not prevent them from making themselves acquainted, through the discoveries of others, with a department of knowledge than which we know of none more replete with interest and instruction.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE leading features in Father Blackhall's history, at least the sole ground on which his memory has been resuscitated by the printing of a substantial quarto volume, is the services he performed to 'three noble ladies,' as they are minutely set forth by himself. In the preceding article we have given whatever appeared curious or entertaining in his intercourse with the second of his noble employers. We now examine the third book of his circumstantial history, in the hope that it may provide some further incidents worthy of notice.

His former patroness, the widowed and lovely Lady Abney, on her deathbed earnestly recommended to Blackhall's protection her daughter, the Lady Henrietta Gordon. It is in the form of a letter to this lady that Blackhall describes his efforts to accomplish her mother's dying exhortation. His main object was to secure an appointment for the young lady in the household of the queen of France, the French court being then an asylum in which many of the decayed or oppressed aristocracy of Scotland found refuge. To pass over from the north of Scotland to France was a jour-

ney accompanied by no small array of perils in the early part of the seventeenth century; and it was not the less so, that the country was now raging from end to end with the troubles arising from the Covenant. The father had not proceeded many miles, before he encountered a rather formidable adventure. Along the north-west border of Aberdeenshire, where it marches with Banffshire, there is a wide, desolate moor, stretching over many miles of country to the foot of the mountain mass called the Buck of the Cabrach. It is a wild, dreary district at the present day, differing probably but slightly in its outward features from its state in Blackhall's time, however different may be the guests one would find in the primitive inn of Rhynie, which, when we last partook of its hospitalities, had as venerable an air as if it had been the actual house in which the following scene occurred. The narrative is, by the way, remarkable as illustrating the antiquity of *Finnan haddies*, which must have been a highly esteemed dish; otherwise they would not, as in this instance, have been conveyed inland nearly forty miles from the place where they were cured.

'Passing by the muir of Rhynie,' says Blackhall; 'I intended to give my horse a measure of oats there, because I had eight miles to ride over the Cushnie Hills, as wild a piece of ground as is in all Britain.' He then inquires of a man coming out of the inn if he would get good oats there; and 'the unhappy rascal answering, said, Yes, sir; and good ale and beer also; but did not tell me the house was full of men, as drunk as men could be.

'I entered in the court, suspecting nothing; and as I descended from my horse, a gentleman, called John Gordon, son to Leicheston, did embrace me very kindly. He was exceedingly drunk.'

Blackhall then enters into the hall with him, which hall he describes as being 'full of soldiers; as drunk as beasts, and their captain, William Gordon of Tilliangus, was little better;' adding, 'that Tilliangus had got a patent to list a company for the then holy, but now cursed, Covenant; and John Gordon of Leicheston was his lieutenant;' and hinting that every Covenanting man was then more loyal than the king himself.

Blackhall, when he went into the hall, kept his valise in his own hand, because there was in it a suit of mass clothes, which might have discovered him; and as he was about to salute the company, 'the captain, in a commanding way, said, Who are you, sir? which did presently heat my blood. And as I thought he spoke disdainfully to me, I answered in that same tone, saying, This is a question indeed, sir, to have been asked at my footman, if you had seen him coming in to you. He said it was a civil demand. I said it might pass for such to a valet, but not to a gentleman. He said it was civil, and I said it was not. Leicheston seeing us both very hot, and ready to come to blows, taking me by the hand, said, Go with me, sir, to a chamber, and let this company alone;' to which Blackhall agrees; but the captain follows them, refuses to drink with them, but sits down, and again reiterates his demand, when Blackhall tells him that, if at first the request had been made with kindness, it would have been complied with, but having been made in a disdainful manner, and refused, he could not now with honour grant it, lest it should seem that fear, not complaisance, had been the cause; adding, 'And I am resolved not to do anything prejudicial to my honour, neither for fear of death nor hope of reward; but at the next meeting, whenever it is, I shall freely tell you, for then I hope our party will not be so unequal as it is now, and therefore will not then be ascribed to fear or baseness, as it is now.

'With this answer he went from us to his company; and, as we thought (that is, Leicheston and I), he was contented, at least paid with reason. In the meantime Leicheston did call for *Finnan haddies* (or fish like whittings, but bigger and firmer). The mistress did give four to her servant to roast for us. When they were roasted, the captain did take them from her, and

ate them up, with his soldiers. The servant came and told us that the captain would not suffer her to roast any for us, nor bring us those she had roasted for us. Whereupon I said to the mistress, in great anger, Goodwife, I pray you give me some haddocks, and I will go into your hall and roast them, or some better thing for them, for I will not be so braved by your captain. My money is as good as his, and therefore I will have haddocks for my money, or know wherefore not. She said, You shall have, sir, but you shall not go in among them who are bent to kill you. I pray God deliver my house from murder. I would give all I have in the world to have you safe out of my house. I shall go and roast the haddocks, and bring them to you myself; which she did, and we did eat them, and drink to the health of one another without any trouble; for our resolution was taken, to sell our skins at the dearest rate that we could, if it behoved us to die; for Leicheston had already sworn to die or live with me.

The captain is then represented as returning to them, sitting down and renewing his first demand, to which he receives the same answer, and departs in great wrath to his soldiers. Then Leicheston's servant comes and tells his master, in Irish, that they were making ready to compel Blackhall to tell who he was, or kill him; upon which Leicheston and Blackhall take measures for their reception. But the captain having delayed to come, Blackhall sent Leicheston to show him that it would be a blot against his honour to bring twenty men against two, and offering rather to fight with him hand to hand. Whereupon the captain was highly delighted with his courage, and said, 'I did never meet with a man of greater resolution, wherefore I shall honour him wheresoever I shall see him; and tell him I need not fight combats to show my courage: it is well enough known in this country where I live, and I believe so he his where he is known.' And shortly after the captain came to Blackhall, and said, 'I am come to crave your pardon for the affront that we have done. Good sir, said I, be pleased to change the name, and call it wrong, but not affront; for a man who is resolved to die in defending his own honour, may receive wrong indeed, but not an affront; and as to me, I never yet received an affront, nor do I think to be so base as ever to receive any.' Then, after further demonstrations of cordiality between Blackhall and the captain, the soldiers are brought in unarmed, to testify their friendship also; and Blackhall says, 'I did take each of them by the hand very kindly, and drank to them, and they to me. They were in all five-and-twenty; and a minister called Mr Patrick Galloway, who had been lately banished out of Ireland, in the insurrection that the Irish made against the Scotch in the north of Ireland; whereby ye may judge if I would not have been a good prize to these soldiers of the unholy Covenant. They would have been better rewarded for taking a priest nor [than] for a lord.' He then diverges to the praise of John Gordon of Leicheston, who had stood by him so stanchly in his extremity, saying, 'He was a very gallant gentleman, and as personable a man as was of any name in Scotland; tall, well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, which his generous heart did not belie. For without any other obligation, but only because he did casually meet me in the court, and civilly did bring me in by the hand to their company, he resolved to share with me of life or death, and did embrace my cause as if it had been his own; showing no less interest for my life than he would have done for his own.'

When the worthy father had accomplished the object of his mission, he joyfully prepared to leave France; but if, in his native country, he met with dissipated, quarrelsome people, he was exposed in that where he was now sojourning to greater danger from a multitudinous array of robbers. 'I passed on my way,' says he, 'asking in the villages, as I passed, if they did hear anything of voleurs [robbers], on the great way. Their answer was commonly, It is marvellous

how you have escaped them, for the way is all covered with them. These were no comfortable news to me, who had all my money upon me in gold.' But if it was practicable for one man so to fortify himself as to be impregnable to multitudes, Blackhall had done so. Behold his account of his travelling arsenal. 'I had behind my saddle a great cloak-bag, in which were my new clothes and cloak, and a new hat; and at the top of my saddle two Dutch pistols, with wheelworks; and at my two sides two Scotch pistols, with snap-works; and a very wide musket, charged with nine pistol balls, hanging from my neck; and a good sword at my side. It was not to be wondered at that, so accoutred, robber after robber passed him unmolested; but it must be remembered, that we have only his own word for the statement, that they had ever any design to meddle with him. The following is one of his escapes:—

'When I was passing Fleurie, the taverners, as their custom is, cried, Monsieur, we have good wine and good oats; will you give your horse a measure of oats? to whom I answered, My horse hath dined, and myself also: I will not light down. Then a strong, young fellow did come out of a tavern, who said to me, Monsieur, it is very dangerous for you to go through the wood alone in these times: if you will stay but a little, my master is in the tavern drinking a chopin with another gentleman; they will convoy you through the wood. I answered him, saying, I do not fear any man, neither in the wood nor out of it; and therefore I will not stay one moment for any company. I suspected that they might be voleurs; and he also then said, Since you have so good courage, I will go with you. The way, said I, is free to all men. But why do you not wait upon your master, to come with him, seeing, as you say, the danger is so great? Oh, said he, they are two, well mounted, and fear no voleurs. I believe you, said I. So we went on until we entered into the wood, and then my fellow redoubled his pace, to come nearer to me; which I seeing, turned the mouth of my musket towards him, and commanded him to stay there. Wherefore that? said he, Because I will so, said I: thou shalt not make me thy prey. Therefore, if thou advance but one foot, I shall discharge my musket in thy belly. He stood, and said, You need not fear, having so good a baton in thy hand. I fear no man, said I: but I will make thee fear if thou remove one foot forward until I be out of the wood. In the meantime I was ever advancing forward, and mine eye towards him. So, seeing that I did hold my gun bent towards him, he turned his back to me, and went into the thick of the wood, and I did not see him any more. Then the peasant, who all the time had kept a good distance from me, but so as he did both see and hear what was passing betwixt us, said, God be blessed, sir, who inspired you with His grace to distrust this voleur, and hold him back from you; for if you had suffered him to come near you, he would undoubtedly have got hold of your clothes, and pulled you down from your horse, and stabbed you. Behold, he is hiding himself in the wood: you have saved your own life and mine; for how soon he had killed you, he would have killed me also, for fear I might have discovered him hereafter.'

On his way back to Scotland, the father was wrecked on the coast of Holy Island; and he gives the following most expressive account of the state of society among a people who profit by shipwrecks:—'The country people convened the next day, to take the goods which the sea had cast to the land; amongst which there was a caseful of castor-hats, with gold hat-bands; for which the minister of the parish, a Scotsman, named Lindsay, and a gentleman dwelling near the island, did fight; and the minister did sore wound the gentleman; and the common people did get away the case, and broke it, and every one took away what he could get of it, whilst the church and the state were fighting for it in vain.' He then mentions, that the tempest having ceased, we went a-walking in the island, and did go to

the governor, Robin Rugg, a notable good fellow, as his great red nose, full of pimples, did give testimony. He made us breakfast with him, and gave us very good sack, and did show us the tower in which he lived, which is no strength at all, but like the watch-towers upon the coast of Italy. We did take him with us to our inn, and made him the best cheer that we could. He was a very civil and jovial gentleman, and good company; and among the rest of his merry discourses, he told us how the common people there do pray for ships which they see in danger. They all sit down on their knees, and hold up their hands, and say, very devoutly, Lord, send her to us; God, send her to us! You, said he, seeing them upon their knees, and their hands joined, do think that they are praying for your safety; but their minds are far from that. They pray, God, not to save you, or send you to the port, but to send you to them by shipwreck, that they may get the spoil of her. And to show that this is their meaning, said he, if the ship come well to the port, or eschew shipwreck, they get up in anger, crying, The devil stick her, she is away from us!

After a multitude of difficulties and dangers, which we cannot follow out in detail, the father returned with his ward to France; and here he found a new impediment in her intractable, haughty temper. With true Highland pride, the damsel thought that crowned heads were her only earthly superiors; and in the palaces of the French nobility, as different from her own rude home as a peer's mansion in London is from a farmer's cottage at the present day, her Highland blood boiled against the etiquettes and deferences to which the highest of the young nobility of France gave implicit obedience. Being placed in the family of the Countess of Brienne, to be trained for attendance at court, we are told that 'Both the count and countess, for the queen's sake, wore very civil to her; but the more they honoured her, the less did she respect them. Whether that proceeded from pride, thinking that and much more was due unto her, or from inadvertency, not reflecting upon their civilities, which is called a kind of brutality, I know not; God knoweth. But what I have seen with my eyes, and heard with mine ears, that I write here, and nothing more; for I have seen my Lady of Brienne sit in her own carriage, without her gate, upon the street, fretting a whole quarter of an hour for Mademoiselle de Gordon, sending and sending over and over again for her to go to the quass; and which did highly displease me, when she was at the carriage, stepped into it, not opening her mouth to make any excuse for making the lady stay for her, no more than if she had been mistress of the carriage, and the lady but only her servant. This I have, with much grief, seen more than two or three times; and that lady did complain to me of her as often as I did go to see her.'

We must conclude with a specimen of the extremities to which the damsel's pride reduced her, notwithstanding the anxiety of her courtly friends to serve her; promising, for the reader's comfort, that the whole ended in her being received into the queen's household.

When they arrived at St Germain, the queen knew not how to dispose of her, because the number of her filles [maids of honour] was complete, and Madame de Brienne would not meddle with her any more. The queen told her that she, having no vacant place for her, would place her with Madame la Princesse. She answered her majesty very courageously, saying she had never done anything to displease her relatives, who, she knew, would be highly displeased, hearing that she, who came to France to wait upon her majesty, had descended to serve the Princess of Condé; and prayed her majesty to excuse her, if she refused to do what her relatives would disavow in her. The queen did not take it ill of her, this her generous answer, but did pray monsieur the prince, and madame, to keep her with them as a friend, until she could take her to herself, which at the present she could not do. They, to oblige

the queen, did accept of her as a friend, and made her sit at their own table, where she remained in that posture until the prince—to wit, Condé, Conti, and Longueville—were sent prisoners to Bois de Vincienne; and then the princess would not keep her any longer, but, a few days after their imprisonment, sent her to Madame de Brienne in a sedan; and Madame de Brienne would not receive her, but sent her to my Lord Aubeny, who sent her back to Madame de Brienne, and bade tell her that he had no woman in his house, and therefore could not receive her without disparagement of her honour and his. Madame de Brienne would not let her come within her house, but sent for Madame de Ferrand, a councillor's lady, and prayed her to take the young lady in her carriage, and deliver her to Madame de la Flotte in the Palais Royal. When they arrived there, it was near nine o'clock at night. Madame de la Flotte, seeing them come to her at that time of night, and thinking that this lady—to wit, Madame de Ferrand—had been but one of Madame de Brienne's gentlewomen, did clasp her up soundly for bringing Mademoiselle de Gordon to her at that time of night. But Madame de la Flotte, when she saw she was mistaken in the lady, asked her pardon, and showed her how she could not possibly receive Mademoiselle de Gordon that night, but would next day; and back she was taken to Madame de Brienne, who, late as the hour was, refused to let her in; and Madame de Ferrand was at last constrained to take her with her to her own house; Blackhall remarking, 'So Mademoiselle de Gordon might have learned, by Madame de Brienne's unkindness towards her, how improvident a thing it is to neglect powerful persons, able, both to do good and evil.'

DR COMBE ON THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

In the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for January last, the editor, Dr Forbes, presented an elaborate paper on Homeopathy, in which, while treating that novel system more liberally than is customary in the orthodox profession, he made such a number of admissions as to the state of ordinary medicine, as, coming from such a quarter, might well startle the public. We do not propose to say more on this paper at present, than that it meets but too aptly conclusions at which we have long arrived regarding medical practice. Our immediate aim is, to direct attention to a paper which the above has elicited from the pen of Dr Combe, and which appears in the number of the *Review* for April. This eminent person, as is his custom, takes the subject at once before the bar of nature. He sees disease to be 'a perverted state of a natural organic action, and not a something thrown into the system by accident, and obeying no fixed laws. In the cure of disease, therefore,' says he, 'the business of the physician is not to supersede nature, but carefully to observe what is wrong, and to aid the efforts made by her to re-establish regularity and order. Accordingly, experience shows that the physician and the remedy are useful only when they act in accordance with the laws of the constitution and the intentions of nature; hence in chronic, and even in acute diseases, the most effective part of the treatment is generally the hygienic, or that which consists in placing all the organs under the most favourable circumstances for the adequate exercise of their respective functions. If this be done systematically, every effort of nature will be towards the restoration of health; and all that she demands from us in addition, is to remove impediments, and facilitate her acts.'

The learned physician deprecates that his medical brethren, in general, should look so much to what is called active treatment, and so little to hygiene, or the regulation of external conditions. He is not for leaving the patient to the efforts of nature, in the common sense of the phrase: he would take care neither to counteract her own efforts, nor to substitute another method of cure for hers. 'So far from sanctioning

inactivity on our part, an intelligent reliance on nature implies that we shall exercise, throughout the whole course of disease, the most watchful observation over its phenomena and progress, and not only timidly remove obstacles which may interfere with its proper course, but rigidly fulfil all the conditions which a sound physiology shows to be most conducive to the well-being of the various bodily organs, and to their restoration when disordered. *In this way the physician may often exercise the most salutary influence, nay, even be the means of saving the patient's life, and yet not give one particle of medicine.* It is first necessary that the physician should thoroughly know the laws of the healthy system; then, that he should observe the manner in which the various disturbing causes act upon the different functions, and the *kind, course, duration, and termination* of the morbid action which they produce; implicitly believing, and having ever present to his mind, that 'all the operations and actions of the living body, whether healthy or morbid, take place according to *fixed and discoverable laws*, and that God has left nothing to chance.' 'That there are,' he pursues, 'forms of disease in which a determinate nature and course cannot be easily traced, is quite true; but there are many more in which the natural course is as obvious as that of the sun. Take the familiar example of cow-pox, small-pox, fever, or ague. The disease is regulated by fixed laws in such a palpable manner, that every medical book describes, with perfect accuracy, the appearances which each will present on given days of its progress in an average constitution. The same holds with measles, scarlatina, and many other acute affections; and less clearly, but still perceptibly enough, with gout, rheumatism, and inflammation. All of these go through a regular course in a shorter or longer time; and when everything goes according to rule, we feel assured that the constitution is safer than where some unusual accident has interrupted the natural progress of events. This, be it observed, is the course towards health which the Creator, in constituting man, considered best for him; and the wisest thing we can do is to act in accordance with it, and seek only to remove impediments. It is not we to whom the cure is intrusted, or by whom it is effected. The Creator has perfected all the arrangements for that purpose, and our sole business ought to be to give these arrangements full play.' As an additional illustration, 'take even a severe cold, with which all are acquainted more or less. Everybody knows that when once set in, treat it how you like, it will run through a determinate course of increase, maturity, and decline; and that all we can do is to shorten a little the duration of its stages by diminishing its intensity, or lengthen it by increasing its severity. Occasionally, it is true, an incipient cold may be stopped by a "heroic" remedy, such as a tumbler of warm punch at bed-time; but much more frequently the heroics leave the patient worse than they found him, and the common experience of mankind shrinks from their use. Even a common boil on the fingers runs through its regular stages of inflammation and decline, or of suppuration and ulceration, each stage being hastened or retarded by external or constitutional causes, but never inverted. But if we apply to the one stage the means which are adapted only to the succeeding one, the result will be injurious; or if we lower the system so much that it becomes inadequate to carry on the regular succession of actions required for recovery, mischief must once more be produced.'

Dr Combe exemplifies this principle in small-pox and measles. In these cases 'the excitement often runs very high in the first or eruptive stage, and means are required to moderate it. But if we bleed too freely, it is well known that the eruption (which we shall suppose to have come out) will generally disappear, and increased danger to life ensue; because the order of nature being forcibly interrupted, some internal disease is brought on, or the system sinks exhausted. Whereas if, instead of bleeding excessively, we keep the patient very quiet,

in a cool, well-aired room, and administer cooling drinks, mild laxatives or antimonials, and reserve bleeding for cases of necessity, the probability will be much in favour of recovery. To apply this to the pleurisy, instead of being intent on cutting it short, the moment we ascertain its existence, we would have respect to its natural course and duration, and reserve our means to carry it safely through its regular stages. So far as my observation goes, cures would be more numerous and complete were this principle followed. If a severe bleeding disturbs fatally the progress of small-pox eruption, may it not also, when unseasonably used, injuriously influence the course of interal inflammation, and lead, for instance, to fatal oppression or effusion?'

Dr Combe counsels no *inactive practice*; for his views, so be fully carried out, would call for much greater vigilance and care than are usually bestowed. 'Disease,' says he, 'arises either from the habits of the individual, from accidental causes, or from peculiarities of constitution acted upon by these. Hence, on being called to a patient, the first step in the natural investigation is to examine the constitutional qualities, to make ourselves acquainted with the mode of life, feelings, &c. and to trace the manner in which the cause has acted or continues to act. All these influence very greatly both the nature of the disease, and its probable course. They also bear directly upon the kind of treatment, and its probable success. If, however, we are content to regard disease as an entity, arising by chance, and observing no laws, we shall have no inducement to trouble ourselves or the patient with any of these inquiries. Such is, in fact, the practical faith of the great majority of professional men. They discover the existence of an entity, which in medical works has a certain name, and, knowing that in the same books certain remedies are said to be good for that entity, they prescribe them accordingly, without giving themselves much concern about their mode of action or fitness for the individual constitution, age, or stage of the disease, and without inquiring whether there is anything in the mode of life tending to reproduce the malady or not. In many chronic ailments, removable causes are thus often left in full operation, while the effect is partially mitigated, but not cured, by the use of active medicines, and in a short time the whole evil returns in its full force. Whereas if, proceeding according to the order of nature, we can trace the disease to any error in the mode of life, to any external source of danger, or internal peculiarity of constitution, aggravated by either of these two conditions, we can convince the patient of the fact, and give him a rational and confiding interest in the changes which we may recommend, and thus not only promote his recovery, but render him proof against all the seductions of quackery. According to the prevailing kind of intercourse between patient and physician, namely, unhesitating dictation on the one hand, and ignorant obedience on the other, blind faith is the pivot on which their mutual connexion turns—a faith which is thus necessarily at the mercy of the chapter of accidents, and is often supplanted by reliance on the first bold and confident quack who comes in the way. People wonder that quackery abounds, and medical men ask for power from the legislature to put it down. They themselves, however, are in no small degree its abettors, and they have the remedy already to a great extent, although not wholly, in their own hands. If they who are educated, and should know better, accustom their patients to the principles of quackery, by themselves treating them empirically, can they wonder that patients who are not professionally educated, and are trained and treated on purely empirical principles, should be as ready to listen to the assurances of the quack as to those of the regular practitioner, whose manner of proceeding is often so nearly allied in kind, as to present no very obvious marks of distinction from that of the quack? In fact medicine, as often practised by men of undoubted respectability, is made so much of a mystery and is so nearly allied to, if not identified,

with, quackery, that it would puzzle many a rational onlooker to tell which is the one and which the other. And this being the case, it requires no ghost from another world to explain why the profession has decidedly sunk in public estimation, and does not exercise that wholesome influence on public opinion which it ought to do.

We would only add, that if a reform of medicine to the effect contemplated by Dr Combe is ever to be brought about, the public must take a share in it. They must cease to tempt their medical attendants into 'vigorous practice' by their irrational eagerness to see *something done*. They must be prepared to wait with patience to see nature, with the proper negative as well as positive assistance from man's hand and skill, regain her healthy action. And, as a first step to this improved treatment of their sick friends, they must altogether abandon that vulgar faith in doses and bleedings which has so long been—we speak in all soberness—a scourge to our race.

SHEMAHEIT, OR THE COCKNEY'S IRISH FEAST.

A TRUE STORY.

A WEALTHY Cockney, as is oft the case,
Possessed in Erin's land a handsome place;
A fine old castle, and some thousand acres,
With bog, wood, mountain, tenants, rocks, and breakers.
But hitherto he had been quite content
To see his property in shape of rent;
And never dreamt of such a half-brained notion,
As that of venturing across the ocean:
Leaving the land where beef and pudding smile,
To dine on 'tatoes in the Emerald Isle;
Albeit the 'land of saints,' he heerd it named,
For handsome women and strong whisky famed.
But our good Cockney was a married man,
And, drinking claret, cared not for a dram.

Now to my tale:—Unthought-of in those days
Were steamboats, coaches, tunnels, and railways;
A journey then was a vast undertaking,
A work of stern necessity's own making.
A voyage now to our Antipodes,
Would be performed with less fear, and more ease,
Than was the passage then across the Channel,
Loaded with lots of frog, and cased in flannel.
I said our hero married was, and wealthy;
But riches failed to make his children healthy;
For, one by one they budded and decayed,
As early spring buds 'neath a keen frost fade.
And two alone were left of seven or eight,
To keep his home from being desolate;
And the, were delicate, this girl and boy,
And did of course their parents' thoughts employ.
And many a wretched night and anxious day
They spent, in trying to devise a way
To keep those fragile, precious plants alive.
But ah! the more they're watched, the worse they thrive.
Oh wretched, pitiable state! full well
I know no sorrow that can this excel.
At length the doctors one and all declare
No hope remains but change of scene and air;
And when the parents their decision learn,
They settle on a visit to old Erin.

But passing over every preparation,
Their fears, their tears, at leaving their own nation
Behold them settled in their Irish castle,
Attended on by many a ready vassal.
But ah! as yet no hopeful change appears
In the loved objects of their cares and fears;
And the depending father, day by day,
Paced up and down his nicely-gravelled way,
Where the poor children slowly moved along,
Their cagy carriage drawn by footmen strong;
As the ill-judging parents had the notion
Their limbs were quite too delicate for motion,
And that 'twas better thus to loiter at ease,
Than skit and gambol among the flowers and trees.

It chanced that often in his walks he came
Near to his gatehouse, where a comely dame
Tolled night and morn among a busy throng
Of noisy wretches, ruddy, fat, and strong;
And often he would stop, and turn his gaze
On the glad children at their merry plays;
Then, with a sigh, contrast them with his own,
And wonder how they had so healthy grown.
Soon he resolved to question the good dame,
And with this purpose to her dwelling came,
And after some slight prefatory chat,
'What food,' said he, 'makes your young squad so fat?

My cook is wearied making up new dishes—
Soups, sauces, curries, fricandans, fruits, fishes;
No time or labour spared, no cost or care,
To furnish for my children dainty fare.
But all our work and trouble's useless quite,
It does not bring them to an appetite;
And this one thing with wonder strikes me dumb—
The more they eat, the poorer they become.
For pity's sake, pray tell how you contrive
The dainty dish on which your young ones thrive?'
The woman, being with sense and wit endowed,
Saw very plainly how the matter stood,
And that the children pined for proper food;
And feeling much for the afflicted man,
She in her mind resolved upon a plan
By which she hoped his children to restore
To better health than e'er they had before.
So she replied, 'Kind master, save on Sunday,
We dress no meat from Monday until Monday;
My children scamper to the bog or wood,
To bring home sticks or turf to boil our food;
Or, if too small for work, they play about,
Now here, now there, now in the house, now out;
Then hungrily they hot potatoes eat,
With sometimes milk, but oftener *shemahet*.'
'But tell me how this dish is to be dress?'
The master cried. 'She answered, 'Sir, 'twere best
To send, when you return unto the hall,
Your cook to me, and I will tell him all;
But mind you, put that little coach away,
And let the children through the garden play;
'I will give them a good appetite to eat
Our famous Irish dish of *shemahet*,
Which, with potatoes, is our wholesome treat;
And bid them dress to-day no other meat.'

The cook was sent, the carriage put away,
The liberated children gladly stray
Through garden, shrubbery, and meadow fair,
Delighted at the wondrous things found there:
How sweet the pink, how beautiful the rose,
How bright the stream that through the meadow flows;
How gay the butterfly with painted wings,
How blithe the birds that in the branches sing,
How happy the young lambs that skip and play!
Oh! if they thus could spend each passing day,
How pleasant then were life—how worth possessing!
Then every hour would be indeed a day-sing,
Not the dull, heartless, weary east, that now
Clogged all the wheels of life, and clouded every brow.

At length the longed-for dinner-hour drew near,
When this most dainty dish was to appear;
This wonder-working food! health-giving meat!
'This first of delicacies—*shemahet*!
All was prepared; the table was laid out
With richest plate, as if for some grand roasts;
Silver, and china, and cut-glass were there,
All to do honour to this best of fare.
So the fond father ordered that his wealth
Might pay the homage to the food of health.
Scarcely had the dinner-hall's convening call
Given its first summons to the eating hall,
When quick the folding-doors were thrown aside,
And, hand in hand, with great pride,
Dressed in the highest fashion of the day,
Forth came our hero in full court array,
Followed by both the children, wild with fun,
Talking of all that they had seen and done.
They take their seats—the worthy sire says grace,
'Big expectation' staring from his face;
Four liveried servants come—what have they got?
Four dishes of potatoes piping hot.
Again they come; on silver trays they bring
Four rich chased silver covers—quite the thing.
The important hour's arrived, big with the fate
Of his loved children's health. Some moments wait,
Until he nerves his agitated spirit,
To face a dish of such surpassing merit.
Now raise the covers. What a vast surprise!
Lo! it is done—and *nothing* meets his eyes!
There lie the dishes, empty, cold, and bare,
As vacant as the astounded Cockney's stare.
Turning at last unto the footmen, he
Asked for the solving of the mystery;
And, as it was a holiday, he would
Pardon the joke, but begged they'd bring the food.
What! not a tongue to answer; no foot stirred
To bring the expected dish. 'Speak out the meat;
Tell me at once, has the cook spoilt the meat?
And is there *nothing* left of *shemahet*?'
The angry master cried. 'Then all declare
They did his bidding—*shemahet* was there!
The cook was called; he said, 'Twas master's wish
To have potatoes, and no other fish!'
'But *shemahet*!' the indignant master cries;
'But *shemahet*!' the storky cook replies.

'And where, then, is it? Here is *nothing!* Look!
'Can anything from *nothing* come?' says cook.
'Tis hard to say how long this war had lasted,
And not the children, who all day had fasted,
Charged the potatoes with such appetite,
It changed their father's anger to delight;
So, ordering up a jug of milk, they all
Made a right hearty dinner in the hall.
The children too, being strengthened by their meal,
And not oppressed, as they were wont to feel,
Soon as the frugal feast was cleared away,
Began to chat about their pleasant day;
And the fond parents' hearts beat high with joy,
While gazing on their happy girl and boy;
Already fancying that they clearly trace
Health's brightening sunshine gleaming in each face;
And gratefully they bless the friendly cheat,
That gave them for their dinner *shemahell!*

My tale is o'er. Suffice it now to say,
That each recurring year, on this same day,
The happy father, mother, daughter, son—
Ay, and their children's children, many a one—
All their domestics, and, you may be sure,
The gatehouse woman who had wrought the cure.
Assembled round the table, richly spread
With silver covers, foot, and sides, and head,
To do due honour to their frugal fête
Of hot potatoes, milk, and *shemahell!*

M. A. G.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SAVINGS' BANKS.

A FRIEND of the rural labouring population publishes, in the 'Agricultural Gazette,' the following address, with a request that those who have it in their power may contribute to its more extensive circulation. We readily respond to this request by transferring it to our columns, and by recommending its advice to the industrious classes generally—whether manufacturing or agricultural—

'So you are a poor man, willing to lay by a shilling a week, but want to know first a little about a savings' bank?—well, then, it shall be told you. A savings' bank is an institution for receiving small savings, established by wealthy people, who would like to see you better off in your circumstances, and more respectable in your condition. They neither receive profit nor advantage from it—on the contrary, they devote much of their time and attention to its management: they would rather you should save your money by depositing it in a savings' bank, than by spending it in a wasteful way at the alehouse or at home. They would wish you to save what part of your hard earnings you can spare, against a time when it will stand a friend to you—when you may want it more than you do now—when every shilling may be worth to you as much as two shillings are at the present moment. This they would have you do for your benefit, and then by and by you will be able to help yourself in a time of scarce employment—in a time of sickness—in a time of old age—when it will comfort and relieve you, instead of having starvation at home, poverty at your sick-bed, and your old days ended in a workhouse. A savings' bank is a place of profit, as well as a place of deposit. This is a great advantage to you; because, if there were no such institution as a savings' bank, you could receive no such profit for your money, whereas a savings' bank gives you interest for small sums, which you could receive nowhere else. A savings' bank is a place of security—better, in fact, than any other security you could get elsewhere. Remember this, that as soon as you place money in a savings' bank, you become, by the possession of your deposit-book, the creditor of the nation—that is, the government who represent the nation are your debtors. In short, your money is just as safe there as if you placed it in the Bank of England; because your money eventually forms a part and parcel of the money in the Bank of England, and you have as much right to recall it as any nobleman who may have fifty thousand pounds there, with this difference only, that you apply for it through the agency of the gentlemen at the savings' bank, who are your trustees in the matter. Lastly, at a savings' bank you receive back your money when you wish it, without being asked what you want it for. If at any time you should desire ten shillings or a pound, you have merely to take your deposit-book and apply for it, and it is paid you immediately. Remember, too, that in a savings' bank you are subject to no income-tax, nor any other tax. You are not obliged to

* *Shemahell* is the Irish word for *nothing*.

take all your money when you want only a part: you may take out what you please. If you do not receive your money at the end of every half-year, you have added to your account interest in proportion to the amount you have in the bank. If it please God that you may not want to receive any part of it, and still keep on adding to it, you will in a few years have in the bank something to comfort you in sickness—provide for you in old age—or befriend you in a time of need. If nothing of this sort should happen, you will have the comfort of leaving to your family a few pounds at a time when it will be most needed. Think on those things—consider well for whose benefit savings' banks were established—if for yours, fail not then to embrace the advantages held out, and begin immediately by depositing your first shilling.'

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES, AND GLOVES ON.

[From the Boston Courier.]

WHEN I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers call the 'bracing air of poverty.' My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances, and the pinching gripe of indigence, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and, by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were encased in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer, and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation; and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a daring swagger in his gait, and 'I'm-as-good-as-you' leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterised my costume; and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, 'A patch on both knees, and gloves on!'

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

'That day I wore my gloves no more.'

But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind; and in after-life I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, and control, but rather by example instructing them in evil-speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold, selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry amusements, I am reminded of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the post to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, 'A patch on both knees, and gloves on.'

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies, be-stained and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

FACTS, &c.

Convivial Blunders.—It is, or might have been, recorded in the opera of Josephus Molaris, that a person at a public dinner, who had drunk to the health of the Adelphi, which had been proposed in honour of the two brothers, the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Wellesley, but who probably imagined that the toast had some relation to the 'Health of Towns Commission,' rose and proposed the health of his own quarter of the town—Charing Cross. Of the same nature was the mistake of the Mr Toole of a former day, when the lord mayor, at a dinner given to the French ambassador, proposed the health of the three consuls. This toast was repeated by Mr Toole's predecessor, as the 'Health of the three per cent. consols. Hip, hip, hurrah!'—*Amos's Advantages of a Classical Education.*

Exclusionism of Italian States.—The Paris papers lately mentioned that two works on galvanism had been seized by the pontifical government at Rome, under the impression that they related to—Calvinism. To this we can add a similar fact, not before published, namely, that on a gentleman lauding a few years ago at Naples, with a copy of Mr Combe's Essay on the Constitution of Man in his trunk, he experienced considerable difficulty in passing the custom-house, the government officers regarding the volume as a political work in favour of the constitutional cause.

Consequences of War.—The *New York Express* gives a view of this subject with regard to the present crisis, so pithy, and so generally instructive, that we think it worthy of a place in this more permanent record. 'The Lamentation of our merchant ships and coasters from the ocean and lakes; suspension of specie payments; universal rag-money; direct taxes; no revenues from the customs; no commerce; taxes on farms; taxes on cattle; taxes on crops; stamp taxes; taxes on every thing; a national debt of two hundred millions for ^{the} war of four years; the bombardment of New York, Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and Charleston; the blockade of all our ports, rivers, and bays; constant plunderings upon the sea-coast; repeated summonses to arms; conscription among the militia; widows, orphans, hosts of men with one leg, one arm, one eye, maimed, mutilated, &c. These are but partial pictures. All will end in the resumption of negotiations; and if the negotiators cannot agree, in arbitration—the point we start from!'

A Learned Mayor.—Lord Mansfield, when on the circuit at Shrewsbury, having been asked to dinner by the mayor of the town, his lordship observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the mayor, 'That he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock;' to which the mayor replied, 'He could not tell, for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir

John.' Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked, 'That the town appeared very old;' to which the mayor replied, 'It was always so, please your lordship!'

CERTAIN ATTENTIONS IN LETTER-WRITING.

The neglect of the following points in our letters often produces inconvenience and trouble, and not seldom more serious evil. They ought to be impressed upon, and practised by, learners.

1. Attain and preserve a *legible signature*. Many letters miscarry or remain unanswered from the impossibility of making out *who* wrote them. Your *address* should also be written as carefully and legibly as your signature.

2. Sign your Christian or first name *full*, that your *sex* may be known to a stranger, to whom you write. Signing by the initial letter only is a slovenly practice, and often produces ludicrous mistakes in the answer received. Ladies are addressed 'Esquire,' and gentlemen 'Mrs' or 'Miss.'

3. In *every* letter, or even card, get the habit of giving your address full, as for the post-office. Some people think that if they do so once it is enough, and the *second* letter comes dated, it may be, 'London.' If the first has been mislaid or destroyed, and their number is forgotten, to say nothing of their street, they cannot be surprised if they get no answer. They write another letter, wondering that you have not written; that letter too dated 'London.'

4. When you write a *proper* name of person, place, or thing, recollect that, if it be carelessly and illegibly written, the context gives the reader no help. Therefore get the habit of writing such words plainly, almost in *print hand*, if you would not cause your correspondent the trouble and loss of time of writing to you again, to request you to do the very thing which you ought to have done at first.

5. Call to mind to *whom* you are writing, when you come to *announce yourself* at the end of your letter. Very many people are too familiar. This is always offensive: the respectful, even beyond the necessary, never is so. 'Yours truly' suits well equals in age and station. 'Yours faithfully' is a little more respectful. 'Yours respectfully' is proper to seniors and persons above you in station, when you know them well. 'Your obedient servant' is proper to *all* strangers, and persons of condition. But good sense and right feeling will, in the circumstances, always suggest the right expressions. Above all, avoid the over-familiar.

6. Always use an envelope, and seal with *ink*, when in the least on ceremony.

7. *Always*, when you request an answer in a matter of your own, enclose a postage stamp, or more if necessary. A ready stamped and addressed envelope is still better. This attention neglected, tells seriously on persons who have information to furnish which others are interested to obtain. A friend of ours, who has acquired some notoriety through the newspapers in consequence of a peculiar contrivance in the domestic arts, tells us that he receives a great number of letters wishing to know all about it, and not in one of them a postage stamp for his answer—its self a pretty heavy tax upon him.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.

Newton expresses his deliberate opinion that cohesion, light, heat, electricity, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, are all to be referred to one and the same cause—an ether or spiritus, which pervades all bodies. We might smile at such an opinion from many quarters; and had Newton been only the author of the 'Principia,' we might perhaps think his head a little exalted by the excitement attending the close of an arduous labour (though, in truth, the scholium, from which the above is extracted, does not appear in the first edition); but when we consider his prediction, that the diamond would be found to be combustible, that the earth was between five and six times its weight of water, and others which have turned out correct, we feel something like a presentiment that the opinions just cited may in some degree share the same destiny.—*Dublin Review.*

VALUE OF COMMUNICATION.

Both our mental and moral acquisitions increase by their communication to others: which gives an illustration of two truths—first, that we are *meant* to carry out the law of love; and second, that the possessions which multiply in the imparting are naturally the most valuable.—*Literary Portraits, 1846.*

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THE AUTHOR IN HIS STUDY.

'THOUGHTS ON COURTSHIP.

'THERE is a brief period of romance in the life of every man and woman; it is the time when those attachments are formed which usually lead to the permanent union of kindred hearts. Sweet flower-time of our life's year! Dull, indeed, and sordid would existence be, if this season were left out—a year without a May! Yes, summer may bring its hay, and autumn its sheaves, and our well-spent prime and middle-age may leave not only ample stores for a dignified elderhood, but, what is of far more value, the self-satisfied reflections which await those who can look back on an active and useful life; but yet, if this brief time of blossom were to be omitted, an important element would be wanting in our recollections; life would appear as if spent in vain; and it is questionable if our latter days would, in that event, be so happy.'

Pretty well so far. A romance, forsooth! Such a May in our life's year as Mays usually are with us, compared with the Mays of the poets. A good deal of the east wind to temper it. One thing I know, that when I made up acquaintance with Georgina, it was one scene of torment from beginning to end. In the first place, nearly all her friends disliked me. My mother was jealous of a daughter-in-law—what mother ever was not?—Georgina herself had an old unsettled balance of attachment to her father's chief clerk, who had been sent out of the way; so even her inclinations to the match were a matter of some doubt. What worryings there were from all these things together! The only smooth point was her father's favour for me, which my mother always said was from a regard to my family and fortune. Such was *my* time of blossom!

'It is not that the season of courtship is merely a pleasant time, which furnishes agreeable food for the memory afterwards, although this we conceive to be one of its most important characters: it appears in a higher light, when we consider the effect which it usually produces on the human character. For that time, at least, common worldly views are lost sight of, and a generous devotion to the interests of another is substituted for our usual selfishness. It is in the moral effects of the tender passion that we may most fully appreciate the interesting place which it takes in the great scheme of things.'

I must keep all about settlements in the background of course. Neither is a word to be said of inquiries into how much the lady has, or of her claims in the matter of pin-money.

'In that period of youthful passion, how delightful those moments when the parties are privileged to be alone—forgetting all the world, or rather, all the world to each other! Then it is that the banks of the limpid

rivulet have their attractions, particularly when the golden sun has just given place to that tenderer luminary which, time out of mind, has been associated with the thoughts of lovers. The dew is on the grass; the nightingale makes vocal the neighbouring grove. A silver radiance is spread over the face of nature, and all ordinary sounds are hushed. What heartfelt rapture is it, then, for the youthful pair to wander along, unseen of all but each other—no word spoken; such communion of soul requiring no words; only looks, and gentle sighs, and throbbing hearts, making up the conversation. Oh, bliss beyond compare—too exquisite to last! And well it is so; for were it otherwise, man would make of earth his all-sufficient heaven.'

This will do, I think, for the young ladies. I may only remark, that a parlour and a couple of candles more frequently form the scenery of such little dramas—even lovers being wise enough to know that a damp evening, by a water side, is apt to lead to that morbid affection which usually demonstrates itself by a running of the nose. Troublesome work it often is, especially where the house is not remarkable for spare apartments. Always there is some inconsiderate school-girl sister, who will insist upon coming in to do her practisings on the piano; or else a little wag of a brother, who can't be frightened from playing off tricks upon you—such as tapping at the door, and running off with a great laugh, or sending in the servant with scuttle and broom to mend the fire, when it is quite unnecessary. Only once, taking an afternoon walk with Georgina, we sauntered into a path by a river side; but we were soon brought to a stand by a farmer, who told us, in no very gentle terms, that we were trespassing, and ordered us back. Poets who would wander by

Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;

do not usually reflect that river sides are property, and that intruders are liable to be 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law.' Once more, however, to the breach.

'The happiest courtship, like the most beautiful day, must come to a close. But there is a time which is neither courtship nor matrimony, but something intervening, and which may be said to partake of the different kinds of happiness appropriate to both. Then, reposing upon the sweet consent which he has gained, the lover feels that any anxieties which he lately underwent are more than repaid. Fear he has dismissed; he smiles at the thought of a rival; he now knows that this sweet angel, who walks so lovingly in his arm, is she with whom he is to spend the rest of his days. The interest formerly felt in her is now, therefore, infinitely deeper and more tender. Mysterious affinity of souls—wonderful are the gushes of happiness which flow from it! It is a pleasant duty of that

time to make the acquaintance of each other's relations and dearest friends. All are so happy to see their new associate. It seems like doubling all the enjoyments derivable from social life at once. Most agreeable, too, is it to select and establish that home where the pair is to commence their wedded existence. Two minds are concerned in the case, with all their various tastes and likings; but the discussion of particulars is only a source of pleasure for the occasion it gives to consenting. The lover rejoices in the traits of sense, forethought, and economy which he sees in his adorable; she equally glows at the marks of a conceding and obliging disposition which she finds in him. The first glimpses they thus get of each other in a domestic capacity are truly delightful, perhaps more so than any other circumstance in the whole chronicle of their love. Such recollections dwell on the memory through all subsequent events. At length the long-looked-for day arrives; and amidst the flutter, the brilliancy, the mingled tears and smiles of a bridal party, closes this one brief unrepeatable chapter of human existence—**COURTSHIP.**

There, now—that will do. The reality of the case most people will be able to supply for themselves. Assurance against rivals!—more likely the poor youth has some faint notion that the young lady's mamma has 'managed' him into it! Friends, too. Gracious powers, save me from the friends!—all criticising you in every point; many disapproving. Your adorable's grandmother quite disappointed in her choice: she again finding her designed mother-in-law either candidly cold or forcedly agreeable. When were friends ever a source of happiness at a marriage? Then those odious visits to Mr Trotter's, to choose beds and basin-stands. Oh, upholstery! why hast thou so much to do with young love? The Paphian bower was surely not formed of mahogany-trees. Such a debating about drawing-room curtains and tables. Such a worrying as to that expensive pier-glass. The lady's mother and sisters all against you too. The first glimpse of her in a domestic character indeed! Well is it for you, my friend, if, with one thing and another, you are not worried out of your senses long before your wedding-day.

THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

BY ELIHU RICH.

It was somewhat before his usual hour of business that Charles Percival, the proprietor of a respectable trading establishment in the environs of London, might have been seen to enter his counting-house, and throw himself into a chair with an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Seeing that it still wanted a few minutes to the time for which he had received an appointment, he took a memorandum-book from his pocket, and slowly conning its pages, gave vent to his disturbed feelings in certain monosyllabic ejaculations.

At length a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a man of apparent respectability entered the office. The compliments of the morning were briefly exchanged; and the new-comer seated himself with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

'So, Percival,' he began, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a silver-box, which he passed across the table to his friend, 'you really cannot assist me in this unpleasant business?'

'I really do not see how I can, Mr Johnson. My own engagements are extremely heavy, and everything of late has been excessively dull. In fact, if you cannot pay the bill when it is presented, I have but one alternative.'

'But surely,' replied Johnson, with a searching glance of mingled apprehension and defiance, 'you would not law an old friend?'

'I would do nothing, my dear sir, to inconvenience any man alive, unless circumstances compelled me. But how am I to act? So far from being prepared to meet an emergency like this, I have all along calculated upon receiving the balance of your account.'

'Oh, as for that,' was the cool retort of Johnson, pausing for an instant, with a fresh supply of the 'real Irish' between his finger and thumb, 'it's quite out of the question; so you must make up your mind to wait. I have spent all my capital on the buildings, and, I may as well tell you candidly, shall not possess a shilling until I sell or effect a mortgage;' and, seeing the discomfiture of his friend at this announcement, he assumed an air of complacent indifference, and formally concluded the olfactory manipulation in which he had suffered a moment's interruption.

The temper of Percival was by no means a choleric one, but many circumstances had of late conspired to make him somewhat excitable. Johnson owed him a large sum of money, for the want of which he was obliged to suffer many advantages to pass by unimproved. At length he had succeeded in procuring the defaulter's acceptance to a bill of exchange, which would fall due on the morrow, and, as it now appeared, must either be taken up by Percival himself, or be openly dishonoured.

'Really, this is too bad,' he exclaimed, rising from his chair with vexation; 'you keep me in the dark until the last moment, and then plainly tell me I must pay your debts or lose my own character. Is it possible, Mr Johnson, I can be deceived in you?' he added, suddenly confronting him.

'In other words, you mean to ask whether I intend to be honest? I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with you. It is true I have no ready money at present, but the property will very soon realise something handsome; and all I ask is, that you will help me over a month or two.'

'I would most gladly, but I rather need assistance myself,' was the unwary rejoinder; and a sudden sense of the absolute truth which it conveyed to his companion subdued the ebullition in which Percival had indulged, and brought him to his seat with an irresolute and melancholy air. Johnson eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by this exhibition of weakness.

'Then I'll tell you what we must do to get over our difficulties. In the first place, I will give you another acceptance for all I owe you, in exchange for one of yours, and then mortgage or sell at once to meet the bills as they fall due.'

'But, you know, I always object to this mode of dealing.'

'Oh, it's all in the way of trade; only you're so very particular; and, besides, what else can be done under the circumstances?'

The conversation, which we need not follow in detail, now assumed a more friendly tone on both sides; in fact, the bills were severally drawn, much to the satisfaction of Mr Johnson, who, armed with the good name and credit of his friend, had no longer any doubt of withdrawing his acceptance on the morrow. Percival also, by this arrangement, expected to receive a supply of ready cash; but the risk he ran far outweighed even in his own estimation, when he calmly reflected upon the transaction, any immediate benefit he could receive. His supposed friend might prove treacherous, or, if not, his affairs might become involved—perhaps illness or death might overtake him. Yet this, unfortunately, is the prevailing method of conducting business. No sooner does a little difficulty occur, which in many cases prudence might prevent, or industry and self-denial overcome, than the fatal facilities afforded by the bill system are put in requisition, and the most intricate paths of mercantile policy entered upon—rashly, blindly, dishonestly. It frequently happens that one of the parties to these transactions is a designing scoundrel, who finds a short-lived advantage in the other's folly, and leads him to irretrievable ruin.

In order to ascertain how far these remarks are applicable to Percival and Johnson, we will introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with each of them, and endeavour to portray the little incidents of the evening which closed the day of the above transaction.

Charles Percival returned home as usual in the early

part of the evening, and immediately his little Alicia, upon whose brow the rosy light of five summers reposed in the freshness of its beauty, bounded with a gleesome step to her father's side, and greeted him with a child's welcome of love; but an unwonted shadow seemed to cloud his countenance, and, after the first few moments of gratulation, the playful sallies of the child were all unregarded; so she crept to her mother's side, seeming to feel that her spirit was rebuked.

The evening meal, as might be expected after such a prelude, passed over in silence; for Mrs Percival had sufficient of true womanly intelligence to feel that a husband's confidence is not to be won by abrupt and pointed questioning. It was her aim, on occasions like the present, rather to awaken his kindlier feelings by a tacit acquiescence in the humour of the moment, than by the exhibition of that careless good-fellowship which is sometimes regarded as the most unexceptionable means of reclaiming an absent heart. The heart of Charles Percival, however, was not wont to be estranged; and even now, while he brooded over the conceptions of future difficulty and danger, which had rapidly succeeded each other in his mind, it was the thought of his beloved home, and the hardships that might be entailed upon his family in the event of his friend's failure, which embittered his reflections. In this mood, the smiles of his little one could but awaken a more heart-searching melancholy. Her silence, therefore, and her mother's sensitive kindness, formed for him, even at his own hearth, a solitude in which the stronger feelings of his nature might gradually subside, and allow the gentle stream of home-affection to roll on in its accustomed channel. He might, indeed, for a time appear wholly absorbed in his own reflections, and apparently unmindful of his wife's solicitude; but as the light of home kindled in his heart, and the gloom cleared from his brow, a rich reward was hers in the fulness of his confidence, and the trusting faith with which he reposed on her truthful and hopeful counsels.

Her clear perception of right and wrong was expressed on the present occasion with more than her usual decision, but with a proportionate increase of affectionate zeal for his honour and welfare. Earnestly endeavouring to point out the fallacies by which men of business too frequently suffer themselves to be misled, she appealed to his own conscience whether the transaction of the morning was not a deception in the worst sense of the word. 'Mr Johnson,' she remarked, 'is considerably in your debt; and not only so, but he confesses the necessity he is under, in consequence of trading beyond his means, of dishonouring a bill rightfully drawn and accepted in the regular way of business. This single fact proves him to be a man unworthy of your confidence; for it clearly shows that he cannot restrain his speculative disposition within the bounds of prudence. Your true interest, therefore, if you will pardon my rebellious tongue, dear husband, would consist in closing your account with him; and whatever inconvenience the loss might occasion to myself, trust me, Charles, I would willingly endure it. Unfortunately, you have suffered his words to beguile you, and, while kindly thinking of your own family, have furnished him with a recommendation to every tradesman in the town, upon which he may increase his credit to an indefinite extent, and do tenfold mischief to the families of others.'

'In this at least, Anne, you are mistaken. He has no recommendation from me, I assure you, and never will have, until I am better satisfied of his integrity.'

'Your very name, my dear Charles, on the accommodation bill is a recommendation; and is it not a gross deception upon society, that, at the very moment when he owes you a large sum of money, you give the world a written certificate that you are in his debt? But the result of this affair,' she added playfully, little thinking with what prophetic truth she spoke, 'will furnish a new text for my argument, and the "we shall see".'

The conversation having arrived at this point, was adroitly turned by Mrs Percival to other subjects. A masked ball was appointed to take place that evening at

the assembly rooms, not far from their residence. The merits and demerits of this exhibition were the subject of debate, when a carriage was heard approaching, and in a few moments a visitor was ushered into their presence in the person of Tom Mason, the accepted admirer of Mrs Percival's sister. He was not the less welcome, after a conversation so grave as that we have recorded, for the laughter excited by his grotesque appearance—being habited for the masquerade in the melancholy garb of a Hariolus of the olden times, and wearing a long gray beard. His ready wit and good-humour were soon evinced in the bantering which passed from side to side. But the fair Matilda, who had agreed to play Miranda to this veritable Prospero, was awaiting his arrival at the enchanted hall, and thither we will take the liberty of following him.

Our purpose in mingling with the gay throng is neither pleasure nor pastime; we therefore single out the objects of our pursuit, and at once resume the thread of our narrative.

One of the dances had but just ended, when our potent magician was beckoned aside by a superbly-dressed masquerader—a king or an emperor at the least—who, as they moved towards a retired part of the room, was heard to mutter something about the difficulties of business: but thus it ever is with your great men.

'Oh, a plague on your business to-night,' was Tom's hasty reply; 'you're always in some difficulty. But what is it you want, for I see my Maud has already discovered that I am playing the truant?'

'Why, the fact is,' replied his interlocutor in a coaxing tone, 'I want a bill discounted the first thing in the morning, and unless you can oblige me, I hardly know how to accomplish it.'

'Well, I'm sorry for you, but paper money is rather out of my way just now. *Scrup*, you know,' added the waggish magician with a significant wink.

'No; honour bright, I assure you. In fact, the bill is accepted by your own partner or friend, Percival. No suspicion of kite-flying in that quarter, I hope!'

'Well, I believe not; and if the amount is not too large, I'll try what I can do for you. But hark'ee, Johnson; eleven o'clock at soonest, after such a night as I mean to make of it.'

And so saying, Tom rejoined his fair companion, whom he led through the mazy dance with a joyous spirit; for he was really proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and a few months would make her his own. Though associated for a brief space with the heartless and the frivolous—of which quality a large proportion of such midnight revellers too often consists—it was nevertheless impossible that the lovers could become insensible to their own earnest purposes. The realities of life had so moulded the disposition of each, that they deemed their approaching union the seal of a solemn contract not only with each other, but with society at large. It is true, and by no means ought such a truth reflect anything save the goodness of their hearts; their ideal of happiness was somewhat coloured by romance, and grounded on extravagant plans of benevolence; but, on the whole, their expectations were rational and well-founded. Mr Mason had hitherto prospered in business, and the little surplus which he had realised over his floating capital was amply sufficient for the wants of a first establishment. Under these circumstances, their minds were by no means absorbed by thoughts of selfish pleasure; and, being ever careful to preserve the conscience void of all offence, no heart-burnings or vain regrets could follow the innocent hilarity with which they enjoyed an occasional irruption into the domain of mirth and humour.

Johnson, on the contrary, was unaccompanied by any real friend on this occasion—a circumstance affording in itself presumptive evidence against a man of pleasure, since it shows a lamentable want of the finer sensibilities in social intercourse. How he passed the hours intervening between the close of the ball and high noon on the morrow, we care not to inquire; suffice it that, about the time mentioned, he called on Tom for the redemption of his promise, and went to sleep in his chair before the

check could be drawn. When aroused from this utter oblivion by the voice of his good-natured friend, a resort to his unflinching expedient, the snuff-box, served well enough to close the business with an air of self-possession, and help him across the threshold without stumbling. It now only remained to pay the amount of Percival's draft, which he mechanically accomplished, and then farewell to any anxiety on his part for three months longer.

It is one of the worst features of the traffic in these paper securities, that its legitimate functions are too often overruled by expediency; and one expedient begets another, until they become so involved, as to assume the fatal aspect of necessities. Percival, in assenting to the accommodation proposed by Johnson, saw clearly enough that he was risking double the amount of the original debt; but he had no suspicion that his own hands had forged the chain by which his future operations would be impeded, and which—unless, like an Alexander of his class, he had genius enough to cut the knot by a straightforward resort to principles in place of policy—might ultimately starve him into acquiescence with the meanest proposals. It was not long, however, before he began to perceive that he was in the toils.

For certain reasons, known to no one so well as themselves, the lovers had fixed an early day for the wedding—a period within two months after their appearance at the *bal masque*. The preparation for this important event occasioned what Mason termed 'a hard pull' upon his banker's account; and the rate of discount being somewhat higher than usual, he was unwilling to appear solicitous for any immediate favours. But as he held Percival's acceptance, and had no reason to suppose that his friend was in difficulties, he determined upon asking him to honour it about three weeks before it became due. On intimating to Percival that such a course would do him considerable service, no objection was made. Too prudent to explain his circumstances, and too proud to confess to the real nature of the transaction, Percival promised the money in a day or two, and naturally fell back upon Johnson for the supply.

That gentleman now saw the predicament in which his dupe was placed, and pleaded his utter inability to meet such an unexpected demand. He had made arrangements for mortgaging the property, but it would be some days before he could draw any portion of the money. Here, then, it seemed expedient to exchange bills once more—a transaction by which Percival's risk of loss was tripled; for Johnson's first acceptance was taken up with money raised on Percival's security, and that security was now redeemed before its time by Percival himself, and another issued in its room. This complication of troubles, however, was but a beginning of difficulties. The completion of the promised mortgage was now deferred, under the pretence that the houses were not yet habitable, and the mortgagee would not be troubled with them in their unfinished condition. At length Percival was induced to provide materials and workmen, hereby exhausting all his resources and his credit in the desperate hope of retrieving his first false step. That ultimate success would crown his efforts, he never doubted; for, by the advice of his wife, he had obtained what he considered a fair guarantee for the risk—a *lien* upon the property—which he was now straining every nerve to bring into the market. Meantime bills were freely exchanged, and frequent renewals on every hand became a thing of course.

Long before the property was ready to be disposed of, Percival had become deeply involved; but the guarantee, which he thought he had been fortunate in securing, was the sure anchor to which he clung. Under the most unfavourable circumstances, even supposing a forced sale to be unavoidable, a much larger sum would be realised than would suffice to discharge every obligation, and the profit upon the extra labour would well enough repay the anxiety he had suffered as to the morality of the means by which he had first supported the credit of Johnson, and finally his own; that he reasoned away by an appeal to the necessity under which he had acted. Alas! the conviction

of its utter fallacy was to be forced upon him by a fearful awakening reverse.

As the works approached completion, he observed, with some degree of uneasiness, that Johnson frequently absented himself for days together, and even began to neglect the precautions they had adopted for warding off suspicion as to the nature of their bill transactions. After a day of considerable anxiety on this account, he returned home to seek, in the bosom of his family, that oblivion of the care-producing world which could alone restore his wonted serenity. For some time past his wife had carefully avoided the mention of a subject upon which she was aware he felt so anxiously, as that of Johnson's conduct; but his increasing despondency weighed heavily on her mind; and seeing now that he tried in vain to assume a cheerfulness which was evidently far from his heart, she took an opportunity, in the course of the evening, to make inquiry, and learnt with surprise the ground which existed for renewed suspicions of treachery on the part of Johnson, as well as the total ruin which its success would entail upon themselves. A retrospect of all the circumstances suggested so many causes of alarm as to the validity of the guarantee held by Percival, that it was resolved to seek satisfaction on the morrow, though it might confirm their worst fears, and hasten the catastrophe.

On this errand Percival departed early in the morning, and in two short hours returned with an air of care marked upon his brow, and a torrent of indignation boiling in his veins. The agitation of his manner was too extreme to escape the notice of his wife as he suddenly entered the sitting-room. The issue of his inquiries was too evidently the utter prostration of their hopes, to need either question or answer. He took a few turns across the apartment without uttering a syllable, and then suddenly paused on observing, for the first time, the little Alicia covering before his angry glance, and really fearing to smile or speak. This was too much for the father's heart, and he moved hastily towards the door; but his wife threw herself upon his bosom, and with streaming eyes intreated him to be calm. 'Their own unalterable love for each other would lend to every hardship they overcame the charms of a triumph; and as for the unprincipled hypocrite by whom they had been deluded,' she added, 'leave him to enjoy his dearly-purchased success—at best, a short career of sordid iniquity, and a feverish jey in life.'

But Percival had not yet summoned philosophy or calm religion to his aid, and this allusion to his enemy seemed to smite him with a fresh plague of wrathful indignation.

'My curse upon him,' he muttered between his teeth—'the curse of a ruined family; and may it rankle in his treacherous heart until he feel as wretched as I do!'

'For shame, Charles; for shame,' exclaimed Mrs Percival in a low tone, placing her finger on his lips. 'The curse of evil needs no invocation; for, alas! it grows with the growth of wickedness in the will itself. But look you, my love,' she suddenly added, gazing into his eyes with intense affection, 'if we are to be tried in the fires of temptation, be assured we shall lose nothing but dress and corruption; and, please God, we will resume our pilgrimage, poorer, maybe, in the sight of the world, but richer in heart than heretofore.'

'I can hardly hope it, Anne. When I think of the change wrought by that consummate villain, and the power of evil everywhere, I feel nothing but indignation and unmeasured abhorrence—'

'There—stop, my dear Charles; suffer that indignation to expend its force, but control its direction with your own earnest will. Its rightful mission is to overturn every disorderly passion in our own breasts; and would God,' she continued with a sigh, 'it might always spring up in the mind of the wrong-doer like the east wind in the desert, and stifle every evil with its hot breath!'

'In that case,' added Percival, whose severity had gradually relaxed, 'I suppose you think there would be some hope of such a rogue as Johnson? But come, you bade me God-speed when I departed on my unlucky

errand, and it is but right you should know what has occurred.'

Percival then informed his wife that the guarantee to which they had trusted was utterly useless, Johnson having previously mortgaged the property to his father, who had now, in right of the deed, taken full possession. Everything else to which the creditors might have preferred a claim, was secured with equal cunning—even the household furniture being seized, under a pretended distress for rent; and not a single good debt that he could hear of towards paying the expenses of a commission of bankruptcy.

This account was disheartening enough; but their own affairs needed every energy. It was certain the satisfaction of every demand would leave them houseless and penniless. Should they now candidly avow the circumstances, and pay the uttermost farthing, or temporise with their creditors, in order to make advantageous terms? The mazy labyrinth of policy had already been tried; and it was at length heroically determined to trust in the simplicity of right conduct. A meeting was therefore immediately summoned, and the unreserved assignation of their property, in house and in trade, freely offered. One creditor alone advocated harsher proceedings; but the feeling of mercy prevailed, and Percival's offer was unanimously accepted. Tom Mason, with refined generosity, secretly offered the creditors a sum of money for the household furniture, which was accepted, and so their homestead was untouched. But many years elapsed before Percival was firmly re-established, and many sore trials were overcome, in none of which—to his lasting honor, and for the encouragement of others similarly circumstanced, be it spoken—did he forfeit his good name by again yielding to the vicious policy of 'accommodation.'

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Two interesting volumes of essays on subjects connected with the history, the literature, and the superstitions of the middle ages, have recently been published by Mr Thomas Wright, well known for his researches in this department of antiquities.* In these volumes we find many curious odds and ends of information, collected and arranged in a most agreeable manner, as well as much lively criticism and ingenious speculation on historical points. As the middle ages are a subject with which our readers are not likely to be more familiar than most of their contemporaries, a few of Mr Wright's illustrations will no doubt be welcome to them.

The first essay is one on Anglo-Saxon poetry; and, contrary to an opinion which we have sometimes heard expressed, it is here shown that, in the literary remains of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, there are many things worth preserving; and consequently, that the devotion of a few men in a generation to Anglo-Saxon scholarship, is by no means a waste of industry. 'The prose writings of the Anglo-Saxons,' says Mr Wright, 'are numerous, frequently not very interesting, yet often filled with noble sentiments and acute observations. First, both for elegance and purity of language, stand the works of Alfred, which, as they remain to us, consist chiefly of translations; sometimes (as in the case of the *Pastorale* of Gregory, as yet unprinted) of authors who are not now very valuable, but always in his manner of paraphrasing the original, and in his own observations, which are by no means sparingly interspersed, showing us how the great and noble mind of our king improved everything on which he put his hand.'

The Anglo-Saxon poems Mr Wright divides into two

classes—those composed while the Anglo-Saxons were yet Pagans, and those composed after their conversion to Christianity. The older poems, he says, are bolder, freer, and more original than the later ones. The only complete specimen of the former extant, is the poem of Beowulf the Geat—a monarch supposed to have reigned over the Angles in Sleswick and Jutland a considerable time before the Saxon invasion of England. This composition must, therefore, have been brought into England by the Angles, where, no doubt, it was modified into the form in which it is now preserved. Mr Wright has given a short version of it, acting on a principle which might be applied with advantage in the whole field of our pre-Elizabethan literature; namely, that the only way in which those fine antique compositions can be turned to popular account in the present day, is by preparing careful abridgments of them in spirited and musical prose. It is in this manner that our author has treated the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf. 'The poem,' he says, 'is a magnificent and accurate picture of life in the heroic ages. Its plot is simple: a few striking incidents, grandly traced, and casting strong and broad shadows, form the picture. It is a story of open, single-handed warfare, where love is never introduced as a motive of action, or stratagem as an instrument. Beowulf, like Hercules, seeks glory only by clearing the world of monsters and oppressors. A report had reached him that the court of Hrothgar, a Danish king, was infested by an unearthly monster, the *grendel*, which nightly entered Heorot, the royal hall, and slew the warriors in their sleep. The emulation of the Geatish prince was raised. He felt himself equal to the task of combating the depredator; for, as the story tells, he possessed the strength of thirty men; and, with a chosen band of his followers, he embarked for the Danish coast.

"The men pulled out the bound wood (the ship). Went then over the deep waves, driven forward by the wind, the founy-necked-ship, like a unto a bird; till, about the hour of one on the second day, the twisted vessel had so far proceeded, that the voyagers saw land; the sea cliffs glittering, the steep hills, the broad promontories."

On his name being announced to King Hrothgar, who was well acquainted with his family and his renown, the hero was ushered into the royal presence, to give an account of his mission. Beowulf then related to the king, in a set speech, how the report of the *grendel's* depredations had reached his country; how his companions in arms, who had often witnessed his valour, and the success of his exploits, had counselled him to go to the assistance of the unhappy Danes; and how he was now come to offer his aid against the monster which persecuted them; and ended by expressing his resignation to the fate which Heaven might send him in the encounter. "If I fall," says he, "it will be in the performance of my duty"—

"Then needest not to hide my havela, but he [the *grendel*] will have me stained with gore. If death shall take me, bear forth my bloody corpse; remember to bury me; let the solitary passenger eat unthoughtfully; mark my fen dwelling; thou needest not about my corpse feast to care longer. Should the war take me, send to Higlac the best of war-coverings, the most precious of clothing—that which guardeth my breast: it is the legacy of Hrethla, the work of Weland. Fate will always go as it must."

Hrothgar is but too glad to accept the offer of Beowulf; and after entertaining him with an account of the depredations of the *grendel*, invites him and his companions into the hall, where the feast is spread. There are envious and jealous persons everywhere, even it appears, in a Scandinavian court; for while the hero is feasting with King Hrothgar, up rises one Hunferth, the son of Egclaf, and 'makes a quarrelsome speech, because to him the journey of the bold seafarer, Beowulf, was a matter of much annoyance, seeing that he was unwilling to grant that any other man should possess more reputation in the world under the heavens than himself.' Among other things, Hunferth twits Beowulf with the recollection of a certain swimming-

* Essays on Subjects Connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M. A. F. S. A. 2 vols. London: John Russell Smith, 1846.

match, in which he had been engaged with Breca, and in which, after seven days' conflict with the waves, he had been fairly beaten by the said Breca. He, Hunferth, is far from denying Beowulf's courage; only it will be better for a man who lost that swimming-match to have nothing to do with the grendel. This speech of Hunferth's naturally calls Beowulf to his feet. Lo, my friend Hunferth, he says, thou art drunk with beer; and as for that long story of thine respecting my swimming-match with Breca, I will give thee the true version of it. Breca and I, when we were mere boys, challenged each other to a friendly swimming-match; and we accomplished it thus.

"We had our naked swords hard in our hands when we rowed upon the deep; we thought to defend ourselves against the waluross. He could not, in any degree, more swift on the deep, swim far from me over the waves of the sea: I would not from him. There were two together were on the sea the space of five nights, until the flood drove us asunder: the boiling fords, the coldest of storms, the darkening night, and a wind from the north, fiercely turned us away; rough were the waves. The courage of the sea-fishes was excited: there my body garment, hard-locked by the hand, gave me aid against foes; my twisted war-dress lay upon my breast, furnished with gold. The variegated enemy dragged me to the bottom; he had me fast grim in his grip: nevertheless it was granted me that I the villain reached with my weapon. With my war-bill, the mighty sea-beast received the war-rush through my hand."

Beowulf, after continuing much longer his account of the swimming-match, and of his various exploits, then and at other times, against sea-monsters, concludes by expressing his astonishment that the grendel still continued to infest the coasts of King Hrothgar, seeing that Hrothgar had among his subjects so valiant a personage as his friend Hunferth thought himself to be. At length the feast is ended, and Hrothgar and his courtiers withdraw, leaving Beowulf with his companions to guard the hall during the night. In the dead of night, who should come but the grendel in person, who, supposing Beowulf to be asleep, attacks him. Beowulf, however, is not asleep. A terrible struggle ensues; the monster at length receives a mortal wound, and rushes out, making for its den. The following day is spent in rejoicings, which, however, are interrupted by the appearance, during the night, of the grendel's mother, who, in revenge for the death of her offspring, snaps up Eschere, the prime minister, or favourite counsellor of Hrothgar, and then retires to her cave under the sea. Beowulf follows her to this submarine residence; fights and kills her; and comes up again to receive the appliances and the gifts of Hrothgar before returning home. After a life of similar adventures, Beowulf at last perishes gloriously, in his old age, in an encounter with an enormous fire-drake.

Other specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry are given by Mr Wright; but what we have quoted is, we presume, sufficient for our readers. Before leaving this part of the book, however, we may remark, that the opinion which we perceive Mr Wright entertains, in common with almost everybody else, that our present English language is a mere modification of the old Anglo-Saxon, produced by the lapse of time, and the introduction of Norman words, has recently been controverted. It is maintained by some, that a language substantially the same as our present English was spoken by the common people of England during the whole Anglo-Saxon period, and therefore from the time of the possession of the island by the Romans; that Anglo-Saxon was not the general language of the English people from the sixth to the eleventh century, but a *farud* language, spoken at court, and by the upper classes, just as subsequently the Norman was; and that, for some thirteen centuries at least, our present idiomatic English has been the popular and rudimentary tongue in this island, spoken contemporaneously first with Latin, then with Anglo-Saxon and Latin, then with Norman-French, Anglo-Saxon, and Latin—all these being more partial or professional languages, from which English has freely borrowed words and phrases, but of which it is wrong to say that English is historically a compound. This is a sort-

what daring theory, and we are not competent to pronounce a judgment upon it, although the point in dispute does not seem to be one which it would be impracticable to settle, supposing that due pains were taken.

The second of Mr Wright's essays is one on Anglo-Norman poetry. 'If,' he says, 'the Normans ever had a literature of northern origin peculiar to themselves, it seems to have been nearly forgotten before their entrance into England, where their literary productions were formed upon the models presented to them by the language which they had then adopted in place of their own. Their first romances were those of Charlemagne and Arthur.' Many of their compositions are of a humorous kind called *fabliaux*. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, these *fabliaux* were produced in abundance in France, and circulated, by means of the minstrels, over all parts of Europe where French was understood. Many of them, however, bear internal evidence of having been written in this island. The object of a *fabliau* is generally to provoke laughter and mirth—some pleasant joke, some crafty stratagem of knight or clerk to cheat a villan (that is, rustic); some licentious amour; or some ludicrous scrape into which those persons had fallen in the attempt, is their most common subject. Sometimes, indeed, the case is reversed; and it is the peasant, the lady, or the lady's husband, who practises the deception—the knight or clerk who is the dupe. The most common subject of ridicule is the villan.

'It was, after all,' says Mr Wright, 'a strange texture of mind that of our forefathers of the middle ages, capable in the same person of presenting, at different times, and under different emotions, an unbounded diversity of character. At one time, all generosity; at another, giving loose reign to the most merciless cruelty; now, exemplarily pious and devout; and then again giving itself up to the excess of licentiousness. The extremes of profligacy and piety seem, indeed, to have been then by no means difficult of reconciliation, and in the same manuscript, written by the same hand, we often find religious poems mixed with *fabliaux* equally disgusting. Their religion, however, was extremely passive; the line of demarcation between right and wrong is not over-distinctly traced; and even the religious stories often give more encouragement to vice than to virtue.' As an example of one of these stories, our author quotes the following:—'At a certain abbey were a number of workmen, carving, in stones, figures of saints and devils; and the sacristan, who was looking on, took a strange fancy of carving a devil himself. To work he went, with hammer and chisel; and, by great care and study, he succeeded in making a fiend so passingly ugly, that no person could look at it without terror. Delighted with his performance, he retired to his couch perfectly satisfied with himself; but at midnight he was roused from his slumber by a terrible noise in his cell, and, lo! there was the Evil One himself. "Wretch!" cried he, "why hast thou made me so ugly?" and he threatened the poor monk vehemently, unless he would promise to mend his work. Three nights did the devil renew his visit, with menaces more dreadful every time; and always was he defeated and put to flight by the brother's holy water.' The devil, determined to have revenge, causes the sacristan to fall in love with a fair widow, dwelling near, who persuades him to steal all the abbey plate, and fly with her to a distant land. 'The sacristan, laden with the plunder, was on the way to join his mistress, when the devil entered the abbey, awakened the whole fraternity, and announced that the abbey had been robbed. The monks left their beds in haste, overtook the offender, and put him in prison. The devil again appeared before the sacristan, reproached him for his former obstinacy, and promised still to deliver him, provided he would promise to deface his image, and make one handsomer in its place. The monk agreed willingly to the proposal; the tempter took his place in the dungeon, and he

sought his couch; and next morning, when the monks found him quietly performing his duties in the chapel, and would have led him back to prison, he professed an entire ignorance of what had passed. They immediately, suspecting that some delusion had been played upon them, went to the prison, found there the Evil One in the garb of a sacristan, and instantly came the father-abbot, fearfully armed with cross and holy water, to put the enemy to confusion.

"From holy cross quick fled the devil
(The monks I guess wore not o'er civil):
Against the wall he stumbled, souse!
Knocked down a corner of the house,
And then, as 'twere in vengeful mood,
Snatched up a brother by the hood.
The monk himself was fat and heavy
(Perchance the largest of the levy);
His hood gave way, and, sad to tell,
Right on his brethren's heads he fell,
Who, as they stared in sore confusion,
Were all knocked down by the concussion."

The monks then hastened to the monastery, to apologise to the sacristan for the evil opinion they had formed of him; and the latter, according to his promise, brake in pieces his ugly devil, and laboured hard to form one which might be less objectionable to the personage whom it represented.

Passing an essay on the 'Chansons de Geste, or Historical Romances of the Middle Ages,' we come to one of the most interesting chapters of Mr Wright's work—that on the Proverbs and Popular Sayings of that era. 'England,' he says, 'is still extremely rich in proverbs, as well as in popular superstitions. Both bear strong marks of a northern origin; and it is probable that not a few of them were as familiar in the mouths of our Saxon forefathers, who came in under the banners of Hengist and Horsa, in the fifth century, as they are in those of our contemporaries of the nineteenth. Of our proverbs, however, many have been introduced, at a comparatively modern period, from external sources, and many have arisen from circumstances and ideas of a later growth, so that it is interesting to us to know not only our own proverbs at different periods, but also those of surrounding nations.' One of the oldest collections of proverbs extant, is that published from the manuscript in Paris in 1831, under the title of 'Proverbes et Dictons Populaires.' This ancient tract begins with an enumeration of the appropriate names for an assembly of people of different ranks and orders, as also of various kinds of domestic animals: as an "assembly of knights," a "company of clerks," a "mob of villans," &c. in the application of which our forefathers seem to have been very exact. Next follows an enumeration of proverbial phrases, which had become characteristic of certain orders of people. The greediness of the priesthood gave rise to the saying, "The avarice of the ecclesiastics"—"*Avarice de prêtre*." The white monks were distinguished by their covetousness—" *Convoitise de moines blancs*," and the black monks by their ambition and jealousy of others—" *Envie de moines noirs*;" the Templars by their pride—" *Orgueil de Templiers*;" and the Hospitallers, or Knights of St John of Jerusalem, by their vanity and presumption—" *Bobun d'Hospitaliers*." We learn also, from these sayings, that the chapters of canons were proverbial for the discord and dissensions which generally reigned amongst them—" *Discord de chapitre*."

There are proverbs, many centuries old, which give the reputed national characteristics, at that ancient date, of the various peoples of Europe. The wisest men are said to be those of Lombardy; the wisest merchants those of Tuscany; the most deceitful people in the world, the Saracens; the greatest traitors, the Hungarians and the Greeks; the most slavish, the Slavonians (the word *slave* itself being derived from a Slavonic term meaning *glory*); the most irritable people were the Germans; the most frank and open, the French; the most stupid, the people of Bretagne; the most inquisitive, the Normans: the finest women were those

of Flanders; the finest men, those of Germany; the largest-bodied men were the Danes; the best drinkers in the world were the English; the most wandering and beggarly people in the universe, the Scotch; and the wildest and most intractable, the Irish.

It is remarkable how many proverbs are common to different nations; how many, for instance, which we believe to be peculiar to Scotland, or even to particular districts of Scotland, are found in the same, or nearly the same, literal form, in Germany, in France, and in Spain: the common possession of a proverb sometimes seeming to establish a connexion between spots distant hundreds of miles, and holding no intercommunication. The origin of proverbs, and the manner of their distribution over Europe, form a puzzling subject of speculation. Mr Wright contents himself with criticising, or rather satirising, a theory of the origin of proverbs, propounded by Mr John Bellenden Ker, and which is certainly one of the most extraordinary fancies ever made public. In order to understand Mr Ker's theory, first published in 1834, in the form of 'An Essay on the Archæology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes, let our readers scrutinise attentively, for we cannot ask them to enunciate, the following apparent piece of gibberish:—

'Guis-e gni-o ga'n daer!
Weer schell-hey waene daer
Op stuyrs aendoen stuyrs;
End in m'lyd is schen baer.
Dere el! met een oawel-man!
D'act, word n'iet, sae ee is Par-boers.
Hye tuck heim by die left leghe
End seer iawe hem doe aen stuyrs.'

This, according to Mr Ker, is a lampoon or satirical allusion, current many centuries ago among the English or Anglo-Saxon peasantry, against the monks and priests who oppressed them by their exactions, in the form of rates, &c. Its meaning, somewhat freely rendered into modern language, is given by Mr Wright as follows:—

'Hear their insolent clamour!
The committee, what axes
From us church-ridden elves
Nought but rates and new taxes.
T. re they sit in the tap-room,
Ner once think of compassion;
We must punamel their noddles,
If they gind in this fashion.
Let us stop their long speeches,
Their high vaunting words;
And when they're gone to pot,
We shall all live like lords.'

Such lampoons became at length so rife, that they did positive harm: and the friars bethought themselves of some way of counteracting their effects. 'The remedy they devised,' says Mr Ker, 'was ingenious, and worthy of the astuteness of friars. An unparalleled and constant corruption of the dialect in which they were composed, was taken advantage of, and the invective of the lampoon was gradually undermined by the introduction of a harmless, unmeaning medley of a precisely similar sound and metre, in the latest forms of the altered dialect; till in time the original import was forgotten, and its venom and familiar use replaced by the present nursery rhymes.'

Thus, in the instance of the obnoxious lampoon quoted above, what the friars did was as follows: they prepared a doggerel verse, composed of the corrupt English which was beginning to be spoken, exactly resembling in sound the old lampoon, but having quite an innocent meaning. The verse so prepared ran as follows:—

'Goosy goosy gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber:
There I met an old nun
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.'

This rhyme, sounding pleasantly enough, the stupid peasantry accepted willingly, allowing themselves to be shouted out of the bitter old lampoon. In a similar way

the other lampoons were withdrawn from circulation, and replaced by harmless rhymes: the device of the friars, it will be seen, exactly resembling that by which a sailor manages to steal rum on board a ship. He places a bottle full of water, with the neck downwards, over a pipe inserted through an orifice in the cask, comes back in an hour or two, and finds the bottle full of the spirit, which has displaced the water, in virtue of its inferior specific gravity. Mr Ker extends the same explanation to our common proverbs and popular sayings. Thus, 'We will bell the cat' is, he says, a priestly substitution for the dangerous political reflection, *Woe wel beul, dije guit*; which means, 'And though there is a hangman, yet you see robbing still goes on.' 'Hobson's choice' is an exchange for *Op soen's gheeijsch*, 'At the command of a sacrifice.' Nay, the name 'Canterbury Tale' is a corruption of the profound idea which figures thus in Dutch, *Gaan-deur-op-eere-te-heel*; that is, 'To get through by the help alone of reiterated appeals to honour.' 'He took the bull by the horns,' was originally, *Die tuch tije bol by, die hoorn's*; the meaning of which is, 'Here head calls contrivance in, that is as it ought to be.' 'It makes my blood run cold,' was, *Et myck's met bloed er een kule*; which signifies, 'The muck, when blood is joined with it, soon grows hot;' a dreadful revolutionary sentiment, it will be observed. Falstaff's 'men in buckram' are not mere rogues in buckram suits, as we have ever imagined them to be: they are a much more profound thing; they are *Men in bakke ruim*; a Dutch phrase, which means, 'Men who are contained within the space of the mouth that brags of them;' that is, fancy or ideal people. 'He was as busy as a hen with one chicken,' is also deep Dutch; it is *Hij wasse als boose, als er her wijse wan schick in*; meaning, 'He became quite furious when it was proved to him that all which could come from what he had been so busy about must be a failure.' To conclude with one specimen more of a nursery rhyme:—

' Jack Sprat
Had a cat;
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.'

This very innocent effusion is a monkish substitution for the following formidable stanza:—

' Jacques praet
Huydt er guit;
'Et huydt Bot wan hier;
'Et went toe Bael Bot er;
Woe 'n Bot er! Wo aes di-hier!

Which, being translated, sounds somewhat thus:—

' The tales of the parson,
Fa-h! they're all mighty good!
They fill the rogue's belly
With poor cloddy's food.
These smooth-faced tormentors
Live upon cloddy's labour,
While cloddy, poor soul!
Must go beg of his neighbours.'

Such is Mr Bellenden Ker's extraordinary theory of the origin of proverbs and nursery rhymes: they are substitutions, by the monks, of innocent or unmeaning English sentences for old lampoons and political maxims in the Dutch or Anglo-Saxon languages. If it could be thought to require any serious refutation, the following sentences from Mr Wright will be sufficient. 'Mr Ker,' he says, 'has committed an error in attempting to raise a theory to explain the origin of popular proverbs before he investigated their history. He should have known that our own proverbs have, in the course of some centuries, more or less changed their forms; that words which had become obsolete had often been rejected for others of the same signification; that, with the gradual change from Saxon to English, the sentences which expressed these proverbs have changed often in form and construction; that older proverbs have themselves become obsolete, and been succeeded by later ones. If he had considered well all these circumstances, the similitude which he thinks he has discovered between the proverbs in their more modern

form, and the Dutch sentences which he has constructed, would itself have raised in his mind a suspicion of the falseness of his theory. In addition to this, he ought to have known that these same proverbs, which we find in our language, occur also in the other tongues of the Teutonic stock, and in French—nay, even that they are found in Dutch itself, with the same sense and application as in English.'

A WORD FOR THE WORDLESS.

THERE is nothing more common than to ascribe the conduct of many of the lower animals to feelings of hatred, revenge, cruelty, and the like—evil passions which, unfortunately, are too often manifested in human behaviour. That this is an error, and a glaring one too, is abundantly evident, unless we presume a moral responsibility in the brute creation, or regard as evil those instincts with which they have been endowed by the Creator for their support and guidance. This ignorant transference from the catalogue of our own crimes has been the cause of much injustice and cruelty towards the creatures that surround us, and has served to perpetuate within man a savagery which is at utter variance with those principles of love and kindness which he professes to follow. Nor is it a mistaken view, participated in merely by the vulgar and uneducated; for poets and moralists, whose vocation is peculiarly that of humanity, seldom rise above the error, but indulge in epithets towards the inferior animal; calculated not only to cherish the most malignant feelings, but to awaken them where they did not formerly exist. Thus the poet of 'the Seasons'—who, though in one place singing,

Let no presuming impious ruler tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends—

is himself guilty of so many libels against the brute creation, that the most prejudiced jury could hardly find an extenuating circumstance whereupon to recommend him to mercy. We mean to take a peep at his principal poem for a few proofs of this assertion.

While denouncing the change from a strictly vegetable diet to one of a mixed nature—which denunciation, by the way, is nonsense—the poet laments the fate of the sheep and ox, and very tenderly asks what they have done to merit death at our hands? But while thus the advocate of a mistaken mercy—seeing that these animals have been given for our use, and that we are guilty of no cruelty, so long as we put them to no unnecessary torture—he in the same breath tells us—

The beast of prey,
Blood-stained, deserves to bleed—

a maxim which would justify the extermination of every carnivorous animal, not on the plea of necessity, but on the ground of the most sanguinary vengeance, and without reflecting that the beast of prey is quite as necessary to the harmony of creation as is the beast of burden. 'The beast of prey deserves to bleed.' Why? Because he is 'blood-stained;' and, therefore, man is to demean himself to the level of the brute, and stain himself with its blood in turn. Most curious morality! The whole scheme of creation is one of relationship; so far as our own safety or comfort demands, reason justifies the repression of creatures that become noxious to us; beyond this, every step is cruelty and error. Error, inasmuch as the undue diminution of the carnivora would give undue preponderance to other classes, which would, in turn, interfere perhaps more seriously with our comfort. But it is not our own comfort alone which must be taken into account. It is a narrow and imperfect philosophy which views the inferior creation as destined merely to subservise the purposes of man, and which sees not in the rest of the scheme a scene of joy and enjoyment, without any reference whatever to man's existence. Besides, the poet errs on the ground of Christian morality: his maxim is, blood for blood—a precept of

vindictive cruelty, at utter variance with that spirit which would overcome evil with good, and bless those that would despitely use us.

Nor is it alone the larger beasts of prey—your lions, tigers, and wolves,

Burning for blood; bony, and gaunt, and grim—

that have cause to complain of this poetical injustice; the bard is equally abusive of the poor spinner of a cobweb. Only mark with what vehemence he vents himself as he turns his eye to the window-sash—

Where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider *lives, cunning and fierce,*
Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in cage watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leading line,
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleased: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

The italics are ours, but the sentiments are entirely the poet's, in whose humanity few, we believe, would be inclined to participate. According to his views, the little hunter, whose wonderful meshes, whose dexterity and perseverance, have been a fertile theme of the naturalist, and whose toilsome ingenuity has often relieved the tedious hours of the prisoned captive, is a villain, a ruffian—cruel, cunning, and fierce—a mixture so abhorrent, that the sooner you crush him against the wall the better. Such, indeed, must be the feeling that arises in the mind of the young who may unhappily take their creed from the poet of 'the Seasons.' 'Cunning and fierce, mixture abhorred,' grins the school-boy, and next instant the 'villain' spider is plastered against the beam whence he had suspended his cobweb. The simple and gentle philosophy of Uncle Toby, who, opening the window, let forth the fly which had buzzed about his nose during dinner, with a 'Go, poor wretch; the world is wide enough for us both!' has little chance against the violent declamation of the poet: an apology for our crimes is more eagerly laid hold of, than a command to be virtuous. After all, what do the denunciations of the poet amount to? Why, merely to a strong expression of ignorant impulse. The spider, in every point of his character and organisation, is formed, and formed alone, for the kind of life he leads: his wonderful apparatus, and reason-like instincts, were given him for the capture of insects, and in exercising these, he only fulfils the intentions of his beneficent Creator. The spider could no more subsist on other kind of diet, than the lion could on straw; and when he fixes his fangs in a helpless fly, he has no more idea of cruelty, than the poet had when he chanced to thrust his fork into the wing of a roasted turkey.

Such instances of poetical libel by the author of 'the Seasons' are by no means rare. He cannot speak of a party of gaudies, sporting and quadrilling it in the noonday sun, without denouncing them as 'angry'; nor of a snake, coiling itself for pleasure among the grass, without abusing it as a 'monster'—a child of 'vengeful' nature: as if nature, forsooth, created one part of her works to be avenged on the other; or, in the words of the old adage, 'cut off her nose, to be revenged of her face.' Again, the wolf is a 'ruffian,' the brindled boar a 'monster,' and the fox a 'villain'—all very offensive and improper epithets, which decent society very sparingly, if at all, admits into its qualifying vocabulary. Nor is this the worst of it: bad names are bad enough, but, says the proverb, 'they break no bones;' and the poor brutes might have cared but little for the poet's abuse, had he not urged on their murder in such a savage style as the following:—

Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or growling horrid, as the brindled boar

Grins! destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
Give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunders of the chase pursue.

And all this, too, in the face of a very tender and tearful passage, in which he deprecates the chase of the stag, hare, and so forth, proclaiming—

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she gain with such her spotless song:
They most delighted when she social sees
The whole mixed animal creation round
Alive and happy.

Thus inconsistent, too, is the author of 'the Seasons.' Can we suppose him to have been sincere in both cases; or was he only, as an artist, eager in search of strong and impressive images, with little regard to their correctness or harmony with each other? So, we fear, it is with too many of the tuneful brethren; the mere creatures of feeling and passion, revelling in these, and too often subordinating the calmer—though, in truth, not less poetical—dictates of enlightened knowledge.

Let us not be misunderstood. 'The Seasons' abounds in many, very many humane and exalting views of nature: what we censure is the frequent application of the worst of human epithets to the natural and instinctive conduct of the brutes—a transference wholly erroneous, unless we are prepared to gift them with a portion of human responsibility. How the bard of 'the Seasons' might have regarded this alternative, we cannot tell; but this we feel assured of, that no one, entertaining correct views of nature, can consider his treatment of many of the brutes as otherwise than libellous in the extreme, and tending to convey anything but a just view of the designs of God in the animal creation. Some may no doubt regard it merely as a little too much colour in the brush: for our own part, 'the Seasons' would be amongst the last text-books we should place, without comment, in the hands of a child, were we training him in the paths of a broad and generous humanity.

DR CARUS AND THE ENGLISH.

Two summers ago, the king of Saxony, with a select suite, took a run through the principal districts of our island, visiting such objects of interest as lay in his route. Since then, the royal physician, Dr Carus, has given to the German public an account of the journey, with which, in an English dress, we are now presented by the publishers of the 'Foreign Library.*' Individually or nationally, we are naturally curious to learn the opinions of others respecting us, and under this impulse we turn to the doctor's jottings, which, we may hint at the outset, are of no ordinary character. The writer is, evidently one of those men who, whatever untoward circumstances may assail them, are not to be depressed, at least through any want of a good opinion of themselves. As may be expected, therefore, a buoyant self-confidence runs through the whole of his narrative, which would become decidedly offensive, were it not for a vein, of good-humour and cordiality which tempers the indiscretion. The doctor is a physiologist, a speculatist in morals and religion, an artist, antiquary, and a hundred things besides, so that, if the portraiture of our nation is not complete, it is owing more to the stubbornness of the material, than to any deficiency in the qualifications of the draughtsman. Passing, however, his descriptions of scenery, criticisms on

* The King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland in the year 1844. By Dr C. G. Carus, Physician to his Majesty. London: Chapman and Hall, 1846.

works of art, and much of that light gossip which necessarily belongs to such narratives, we shall glance at the opinions which concern us principally as a people.

Setting out with the maxim, that the history of a people and their peculiarities can be only rightly comprehended when we have gained a true idea of the *physical* characteristics of their country, Dr Carus devotes some space to the geography and geology of our island, and then proceeds to the consideration of the 'remarkable and highly-inventive race of men' who inhabit it. As he always proceeds upon philosophical grounds, he lays down, as a principle, that there is nothing more favourable to, or promotive of, the development either of an individual or of a nation, than to be sprung from a vigorous, fine, and intellectual stock. 'The peculiarities and high importance of the people of England are, therefore, mainly to be sought in the descent of the English from the mixture of so many different races, all of a vigorous character; the intermarriage of the original inhabitants of England—the Cymri or Britons—with the Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Normans, and Germans, from whence the new British, or, properly speaking, English people, sprang. When we look at the subject from this point of view, it is remarkable to perceive that those districts of Great Britain in which the original races exist with the least admixture of foreign nations, and have still preserved the use of their original Celtic or Gallic language, as in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, are those the inhabitants of which cannot in any respect be compared in mental energy and development with those who, properly speaking, belong to the new British race; and are constrained to yield to the genuine English, whose language is a compound, derived from Roman, Norman, Scandinavian, and German roots. It is this little England—this England containing about 15,000,000 of inhabitants—which has made itself the centre of a kingdom greater than any in the civilised world, whose provinces surround our globe; and even excluding the shifting, but still numerous, population of Hudson's Bay, reckons a population of above 200,000,000; whilst Russia, the most powerful empire on the continent, only reckons about 64,000,000 of subjects.

As to the race, the German and Scandinavian elements are clearly discernible in the physical constitution, in the strongly-built frame, above the middle size, the oval form of the skull, the fair skin, and the great preponderance of brown and light hair over black. These elements are even more obvious in the public institutions of the people. On examining this point more carefully, the old German customs and the old German laws will still be seen not only to exist, but to flourish in a multitude of institutions, which have been completely lost in Germany itself, either through the constant and varying influences of other nations, or sometimes through indolence of character in the people themselves. The various forms of administration throughout the country afford proofs of this remark: every district, every town, every parish, possesses a species of independence; elects its own parish, local, or municipal officers; and, by means of its representatives, enjoys and exercises a great share in the general administration of the whole country; in a word, it possesses those great rights which belong to a free constitution. Then the public administration of justice and trial by jury, the great preponderance of open and verbal modes of transacting business over written, the unlimited, free, and public expression of individual opinion upon all subjects, the performance of administrative duties in many cases without salary, and the holding of offices which are mere signs of public confidence, and of a prominent position, all enter into this inquiry. It would, indeed, require a long and careful examination, accompanied and supported by strict historical research, to be able to declare what of all this has passed from the Scandina-

vian, what from the Roman, what from the German stock, into the life of the English people. It would, then, unquestionably appear that the Roman forms by far the smallest element in the composition, and the German incomparably the greatest.

Having thus decided how much of our greatness we owe to a German paternity, the next principle laid down is, that quiet and retirement in youth, either of individuals or of nations, is essential to the development of a powerful and self-relying character—a theorem which we readily grant him. Being confined to the limits of their island, and thus almost wholly withdrawn from contact with other nations, the English—such is his reasoning—had time to lay the foundation of a physical individuality, which was capable of being developed into a great and important character, before they came into much active intercourse with other people. 'One result of this retirement has been, that a multitude of singularities, of customs, usages, institutions, and manners, both in public and private life, have taken such deep root in England, as to become immovable; and this might seem the more astonishing in a nation which carries on the most active intercourse with all parts of the world, and with nations of the most different habits, customs, and laws, did we not bear in mind that almost all these characteristic singularities date from a period when the people were absolutely isolated, and their forms of life were developed to full maturity from within themselves; and that, therefore, there is a universal inclination to hold firmly by that which, in other countries, is subject to continual change from the influences of neighbouring nations, and sometimes changes of itself. In recent times, it is true, comforts and luxuries, in all their various relations, have enormously grown and increased in England; but the basis of all these usages and customs may be clearly shown to rest upon others, handed down from time immemorial. These very developments, therefore, always assume a peculiar historical character, and make obvious the reason why the English themselves have such intense pleasure in thinking of, and designating their country as, *Old England*.' Such is Dr Carus's theory of our conservatism; for, notwithstanding all our power and progress, we are really the most conservative nation in Christendom.

In close connexion with this long-cherished principle of exclusiveness and retirement—which lies at the foundation of the English character—our author places the subject of dwelling-houses; and we only wish that his views on this matter were as enthusiastically participated in by every one of ourselves. 'Up to the present moment, the Englishman still perseveres in striving after a certain individuality and personal independence, a certain separation of himself from others, which constitutes the foundation of his freedom. This, too, was completely an ancient German tendency, which led our remote ancestors to prefer the rudest and most inconvenient, but isolated homesteads, to the more convenient and refined method of life in aggregation: it is this that gives the Englishman that proud feeling of personal independence, which is stereotyped in the phrase, "Every man's house is his castle." This is a feeling which cannot be entertained, and an expression which cannot be used, in Germany or France; in which countries, ten or fifteen families often live together in the same large house. The expression, however, receives a true value when, by the mere closing of the house-door, the family is able, to a certain extent, to cut itself off from all communication with the outward world, even in the midst of great cities. In English towns or villages, therefore, one always meets either with small detached houses merely suited to one family, or apparently large buildings extending to the length of half a street, sometimes adorned like palaces on the exterior, but separated by partition walls internally, and thus divided into a great number of small, high houses, for the most part three windows broad, within which, and on the various storeys, the rooms are divided according to the wants

or convenience of the family: in short, therefore, it may be properly said that the English divide their edifices perpendicularly into houses, whilst we Germans divide them horizontally into floors. In England, every man is master of his hall, stairs, and chambers; whilst we are obliged to use the two first in common with others, and are scarcely able to secure ourselves the privacy of our own chamber, if we are not fortunate enough to be able to obtain a secure and convenient house for ourselves alone.

Another element in Dr Carus's philosophical estimate of our national character, is that suggested by the question—By what age can the English be regarded as, in some measure, represented—by childhood, youth, manhood, or senility? 'There can be no doubt,' says he, 'that, after a very short observation of their whole mode of action and conduct, they must be characterised by the mature, late, but still vigorous age of man. A firm adherence to principles once adopted, a quiet, historical foundation and development, a decisiveness and vigour, a Catoian severity of morals, but, together with these, a great measure of pedantry, and, even as a people, conspicuous and unconcealed egotism, are precisely the very circumstances and conditions which must soon impress themselves upon the mind of the observer, and become consolidated into a firm and decisive judgment.' But this vigour, courage, and decisiveness of character—this stiffness, pedantry, and egotism—are repulsive of all that may be called the poetic element in the spirit of the nation. We are neither poets, musicians, artists, nor philosophers. 'On these grounds, it often appears to me impossible to believe that Shakspeare could have been an Englishman; and his really being so, only becomes intelligible by remembering that, in the time of Shakspeare, a real merry England actually existed. It is, moreover, for this very reason too, that there is at present such poverty in the really active pursuit and cultivation of all that deserves the name of the higher arts. England has never produced a single great historical painter, and will scarcely ever produce one. The same is true of sculpture and music.

'As to poetry, England, like other countries, possesses even now, it is true, a great many poets; and men of distinguished talents appear from time to time in the field of events; but the tendency towards the gloomy side, the melancholy, or the sentimental, and often even the bitter element of life, is constantly gaining the ascendant; and this fact of itself proves that poetry, properly so called, is a stranger to the country at present. True, indeed, I will not venture to say that the Englishmen of the present day are destitute of the spirit and feeling of poetry; for what people are completely in this condition? But these are limited to an earlier period of life, and are regarded as a disease incidental to the development of the mind, rather than as a great poetical view of life, pervading the whole existence, harmonising with the deep poetry of life, and exercising a most important influence upon the whole moral and intellectual character. The prevailing English character is, therefore, by no means destitute of passion and poetry; but all this appears like the early eruption of a volcano, which is speedily exhausted, and then the crater only remains, covered with ashes, hard and dry.

'Everything pertaining to the theatrical arts is almost in a worse condition in England, at present, than even the structural arts and music; and although we can make no particular boast of the state of the drama amongst ourselves, it would not be easy to exaggerate its superiority over the miserable and soulless drama of England. It is something repugnant to one's feelings to see that the people who formerly produced the greatest of all dramatic poets, should now be almost wholly destitute of dramatists, and that the art should share so little genuine sympathy; but a moment's consideration of the whole circumstances of the country, and it no longer remains a riddle. Industry absorbs all the energies of life; with the progress and application of steam-

power, not only are thousands and thousands of new productions developed, but the population itself: the number of large towns with 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, whose names are yet scarcely known in foreign countries, increases with enormous rapidity; and the regulation, occupation, and supply of all these demand continual and progressive activity. How is it possible that, in the midst of such a tendency of public life, any time should be allotted to the artistical gratification of the finer and more intellectual wants of the human mind?

'For these reasons, even the sciences, considered by themselves, are not objects of pursuit; and least of all in the higher departments of mental philosophy; but they are cultivated zealously, and effectually in as far as they are useful, and promote the immediate advantages of life. In England, natural philosophy by no means corresponds with the *Natur-philosophie* of the Germans, but consists of a combination of mathematics and physics; and is endured only as such; whilst every truth is decidedly repulsed which is calculated to promote such a free spirit of inquiry, or mental development, as might, in the most remote degree, interfere with, or trench upon, any traditional, political, or orthodox ecclesiastical dogma.' Admitting that there is but too much truth in some of these remarks, we cannot altogether subscribe to the sweeping generalisations of the learned traveller. The elements of poetry and taste exist in the national mind as vividly as ever, with this advantage, that they are now incomparably more widely diffused: it is only the object and aim that is changed; and this Dr Carus, trained and tutored amid a state of things that belong to a bygone era, seems unable to comprehend. Leaving, however, these general strictures—for which, in the spirit of the prayer,

Oh that some power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us,

we ought to be thankful—we shall now turn to the less studied, and perhaps more truthful, *en passant* observations of the doctor's journey; we say the doctor's journey, for *ego et rex* is evidently the style of his Latin.

We have seen that Dr Carus was prepared to find in the English a remarkable people—vigorous, active, decisive; but when he comes to view their navy, army, institutions, factories, mines, railways, wealth, and sumptuous living, his preconceptions fall infinitely short of the reality. He can afford to scoff at their lack of the poetical element—at their music, painting, sculpture, and theatricals; but the comforts, the substantialities, the power, if we may so speak, of their everyday life, brings him to his knees in absolute idolatry—What a tale I shall tell to my friends in Saxony! It must be observed, however, that, being an attaché of royalty, the doctor moved only among the noble and wealthy—everywhere there was a decking out for the reception: even the public crowds presented themselves in a sort of holiday attire—facts that must be borne in mind in the interpretation of his numerous superlatives. On landing at Dover, the royal party proceeded to the hotel, where, in company with the captain of her majesty's steamer, and the commander of the garrison, they had lunch—*déjeuner dinatoire*. 'The richness and abundance of the plate surprised us Germans, unaccustomed to such displays in our inns, and many national peculiarities in the viands were immediately observable. The rich ox-tail soup, the massive piece of admirable beef, fish of every description, and, together with sherry and port, common at all English tables, genuine porter, which, in consequence of its aromatic bitter, was peculiarly well calculated to repair the discomforts of sea-sickness, from which some of our party had suffered.' Again, when lunching with Lord Amherst at Knowle—'I can truly say that, as I sat down at the rich table, adorned with massive plate, and decked with flowers, and around me the members of the same family that had enjoyed all the pomp of

nobility before the reign of Elizabeth, and in a room hung with the portraits of a long line of ancestors, whose arms were emblazoned on glass in the tall Gothic windows, I felt as if I were in a dream, and found myself transported into a scene before the age of Shakspeare; and times and things long gone by flitted before my mind.' Further, when his royal master was the guest of our queen at Windsor—'In the evening, dinner was served upon the most splendid scale—even of royal magnificence. What rooms, what pomp, what brilliancy and splendour; the fairy tales realised before my eyes, and all this in an old, gray, weather-beaten castle! Covers were laid for sixty persons, and all were served upon gold. Dr R——, the physician of the emperor of Russia, who sat next to me, told me that such an entertainment was unparalleled even in St Petersburg.' But this wealth and splendour meet him everywhere: this everlasting magnificence is more than German frugality can endure; and so, while at Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, he gets fairly out of humour with it. 'One gets a tolerable idea of the almost extravagant opulence which is here displayed, when I say that, in a large vaulted hall for preserving milk, cream, and butter, a splendid fountain has been erected, to throw up the clearest spring water, which falls down along several basins, growing gradually larger, until it comes to a large basin at the bottom, which is so arranged as to have upon its brink vessels and pans for containing the cream and butter, which thus, in the warmest weather, are kept at the degree of coolness so necessary to these useful kinds of food. In any other place, this fountain would be used to ornament the entrance avenue, whilst here, it merely serves to cool a dairy!' The poetical element again! But we should like to know of Dr Carus, if a nobleman can command a *jet d'eau* for his dairy, as well as for his entrance avenue, why he should not enjoy the luxury of the one as well as the ornament of the other?

Wonderful as was the display of wealth, whether in the halls of royalty, in the dining-room of a public hotel, or in the dairy of a private nobleman, the *tout ensemble* of a London crowd, alike for the gaiety of its appearance, and the respectability of its demeanour, seems to have been no less remarkable. 'Curiosity to see the train of open royal carriages, accompanied by a guard of lancers, had collected such a vast mass of persons along the whole line of road from Buckingham Palace to the station of the Great Western Railway—about half an hour's ride—that every possible position for seeing was occupied. Elegant carriages, often two or three rows deep, were drawn up on the sides of the way, and were intermixed with a great number of ladies and gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who either stopped whilst the court equipages passed, or occasionally accompanied and followed them. The houses, too, were all full of life; windows and balconies in all directions crowded with spectators, male and female; and, in addition to all this, an immense throng of persons on foot—such as is momentarily collected in London—of omnibuses, hackney-coaches, and cabs, which traverse London in all directions in thousands. The crowd at and around the railway station was immense; but, notwithstanding this, the best order was everywhere preserved, partly from a natural love of order in the people themselves, and partly by the activity and good management of a large body of police, distinguished by their simple but elegant blue uniform. The London constabulary are not provided with arms of any description, but merely carry a short staff of office in the breast pocket, which, although short, is heavy, and may, when occasion requires, be used as a weapon both of offence and defence. In the police, however, the people recognise the preservers of peace, order, and law, and cases are very rare in which any opposition is offered, or resistance made, to their authority.' But the grandeur of the city is quite as enchanting as the appearance of its inhabitants. Paris is but a country town in comparison. 'The large and splendid shops in Regent

Street, with their enormous plate-glass windows, and looking-glasses in gilt frames, are truly magnificent exhibitions. The perpetual movement and life in the streets, at once so wonderful and exciting. When I think of Paris, and compare it with London, it now leaves on my mind the impression of a *small town!*' Again, speaking of Regent's Park and the public promenades—'Places of public refreshment, coffee-gardens, and the like, without which a German can scarcely form an idea of a promenade, do not exist here, at least in the places frequented by good society. This is quite to my taste, as among us the most delightful places are completely destroyed by being made assembling places for smoking cigars and drinking beer.' Such is Carus, ever astonished and delighted so long as you keep him off the fine arts, metaphysics, and philosophy; but let him once trench on these, and the queen's piper makes sounds (he cannot call it by the name of music) so horrible, that 'no form of apostrophe can characterise it.' The English are prone 'to mistake mere noise for a species of music'—St Paul's is 'one of the most tasteless collections of columns, vaulted roofs, eaves, and statues, that encumbers the earth'—Westminster Abbey is 'great, but not imposing'—the design of the new Houses of Parliament has something in it 'organically irrational'—the workmanship of some silver-plate which he examined was 'neat and skilful, but without genius'—in the Royal Academy's exhibition of paintings he had to 'read in the catalogue all that he did not see in the picture;' even the English 'Hurrah' offends him; it is not half so musical as the German 'Hoch! Hoch!' About tastes, however, *nil disputandum*.

But whatever may be our deficiency in these matters, the invention, ingenuity, power, and rapidity of execution which everywhere met him, are really beyond his comprehension. Be it an iron-work in Wales, the dock-yard at Portsmouth, a gun manufactory at Birmingham, the post-office in London, or the getting up of the *Times* broadsheet—all are alike marvels to the dreamland of a German idiosyncrasy. Speaking of the post-office arrangements, he remarks—'The English have certainly the art of inventing, in all such matters, capital abbreviations for business, which would often take up much time. Thus there are always printed tables of everything necessary for the house, the kitchen, or the cellar; so that a man, by looking over these lists, immediately sees what he has, or what he wants. In the same way, no one keeps any large sum of money in the house; his banker manages all that; and he has only a little book with cheques, out of which he has nothing to do but tear a leaf, write upon it the sum he owes, and give it to his creditor; and so of other matters.' But our activity, ingenuity, and busy-making may be carried to extremes; so at least thinks Dr Carus. 'The latest newspapers were constantly offered at the stations; we bought some; and the rapidity with which news is here circulated may be guessed from the circumstance, that the *Times* of this morning, just arrived, gave a full and minute account of his majesty's visit to Hatfield House yesterday! In this manner all that takes place at the court in London, visits, invitations, excursions, &c. are particularly chronicled and printed in all the newspapers; and now I see that the reporters, even on their journey, report with the same rapidity. At every station, a person in one of the nearest carriages kept continually looking towards our carriage, and fixed his eyes upon us, as if he were working upon a sketch of the travelling equipage for a wood-cut in the *Illustrated News!* I confess that all this spying and universal small-talk of the newspapers seems to me to be doubly mischievous: first, to the people, who are thus accustomed to trouble themselves about a multitude of trivial circumstances, family affairs, and the most ordinary events; and secondly, for those who are the objects of such incessant prying and observation. Such a people as the English should be far above such littleness. The doctor is right, and we humbly kiss the rod of rebuke. We certainly ought to be above the littleness

of silly, intrusive gossip, which is edifying to none, and must ever be offensive to some. It is easier, however, to find fault than to correct an error; and Dr Carus ought to have remembered, in penning his narrative, that what is blameworthy in a nation, cannot be very commendable in the case of an individual.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS—JENNER AND VACCINATION.

No more fatal or formidable disease has ever scourged the human race than one—now happily becoming a subject for history—the small-pox. Authoritative evidence has of late years been adduced to show that it existed in the Mosaic period, and in China it has been known from the earliest ages. Most of the fearful plagues which from time to time, on various portions of the earth's surface, have swept myriads into untimely graves, were no other than devastating visitations of this dreaded disease; and even when pursuing its ordinary course, it carried off one in fourteen of all that were born. In Ceylon, whenever it broke out, entire villages were abandoned; and in Thibet, on one occasion, the capital was deserted for three whole years. In the Russian empire, two millions of human beings died of small-pox in twelve months. Bernouilli calculated that fifteen millions fell victims to it every twenty-five years, taking the whole world, or six hundred thousand annually, of which number not less than two hundred and ten thousand were estimated for Europe alone. And to come down to more recent times, the readers of Mr Catlin's work on the Indians of North America will remember the terrible accounts of the destruction of whole tribes by this deadly malady. Regarded as inevitable, it came also to be considered as irremediable, and the world submitted to its ravages as a calamity of fate. In 1714, Dr Timoni of Constantinople published a work on the subject; and to the good sense, courage, and influence of Lady M. W. Montagu, who caused her son to be inoculated in the Turkish capital by Mr Maitland, surgeon to the embassy, England is indebted for the counteracting practice. In 1722, her daughter was inoculated in this country by the same gentleman; and the method was generally adopted until 1740, when it had fallen nearly into disuse; but favourable accounts coming from abroad, it was again revived; and, to propagate the salutary modification, the then Princess of Wales caused two of her daughters to be inoculated. The new remedy, however, met with great opposition. Some denounced it as an attempt, 'at once impious and unavailing, to counteract the visitations of an all-wise Providence,' asserting that, in the case of adults who voluntarily submitted themselves to it, the crime was that of suicide; but in respect to children, 'it was horrid murder of the little unoffending innocents.' It was anathematised from the pulpits as an invention of Satan, and its 'abettors' as sorcerers and atheists. A clergyman of London, named Massey, declared that it was no new art, as Job had been inoculated by the devil.

Owing to the careless practice of the time, there was some show of right in the opposition. The infected were not kept separate from others; and as inoculation always produced the true disease in its usual infectious form, it became more widely disseminated, and the mortality frightfully increased. In the year 1800, it broke out no less than twenty times in the Channel fleet alone; and the records of the Asylum for the Indigent Blind showed that three-fourths of those relieved lost their sight from small-pox. Its victims in Great Britain amounted to forty-five thousand annually; and the celebrated La Condamine, pleading for the adoption of a remedy in France, said, 'La petite vérole nous décime'—'The small-pox decimates us.' Such were the fatal effects of a disease described by Sir Matthew Hale, even in those who recovered, as 'the very next degree to absolute rottenness, putrefaction, and death itself.'

The world was in this distressing condition when a remedy at once mild, harmless, and effectual, first attracted the attention of Jenner, then a young man pursuing his studies under a practitioner at Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; where the subject of small-pox being mentioned in the presence of a country girl who came for advice, she exclaimed, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' This incident rivetted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence. Most happily, the impression then made was never effaced. Young as he was, and insufficiently acquainted with any of the laws of physiology or pathology, he dwelt with deep interest on the communication which had been casually made to him by a peasant, and partly foresaw the vast consequences involved in so remarkable a phenomenon.* Possessing much patience and firmness of purpose, Jenner was willing to wait the fruition of his ideas; and contented himself at first with speaking of the prophylactic virtues of the cow-pox among his friends, which he recommended them to investigate. But they treated it as an idle notion; and, as he persisted in bringing it before them, they threatened to expel him from their society, 'if he continued to harass them with so unprofitable a subject.' His firmness of purpose came to his aid; he persevered in his inquiries. It was continually urged, in reply to his assertions, 'The evidence is altogether so inconclusive and unsatisfactory, that we put no value on it, and cannot think that it will lead to anything but uncertainty and disappointment.' His opinions, in many instances, met with abhorrence and contempt, and were treated with general indifference.

Jenner was fortunate in possessing the friendship of the celebrated John Hunter, under whom he had studied in London, and to whom he communicated his views. The reply of the great anatomist supported and stimulated his courage—'Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate.' He knew how to wait. In 1775, his ideas and prospects began to assume a definite form: he foresaw something of the great work before him. To one of his friends, to whom he had explained his theory, he said, 'I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race.' He vaccinated his own son on three different occasions. Many years, however, elapsed before he had an opportunity of completing his experiments, in the course of which a formidable obstacle was encountered: he found that cow-pox was not, in every case, an effectual preventive of small-pox. This led him to discover the true from the spurious vaccine matter: of which the former alone produces any specific action on the constitution. Though this disappointed, it did not discourage him. He investigated the facts, and arrived at last at the true explanation. He talked of it; wrote of it to his friends; and it was mentioned in London in 1788 by medical professors in their lectures.

In 1798, he published the result of his observations in a quarto of about seventy pages,† in which he gave details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination on individuals, to whom it was afterwards found impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. After weighing every sentence with the greatest care, it was submitted to the judgment of his friends. The work is interspersed with remarks on the identity of the matter in the cow, and in the heels of the horse, when suffering from the disease known as

* In after-life, Jenner was accustomed to relate an anecdote of the days of Charles II. Some one telling the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland that she would soon deplore the loss of her beauty from the effects of the small-pox, then raging in London, she replied there was no ground for fear, as in her own country she had undergone an attack of the cow-pox, which was a preservative.

† An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ; a disease discovered in some of the western counties of England, particularly Gloucestershire, and known by the name of the Cow-pox.

'grasse;'* and concluded, 'Thus far have I proceeded in an inquiry founded, as it must appear, on the basis of an experiment in which, however, conjecture has been, occasionally admitted, in order to present to persons well situated for such discussions objects for a more minute investigation. In the meantime, I shall myself continue to prosecute this inquiry, encouraged by the hope of its becoming essentially beneficial to mankind.'

The publication of this work, so modestly and temperately written, immediately excited the greatest attention. In the same year the author had occasion to visit London, where, during his stay of nearly three months, he could not meet with a single person willing to come forward to test the experiment. Mr Cline, however, afterwards tried the vaccine matter, and proved that, when it had gone through the system, it was impossible to communicate small-pox to the same person. Two ladies, whose names are deserving of record—Lady Ducie, and the Countess of Berkeley—broke through the prejudices of the day, and caused their children to be vaccinated. The countenance and co-operation of the higher classes of London were in great part secured by the instrumentality of Mr Knight, inspector-general of military hospitals: and it appeared that females were most conspicuous in the good work; arising, probably, from their natural anxiety as mothers for the safety of their offspring. Lady Peyton urged the professional men in her neighbourhood to adopt the practice. In the following year the children of the Duke of Clarence, then residing at Bushy, were vaccinated; and a feeling began to spread in favour of the protective remedy.

Jenner watched for the realisation of his hopes. The happiness appeared to be his 'of removing, from among the list of human diseases, one of the most mortal that ever scourged our race.' But the opposition was brewing; and first, after the publication of his 'Inquiry,' came that of Dr Ingenhousz—a name celebrated in medical and scientific history. He was on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at his seat in Wiltshire, when, hearing of a case of small-pox in a man who had previously caught the cow-pox while milking at a dairy, he wrote to Jenner, pointing out the mischief his doctrine would cause, 'should it prove erroneous.' Jenner replied temperately and conclusively; but his opponent, who signed himself 'physician to the emperor and king,' became 'rude, and truly imperious,' in proportion as his arguments were confuted. We are informed that 'he knew no more of the real nature of cow-pox than Master Selwyn did of Greek.' But, said Jenner, writing to a friend, 'Tis no use to shoot straws at an eagle. . . My friends must not desert me now: brick-bats and hostile weapons of every sort are flying thick around me. . . My experiments move on, but I have all to do single-handed.' In a subsequent letter to Ingenhousz, he explains, 'Ere I proceed, let me be permitted to observe that truth in this, and every other physiological inquiry that has occupied my attention, has ever been the first object of my pursuit; and should it appear, in the present instance, that I have been led into error, fond as I may appear of the offspring of my labours, I had rather see it perish at once, than exist and do a public injury.'

Many eminent professional men now appeared to favour his views, while others received them with derision and distrust. Some doubted all the facts and reasons adduced in his 'Inquiry'; a second party denied the merit of bringing forward a fact which had been long known in obscure places in the country; a third affirmed that everything relating to it had yet to be discovered; and a fourth, that the discoverer's opinions were worth nothing—that he had originally obtained the vaccine virus from another practitioner; and, even admitting his reasons, the protective powers of the new remedy would be lost after the lapse of four years. The de-

* It is now known that there are at least four animals—namely, the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat—which are affected with a disorder communicable to man, and capable of securing him from what appears to be a malignant form of the same disease.

clared enemies to the practice were less fatal to its success than its pretended friends: the latter had a professional status, which lent authority to their statements, that imposed on the unthinking part of the community. Experiments were made at the Small-Pox Hospital in London, which proved most disastrous to the infant cause; as, from want of care, the true variolous matter, as Jenner expressed it, was 'contaminated' with small-pox, and differed in effect but very slightly from the real disease. This drew upon him the indignation of the metropolitan practitioners; who, however, as it was afterwards established, had been actually disseminating the tainted matter over many parts of England and the continent.

In 1799, Dr Woodville, a physician of London, published a report throwing doubts on the real efficacy of vaccination, which tended to check the high expectations that had been formed of it. Another member of the medical profession, Dr Pearson, lectured on the subject, and issued circulars, offering to distribute the matter to all who applied; thus constituting himself the chief promoter of the new method, to the prejudice of the discoverer, to whom his nephew wrote, 'All your friends agree that now is your time to establish your fame and fortune: but if you delay taking a personal active part any longer, the opportunity will be lost for ever.' It had been intimated to Jenner, that if he would settle in London, he might command a practice of £10,000 per annum. He observes, in his reply, 'Shall I, who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life—the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame?'

But the good cause continued to make progress. Its author, in a letter written to the Princess Louisa at Berlin, in December of the same year, states that 5000 persons had then been vaccinated, and afterwards exposed to the contagion of small-pox; but without any ill effect. Lord Egremont took great pains, in a correspondence with Jenner, to clear up the anomaly arising from impure vaccination at Petworth, where he took all the patients, fourteen in number, into his mansion, to prevent the spread of the disease. This nobleman subsequently became one of the most zealous promoters of the new method.

Notwithstanding the violent and unscrupulous opposition manifested in many quarters, the new cause made progress. In this same year attempts were made to form vaccine institutions for gratuitous vaccination, in which Bath took the lead, followed soon after by London. At the head of the latter was Dr Pearson, of whom mention has been already made. He arrogated to himself all the honours and advantages as head of the establishment; and, following his 'rule of doing justice,' as he stated in a letter to Jenner, had reserved for him the honour of 'extra-corresponding physician.' Jenner declined the offered dignity, and wrote to Lord Egremont his objections to the plan proposed by Dr Pearson—the man who had denied and distorted his experiments—and declared firmly against any compromise or contradiction of his own views. Although a fierce war was then raging, the fame of the new remedy found its way to the continent. Drs Odier and Peschin of Geneva wrote and lectured on the subject; and in the two following years 1500 persons were vaccinated in that city. It was known in America before it had been heard of in Paris. Dr Waterhouse of Massachusetts first made the American public acquainted with it, through the medium of the newspapers, as '*Something Curious in the Medical Line*.' The president Jefferson, with his sons-in-law, vaccinated nearly two hundred persons among their own connexions. At the same time it reached our colony of Newfoundland.

Soon after, a vaccine institution was opened in Paris, superintended by committees appointed to obtain precise information, through whose labours the salutary remedy was made known throughout France. The Spanish go-

vernment, in 1800, took up the question with extraordinary zeal, and fitted out an expedition to convey vaccination to their South American colonies. In 1801, a mission was sent to carry it to Gibraltar and Malta; and in the same year Dr Walker accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's forces to Egypt, and vaccinated great numbers of the troops. It was also introduced at Palermo, where, in the preceding year, 8000 persons had died of small-pox; and into our vessels of war by Dr Trotter, physician to the fleet, who said, in one of his letters, 'The Jennerian inoculation will be deservedly recorded as one of the greatest blessings to the navy of Great Britain that was ever extended to it.' It was eagerly welcomed in Germany: and the successful vaccination of Princess Louisa caused its effective introduction into Prussia, the result of which was, the foundation of a Royal Inoculation Institute at Berlin. In Vienna, the use of the new remedy was at first forbidden, having been confounded with small-pox inoculation; the restrictions were, however, soon removed, and some of the most successful experiments performed in that city. At Brunn, in Moravia, a philanthropic nobleman, Count Hugh de Salm, exerted himself, by the distributing of rewards and treatises, to disseminate the practice in that part of the empire. A temple was erected, and dedicated to Jenner, in which his birthday is still annually celebrated.

In 1801, the vaccine was sent from Breslau to Moscow, where the empress-dowager 'zealously promoted the new practice,' and desired that the name of *Vaccinoff* should be given to the first infant—a female—submitted to it. She sent a diamond ring to Jenner, with a letter signed by her own hand, expressive of 'her gratitude to him who rendered this signal service to humanity.' Jenner replied, that the imperial favour was not for him alone; 'it will be felt by the whole world; for sanctions like these will materially tend to extinguish prejudice.' In Denmark and Sweden, so effectual were the measures taken for the propagation of the antidote, that the small-pox was extirpated, and did not return for twenty years; and in Wirtemberg, penalties were exacted from all those who neglected vaccination.

Jenner himself offered one thousand guineas towards fitting out a ship to convey the vaccine to Asia, when it had been delayed by the parsimony of the government. It reached the East Indies in 1801; and the physicians at Bombay corresponded with the discoverer on the subject. The co-operation of the Brahmins, and the favour of the natives, were secured by a trick. A short poem was written in Sanscrit, on old paper, purporting to be of great antiquity, and to have been early known in the country, in which the remedy was recommended; and appealed directly to the religious feelings of the natives, as the 'wonderful preventive' was said to have been originally derived from a cow. It was carried to Africa by way of the Mediterranean; and in 1802, Lord and Lady Elgin, being then on a tour, successfully introduced it into Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. The matter was sent overland to Bagdad, on lint secured between glass closely sealed, and dipped in melted wax until it became covered by a solid ball, then packed in a box with paper shavings. It arrived safe, and succeeded at the first trial. In other instances, the matter was found to be efficacious after twice crossing the Atlantic, and retained its virtues during a tedious mission through the remotest provinces of the Russian empire to the borders of China.

The progress of the 'extirpator' was such, that in 1802 it was stated, in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that 2,000,000 of persons had then been vaccinated, of whom not one had died of the affection. These numbers were, however, but a small proportion of what they might have been, had the practice of vaccination been allowed to have free course—unopposed by ignorance, prejudice, or selfishness. Though there were many to do justice to the immortal discovery, yet a host of others, on very slender grounds, raised a fierce and clamorous opposition.

Few even of its friends took the pains to make themselves well acquainted with the principles of the new method. A 'faction' of physicians got up a spirited opposition in the papal states, and reported that vaccination had been forbidden and abandoned in England. The most ridiculous and absurd reports were published. A lady complained that, since her daughter was vaccinated, 'she coughs like a cow, and has grown hairy all over her body;' and in one part of the country the practice was discontinued, because those who 'had been inoculated in that manner bellowed like bulls.' A Mr Gooch of Suffolk had, with his wife, vaccinated 611 patients; of which he observes—'In spite of all ignorant prejudice, and wilful misrepresentations, this wonderful discovery is spreading far and wide in this county. The first people we inoculated in Hadleigh were absolutely pelted, and driven into their houses if they appeared out.'

The same arguments that had been used nearly a century earlier against small-pox inoculation, were directed against vaccination; while, in Switzerland, pastors were recommending it from their pulpits, the most uncompromising hostility was shown in other places. Ehrmann of Frankfort undertook to prove from Scripture, and the writings of the fathers, that 'vaccine was nothing less than Antichrist.' Sermons, abounding in invective, were preached against it. The leading physician of Philadelphia pronounced it to be 'too beastly and indelicate for polished society.' In later years, the celebrated Cobbett also denounced it, in his sledge-hammer style, as 'beastly,' and unfit for adoption.

Dr Rowley, a physician of London, was perhaps more violent in his attacks than any other opponent; and his work is so far useful as it gives us the sum of the arguments used against vaccination, and shows at the same time to what extreme lengths individuals may be carried by passion and prejudice. The doctor set himself up as the hero of anti-vaccination; for which he formed a society to examine all cases of failures, and of small-pox after vaccination, which he condemned as a 'greasy, horse-heeled project. The sooner cow-pox infatuation is abandoned *in toto*, so much the better for society. . . The world has been viper-broth mad—tar-water mad—magnetism mad—cow-pox mad. . . Cow-pox devastation—all supported by ignorance, knavery, folly, and false faith. . . Those will be considered the greatest enemies to society who longest persist in spreading the criminal and murderous evil. . . Chase from their houses all who propose vaccination. . . Glaring tyranny, to force vaccination on the poor. . . The world did not require cow-pox; the cow-pox was forced into the world. . . Earth trembled! and Heaven profusely shed tears. . . The most excellent physicians are always modest, candid, and unassuming; whilst vaccinators are 'infatuated visionists,' who pursue an 'irrational and destructive practice. Wild, light-headed adherents, who have distinguished themselves by ignorance.' The doctor appears to have exhausted the vocabulary to find terms for the expression of his abuse, which was not unproductive of evil. It was proved that, although vaccination was performed gratuitously at the Bloomsbury dispensary, yet not a single person applied during several months of the year 1806. An able reply was published by a surgeon named Blair, who turned the doctor's weapons upon himself, in a pamphlet whose title was quoted from one of his learned opponent's fiery paragraphs: it was entitled 'The Vaccination Contest; or Mild Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Truth, against fierce, unfeeling ferocity, overbearing insolence, mortified Pride, and Desperation.'

The attacks on the invaluable discovery were, at the same time, vigorously carried on in other quarters. We should be at a loss to understand the motives of so much hostility, did we not see something of the kind in our own day, in the sneers occasionally bestowed on novel matters of science. The cause, however, triumphed. Ribaldry, scorn, and abuse, have dwelt down to a mere echo, and are scarcely or

never heard. The glory of a great man is ever attended by envy. The nations of antiquity would have raised altars to Jenner's memory, or stamped his effigy on their coins—as was the case in some of the states of Greece, and was done by the citizens of Cos in honour of their countryman Hippocrates. Cuvier said, 'If vaccine were the only discovery of the epoch, it would serve to render it illustrious for ever.'

Part of Jenner's reward was in the letters he received from all quarters of the world, filled with expressions of grateful reverence, and anticipations of the benefits of his discovery. His case was brought before parliament, and, not without opposition, the sum of £30,000 was voted to him in two grants. It was proved that, had he kept vaccination a secret, he might have made £20,000 a-year; but he worked not for himself. The chancellor of the exchequer said of it, during the debate, that it was 'the greatest, or one of the most important, discoveries to human society that was made since the creation of man.'

But far greater the reward, in the consciousness that he had saved to the world millions of lives, and secured humanity from its deadliest destroyer. It is not what we undertake, but what we accomplish and confirm, that constitutes glory. Jenner died with the title of benefactor to his kind. In the words of his friend Dr Lettson, 'His claim is that of having multiplied the human race, and happily invoked the goddess of health to arrest the arm that scatters pestilence and death over the creation.' His is one of those English names with which intelligent foreigners are, as might be expected, most familiar. Often have such persons, taken to Westminster Abbey, and told that it is devoted to the names of our great men, asked for the monument of Jenner. Strange to say, while much military prowess, now of little account, is there recorded, this truly great and memorable man is without his stone, and likely long to remain so.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

[From a volume of little heart-warm pieces, breathing the new feelings of our time, by our friend Camilla Toulmin. Orr and Company, London. 1846.]

There were three friends—(that is to say,
They were men meeting every day;
Grasping each other's hands with earnest pressure
Upon the mart, or in the hours of leisure.

The eldest had a large and finely-tempered head,
Thought a few thoughts in which the world had not a part,
And as the mountains are the first to win
A dawning glory ere the day began,
He saw to trace his life-chart on a plan
Of simple grandeur meet for such a man.

His acts oft puzzled worldlings, who, you know,
Bat-like, are blinded by the moonday glow
Of deeds to which they cannot find the clue
Of double motive or a selfish view.
And yet as mountain sun- & wave low downwards creep,
Till o'er the plain the generous day-beams sweep,
So from the height of his great soul were caught
Some peerless lessons by example taught.

'Dut,' says the reader, 'to these three great friends,
I cannot see which way your story tends.
Patience; and yet, perchance, when all is told,
Meaning or moral you may not behold!
Of station, fortune, equal all had been.
But to the younger two came losses unforeseen
Generous and prompt, the first with open hand
Made free his fortune to their joint command;
Saying, 'It is a gift or loan, it matters not,
According to the chances of your future lot.'
A test of friendship bravely, nobly borne;
But though the theme be much less trite and worn,
It argues as hard—I own not quite—
To take with grace, as to bestow aright,
Favours like this; which try mind metal more
Than shielding life with life amid the battle's roar.

One was profuse of thanks; yet you might see
He bit his lip half-peevishly,
And to his cheeks the chafed and feverish blood
Sent fitfully its tell-tale flood.

The other said, 'God bless thee!' fervently;
'God knows, I would have done the same for thee.'

And several signs stood out in strong relief
To mark the twain; but, to be brief,
The one a slave, in struggling to escape,
Broke up his household gods of every shape,
To melt them—in his heart—into one figure rude
Of monstrous mien, which he called Gratitude:
Until, self-tortured by his hideous guest,
Day brought no peace, and night no rest!
The other one walked upright as when he
First knew his friend in all equality.
There was no servile crouching; no revoke
Of differing thoughts he once had freely spoke
(For e'en as discords harmony may make,
So kindred minds some different views may take).
The only chain the gold 'twixt them had wrought,
Drew them more near, and dearer friendship brought.
'God knows, I would have done the same for thee!
'I know he would have done as much for me!'
Was felt—not said—by each respectively.
An unsung music to themselves most dear,
As one may silent read a page, not hear.

The writhing slave knew nought of such sweet peace;
His visits shorten, and at last they cease.
As for the lender, if his thoughts be told,
He mourns to lose a friend, and not his gold.
Unto the other once he said, 'Your words are true.
You've tested me; but I have tested you!
It pains my heart to know he could not comprehend
The rights and pleasures of a faithful friend.'

'It chances,' said the third, 'that you and I
Do understand each other perfectly.
But frankly tell me, do not you opine
That, out of every hundred, ninety-nine
Of poor mankind do not know how
Either to accept a favour, or a boon bestowed?
No matter what on Friendship's shrine the oblation,
They shrink in horror from an obligation!
So little are the ties of brotherhood
Between earth's children understood;
So few who seem such thoughts to understand,
That I could count, upon the fingers of one hand,
With whom I know such bonds might be,
And give or take all equally,
Without disturbance of our self-respect,
Or some regret the curious might detect.'

'Tis very sad!' the first one sighing cried;
'God's gifts we most unequally divide,
How shall we teach our human brotherhood?'

'Trust God! and trust the might of doing good.'
The other answered. 'There's a dawn draws near
(May eyes grow stronger ere the noon appear,
For some I know that not e'en now can bear
Truth's struggling beams that pierce this murky air!)
Why, 'tis a wholesome sign, you will aver,
'That even you and I can thus confer!'

RISE OF THE MULGRAVE FAMILY.

The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1508, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1633, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a vessel with everything necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1657, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of £200,000. Of this sum he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time, diving-bells have been very often employed.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, No. 1119.

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FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS AT SMYRNA.*

It must be almost impossible for those who have never had an opportunity of visiting eastern countries, or experiencing a greater degree of summer heat than our own temperate climate can produce, to form any idea of the marvellous brilliancy of those striking landscapes when the noonday sun is pouring down his full splendour upon them. It is but seldom, indeed, that persons habitually resident in those regions ever witness such a sight. There are few admirers of nature sufficiently enthusiastic to brave a *coup de soleil*, or a brain fever, one or other of which fatal consequences are too often the result of incautious exposure. Yet although it was on one of the most sultry days in the month of May that we landed at Smyrna, I think any one would have risked a good deal to have witnessed the scene which gradually opened upon us as we approached that interesting spot. Sky, earth, and sea, all were bathed in one flood of light; and the full blaze of an unclouded sun at once illuminated and embellished the beautiful Asiatic shore and the picturesque city which lay before us. Only one dark spot, which even that flaming orb could not brighten, gave effect to the landscape; and this was the grove of sombre cypress-trees which, spreading over the side of the hill almost to the sea-shore, marked out the Moslem cemetery. There are few, if any, of the eastern cities more deeply interesting than Smyrna; the very name must at once suggest its principal claim for a more than ordinary share of attention; and in fact it is only in reference to it, as one of the seven churches of Asia, that the more prominent features of its present condition become so remarkable. From its central position, as well as from its commercial influence, it is the resort of persons of every country and denomination, besides being the resting-place of travellers to many different quarters; and, in consequence of this, I believe there is no place where so many different religions are not only tolerated, but firmly established and flourishing, in perfect harmony with each other. Mohammedanism is of course the religion of the country, but its various sects are here more than usually distinct. Judaism greatly prevails—the Hebrew population being numerous, and the members of the Armenian church scarcely less so. Then there is the Gueber, or fire-worshipper, whose adoration of the sun is at least less astonishing here than it would be in England: the Greek; the Roman Catholic; the Nestorian; and many others, which I have neither time nor space to enumerate; besides a considerable number

* We are indebted for this paper to the same lady who lately graced our pages with descriptions of the Slave Market of Constantinople and the Harem of Ebroden Pacha.

of Protestants from all parts of the globe. There are several European families which have become naturalised at Smyrna; and notwithstanding the lapse of a generation or so, they cling with the greatest tenacity to the manners and customs of their countries, and in many instances have preserved the purity of their faith, both in doctrine and ritual, far more perfectly than it now exists in the lands whence they brought it. Besides all this, Smyrna is, as it were, the focus of the numerous branches of missionary societies in the East, and it is consequently inhabited by a vast number of Americans. It was my favourite plan, that we should endeavour to visit all the places of worship to which we could gain access in the city; but we were on our way to the Black Sea, and the steamer only remained four-and-twenty hours at Smyrna, which was undoubtedly too short a stay for so interesting a place, and rendered my project scarcely feasible.

We had scarcely anchored, when the fact that we had passed, within the last twelve hours, from one quarter of the globe to another, was brought with full conviction on our minds by the arrival of sundry most Asiatic-looking figures, whose manners and appearance afforded a striking contrast to the Greeks of the classical island of Scio, which was the last place we had touched at. Although nothing could be more picturesque than these fine-looking, majestic men, with their black eyes, long beards, and dark olive complexions, they were merely 'valets de place' come to offer their services; and it seemed very strange to hear them, in their flowing garments and heavy turbans, talking French, English, and Italian with the greatest ease. The process of going on shore appeared to us one of considerable difficulty; for the only means of transporting ourselves and our luggage was in boats, so extremely small and narrow, that we fancied the weight of one person would be sufficient to capsize them; but as there was no alternative, we consented to embark in a slender little caique, which, though it danced on the waves as if it had been made of India-rubber, certainly brought us safely to land. We had so many friends and near connexions in Smyrna, that we scarcely felt ourselves in a strange country, as we walked, accompanied by them, to the house of Madame W—, whose kind hospitality was to save us from the miseries of a night in a *soi-disant* European hotel. The streets, as in all eastern towns, were dirty, dark, and narrow; but we were too much delighted with the endless variety of costume, to think either of the rough stones, or of the heat of the sun, from which we were only partially protected by the projecting balconies and canopied stalls. We passed along the whole length of the 'Street of Roses,' scarcely finding time to ask to what nation each fantastic figure belonged. There was the Armenian, with his narrow, straight robe, and his black head

dress, which I can only describe as an enormous square cushion; the dervish, with his blue mantle and high conical cap; the Cossack, with a perfect mountain of fur on his head; and numbers of women, with their white or black veils and huge brown cloaks.

The house of Madame W——, to which we were going, was in the Quartier Franc, and, like most other good houses in that part of the town, was surrounded by a large court filled with trees, the entrance to which was by a stone passage, so long and wide, that we fancied ourselves still in the street, until the ponderous gate was closed behind us. We were not sorry to remain quietly under shelter for several hours, till the heat had abated; but as soon as the streets were somewhat in shade, we set out to walk to the Bridge of the Caravans, which is the fashionable evening promenade in Smyrna. To reach this spot, we had to traverse almost the whole town, in fact but a continuance of ill-paved streets. It is the custom of the Smyrniote ladies (rather a singular one, according to our ideas) to pass the evening in the open air, at the doors of their houses. Amongst the higher classes, they even have their vestibules arranged for this purpose, with ottomans, cushions at no allowance, and tables loaded with sweetmeats and all sorts of 'fricandises'; and really they looked so charming, as they reclined in graceful attitudes, laughing and talking together, in their little red and gold caps, short velvet jackets, and silk petticoats, that we were quite disposed to approve of a practice which thus enabled us to judge of the far-famed beauty of the Smyrniote women; and I must own that, except in the island of Naxos, which I think unrivalled on this score, I have never seen a greater collection of lovely faces. We could not, however, pay them all the attention they deserved, from the very evident necessity of taking care of ourselves in the narrow streets; for the Turks treated us with indifference; and I think they would really have walked over us quite coolly, rather than give themselves the trouble of making way. We had especially to keep clear of all the magnificent Osmans and Mustaphas who came jogging towards us, mounted on little miserable donkeys, and looking most pompously ridiculous with their solemn faces and ponderous turbans, whose weight alone would have seemed sufficient to have overpowered the wretched animals they rode on. The change was delightful when we emerged from the stifling atmosphere of the town into the lanes which led through green vineyards, and beneath the pleasant shade of mulberry-trees to the bridge; nor did we find the walk too long, though the distance is considerable from the Quartier Franc.

This much-vaunted bridge derives its name from the number of caravans that hourly pass over it on their way to the interior of the country, and is remarkable only from the extreme beauty of its position. It is high, long, and narrow, stretching over a clear and rapid stream, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent old trees. At a short distance rises a green and vine-clad hill, whose summit is crowned by a ruined castle, which, though picturesque, is of no great antiquity or interest. On the one side of the river—the refreshing murmur of whose waters has, in this sultry land, a charm we never could imagine elsewhere—numberless little establishments have been erected, where coffee, pipes, ices, &c. are provided for the promenaders, and chairs are placed under the trees, that they may sit luxuriously in the shade, and partake of these refreshments; and here does the whole fashionable world of Smyrna congregate every evening, to walk and talk, to see and be seen. On the other side of this nar-

row stream, but a few yards distant, silent, desolate, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness, lies a vast Turkish burial-ground, extending much farther than the eye can reach, and possessing, in the highest degree, the picturesque beauty for which those cemeteries have always been celebrated. It was impossible for the most unimaginative mind not to be struck with this singular sight: that little sparkling river, dancing on its way with, on the one hand, life busy, gay, and frivolous; and, on the other, death in its most solemn gloom and stillness! We determined to visit both; but we chose first to inspect the portion devoted to the living; and certainly it presented life under a novel aspect. Everything that retained the true 'soupleur locale' was delightful, especially the portly Mussulmans, seated in a circle on their rich carpets, smoking gravely, and emitting a short sentence once in half an hour. But amidst the crowds from every nation that surrounded us, there were not a few who laid claim to being thoroughly Europeanised; having, in their own opinion, arrived at this happy consummation by caricaturing outrageously the Parisian fashions of the last season—just as they are apt to do in provincial towns at home; though nowhere could the glaring mixture of colours, and the indescribable hats and feathers, have looked so absurd as when contrasted with the native costume, and surrounded by that truly Oriental scenery. We were watching a group of Turks who were supping together—each one partaking in turn of a greasy ball of rice, which was administered to him by the head of the party, whose green turban distinguished him as a descendant of the prophet—when an exclamation from one of our companions attracted our attention to a caravan that was crossing the bridge. The procession was headed by a little, sober-looking donkey, unburdened, and without saddle or bridle, which led the way with great sagacity; and notwithstanding his humble appearance, we were assured that, without his assistance, the drivers would have found it impossible to have induced the camels to proceed. Next came a long and almost interminable line of those huge animals, walking in single file with that slow undulating movement which is so peculiar to their species: they were heavily loaded, and each one was mounted by his master, who guided him merely by the voice. The long train, with its gay eastern dresses, had an admirable effect as it wound under the trees and across the bridge: it was altogether in perfect keeping with the landscape. We watched them till the last camel, of which there were some fifteen or twenty, had disappeared, and then we also crossed the bridge, in order to explore the cemetery.

The distance was but short which separated the haunts of the living from the dwelling of the dead; yet scarcely had we penetrated a few steps into those thick shades, when we found ourselves shut out completely from all sight or sound that told of human life, and in the very midst of that most awful of all desolation—a solitude peopled with the ashes of those who were and are not! Around us, on every side, dark and silent, rose an interminable forest of gigantic cypress-trees, so closely grouped, that even the light of day could scarcely penetrate amongst them, and spreading on and on in unbroken gloom, till the eye became bewildered in attempting to limit their empire; and beneath, yet more interminable, yet more sad and silent, lay the forest of tombs, each cold white stone strangely distinct in the surrounding darkness, and yet so innumerable, so thickly strewn upon the earth, that a chill struck on the heart at the thought of how immense was this population of the dead. There was not a sound: for the summer breeze, passing through the unbending branches of the cypresses, drew no murmur from those mournful trees, and the slanting rays of the setting sun, as they shot at intervals across the graves, made the turbaned monuments look, in the faint glimmering light, like the pale phantoms of the departed, each one watching over his own slumbering ashes. We sat down among the tombs to wait the termination of sunset,

whose influence we felt in the deepening shadows round us; though it was rarely that we caught a glimpse of that fading glory, or of the softer light of the rising moon, whose silver crescent, appearing among the trees, amply compensated for the entire absence of twilight. Monsieur V—— read to us the inscription on one of the graves near us, whose highly-gilt monument and painted turban seemed to indicate that the dust it contained had once been honoured of men. It stated that this son of the faithful had, throughout a long life, so perseveringly performed all the outward acts of devotion in which the religion of the Moslem consists, that he was most assuredly wandering even now with the dark-eyed hours by the shores of that lake where lie the sparkling bowls filled with the water of immortality. To me, in that vast abode of the dead, which in its deep stillness seemed so far removed from the hopes and fears of human life, it was quite painful to be recalled by this pompous panegyric to the gross and lowering ideas with which the Mohammedans have clothed even the heaven of their dreams; for their creed does not allow the soul to disengage itself from the trammels of the flesh, even in their hope of an immortality beyond the grave. It is a very characteristic trait of this people, the care with which a little basin is scooped out on the stone of every grave, to catch the rain-water, that the birds may come and drink; thus carrying out their principle of universal charity even after death. We left the cemetery as soon as it was dark, passing once more through the merry groups who were proceeding homewards, each one carrying his little paper lantern to light his steps as he went along.

Before six o'clock the next morning we were all astir, anxious to accomplish what we could in the short time allotted to us. We proceeded first to the bazaars, in search of some of the beautiful Smyrniote embroidery, which is nowhere else to be found. These bazaars are as spacious as they are interminable, and their shops displayed the produce of every part of the globe. We entered into several of them, finding each furnished with its Persian carpets, and comfortable cushions placed round the wall, where we were invited to sit and drink coffee as long as we chose. But the most interesting sight, where everything was now and picturesque, were the traders who had come from the interior of the country, and who, with their singular dresses, wild gestures, and strange dialect, attracted much of our attention as they stood in groups round the seats of the money-changers, or at the stall of the public weigher—his balance and weights being in constant requisition for the grains and spices which formed the principal part of their merchandise.

I was very anxious to gain admittance into a mosque, which is as difficult in Smyrna as it is easy in Constantinople; and accordingly proceeded to one of the largest, in hopes of being able to effect an entrance with the help of Monsieur V——. Numbers of Turks were collected on the wide steps which lead to the three principal doors, and round the fountains, where they performed their ablutions before daring to enter within the sacred precincts. As soon as we had passed the railing which enclosed the outer court, they hurried towards us, with the evident intention of opposing our further progress. Monsieur V—— addressed them in Turkish; and for some time his utmost eloquence was only met by the most angry refusals; at last, however, they consented, with very sly looks, to admit us, provided we would take off our shoes; nor would they even allow us to substitute slippers, as is the custom at Constantinople. None of the party were disposed to undergo the penance of walking in this manner up the stone stairs excepting myself; and I therefore entered alone, but not until each of the Turks had separately knelt down to ascertain that I really had, in all sincerity, complied with their request. The mosque was extremely large, divided into three compartments, the centre of which was the most sacred, and separated from the others by a few low steps. At the east end, much in the same position as

the altar in Christian churches, was a representation of the tomb of the prophet, and near to it was a sort of pulpit, from which a portion of the Koran was read every day. From the vast dome-shaped roof hung a long rope, supporting innumerable little glass lamps, and various strange-looking ornaments—such as ostriches' eggs, hooters' tails, &c.; and in the centre were inscribed the seven names of God in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, forming a large circle of gilt letters. The floor was entirely covered with those beautiful little carpets of which even one is considered a treasure elsewhere. A few early worshippers were scattered here and there, bowed towards Mecca, with their foreheads touching the ground; and, difficult as it is to attract the attention of a Turk when engaged in his devotion, my entrance roused them all. They stared at me for a moment in utter amazement, and then simultaneously starting from their knees, crowded round me, vociferating and even throwing themselves on the ground, to ascertain if I had not already desecrated their sanctuary by walking as though on common ground. The mullah, through whose influence I had been admitted, came to my assistance, and showed them that I had left my shoes outside, upon which they returned to their places, though with looks of great discontent. I was standing near the principal door, which was wide open, and so large, as to afford a view of the interior of the mosque from the street; at that moment a Frenchman, who was on board of the same steamer with ourselves, happening to pass by, saw me there, and imagined that any one might enter at will. He therefore came up the stairs, and had advanced to the door, when he was observed by a man, apparently belonging to the mosque, who was sweeping the carpets. I suppose he was already exasperated at my presence; but he had scarcely perceived this new intruder, than he uttered a bowl of rage, and seizing a pole which stood near, he ran at him with it in the most ferocious manner. The attack was so sudden and so determined, that the poor Frenchman had no time to collect his ideas; he ejaculated one faint 'Miséricorde!' then tumbled head-foremost down the stairs, and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust. I soon after made my exit also, but in a quieter manner, and we then turned our steps in the direction of the Jewish synagogue, which, to my great delight, Monsieur V—— had promised I should visit, as he was well acquainted with one of the rabbins.

The synagogue is in a crowded part of the town, and so hemmed in by houses, that it is not easy to distinguish its outward form; and the more so, as it is surrounded by a high wall. We were admitted at a side door, where we waited a few minutes till Monsieur V—— returned with the Rabbi Michaël. I do not think I ever saw a more pleasant-looking person. He wore a high black cap, with a loose robe and inner garment of striped silk; his hair, unlike the generality of Jews, was quite fair, and combed back from a broad open forehead; and his long beard did not at all detract from his youthful appearance. His manner was full of quiet dignity, though perfectly unassuming, and his voice was peculiarly sweet and low-toned. He conducted us up the stairs, and, unlocking the door, admitted us into the synagogue, with which, to say the truth, I was much disappointed, though it was totally unlike any other place of worship I had ever seen. It was a large square room, lighted by narrow windows, and surrounded by seats made of plain new wood; for it had only been recently built, the former building having been destroyed in a late conflagration. In the centre was a small platform, raised a few steps, and enclosed by a high close railing, hung with thick curtains of crimson silk. These the rabbin drew back, and we saw a small table, with a covering also of silk, embroidered with gold, on which were laid the books of the Pentateuch, and various parchments inscribed with Hebrew characters. At the upper end of the room an ample curtain concealed some object, apparently too sacred to be exposed to view; and the rabbin looked so uneasy when we

approached it, that we could not venture even to inquire what it was. He showed us the garments of the high priest, which were kept in a large iron chest, and which were both magnificent and curious. There was the linen ephod, the embroidered robe, the breast-plate, and the girdle—the two latter were engraved with the sacred words. We had not time to examine many minor details in the arrangement of the synagogue, but it was altogether less interesting than I expected. The rabbin invited us most earnestly to go and rest a few minutes in his abode; and Monsieur V— persuaded us to agree to his request, as he said his house was one of the most beautiful in Smyrna, and well worth seeing. We had merely to cross the street to reach the door, and, after ascending a wide stone staircase, we entered into a large hall paved with marble, and abundantly furnished with ottomans and carpets. The upper end of the room was entirely occupied by three immense windows cut down to the ground, and opening on a flight of white marble steps, which led down into one of the loveliest little gardens imaginable: the light was almost obscured by the clustering vines and thick rose-bushes; and the fragrance of these and other plants, the cool shade which they produced, and, above all, the refreshing murmur of the fountains, certainly rendered this a most charming abode. The rabbin's wife, who came in with refreshments, was a most suitable inhabitant for such a dwelling, for she was really a beautiful woman, with all the distinguishing features of the Jewish race. Though less dignified than her husband, she seemed gentle and amiable, and her dress was particularly becoming—the bright green handkerchief which bound her forehead showing off to great advantage her clear black eyes and dark complexion. We remained with them for some time, and after seeing the interior of this family, we no longer wondered at the high respect in which the Jews are held in Smyrna. We left them at last, to pay a visit which, for me at least, had no small attractions.

I had received a letter written in Arabic, of which I was anxious to procure a translation, and Monsieur V— found, after many inquiries, that there was but a single person in Smyrna to whom I could apply for one with any chance of success. This was a venerable dervish, famed for his sanctity and learning, who was universally resorted to for advice, and whose wisdom and knowledge were supposed never to be at fault. There is a very attractive degree of mystery connected with the sect of dervishes: their origin, and the exact nature of their peculiar tenets, are not, as far as I could learn, precisely known; but they are everywhere held in high estimation. The dancing and howling dervishes live together in monasteries, which are in many points similar to those in Roman Catholic countries; but the sage we were going to visit did not belong to either of those orders, and therefore lived quite alone. Monsieur V— thought it highly improbable that he would consent to receive the visit of a lady—an event which certainly never could have occurred in his life before; but as my anxiety was principally to obtain a translation of my letter, I was quite willing to wait till this should be accomplished. We soon reached the place, a small solitary house on the outskirts of the town, and my companion went up the narrow stair, and disappeared, leaving me, too happy to escape from the burning sun, under the cool matting that sheltered the terrace. In a few minutes he came back, laughing heartily, and told me that the old dervish was in the highest state of excitement at the idea of being visited by a European lady, and that he would willingly translate my letter, if I would only come in and let him see me. Two negro slaves held up the curtain which hung before the door, and I entered the 'sanctum' of the wise man. It was a room of moderate size, with a large recess at one end, three sides of which were of glass. Several steps, covered with a splendid Persian carpet, raised this part of the room above the rest, and it was almost filled by a high

divan, on which the dervish was seated in great state. He wore the conical cap and flowing robes of his sect; and really his long beard, streaming down to his waist, and his solemn countenance, impressed me with a very sufficient idea of his vast wisdom. A large box stood beside him, filled with curious old parchments; and the divan, as well as the platform beneath, was strewed with books of all kinds. In the lower part of the room there were a number of astronomical instruments, and various extraordinary-looking machines, of which I could not even divine the use. The only other inhabitant of the room was a younger dervish, who, though seated on the same ottoman, evidently felt much awed in the presence of his superior, and sat stroking his beard in silence. The sage decidedly thought it beneath his dignity to exhibit any astonishment at my appearance, and he returned my salutations in a most majestic manner; though I was much amused at the sly glance he fixed on me when he thought I did not observe him. A chair was placed for me in the outer part of the room, as he could not allow the infidel to approach nearer to him, or even to ascend the steps which led to his seat. After the usual complimentary speeches, coffee was brought, which I was forced to swallow, much against my will, as it was without sugar, and excessively thick. He then took out his writing materials, which he wore, according to the eastern custom, in his belt, and received my letter from the younger dervish, to whom it had been transmitted by Monsieur V—, with all due formality. He read it, then solemnly bowed to me, as an indication that he understood it; he next proceeded to take a small sheet of paper, which he laid on the palm of his hand, and began to write, using a pen made of a reed. It seemed to me impossible to form a single letter in this position; but in the course of a few minutes he presented me with a translation of the manuscript in Persian, Syriac, and Turkish, and the writing of each separate character was a perfect model. This was all I required, as it was easy to obtain a translation from the Turkish. But the good dervish seemed to think I ought now to make myself agreeable to him, and he commenced a conversation through the medium of Monsieur V—, who acted as interpreter. First he asked me questions innumerable about myself, my family, and my whole history past and present. Having then ascertained that I belonged to that very distant and barbarous island of Great Britain, he composedly begged that I would give him a distinct account of the government, laws, religion, and institutions of that country, with which, he assured me, he was wholly unacquainted. My companion laughed outright at my look of despair at this exorbitant demand; and as we could distinguish from the windows the steamer which was to carry me away with its chimney already smoking, he pointed it out to the dervish as a reason for terminating our visit immediately. He seemed very reluctant to let me go; but I at last rose, and having made him a flowery speech, which he heard most graciously, I prepared to go out. He then turned with considerable energy to Monsieur V—, and asked him to bid me stop one moment. I complied, and extending one hand towards me, while he raised the other to heaven, he uttered, in the most impressive manner, what seemed to me to be a short prayer, as it commenced with the words, 'Allah il Allah!' The younger dervish and Monsieur V— listened to it with the greatest reverence; and when he had concluded, my friend translated it word for word to me. It was a blessing, solemn and fervent, which he had called down upon me; beginning with saying that, infidel as I was, he prayed of Allah to hear him in my behalf, and, with the beautifully figurative language of the East, asking that my voyage through life to the eternal shore might be brightened with sunshine as gay as that which now smiled on my journey to my native land; and, above all, that the most secret wish of my soul might be gratified. The solemn manner in which this prayer was uttered by the good old man

made no small impression on me, and I was not sorry to carry such a blessing away with me, when, a few hours after, we left Smyrna with a calm sea and a fair wind on our way to the Dardanelles.

MIRANDA HURTADO, OR THE DISCOVERY OF PARAGUAY.*

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

On the first day of January 1516, Juan de Solis sailed up a river which he called January River, now Rio Janciro; thence he journeyed south many miles, and discovered the mouth of the Rio de La Plata, on whose shores he was killed, and barbarously devoured. Unalarmed by his tragic fate, Sebastian Cabot, in 1526, with several ships, continued the discovery of the country; and, after journeying up and down the waters of that vast land, which extends from Brazil to Peru, erected in the interior a fort, on the river Zacarana, or Terceiro, which was known as Cabot's Tower. After some time, this famous admiral, who had previously discovered Newfoundland for the English, departed for Spain in search of succour, leaving Nunez de Lara, with a hundred and twenty-six men, in command of the fort, known both by the name we have just given, and as Spirituo Santo Fort.

Nunez de Lara no sooner found himself alone with his men in the centre of a wild and unknown country, than he began to take such precautionary measures as he thought necessary for his protection. The situation of the fort was admirably adapted for defence against the aborigines, who had as yet no other arms than those which their own ingenuity had enabled them to devise, and which were amply sufficient both for defence and aggression amongst the various nations which occasionally met in arms one against the other on the plains of the Parana and Paraguay. Their numbers, however, were great, which made the hill on which the tower was built of no small value, while the stockade which surrounded all the various buildings was no less welcome. At the foot of the slope was a small plain, stretching out for a mile before it mingled with the forest, while between the fort and the river, which the Indians called Zacarana, and the Spaniards Terceiro, lay a marshy expanse, thickly overgrown with canebroke and brush. Thus fortified, and surrounded by brave men, to say nothing of a small battery of cannon, Nunez de Lara might readily have been excused had he considered himself impregnable; but the valiant and yet careful old Spanish soldier was not yet satisfied. Amongst his people were five European women, and several children; one of the former being Lucia Miranda, the young and beautiful wife of Sebastian Hurtado, his lieutenant, and devoted friend and adherent. This lovely Andalusian had left her native town, where she was the reigning belle, and the just pride of her family, to follow the uncertain fortunes of her husband, who, smitten as many others were with the love of discovery, and the hope of falling in with mines of silver and gold—which Paraguay and its neighbourhood was mistakingly said to abound in—had embarked his whole wealth in the adventure of Sebastian Cabot. Thus was the new world peopled, posterity reaping the benefit, which was in general denied the pioneers of civilisation, simply because they expected too much, and threw away the solid advantages which lay at their feet, to follow chimeras, the fault of many in less remote times.

When Nunez de Lara gazed upon the beautiful and happy Miranda—happy in the affection of a noble and gallant husband—his heart misgave him often that the trust which had been imposed upon him was by far too serious, and that greater precautions than had already

* The following narrative is true in every detail, if we are to credit the histories of Paraguay. The Hurtados are still well known in Buenos Ayres as merchants, and relate to the traveller with pride this record of their ancestors.

suggested themselves to him were necessary. After some thought, he came to the decision of making a friendly alliance with a great and powerful cacique in the neighbourhood. Accordingly an embassy was sent, with much pomp and many presents, to Mangora, the chief alluded to who governed the vast and numerous tribe of the Timbuez. Mangora, flattered by the liberal donations sent him, and the attention paid him by the Spanish governor, reciprocated his good wishes, and promised all that could be desired. Ruiz Moschera, who conducted this diplomatic mission with so much credit to himself: and advantage to the station, returned, after four days' absence, with the above gratifying intelligence; to which he added, that Mangora would the next day himself pay his return visit to the excellent General Nunez de Lara. The worthy old soldier, delighted at the success of his enterprise, determined to receive the Paraguayan king with becoming solemnity and majesty. The cannon were loaded; and, early on the auspicious morning, the whole garrison assembled under arms, dressed in the very last stylo which, at their departure, had been in vogue in Spain. It is true the cloth was somewhat faded, and the worse for wear, while many imperfections were, to Lara's great grief, visible in the other appointments of his soldiery; but to a savage, uninformed eye, the aspect of things was magnificent, and Lara could sufficiently read this in the cacique's wondering gaze. Nor had the Timbuez been at all wanting in adornment. Many a streak of paint had been added to their ordinary embellishments; while their heads, plucked of hair, except where the centre tuft stood erect, their bodies pricked by flints, their varied colours, their ornaments of shells tinkling round their belts, their ears and lips adorned with stones, their eyebrows eradicated—all gave them a warlike, though not very amiable appearance. A grand banquet had been prepared in the principal apartment of the fort, at one end of which presided Lara, at the other Miranda. Despite the novelty of all they saw, not a sound escaped the Indians until they discovered the beautiful Andalusian, and then a universal exclamation brought the rich blood mantling to the cheek of the wife of Hurtado. The Timbuez had never beheld anything equal to this lovely apparition; for Lucia had added to her native charms all those which her sex know so well how to draw from a careful and exquisite toilet.

The banquet proceeded, while on both sides the Spaniards and Timbuez vied with each other in mutual acts of courtesy. The Indians, accustomed to their own simple food and utensils, were surprised even at the scanty show which was made by these hardy exiles; while the various arms exhibited by them excited their wonder and envy, their own being simply the bow and arrow, and a fish-bone dagger, called macana. At length, however, the feast concluded, when Mangora dismissed his warriors, and signified his intention of passing a few days with his new friends. Lara, delighted at the confidence exhibited by the Timbuez chieftain, had him conducted to a chamber, where he passed the night, his followers returning to their camp in the fastnesses of the Tucuman hills. The next day Nunez de Lara, devoted to a foraging expedition, on which duty he took the greater portion of his troops, leaving Mangora to the charge of a dozen men and the fair ladies of the garrison. To this arrangement the Indian appeared nothing loath, showing in every possible way his increasing admiration for the grace and beauty of Miranda. At length, after the last evening meal, when the tenants of the fort were all engaged in watching for the return of the foragers, Mangora found himself alone with the wife of Hurtado. His usually calm aspect changed at once; and rising from a couch of skins which had been provided for him, he approached Miranda, and in the few broken words of Spanish, which had rapidly spread amongst the natives, aided by signs, declared his true reason for remaining behind to be love for her. The wily chief painted in glowing colours his lofty position, and intimated his desire to make Lucia his queen.

The alarmed wife, who saw how earnest was the passion of this untutored savage, and how dreadful might be its consequences to her and all she loved, strove to laugh off his protestations; and at length, finding his brow darkening and his black eye kindling under the influence of disappointment, boldly resolved to smother the Timbuez's hopes, by stating how dear she cherished her husband, and how hateful were the propositions of the Indian. Mangora, who understood not the influence of a lie, which is one of the greatest boasts of civilisation, and which outweighs all the fancied advantages of savage life, chiefly chimerical and visionary,* remained alone. His features were inflamed by rage and fury; which feelings, however, gradually gave way to those of satisfaction, as he dwelt intently upon hopes which he had evidently not stilled. By the time Sebastian Hurtado returned with Lara, he had entirely eradicated from his countenance all trace of anger, and it was with a clear and open brow that he invited the husband to pay him a visit, with his wife, in his village on the slope of the Tucuman. Sebastian could not refuse an offer made so gracefully, and it was at once accepted; and not many minutes after, he related the arrangement, with a smile, to his spouse. Miranda turned pale, and at once seeing through the policy of the wily savage, unbosomed herself of the whole to Lara and her husband. Horrified at the suit, and filled with forebodings, Nunez, who blamed his own over-caution as in fault, would have at once seized upon the Timbuez, and kept him as a hostage for the good behaviour of his people. The council of officers, however, dissuaded the worthy general from so doing, and meanwhile Mangora departed.

For some months the king of Tucuman continued his attentions, though Miranda never showed herself, and Sebastian, under various pretences, deferred his promised visit. Mangora, however, appeared to have forgotten the very existence of the lovely Andalusian, as he never once alluded to her absence, and received the excuses of the husband in good part. In this manner a whole winter passed, when, towards the spring, provisions grew scarce. The Timbuez, who occasionally brought a supply, had not been seen for ten days, and famine threatened the camp. At this juncture Sebastian Hurtado, with Ruiz Moschera and fifty men, started on a hunting expedition up the river, as much in the hope of relieving the rest by their absence, as of bringing in fresh provender for those who remained behind. Game, however, being plenty at some distance, it was more than probable the journey might be attended with beneficial results. Nunez de Lara, therefore, saw his brave lieutenant and friend depart with satisfaction, which was further enhanced by the appearance, within a few hours, of Mangora, attended by thirty men loaded with eatables, and a large quantity of a native intoxicating drink. The king intimated that, hearing of the scarcity which prevailed among his brothers and allies, he had brought them sufficient to keep famine from the tower of Cabot until the return of the foraging expedition. Lara, delighted at so timely a succour, thanked the monarch of Tucuman warmly, and invited him to a banquet, of which his own presents formed the principal ingredients. Mangora and his followers accepted so agreeable an offer with alacrity, and at dusk the feast commenced. Carried away by such unusual good cheer, and deprived of reason by the deep draughts they quaffed of native wine, the Spaniards prolonged their sitting until midnight, when Mangora gave a signal for which his warriors had long been waiting. Up rose the Timbuez, and dashing lighted torches amid the wooden tenements, fell upon their entertainers, while thousands of savages, concealed in the marsh, burst upon the de-

voted garrison. The Spaniards, encouraged by the gallant Nunez de Lara, drew and defended themselves with a desperate valour, which drove their assailants to the very stockades. But hundreds of fresh savages poured in, and the whites began to diminish rapidly in numbers. When the confusion was at its height—when the whole fort was in flames, that rose crackling and with clouds of dense smoke to the skies—when nought was heard but the groans and anguish of the dying, mingled with the shouts of victory and the cries of the vanquished—Mangora rushed from the inner tower, bearing in his arms his prize—the lovely Miranda. Lara now stood alone, his faithful soldiers being all dead around him, and he himself pierced with innumerable wounds. At the sight of the triumphant chief, whose savage passions had caused all the scene of desolation around, Nunez felt his whole vigour revive, and, dashing furiously towards the king, with one well-aimed blow he stretched Mangora a corpse at his feet. The next instant he lay beside him.

The victorious Timbuez, wailing over the loss of their king, slain in the very act of gaining the prize for which he had sacrificed so much, now took their departure, bearing with them into captivity Miranda and the other women. In half an hour silence and desolation reigned without dispute over the smouldering ruins of the fort, until soon the sneaking wolf and turkey buzzard, the scavengers of America, came for their horrid feast. Flying in circles round the spot, carefully to reconnoitre, the latter made no effort to pounce upon their prey, but gradually settled down in heavy groups upon the boughs of neighbouring trees. It was evident there was still life upon the plain, and that the instinct of the buzzard warned it its time was not yet come. One solitary, being of all those so gay and joyful on the previous night remained alive—the gallant, brave, and devoted Nunez de Lara. He was dying, it was true; but such is the dread of all the lesser creation for man, that not a fowl of the air, nor a beast of the field, dared venture too close to the scene of the late conflict. Lara had raised himself against the remains of a wood-pile, his face being turned towards the river, where, on the previous day, the flotilla of Hurtado had disappeared. As the old man hoped, towards the afternoon Sebastian, who afar off had discovered the smoke of the conflagration, returned with his men, and stood pale and trembling beside his chief.

'My wife!' cried the young soldier, gazing in horror on the terrible consequences of man's bad passions that lay around.

'Is alive,' replied the dying Lara. 'Mangora—'
'In his hands?' shrieked Sebastian Hurtado; 'better were she dead.'

Lara was unable to reply for some minutes; and then, with much difficulty, he succeeded in giving a detailed account of all that had passed. The husband, whose grief was excessive, was somewhat relieved in his mind when he heard that the ravisher had lost his life in the very moment of victory; and, previous to working for Miranda's deliverance, devoted himself to his dying friend, while Ruiz Moschera attended to the repairs which the fort demanded. Before night, the spirit of the old soldier departed, and he was buried upon a spot still known as Lara's grave. The husband then summoned all the survivors, and appointing Ruiz his lieutenant, departed alone in search of his wife, after leaving strict orders with his men to intrench themselves still more securely, lest the ruthless enemy should once more surprise them. He went away amid the tears and intreaties of all, who would have vainly dissuaded him from his solitary and perilous adventure. The difficulties which Hurtado encountered, both in tracking the retreating foe, and in finding the food which sustained him on his enterprise, would require many pages to detail; it must suffice to say, that at the end of eleven days he came in sight of the Timbuez village, on the slope of the Tucuman hills. Foot-sore and weary, the anxious husband gazed

* The writer cannot but feel that any advance towards civilisation in savages is so much gained. His personal experience never made him aware of anything in uncivilised life which counterbalances the ignorance and brutality which mainly attend it. His opinion is the same as that expressed by the editors, No. 329, old series, in a note on the pretty tale of Courang.

curiously on the place which served as the prison to the wife he so dearly loved. The village was extensive, being composed of a series of vast sheds, beneath which dwelt entire clans—the whole being surrounded by a rampart of furze. Sebastian, who looked on from a neighbouring wood, had scarcely concluded his survey, when he observed one leave the habitations; at the sight of whom his heart leaped, and all his hopes revived with tenfold vigour. It was Miranda, strolling leisurely across the plain which divided the town from the forest. To call her name, to rush to meet her, and to be clasped in one another's arms, was the work of a moment—a moment, however, of delicious happiness for both. After the first transport of joy was over, Sebastian drew his wife to the shade of the forest, and there, after seating her beside him on a fallen tree, addressed questions as to her adventures.

'Thank Heaven,' he said, 'Mangora is no more; his persecutions are not to be feared.'

'Alas! my husband,' replied Miranda faintly. 'I have worse. His brother Siripa, now king, is as hatefully pressing in his attentions as he was himself.'

The unfortunate wife then related to her grieving husband, that no sooner had Siripa, the reigning cacique, set eyes on her, than he had at once expressed a wish to make her his wife. In the words of the judicious Jesuit who, amongst others, narrates this singular history, 'The new cacique, at the sight of Miranda, conceived for her the same passion which had proved so fatal to his brother; he reserved her alone for himself from amid the little troop of captives, and had her at once set free. He, moreover, informed her that she was not to consider herself a slave, but might aspire to be queen of Tucuman; of course, he said, she could not hesitate between a poor and powerless husband and the chief of a great nation, who placed himself and all his people at her feet. Miranda had nothing to expect, in case of a refusal, but to pass her days in wretched and hopeless slavery. She hesitated not a moment, however, between duty and fear; she even gave Siripa such an answer as was most likely to irritate him, in the hope that his passion would change to fury, and that, by killing her at once, her honour might be known to all as without stain or tarnish. She was mistaken. Her refusal added strength to the passion of the savage monarch, and gave additional vivacity to his actions. The cacique hoped in the end to overcome the resistance of this noble-minded woman; and, in the meantime, treated her with an attention and even devotion of which such a barbarian was rarely thought capable.'

Such, in other words, was the extent of Miranda's information, which would doubtless have been extended, had the pair not both been suddenly startled from their dream of security by the presence of a dozen Timbuez, who surrounded them in silence, and carried them before Siripa. That potentate was seated on a species of throne. His brow was contracted; his whole mien betrayed the furious passions which were now uppermost in his bosom. The sight of Sebastian Hurtado, whose existence he vainly hoped alone stood between him and a union with Miranda, roused within him thoughts of the blackest kind, and, without hearing a word the young soldier had to say, he commanded him to be tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows. His followers proceeded to obey his orders. The unfortunate husband was fastened to the nearest trunk; the bows were ready strung for their murderous office, when Miranda rushed wildly to the monarch's feet, and with all the energy of a woman's affectionate nature, with many tears and many protestations, begged the life of him she loved. Siripa, at length moved to compassion, relented from his purpose, and commanded the Spaniard to be released and brought before him. Sebastian would have thanked him, but Siripa stayed his thanks with a savage sneer. 'White man, your life is granted you, but you lose your wife for ever. To-morrow you shall depart for the country of the Guaycuras Guazas, my cousin; and if, in the mean-

time, you attempt to speak one with the other, or are even seen in company, you both die.'

With these words he dismissed them, purposely, it is supposed, leaving them free, to induce them to break through his orders. He succeeded fully; for both Sebastian and Miranda were determined to attempt that very night an escape from the power of their oppressor. They accordingly hastily appointed a meeting, in the hut which was usually occupied by Lucia; and, as soon as darkness fell upon the whole scene, thither Sebastian crept, to arrange with his beloved their flight. It was decided to take place an hour before dawn, after which the anxious pair lay down to seek that rest both so much needed. But the wife of Siripa, moved by jealousy, had closely watched them; and hastening to the cacique, informed him that they were together. Furious at the news, the king himself came to arrest them, and, while still under the influence of passion, ordered their immediate execution. The fond pair resolved to die as they had lived—devoted and true. They, therefore, dismissing all hope from their minds, bent their thoughts on death. Sebastian attempted to console his lovely partner, but his voice failed him; and both sat on the threshold of their hut, gazing with glazed eye upon the preparations which were being made. It was dawn ere all were completed, and then they saw that the wife was to be burnt at the stake, while Sebastian was to be shot to the heart with arrows. Taking one long and last farewell embrace, the faithful couple were dragged apart, and led each to their appointed place, while Siripa looked on with gloomy brow and compressed lips. Not a sign of clemency did he give; indeed he had raised his hand as the fatal signal, when Luiz Moschera, at the head of his gallant Spaniards, and supported by a hundred Portuguese cavalry, commanded by Edward Perez, from Brazil, poured out from the wood, and attacking the Timbuez, put the whole to flight. Many lost their lives, and amongst the rest Siripa.

Thus were Sebastian Hurtado and Miranda rescued from the very jaws of death by the opportune arrival of succour—an event which the worthy Charlevoix treats as a special miracle performed by St Blaise, the patron of Paraguay. In a few hours the cavalcade returned towards Cabot's Tower, which they utterly destroyed, and then sailing down the river, established themselves in a safer position near the sea, where they founded Buenos Ayres. To this day there live, in this place, the descendants of Miranda Hurtado.

HORACE MANN'S EDUCATIONAL TOUR.

SOME of our readers may recollect an account of the Raube Haus of Hamburgh, which appeared in the Journal for 30th August last year. It was extracted from a report on education in Europe, written by Mr Horace Mann, the secretary of the Board of Education in the state of Massachusetts. We are glad to find that this remarkable document has now been reprinted for the British public, under the care of Dr Hodgson, principal of the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool.* It is the production of such a mind as, unfortunately, we see but rarely devoted to the subject of education; one expressing, we would say, the highest tone of moral and intellectual culture, and yet as careful respecting the practical details of its subject, as it is profoundly reflective on general aims and results.

The immediate object of Mr Mann in his tour was to describe teaching arrangements, and modes in use, in European countries, which he thought might be advantageously transferred to his own. His report is therefore mainly of a practical character, and calculated to be directly useful to teachers, and all who have any charge in educational institutions; for which reason we strongly recommend the present volume to their atten-

* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

tion. Yet such is the character of the author's mind, that the whole reads like a philosophical treatise.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with memoranda on the schools of Germany, which Mr Mann describes as superior to the character of the existing institutions of the country, but such a must soon force improvements in these, whether the governors choose or not. We cannot go into any comprehensive view of this subject; but the reader, we think, may obtain some idea of the interest which the author imparts to all his details, by the following account of the manner in which he found geography taught in a Prussian school. 'The teacher stood by the black board with the chalk in his hand. After casting his eye over the glass, to see that all were ready, he struck at the middle of the board. With a rapidity of hand which my eye could hardly follow, he made a series of those short, divergent lines, or shadings, employed by map-engravers to represent a chain of mountains. He had scarcely turned an angle, or shot off a spur, when the scholars began to cry out—Carpathian mountains, Hungary; Black Forest mountains, Wirtemberg; Giant's mountains (Riesen-Gebirge), Silesia; Metallic mountains (Erz-Gebirge), Pine mountains (Fichtel-Gebirge), Central mountains (Mittel-Gebirge), Bohemia, &c. &c.

In less than half a minute, the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow north-west into the German Ocean from those that flow north into the Baltic, and south-east into the Black Sea, was presented to view—executed almost as beautifully as an engraving. A dozen crinkling strokes, made in the twinkling of an eye, represented the head waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain sides, cried out—Danube, Elbe, Vistula, Oder, &c. The next moment I heard a succession of small strokes or taps, so rapid as to be almost indistinguishable; and hardly had my eye time to discern a large number of dots made along the margins of the rivers, when the shout of Lintz, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, &c. struck my ear. At this point in the exercise, the spot which had been occupied on the black board was nearly a circle, of which the starting point, or place where the teacher first began, was the centre; but now a few additional strokes around the circumference of the incipient continent extended the mountain ranges outwards towards the plains—the children responding the names of the countries in which they respectively lay. With a few more flourishes, the rivers flowed onwards towards their several terminations; and by another succession of dots, new cities sprang up along their banks. By this time the children had become as much excited as though they had been present at a world-making. They rose in their seats, they flung out both hands, their eyes kindled, and their voices became almost vociferous, as they cried out the names of the different places which, under the magic of the teacher's crayon, rose into view. Within ten minutes from the commencement of the lesson, there stood upon the black board a beautiful map of Germany, with its mountains, principal rivers, and cities, the coast of the German Ocean, of the Baltic and the Black Sea—and all so accurately proportioned, that I think only slight errors would have been found had it been subjected to the test of a scale of miles. A part of this time was taken up in correcting a few mistakes of the pupils, for the teacher's mind seemed to be in his ear as well as in his hand; and notwithstanding the astonishing celerity of his movements, he detected erroneous answers, and turned round to correct them. The rest of the recitation consisted in questions and answers respecting productions, climate, soil, animals, &c.

Many of the cosmogonists suppose that, after the creation of the world, and when its whole surface was as yet fluid, the solid continents rose gradually from beneath the sea. First the loftiest peaks of the Andes, for

instance, emerged from the deep, and as they reached a higher and a higher point of elevation, the rivers began to flow down their sides, until at last—the lofty mountains having attained their height, the mighty rivers their extent and volume, and the continent its amplitude—cultivation began, and cities and towns were built. The lesson I have described was a beautiful illustration of that idea—with one advantage over the original scene itself, that the spectator had no need of waiting through all the geological epochs to see the work completed.

'Compare the effect of such a lesson as this, both as to the amount of the knowledge communicated, and the vividness, and of course the permanence, of the ideas obtained, with a lesson where the scholars look out a few names of places on a lifeless atlas, but never send their imaginations abroad over the earth, and where the teacher sits listlessly down before them to interrogate them from a book, in which all the questions are printed at full length, to supersede on his part all necessity of knowledge.'

All this must be equally new and interesting to the greater portion of our public. So, we thoroughly believe, will be the following account of the general conduct and bearing of the Prussian teachers amongst their pupils. It is even, we would say, affecting to hear of the activity and self-devotion of these most useful ministers, paid as they generally are below the gains of many ordinary tradesmen. 'I have said that I saw no teacher sitting in his school. Aged or young, all stood. Nor did they stand apart and aloof in stilted dignity. They mingled with their pupils, passing rapidly from one side of the class to the other, animating, encouraging, sympathising, breathing life into less active natures, assuring the timid, distributing encouragement and endearment to all. The looks of the Prussian teacher often have the expression and vivacity of an actor in a play. He gesticulates like an orator; his body assumes all the attitudes, and his face puts on all the variety of expression, which a public speaker would do, if haranguing a large assembly on a topic vital to their interests.

'It may seem singular, and perhaps to some almost ludicrous, that a teacher, in expounding the first rudiments of handwriting, in teaching the difference between a hair-stroke and a ground-stroke, or how an *l* may be turned to a *b*, or a *z* into a *w*, should be able to work himself up into an oratorical fervour, should attitudinise, and gesticulate, and stride from one end of the class to the other, and appear in every way to be as intensely engaged as an advocate when arguing an important cause to a jury; but strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true; and before five minutes of such a lesson had elapsed, I have seen the children wrought up to an excitement proportionally intense, hanging upon the teacher's lips, catching every word he says, and evincing great elation or depression of spirits as they had or had not succeeded in following his instructions. So I have seen the same rhetorical vehemence on the part of the teacher, and the same interest and animation on the part of the pupils, during a lesson on the original sounds of the letters—that is, the difference between the long and the short sound of a vowel, or the different ways of opening the mouth in sounding the consonants *b* and *p*. This zeal of the teacher enrages the scholars. He charges them with his own electricity to the point of explosion. Such a teacher has no idle, mischievous, whispering children around him, nor any occasion for the rod. He does not make desolation of all the active and playful impulses of childhood, and call it peace; nor, to secure stillness among his scholars, does he find it necessary to ride them with the nightmare of fear. I rarely saw a teacher put questions with his lips alone. He seems so much interested in his subject (though he might have been teaching the same lesson for the hundred or five hundredth time), that his whole body is in motion—eyes, arms, limbs, all contributing to the impression he

desires to make; and at the end of an hour, both he and his pupils come from the work all glowing with excitement.

Suppose a lawyer in one of our courts were to plead an important cause before a jury, but instead of standing and extemporising, and showing by his gestures, and by the energy and ardour of his whole manner, that he felt an interest in his theme; instead of rising with his subject, and coruscating with flashes of genius and wit, he should plant himself lazily down in a chair, read from some old book, which scarcely a member of the panel could fully understand, and, after droning away for an hour, should leave them, without having distinctly impressed their minds with one fact, or led them to form one logical conclusion—would it be any wonder if he left half of them joking with each other, or asleep? Would it be any wonder—provided he were followed on the other side by an advocate of brilliant parts, of elegant diction, and attractive manner, who should pour sunshine into the darkest recesses of the case—if he lost not only his own reputation, but the cause of his client also?

In Prussia and in Saxony, as well as in Scotland, the power of commanding and retaining the attention of a class is held to be a *sine qua non* in a teacher's qualifications. If he has not talent, skill, vivacity, or resources of anecdote and wit sufficient to arouse and retain the attention of his pupils during the accustomed period of recitation, he is deemed to have mistaken his calling, and receives a significant hint to change his vocation.

Take a group of little children to a toy-shop, and witness their outbursting eagerness and delight. They need no stimulus of badges or prizes to arrest or sustain their attention; they need no quickening of their faculties by rod or ferule. To the exclusion of food and sleep, they will push their inquiries, until shape, colour, quality, use, substance, both external and internal, of the objects around them are exhausted; and each child will want the showman wholly to himself. But in all the boundless variety and beauty of nature's works—in that profusion and prodigality of charms with which the Creator has adorned and enriched every part of his creation—in the delights of affection—in the ecstatic joys of benevolence—in the absorbing interest which an unsophisticated conscience instinctively takes in all questions of right and wrong—in all these, is there not as much to challenge and command the attention of a little child as in the curiosities of a toy-shop? When as much of human art and ingenuity shall have been expended upon teaching as upon toys, there will be less difference between the cases.

The third circumstance I mentioned above, was the beautiful relation of harmony and affection which subsisted between teacher and pupils. I cannot say that the extraordinary fact I have mentioned was not the result of chance or accident. Of the probability of that others must judge. I can only say that, during all the time mentioned, I never saw a blow struck; I never heard a sharp rebuke given; I never saw a child in tears, nor arraigned at the teacher's bar for any alleged misconduct. On the contrary, the relation seemed to be one of duty first, and then affection, on the part of the teacher—of affection first, and then duty, on the part of the scholar. The teacher's manner was better than parental; for it had a parent's tenderness and vigilance, without the foolish dotings or indulgences to which parental affection is prone. I heard no child ridiculed, sneered at, or scolded, for making a mistake. On the contrary, whenever a mistake was made, or there was a want of promptness in giving a reply, the expression of the teacher was that of grief and disappointment, as though there had been a failure not merely to answer the question of a master, but to comply with the expectations of a friend. No child was disconcerted, disabled, or bereft of his senses through fear. Nay, generally at the ends of the answers, the teacher's practice is to encourage him with the ex-

clamation, "good," "right," "wholly right," &c. or to check him with his slowly and painfully-articulated "no;" and this is done with a tone of voice that marks every degree of *plus* and *minus* in the scale of approbation and regret.

MRS OGILVY'S HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

In an elegant small quarto, beautifully printed and embellished, appears a collection of romantic poems, under the title of *A Book of Highland Minstrelsy*.* The author, we understand, is a young married lady, of Scottish parentage and connexions, residing in London. The poems chiefly relate to traditions and superstitions of the Scottish mountains; and strikingly beautiful poetry they are, with hardly an exception. Mrs Ogilvy has evidently entered cordially into the wild and melancholy spirit of the Gael; she has been most industrious in gathering their fading legends: their dreamy supernaturalities have laid powerful hold of her imagination. Thus prepared, her rich powers of poetical expression have enabled her to present a volume which every reader of feeling and taste must, we think, appreciate—a remarkable exception from the forced fruits and tiresome conventionalisms of the common literary mind of the day. The attractions of the volume are heightened by truthful and characteristic drawings from the pencil of M'lan. Altogether, it is a very delightful book—an issue from Nature's own ever fresh and genial press; and if it does not meet with large success, both in north and south, we shall be much surprised.

In glancing over the volume for the selection of extracts, we feel distraught among the claims of so many fine things. *The Strife of Janet Campbell*, as a specimen of the sternly tragic; *the Parting on the Brig*, as an example of mournful domestic feeling; *the Vow of Ian Lom*, as an old tradition admirably versified; and many others, call for special notice. But our limits condemn us to one subject, and that of course ought to be as generally characteristic as possible. We therefore pitch upon a piece entitled *Lord Murray*, in which we think many of the graces of the book are combined; for it is at once a narrative, an illustration of a superstition, a reference to beautiful affections, and a happy specimen of poetical expression:—

At break of day, to hunt the deer,
Lord Murray rides with hunting gear;
Glen Tilt his boding step shall know;
The minished herd his prowess show;
And savoury haunch and antlers tall
Shall grace to-morrow's banquet hall.

Lord Murray leappeth on his horse,
A little hand arrests his course;
Two loving eyes upon him burn,
And mutely plead for swift return—
His lady stands to see him go,
Yet standing makes departure slow.

'Go back my dame,' Lord Murray said,
'The wind blows chilly on thy head;
Go back into thy tower and rest,
To sharp the morning for thy breast.
Go to thy health, I charge on thee,
For sake of him thou'st promised me.'

Lord Murray gallops by the brae,
His huntsmen follow up the Tay,
Where Tummie like a hoyden girl,
Leaps o'er the cly with giddy whirl,
Falls in Tay's arms a silenced wife,
And sinks her maiden name for life.

Lord Murray rides through Carr's den,
Where beetling hills the torrent pen:
And as he linsteth bridge and rock,
The caves reverberate the shock,
Far as the cones of Ben-y-Gie,
That o'er Glen Tilt their shadows throw.

Great sport was hid, and worthy gain,
The noblest of the herd were slain;
Till, worn with chase, the hunter sank
At evening on a mossy bank;
And as his strength revived with food,
His spirit blessed the solitude.

A silvery mist the distance hid,
And up the valley gently slid;
While, softened, through its curtain white
The lakes and rivers flashed their light,
And crimson mountains of the west
Cushioned the sun upon their breast.

Hushed was the twilight, birds were dumb,
The midges ceased their vexing hum,
And floated homewards in their sleep;
All silent browsed the straggling sheep;
E'en Tilt, sole tattler of the glen,
Ran voiceless in Lord Murray's ken.

An infant's cry! such hails at birth
The first-pained feeble breath of earth;
Lord Murray starts to explore,
But there is stillness as before.
Nothing he sees but fading skies,
The cold, blue pearls, the stars' dim eyes,
The heather nodding wearily,
The wind that riseth drearily:
It was a fancy, thanketh he;
But it hath broke his reverie.

In closing night he rideth back,
His heart is darker than his track;
It is not conscience, dread, or shame—
His soul is stainless as his name—
But shapeless horrors vaguely crowd
Around him, black as thunder-cloud.

He spurs his horse until he reach
His castle's belt of aged beech;
His lady sped him forth at morn,
But silence hails his late return;
The little dog that on her waits,
Why runs he whining at the gates?

Lord Murray wonders at the gloom,
His halls deserted as the tomb,
And all along the corridors
Against the windows swing the fires;
Closed is his lady's door—he stands,
Too weak to open it with his hands,
Yet bursteth in he knows not how,
And looks upon his lady's brow.

She lay upon their bridal bed,
Her golden tresses round her shed,
Her eyelids drooped, her lips apart,
As if still sighing forth her heart,
But cold and white, as life looked never,
For life had left that face for ever.

On her bosom lay a child,
Flushed with sleep wherein it smiled—
Sleep of birth and sleep of death,
Icy cheek and warm young breath,
Rosy babe and clay-white mother
Stilly laid by one another.

The nurse, a woman bowed with years,
Knelt by the bed with bursting tears,
And wailed o'er her whose early bloom
She thus had nurtured for the tomb.
A piteous sight it was, in sooth—
The living age, the perished youth.

'The way is long,' at last she said;
'Oh, sorrowing lord, the way is dread,
Through marsh and pitfall, to the rest
God keeps for those who serve Him best;
And unto man it ne'er was given
To win with ease the joys of heaven.'

But Mary, queen beside her son,
Such grace for woman's soul hath won
'Remembering the manger side,
Her pang of virgin motherhood,
That blest of mortal they
Whose life, life-giving, flows away.

No pains of purgatory knows
The sleeper in that deep repose,
No harsh delays in upper air
The mother, birth released, must bear;
For angels near her waiting stand,
And lift her straight to God's right hand.

No masses need ye for her soul,
Round whom the heavenly censers roll;
Pure as the babe she bore this day,
Her sins in death were washed away.

To win him life 'twas hers to die,
And she shall live in heaven for aye;
Pale in our sight her body lies,
Her soul is blessed in Paradise!
Lord Murray's voice took up the word,
'Her soul is blessed, praise the Lord!'

WAGERS.

THERE are three leading kinds of wagers—those designed to settle a difference of opinion on a question of fact, those speculating merely upon a doubtful future event, and those in which some feat is undertaken under a forfeiture. All are alike contrary to rationality. It may even be said of some wagers that they are immoral. For instance, the second of the above classes is merely a variety of gambling, and therefore not one word can be said in its favour. Those, again, which involve danger to the person of one or other of the parties are utterly indefensible.

There are some things in the history of this absurd practice worthy of being noted. Casuists and legislators have differed very much as to the way in which betting should be regarded in public policy. The general inference to be drawn from the various arguments adduced on both sides of the question is, that it is lawful, unless the object of it bear upon private wishes or criminal actions. As, for example, when, having wagered that such a person will die at such a time, the desire of winning, and the fear of losing, makes the better desire, or perhaps hasten, the death of that person; or when the wager is to be won by either the commission of crimes, or the causing others to commit them.

There are other examples of unlawful wagers in which injustice and fraud are included. Injustice, when, of two bettors, the one is certain, the other uncertain of winning; fraud, when a party engages, by evil means, or by equivokes in terms or intention, to perform any action—as in the celebrated wager of Cleopatra with Mark Anthony. Cleopatra invites Anthony to supper, and wagers that she alone will eat, at one meal, a sum equal to L.80,729, 3s. 4d. Anthony, seeing nothing extraordinary, begins to rally the queen on the frugality of her table. She makes no reply, but detaches from her ears two pearls of great price, one of which she throws into a liquor prepared for the purpose, by which it is speedily dissolved, and swallows it in the presence of Manatius Plaucus, the chosen arbiter of the wager; and as she is about to do the same with the other pearl, Plaucus snatches it away, exclaiming that she had already won.

The wager of Asclepiades the physician was not less extravagant. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. It is true that he won his wager; for in fact he never was ill while he lived, having died from a fall in extreme old age.

In several states we find that various kinds of wagers are prohibited, some of which are of very little consequence. At Rome it is unlawful to make wagers on the death or exaltation of the popes, and on the promotion of the cardinals. In several republics it is also forbidden, under heavy penalties, to make wagers without the permission of the magistrate; at Venice, on the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolutions of states and kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, purposed marriages, and the departure or arrival of vessels. Bugnion mentions an act of the parliament of Paris of 1565, which made it unlawful to make a pregnant female the subject of a wager.

In ancient Rome it was forbidden, by the law Titia and the law Cornelia, to bet upon the success of unlawful games, or of any game whatever, with the exception of those in which courage, address, and bodily strength were to be tested; in which cases the bettors were accustomed to place in the hands of a third party

the signet rings which they wore on their fingers, as a gage or pledge. This deposit, which held the place of a stipulation, rendered the wager obligatory, and produced an action at law; which proves that consignment is absolutely necessary to make the engagement valid. The terms consignment and wager are used indifferently by lawyers. The etymology of the word wager, or gager, which comes from gage, shows that wagers are not considered serious conventions, unless the gage has been deposited.

However, where address and bodily strength are concerned, the wager is obligatory, even though the gage has not been deposited: and this is the exception to the rule; for the gage or stake is properly the reward of the address and danger incurred by the subject of the wager. Thus the Count de —, in his wager against the Duke de — (which he won), even though he had not consigned, would, if he had lived, have had an action against his adversary. In ancient Greece, the count would have borne away the prize in the horse race at the Olympic games. The following is the history of this wager:—

The count betted 10,000 crowns against the duke, that in six hours he would go twice, and back again, from the Porte St Denis to Chantilly. He had his whole body tightly bandaged round, and a leaden bullet in his mouth to refresh him, by keeping up a supply of moisture. Relays of horses were disposed from space to space, and every embarrassment prevented that might in the least retard his progress. The swiftest horses were chosen. A clock was attached to the Porte St Denis, to mark the time. He set out with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment was out of sight. Never did man cleave the air with such rapidity. On arriving at each relay, without alighting, he sprang from one horse on to the other, and continued his flight. He arrived at the Porte St Denis, having performed his four courses eighteen minutes before the appointed time! He said he was still able to go to Versailles to bring the king tidings of his success. All bathed in perspiration, he was put into a warm bed, and, five months afterwards, died from the effects of this effort. This nobleman, remarks the narrator of his exploit, deserves no praise for having run such a race. All that can be said of him is, that he would have made the best post-boy in the world.

Another wager may be mentioned, the wildness of which was the cause of great excitement at the time it was made.

The year 1726 was so rainy, that it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. All the rivers overflowed their banks, to the great prejudice of commerce. There were some superstitious persons who announced a second deluge. A Parisian banker named Bulliot having remarked that it had rained excessively on St Gervais' day (19th June), persuaded himself that it would continue to rain for forty days. The motive of this opinion was a proverb current among the people:

*S'il pleut le jour de St Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.**

Infatuated by this opinion, and being on that day in the Café de la Regence, near the Palais Royal, he entered into conversation with some persons on the subject of the incessant inundations which were destroying the hopes of a good harvest, and exciting apprehensions of a very great rise in the price of corn. Bulliot observed that there would be more cause for alarm if the rains continued for forty days longer, and that he was ready to wager that this misfortune was inevitable. This evil prognostic was but badly received by those present, who inquired upon what he founded it. 'I am sure of it,' he confidently replied. 'Let any one bet against me; I am ready to put down my stake.' He then threw some louis upon a table, to excite the curious, and defy the incredulous. As his speech was

* If it rain on St Gervais' day, it will rain for forty days afterwards.

not very sensible, several persons refused to enter the lists against him; but others, more interested, flattered by the hope of winning, put down stakes to the same amount as he did. The money was deposited in the hands of the coffee-house keeper, and the wager registered in the following terms:—'If it rain little or much during forty days from St Gervais' day, Bulliot has won; if it discontinue raining even for one single day during the forty days, Bulliot has lost.'

This wager irritated the cupidity of the whole café, who were eager to appropriate the louis in which Bulliot so abounded; so that, after having staked against all who would bet against him, and after having emptied every purse, he demanded, with a sort of insult, if there were any others ready to oppose him. Believing himself sure of victory, he proposed to those who had no money to stake their gold-headed canes, gold snuff-boxes, and other valuable jewellery; which were duly appraised, and placed in the hands of the same depositary; for all which he put down full value in specie. He even consented that those who had neither money nor jewels should deposit their Holland shirts, against which he also consigned their value in money.

The contagion of this folly having spread abroad, the next day brought a fresh reinforcement of antagonists, who presented themselves at the same café to put down their stakes against Bulliot. But his money being at length exhausted, he offered those new-comers bills payable to the bearer, or letters of exchange. As he was in good repute, and had always honoured his engagements, his proposal was accepted. He gave bills and letters of exchange to the amount of nearly 50,000 crowns; all which were likewise deposited. It might be said of Bulliot that he was alone against all, and that if he won, he would make the finest haul in the world; whilst the whole troop of his adversaries would be ruined by the inclemency of the weather.

Fame, as usual, added new embellishments to this story, as she sped it on from ear to ear, through city and court. Every one was anxious to see this extraordinary man. Those who knew him by sight, pointed him out to those who did not. His countenance was attentively observed, and eyes were opened wide upon him. When asked why he was so steadfast in his opinion, he alleged the proverb before mentioned, which the people have adopted more for rhyme than reason.

A nobleman of high rank jestingly said, that if Bulliot won, he should be tried for sorcery; and that if he lost, he should be put in bedlam. In fine, he was the subject of every conversation. The comedians, ever alive to the whim of the hour, acted him in the several theatres.

At length, in spite of the proverb, the windows of heaven were closed before the expiration of the forty days. The coffee-house keeper and the other depositaries accordingly gave up the stakes to those who had won. The bearers of the bills and letters of exchange had not the same luck. Bulliot's relatives caused him to be interdicted as a prodigal.

Several of the bettors, unwilling to engage themselves in a lawsuit of such doubtful event, returned their bills and letters of exchange; others, more avaricious, embarked upon the stormy sea of the courts. The suit, which was first brought to the Chatelet, came at length before the parliament. The bettors, wishing to put the best face possible upon their claim, said nothing about the wager. They only represented that they were merchants, who had accepted the bills in question with confidence, on account of the established credit of Bulliot, who had hitherto satisfied all his creditors; that, to oppose to their claim the interdiction of their debtor, who was not bound by that interdiction at the time of his engagement with them, was to violate the public faith; that, if creditors could be eluded in this way, foreigners would lose all confidence in us; finally, that the good faith of commerce, which is the soul of it, required that the merchants who had given value for those bills, having no reason to distrust Bulliot, should be satisfied. Bulliot's brother, who had been appointed

his guardian, made the truth so fully apparent by presumptive proofs and the date of the will, that, at the end of 1726, a verdict was returned for the defendant, annulling all the wagers.

BUSINESS HABITS.

BY A MAN OF BUSINESS.

This is the title of an article which appears in a recent number of the *Bankers' Magazine*—a periodical of merit and utility. Desirous of making the acquaintance of a man of business in a literary capacity, we sat down to the perusal of his article with some avidity, and were not disappointed in finding another, in addition to many proofs, that respectable literary and scientific attainments are by no means incompatible with that manifestation of talent commonly spoken of as 'well adapted to business.' The sentiments of the writer are clearly and well expressed; his style, as might be expected, more precise than showy, and direct rather than attractive. The best recommendation, however, that we can give to them, as well as to the medium through which they originally appear, is their partial transference to our columns—a transference which may at the same time gratify a number of readers curious as we were to discover what sort of a portrait a man of business would draw of the habits and acquirements of his class.

Setting out with the maxim, that all habits are acquired, and that 'habit,' in its ordinary acceptation, implies that peculiar manner, practice, and conduct which distinguishes different classes of men, and every man from another, our author thus proceeds with his subject:—

"The phrase 'business habits' applies to men who live by the exercise of their intellect rather than by their manual labour; who do not engage in out-door occupations, but follow certain professions—such as the law, banking, and the higher mercantile departments—to the duties of which they require to be trained and educated from an early period of life. These duties can only be efficiently and satisfactorily discharged by a daily seclusion, for certain hours, from domestic and other cares, and from the pleasures and enjoyments of the world. They call into exercise many of the higher qualities of the mind, and exact confinement to the desk and the counting-house; and demand a greater or less acquaintance with the operations of our own minds, the characters and pursuits of others, the laws and practices of nations, the calculation of causes and consequences, as well as the knowledge of figures and accounts.

"The conventional arrangements of society have prescribed the hours and rules of business as well as of labour—regularity in the observance of which forms one of the numerous avenues to success. Particular departments of business have also particular periods when they must be attended to, and every department has a particular manner in which it must be conducted. This is essential to regularity and clearness in working out the details, and prevents any confusion and loss which might otherwise result.

"Every man who aims at becoming a clever and successful man of business, must also exhibit a regular and becoming line of conduct—he must have a character for regularity and attention to his duties—he must deny himself in a great measure, if not entirely, to the many frivolous and extravagant pleasures and amusements with which men of the world contrive to abuse and destroy the time and talents God has granted them. He is shut up during the greater part of the day in his counting-house and office, and perhaps can only command an hour or two in the mornings and evenings for relaxation and healthful exercise. That method and regularity which is demanded in his attention to business, necessarily, and in some measure necessarily, forms and confirms his private and domestic conduct. The influence of these business habits regulates even the thoughts and opinions; that is to say, induces a more systematic mode of thinking and judging,

and assists more largely in the development of the moral and intellectual powers, than is perhaps done by the influence of any other worldly habits.

"Besides being regular and punctual in attendance on his duties, it is desirable that a man of business should be a man of strict moral integrity. This is of indispensable importance; although, unfortunately, it does not necessarily follow the possession of business habits. Many men of excellent business habits are known to be utterly devoid of all principle of moral rectitude, and of that integrity which is as important for the maintenance and advancement of truth, as for the safe-keeping of our own and our neighbours' property and good name. One-half of the evils, the confusion, and misunderstanding which prevail in the world, arises from the suppression and perversion of the truth—from a selfish and jealous distrust of the actions of our fellow-creatures—and from a desire to overreach and rise above them. But that principle of moral rectitude, more especially alluded to at present, as essential to the character of a man of business, is comprised in the two commands, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness." His success depends much upon the extent to which these precepts are observed. His character rises and falls in public estimation in proportion to the acknowledged honesty and uprightness of his dealings; and although he may, for a period, be apparently successful in a career of fraud and chicanery, the effect of such success is but to accelerate and render more signal his final ruin and disgrace. While there may be some departments of business in which strict moral integrity forms no essential ingredient of character, there are others in which it is altogether indispensable—as in banking institution. Here great regularity and attention must be combined with sterling honesty and integrity; and it is accordingly among the men composing this class of society that these virtues are to be found most extensively and most strongly displayed. Here it is that we find men most thoroughly acquainted with all the business transactions, and often with the private arrangements, of their fellow-men; whose lips are as completely sealed as if they were in the most profound ignorance; who have daily and hourly passing through their hands hundreds and thousands of pounds—the gain, or capital, or industry of others—without exciting one covetous or dishonest thought, even although, as is too much the case, they themselves enjoy but a bare competency. These are virtues that elevate and adorn human nature, while they are, at the same time, indispensable to the welfare and order of society.

"In addition to regularity and attention, and strict moral integrity, the possession of business habits implies also the possession of a certain mental aptitude for conducting business. There are, it is true, some departments of business that may be discharged by persons of very small mental endowment, whose work is comparatively that of machinery, where all that is required is simply attention, and the exercise of their pen. Men are found employed by hundreds all over the kingdom, whose occupation requires no mental exertion whatever—who are to be found at their places every day as regularly as the striking of the clock—whose office attendance is punctual to a moment; but whose minds are free from all care and anxiety as regards the working out of results, and who, in fact, undergo no mental labour to affect them. Yet they are all men of strict business habits, without whose close attention and regular service, mechanical though it be, the affairs of the world could not be carried on.

"From those who are intrusted with the higher departments of business, however—who have the management and conducting of establishments—there is at once required and displayed a higher order of mind, or at least a greater development and exercise of the mental faculties. The chief intellectual qualities that ought to accompany good business habits are, a sound understanding, quick perception, prompt decision, and firmness in execution. The two latter are qualities which every man must practise and improve for himself; the former are natural endowments, which men do not possess in common—which are strong or weak in different men, but capable of being more or less strengthened and improved by all.

"There are great varieties of character and disposition among men of business, as well as great variety of natural and acquired talent; yet all may be men of good business habits. Some men are quick, bustling, restless—always on the sidget—rash, and precipitate; and are, in consequence, frequently getting into false and difficult positions. Others

* The *Bankers' Magazine*; *Journal of the Money Market*, and *Railway Digest*. Published monthly. London: Groombridge and Sons.

are slow, cautious, suspicious, hesitating, and in constant fear and anxiety as to the effects and probabilities of their acts. Some are dull, heavy, slow of perception, yet circumspect and judicious; others are quick of comprehension, energetic, and decided. It is impossible to say what description of character or disposition is most to be recommended or approved; because it is often found that men of a particular character will succeed to admiration in a position for which our previous knowledge would leave us to consider them unfit; while others, whom we should have deemed the very best adapted to certain situations, are found to be singularly unsuccessful and unfortunate in them. That aptitude which men exhibit for different departments of business, is what they either possess naturally, or what they have acquired by a regular course of training. The reason why one man succeeds better than another in a particular situation, is no doubt, in plain language, that he is better fitted for it; not that he is a better man of business—for, in point of fact, there may be a very great difference in the degree of their business qualifications, and even in the rectitude and integrity of their respective characters—but simply because his qualifications and disposition are of the description best suited for that particular place. A man with talents and qualifications eminently adapted to discharge the duties of a particular business, will not succeed in one place, just because his character does not sufficiently harmonise with that of others by whom he is surrounded, or necessarily brought into contact; but another man of inferior talents will succeed to admiration; and the reason is, just because his ideas and disposition are more in unison with those around him. Still, the general requisites of a man of business, the possession of business habits, however these individual cases may vary in quality and degree, are indispensable to qualify every man to enter upon, and succeed in, the pursuits of business.

To these may be added the cultivation of a pleasant and agreeable manner. Much of a man's success in the world will depend upon his manner. There is nothing that creates a more unfavourable impression than a rude, hasty, imperious, or uncourteous manner. A silent, reserved, haughty disposition, when combined with good moral character, may in some instances obtain for a man the character of wisdom, but in general it does not gain him friends. A man who is courteous and obliging in his manner, will always conciliate more favour than one who is sullen or reserved, although the former may really be possessed of very little wisdom in comparison with the latter. The nearer men approach to free and unreserved intercourse with each other, the more smoothly the affairs of life appear to move forward. It is a law of our nature, that the more agreeable we are, the more gratification we experience. This we find demonstrated in our daily intercourse with the world, and it is therefore of immense importance to a man of business that, in addition to his other qualifications, he should study to acquire an agreeable and conciliatory manner.

It is an old remark, but by no means a just one, that a man who wishes to succeed in any department should devote himself to that alone; that it is impossible for a person to attend successfully to more callings than one. Thus, in respect to business, it is said a man should devote himself exclusively to that; and that if he does so, he can have no time, or at least ought not to have any, to occupy his mind with anything else. Others, again, assume that a man of business, from the very nature of the training which his mind receives, is unfit for anything else. He becomes either a sort of machine, that can simply write and cast up figures and accounts, and who has no prospect or aspiration beyond that occupation, or his mind runs so much in one current—is so cramped, circumscribed, and tied down to the counter and the desk—that the moment he engages in anything else, he becomes unfitted for his own particular and original occupation.

It is not difficult to perceive that these objections are not based on truth, and cannot be borne out by facts. It is true that a large majority of our young men are apprenticed to the desk, or chained to the oar of business, at a very early age, before they have received any proper general education, and are thus in a great degree deprived of the means of instruction. They have few opportunities of improving their minds, of increasing their knowledge, and of cultivating an acquaintance with the arts and sciences; and they fall into a sort of habitual routine of thought and occupation, caring for nothing beyond the observance of

those daily duties from which they derive the means of subsistence. Yet there are many bright exceptions to this rule. Many of the most eminent men in literature and science have sprung from among men of business—have, in fact, been men of excellent business habits. No doubt the possession of mere business habits imposes a regularity and restraint, a certain uniformity and preciseness upon the outward conduct, which may to some extent induce a corresponding habit of thought and feeling. But this will not impair nor destroy the intellectual capacity, however much it may favour a narrow, and even dogmatical train of thought. On the contrary, it can be readily understood how a man of regular and ordinary habits, of a correct and perfect knowledge of business, must, from these very circumstances, be better fitted than most other classes of men for distinguishing himself in literature and science. His mode of thinking will partake more or less of that systematic and orderly character which distinguishes his business avocations. He will be more inclined to aim at clear and distinct views, and to resolve his ideas into practical and useful topics. If he does soar into the region of fiction or romance, his sketches, his pictures will be clear, vivid, tangible, and he will not readily do violence to reason or common sense.

This leads to the observation which is sometimes met with, that a literary man can never be a good man of business; but it is an observation not founded in fact, and is refuted by daily experience. Mental superiority is at all times a source of jealousy to weak and vulgar minds. Nothing harmonises more with their natural disposition, than to detract from, and endeavour to destroy, intellectual merit. All men of superior intellect, or of great abilities, are the envy and scorn of the small fishes who are obliged to follow in their wake. These sentiments are either expressed openly, or conveyed in covert insinuation, or brought into exercise by endeavours to disappoint, thwart, or ruin their object.

It is a fact amply verified by numerous illustrious examples, alive and dead, that great literary and scientific abilities may be combined with excellent, nay, superior business habits. Some distinguished men of business of the present day are men who also rank high in the world of letters. All men will be disposed to admit, that the greater the degree of intelligence possessed by any individual, the more useful he is likely to become to himself and others. When we engage a clerk or apprentice, for instance, we prefer a youth who is active and intelligent to one who is ignorant and stupid. The higher the degree of intellectual ability and personal address he displays, the more we appreciate the extent of usefulness he is capable of rendering. The same principle holds good in all higher departments. The intelligent apprentice becomes, in the course of time, the learned and enlightened merchant, banker, barrister, legislator, judge, or lord chancellor. His enlarged knowledge, his cultivated and refined understanding, do not impair, but still farther extend and render more illustrious, his capacity for business. His great distinction is at length the just reward of the cultivation and improvement of his natural abilities; and however much it may excite the envy, can never incur the displeasure of any but the weakest and most frivolous of men.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN LONDON.

During the late session of parliament, the bishop of London, while advocating the necessity for the building of new churches in the metropolis, stated that its population increased at the rate of 30,000 annually; an increase that requires a proportionate multiplication of all that contributes to the comforts and conveniences of life. Greater quantities of food and clothing will be wanted every year; more houses, involving the extension of streets and the roughfares; and, above all, a greater supply of water, to quench the thirst of the additional number of throats, as well as to lay an ever-widening surface of dust. It is to be hoped that the new scheme for the erection and working of public fountains will be continued and extended until London may be as usefully embellished with jets d'eau as continental cities, of which they are generally considered the chief ornament. The initiative, as is pretty well known, has been taken by the formation of two foun-

tains, with large basins, in Trafalgar Square; the water for which, instead of being supplied from any of the numerous companies, was obtained by boring, on the formation of Artesian wells.

In June last, Mr Faraday delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on the subject of these wells, in which he explained and illustrated the practical details of the boring, and allowed that the London public must look to the accumulations of water underlying the London clay for their chief supply of the pure element, for drinking and other domestic uses. In inquiring into the geological relations of the waters lying deeply below the surface, he described the soil upon which London is situated as particularly favourable to the realisation of this means of raising water. It is composed, in going from above downwards, of a layer of gravel of moderate thickness; then an enormous bed of plastic clay, known, in geology, under the name of London clay; beneath which lie calcareous marls, gravel, sand, and freestone, succeeded by massive strata of chalk; the whole thickness, from the surface to the chalk, varying from 200 to 300 feet. It was further explained that, wherever the sand and chalk crop out, or rise to the surface, they must absorb the water which falls in those parts. This water percolates downwards underneath the clay, and, finding no mode of escape, accumulates in the fissures of the chalk, ready to rush upwards through any opening which may present itself.

The property of water to seek a level when it has descended between strata concave upwards, or between inclined beds of stratified rock, naturally accounts for the success of the Artesian operation. If two basins be supposed different strata, placed one within another, a little distance apart, and water be poured between, and a small hole be made in the bottom of the inner basin, the water will rise in a jet a very considerable height, and exemplify the nature of these springs, and multiplying the basins would afford an idea of those different springs found at varying depths, and of equally varying qualities. If, instead of the concave form, the plane of the strata be supposed to dip, the water, seeking the lowest point, and pressed by that which is nearer the surface, would equally rise, and form the Artesian well or spring, if the strata were perforated at their lower level.*

The general mode of constructing an Artesian well is by first digging and bricking round to a certain depth, dependent on the nature of the soil, as in an ordinary well; from the bottom of this the boring into the lower strata of sand and chalk is commenced. In order to prevent the flow of any water into the opening, except that from these particular strata, the bore is lined with iron tubes, which completely shut out all percolations except that from the main source. Two borings were sunk for the works in Trafalgar Square—one of which is in front of the National Gallery, the other in Orange Street, immediately in the rear, both being connected by a tunnel formed of brick laid in cement, 6 feet in diameter and 380 feet in length. The boring for the deepest well penetrated to a depth of 395 feet, the lower portion of which, passing into the chalk 135 feet, is not lined with tubes.†

A contract was next made with Messrs Easton and Amos, who furnished the plans and constructed the works—engine-house, tanks, and cisterns in Orange Street—by which they agreed to work the engines for ten hours every day, supplying 100 gallons of water per minute to the Barracks, National Gallery, Office of Woods and Forests, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Treasury, Scotland Yard Offices, Whitehall Yard Offices, India Board, Downing Street, and Houses of Parliament, in addition to 500 gallons per minute to the fountains in the square, at the sum of £500 per annum; being just half the sum previously paid to the water companies who supplied those departments. The whole expense for sinking the wells, erecting the engine-house, laying down the mains and the pipes to the fountains, was not quite £9000. The water of the fountains is

constantly running the same round of duty, being pumped out as fast as it returns from the basins; the supply of 100 gallons per minute is obtained from the deepest well, which, at the end of the ten hours, is not lowered more than five feet under the rest level. With a little more power in the machinery, the contractors are satisfied that the supply might be increased to five times the present quantity.

Not only has an important economical advantage been gained, but the quality of the water is far superior to that supplied for the consumption of the inhabitants generally. The presence of an alkali is shown, by its turning red cabbage-water blue; a reaction due to the carbonate of soda, of which it contains a notable quantity, from 16 to 24 per cent. of the total proportion of saline matter held in suspension. Mr Faraday found 41·5 grains of solid matter, among which was a small portion of lime, on evaporating a gallon of the water. The excess of soda renders it extremely soft, and particularly useful for domestic purposes. It is at the same time very agreeable to the taste. This success, and the certitude which the known natural constitution of the soil affords for procuring the same quantity of water, and in as great abundance as may be desired, in all quarters of the capital, has given rise to the idea of carrying out the practice either by new independent companies, or by concurrence with those already existing, wherever a sufficient number of consumers may be found willing to contribute to the expense.

Professor Faraday stated that the water rent of 2000 houses would suffice for the practical carrying out of the plan, inclusive of the ornamental addition, already alluded to, of a public fountain. In Berkeley Square a well had been sunk, from which water is lifted by a hand-pump, for the use of the inhabitants of that fashionable locality; but it was shown that an outlay of £3500 in the necessary machinery, &c. would have produced a supply of water for £350 annually, which now costs £700, without a fountain, that might have been embraced in the other scheme.

Considering the rapid spread of London, and the eagerness with which new business enterprises are seized upon, it is not improbable that Artesian wells may become common, and thus give to the metropolis what its inhabitants so much require—pure water. The idea is not altogether new, for it appears that 'an endeavour was made in 1834-5 to form a "Metropolis Pure Soft Spring Water Company," to supply the existing companies with their requisite quantities by Artesian wells of great magnitude; which failed rather through defects in the provisional committee, than through any demonstrated impracticability in their views, which had been entertained ten years previously, and formed the subject of an unsuccessful company in 1825.* A remarkable objection has been made to these undertakings, which can only be explained by the prevailing ignorance of the principles of their action. It was said that they would soon drain the wells sunk in the London clay, which can only give back the water gained from the surface, while the Artesian wells derive their supplies from the chalk, where there is not the slightest communication with the clay. Such was the prejudice in this particular, that a formal complaint was instituted against the new well of Trafalgar Square while in course of boring, as having drained the neighbouring wells, even before it had yielded a single drop of water.

After his able exposition, Mr Faraday exhibited a simple apparatus, designed to demonstrate a new property of the fluid vein. It is well known that water, in escaping from an orifice of any form, does not long retain that form, but varies with more or less of irregularity; this is called the contraction of the vein. It occurred to the inventor of the apparatus that this contraction would be accompanied by a diminution of volume, which would consequently determine, in a close vessel, a diminution of pressure sufficient to cause a smaller column of water to rise from below, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. To effect this, water is made to descend in a tube opening into a glazed box, in communication, by means of another tube, with a reservoir of water below. As soon as the valve which prevents the descent of the water is opened, the stream rushes into the box, contracts, produces a certain vacuum, when it is immediately seen that the water from below, which was coloured, to render the experiment more striking, ascends, and mingling with the descending column, flows out with it through the escape-tube. The

* Encyclopædia Metropolitana, vol. xxv. p. 1183.

† The well sunk three years since at Grenelle, near Paris, is 1600 feet in depth, and throws up 150,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

lecturer stated, in conclusion, that, from the result of his experiments, it was probable that the principle might, in certain cases, be economically applied to practical purposes.

AN IRISH PIG-FAIR.

[From the Daily News.]

IN order to enter into the scene of an Irish pig-fair with the proper spirit, it is requisite that the reader, besides encouraging a wirthful disposition, and a love for the study of character, should possess a duly-instructed mind on certain precursory principles and facts of the subject now proposed to be treated. It will therefore be necessary to offer a few remarks on the character and the circumstances which have combined to form and establish the character of an Irish pig.

Born in the warmest nook of the peasant's domestic circle—in the very bosom of his family, we may say—an Irish pig begins life under the most flattering circumstances which could be imagined. He may, indeed, be said to suck flattery with his mother's milk. His bringing-up hath a smack of royalty in it. As everything within the immediate range of his experience is made subservient to him, both in respect of his needs and his humours, he naturally and inevitably comes to the conclusion that he is the most important person in existence, and that the world was made for his use. His mother was reared amidst the same illusory impressions. The whole object of the family he lives with is to fatten him, and do him honour. In fact, honour and fat react upon each other, and he is crowned with favour in proportion to his obese demonstrations of having been graciously pleased to receive the offerings of his humble servants.

The pig takes his meals with the rest of the family, whom, at best, he regards as his poor relations. He sits down with the circle of the family board (often, literally, a board for a plate), and eats with them from the same dish, from which they usually select for him the largest potatoes. Instances, it is true, have been known where a disloyal peasant has endeavoured to persuade the pig to eat a few potato peelings mashed up with the rest; but seldom with success. Far more common is it to give the pig something in addition—such as porridge, bran and cake, and cabbage. Not merely is the pig better fed than the peasant, with his wife and children, but in several districts it is the only animal that is sufficiently fed. This is more especially the case in Sligo and Rosecommon. The pig, meantime, knows how matters stand, and is quite aware of his own importance. If he happens to be coming in at the door of the cabin at the same time that one of the children is coming out, he tries to make it appear that there is not room enough for both, and gives the child a lurch with his shoulder in passing, like a surly brute who would growl, 'Get out of the way—don't you see me coming!' A traveller in the provinces told me that he once overheard a sort of dialogue between a peasant girl and the pig of the house. The pig had absconded, or at least had not returned all night; and the girl, who had been out searching for him since daybreak, was now bringing him home, reproaching him with his ingratitude as they walked along—the pig returning a sort of grudging acquiescence to each touching interrogatory. 'Didn't I always get you enough straw at night to cover round you, and a wisp to stick in the chink o' the wall to keep the wind out?' *Ouff*, said the pig. 'Haven't I given you the best praties, and leaves, and warm mash, and often gone without a meal myself for you—eh, now?' *Ouff*, said the pig; but the grudging acquiescence did in some degree partake of an 'Oh, don't bother me.' 'And wouldn't I always do my duty by you—eh?—wouldn't I? How could you have the heart to leave your own home—eh? Will I tell you of all your ingratitude, eh?' *Ouff*, said the pig; meaning in this case, 'Well, I don't care if I do hear about that.'

What should an education like this produce? What could be expected from such circumstances surrounding a creature from its birth? What should all this incessant pampering of body and mind produce in the character of the individual? I speak it with regret in the present case—what but a brutal gross, morose, selfish hog!

Now then imagine, oh, reader!—if, after what has been said, thou canst imagine such a thing—that the day at length arrives when this pampered pig has to be taken to the fair, whether he is graciously pleased or not, there to

be criticised and sold! Yes; the right honourable gentleman 'who pays the rent' has to walk, perhaps for several miles, with a certain indignity round one of his hind legs; and the disloyal, false knave, his owner, urging him, after divers base expedients, from behind or laterally, on the highway, to a public mart—there to be weighed, pinched, or fumbled all over, and then sold!—to what 'end,' let the classic muse of pie and sausage, pot, oven, iron-spit, or brine-tub, in fitting verse recite.

The fair is held usually in the ordinary market-place, being in itself no more than a market, except from the dignity and importance, and, we may add, contumacious excitement of the chief thing sold. There are a few poor stalls for the huckster or pedlar trade; one gambling turn-about with halfpenny stakes; a little stage on a cart for the hoaxing sale of good-for-nothing haberdashery; no shows of any kind, no toys, and only three most unattractive stalls for stale-looking cakes and commonplace gingerbread with no gilt upon it, nor even the shining brown varnish which is the only admissible substitute. The fair is devoted to higher purposes.

We have seen the pig in his domestic circle, and have come to a right understanding of his inevitable character—the pampered creature of circumstance. From his earliest infancy he was the heir-apparent of the grossest egotism, selfishness, and ignorance. Now, let the reader of this historical, philosophical, severe, yet not unloving sketch, imagine himself, if he can venture such a thing, in the midst of three or four hundred pigs like these! Three or four hundred outraged country nobles, partly driven, and partly reduced away from their cabins, vassals, and baronial bogs, and here assembled in public. Be it understood they are not in a drove, not under any discipline, not in any degree even of swine-herd order. No man dares to exercise his whip; nothing but a thin, playful, smooth switch occasionally. And as for dogs!—I should like to see a dog show his face among nobility, and under exasperating circumstances: he would be torn to pieces, and trampled into mud before their wrath. They are not here, in any sense, 'a drove' nor a 'herd,' but each one asserts his own individual state of mind and passion. This may be defined as a state of equal indignation, rage, and the worst suspicions all fusing together. The pigs have found out that some mischief is intended to them! They have, in their brusque way, laid their heads together by threes and fours, and the conviction has spread among them. They have literally become wild beasts, and like wild beasts do they behave. They snarl, and squeak, and scream, and yell, and growl, and utter curses, and gnash, and foam at the mouth, and bite, and brawl, and rush, snout-foremost, under the wheels of carts, or between the most crowded legs of men. They are brought back in vain; for they struggle, and shriek, and gnash, and burst away; and when two by accident meet suddenly face to face, they seek instant relief of their feelings by a fight, to which they stand up in lion-and-unicorn fashion. While thus they gnash and bite, behind each one you see an excited peasant, embracing the loins of his warlike pork, in anguish lest the price should be lowered in the buyer's eye by the unseemly disfigurements of battle.

But who are the buyers of all these alarming pigs? Behold him standing there, with one hand in his pocket, the finger of the other hand pointing contemptuously at a very good pig. He has a short *dulcen* in his mouth, and smokes and speaks carelessly at the same time. Smoke issues with nearly all his words. The man who buys the pig has a knowing, satirical, purse-proud, knavish, remorseless face and air. He has, moreover, a tongue to match it—wily, would-be-witty, overbearing, false, unfeeling, and dishonest. He is evidently an agent in the matter, and gets a percentage. This makes a clever screw of him. It is not his own money he so vulgarly displays, to dazzle the eyes of poor Pat, and make him catch at the first offer, however inadequate, as it is sure to be, first or last—unless Pat happens to be very sharp indeed, which sometimes proves to be the case. In general, however, he has little chance with these buyers. The buyer makes his first offer, after sufficiently depreciating the pig. The peasant knows it is worth more, and refuses. A little haggling ensues, and the buyer venting yet further contempt on the pig in question, walks carelessly, scoffing and smoking, in an opposite direction, and immediately commences a negotiation touching other pigs. The buyers are manifestly in league with each other; so that although there is some competition, it is not fair competition; and the screw and pressure of a secret

monopoly of the market is at work. If the peasant does not accept the offer of the first bidder, the second bidder may offer less, and usually does. The peasant looks after the careless smoking screw who is now busily engaged a little way off, affecting to have quite done with him. He looks—he begins to walk towards him—the buyer walks away—the peasant follows. Again he addresses him on the subject of his pig. In the end, the screw has him at his own price. Now and then, however, the poor peasant repents his first demand, and holds to it with melancholy firmness. He speaks in a sad voice. He knows the fair value of the pig, and asks it. He cannot obtain it; and yet he does so want to sell the pig.

The only 'fun of the fair' is the pig's invariable resistance to the examination of the buyer's hand, with the perversity of the buyer, after he is held fast, in persisting to feel those parts where he is least fit, instead of those parts which are most plump, and to which, with ludicrous anxiety and eloquence, the peasant in vain endeavours to direct the buyer's attention. Amidst this the pig often crouches close down to the ground, and screams with all his might. Perhaps, however, he may be docile from cunning, and some *finesse* in his mind, in which case he only holds down his head coyly. But generally he is in a rage, and has to be soothed and scratched, as he sits up on his haunches with a savage unappeasable countenance.

At length a bargain is made complete—a pig is sold. The buyer marks him with his special mark—some mark with scissor-lines cut in the bristles, some with red ochre, some with black chalk—and ostentatiously displays money while paying, and talks of much more. A poor, little old woman in rags, and with a small, pale face, comes meekly to listen, and is attentive to the talk of all this money. She goes away very humbly, but seems all the better for what she has heard. A deplorable ballad-singer, more than half-naked, fills up any temporary diminution that may occur in the noise of the fair.

On the outskirts of the town, peasants are seen driving sold pigs to the buyers' carts or quarters. You may know to a certainty by the man's face and air if he has sold the pig according to his previous mind. Not often will you see a satisfied smile lurking round his mouth, but the corners drawn straight with disappointment, as he looks down reproachfully at the pig for having misbehaved himself at the fair—in not rendering himself docile to the buyer's fingers, and more entertaining in all his natural blandishments.

A fiddle sounds from a little coffee-shop in the fair. All the business then is done. There is a crowd yonder, at one side of the market-place, standing in a circle. Is it a fight—not of pigs, but men? What occasions the disturbance? No; it can be no fight—no disturbance; for everybody is standing quietly, and silently too, and there is one man who has a very sad face of sorrow and perplexity, as though he had lost something. Let us approach.

All is explained. Upon several planks and half a door lies some huge form, covered over with a large, coarse, white sheet. At one end, beyond the covering cloth, there appears a quiet hoof sticking out like a pointed moral; and at the other end the tip of a pale snout, with a crimson stain in the nostril, pathetically pokes forth. It is the Roman emperor who, a brief hour ago, sat with terrific countenance in the middle of the fair. A devil has been done. He has been bought and sold; but they could not lead him into captivity. The debt of nature is paid—so is the poor man's rent; and death and the landlord can now do what they like with their own. As the fallen hero, let his faults die with him. There is nothing coarse in him now—nothing gross as here, in his scene before us—nothing selfish and brutish. All is hushed, philosophical and suggestive—refined by the hand of the universal steel-bearer, the quieter of us all.

GREAT GAINS.

If ever you hear a person boast of his having got any exorbitant advantage in his dealings, you may, generally speaking, conclude such a one not too rigorously honest. It is seldom that a great advantage is to be got, but there must be a great disadvantage on the other side; and whoever triumphs in his having got by another's loss, you may easily judge of his character.—*Burgh.*

SHOULD STUDY BE CONFINED TO ONE SUBJECT?

In a series of lectures on the study of German Literature, delivered at Manchester by Mr George Dawson of Birmingham, the following remarks (quoted from the *Manchester Examiner's* report) are made:—"Sometimes you heard men warning people against a dissipation of study, against studying too many things, and exhorting them to confine their attention to one thing. Now, up to a certain time, he considered that this was bad advice. He did not think that this should be the foundation of culture to those to whom literature was a secondary thing. They should in early life gather in a variety of knowledge—form, as it were, a good web—and then inweave the particular study which after-life required should be the pattern on the cloth. For a literary man, he need not say how necessary total culture was. He had before protested against fractional studies, as contradistinguished from a subdivision of labour in teaching. To exhort people to cultivate one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of everything else, was like urging one man to direct his efforts solely to the strengthening of his right arm, another of his left, a third of his feet, and so on. One man recommended you to cultivate the exact sciences only, and hence society had been supplied with men who were mathematicians only—men whose gospel was a right angle, and whose religion was a circle. In other cases, men had become so engrossed with a particular study, that they would spend an enormous amount of time in settling the quantity of a Greek syllable, and write most elaborate treatises on the Greek digamma. A fully-cultured man could turn his attention to anything; and, when fully cultured, he should turn to the division of labour which stern necessity imposed upon him. Sometimes, however, natural propensity would come in to check this. Nevertheless, we should all aim at what the Germans called "many-sidedness;" so that, whichever way we turned, there might be a polished side presented."

RUSSIAN SOUP.

Now that we have fallen on the subject of national fashions, we must not forget to describe the most atrocious compound ever presented to man in the shape of food. It is the Russian soup called 'Batania,' which to English palates tastes worse than poison; but which these our allies, high and low of them, delight in as the greatest delicacy on earth. Hearing so much in its praise, we ventured once, and once only—for there is no fear of its being asked for a second time—to give a hint that we should like to make a trial of it. But (*O dura Itassorum ita!*) the taste is not yet away from our lips, nor are we yet persuaded that the skin has returned to our throats. A plate of this yellow liquid—it ought not to be called 'soup'—was placed before us, with a scum on its top something like a thin coating of sulphur. Adventurously diving through this surface, what did we discover? Lumps of rotten sturgeon, slices of bitter cucumber, spoonfuls of biting mustard—in short, a concatenation of all the most putrid, most acrid, most villainous substances that nature produces. The witches' bath was nothing to it—

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wing of bat, and tongue of dog,

would be delicacies most exquisite compared with these Russian horrors. But though both smell and sight were well-nigh daunted, we resolved to persevere like men. We had begun the perilous adventure, and could not with honour draw back before taste had also been put to the test. A spoonful of it was accordingly raised to the lips; when lo! besides other recommendations, it was found to be literally as cold as ice; for the mountain projecting above the surface, which we had innocently supposed to be some nice redeeming jelly of Russian invention, turned out to be a lump of ice from the 'frosty Caucasus,' or some other vile place. That mouthful was the worst we ever swallowed. It would be impossible to depict the looks of anguish which we—a party of deluded and inexperienced Englishmen—cast on each other. It took away the breath; tears rolled from our eyes; we were more than satisfied—we were humbled, silenced, overcome; and made a vow, before the whole company of strangers, never more to be lured into an attempt to make new discoveries in the adventurous region of Russian dishes.—*Dremer's Excursions.*

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'LA PATRIE.'

'The People,' a small work by M. Michelet, is likely to become well known amongst us, since two translations of it have already appeared. It is full of the most singular egotisms both as to the author and the author's country—worth reading, for the stirring and occasionally fine thoughts scattered through it; yet, on the whole, of a mischievous character. We should not have thought of mentioning M. Michelet or his book, but for its extravagant samples of the sentiment called Love of Country. Had any one wished to caricature this sentiment, he could hardly have employed more suitable terms than this clever French historian. We find him, for instance, proclaiming that nationality is 'the life of the world—without which all would be dead: nationality is only now come to a true maturity in France and England, on the provincial nationalities ceasing to exist. The feeling of native country is the last to die. 'I have found it,' says he, 'in the dead!' Amongst the most depraved, there was always one moral spark surviving—it was France! 'France,' in short, 'is a religion!' One of the most essential parts of the education of a young Frenchman is this:—On a great public festival, his father 'takes him from Notre Dame to the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Triumphal Arch. From some roof or terrace he shows him the people, the army passing, the bayonets clashing and glittering, and the tricoloured flag. In the moments of expectation especially, before the fête, by the fantastic reflections of the illumination, in that awful silence which suddenly takes place in that dark ocean of people, he stoops towards him, and says, "There, my son; look, there is France—there is your native country! All this is like one man—one soul, one heart. They would all die for one; and each man ought also to live and die for all. Those men passing yonder, who are armed, and now departing, are going away to fight for us. They leave here their father, their aged mother, who will want them. You will do the same. You will never forget that your mother is France." . . . It is truly grand for the Frenchman to have here the glorious and immortal *Patrie* gathered in one point, with all ages, all places together; and to follow from the *Thermes de César* to the *Colonne*, to the *Louvre*, to the *Champ-de-Mars*—from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the *Place de la Concorde*—the history of France and the world!'

M. Michelét, in another part of his book, details symptoms of decline in France, and the embarrassed and distressed state of the various classes of people. He is full of fury at all other nations, as if any prosperity they enjoy were at her expense. 'Children, children, I

say unto you'—so he bursts out—'climb up a mountain, provided it be high enough; look to the four winds, you will see nought but enemies!'

How comes it that one never hears a man speak high words about his native country, but bayonets and gunpowder are sure to be in the immediate neighbourhood? How comes it that this so-called affection should always betray itself chiefly in some bravadoing, defying, destruction-breathing language towards the other inhabitants of the earth? Why cannot a man love a certain piece of the geographical surface, except on the condition of his regarding all the unfortunate people who live elsewhere with a mixture of hatred and contempt? Or, why should there be such an association of ideas amongst us, that we are most disposed to think of our native country when we survey the ranks of her soldiery—the enginery which she forms in confession of either a desire to fall foul of other countries, or a dread of being fallen foul of by them? These are questions which I do not recollect ever seeing asked before; but it is not the less proper that they should be asked now. There is the more necessity, considering the esteem in which the sentiment stands in our moral codes, that we should at length challenge a thing of such ominous associations. For surely it is startling to find the people who are the most replete with this feeling, the first to acknowledge that all other peoples are their enemies. What is it, ye must ask, that makes Frenchmen of the Michelet stamp regard their peaceable neighbours in this light? What can it be, but that they entertain selfish feelings about their own country, and consequently feel that others ought to regard it as an enemy?

The fact is, that though it may seem theoretically possible to entertain love of country as a pure and harmless feeling, it is seldom practically exemplified, except in connexion with some spirit of hatred towards other countries, or in a selfish regard to certain local interests. Sound it thoroughly, and it will usually be found not to consist of such a love for fatherland as one feels for a natural father, not a result merely of pleasant associations regarding a piece of ground which we have been familiar with since infancy, but an unreasoning prejudice, springing from the selfish propensities—a compound of self-esteem, acquisitiveness, and unmeaning odiums. It is not, therefore, wonderful that nations much under the influence of this spirit should wither, and feel cause to complain. They only suffer under the decree which has been passed in the councils of the Almighty against the centrifugal or selfish spirit, under whatever form, or upon whatever scale, it may be manifested.

It would be well if, all over the earth, we were to come to the naked truth on this subject. That truth appears to be, that round the central point—the man himself—there is a series of concentric circles marking

* Cooke's Translation. Longmans, London.

his immediate family—his clan, town, or province—his country—which are liable to become objects of the selfish and exclusive affections in diminishing degrees: that is to say, he first loves his family against all other families; then he loves his clan or province against all other clans and provinces; finally, he loves his country against all other countries. In his general moral progress, or as he advances in civilisation, he passes from narrow to more spacious circles of partiality. It is something to see him sacrifice the family exclusivism to the clan exclusivism, or the love of his village; it is more to see him give up the clan, or village, or province exclusivism, for the more abstract and generous feeling in behalf of his country. Still, all are but grades in barbarism; for all of them indicate a merely instinctive acting, apart from both reason and the higher moral feelings. Does any one doubt this? Will he then, adduce me a single instance not merely of one clansman being just in judgment towards another, but of a lover of his country even pretending to consider what was due to the people of another country—generously admitting their merits, entering kindly into their interests, and fulfilling towards them the great moral maxim, applicable to all the children of the earth, of doing in regard to them as he would be done by? Was there ever a Campbell of old conscientious to a Gordon, or a Tuscan to a Ferrarese? Forty years ago, when we heard more of love of country than we do now, was there a single Englishman disposed to admit that the French were exactly human beings like ourselves? Is it not invariably found, that just in proportion as this affection is warmly felt, so is there a blindness to the good that is in other countries and other peoples—a disrelish and hatred for these peoples—and, in extreme cases, a disposition to cut their throats? Now, surely if a thing be good, it should be presentable in the light of reason, and of the just and kindly feelings. But not one particle of reason, or conscientiousness, or true impartial and diffusive benevolence, was ever found in connexion with this sentiment in its ordinary forms. A man tells me, with the greatest complacency, I am for England against all the world: thinking, apparently, he is saying something extremely noble, when in reality he is only telling me that he would embrace or grasp an advantage for England to the injury of all other countries; that he would support it in any selfishness against other countries; that he would defend and support it in any error it might fall into against neighbouring states; and so forth. So it always is—always there is some horrible injustice, or antipathy, or butchery contemplated, when we hear of this same love of country. It has been seen in the universal rapine of Rome; in the grasping commercial policy of modern nations; in the endless, aimless, sanguinary wars of all times. *La Patrie* was the sanction of the atrocious policy of a Bonaparte. It is, in the case of France, the source of uneasy feeling to all Europe, and a reason for universal soldiering and fortifying at this day. Never do we hear of a noble act of generosity or justice between nation and nation in connexion with this sentiment. What pretension, then, can it have to the good esteem, in which it is usually held? Is it not, on the contrary, deserving of all the reprobation due to the selfish and outrageous acts to which it habitually gives rise? And would it not everywhere receive this reprobation, if there were a sufficient number exempt from its guilt to form a pure tribunal for its arraignment?

It will not, however, be so always; but precisely as men have been able to conquer the partiality for the name of Macpherson as against that of Mackenzie, or for the province of Wales as against England, will they be in time able to feel at one with a people called, the

French, or a state called Russia. They will find it possible to tread the beautiful land they live in, rejoicing in all that is goodly and of good report belonging to it, and solicitous to promote its true and righteous interests, without feeling one particle of jealousy or hatred towards any other country; but, on the contrary, eager also to promote the interests, and make handsome admission of the deservings, of all the neighbouring portions of the great family of man. It will then be discovered that, even as the individual, so may the collective unity called a nation, best seek happiness by endeavouring to promote it in others; true joy being ever a reflected light. It will be found that one commercial kindness thrown out to a neighbour, even at what may appear a sacrifice of immediate interests, will give ten times more safety than twenty times the equivalent in money spent in that loathsome barbarism of our age—Armed Precaution. International civilities will be as common as civilities between neighbours in a street, and will be as effectual in promoting peace and good-will. Then it will become as great an absurdity to think of war between England and France, as it would now be to think of it taking place between Yorkshire and Durham. Such and so mighty must be the effects of our passing in moral development from the narrow circles in which we still confine our affections, to that wider sweep and range which it is part of our professed religion to hold as realisable, and without which being attained, indeed, our religion can never be considered as in full practical operation. May the day of all these blessed experiences be at hand!

THE WORK-GIRL.

WORK!—what extremes in human life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently is it considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our land seated before their embroidery-frames, surrounded by colours as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the loom, or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvas, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond intreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eyes made dim, by work! And this, again, is the term to designate the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary was so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other! When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with 'a contempt for vanity and embroidery,' it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of anything which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not as an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote

against listlessness in one class, and a means of livell-hood for another.

A lady was lately making some purchases in the principal shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and, accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw everything else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important; and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom coloured deeply as she looked round: one, very small and delicate-looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall, handsome girl, raised her eyes ingenuously, though respectfully, to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologised for the liberty they had taken. 'But my sister, ma'am,' added she, 'is very sickly, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see.'

Before she had concluded the sentence, her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, 'Forgive us both, ma'am.' The lady, whom we shall call Mrs Villars, much struck by the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle, and showed them, to their hearts' content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchases, she returned their energetic gratitude and admiration with another smile, and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unbidden by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. In one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marvelled that, in a class where, from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important; such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no taint of vanity or of jealousy to sully their mutual love. But Mrs Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches its own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest; and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of tenfold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene, and Mrs Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats, returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm; and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant,

then with a modest curtsy was passing on, when Mrs Villars accosted her, and, with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roche were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—'Wisha, he was just nothing at all.' Mrs Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that little hesitating sentence indicated a good-natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco when he could get it, drank whisky on the same terms, and was a burthen to the family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favour as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than that we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. 'She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if, as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am, and here the tearful eyes filled entirely, 'she taught me hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came—'

She stopped short, and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs Villars's face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily—'Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, the life and feathers from that sweet dove's wing!'

As she spoke they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In place of the dung-hill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paved off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling, was Ellen, looking out for her with the watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation; and soon found herself seated in the clean and tidy, though poorly-furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unornamented either; for over the fireplace was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage, in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend from over the sea.

Mrs Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking, without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who, under her instructions, had also become

very expert at her needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see those two young creatures seated, with busy fingers, at their work on the quiet summer's eve; Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with deferential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary. But were they always thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage and a little plot of ground rent free for his own life, and, caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in 'to idle them' in the evening; sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and, oftener still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently towards the shore, to coax them to 'lay aside their stitchery,' and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliffs. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, 'Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?' Ellen returned her smile, with one as gay; but in an instant the bright expression vanished, and clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure actually trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, 'Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month passes by!' Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had just risen, and burst into tears. Mrs Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usual placid and collected demeanour of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with her still trembling hands, in faltering accents asked pardon for her foolishness; then, gaining confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would tell to friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the cheeks she found it needful to impose. 'But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature; and even in childish anger, she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend—even then her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know, ma'am, how she loves me now,' said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes, she dropped her

own as she softly murmured, 'Yes, even as I love her!'

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret, felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best-conducted and most industrious boy in the place. 'I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it,' continued she; 'little dreaming that I was building on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and had been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he was the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best; while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamt that any could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily, Mary was out; gone to carry home some work; and I was able to bear the first wild burst of his sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still, that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life.

'He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he latterly spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved: that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked coldly what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled, as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and, in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He is a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow; so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring nothing but herself, unless she met with one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented when her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's fiery countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was well worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

'Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never to return till he could bring home an unde-

pendence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, those words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were pouring like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile and the colour fled from Mary's cheek, and, without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her the hearing it from him: but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise; his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and his son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a steadfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wronged her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affectionately on Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, "Did the old man say anything against me, Garret—against myself?" He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, "Oh, Mary!" It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, "Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that disrespect, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the goodness of your sorrow. You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness; and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind."

Garret shook his head despondingly as he answered, "Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness, for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends on it, it is out of the question, Mary! You must not ask me to do that."

"But indeed I do, Garret; that is what I ask you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants his blessing to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so provoke his curse? No, Garret; it surely is not we that wish for money; all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than ever if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause."

Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously that if his father by that time had not

changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable will.

Satisfied with averting the present evil, Mary urged him no farther then; but hurried him away, not to lose a moment in becoming reconciled to his father. Then, worn out with her long effort at composure, my poor girl threw herself into my arms, and wept without restraint her long-repressed and bitter tears. But Mary's heart is like an April day—sunshine ever following the showers; and after a while she raised her head, and with a cheerfulness that took me by surprise, exclaimed, "Well, Ellen, at any rate we shall not be parted; life will glide along the same as ever; and with hope to gladden, and the sense of doing right to bear us up, I think we ought to be even happier than before we were tried. And now from this time out," added she, with increasing liveliness, "I must be very careful, steady, and diligent, and so win a good character for old Maurice, as I have no money to buy one;" then sitting down to work with an air of diligence, she cried, "Now, Ellen, you'll have to bear witness in my favour, so here's to begin!"

Ellen then told how, in the evening, Garret returned; but though his heart was evidently lightened by his father's forgiveness, still it was also plain that he had not recovered his own disappointment. His impetuous, active nature found waiting and submission a hard trial; and it required a double exertion of fortitude on Mary's part to make him hope against hope. It was also evident that no change had been wrought in old Maurice's determination: so, convinced that matters could not long continue in this state, Ellen inwardly determined to make an effort to bring about some understanding. And an effort indeed it was for her. Naturally timid, and rendered still more diffident by her infirmity and secluded life, nothing but the power of an affection which was the first object of her existence, a love stronger than death, could have induced her to take the step she now meditated. This was to obtain an interview herself with old Maurice, and with her own lips plead the cause so dear to her heart. She knew him, as she had said, by report to be a hard and stern man; but she had also always heard he was a sensible and a just one. She had heard, too, of his having, in early life, loved his wife to idolatry, and cherishing her memory with a constancy that would never allow him to replace her; this, combined with his genuine love for Garret, inspired her with the hope that his feelings might be touched by her appeal; and she resolved on making an attempt to convince him that arithmetic was not the only rule for measuring human hearts.

We need not enlarge upon this interview. Enough to say, that, though at first causing some surprise, she was received with civility and kindness, which gave her courage and even hope; and though she found it impossible to remove an opinion which had become a fixed idea in old Maurice's mind, still, conquered by her earnestness, he modified it so far as to promise that if, at the end of the year, Mary could bring him half the sum originally demanded—namely, ten guineas, and this fairly earned by their united industry—he would be proud and happy to welcome her as his daughter. In the meantime, he also required a promise from Ellen to keep both this meeting and agreement a secret from every creature except Mary herself.

"From Garret?" asked Ellen pleadingly.

"Yes, from Garret especially," said the old man.

"Can Mary be depended on to oblige me in this?"

"You shall see," answered Ellen proudly. Old Maurice smiled; and ratifying the treaty with a warm benediction and shake of the hand, they parted, mutually pleased. Since then, long months had passed away; and yet not so very long, for hope and constant industry had made the time seem short; and if Garret would sometimes, without those aids, wax impatient, a gentle word from Ellen, reminding him of his promise, would induce him to keep it with a good grace. He would good-

humouredly say, 'You are our pilot, Ellen, and in such hands it would be hard indeed if we refused to answer the helm.' While Mary, assenting with beaming eyes, would think to herself, 'Ah! if he knew but all.'

But now the time was drawing very near. The 'Sarah Jane,' the vessel in which Garret was to have taken a berth last year, was to sail again in another month; and more than once of late he had mentioned this in a way that plainly showed his mind was dwelling on the voyage. The two girls worked harder, more perseveringly than ever; but they lived in a remote place, and, until Mrs Villars's kindness had provided them with employment, their tasks had been precarious, and remuneration small; so that when, on that very morning, after a painful interview with Garret, the sisters reckoned over their little hoard, they found it scarcely amounting to two-thirds of the requisite sum, and Ellen sadly acknowledged that, from former experience, she was convinced it was useless to expect any further concession from old Maurice.

In this desponding mood she was found, as we have related, by Mrs Villars, who listened to her artless narrative with deep and unaffected sympathy. When all was told, she spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, expressive of the great use of trial to fortify and exalt the mind; and dwelt upon those lovely traits in Mary's character which had been just described, and which might have withered away under too bright a sun. Then opening the little parcel she still held, she unfolded a large square of lace, and laying a pattern before Ellen, said, 'Do you think, Ellen, you both could work this into a veil, and have it ready by this day month? It is for a young friend to wear at her wedding, and you shall have five guineas if you do it well.' Ellen's heart gave one wild throb; for a moment she tried in vain to speak; then finding utterance, poured forth her thanks and hopes with a rapidity almost unintelligible. 'Five guineas!—oh, dearest lady, what would we not attempt for that? Five guineas!—why, it has taken nearly a long year to put so much more together, and now it will seem but a day to earn the rest; and then you will at last be happy, my own Mary—happier and better for all your trouble. Oh, ma'am, fear not but we will accomplish it; and night and day we will work until it is done.' And night and day they worked, Mary at the plainer part, Ellen at the delicate stitches; while with admiration and renewed hope they contemplated each morning the progress they had made. At first Ellen thought to have given Mary the pleasure of a surprise, and, until it was done, to keep the amount of their reward a secret; but they had been too long accustomed to sharing every thought, to practise any concealment now; and one day remarking an unusually rapid progress, the whole truth burst in gladness from her lips.

To describe Mary's delight and astonishment is impossible. More busily she could not work, and for a while her trembling fingers refused to work at all; but day after day the sweet hope strengthened, and at last the appointed morning came, and found their task all but completed. It was, however, a day of unusual interruptions; and Ellen had each hour fresh cause to admire the improvement in Mary's temper, as, without an impatient word, she would lay aside her work, and attend to every demand. But evening still found them at their unfinished task, and Mrs Villars required it that night at the very latest. Just as they were busily employed, in came Garret with his usual request for an evening walk, and, half-affronted when refused, he said reproachfully, 'I believe there is some charm in that cobweb, for you never will put it by. Here I have tried in vain to get you out for an entire month. I will begin to think at last, Mary, that you take no pleasure in my company.'

Mary's quick feelings rose at this undeserved reproach, and, with somewhat of her old spirit, she was about to retort; but remembering all their past sorrow, all her present hope, she paused and answered gently,

'To prove the contrary, Garret, I condemn you never to leave me till this cobweb, as you call it, is fairly spun; and then—' She stopped short with a gasp, at having so nearly betrayed her secret; but her look was so eloquent of love and hope, that Garret started from his chair, and bending over her, inquired in hurried tones, 'What then?—dearest Mary, what then?'

She threw back her head merrily as she looked up into his face; and though she tried to compose her features, a thousand smiles and dimples contradicted the demure accent with which she continued, 'And then you may come with us when we take it home.' Both Ellen and Garret laughed at this anticlimax; Ellen especially, well knowing what was in the glad girl's heart, and amused, besides, at Garret's somewhat puzzled countenance. But that soon brightened again under the happy influence; and, without seeking the reason why, he found himself chattering away with a lighter heart than he had felt for months.

The moon arose; but as that fair light has business of its own, our workwomen reserved it for a future hour, and sent Garret for the more terrestrial assistance of a pair of candles, to put the few concluding stitches to their work. At length behold it finished! Ellen resigned the last two or three stitches to her sister, that by her hands it should be completed; and, holding it up with an exclamation of triumph, poor Mary gazed joyfully at it for an instant, then flinging her arms round Ellen's neck, burst into tears. Garret looked on wonderingly, and made some efforts at consolation so wide of the mark, that Mary's weeping was at once changed into laughter, until her bright eyes overflowed again. Ellen at last, remembering that the best of men may sometimes grow impatient, and unwilling to try Garret too far, laid her hand on his arm, and said, 'This is a bridal veil, Garret, and Mary and I have worked hard day and night to have it ready; it is to be worn by a fair and happy bride, while we—'

Garret required no further explanation of Mary's tears and excitement; and shaking off Ellen's hand with an upbraiding glance, as if he thought her for once in her life unfeeling, he answered warmly, 'And if she is ever so fair and happy, she cannot be fairer than my own sweet Mary, or more deserving of the happiest lot.' Then, before she had time to answer, he seized the veil, and playfully throwing it over Mary's glossy hair, he added, 'Now tell me, Ellen, will there ever be a fairer bride than that?'

But he was answered by a loud cry from Ellen. In passing, the veil had touched the flame of the candle, and in an instant the delicate covering was in a blaze. Quick as thought, she tore it from that beloved head; the next moment it lay in scorched and worthless fragments on the floor. To describe their consternation, their revulsion of feeling, is impossible. The present calamity was so overpowering, that for the minute it swallowed up all thought of remoter consequences, and—pale, speechless, and aghast—they gazed in silence first at one another, then at the fragile object on which their hopes so lately rested. At last Mary, pale as death, and almost as calm, laid her arm on her sister's neck, and in a low sad tone murmured, 'You see, Ellen, 'tis not to be!' Those words, uttered so despondingly, and Ellen's piteous tears, revealed to Garret somewhat of the truth; and though he could not guess the full extent of the misfortune, still he became at once aware that, in a moment's heedlessness, he had destroyed some plan essential to the happiness of all, and his self-accusation almost amounted to despair.

It was morning once more; the sun shone out as brightly as if it had only to awaken light and happy hearts, and the sisters had arisen betimes, and again were busy with their daily work. With the poor, there can be no useless indulgence of regret, and the labour of one hour often conquers the sorrow of the preceding; but we cannot wonder at the languor that now hung over Mary's usually active movements, or blame, the

large tear that would escape from her long, dark eyelashes, as a gentle sigh from Ellen now and then caught her ear. Otherwise, they were quite silent; they had exhausted the language of sorrow, and it was not at once the foundations of hope could be laid again. Still, they both were occupied with their different employments when a footstep approached, and looking round, Mary saw old Maurice Mahony standing in the doorway. Starting at sight of such an unusual visitor, her first thought was of Garret—that some harm had befallen him, and, trembling violently, she found herself unable to ask; but Ellen, with more self-possession, wished him good morning; and as he answered, 'Good-morrow,' kindly—'Always busy, I see,' the tones of his voice at once reassured poor Mary, and awakened, she scarcely knew why, some indefinite feeling of hope.

He had not addressed her, but he now held out his hand, and drew her to a chair, beside which he seated himself. Ellen laid by her work, and there was a momentary pause of stillness and expectation. Maurice was a remarkable-looking man. His hair, almost snow-white, combed back into smooth, old-fashioned curls, and his clothes, cut according to the fashion of a former generation, would have given him the appearance of great age, had it not been contradicted by his fresh complexion and still elastic step. His tall figure, scarcely stooped until his recent illness, and his firm, well-shaped mouth, and sagacious eyes and forehead, betokened an intellect still retaining all the vigour of its prime. He sat, as we have said, for a moment in silence, looking at the two anxious girls. At last he spoke; and, still retaining Mary's hand, related how Garret had returned home last night in a state little short of distraction; his heart so entirely full of one subject, that though it had never been renewed between them since the first painful day—under the influence of strong excitement, the interval seemed as nothing—the long-smothered feeling burst forth, and he told him all that had occurred.

'It was very late,' continued the old man, 'but I could not go to rest till he came in, for I had felt all the evening more lonely than usual. The fire burnt low as I sat before it in thought; and fancy brought back again her I had laid long years ago in her narrow grave, and the children that had followed her; and I could see them all again smiling and chattering round the hearth, as they used in those old hours. At last, from being very sorrowful, those memories grew pleasant, and a dawning of the future seemed to gain upon the shadows of the past. I began to think; for the heart,' added the old man solemnly, 'is often prepared within itself for the way it ought to act; I began to ask myself why there were not smiling faces and sweet young voices round my hearth again, and why my best and only one was at that moment under the roof of a stranger—his thoughts full of bitterness against the old father that loved him all the time better than the veins of his heart—' 'Oh no, no,' interrupted Mary softly. Old Maurice sighed as he continued—'If it was so, Mary, I had to blame myself. It was shown me then that I had been too positive and unbending; and Ellen's words, and all her loving arguments, came back fresher to my mind than the day I heard them. I was not so hardened as you thought me that day, Ellen,' added he, turning to her; 'but I thought a little trial would do the young people no harm; for I knew their hearts were in the right place, only they wanted ballast. But it is not good for short-sighted mortals to take the province of the Most High. When He afflicts, He sees and knows all things. We may often do mischief, though intending good, when inflicting needless trial on the hearts that love us; and so Mary, achieve, even before Garret came in, I had resolved on my future course, and was waiting to tell him so before I slept that night; but when he did come, and all was told—all the mischief he had done, and the sweet, patient way you bore it—I thought the night too long till I could come and relieve my own heart and yours.'

'And now, Ellen,' continued he, 'how far were you able to fulfil your promise? for that you both did your best, I have no more doubt than that the sun is shining on us now. I often noticed you hard at work when you little thought I was passing; let alone the good report from every one that ever names you. And there was a promise too, Ellen, that you made for another,' added the old man with a smile; 'and Mary, at home, you kept it well, as I saw by Garret last night; and though he'll hardly thank me for teaching you to keep a secret from him, he'll feel it makes you the worthiest of his trust in time to come. Is this the money?' asked he, as he took the little box containing their united earnings from Ellen's hand, and poured out the precious hoard upon the table—half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, even halfpence—all as they had been received and deposited there, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he reckoned over those tokens of affection and persevering industry. The sum amounted in all to little more than seven pounds; and when the total was announced, Ellen shook her head as she remarked, 'It would have been too little after all.' 'It is enough,' answered Maurice quietly; and selecting from amongst the coins a crooked sixpence, which, pierced with a little hole, had once probably been a true-love token, he added, 'I shall keep this for a luck-penny while I live; after that, Mary, it shall be yours in memory of this day. That is our share. The rest, dear Ellen—for your sake only I wish it had been more—but, such as it is, keep it till you meet with some old man as unreasonable as myself.' Ellen remonstrated; but in vain. Old Maurice made it a condition; and as Mary took his side, two to one carried the day: then, in compassion to Garret's impatience, he left them, as he said, to have his place better filled.

With what different feelings did the little group again pursue their way to the residence of Mrs Villars. Forgetful of her own disappointment, she had listened with kind and womanly sympathy to their sorrowful communication the night before, and now they hastened to tell her of their joy, and to ask her whether the time could possibly allow them to repair the accident by working another. 'All for love, dear lady, this time: you must not think of offering us any money now!' But Mrs Villars had already taken measures to supply the loss, and, as her best apology for the delay, had transmitted to her young friend the burnt fragments of the veil as an evidence of the beauty of the work, and of the accident which destroyed it. In relating the circumstances, she added the hope that, as in Ireland a conflagration was considered an auspicious omen to a bride, good fortune might attend those relics in a tenfold proportion to the sorrow they had caused; and the young English girl, as she smiled at the augury, sent a thought across the waters from her own happy home, and determined not to enjoy the prosperous influence alone. She laid the open parcel on the table, and told its story in a way that went home to the hearts of her auditors. Had she been covetous, she might have made Mary Roche the richest of her name; but, guided by judgment as well as feeling, she contented herself with accepting a trifling gift from each, and so realised a sum which, though moderate in her eyes, far more than compensated for the labour they had lost. It was forwarded to Mrs Villars, who divided it equally between the surprised and grateful girls; and it would have been more than human nature had they not felt some little pleasure in the consciousness that Mary was not a portionless bride after all.

She and Garret never forgot their separate lessons of perseverance and patience acquired in that year of probation. They had truly learned them by heart, and such experience is seldom obliterated; and Ellen, happiest in the happiness of others—the dearest object of her heart attained—still felt that she had a sacred duty to perform. She devoted herself more entirely to her father, and, in studying his wishes, endeavoured gradually to improve them; and she was rewarded. Drawn to each

other by the absence of their mutual companion, he seemed each day more conscious of her excellence. Stimulated by the example of her cheerfulness and industry, he began to feel ashamed of his own listless indolence; and by degrees shaking off the influence of habit, he became an altered man. The 'Work-girl's' cup of joy was full!

POPULAR MYTHOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In a former paper, we gave some illustrations of the Literature of the Middle Ages, drawn from a recently-published work, containing much interesting antiquarian information: the following notices of the popular mythology of these ages are derived chiefly from the same source.

The old Teutonic Pagans, whose irruption into the provinces of the Roman empire, in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, is always to be regarded as the true commencement of what we call modern history, brought with them, from their Scandinavian homes, a mythology like themselves—wild, imaginative, savage, and colossal. The sea, to them, was peopled with grendels and monster-snakes, which inhabited caves along the coast, or dragged their oozy length along the bottom, now and then rising to the surface to grapple the boats of the fishermen in their folds: the fens, rivers, and forests, had their nickers and fire-drakes, which devoured travellers, and sallied out from their dens at night to ravage the surrounding country: the very air was full of demons, elves, and goblins, to whom rain, sunshine, wind, sleet, hail, and storm, were owing. The existence of these multitudinous supernatural beings was as much a part of the modern polytheism, which believed in Thor and Woden, and the other huge Teutonic deities, and represented them feasting together in the hall of the gods, and drinking bucketfuls of ale with uproarious mirth, as the existence of satyrs, fauns, and nymphs, was a part of the old Homeric polytheism, with its blue-eyed Minervas and its imperial Jupiters. Now, just as Christianity had to overthrow the polytheism of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in order to establish itself in the Roman empire, so, on the irruption of the Teutonic races, it had to triumph over the religion of Thor and Woden, in order still to be supreme. Both these conquests it achieved. Slowly, but steadily, it crept from Jerusalem over the surface of the Roman empire, eating out, or dissolving into itself, all existing beliefs and philosophies, till it became the prevailing religion; and finally, when the empire was overruled and shattered by the German invaders, it rose, clear and spire-like, out of the universal wreck, asserted its supremacy over the conquerors themselves, and made Europe its own again. The popular beliefs, however, bore the marks of both these conflicts. The theology of the early ages, or the ages of the Fathers, was tinged with the heathen philosophy of Plato and others; no doubt also with the old polytheism of Greece and Rome, although this in an inferior degree, as that mythology had already become aged and decrepit. In the conversion of the German races, the case was somewhat different. Here there was no civilised philosophy, no Platonic or Peripatetic school to contend with, and exert an influence over Christianity; but, on the other hand, there was a young, vigorous, fresh, and poetical mythology, with grendels, goblins, fire-drakes, and thousands of other unconquerable things. Accordingly, the popular mythology of the middle ages was a compromise between Christian ideas and Teutonic legends. There was so much of course of the old German creed, which had to be entirely abandoned. Thor and Woden, for instance, and the other gods, had to be given up as totally incompatible with the new faith; but there was a great portion of the old belief which did not appear so reprehensible in a Christian point of view, to which, therefore, the clergy did not object so vehemently,

and which ultimately, with some changes of phraseology, was adopted into the popular creed of all Christian nations. 'Even now,' says Mr Wright, 'after so many centuries of successive improvement and refinement, in our salutations, in our eating and drinking, even in our children's games, we are perpetually, though unwittingly, doing the same things which our forefathers did in honour or in fear of the elves and nymphs of the heathen creed.'

The clergy, as the guardians of the popular faith, were intrusted with the charge of deciding what old Teutonic legends and practices were admissible in the new constitution of society. That they exercised this right to the suppression, or at least to the discouragement, of many Pagan practices which the laity were disposed to keep up, is proved by numerous laws passed by the clergy in Anglo-Saxon times against such practices. In one old Anglo-Saxon *penitentiary*, for instance, the following regulations occur. "If any one observe lots, or divination, or keep his wake (watch) at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church, let him fast three years: the first on bread and water, and the other two, on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water; and the other days let him eat his meat, but without flesh.

"The same for a woman who useth any witchcraft to her child, or who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads; because that is great heatheness.

"If a mouse fall into liquor, let it be taken out, and sprinkle the liquor with holy water; and if it be alive, the liquor may be used; but if it be dead, throw the liquor out, and cleanse the vessel."

The Teutonic nickers, elves, and other supernatural beings, however, were too strongly lodged in the popular imagination to be easily expelled; and accordingly, all that could be done was to give them new names, or at least, retaining their old names, to assign them functions in accordance with the prevailing theology of the time. An immense number of them were forthwith converted into devils, subordinate to the Evil Principle of Scripture. To these devils, besides their principal function of tormenting and misleading mankind, was assigned a large share of influence in all natural phenomena, especially in meteorology. 'The monks,' says Mr Wright, 'sometimes invented strange stories to account for the influence which the devils thus exerted, because they were not aware of the real source from which they had been adopted. An inedited English poet of the thirteenth century, after explaining, in a popular manner, the nature of thunder and lightning, proceeds to show how it happens to cause so much mischief. "When Christ suffered death," says he, "he bound the devil, and broke down hell-gates in order to let out those who suffered there. His visit was attended with such terrible thunder, that the devils have been afraid of thunder ever since; and if any of them happen to be caught in a storm, they fly as quick as wind, and kill men, and destroy trees, &c. which they meet in their way. This is the reason that people are killed in a storm."

As a curious illustration of the transition of old Teutonic ideas into the popular theological language of the middle ages, we may mention that our 'Old Nick' is a mere corruption of the word 'nicker'—the name of a large class of supernatural beings among the German Pagans, generally supposed to be water-fairies; The modern 'Old Nick' is, therefore, literally the old 'nicker.'

Few countries retained so much of the old Teutonic mythology as England; and, strangely enough, it is from the Lives of the Saints that we derive most of our information respecting the Teutonic elves and fairies. 'A more extensive knowledge,' says Mr Wright, 'of the Anglo-Saxon fairies may perhaps be gathered by a careful perusal of the legends of the Anglo-Saxon saints, than all the other books together can afford us. It only need be borne in mind, that in the transformation, the elves, when mischievously inclined, became devils; when beneficent, angels. The fens and wilds are, in Beowulf,

constantly peopled by troops of elves, and nickers, and worms (dragons and serpents). So, in the fairy legends, are they ever the haunts of hobgoblins (demons), and many and fierce were the struggles between them and the hermits, before the latter succeeded in establishing themselves in their deserted abodes. St Guthlac built him a mud-cot in the isle of Crayland, a wild spot, then covered with woods, and pools, and sedge marshes. The isle had hitherto been uninhabited by men; but many a goblin played among its solitudes, and very unwilling were they to be driven out. They came upon him in a body, dragged him from his cell, sometimes tossed him in the air, at others, dipped him overhead in the bog, and then tore him through the midst of the brambles; but their efforts were vain against one who was armed like Guthlac. 'Sometimes these goblins were more obliging towards their new neighbours, and directed them where to dig for treasures; though it appears that they seldom gained much by seeking after "heathen gold." Godric, a celebrated saint, occupied a cell in the wilds of Durham, and was often troubled by these spiritual enemies. On a time, however, one of them appeared by night, and told him where he would find a hidden hoard. Godric was not, it appears, an avaricious man; but he thought he might do some good with the money which was thus revealed to him, and to work he went with pickaxe and shovel. When, however, he had dug a considerable depth—though we are not told that he obtained a sight of the promised treasure—he was terror-struck by seeing come out of the hole a troop of small black dwarfs, who, with a laugh of derision, cast at him little smoking balls. Godric dropped his shovel, and, it is almost needless to add, never sought treasures again.'

The elves or goblins of the middle ages are distinguishable into three classes: the positively malevolent, who were accounted imps or emissaries of Satan, and whose constant purpose was to ruin souls; the good and benevolent, whose nature partook more of the angelic, and who made the improvement of the human race their object; and the merely eccentric or mischievous, who, leading an independent existence, delighted, solely for their own amusement, to intermeddle in human affairs, and whose aim seemed to be more physical confusion than moral evil. These last, called often the 'merry sprites,' made their presence known by throwing dirt, and other harmless things, at every one they came near; and they continually plagued them by cutting holes in their coats, and playing other such mischievous pranks. Sometimes they would talk with the people of the house; and when displeased, or mischievously inclined, they scrupled not to tell in their presence all their secrets and private actions, much to the shame and confusion of many who were so exposed. When any attempt was made to exorcise them, they threw dirt at the priests themselves; and Giraldus thinks, from the inefficiency of the exorcisms of the church in driving them away, that the power of the priests was only efficient against spirits of a malignant nature. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighbouring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them, and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first, the family of the knight were extremely terrified; but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place. But he was by no means deficient in learning; for when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked in Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt, too, readily

enough; but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her. At last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock.

These sprites were generally invisible, as this story intimates. There were persons, however, who were gifted with the faculty of seeing these elves, and who described to others their shape and appearance. One of these elf-seers was Ketel, a pious rustic, who lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, of whom many anecdotes are related by the historian William of Newbury. 'While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the wagon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled, as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be, and whatever they might be doing; and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence—for he did not tell these things to every body—that there were some hobgoblins who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were very small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but who delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the roadside, on the look-out for travellers, upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself, by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity.'

Besides the knowledge derived of the appearance of the elves from the relations of such gifted individuals as the elf-seer Ketel, there were ways and means of catching an elf for personal inspection. The English chronicler, John of Brompton, tells of the capture of an elf of dissipated habits, who, in the earlier part of the twelfth century, haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves. 'One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that, during the night, a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for, the next morning, another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot; and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf, sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished.'

It was not altogether, however, on the relations of

elf-seers, or the occasional capture of a single specimen of the elf-kind, that people depended for their notions of this extraordinary class of beings. There were many cases of elves attaching themselves to particular households in a visible shape, and continuing for weeks, or even months, to go about doing all kinds of work in an efficient manner. 'In Pembrokeshire, an elf took up his abode in the house of one Elidor Stakepole, in the form of a red boy, who called himself Simon. Master Simon began "impudently," says our author, by taking the keys from the butler, and usurping his office. However, he was himself so provident a butler, that, while he held the office, everything seemed to prosper. He never waited to be told to do anything; but whatever his master or mistress was thinking of calling for, he brought it immediately, saying, "You want so and so, here it is." Moreover, he knew all about their money and their secret hoards; and often did he upbraid them on that account, for he hated nothing more than avarice; and he could not bear to see money laid up in holes, which might be employed in good and charitable uses. There was nothing, on the contrary, he liked better than giving plenty to eat and drink to the rustics; and he used to tell his master, that it was right he should be free in giving to them those things which, by their labours, he himself obtained. Indeed, Simon was an excellent servant; but he had one failing—he never went to church, and he never uttered a single "Catholic word." One remarkable thing was, that he never slept in the house at night, though he was always at his post by daybreak. Once, however, he was watched, and found to take up his lodging about the mill and the mill-dam. The next morning Simon came to his master, delivered up his keys, and left the house, after having filled the post of butler for about forty days.'

The most famous of all these visible elfs, however, was Friar Rush, whose adventures form the theme of numerous legends of the middle ages. The idea of the story of Friar Rush is much higher than that of most goblin stories. In a certain abbey, the site of which is variously given in different versions of the story, the monks are living in a scandalously immoral manner. The devil instantly perceives that there could not be a better centre from which to operate upon human society than this abbey. Accordingly he, or at least one of his demons, appears at the abbey gate in the form of a young man wanting employment. He is received into the abbey, serves some time in the kitchen, rises to be master cook, and finally, after eight years, to be a friar. In the guise of a friar he works all manner of mischief: at first in the abbey itself, then in its immediate neighbourhood, and lastly, in other countries, into which he travels. It will be perceived what scope for powerful satire and invective against the vices of the age was afforded by such a device, in which the Evil Principle is made to assume the garb, and occupy the position, of a professing servant of Heaven.

In Mr Wright's work there is a very interesting chapter on the superstitions of modern Greece, in which it is shown that, among the peasants of that classic land, numerous myths and legends are current, identical with those current among the English, the Scotch, the French, and the Germans. He accounts for this by supposing all such legends, wherever found, to be of Teutonic origin. 'The dissimilarity,' he says, 'of many superstitions of the modern Greeks to any mentioned by the ancient writers, and the time at which they began to be first alluded to, can leave little doubt of their having been introduced by the barbarians who crowded in at the decline of the empire. Their resemblance to those, of which a great part still exists among the nations of Teutonic blood, seems to point at once to the quarter whence they came. We could adduce many proofs of the numbers even of Norsemen who were in Greece at an early period, had we room.'

The popular mythology of all the European nations is, therefore, according to Mr Wright, derived from the

German races; and to trace this mythology beyond the fifth and sixth centuries, would be to inquire into the origin of these races, and their history previous to their invasion of the Roman empire.

VISIT TO THE CRYPT OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT MALTA.

BY A LADY.

'WILL you go on, or are you afraid?' These words were addressed to me by an old monk, as we stood together on the last step of the stair leading down to certain mysterious vaults which exist under the Capuchin convent of Malta. The monk was very decrepit, very ghastly—indeed, I may say, decidedly unearthly-looking—the voice was sepulchral, and the question not one to be answered without serious consideration; for he held in his hand (and the hand was uncommonly like that of a skeleton) a great key, which was destined to open the ponderous iron door of a very singular chancel-house. This convent is one of the very few, in fact, I believe the only one of importance, now extant, excepting that of Palermo, where the monks still retain the custom of preserving their dead unburied, and are yet in possession of the method by which they can keep the corpses of their brethren entire, with all the appearance of life, for as long a period as they choose. The secret of the process by which the order of the Capuchins have thus learnt to cheat the grave of its lawful prey is not exactly known; I believe it is some sort of baking or boiling. They have always the number of forty carefully preserved; and when a death occurs in the monastery, the most ancient among the dead bodies makes way for the new-comer, and is buried. I had been told that the spectacle of these forty monks, so long departed from existence, yet still unshrouded and uncoffined, was most curious, although sufficiently appalling to render it less frequently visited than it would doubtless have otherwise been. For myself, however, it had been my lot, in my various wanderings, to see death in so many different shapes, that I could hardly shrink from any new aspect under which it might present itself, and I had therefore advanced thus far on my way to visit them. Still, I must own I was a long time of answering the pointed question of my companion: to tell the truth, there was something in his own appearance and manner which awed me considerably; and I could not help wondering what the dead monks must be, if their living brother had so little the semblance of humanity. There was a dulness in his sunken eye, a solemn expression on his livid face, half hid by the huge cowl, and something so mechanical in his every movement, that it was scarce possible not to fancy the soul itself was wanting. These were the first words he had uttered since he had suddenly appeared at my side, in obedience to the call of the superior; and now having spoken, he closed his withered lips again, as though these hollow tones were to issue from them no more, and stood motionless till I mustered up courage to pronounce an emphatic 'Vado' (I go), when he instantly stalked silently along the dark, narrow passage, and unlocked the massive portal of the chamber, whose silent inhabitants I was about to visit. The door rolled back heavily on its hinges; the ghostly monk stood back to let me pass; and as I crossed the threshold, I heard him close it behind me with a noise which echoed, as it seemed to me most ominously, from vault to vault.

I found myself in a large hall, constructed entirely of the white Maltese stone, the roof rising in the shape of a dome. It was lighted only from the top, so that although every object was perfectly distinct, the day could only penetrate within its temple by a kind of twilight shade. The very first breath I drew in this dead-house, made me gasp and shiver. It was not precisely cold; but there was a chill, and an indescribable heaviness on the air, which caused a most unpleasant

sensation. It was some minutes before this feeling could be shaken off; at last I determined boldly to raise my eyes and look around. For a moment I could have fancied we had mistaken our way, and returned to that part of the vast convent which was inhabited by the living, the scene was so very similar to that I had just witnessed in the chapel above, where the vesper service was being performed. Standing upright, in niches cut in the wall, the forty monks were ranged round the room, twenty on either side of me, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At a superficial glance, they seemed all engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet they were, with their heads, from which the dark curl was thrown back, bent slightly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one was an inscription, giving his name, and the date of his death; and it really required some such announcement to bring to my mind the full conviction, that it was indeed on lifeless corpses I was gazing; for, except that all had the same uniform hue of dull, ghastly yellow, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there was nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they had not, each one of them, a living, throbbing heart within his bosom. The flesh was firm, the limbs retained their shape, the lips their colour; the very eyelashes and nails were perfectly preserved; and the eyes themselves, though fixed, as I have said, did not look dead or rayless. It was a frightful mockery of life, because so frightfully real. I could see no difference between those nuns and their deathlike brethren up stairs; whose long confinement in the cloister, and strict adherence to the most severe of the monastic rules, have wasted their bodies, quenched the fire of their eyes, and banished all expression from their faces. But when I went nearer, in order to examine them regularly one by one, I saw that the Capuchins, who have thus the secret of triumphing over corruption, and, outwardly at least, would seem to set even death at defiance, had altogether failed in one most important point. They had preserved the bodies from decay; they had clothed them in the garments they were wont to wear; they had marvellously banished the likeness of death; the skin, the hair, the hands, were as those of living beings; but, with all their art, they had been powerless to efface from the countenance of each one of these dead men the seal which the soul had stamped thereon as it departed. All the faces wore the expression with which they had died; different according to their various temperaments, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seemed as though, in this expressive look (the last trace of spirit petrified, as it were, on the dead face), might be read not only the record of their dying moments, but also the history of their past lives; showing how the good man, humble and sincere, had departed in peace; and how the disappointed, ambitious soul had clung to a life which years of asceticism had vainly sought to render odious. It is sufficient, however, to look only once in their faces, to lose instantaneously the effect of the delusion, which is so striking at a first glance. The imitation of life, cunning as it is, fails altogether before this palpable evidence of their having undergone the last dread trial.

The body nearest me, which was that of an old man, had a countenance which would have told its tale clearly to the most careless observer. I felt, as I gazed on his serene and placid face, that death had been to him a glad release: he had waited, he had wished for it; and when it came, he had resigned himself to its power, as a child sinks to sleep on its mother's breast. The strong lines round the shrivelled lips, the deeply furrowed brow, the hollow eyes, all told of a weary conflict past—of least which had been very bitter, of that long struggle with sorrow which can make existence a load most gladly laid aside. But there was a sublimity of repose upon that old man's face, which life could never have known. And the next! I wish I could

forget the awful face of the next in order; but I know I never shall: the expression of that countenance will never cease to haunt me! The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, so as to show the sharp, white teeth firmly clenched, all told an unwillingness to die—an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of! Here were, indeed, again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It was easy to see how madly, how wildly, he had struggled to retain his hold on life; and when that life escaped, it had written on his face the record of that last hour as one of most intense despair. Assuredly this man must have been a slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of his invincible foe; or else—for he seemed too young for that—he may have had one of those morbid, restless spirits of inquiry which ever drove him to the burial-places, that he might rifle the secrets of the grave, to learn the details of the universal doom, till he was seized with a frantic horror for the individual corruption which awaited himself, such as I have known men of imaginative minds to feel. Anyway, it was a fearful face. He had fought with the King of Terrors, and been subdued, but the struggle had been a dire one; and what rendered this yet more striking, was the mock resignation with which the hands had been folded together after death. I was glad to pass on, though it was to look on a corpse which could only inspire disgust; it was so evident that this one had died even as the beasts that perish. His heavy features were full of sordid indifference; he could not have foreseen that his hour was gone; or, if he did, his must have been one of those narrow, grovelling minds, too completely filled with the daily occurrences of life to wake up and look beyond it, and question eternity. Next to him was one who had expired in extreme suffering from some terrible disease: his face told of nothing save bodily pain; but so expressive was it of this, that it was scarce possible not to believe that he was even then in great agony. Again—I could have looked for ever on the face of him who stood next in the line. Where the expression on the face of the dead is beautiful, it must be infinitely more so than it ever can be while living; and in the still eyes of this corpse, in the sweet smile that brightened even that livid mouth, there was a fervour of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He was very young, and had probably been cut off in the first enthusiasm of his vocation, ere time or the imperishable craving for human sympathy, had quenched the ardent religious fervour, which is so sincerely felt by many young novices on their first profession. I was very glad he died when he did, it was so glorious a look of triumph! Strange to say, the most unmeaning of all these faces was that of a man who had been murdered: there was a mere vacant stare of surprise in his wide, glaring eyes. The spirit seemed to have been so suddenly expelled from her mortal tenement, that she had left no trace of her passage forth. Near to this ghastly corpse stood a young man, who appeared to have fallen gently asleep, with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart.

When I had gone round about half the room; and had minutely examined the features of some twenty of this ghostly company, I was seized with a very strange hallucination. On entering into the presence of these forty monks, I had been fully aware, of course, that they were all dead, and I alone was living; and now I was equally conscious that there was some vast difference between the present state of my grisly hosts and my own; only, after I had gone from one to another, ever meeting the gaze of their meaning eyes, and gathering such volumes of eloquence from their still lips, I could almost have believed that they were all living, and I myself dead, or in a dream! It was quite time to hold some communication with the living when assailed by such fancies as these; and I turned to look for my guide, with a strong desire to enter into

conversation with him. I looked round and round in vain. I counted forty-one monks, therefore the living man must be amongst them; but the exact similarity of dress, and the motionless attitude with which he had installed himself between two of his lifeless companions, made it no easy matter to distinguish him. When I did find him out, the question with which I addressed him would have been considered passably unfeeling in more polite society; it was, if he himself would one day take his place in this strange sepulchre? 'Assuredly!' he answered, with more vivacity than he had yet displayed; 'and this one must make way for me,' he continued with a grim smile of satisfaction, at the same time dealing a light blow with his bunch of keys on the shoulder of one of the corpses, which caused the bones to rattle with a sound so horrible, that I flew to the door, and begged him to open it, that I might escape from this dreadful room. I had had quite enough of the society, certainly not enlivening, of the Capuchins, both living and dead; indeed, on the whole, I rather give the preference to the latter, for we claim no kindred with the dead; whereas, it must always be painful to come in contact with a fellow-creature so devoid of human feeling as this old man seemed to be. He afterwards conducted me through the whole of the convent, at least of that part of it to which strangers are admitted. It is very extensive, but principally remarkable from the strange sight I had witnessed. As this order is one of the most rigorous, the brotherhood is composed, for the most part, of men who have committed some crime, and flown thither for refuge from the vengeance of the law, or the yet sterner justice of their own conscience. Judging from the countenances of those I saw, I should say they had sought all mental rest in vain: but so indeed it must have been. It was scarcely possible that the quiet of the cloister should have any effect on them; for it is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can ever escape from his own deed, be it what it may, good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality which he can never again destroy: it becomes independent of him, and goes out into the world to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his ken.

Column for Young People.

THE HUMBLE BEE.

ON one of our summer holidays, after the bright and sunny forenoon had been spent by the young people in gardening, and various other labours, the boys showed an unusual anxiety to be off after dinner, on some secret expedition of their own. They thus anticipated our afternoon walk by several hours. At the usual time, however, we set out; and, not without some vague expectations of finding them, we took our way through a favourite and often-trodden dell, which leads to a meadow by the river side. The sun was shining brilliantly in the west, yet a soft breeze tempered the heat, and a morning shower had cooled and refreshed the green herbage, which sprang up everywhere around us. The birches, which hung on each rocky side of the dell, sent forth a grateful odour, and the beautiful red petals of the wild roses, now in full blow, as well as the white blossoms of the bramble, and innumerable other more lowly plants, added not a little to the perfume.

'I wonder,' said Mary in the intervals of her scrambling among the rocks for the prettiest wild flowers; 'where those boys can be, or what they are about? I hope they are about no mischief; and yet the mystery they have observed regarding their expedition does not look well.'

'Oh, I should not wonder,' replies Elizabeth, 'but we shall find them with old Davie, drinking in with delight some of his stories, or chanting along with him his songs and ballads, or perhaps busily employed setting their water-wheels of rushes at the little dams and water-falls, which they have laboriously constructed. Such amusements in a sunny afternoon like this, make me wish that I were a child again.'

'I recollect well,' says Mary, 'the first time I ever heard of Robinson Crusoe was from Davie, as the good-natured old man sat down yonder in the meadow, and told us the wonderful tale, while we lay eagerly listening around him. So clear were his descriptions, that I almost thought I saw the island before me, and poor lonely Crusoe wandering on the sandy shore, startled at the print of a human footstep there. Poor, dear old Davie! many are the hours' amusement you have afforded us; I fear we have sometimes teased you, and too often wearied you. Yet we shall never forget you, and even now I have something in my basket in store for you; for your task of tending the cattle in the far-off fields must be but an irksome and lonely one at best—a cold and cheerless one too often.'

We had now passed through the narrow dell, and the grassy meadow opened up before us. It was covered with a rich, green sward, variegated with innumerable blossoms of the white and yellow clover; here and there were seen clusters of the yellow butter-cups, the daisy of all tints and sizes, and occasionally the pyramidal stem of the orchis, with its rich and curiously-shaped flowers. The sheep were busy nibbling the grass on the upper parts of the meadow, and in the more luxuriant hollows strayed the cattle, leisurely browsing in irregular groups.

'Aha!' cries Mary, 'yonder are the boys; but what in the world are they about?' Henry has his jacket off, swinging it around his head, and Charles, with his head covered with his handkerchief, dances about as if he were frantic, while Davie, on his hands and knees, looks intently into the earth, as if he were seeking for hidden treasure.'

We proceeded onwards to join them, but before we had come up to the place, we were assailed, first the one, and then the others, by the large humble bees, evidently in a state of rage and irritation. They boomed round and round our heads, coming closer and closer every circle they made, and were not easily to be frightened away by any efforts of ours. The girls ran for it, and I had to use my handkerchief assiduously in self-defence. I now began to suspect the cause of all this uproar, and on coming up to the place found, as I had conjectured, that a nest of these wild-bees had been invaded. I am always averse to interfere with unnecessarily or annoy any of the 'creatures of field or flood.' This the boys were aware of, and on the present occasion they felt rather abashed. It is true they had violated no express command, and Henry pleaded that it was purely out of curiosity to see the interior and inspect the curious bee-nest, that they had thus exposed it; 'and indeed,' said he, 'had we known the danger and difficulty of the task, we would even have let it alone. We have been at least two hours engaged in digging, and if that space we have been interrupted at least fifty times, and forced to battle with the pugnacious defenders of the citadel. In these battles I am glad to say, however, that though many stings and blows have passed between us, no life has been sacrificed: the whole colony are spared, and are now dispersed, in no very pleasant mood, however, through the fields.'

'Indeed we are quite aware of that,' says Mary; 'for we have encountered not a few of them already, and they, like many other enraged beings, began blindly to wreak their vengeance on us, the first they met, instead of reserving it for you, their real disturbers.'

Taking the opportunity of this, the short dispersion of the poor, persecuted swarm, we cautiously approached to inspect the nest. The siege had been conducted, under the experienced directions of old Davie, with considerable tact. A small hole led from the surface several feet under ground, where the nest was situated. Before commencing operations, a long, pliant willow wand, peeled of its bark, had been cautiously inserted from the opening above down into the nest. Along the course of this white wand, as a guide, the assailants had dug down with their garden spades and hoes, carried with them for the purpose, till they came to the termination. The nest was an enlargement of the extremity of the narrow passage, of about eight inches in diameter. It was lined above and below with moss, and contained some dozens of rude cups of wax, slightly cemented together, some of which contained honey, and others the larvae or young bees. Now that the invasion had been actually committed, I recommended that the whole should be again carefully covered up; and that, if they chose, they might do it in such a manner as that the future operations of the bees might be seen by us, without giving them annoyance or interrupting their labours. This, with slight directions, I left to their own

ingenuity; and we proceeded to make the circuit of the meadow, before retracing our steps homewards.

The humble bee and its habits of course occupied the greater part of our attention in our walk, and every individual bee which we saw was scrutinised with a minuteness corresponding to the interest which the subject now excited. My companions soon discovered a marked difference in the forms and colours of the various kinds which presented themselves to their notice. In the meadow-grounds we met with two distinct species—one of a large size, marked on the breast and abdomen with bright yellow stripes, and commonly known as the *Gairy* or *Brocket* Bee. To this kind belonged the nest which we had just examined. It is the only species that lives deep in the ground; sometimes the nest will be found from three to six feet deep, or rather having a slanting passage into it of this length. 'And do the bees make this long passage themselves?' I was asked. In general they do not. They take possession of the nests of the field-mouse, or any other hole or crevice which they can find. They are not bad excavators, however, when they have a mind to exert themselves. In soft ground they will form a long passage in a very short time; and when, by any means, the entrance to their nest is obstructed, they speedily clear it out, or, if this is impracticable, they make a new opening.

Another species, the *Little Brockie*, of smaller size and darker colour, often has its abode below some large stone, or in the crevice of a wall, or among a tuft of moss; but seldom goes deep into the ground, like the larger species.

'Here,' cried Henry and Charles, who had now joined us, 'is a light yellow bee, which David calls the *Todder Tyke*. I advise you all to take care of him, for he is a wild animal, and will fly at your head and sting if you give him the least provocation. We have seen his *byke* or nest, too; it requires no digging into, and lies often among tufts of grass, or in dried turf, or trevices of walls.' The todler made two or three booming circles around our heads in rather a menacing manner; but meeting with no opposition, he suddenly darted, with devious path, into the air, and was seen and heard no more.

'See what a beautiful bee is on that flower of red clover,' cries Mary; 'it looks so gentle and peaceable, that I shall go near and examine it. Its breast and back are of a deep purple hue, and the rest of its body of a bright red.'

'You need not fear, it will not fly at you,' says Henry; 'the mode of defence which it uses is to turn on its back, and present its sharp sting to its enemy. This is by far the prettiest, though not the largest, of the humble bees; and, according to a rhyme which David has taught us, it selects the finest honey of the whole; for, strange to say, different qualities of honey are selected by the different species of bees.'

'And pray, what is this rhyme which you have learned?'

'It is mere doggerel, but I believe, like other popular rhymes, it embodies the experience of accurate observers.

The todler tyke no'er has sic a good byke
As the bonny gairy bee;
But of a' the bee bykes that ever I saw,
The red luttie bears the gree.'

In our next walk to the meadow, we found the bees' byke or nest carefully repaired, and done up, by the boys and their more experienced coadjutor, in such a manner as that, by means of a small window of glass, we could look in upon the operations of the inmates without in the least disturbing them. It formed a frequent source of amusement thus to watch them. In sunny weather they were constantly busy and at work; in cloudy and wet days they remained in a half dormant state, clustered together among the soft, warm lining of their nest, and occasionally awaking, as it were, from their sleep; one or two in succession would pay a visit to their thimble-shaped wax-combs, for the purpose of sipping the honey with which those cups were stored.

'I perceive,' said Elizabeth, after a minute examination of the colony, 'that there are bees of various sizes here, though they have all a general resemblance in their markings and colours. Do the humble bees resemble the hive-bees in this respect?'

'They do,' I replied. 'The largest bees, of which you see several here, are the large females, corresponding to the queens of the hive-bees, only they differ in this respect, that several large females may exist in the community at one time without exciting any jealousy or contention among each other. Besides these there are another set of females of a smaller size, several dozens of common work-

ing or neutral bees, and about half a dozen to a dozen of drones or male bees. On the whole, there may be from fifty to one hundred inmates of a hive of this kind. At present there are not nearly so many as this here, but you perceive that some dozens of those cups contain young bees, which are assiduously fed from the pollen, or bee dust, carried in on the thighs of those working bees. In due time those larvae or young will add to the effective number of the colony.'

'I see two bees,' cries Mary, 'very kindly feeding some young grubs, which present their mouths to their nurses, while they not only feed them with this pollen, but apparently disgorge from their mouths a quantity of honey also.'

'These are young queens,' I replied, 'which they are thus feeding on a richer fare than what is allowed to the common workers.'

'I see two in another corner,' still continues Mary; 'a set of workers, busily employed in constructing some honey-cups. How assiduously they ply their tasks! Yet the form or finish is by no means equal to that of the six-sided combs of the hive-bee.'

'No; you must look upon these rather as rustics, who live in lowly cots in the country, and feed from rude and simple bowls. Yet you see they are contented and happy, and do not attempt anything in the way of finery. Those cups they are busy with, are destined for the reception of more young; and after they have thus served as nurses to nurse them up, they are cleared out, and filled with honey, to afford a store of food during the rainy days, when the fresh and fragrant flower-cups are not accessible.'

'But do they not require a winter store of honey?' inquired Elizabeth.

'No; the greater proportion of all those you see shall be dead before winter. It is only the large queen-mothers which survive for another season, the remainder being insects of only one year's duration. In the end of autumn you will find drones, and workers, and all, gradually drop off and disappear.'

'I recollect now,' continued Elizabeth, 'to have seen, when the chilly days of autumn commence, numbers of those bees lying in a half-stupid state on the red blossom of the thistle, or in the deep cup of the foxglove, honeysuckle, and other flowers. I fancied then that they had stupified themselves with too much of the luscious, and perhaps narcotic juices of such flowers; but now I understand that it was the coming torpidity of death, accelerated probably by the chill of the air, and the approaching wintry blasts. But how do the queen-mothers spend the winter?'

'Sometimes they take shelter in the interior of their nests, where they sleep in a dormant and inactive state, but as frequently they retire into the first hole or crevice which they can select, such as in old stone or turf walls, or about the roots of trees, or among the moss below large stones; and in this condition they remain till spring, when, aroused by the first warm and sunny breath of that genial season, they awake from their long slumbers. Each solitary queen-bee then, alone and unaided, sets about establishing her new colony; for this purpose she selects a proper nest, if it so happens that she has forsaken that of last year, or yielded it up to another companion. She then collects soft moss to line it, begins and forms a few cups for the reception of her eggs, and thus labours on, alone and unassisted, till she in time rears up a young colony around her. Having thus produced her offspring, and amply provided for them, she dies of a good old age in her second summer. The first young bees that are produced are the workers, which are thus early required to assist in the labours of the nest. These make their appearance in May or June; the small females are produced in August; and it is a singular circumstance that they again produce the males, and males only. As in the case of the hive-bees, the grubs that are intended for workers are fed with common fare; but those that are destined to become males and females, are fed with the purest honey, or sometimes with a mixture of honey and pollen. The males are not here an idle class, like the drones of the bee-hive, but join in the labours of the field and nest, assisting the workers, which are a most industrious race, and which take charge of, and nurse and feed the young bees, taking care that a certain equable warmth may be kept up in the nest. In the intervals of all this home labour, they seize every opportunity of a sunny day, ranging the fields in quest of the purest honey, and loading their thighs with the choicest pollen from the anthers of flowers.'

'What a lesson of industry, and mutual reliance, and affection does the inspection of the humble bees' nest afford,' we exclaimed as we reluctantly gave up the inspection of those creatures, 'though seen for the twentieth time!'

ARGUIN AND ITS VICTIMS.

TRAVEL discovered by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and successively possessed by them, by the Dutch, and the French, the island of Arguin, adjacent to the western coast of Africa, was, till within a few months since, a perfect *terra incognita* to the English public. At that time circumstances of a distressing nature aroused attention to the subject; it being reported that several of our countrymen were held in captivity, and barbarously treated by the islanders. Among the most zealous advocates for the liberation of the unhappy captives was Captain Grover, whose name is so familiar to the public in connexion with the Bokhara victims. Through him we now learn some particulars respecting the island, its inhabitants, and our then suffering brethren—his information having been collected from Mr Northwood, commanding the barque *Margaret*, who was detained three weeks in captivity; from William Honey, who was kept eleven months a prisoner at Arguin, and in a neighbouring island; and from Mr Vaughan, commanding the merchant brig *Courier*.*

It appears, by the log of the brig *Courier*, that, on the 26th May 1844, the chief mate, Mr Wilson, was sent with three hands to take soundings near Arguin, and that, on approaching the shore, they saw some natives, among whom was a white man, who hailed them in English. This induced Mr Wilson to run his boat on shore, for the purpose of relieving his supposed countryman; but as he neared, the natives began to beat their captive with clubs, and it was not till the boat's muskets were levelled at their heads that they desisted, and took to their heels. The white man immediately made for the boat, and was taken on board the *Courier*. He stated that his name was Samuel Phillips, that he was a seaman belonging to the *Margaret*, of London, commanded by Captain Northwood, who, with a portion of the crew, was there in captivity, and subjected to the most cruel treatment by the natives.

Captain Vaughan immediately determined to release

* Arguin, which has been successively a trading post of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and finally abandoned by the latter, with the view to the concentration of the trade at their factory on the Senegal, is situated in 20 degrees 27 minutes north, and 16 degrees 37 minutes west. It is between thirty and forty miles long, and about one mile wide. It is about eight miles from the mainland (west coast of Africa), between which and the island the water is shallow. There are three or four channels, the main having a depth of five feet. On the outer or seaward side there is, according to the positive assurance of Captains Northwood and Vaughan, and of W. Honey, from five to seven fathoms water close in-shore; a fact which is, moreover, attested by a person in Bathurst, and signed by Lloyd's agent. This is important, as a different opinion has been entertained. The island is of a whitish rock, covered with a constantly shifting sand. The northern portion is flat, but the southern rises to an elevation which admits of its being seen at a distance of thirty miles. The soil produces no wood but a small shrub, yielding a caustic juice applied medicinally by the natives. Fuel is brought to the island from a place fifty miles in the interior of the continent. Water is abundant and excellent, though it has the appearance of milk. Two fairs are held annually on the island, in June and December; many strangers from a distance frequent them, bringing for barter necklaces, beads, cloths, and tobacco, for which they receive dried fish and oil.

The inhabitants are about sixty in number, including women and children. Their only food is fish and fish-oil: they have neither bread nor vegetables, except a small portion of rice, which is reserved for the sick. These people are remarkably affectionate to their children, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They are strict Mohammedans in all things but their ablutions, which they neglect. The people are tall and well-proportioned, and their dress simple. They go armed with musket, dagger, and scimitar; and possess six boats, including those captured from the British. The only quadrupeds on the island, exclusive of dogs and cats, are white rats. The heat is very great, though generally tempered by a breeze from the north-east; and healthiness appears to be characteristic of the island.

his fellow-countrymen by ransom, or otherwise; and therefore brought up his ship, and anchored on the west side of the island, in four and a-half fathoms water, about a mile from the shore. Four men then appeared on the beach, and made signs for them to land. This was not complied with; and on the following morning the *Courier* got under weigh, and proceeded to the south-west point of the island, anchoring again in five fathoms water. The chief mate then landed with six men, and were kindly received by the natives, who promised to bring down Captain Northwood and the other prisoners early next day, to be ransomed. At the appointed time the natives came to the beach with Mr Northwood, who waved his hat, and requested Captain Vaughan to send a boat ashore; and accordingly the mate was again despatched with six hands, and provided with a supply of tobacco and other things, to offer in exchange for the captives. The chief was, however, not satisfied with the proposed ransom; and Captain Northwood desired the men to return to the *Courier*, and request Captain Vaughan to send everything he could possibly spare. The latter, accordingly, gave his mate in addition three or four dozen handkerchiefs, and other articles, and the crew collected among themselves twenty-five shirts. These were all put in the long-boat, under the charge of Mr Wilson and his six hands, accompanied by the cutter, with five men, all well armed. Captain Vaughan gave positive orders that they were on no account to land, but to anchor near the shore, exhibit the articles they had brought, and only to allow two or three chiefs to approach them to treat. Unfortunately these orders were disregarded, and as the islanders appeared friendly, the whole party went on shore. Captain Vaughan, seeing from his ship that about forty natives were hastening to the beach, called loudly to Mr Wilson to return on board—an order which, although it was heard, was not attended to. The islanders, as Captain Vaughan expected, fired as soon as the party landed; and the only one who escaped was Mr Barrington Duines, the second mate, who succeeded in swimming off to the ship, although desperately wounded, having received two shots in the arm, and one in the side. Mr Wilson and two men were killed, while three were dangerously wounded. William Honey received two balls in the left arm, close to the shoulder. Being considered dead, he was, with Mr Wilson and the other two men, thrown into the sea; but, revived doubtless by the salt water, had contrived to crawl to land. Captain Vaughan having only two seamen and two landsmen left in his ship, and seeing that the Arguins were preparing to attack him, slipped his cable, and was reluctantly compelled to leave his countrymen to their wretched fate.

The wounded were now carried to a small hut, where their sufferings during the night were intense. The next day, however, Captain Northwood induced the natives to dress their wounds; and though the system of surgery was rude in the extreme, it proved efficient. Indeed all the men recovered, even those whose limbs, in Europe, would have been subjected to instant amputation. After a preliminary dressing, of a somewhat novel and not very delicate character, their wounds were the next day scraped with a common knife, and cauterized with the head of a red-hot nail. They were then washed with fish-oil, which gave great relief. The sufferings of Honey were dreadful; he was burned eighteen times, and eight pieces of the main bone of his arm came away. The wound in his breast they cut out with an instrument, resembling in shape a blacksmith's shovel, while they forced out the balls with brass rods. John M'Donald received three balls in the abdomen, two very severe sabre cuts on the head, by which his skull was fractured. His head and skull were scraped with a common knife twice a-day. Strange to say, the sufferings of these men seemed to afford great amusement to the women and children, who imitated their moans and cries. However, they all recovered, though, during the eleven months of their cap-

tivity, their only food was fish; and they were often kept a considerable time without water, although there was abundance of it. Even the women, who among the most savage tribes show almost always some sign of compassion, appeared to take delight in their sufferings, and the little children pelted them with stones. To add to their miseries, they were in daily expectation of being sent to the mainland, and sold to perpetual slavery.

There was, however, one person who had heard of their captivity, and who was taking active measures for their deliverance; namely, Captain Isomonger, commanding the merchant brig *Africanus*, who happened fortunately to be on the coast. This gentleman possesses great influence on that part of the coast of Africa; and on communicating the intelligence to the king of Trazars, who is very friendly to the English, this monarch immediately sent to Arguin, ordering the restoration of the captive, or threatening to send an expedition to destroy the whole tribe. Captain Northwood, and all his men who could be moved, were accordingly placed in an old fishing-boat, escorted by ten of the natives, and, after a painful voyage of nine days, were delivered over to the gallant Isomonger. Honey and his two wounded companions were left behind, and Captain Northwood did not then think there was the least chance they would survive their sufferings. However, through the exertions of the man who effected the deliverance of all these wounded men were ordered to be delivered up, without ransom, to any European ship that would receive them. No vessel appearing to claim them, despite the efforts made at home for that purpose, they were, after eleven months of great suffering, conveyed by the *Argutus* themselves to the Gambia. It must appear extraordinary that these men should have been allowed to remain eleven months in this dreadful state, within eight days' run of our shore. Despite the efforts of the owners to induce government to act, some misapprehension seemed to exist; for, in reply to the urgent intreaties of the mother of William Honey, the secretary of state forwarded an extract from a despatch written by Captain Rosanquet, commanding her majesty's ship *Alert*, which states that he had communicated with one of the chiefs of Arguin, who stated that the three Englishmen had died of their wounds, and that they had no white prisoners. This despatch is dated 7th November 1844, and the men were not liberated until the 1st May 1845. They arrived in London on the 3d of August. It is most unfortunate that this report should have been fully credited, as, but for the benevolent and patriotic exertions of Captain Isomonger, they would have lingered out their wretched lives upon the island.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.

THE Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's *Theolima* and *Clarehus*, first published by Isaac Walton (1683), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the *English Mercurius* (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters, in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters

has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the *Public Advertiser*, during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Backville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr Lanchan Maclean; but we need scarcely wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a perfect indifference for his own works; they were continually re-printing, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the *Henriade*, or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces, was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking—'I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale.' The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the *Almanacs of the Muses*, the *Portfolio Recovered*, and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it. In Holland some forgeries were printed as the *Private Letters* of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram:—

Lo! then exposed to public sight,
My private letters see the light;
So private, that none ever read 'em,
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Steevens says, that 'not the smallest part of the work called *Gibber's "Lives of the Poets"* was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr Shiells, amanuensis to Dr Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed.'

William Henry Ireland having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakspeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of *Vortigern* was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakspeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever impostor published his *Confessions*, acknowledging himself to be the sole author, and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, 'Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius.'

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connexion with what are called *Ossian's Poems* will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are supposed to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; 'but,' says Mr Carruthers, 'they proved to be an exact counterpart of those in English, although, in one of the earlier *Ossian* publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived.'

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths, desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labour and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practise a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being appraised by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

ISLAND AND TOWN OF SINGAPORE.

I could say much of Singapore, for it is the pivot of the liberal system in the Indian Archipelago, and owes its prosperity to the enlightened measures of Sir Stamford Raffles. The situation is happily chosen, the climate healthy, the commerce unshackled, and the taxation light; and these advantages have attracted the vessels of all the neighbouring nations to bring their produce to this market, in order to exchange it for the manufactures of England. The extent of the island is about twenty-seven miles in length by eleven in breadth. The town stands on the south side, facing the shores of Battam, and is intersected by a salt-water stream, which separates the native town from the pleasant residences of the European inhabitants; the latter stretch along the beach, and cover a space which extends to the foot of a slight eminence on which stands the governor's house. Off the town lie the shipping of various countries, presenting a most picturesque and striking appearance. The man-of-war, the steamer, and the merchant vessels of the civilised world, contrast with the huge, misshapen, and bedizenedarks of China. The awkward prahus of the Bugias are surrounded by the light boats of the island. The semi-civilised Cochinese, with their vessels of antiquated European construction, deserve attention from this important step towards improvement; and the rude prahus of some parts of Borneo, claim it from their exhibiting the early dawn of maritime adventure.—*Brooke's Journal in Borneo.*

A HYMN.

[FROM LAMARTINE'S 'HARMONIES POÉTIQUES.']

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering eypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light;
Of Thee—the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITUDE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure
If interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasure-cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
Overwhelms its powers, until we had
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eye-ball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-embazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

D. M. M.

RIGHT IN THE LONG-RUN.

Mankind do sooner or later make a 'good report' of things worthy to be so reported of. The world is long sometimes in estimating merit rightly, but is pretty sure in the end to accord its approbation to the deserving. Too often, it is true, the wreaths that ought to have encircled the brows of living men—the eminent of their race for mental and virtuous attainments—have been twined only for their monumental effigies; but once placed on these, they have preserved an imperishable freshness. Milton's bays grow greener with the touch of time. Newton's name shines like the stars with which, while he was upon earth, he held immortal converse. Nature spoke by Shakespeare when he lived, and mankind have since taken care that she shall speak by him for ever. Whence we may fairly infer that the world's ultimate judgment is in most things correct, and should be regarded by every man of sense accordingly.—*T. Cromwell.*

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

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UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and—so to speak—grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes naturally to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverent remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam—a heavy dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam—a sharp snappish sound, which seems to say, 'I despise you.' Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar. On all of these, and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant's angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as point out a fault; a son's slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slamming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first-rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-rooms for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, slings, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring without words to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one's friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or, what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none but themselves understand. What are the rest to do?—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn? This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a 'knowing look.' But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—'Right; you have it—the thing is undeniable.' Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—colouring—tone—aerial perspective—scumbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of

society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light, it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness of eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, sidelong glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; and finally, a floss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticising and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an appearance of consequence—making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity—witness the proceedings of children—and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places—the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impressé* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mutter dodging—to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons 'not proper'—would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite scepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed—liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

P. S.—A friend, to whom we have read what is here written, remarks that he cannot understand how an

academy for the teaching of silent arts would admit of any female teachers. This is mere matter of detail. Substitutes of the other sex, with all or most of the requisite qualifications, would doubtless be found.

CASTILLOTE.

THE civil war in Navarre and the Basque provinces had been brought to a conclusion, at the close of the month of August 1839, by the memorable convention of Bergara. That welcome pacification was accomplished by the military genius, indomitable perseverance, and patriotic generosity of the Duke de la Victoria—Espanero; who, followed by the benedictions of the now happy population of the north of Spain, marched without delay, at the head of a large and brilliant army, to seek out the Carlist chief Cabrera in his strongholds in Lower Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia.

Let us glance at the state of Lower Aragon at this period.

It was evident that the queen's forces were regarded by the inhabitants as being destined to release them from the tyranny of Cabrera and his reckless hands; and that, with the exception of those hordes of robbers and outcasts of society, and some fanatics, all—including vast numbers of the male population who had been dragged from their homes, and forced to take up arms in the Carlist ranks—detested the very name of Don Carlos and his ferocious agents.

If the queen's general and his army were not at first received with enthusiasm, the cause was speedily ascertained to be, that the people were still groaning under the weight of terror, lest—as had happened on former occasions—the Christinos should occupy portions of the country for a short time only, and that the slightest display of good-will towards them would expose the inhabitants to the most furious persecution after their departure. But when it was found that this army was under the command of a determined and high-minded chief, who had the means as well as the desire to protect them, and who proclaimed that he would not rest until he should have completely swept away the brigands who had overspread and ravaged the country for so many years; when they saw that, instead of levying contributions, he brought with him the needful supplies for his army, and paid in coin, or by orders on government, for whatever they might have to dispose of; that his officers and men, instead of being, as the Carlists had described them, brutal, almost cannibals, and bereft of religion, were humane, and in a high state of discipline; moreover, that on Sundays and the festivals of the church military mass was celebrated, often in the open fields; and that to all this were added social feelings towards the inhabitants in whose houses they were quartered, and that the men gaily assisted them in their agricultural labours when occasions offered—when the people saw this, they gave vent to their long-suppressed feelings, and rejoiced at the bright prospect of being speedily restored to that state of peace and security of which they had been so long bereaved.

Innumerable interesting reminiscences flash across my mind when reflecting on the stirring events which it was my lot to witness and participate in during this momentous period. As the Duke de la Victoria rode at the head of his staff through towns, villages, and hamlets, after traversing a bare and almost depopulated country, the people—men, women, and children—hailed him as their deliverer; the former grasping his hands, and the women shedding tears of joy; whilst the boys struggled to seize the bridle of his horse, and lead him in triumph. The male population applied for and obtained arms, in order to resist any rebels who might attempt to enter and pillage their towns and villages, declaring that now they would be responsible that no more outrages should be committed. As we advanced,

revolting instances were continually pointed out of the cruelty of Cabrera, who, on learning that Espartero was approaching at the head of his gallant army, became infuriated to the last degree. At the town of Muniésa, I was credibly informed that a Carlist colonel, said to have been Cabrera's secretary, having asked his chief, in conversation, how he thought all these things would terminate—"I'll show you," replied the monster; and he instantly had the inquisitive colonel shot!

At the time I am speaking of—the autumn—the women were to be seen in the streets of Muniésa, sitting outside their doors on low stools, before small deal tables, picking the rich gold-coloured stamens from the beautiful blue crocus-like saffron flowers which were in baskets at their feet. Poor people! This saffron, or saffron, was the only produce which the Carlists had left them; and simply because it could not be carried off—for the process of culling the flowers from the azafrañales, or fields where they are grown, and of picking and rendering the saffron fit for sale, is a tedious one; and it so happened that the flowers were not in a proper state for gathering when the Carlists decamped. The value of saffron had, however, become reduced to a mere trifle, in consequence of the civil war. Before that disastrous period, dealers were in the habit of arriving annually from Catalonia at gathering-time, and purchasing the saffron crops at high prices, always paying for it in gold or silver coin; but this traffic had ceased for a long time. The men who cultivated the fields had been either forced to serve in the ranks of Cabrera's predatory force, or had fled to escape from so great a calamity; and the consequence was, that the quantity of saffron grown was insignificant in comparison with former and better times; and for the little that the poor people could scrape together, they were obliged to accept whatever price a stray Catalan or other casual purchaser chose to offer.

As the Carlists retired, they burnt the mills, cut off the water, and destroyed the miserable remnants of property still held by those whom they had so long lived upon and tormented. In short, plunder, fright, ruin, and the severance of all natural and social ties, were the palpable traces of those who boasted that they were the champions of royalty and the defenders of religion!

By the time that the duke had advanced as far as Las Parras, a small place within a short distance from Castillote, the season was too far advanced to admit of the needful preparations for the siege of that strong castle. The army was therefore cantoned in appropriate directions; and head-quarters were eventually established at a little town called Mas de las Matas. It was also fixed upon for the general depot for provisions and military stores of every description.

This small country town is agreeably situated on the Guadalupe, and is surrounded by gardens, olive-plantations, groves of mulberry-trees—upon whose leaves are fed innumerable silk-worms—and pleasant fields. The bridge which spanned the river had been carried away by the floods, and it was of the utmost importance to get it speedily rebuilt, so that communications might at all times be kept up with the forces stationed on the other side of the Guadalupe, which, although it was now fordable, was sure to become swollen and impassable in the course of the winter.

The works, which were planned by the Duke de la Victoria himself, and carried forward under his personal direction, were therefore immediately commenced; and a new and substantial bridge was in due time completed, to the great joy of the inhabitants. The town was enclosed with tapias, or mud-walls, and fortified also under the general's own eye, and according to his plans. The large and handsome church was fixed upon for the reception of the immense supplies of provisions sent from Zaragoza, and even from Madrid, by that route. The entrance to the church was defended by a strong loop-holed outwork, and a trench was dug round the edifice.

All these preparations proved to the inhabitants that the duke was in earnest. The roads were repaired, in order that the large convoys which were constantly arriving, under strong escorts, might perform their journeys with all possible rapidity; and communications were insured between all the places garrisoned and fortified by the queen's troops.

The winter had scarcely approached to its conclusion, when Espartero marched from Mas de las Matas to attack the strong castle of Segura, under every disadvantage in point of weather and other obstacles. By his vigorous proceedings, however, he forced the garrison to surrender at the end of three days, and thus relieved that part of the country from the scourge it had endured for some years. He gained at least two months' time by this energetic and successful attack; for, a very few days after the fall of Segura, the weather—which, during the operations, was inclement—set in with such extreme severity, with heavy falls of snow, that it would have been impossible to move the artillery forward.

In consequence of this early opening of his campaign, the Duke de la Victoria was enabled to enter at once upon the difficult enterprise of reducing the Carlist stronghold of Castillote in Lower Aragon; and he commenced his operations with that energy and confidence of success which had marked the whole of his proceedings.

On our first arrival in the previous autumn, this formidable castle was carefully reconnoitred by the duke. It commanded the town of Castillote, which lies at the base of the lofty peak on which this castle—said to have been built in ancient times by the knights-templars—was perched. Looking at it from the village of Jaganta, beyond Las Parras, it appeared to be dovetailed into the jagged rocks from which its massive walls and turrets rose. But the castle assumed a different and always formidable aspect at every fresh point from which it was viewed. After the fall of Segura, the duke again reconnoitred it from every available position, watching it as a sportsman does his game. Sometimes the rock on which it stood appeared to be separated on all sides from spots where artillery could be advantageously planted.

It was now about the middle of March, and the weather turned decidedly against us, commencing with heavy rains, which rendered the always bad, and now newly-repaired roads nearly impassable for the heavy artillery which had been collected at Muniésa; but by dint of indefatigable exertions, it was conveyed to Ejulve by a circuitous route, passing by Andorra. Head-quarters marched, by rugged mountainous paths, to the same point. We left a place called La Mata one morning at seven o'clock, in very rough weather; and on arriving at Ejulve, a ruined and deserted village, the general found that the artillery had, in conformity with his orders, already moved in the direction of Castillote, protected by a competent force.

Passing on, the duke halted at about four in the afternoon on a bleak naked height, without shelter of any kind, the piercing wind blowing a hurricane. On this inhospitable spot, however, we were destined to pass one of the severest nights I remember. The army encamped, or rather bivouacked there; Espartero, as usual, taking a soldier's full share in every toil and privation.

Soon after daybreak the duke mounted on horseback, and, accompanied by a portion of his staff, ascended some very steep and rugged heights, from whose ridge a clear view of the castle of Castillote was attained. The wind still blew with great violence, and it was with much difficulty that our horses could stand against it, perched as we were on those giddy peaks. The general remained for some time reconnoitring the ground, and we then descended, almost benumbed with cold, and arrived by precipitous paths at a valley not very distant from the town. From the castle—high above it—there was a covert-way, through a dip or ravine, to a strong redoubt, which appeared to be crowded with Carlist

troops; and from the highest tower of the formidable castle itself a black flag was floating, signifying that the garrison were resolved to defend their post unto the death. There were two sentinels at the gate of the town, which was surrounded with walls of weak construction, and appeared to be deserted.

The general carefully reconnoitred the ground in this direction, and ordered the *batéria rodada*, consisting of light field-pieces, which were carried on the backs of mules—the gun on one mule, and the wheeled carriage on another—to be brought over the rugged ground. It was extremely difficult to find proper spots for establishing large batteries sufficiently nigh to the castle to be efficiently employed; but here and there the general discovered positions where he could place smaller ones.

The army followed in the track of its leader, and a large force bivouacked that night in the vicinity. An extensive olive-plantation afforded a convenient site for a portion of the troops, and shortly after nightfall the camp-fires enlivened the scene. Our tent was pitched on a patch of ground overlooking the encampment, and not far from a large marquee occupied by some officers of the staff. A cottage, or rather hovel, afforded shelter to our gallant general. In the course of the evening I wandered about the camp, and gossiped with my numerous military friends; admiring, as I had often done before, the patience and cheerfulness of the Spanish soldiers, whose gallantry and military virtues of every description I had so repeatedly witnessed, and to whom I was strongly attached; for I had for some years been a participator in their vicissitudes.

In the early part of the following day two sixteen-pounders were placed in battery, at a considerable distance, however, from the castle; upon which they opened their fire, but with little effect. In the course of the day a small chapel or hermitage, which had been occupied by the enemy, and which was much nearer to the castle, and in a more favourable position, was taken possession of without resistance; and the town was afterwards entered with very little loss, though a sharp fire was kept up from the castle as the queen's forces approached the walls.

To enter a large and once flourishing town, and find it bereft of its population, through fear or coercion, is most afflicting—more so than when the people have voluntarily abandoned their homes on the approach of an invading army; because, in the latter case, the halo of patriotism sanctifies the self-sacrifice. In Castillote were to be seen good houses devoid of anything portable, yet having fixtures and decorations which denoted that the owners were persons of refined tastes and habits, who in all probability only sighed, like their humbler neighbours, for peace and protection; churches without priests; altars stripped of their adornments; the municipal halls deserted, and public documents strewn about the offices and staircases; while a formidable fortress, frowning from aloft on the devoted town, threatened to reduce it to ruins, now that the deserted streets were becoming filled with the troops of the attacking party.

And all this misery was brought about by the deceptive and ruffianly conduct of Cabrera and his followers, who had not even the pretext of fanaticism to colour their misdeeds, inasmuch as the people had no sympathy for Don Carlos or his cause.

About midnight a great body of flame, quickened by the howling wind, rose from the redoubt to the right. The Carlists had set fire to all the combustible portions of the work, which they abandoned, the garrison retiring by the covert-way to the castle. In the course of the night, the height and what remained of the redoubt were taken possession of, and five sixteen-pounders were conveyed through the town. Great and successful exertions were made to get them placed in battery by a very early hour in the morning near the before mentioned chapel. Three twelve-pounders were also placed in battery on another suitable spot. The height and peculiar position of the castle—there being no commanding point from which it could be attacked, as the

batteries were necessarily established full three hundred feet below, and at a distance of between five and six hundred yards from it—rendered the fortress an extremely difficult mark for guns, which, to act with effect, were fired at an elevation of about fifteen degrees.

Before commencing the attack, three summonses, by sound of trumpet, were made, to surrender the castle upon honourable terms—the duke's means of reducing it being stated, as well as his desire to avert bloodshed; but the only reply made by the Carlist governor was to cause the *ataque* to be sounded from the highest tower in defiance, and the *aid-de-camp* who was the bearer of the duke's message was fired upon.

Upon this the batteries instantly opened, under the personal direction of the duke, whose skill in artillery practice is one among his numerous high military qualities. The fire was very effective, and continued throughout the day. The outer defences of the fortress were much damaged, the parapets demolished, the works which protected the castle gate nearly destroyed, and the newly-constructed fortifications rendered useless and untenable. But the strong old castle stood firm amid the storm, though not a man appeared on its walls or battlements; and only a few musket-shots were now and then fired through the loopholes, doing but little damage.

In the early part of the day the Spanish flag floated on the highest and strongest tower; but it was afterwards blown away by the hurricane. Affixed to its broken staff, it started forth from the pinnacle as though it had been indignantly borne away from the rebels' tower by some invisible hand. The banner of Castile was saluted by the shotted cannon of its legitimate sovereign; and after being borne in a straight line away from the castle, it gradually descended, acknowledging, as it were, its allegiance, and it finally lodged among the rocks at the base of the castle. How the queen's soldiers vied with each other to catch it up! A few got caught in the interstices of the rugged rocks; others dropped down, wounded by stray bullets from the loopholes; but at last the banner was seized by two or three at one and the same time, and borne in triumph to the duke, who liberally rewarded all who had striven for the honour of obtaining possession of the flag, which the general ordered to be immediately hoisted on the principal battery.

It appeared probable that the garrison had shut themselves up in the strongest tower, awaiting the succour which Cabrera, when he gave his orders for defending the castle to the uttermost, declared he would bring, and that he would annihilate the queen's army before their eyes.

Towards evening the drawbridge was completely destroyed by several well-directed shots from the sixteen-pounder battery, to which were added two twelve-pounders; still the massive walls of the castle itself stood firmly on their rocky foundation.

On the following morning, soon after daybreak, the batteries, augmented by two twenty-four-pound howitzers, opened, and the fire was vigorously directed upon a high and strong white tower, and upon the governor's quarters connected with the main and strongest tower. Nothing could be more perfect than the artillery-firing. The Carlists scarcely fired in return, until at about one in the afternoon, at the moment when their opponents were in the act of placing two eight-pounders in battery on the side of the hill, on the summit of which the redoubt, abandoned by the enemy, was situated. Then very sharp and well-directed discharges of musketry commenced from a half-ruined house to the right of the square white tower, and also from the chief tower. Several Carlist soldiers stationed themselves at the foot of the white tower, and, with great intrepidity, fired upon the large battery where the general was, after every discharge of cannon from it.

By and by the white tower, and all around it, showed, by the ruinous state of the masonry, how true had been the aim of more than twenty pieces of artillery directed

against them by the unerring eye of Espartero. Still the brave Carlists continued firing musketry from that and the stronger tower; and during the ensuing night they threw a number of handgrenades into the town: these, however, did but little mischief.

Seeing that the main tower of the castle was so strong, the duke gave orders that a mine should be made at its foot, for the purpose of blowing it up. Whilst the firing from the batteries was going on, therefore, the engineer officers examined the approaches to the foot of the tower; and this perilous service was performed with courage and intelligence. The Carlists, who were watching the proceedings from the top of the lofty building, fired upon the mining party, and a young officer of engineers of great merit was killed. Still the mining operations were continued perseveringly. The sappers carried a quantity of planks lengthwise, jutting out beyond their heads, and sloping down their backs; and as they advanced towards the foot of the tower, they were fired upon from its summit; and when they got still nearer, heavy stones were cast down upon them, killing several, and wounding and crushing many others. The brave fellows, however, were nothing daunted by this, and succeeded in planting their planks, two or three thick, slant-wise against the wall, so as to leave a space at the bottom for a sapper to work under this shelter. In a few hours an aperture, six feet in length and four in depth, was made by loosening and taking out some stones at the foot of the tower. This was the chamber of the mine; but it was not charged until the following day.

In the course of this day the Carlists threw a number of dead bodies over the parapets of the castle. It was a frightful sight. The corpses bounded from point to point, and at length, in divers ghastly attitudes, became transfixed among the jagged rocks. As a man was about to leave the parapet of the white tower, after casting one of his dead comrades over it, the fragments of a shell, which had burst over his head, struck and killed him. The poor fellow fell with half of his body drooping over the parapet, and we saw his blood streaming down and staining the wall. Such are the frightful sights which become almost familiar to those whose lot it is to be a spectator of, or perform a part on, the theatre of war!

In a valley on the other side of a river which flows at some distance from the town, we perceived a Carlist general officer, attended by three of his staff, watching the movements of the queen's general. We afterwards learned that this was one of Cabrera's chiefs, Llagostera, who had eight Carlist battalions nigh at hand—though he did not show a single man to encourage the besieged. Watching the attack on the castle at a distance through a telescope, he was at first full of confidence, and declared that it was impregnable; and, knowing that it was well supplied with provisions for at least six months, he is reported to have said, 'Let Espartero fire away, he will gain no ground.' But when he saw the destructive effect of the well-served artillery, he retired in despair, exclaiming, 'We are lost!' and the brave garrison of the fortress of Castillote were left isolated and abandoned.

At daybreak on the fifth day the batteries again opened. By eight o'clock the governor's house was completely destroyed; and then the whole fire, from more than twenty pieces of artillery, was concentrated upon the massive castle, the upper part of which was reduced to a ruinous state. In the meantime the regiment of Luchana, which was always foremost at the post of danger, and the Princessa regiment, advanced gallantly up a precipitous track towards the gate and the broken drawbridge. A tremendous fire was opened upon them from the castle. Showers of handgrenades were thrown over the gates, killing a great number of men, and wounding many more. At the same time our batteries, directed with the utmost energy and skill by Espartero, opened their whole fire upon the castle in valleys; the shot and shells flying and curving over the

heads of the gallant storming party, who, in spite of the shower of musketry and handgrenades to which they were exposed, fired rapidly in return; the men creeping separately up the precipitous pointed rocks, taking possession of the ruined house and tower, and placing themselves intrepidly before the broken drawbridge, immediately in front of the hottest fire from the besieged.

Whilst this deadly contest was in progress, the mine at the foot of the castle wall had been charged, and was about to be exploded. At this critical moment a white flag was hoisted on the great tower. It was a signal that the garrison surrendered at discretion. The duke instantly gave orders to cease firing; the matches, which were already raised to be applied to the loaded artillery, were cast on the ground; and the shrill trumpet sounded the halt to the brave troops who, perched on the rocks and ruins, were about to rush on to the assault. In less than a quarter of an hour they were grouped on the encumbered approaches to the castle, conversing amicably with those against whom they had just before been engaged in mortal strife, and who were leaning over the walls of their lately-besieged fortress. Shortly afterwards the colours of the Luchana regiment were seen floating on the highest tower, and were greeted with loud cheers and vivas from the rocks above and the batteries below, and re-echoed by the troops in arms all around.

After a short interval, the duke, followed by his staff, proceeded on foot towards the castle; but when little more than half-way up the steep winding path, our progress was impeded by heaps of stones and broken walls, and debris of all kinds, cast there by the deadly cannon-shot from the batteries below. Espartero sat down upon a piece of broken wall, and we all accommodated ourselves as well as we could amongst the ruins.

I well remember that our gallant leader's boots were burst at the sides, and that his feet were exposed to be cut by the sharp stones over which he had walked; and I could not help thinking, with indignant feelings, of the erroneous, not to say malicious, reports and inventions which had found their way to England and other countries with regard to an imaginary supineness on the part of this talented and gallant soldier and true patriot, when to my own certain knowledge, from hourly personal experience, he was ever indefatigably engaged either in forming long-foreseeing plans for counteracting those of his sovereign's enemies, or in energetic and daring personal action whilst carrying these well-laid plans into effect.

Before the general could enter the battered castle, it was necessary to remove a pile of large stones which had been heaped up inside the gate, not only to strengthen it, but to form an almost impenetrable barricade, after the thick timbers of the portal had been shivered to atoms by the shot and shell. This took some time; and then there was a yawning gap under where the drawbridge had been, but which, as before stated, had been destroyed by the admirably directed fire from our batteries. The Carlist soldiers then brought some beams from within, and forced the ends forward from their side as far as they could, whilst the Christiano soldiers knelt on the opposite brink, and stretched forth their arms to catch at and drag them to a lodgment. Good-humoured jests passed between those who, so short a time previously, had been watching to get a shot at one another; and the lately-besieged Carlists were gaily lending helping hands to form a passage into a fortress for those whom they had striven so gallantly to keep out of it.

The footing was at length made secure, and the Carlist governor came forth. He was received with much kindness and soldierly frankness by the duke, who, after conversing with him for a short time, proceeded to inspect the remains of the castle. It was a heap of ruins, with the exception of some subterranean galleries where the provisions and ammunition were deposited, and some buildings on the side which was not exposed to the

fire, and where part of the garrison had sheltered themselves.

During the preceding night the governor and his men had exerted themselves indefatigably in repairing the serious damage done to the top of the main tower. Strong parapets had been made with heavy beams, and large sacks filled with flour; in short, the greatest credit was due to the governor for his bravery and energy, as well as to the troops he commanded. He defended his post like a good and faithful officer, until he was overwhelmed by an immense force, most ably commanded, and full of gallantry; and knowing that a mine was about to be sprung, the effect of which would be to bury the greater part of the garrison under the ruins of the castle, and render the survivors the victims of an assault, under such circumstances he acted as every military man ought to do—and surrendered. He did so to a just and generous enemy; and both himself and his men were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. The wounded Carlists were carefully carried by their late antagonists to the military hospital which had been established in the town, and were attended by the surgeons in like manner with the wounded soldiers of the queen's army. They lay down side by side like brethren, cheering and consoling each other. The docility of the Spanish people, their susceptibility to kindness, and tendency to value frank generosity for its own sake, and to practise it with simplicity of heart, these, and other estimable qualities—among which shines conspicuously personal bravery—are among the characteristics of a people who, I believe, are little understood, and have often been unscrupulously misrepresented.

I had a little conversation with the Carlist governor, whose bearing was manly and soldier-like. He had been very recently appointed, and was no doubt placed in command of the castle on account of his bravery and decision of character. He told me that he had declared to the Carlist chief, Llagostera, by whom he was appointed, that it would be advisable to abandon the castle, rather than expose the garrison to the consequences of an attack from so formidable a force as the Duke de la Victoria could bring against it. 'But,' said the gallant governor, 'I was ordered to defend the castle to the uttermost, and I did so until the moment when I saw that all were on the brink of destruction, and that those who had placed us in that strait had abandoned us to our fate.' He added, that his instructions were imperative to defend the castle to the last; and that, should he find that it must fall, he was to sally forth with the garrison, and cut their way through the besieging force. This was a further proof of Cabrera's reckless and ignominious character; inasmuch as, in the face of these orders, which implied that he or some of his chiefs would be at hand to draw off the attention of the queen's general, and facilitate the escape of the garrison, they were left without a chance of succour—the eight Carlist battalions, at the rebel chief Llagostera's disposal, as before stated, not having even been posted on the distant hills to afford that slight encouragement to the garrison.

As for the prisoners, who were three hundred and seven in number, they unanimously offered to enter the queen's service, saying that they had been torn from their homes, or deceived; and they declared, in a manner which was a guarantee for their sincerity, that they would serve Queen Isabel faithfully.

The place having at length been completely evacuated, the mine at the foot of the principal tower was sprung one evening. The explosion produced the full effect which the general expected. A very large portion of the angle at the foot of the tower was blown away, laying bare the internal part of the wall; that is to say, the solid stone-facing was entirely destroyed, the heavy masonry rolling down the precipice with great noise. The walls were at least eight feet in thickness. Two days afterwards, seven more mines, containing in all four hundred pounds of gunpowder, were exploded, and the tower was effectually destroyed, to the great joy of

the country people, who now came flocking in. In a military point of view, the destruction of the formidable castle of Castillote was of the greatest importance, but its moral effect was powerful and instantaneous. It relieved the country from cruelty and extortion; and it proved to those who were still in arms in the Carlist ranks, that however strong the fortresses or positions they occupied might be—however difficult of access, or however bravely defended—they must fall before the numerous, brave, and veteran army brought against them under the command of their gallant general-in-chief, who had conducted that difficult operation with so much skill and energy, superintending and directing all personally, thereby overcoming many serious obstacles, which a less talented, practical, and resolute chief might have considered to be insuperable.

With this well-earned prestige, and the army in high spirits, the duke, having left a proper force to protect the country thus liberated, marched on the following day to Mas de las Matas; whence he again moved, three days afterwards, to follow up his plans for investing and attacking the still more important fortress of Morella in the province of Valencia.

DR CARUS IN SCOTLAND.

In a former number we endeavoured, by means of quotations from his narrative, to elicit the opinion of Dr Carus respecting the English; we shall now try, by a similar method, to discover his estimate of Scotland and the Scotch. Passing from Carlisle to Hamilton Palace, by way of Greta and Mosflat, he certainly entered our country by no very inviting route, and, as if to make the dreariness more remarkable, it was on a wet and gloomy day. This was Sunday, the 21st of July; and when it is stated that the royal journey lay by Hamilton, Glasgow, Inverary, the isles of Staffa and Iona, down the Caledonian Canal to Inverness and Culloden, and from thence by Dunkeld, Perth, and Stirling, to Edinburgh, where it terminated on the 5th of August, it will be perceived that the doctor had but little time to form any very decided opinion. But time is of very little moment to such a mind: what he did see, he noted; and what he did not see, must of necessity be of the same character with what he had seen. Being a philosopher, he of course detects, as soon as he crosses the ideal line which separates the kingdoms, a marked difference in the appearance and character of the inhabitants; the reader need not therefore be surprised at the following description:—'Our entrance into Scotland was a very melancholy one—completely in unison with what is said of the Scotch character—"*Sombre Etourus*." During the whole drive of many miles, we looked in vain for a town, or even a considerable village. The stages at which we changed horses were generally a few solitary dwellings, or resembled very poor hamlets; whilst the whole district was for the most part barren and waste. . . . The persons too whom we met on the roads, or saw in the houses or hamlets, were now of a very different build. They were for the most part large, coarse figures, with wide mouths, melancholy countenances, and projecting cheek-bones: the eye was destitute of fire, especially in the men, who were generally rolled up in a woollen plaid, drawn tight round their shoulders, and wore a flat ugly-looking black woollen cap on their heads. The figures of the women were somewhat better, and we had the additional advantage of seeing them dressed in their Sunday clothes—though no small number of them went barefooted.

The country first began to show some signs of civilisation when we had passed about forty miles beyond the border. Trees then became more frequent, and the houses somewhat larger. The thick misty rain decreased, the temperature of the evening became warm, although the sky still remained cloudy. As we drew near to Hamilton in the increasing twilight, we saw bright glowing lights in the northern horizon, which

proved to be the distant reflection of the numerous iron-works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. We now passed several considerable market-towns; which, however, present a melancholy and disagreeable appearance, with their long rows of one-storey houses, under a uniform line of roof.

Amidst all this barrenness, and gloom, and desolation, the learned doctor enjoyed 'an elegant dinner, served upon the richest plate, in a splendid room, with numbers of ancestral portraits hung upon its walls,' in the ducal palace of Hamilton.

On visiting Glasgow, 'the most industrial of all the towns in Scotland,' the party, it seems, were quite as unlucky in the choice of an entrance as they were in that to the country itself. 'On our entrance, we passed through the dirtiest, poorest, and most smoky part of the lower town. The entrance from all quarters is disagreeable and offensive. The smoke was not merely coal smoke—the whole atmosphere was impregnated by exhalations from chemical and other manufactories, which sent forth smells and vapours almost suffocating. The houses are small and dirty; and the town filled with a population, many of whom were lounging at the doors or in the streets in rags; and there were incredible numbers of children, who ran after the carriages, uttering the most disgusting cries. This continued long. By degrees, however, the houses began to improve; but the well-known manufacturing tone of Manchester and Leeds still prevailed through all the streets, and in the appearance of the party-coloured thronging masses of the people.' These descriptions recall many of our own early impressions of 'the west country.' It should, however, have been stated by the traveller, that what he now saw of Scotland was analogous to the Potteries, or the country around Birmingham and Wolverhampton in England; and that even on this track—at Botwell, and along the Clyde generally—there are beautiful and romantic scenes, which only require to be seen in tolerable weather to be enjoyed. We are glad to find Carus afterwards advertent to the beautiful and impressive parts of Glasgow, as well as its sordid suburbs.

Sweeping along the locks, and over the mountains of Argyleshire, we soon find our travellers in the very heart of the Western Highlands. Here of course there were many remarkable things to notice:—First, for the comfort of all travellers, the admirable roads must be mentioned with the highest commendation. What difficulties must a traveller have encountered in this country of inhospitable mountains half a century ago! But now we travel with heavy carriages and excellent horses, if previously ordered, at a quick trot over the hills and along the valleys, and at every post-station find an excellent inn. Secondly, with regard to the habitations and build of the people, it is to be observed that everything here is more and more characteristic. For the first time on this journey, particularly among boys and young men, we saw specimens of the naked legs and Scottish kilt, made of party-coloured woollen stuff. This national dress has been prohibited in Scotland for several decennia; and at first the people were so little disposed to wear the ordinary nether garments of the south, that, in order to comply with the letter of the law, they often carried them with them on a stick, instead of wearing them on their persons. In these poor districts, however, the ancient customs, as it appears, are preserved still, at least among the youth; and as the national dress in later times has become a matter of taste and fashion among the higher classes, it will again perhaps come to honour. The build of the people still continues to be characterised by the same traits which I have already mentioned on our entrance into Scotland; their poverty, however, is especially observable in the form and condition of their huts. The walls are thick, and roughly built of stones, heaped together almost without mortar, and the interstices stuffed up with moss; the roof is made of dried heath and straw; and the chimney is perched upon the summit somewhat like a

bee-hive thickly laced and bound together with ropes; the smoke generally fills the house, and often issues from the windows, door, and various parts of the roof, at its pleasure. The roof itself is also for the most part fastened down with straw ropes, and loaded with stones, in order to prevent it from being stripped off by the wind.

Staffa and Iona are next visited; and on board the steamer two blind fiddlers played 'all sorts of Scottish melodies,' many of which were so soft and full of pathos, that the strain brought tears to the eyes of the doctor. 'I felt my eyes filled with tears' is a vast admission from a connoisseur of Dr Carus's calibre, and the nation may therefore accept it as no ordinary compliment to the spirit of their music. Lest the reader should be anxious to know what airs so melted the susceptible German, he specifies the two which more particularly amused him. These were, 'My gloomy winter is gone,' and 'Rose's dream,' in which, we anticipate, no Scotchman will be at a loss to detect 'Gloomy winter's now awa,' and 'Rousseau's dream.' It is rather unlucky that the latter is no more Scotch than the last of Strauss's waltzes. Having found the music of the Scotch so melting, their character so melancholy, their lakes so gray, and their hills so misty, it is as clear as noonday that no people could endure life under such a concatenation of gloomy circumstances, had they not some antidote wherewith to dispel the vapours. This the doctor, with his usual acumen, discovers in Highland whisky. 'After dinner, the landlord brought in a bottle of genuine Scotch whisky; that nectar of Scotland, the preparation of which Landseer has represented in a spirited painting, well known from its numerous engravings. It is nothing but very strong corn brandy, strongly impregnated, however, with the characteristic smell of turf, which is to be found in all Scotch dwellings, and prepared in a somewhat peculiar way. A mixture of hot water, sugar, and some of this spirit, forms an agreeable beverage, which no doubt is very pleasant, and even beneficial, after a walk or any expedition in the misty moisture of these mountains. Even the otherwise disagreeable taste of turf gives a piquant character to the spirit. And, indeed, is it not remarkable that the extremes of the agreeable and the disagreeable are so nearly connected with each other? Pleasure and pain are often so closely connected, that an excess of pleasure becomes pain, and even a certain quantity of pain may produce pleasure. In the same way we find it with the very spiritual (intellectual) sense of taste, in which a certain aftertaste of what is disagreeable only serves to heighten the relish for the object. And this seems to be the case with this whisky.' It is well for Dr Carus that the king of Saxony's stay in the Highlands of Scotland was so brief. It is bad enough when a man takes to drinking for the liking of the thing, but alas for him when he begins to justify that liking by a show of philosophy and reason!

Waging bold, we presume, through the influences of our Highland nectar, we next find the doctor performing a feat, the very conception of which in ordinary circumstances would have filled him with horror. Such, at least, would have been the case if we may judge from the terms in which he narrates the incident. 'Upon our return, in an old stage-coach that we had hired in Bannavie, I tried, for a short distance, the airy seat on the outside, where one really half hovers in the air. I had often seen these coaches, full inside and out, rush past us on the road, and had secretly wondered how not only men, but even women, could sit up there quite comfortably; and I therefore was glad to have this opportunity of trying it once myself. On good roads, the affair is not so dreadful as it appears; the view one thus obtains of the country is very pretty; and any person who does not suffer from giddiness, which might easily be caused by the swaying motion, would no doubt be very pleasantly situated.' Indeed the doctor seems altogether to get in better humour with the country as he sojourns in the

neighbourhood of Inverness. Kilravock Castle, with its inmates, delights him greatly. These were two ladies—mother and daughter—of the family of the Campbells, who, 'in the true spirit of English exclusiveness and separation, dwelt in this absolute solitude, and had taken a lease of the property from the owner for a number of years. The whole of the ornamental grounds around were their work. They had planted fruit-trees, and even sweet chestnuts; and the careful selection of the flowers and plants gave abundant evidence of refined female taste. There is something quite original in the interior of the house. In the drawing-room there were a number of vases and grotesque figures; books, music, and portfolios were lying around: there stood a piano-forte and a harp; and, in short, everything gave evidence of the favourite pursuits of two ladies who had travelled much—had traversed Italy, and the highest and most dangerous passes of the Swiss mountains and glaciers, and at that time were living in the enjoyment of a kind of philosophical retirement and literary occupation.' Again, those mountain regions, he begs his German friends to remember, are not so solitary as they appear to the mere traveller. 'Towards the close of the autumn, many of the valleys often become, for weeks long, the residence of rich lords and gentlemen, fond of the chase, who either amuse themselves in grouse-shooting or deer-stalking. Parties, during the season, take up their quarters in these shooting-boxes in the midst of the mountains, commit follies of all kinds, assume the Scotch costume, with kilt and dagger, drink, drive about in light carriages, drawn by Highland ponies, over the Alpine mountain-paths, and practise all the devices which youth and wealth, stimulated by pride and indolence, can suggest.' Even the misty sky, and the gloomy elements of the atmosphere, begin to improve, and seem to have got up an exhibition by way of redeeming their character; for one evening, 'the moon rose splendidly from the golden clouds, into such a beautiful azure blue sky, and accompanied by such charming tones of colour in the clouds beneath, as I had not yet seen either in England, or hitherto in Scotland.'

By and by the party descend from the inhospitable heights of the Grampians, and soon find in the low districts 'an admirably well-cultivated country;' and ultimately 'the stately castle of the rich and powerful Marquis of Breadalbane, surrounded by beautiful lawns and magnificent groups of trees, presents itself to the eye. This castle is built in the richest modern Anglo-Gothic fortification style. It is gay and handsome, and had the yellow and black flag flying on the main tower. The noble owner received his majesty at the door of the castle, and, as we entered the hall, the cannons of the fort thundered forth a royal salute of twenty-one guns. His majesty and suite were conducted into the splendid reception-room, where the family were assembled, and then visited the noble hall, the walls of which are panelled with wood in the Gothic style. It has an air of antiquity, and is tastefully adorned with armour and banners. Other state-rooms adjoin the hall. The first greetings and observations being past, a walk was proposed through part of the park towards Loch Tay. On the way, we saw some really splendid specimens of lime-trees in flower, with their branches hanging to the ground; and proceeded through an alley of lofty and magnificent red beech, not less than three hundred years old, to an elevated point in the demesne, from which there is a charming view of the lake, surrounded by richly-wooded hills. Near this spot stands the dairy, fitted up not only with admirable neatness, but in the most ornamental manner. This small house, overgrown with wild roses, and adorned with lattices and ornaments of white quartz, is very charming. The basement floor contains the milk-room, in which the milk and cream, in large and handsome pans, are placed in running spring-water, while the upper storey contains some elegant rooms for breakfast or luncheon. We were

scarcely returned to the castle when we were conducted to the dining-room, where a luncheon awaited us which might very well have served for a splendid dinner.'

With Taymouth Castle and its inhabitants Dr Carnus seems to have been eminently delighted. Here he met Sir David Brewster, 'whose simplicity of nature and ability were so very agreeable; Lord and Lady Ruthven, the Hon. Fox Maule, 'a humorous, sarcastic person;' and a young Campbell, nephew to the marquis, 'a genuine Highlander, always in the national costume, with his kilt, plaid, and Highland bonnet.' Here also he met with something new, in the shape of several large bisons, grazing on the smooth green grass, scarcely a hundred yards from the castle. 'Game of this kind I had never yet seen in any park; and the very fact of the Marquis of Breadalbane's having caused a number of these immense American oxen to be transported hither from the western prairies, for the purpose of furnishing a rare kind of ornament to his park, is in itself sufficient to enable my readers to judge of the magnificence of the demesne and the wealth of its owner.' Everything about the castle was indeed admirable, and quite to his liking, except the 'nasal thrilling tones of the piper,' and these were 'execrable.'

Having taken a hasty glance at Dunkeld, Perth, and Stirling, we next find the royal party in the agricultural museum of the Messrs Drummond at the latter place. This well-known exhibition opened up to our traveller a new theme for his philosophy, and for the first time in his existence he beheld agriculture, its modes and accessories, treated as a study and as a science. 'I had here,' says he, 'another opportunity of observing how much shorter is the path from theoretical improvements to actually practical ones in this nation than in ours. One reason, no doubt, is to be looked for in the fact of the non-existence here of a separate and exclusive race of agriculturists, and of the close connexion existing between the farmers and the inhabitants of cities, nay, even the landowners themselves. Among us it is still, notwithstanding the advantages afforded by the new societies, by no means an easy matter to bring into use among the tillers of the land any improvement or new method deduced from the discoveries of scientific men. The farmer considers himself a member of a different and distinct class: he holds fast to the traditions of his province: he considers the man of science, who pretends to teach him anything in his own branch, in the same light as that in which the artist regards the amateur—as a stranger pressing in where he has no business; and with difficulty, if at all, will he take advice proceeding from such a quarter. In England and Scotland, where no particular class of men devote themselves to agriculture in opposition to the inhabitant of the town, or to the man of science, all is different; and for this reason, every improvement discovered in theory by the scientific man is made to produce its proper effect in practice.' And now, when Dr Carnus is at last in the Lowlands—that district which, for agriculture, mining, and manufactures, is unequalled by any other territory of the same extent in the world—what says he of it? Why, absolutely nothing: thus leaving the German public, for whom he has written, to form their conclusions respecting a whole country from his descriptions of its most bleak and desolate regions.

But the king of Saxony is hurrying on to his departure, and his attachés must take time and things just as they are presented. From Stirling they post to Edinburgh, taking Hopetoun House and Dalmahoy Castle in their way, his majesty becoming the guest of the noble owner of the latter domain. Here our traveller made acquaintance with a genuine Scotch breakfast; and a very pleasant acquaintance it seems to have been. 'The table was loaded with delicacies, as for a regular meal, with cold meat, fried fish, all sorts of pastry, eggs, ham, and besides these, honey and Scotch marmalade. This last is a preserve of strips of orange-

peel, and is eaten with bread and butter, which appears strange, but is really very good. The Scotch claim for themselves the rather equivocal honour of having invented this kind of luxurious breakfast, furnished with so many kinds of food, and of having introduced it into England. We soon became accustomed to it, however, and ate of the most various sorts of food without feeling any evil effects.' Having fortified himself after this fashion, he proceeds to examine and pronounce on the Scottish metropolis. The city pleases him vastly: 'it is quite a phenomenon in the scale of cities: everything appears original, great, and effective.' 'I did not think,' continues he, standing on the castle parapet, 'that there was a city which could kindle in me those feelings of enthusiasm which the sight of Edinburgh produced in my mind. I certainly consider Edinburgh the most beautiful and most interesting-looking city I know; Rome and Naples not excepted. The peculiar boldness and imaginativeness of the town is to me only another proof that reality may produce an effect exceeding even the boldest flights of fancy! We stood on the hill, beside the unwieldy iron cannon of the fifteenth century, and saw to the left the blue sea in its wide extent, studded with islands and ships of various sizes; in front, the Calton Hill, the second rocky height of the city, with its lofty monument, and the commencement of a Doric temple, which completes its resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens; and finally, to the right, the Old Town and the mountain, which is geologically remarkable for its considerable formations of trap, and is sometimes spoken of by the name of Arthur's Seat; sometimes, from its resemblance to a lion couchant, by that of the Scottish lion. All this presented a force and an effect of form rarely, perhaps nowhere else, to be found. When we further consider the prospect of the connexion between the old and the comparatively modern town by means of the enormous work of the North Bridge, the various Gothic churches, Heriot's Hospital, and the new monument to Sir Walter Scott, rising like an immense Gothic tabernacle, a panorama is produced such as does not exist anywhere else on earth.' After visiting Holyrood, the public courts, the college, museums, hospitals, and other public institutions, we find him descending into minor criticisms, condemning the monotonous architecture of the New Town, the awkward style of Holyrood, and, for the comfort of the phrenologists, significantly hinting that he found their collection 'in a narrow, dark street, and, curiously enough, under the care of an old woman!'

But our philosopher is not yet done with us. He had pronounced the English a set of hyper-puritans in the religious observance of the Sabbath; and he must set down the Presbyterian Scotch as something more intensely gloomy and bigoted. He cannot move about on Sunday but he fancies every eye is scowling upon him; and the 'short-sighted religious feelings' of the Scotch had taken the idea of the king of Saxony's departure on a Sunday so ill, that the matter had to be arranged very quietly, 'lest any public demonstration on the part of this very irritable nation had disturbed the close of our pleasant journey.' He is not, however, to condemn our puritanical notions on this point without proper evidence, and so to church he goes, armed, we presume, with pencil and portfolio. Unluckily for his *experimentum crucis*, he stumbles into an Episcopalian chapel, and to the service there the whole of his remarks apply, the while he fancies he is depicting to life the Presbyterian form of worship. This is fact; but would not have been worth observing, had it not been for the confident manner in which he pronounces on every subject and object which came under his notice, even for the most fleeting moment. And this, indeed, is the main error of his book—a confident generalisation from the most hasty and insufficient data. We have no doubt that every inhabitant of Saxony who reads the tour, will set the Scotch down as a nation of morning dram-drinkers; will believe that

every dwelling is black with peat smoke; that our peasantry, without exception, live in turf hovels; that we are a set of bigots, ready to defend the observance of the Sabbath even by physical force; and that we are a race of coarse-figured, wide-mouthed, high cheek-boned, dull-eyed troglodytes. All this, and a great deal more, Scotland can treat with perfect patience.

CASTES.

THE Portuguese applied the word *castas*, races (termed by the natives *varnas*, or colours), to the social divisions into which they found the Hindoo population distributed. Such division is of remote antiquity, and, as still exercising an important influence over millions of human beings, is well worthy of notice, especially as exaggerated and erroneous notions respecting it have long prevailed.

The origin of the institution is lost in fable. The only four pure castes which are acknowledged by the Hindoos are, in their traditions, said to have proceeded from different parts of the body of Brahma, according to their importance. 1st, The *Brahmins* (scripture) proceeded with the Veda from his mouth; 2d, the *Kshatriyas* (protection), or soldiers, from his arms; 3d, the *Vaisyas* (wealth), or merchants and husbandmen, from the thighs; 4th, the last and lowest class, the *Sudras* (labour), or artisans and labourers, from his feet. Besides these, many mixed or impure classes have originated from the intermarriages between the castes, and also from the degradation of those who, by crime, and sometimes trivial faults, have forfeited their privilege of appertaining to the pure caste. Still, the several secondary castes are usually assigned various peculiar employments; some few, however, as that of a merchant or soldier, being open to all classes. Another important feature is, that the caste itself, as well as the employment attached to it, is hereditary; so that a man is by no means permitted to change or choose his occupation as circumstances or the bent of his genius may dictate, but must confine himself to the pursuit of that which his ancestors have been accustomed to follow.

The Brahmin caste, which furnishes the priesthood, stands pre-eminently first, and is fortified by such remarkable privileges, as could only have originated in those enjoying them having a direct interest in their bestowal. The Brahmin is the exclusive expounder of the law and possessor of knowledge. The most profound submission must be paid him: his deepest sins must be glossed over; while his malediction may entail injury on the gods themselves. Offerings to him are inculcated as a primary religious duty; and the rich can in no wise so well testify their gratitude to Providence, as in contributing to his support. From all tax or state contribution he is exempted. The *Institutes of Menu*, the sacred law-book of the Hindoos, contains numerous injunctions for honouring the Brahmins:—'Let the king, having risen at early dawn, attend to Brahmins learned in the three Vedas, and by their decision let him abide. . . . A Brahmin, learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity. . . . Never shall the king slay a Brahmin, though convicted of all possible vices: let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure, and his person unhurt.' 'I have seen,' says Mr Ward, 'the poor besotted Sudra prostrate himself at the feet of the nearest Brahmin, and, raising his head, and closing his hands, exclaim, "You are my God!"' At the same time the character of the Brahmin has been perhaps notorious for vice. 'The Brahmin,' says the Abbé Dubois, 'lives but for himself. Bred in the belief that the whole world is his debtor, and that he himself is called upon to make no return, he conducts himself, in every circumstance of his life, with the most absolute selfishness. He will see an unhappy wretch perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if belonging to another caste, and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life. He has been taught from his infancy to regard all other classes of

men with the utmost contempt, as beings created but for the purpose of serving him, and supplying all his wants; so that we must not be surprised at his haughtiness, self-love, and pride, or at his contempt for other men, of whom the Brahmins never speak among themselves without adding some ignominious epithet, or expression of scorn.

So numerous a caste as that of the Brahmins could not hope for an equal share of power and prosperity; hence, to meet emergencies, they are allowed to employ themselves in the practice of the learned professions—as merchants, in tillage, to enlist as soldiers, or even to perform menial offices for wages. Although still much honoured in India, their influence has undergone a marked diminution; to which the prevalence of other sects, and of schisms among themselves, have greatly contributed. Of their present state, Professor Wilson, in his Notes to Mill's India, thus speaks:—'In modern times, the Brahmins, collectively, have lost all claim to the character of a priesthood. They form a nation following all kinds of secular avocations; and where they are met with in a religious capacity, it is not as Brahmins merely, but as being the ministers of temples, or the family gurus, or priests, of the lower classes of people—offices by no means restricted, though not untruly extended, to the Brahmical caste.'

The Kshatriyas, or soldier caste—probably from the peaceable disposition of the Hindoos—is said to have become extinct. It furnished the nominal sovereign; all real power being, however, lodged in the hands of the Brahmins. The Vaisyas do not require any particular notice. The three castes now mentioned were considered honourable, and as carefully to be distinguished from the Sudra, or lowest caste, which was considered degraded or infamous. All the other classes may become regenerated by the Veda; but the old Hindoo law condemned to death the Sudra who presumed to peruse it. He is to be considered as the servile attendant upon the other castes, especially upon the Brahmin, whom he is taught to look up to with a feeling little short of adoration. 'For contumelious language to a Brahmin, a Sudra must have an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red-hot into his mouth; and for offering to give instruction to priests, hot oil must be poured into his mouth and ears.' The Sudra may follow various arts and employments besides those of a menial character—as carpenter, writing, trade, husbandry, &c. The Institutes are peremptory in directing the degradation of this caste. 'No collection of wealth must be made by a Sudra, even though he has the power, since a servile man who has amassed riches gives pain even to Brahmins. If a Sudra gives much and frequent molestation to a Brahmin, the magistrate shall put him to death. Let not a Brahmin give advice, nor what remains from his table, nor clarified butter, of which a part has been offered, nor let him give spiritual counsel to such a man, nor inform him of a legal expiation of his sin: surely he who declares the law to a servile man, and he who instructs him in the mode of expiating sin, sinks with that very man into the hell called Asamrreta.'

However the theoretical division into four castes may have been devised or desired by the original Hindoo legislators, the numerous provisions and injunctions concerning mixed and impure castes contained in the Institutes of Menu, composed several centuries before the Christian era, prove that, at a very early period, such restrictions were found impracticable; and thus, at the present day, the great mass of the Indian population belong to these impure castes. The offspring of intermarriages between persons of different classes belonged to the caste of neither parent, but entered into an impure caste, determined by the relative position in society which the parents held: further intermarriages between these impure castes produced other subdivisions; until the number of castes has become so multiplied and complex, that persons even who have resided in India for a long time are unacquainted with them all. There are, however, twelve well-known and defined

impure castes, whence the others have proceeded. The Sanscrit authorities themselves are at variance as to the number of secondary castes; some being mentioned by one are omitted by another. They vary also in their enumeration of the various occupations attached to each of these. 'Besides,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'the particular occupation assigned to each of the mixed classes, they have the alternative of following that profession which regularly belongs to the class from whence they derive their origin on the maternal side. They are also permitted to subsist by any of the duties of a Sudra—by menial service, handicraft, commerce, or agriculture.' Many of these castes were, say the Hindoo laws, directed by one of the good kings to arts and manufactures—'thereby providing for the increased wants of society, and removing a pest from its surface.' The regulation of the marriages between these impure castes becomes a matter of great importance, and genealogy, on this account, is, among the Hindoos, a very favourite subject of study. 'The multiplicity of castes,' says Professor Wilson, 'is not the enactment of any code, though it may be remotely the effect. It is the work of the people, among the most degraded of whom prevails not the shame, but the pride of caste. The lowest native is no outcast; he has an acknowledged place in society; he is the member of a class; and he is invariably more retentive of the distinction than those above him.' The ranks of these impure castes are augmented also by all those who have become degraded, from any cause, from their proper class—who have, as it is termed, lost caste. Caste may be lost in many ways; as the eating forbidden food, or such as has been prepared by impure persons, or in improper places—as on shipboard; the drinking strong drinks, neglecting funeral ceremonies, the slaying of an animal of the cow kind, or a man in battle (a Brahmin is, however, allowed to kill his enemy in battle), and many trifling circumstances.

Of all the mixed classes, that of the *Pariahs* has attracted most attention, whether from their vast numbers—roughly computed by Dubois at a fifth of the population of Hindostan—or from the detestation in which they are held, and the cruel treatment they are subjected to by the other classes, especially in the south of India. A more abject state of slavery cannot be imagined; and the consequent degradation of its victims gives rise to their indulging in many disgusting and immoral practices, which, by a common mistake, have been sometimes assigned as reasons for their ill-treatment. The mere sight of a Pariah is considered a defilement by the upper classes; and if a Brahmin has the calamity to touch one involuntarily, he is only freed from the evil consequences by numberless purifications and endless ceremonies. Many of these miserable beings sell themselves and families, and have to drag out their lives amid the severest toil and unrequited menial services. Of late, however, Pariahs have been admitted into the European and native armies, where they often prove good soldiers, and even rise to distinction. There are several castes still lower than that of the Pariah scattered over different parts of India. Many of these have no fixed habitations, and are forbid to frequent towns or highways; others roam the country upon predatory excursions, acting as spies, robbers, or watchmen, as the case may be. The salt-bearers, serpent-charmers, &c. belong to these lowest castes, and from these are chosen the only persons who will consent to act as executioners.

Another division of the lower castes is into *left-hand* and *right-hand castes*: the former pretending to superiority, as occupying the left hand, or place of honour, of the goddess Kali; the latter aspiring to the exclusive use of certain emblems. The left-hand caste contains the five castes of artisans, and other mean tribes of Sudras; as also the most infamous caste—that of the Cobblers. The right-hand caste contains some higher Sudras, but also embraces the Pariah. Contentions, and even outrages of a serious character, frequently attend

the struggles for pre-eminence. 'I have frequently witnessed,' says Mr Ward, 'instances of these popular insurrections excited by disputes between the two bands, and pushed to such an extreme fury, that the presence of a military force had no effect in allaying them.' Many observers have believed that traces of a similar institution can be detected as having existed among the inhabitants of various countries. The subdivision of labour, which forms part of it, may, it is true, denote the first stage of an approaching civilisation, which all nations emerging from barbarism arrive at; but this necessary preliminary must not be confounded with a system which forbids choice of occupation, defends its artificial classification of employments as a religious dogma, and, above all, insists that this shall be hereditary. Caste, however, even in its strict acceptation, probably prevailed among the ancient Egyptians. The priesthood, soldiers, husbandmen, and artificers, seem to have constituted the four principal castes or classes; and an inferior one, comprehending menials, fishermen, and herdsmen, was held in the greatest contempt—the tending cattle and swine being considered as the most infamous occupation of all. According to Regnier, vestiges of such division still exist. De Goguet also asserts that, in the Assyrian empire, the people were distributed into a number of tribes, and that the son was not allowed to quit the occupation of the father, and embrace another. Many passages from the classics have been quoted to show that some such division existed among the ancient Greeks; and Duperrin quotes a passage from the Zendavesta to prove that castes existed among the ancient Persians. Mill sees considerable analogy between the Druids of ancient Britain and the Brahmins of India. Professor Miller, too, observes that our Saxon ancestors were divided into four classes—artificers or tradesmen, husbandmen, the profession of arms, and the clergy. The analogy in all these cases is very weak; those very essential points of difference being overlooked which form the key for the explanation of why, apparently, the same stage of civilisation which proves to one people but the first step to progressive and unlimited improvement, proves to another a barrier beyond which it cannot pass.

But not only are the traces of the existence of caste among other nations very obscure, and often very fanciful, but among the Hindoos themselves the operation of the institution is of much less practical importance than, from the accounts we read, we should have been prepared for. A critical writer in the Edinburgh Review, many years ago, intimated his doubts upon this subject in the following passage:—'Indeed the natural operation of such an institution is so diametrically opposite to, and incompatible with, the strongest principles of our nature, that we are inclined to believe its existence in a perfect state is altogether ideal; and even if it had ever been comparatively carried into practice, the baneful effect would have been so immediate, that the total annihilation of public spirit and enterprise would have been the inevitable consequence.' Even prior to the Institutes of Menu, the distinction of caste had practically proved inoperative; for Sudras had reigned as kings, and instances of depression of the other classes were not rare. In the present day, such examples are still common: even Sudra dynasties have been formed; and a poor Brahmin has been glad to gain subsistence by cooking the food of a rich Sudra. In fact the Brahminical office seems alone secure from intrusion; but the Brahmin himself may descend to any occupation not absolutely infamous. Mr Ward observes, that 'although the Hindoos give one another credit, as a matter of convenience, for being in possession of caste, and though there may be an outward, and, in the higher orders, an insolent show of reverence for its rules, if the matter were to be searched into, and the laws of caste were allowed to decide, scarcely a single family of Hindoos would be found in the whole of Bengal whose caste is not forfeited. This is well known, and generally acknow-

ledged.' Mr Rickards, who has paid much attention to this subject, declares that, however such distinctions may have once prevailed, when the inhabitants of India were in small numbers, and possessed of slight energy, they no longer practically exist; and he insists upon the urgent necessity of disabusing the public mind upon this score, seeing that erroneous views in the government of this people have often prevailed, in consequence of the belief of this incapacity of improvement, owing to the prevalence of caste. He says: 'The great mass of Hindoos throughout India consists of mixed tribes of innumerable denominations, and tied down by no restraints which are not imputable to poverty, ignorance, and despotic power; and which the diffusion of knowledge and liberal institutions would speedily dispel.' I have myself seen carpenters of five or six different castes, and as many different bricklayers, employed upon the same building. The same diversity of castes may be observed among the craftsmen of the dockyards, and all other great works; and those who have resided for any considerable time in the principal commercial cities of India, must be sensible that every increasing demand for labour, in all its different branches and varieties, has been speedily and effectually supplied in spite of the institution of castes.' He also asserts that the same misery and indigence prevail among the Mussulman portion of India as the Hindoo, and refers it to other causes, to which we cannot now allude. He cites Bishop Heber's journal, as proving the great willingness of the Hindoos for engaging in, and their capability of executing, the various descriptions of employment.

It is nevertheless very certain that great evils are still experienced in India from the caste system, modified as it is. We believe they are not to be removed by any sudden or violent proceedings on the part of those who have the direction of the interests of our fellow-creatures in that extraordinary and interesting country. They will give way, as indeed they are doing, before the spread of intelligence, the increasing intercourse with Europeans, and the diffusion of the principles of that religion whose essential basis is the equality of mankind, and the importance of the individual in the eyes of his Maker, however mean he may seem in those of his fellow-creature. Until the opinion which still prevails of the moral distinction between castes succumbs before the progress of knowledge and religion, Europeans residing in India should be cautious how they treat the customs they find established with ridicule and contempt; for benefit will never result from hurting the feelings of those whose ignorance deprives them of the sources of enlightenment open to us; while a sense of wounded vanity, or mistaken piety, may produce a dogged adherence to the customs of their ancestors, and may shut their ears to future conviction.

'SKETCHES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER.'

Mrs Gore is at present one of the most prolific writers of a fashionable class of works. With a lively fancy, considerable powers of observation, and a happy method of expression, her productions possess many attractions to the loungers in literature. We know of no drawing-room author who is more pointed or fascinating. Brilliance of language and *periphrase*, however, are not qualities which can impart an enduring fame. Without breadth of sentiment, and a power of observation which looks beyond narrow conventional fields for materials, we can expect neither truth nor lasting appreciation. Like hundreds of others, Mrs Gore seems to be impressed with the old idea that London is England; that the people who live in fine houses, and give fine dinners, and talk fine nonsense, in certain territories, west of Temple Bar, are the people at large of this great empire—that the whole nation is squeezed into the bills of mortality. On some such notion as this the work before us is constructed. For 'Sketches of English Character'

—a sufficiently taking title—our accomplished authoress should substitute, 'Sketches of a few peculiarities observable in London.'

Looking no farther than the bricks which bound the Regent's Park and May Fair, Mrs Gore begins by lamenting the difficulty of finding any originality of character in the present day. 'In England, as elsewhere, every die is worn down, every angle rounded, every feature effaced, every salient point smoothed, pumiced, and polished into the most level monotony of surface; a surface from which neither dramatist nor novelist can extract either plot or character, without violating in the grossest manner the probabilities of civilised life.' That this may be true as respects certain departments of society, is perhaps indisputable; but to allege that 'in England' there is no longer originality or freshness, no variety, is only to confess that the inspection is confined to too narrow a field. From what do the great and varied movements of the provinces on matters of free and universal commerce, education, and philanthropy take their rise, but in that originality and vigour of sentiment of which Mrs Gore, in her drawing-room, seems to be unconscious? England, in our opinion, while socially polished to a resemblance in external appearance, never occupied a grander position as respects boldness and originality of conception. No age, however, can properly estimate its own character. We can only judge impartially in retrospect.

'Singing,' proceeds Mrs Gore, 'is now far from the only feat that is accomplished "by the million." People eat, drink, sleep, talk, move, think in millions. No one dares to be himself. From Dan to Beersheba, not an original left! All the books published seem to have been copied from the same type, with one of Wedgewood's manifold writers. All the speeches made might be stereotyped in January, by an able reporter, to last out till June. In society, men are packed one within the other like forks or spoons in a plate chest, each of the same exact pattern and amount of pennyweights.

'Would Shakspeare have invented Falstaff or Paroles in such an order of society? Would Scott have hit upon the Baron of Bradwardine or Lawyer Pleydell? Would even Fielding or Smollett have extracted the ripe humour of their inventions out of such a sea of batter? The few authors of fiction who pretend to individualise, are obliged to have recourse to the most unsophisticated class for elements of character; society of a higher grade being so used down, into tameness, as to form one long, long Baker Street, or Guildford Street, of mean, graceless, and tedious uniformity—from number one to number one hundred, a hundred times ditto repeated.'

'In this is more specious than just. Shakspeare's characters could not of course be discovered in the present day. They are things done and completed. But we shall not speak so confidently as to those of our own countryman—Scott. There are classes of society still to penetrate and illustrate. The misfortune is, that authors wont take the trouble to look for them. Scott did not wait at home, in an elegant study, to be visited by the originals of Dounce David Deans, Edie Ochiltree, or Advocate Pleydell. Barring this unfortunate limitation of vision, Mrs Gore writes cleverly and well. She hits off London (west end) characters and modes of living to a tee. 'In London, whether the dinner occur at the house of a man of eight hundred a-year, or of eight thousand, you are cognisant, to a dish and a topic, what will be supplied for the delectation of your ears and palate. You eat the turbot and saddle of mutton by anticipation as you go along, and may chew the cud of the great letters of the ministerial and opposition papers, which anon you will have to swallow, diluted with milk and water by the dull, or vivified by a few drops of alcohol by the brilliant.

'In the evening entertainments, as at the dinners, "tousjours perditix!"—Jullicn, Gunter, and Lord Flipflap—Lord Flipflap, Gunter, and Jullicn! You see the same people waltzing, fiddling, and serving the refresh-

ments, and hear the same phrases exchanged among them, at every fête given at the west end of the town between May and August. May and August? Rather say from A.D. 1835 to A.D. 1850!

'This tedious uniformity of conventional life, which has converted society into a paper of pins, with people stuck in rows, instead of minikins, is, we are told, the result of a high state of civilisation. The moment the English left off clipping their yew-trees, and laying down their gravel-walks at right angles, they transferred the system to society. "Ye fallen avenues!" (so pathetically sung by Cowper), you have now your parallels at every dinner party; and not a coterie in Grosvenor Square but presents the stiff, unmeaning rectangularity of Hampton Court Gardens.

'This eternal sameness of manners and opinions is, in fact, so notorious among ourselves, that no one ventures to say "It is a fine day," till he have ascertained whether such be the opinion of Lord Rigmaree or Mr Tompkins—whosever may be the pope, or fag-man, or model-man of his set. And yet England still retains on the continent the distinction of being "*le pays des originaux*;" and one of the first ejaculations of a foreigner to an English person with whom he is on confidential terms is—"Admit that you are the oddest people in the world!"

'The cause of this generally uniform resemblance is alluded to as follows:—"The great origin of this peremptory uniformity is the influence of our habits of business. To facilitate despatch, everything the least out of the common way must be avoided, and all obstacles in the railroad of life removed. People have no time to lose in wonder. They like to find in the man with whom they have to deal a fac-simile of themselves, so that they can meet him, point to point, without labour or examination. As society is at present constituted, they know to an item with what and whom they have to deal in a stockbroker, banker, physician, or barrister. They could draw his portrait, or make a model of him, without ever having set eyes upon his face. Such people are made to pattern; and the type of each is as familiar to every mother's son of us, as though specifically sold at a turner's like a bat and ball.'

'There is also no wonder now-a-days. Nobody is surprised at anything—always keeping in mind that 'nobody' means nobody in London. 'Time was that comets were esteemed prodigies, and produced a national panic the moment their tails whisked into sight; but now that their movements are as well understood and correctly chronicled as those of the sober-sided fixed stars, always winking in their proper places, people are delighted to be broken in upon by visitations which lend bloom to their roses and flavour to their vintage. Thanks to Van Amburgh and Carter, even lions and hyenas are tamed. Self-playing organs grind the oratorios of Handel into insignificance; and the Transfiguration of Raphael has lost its charm in the pale and worn-out lithographs which multiply and enfeeble its mysteries. The seven wonders of the world are in ruins; and the only wonder left is, that we cannot find out the secret of inventing an eighth.

'Our ancestors ran to look at an aloe in bloom, believing that it flowered but once in a hundred years. We know better; but the aloe has lost its charm. Our ancestors revered the oaks that extended their gigantic arms beside their dwelling, certifying its antiquity far better than the genealogical tree in their hall. We bring ancient trees in Pickford's vans to our lawns, and make them overshadow our upstart villas; but the oak has lost its charm. Our ancestors thought a stilling well spent for admittance to see the skeleton of a camelopard. We have giraffes giraffing unnoticed in the Regent's Park, and keep a serperity for improving the domestic breed of rattlesnakes and boa-constrictors. But if Mungo Park or Waterton were to write their travels now, they would have lost their charm. The sting is taken out of everything; the flavour everywhere extracted!

'Even the most high court of parliament mumbles where it used to bite. Its thunderbolts have fizzed into squibs: its storms are rattled with a sheet of iron and a quart of peas. People care no more about appearing at the bar of the Reformed House than at the bar of the Eagle Tavern. The terrors of the place have vanished. The sultan, so terrible as the "turbaned Turk," is scarcely worth mentioning in a Fez!'

Yet Mrs Gore has hopes of the present lull passing away, and that by and by a really great man will arise. 'The first man who dares to think and speak for himself, and think and speak strongly, will become as Gulliver in Lilliput. The prodigious flock of sheep into which it has pleased our nation to subside, will follow at his piping. Let him ply his galvanic battery with address, and the corpse of our defunct literature will revive—making, perhaps, like other galvanised corpses, a few grimaces in the onset.'

Proceeding from general to particular definitions, the authoress offers a number of sketches illustrative of persons the most marked in this age of flatness. Among these we have sketches of 'Popular People,' 'the Gossip,' 'the Chaperon and Debutante,' 'the Standard Footman,' 'the Lady Patroness,' 'the Hotel-Keeper,' and so forth. One of the best in the lot is 'the Lady Patroness.' Provincial ladies may wish to know something of this great woman.

'In London life, patroness-ship is a matter of election. Among the two thousand noble or wealthy ladies whose names are supposed to lend grace to a subscription, or whose equipages, seen waiting at the private door of a Hanover Square bazaar, are known to increase its congregation of powdered footmen and wiggy body-coachmen, it is something to be solicited a sponsor for the ~~padding~~ institution or starveling charity-school. In the country, on the contrary, it is a thing of inheritance.

'The great lady of any neighbourhood, whether a seventy-four duchess, or a gun-brig baronet's wife, becomes, as a matter of course, patroness of whatever attempts are to be made on the indulgence of the provincial public; nay, even the mayor's lady in a country town ascends the throne by right divine, falling higher branches in the succession.'

Plays cannot be got up for charity without this important personage; neither can charity sermons. 'You might as well have the plate at a cathedral door placed on a kettle-trivet, as in the hands of a pew-opener or churchwarden. A polite congregation loves to bestow its shillings and sixpences upon a charmer in a lilac satin pelisse, with French flowers in her bonnet. The lady patroness never looks more exquisite than when standing in the porch of an old country church receiving the copper contributions and courtesies of the poor old women in their red cloaks, who are willing to sacrifice their week's tobacco towards rebuilding the organ-loft; little surmising that the cost of the whole undertaking does not equal the value of the Brussels-lace veil of the lady who smiles so eloquent an appeal to their magnanimity. The harangue from the pulpit, the private badgering of the parish clerk, had failed to convince them—but who is to resist the elegance and affectation of the lady patroness?

'There are necessarily lady patronesses of all sorts and sizes, sects and opinions. The serious lady patroness—the great lady of Exeter Hall—the Madonna Laura of the Petrarchs in buzz wigs—the blue of Rivingtons and Hatchards—is the Hecuba of the tribe.

'A degree of respectability is attached to her rustling skirts, which ought to render them arrow-proof against the shafts of ridicule, even as the mail of a crusader or the scales of a crocodile. Her charity, unlike the charity that begins at home, is of the comprehensive species that wafts an obolus from Indus to the Pole, in order to furnish missionaries for the dusky tribes of heathenness, and a maintenance for the still darker tribes lacking employment in the overstocked market of piety in Great Britain.

'Seldom, it is true, do we hear of these comfortable dames taking out twopence and giving them to the host in behalf of some needy wayfarer of the laity; more rarely still of their exercising their influence in society for the benefit of some victim of its injustice, its pride, or prejudice. When slanders and scandals darken the atmosphere, they are fain to let the wicked world have its way; unless when that way can be invaded by the thousand-parson force of prejudices stronger and more powerful still—crushed by the Thor-like hammer of a hierarchy, or brought down by the long rifle of a backwoodsman, taking his sly aim from behind the whited wall of evangelism. Devoid of all pretence to the heavenly meekness of genuine Christianity, the serious lady patroness is "puffed up"—"vaunteth herself"—and (under correction) "doth behave herself unseemly."

But there are varieties of the character. 'Next comes the political lady patroness; the distributor of election ribbons, and other party gewgaws; the accredited monster of nothings inaudible in the gallery, lispd by the pap-bow members. Instead of the heaps of tracts damp from the press which moisten the carriage-cushions of the serious lady patroness, the morocco swabs of the political lady patroness are encumbered by the dog-eared pages of some dry pamphlet—the last "striking effort" of the newest man of genius forced into bloom in the succession-house of her party.

'By vocation a fetcher and carrier of paper place-traps, she takes care to have the useful passages scored in pencil by the author, for the benefit of the minister's private secretary; and the objectionable ones scored in red ink by the minister's private secretary, for the instruction of the aspiring author. Not unfrequently the said author in his proper person usurps the place of his work, and is dawdled about in morning visits from house to house, in those environs of Grosvenor Square or Carlton Terrace which enshrine the penates of the great men of Downing Street.

'Next follows the literary lady patroness, a variety of the lion-feeder; saving that her lions are fed like courtiers—"promise crammed!" The literary lady patroness is a jackal to the annuals and other miscellanies of polite literature. She it is who provides a place in the alms-houses of the arts for Lord Thomas's verses or Lady Sarah's sketches; thereby eliciting the eternal gratitude of the editor, proprietor, printer, and binder of the golden library of the tabbies. "She it is whose *conversazione* confers immortality on the unknown epic, and crowns with bays the prose of the poet and the poets of the prosy.

'Whereas the serious lady patroness is "an old woman clothed in gray," the literary one is usually a young one enrobed in cerulean blue. Mild as Helen, she eschews the noisy gabble of her political rival, who appears to be over-talking a debate; and is measured in her dicta, and few and far between in her arbitraments, even as the solemn minute-guns of a quarterly review compared with the squibbing of a daily paper. Her gentle dulness recoils from the hurry and bustle of the great lady of the hustings; and, "like the fat wged that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," she is usually to be found lolling dozily on the cushions of her boudoir, with the last volume of her latest protégé drooping from her hand!

'Never, however, does she fail to avail herself of your visit, to victimise you in favour of some subscription work or theatrical benefit—enabling you to see Shakspeare murdered in cold blood at the cost of two pounds two per hour. She is sure to have some Miss Seraphina Snobbs—"some virgin tragedy, some orphau muse"—to intrust to your sympathies. As a counter-balance to the enormous weight of advice wherewith she loads her unoffending protégés, she heaps up for their credit the half-crowns and half-overseigns extorted from her friends, to be lamped into the subscription list as "Nine pounds eleven shillings and fourpence, collected by the Right Honourable the Countess of Indigo;"

beating out the gold of others into thin leaf, in order to gift the pill of her bitter counsel.

We have, in these few passages, given perhaps a sufficient specimen of a work which, though not without faults—chiefly of omission—possesses a considerable fund of amusement; and will, we doubt not, add to the popularity of the fair authoress.

THE GREAT NORTHERN DRIFT.

SIR R. I. MURCHISON, in his late work on Russia, devotes a considerable space to an account of the blocks of stone, of various sizes, which are scattered in great profusion over a wide extent of that country, as well as over a large portion of the rest of Europe. These erratic blocks or boulders are composed of granite, quartz rock, and greenstones of various sizes, from three feet in diameter to nine and ten, some even of the enormous size of 40,000 cubic feet. They are scattered over an extent of country—from Hamburg on the west, to the White Sea on the east—covering an area of two thousand miles in length by four to five hundred miles in breadth. They have been termed erratic, as they have evidently been transported from a distance, and as they are common to the whole extent of country; while the detritus on which they frequently rest is composed of the local rocks and fragmentary matter of the separate districts, varying in character with the various rock formations of those districts. As these erratic blocks appear to be identical in character with the rock formations of the Scandinavian mountains lying to the north-west, and as the general direction of the drift has been traced as proceeding from north-west to south-east, the general term of 'Great Northern Drift' has not inaptly been applied to this deposit.

Though very generally scattered over the surface of the area just mentioned, yet there are some places where the boulders are wanting. In fact they appear to be distributed in zones or belts, in a longitudinal direction, with certain spaces between where none are to be seen. Generally, too, the higher portions of ground are thickly strewed with them, while none are to be found in the valleys. The largest masses of stone are found deposited in the northern part of the country, while towards the south the blocks diminish in size. Thus, in the neighbourhood of St Petersburg, masses of ten feet in diameter are of frequent occurrence, while around Moscow the blocks rarely exceed two or three feet in diameter; occasionally, however, some of the larger masses are found even a considerable way south.

As the greater part of the present surface of Russia, where these boulders are so profusely scattered, is now level and uniform, with no high mountains or extensive declivities, the question arises—By what agencies were they transported to the positions which they now occupy? Sir R. I. Murchison is of opinion that the nature of the surface of the country precludes the idea that they were transported by glacier action at a period when the surface had already become dry land, and is more inclined to believe that the transportation took place while yet the present land was covered with the waters of the ocean. This transportation, he thinks, may have been due to the effects of two agencies. In the first place, to the action of 'waves of translation,' caused by the elevation of the Scandinavian mountains, by which an impulse would be given to the oceanic waves, sufficient, according to some late calculations, to produce the effect required; and, in the second place, to the transporting power of floating icebergs.

By this latter means, several of the phenomena attending the present position of the drifted masses can be readily explained. Thus the accumulation of blocks on the higher ground, while none are to be found in the valleys, may be accounted for by supposing that these prominences existed in the former seas, and that here the icebergs were arrested in their course, and detained till the summer sun melted them down, and

liberated the imbedded masses of rock which they contained. The present aspect of the country exhibits these boulders as if they had been arrested while ascending declivities—as if they had been forced up-hill, and in a contrary direction to the present course of the flowing rivers; while there are evidently no high mountain ridges near from whence they could have been derived.

The disposition of these blocks in zones or belts, with intervening spaces containing none, may be accounted for from the positions of the mountains towards the north and west, where they derived their origin. Thus a space of interruption between the mountain-chains in that direction, where no icebergs existed, and where of course there could be no fragments of rocks detached, would thus cause deficiencies in the currents, which bore from north to south in a regular and parallel direction.

There are strong grounds for believing, then, that during the period of the transport of this Great Northern Drift, the whole of the northern part of Russia was under water; that the Scandinavian mountains were alone elevated above the ocean; and that from this source were derived the masses of primary rocks which are now found so profusely scattered over the surface of the now elevated continent. At this period, too, the great Uralian chain appears to have existed as dry land, and to have formed a barrier to the extension of the erratic drift farther to the eastward. In the wide Siberian valleys to the eastward of this chain, and in the lake countries to the southward, there then lived innumerable herds of the mammoth and Siberian elephant, whose bones now strew those districts in immense profusion, and where even whole carcasses of those animals—with the flesh and hairy covering of the skins entire—and in singular preservation, amid the ever-during icebergs of that region—are not infrequently met with. These animals appear to have been of a particular species, with long hair, fitting them for the vicissitudes of a northern climate, and with teeth so formed as to be adapted for masticating the twigs and succulent branches of trees as well as leaves. It is conjectured that, during the hot summers of the more southern part of the continent, these gigantic herds migrated to the borders of the cooler lakes to the northward, and that here many of them dying in successive seasons, left their skeletons; and not a few, perhaps, being suddenly enveloped in the cold of a changing climate, thus had their whole bodies effectually embalmed, and transmitted entire to a wondering posterity.

Another singular deposit in central Russia is a rich black earth called 'Tchernozem,' which occupies an area of the surface equal in size to a European empire.* It is deposited both in the valleys and higher grounds, and varies in depth from fifteen to twenty feet. Its particles are exceedingly minute, and in summer the least agitation raises a fine black dust in volumes from the surface of the turf. It forms one of the richest of soils, and produces several crops in succession without the application of any manure. According to several analyses, one hundred parts consist—of silice, 69.8; alumina, 13.5; lime, 1.8; oxide of iron, 0.7; organic matter, 6.4; humic acid, 1.7. It also contains a large proportion of azotised matter. Near the Caspian Sea it contains nitre; and in several places a considerable incrustation of salt. The original source of this immense deposit of earth has not been accurately determined. It probably owes its origin to a jurassic shale, which may have been thus finely disintegrated by the action of water. No traces of marine productions are found in it, and whether it has been formed by the action of the sea or of fresh-water lakes, is uncertain. Could it be transported to less favoured surfaces in other countries, there is perhaps in this vast deposit as much matter as would cover the whole of Britain with a soil as rich and fertile as the

* A slighter reference to this earth was made in a general article on Sir R. I. Murchison's book in a recent number.

most enthusiastic farmer could desire, while at the same time a sufficient depth would still be left for all useful purposes in the native region of this singular deposit.

THE LATE MR TEGG.

THE late Mr Tegg, whose decease we announced a few days ago, enjoyed for a long period an extensive reputation as a bookseller and publisher. His early career was one of struggling and difficulty, and his life presents another of the many instances, already recorded, of how much perseverance and earnestness of purpose can accomplish. At his death he left a large fortune. Mr Thomas Tegg was born in 1776 at Wimbledon, in Surrey. His father dying, he was left to the care of some friends, who sent him to Galashiels, in Selkirkshire, where, for the extremely moderate sum of ten pounds per annum, he was boarded, lodged, clothed, and educated by a Mr Graham, with whom he remained four years. At the end of that time he set out on a cold November morning to walk to Dalkeith, with nothing in his pockets but a letter of introduction to a party in that town, and a sixpence. There he obtained a situation. Removing to Edinburgh a short time after, he first saw Robert Burns, Hugh Blair, and Henry Mackenzie in the shop of Creech, which those worthies were in the habit of frequenting. From Edinburgh Mr Tegg found his way, after a time, successively to Berwick, Alnwick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Durham. After many privations and trials, he obtained employment in the last city. In after-years he visited Durham under more gratifying circumstances, having been honoured with an invitation by Dr Van Mildert, the bishop of that see. From Durham Mr Tegg removed to Sheffield, and worked in Mr Gale's printing-office, where he met with Thomas Paine, whose *Age of Reason* was first printed at Gale's press. His ambition, the object of almost every aspirant, was, however, turned towards the metropolis. Eventually he set out for London, where he arrived broken in spirit and low in purse. As he did not immediately obtain employment, his sufferings were great; but perseverance overcame them; and he entered the service of the then well known publishers, the Messrs Arch and Co. of Cornhill, with whom he remained nine years. His care and prudence during that time placed him in a position to think of commencing business on his own account, and with that view he took a shop in Aldersgate Street, whence he afterwards removed to 111 Cheapside. In the former, Mr Tegg laid the foundation of his fortune; he commenced a system of evening book auctions, which he continued for many years, and which were afterwards profitably carried on by others in imitation of him. By means of these, and by entering largely into the publishing trade, either in issuing reprints or copyrights at a low price, he was, there can be little doubt, one of the most active pioneers of cheap literature, the blessings of which are now so extensively enjoyed. Mr Tegg was a man who combined powers of endurance under misfortune with determination of purpose in a remarkable degree. To use his own recent words—'Truly I can say that, passing through life, whether rich or poor, my spirits never forsook me so as to prevent me from rallying again. I have seen and associated with all ranks and stations in society. I have lodged with beggars; and had the honour of presentation to royalty. I have been so reduced as to plead for assistance, and, by the goodness of Providence, I have been able to render it to others.'—*Daily News*.

[We happen to have been a little acquainted with the late Mr Tegg, and can verify the above commendation of his character. Unlike many men who have risen from humble circumstances, he did not dislike alluding to the difficulties which he had encountered, but rather felt some degree of pride in telling how he had surmounted them. With a better education, the mind of Mr Tegg might have presented an aspect corresponding with his fortune. Even with the disadvantages under which he laboured from this cause, there was a largeness in his designs which argued no common man. Tegg's views were quite cosmopolitan. He did not think of publishing books for a mere London sale, but for the world. Calling himself a *book-merchant*, not a bookseller, his mind was constantly occupied with plans of universal publication. He despatched great cargoes of his wares to Australia, India, America,

and other distant countries, receiving whatever articles could be conveniently sent in return. The last time we saw him in Cheapside, he had just received advice of a ship-load of wool being sent to him from New South Wales in liquidation of a debt for books. Never did we meet with a publisher so thoroughly imbued with the principles, and so eager to enter into the practice, of commerce. On inquiring to what he chiefly owed his success in life, he replied that it was to three things—punctuality as to time, self-reliance, and integrity in word and deed. In addition, however, said he, to these points, 'I have derived much advantage and comfort in life from being deaf, as well as blind, to all calumnies and attacks. I have never cared for what any one malignantly, or perhaps foolishly, said of me; neither have I been ready to resent real or imaginary affronts.' We believe that such is the acknowledgment of pretty nearly all men who have been successful in their career. There is no getting through the world with a temper which fires up at trifles. What the *Daily News* states regarding his concern in cheap literature is only an under-statement of the truth. We have understood that Mr Tegg was the earliest literary employer of the late Dr Birbeck; and that, by means of that gentleman and others, he was the first to attempt presenting scientific information in a cheap form.]

PEACE—PEACE!

THE *Bristol Young Men's Society* have sent the following address to the young men of New York. Involving some expressions which we should have been inclined to soften, it is an eloquent and arresting document, forming one of those signs of the times which public men would do well to study:—

'Brethren—We who now address you are associated in friendly union for the purpose of moral and mental culture. We are lovers of peace, believing that the principles of our religion forbid all war, and, following the best example of other communities in our land, we send you peaceful thoughts, in order to prevent the monstrous sin and folly of the "trial by battle" between England and America. Human life, with all its untold mysteries and worth, we count a sacred thing, and utterly inviolable by the act of man; we therefore think that standing armies, warlike preparations, and death punishments, are foul blots upon the vaunted civilisation of this age, and melancholy proofs that Christianity is darkened, and that conscience slumbers, even in the most religious and the noblest nations of the earth. Is it not time, American brothers, that Christians should begin in earnest to make moral war against the great national sins and lies of the times? The brotherhood of man is part of the theory of every Christian church—and only of the theory. Commerce and science are the chief practical peacemakers; and Christianity almost leaves this heavenly work to them, and agitates the religious world with little surplice questions and metaphysical subtleties of doctrine—bitter and barren as the disputes between the Nominalists and Realists in the dark centuries.

'For nearly two thousand years there have been in the world divine principles which, if earnestly believed by those who have known them, would long ere now have made mankind one loving family, despite the accidents of colour, language, caste, and all the other different externals under which the essence of humanity dwells. We believe in this equal brotherhood of all men, not only as a theoretical truth, but as a future fact in the world's history—a coming reality, and perhaps not very distant. Believing this in our hearts, we repudiate national honour (as hitherto understood) as national infamy. We know of only one kind of honour wherewith nations or individuals ought to be invested, and that can be deserved only by those who practise justice, mercy, truth, and love. Military glory we abhor as unspeakable shame. We feel no patriotism but that which teaches us to regard the world as one country, and every human being our neighbour, to be dealt with after the Samaritan example.

'We have said nothing of the extensive and growing commercial intercourse between Americans and Englishmen, nor of the near relationship you and we bear to each other; our common language—almost immediate common

parentage. We do not forget these things; we deeply feel that they would invest the warfare between your nation and ours with special evils and horrors peculiarly its own; but we take our stand for peace on higher, deeper, wider principles than we can evolve from these circumstances of accident. We said that commerce and science are the chief peacemakers; but we have small faith that wars will permanently cease throughout the world till the principles of peace shall be part of the Christian's religion, and the Christian's religion shall be the religion of man.

'We earnestly commend these views to your deepest thought; and if you find them true, work with us in firm faith and cheerful hope till they take root in the Christian mind, and bless the world, or we are called from moral conflict here to everlasting rest.'

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

The cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and 'to explain the phenomenon,' says the *Revue*, 'we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of Ten Weeks' Stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it.'

BROTHERLY LOVE.

When do we begin to love people? When they begin to let us look into their hearts, and their hearts are found to be worth looking into.—*Cromwell's Literary Flowers.*

PROSE AND POETRY.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry: that is, prose = words in their best order; poetry = the best words in the best order.—*Cyberdyge.*

'WORK FROM THE SOUL'

COLOSSIANS iii. 23.

Work bravely and heartily now,
In the light beams of glorious day,
While the current of life in your veins
Runs joyous. Oh work while ye may!
For soon the dark night
Will her clouds spread around;
Who would happy be found,
Must work in the light.

Work heartily—not as a slave,
But lay all your strength on the oar,
And buffet the surf, till at length
You arrive at the opposite shore.
The heart that loves toil
Is buoyant and free,
As the waves of the sea
When in tempest they boil.

The Father of all glances down
On his sons as they strive in the race;
Upon all, first and last, he bestows
His looks of unspeakable grace.
Go on then in faith.
All that run well must win;
To faint were a sin,
Or to leave the good path.

The souls of the dead look to see
Their brothers who labour in fight.
Well know they the battle of life;
Even now they rejoice in the sight.
And the flash from their eyes
Fills the soldier with fire:
He never can tire
When such powers bid him rise.

Behold the bright crown of the brave,
How it glitters above in the sky!
He fears not cold death or the grave,
Who sets his affections on high.
Should idleness lurk
In the depths of your breast,
Look up to the best,
See your crown—and then work.

THETA.

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

It sometimes happens in the country that nearly a whole family is struck by malignant fever, and successively carried off. This happened lately at a farm-house in the south of Scotland. Not only did the farmer, his wife, and a female servant sink under the disease, but a son and daughter, and several other servants, narrowly escaped with their lives, and only by removing from the house. It was observed in this case that removal produced instantaneous improvement of health, but return to the devoted dwelling at once renewed the ailment. About the same time a similar tragedy happened near Stirling. A farmer, his wife, two sons, and a female servant, being the whole family, took ill of malignant fever, and died. The explanation which has been afforded to us in the first case perhaps supplies a key to all such mysteries. It has there been found that, immediately behind the house was a kind of mill-pond, into which every kind of refuse was thrown, or allowed to discharge itself, and that this collection of putrid matter had not been once cleaned out for a long series of years, no one dreaming of any harm from it. The momentous consequences from a cause so trifling, and the consideration that they might have been warded off by only a little knowledge, furnish ample matter for reflection. We are yet but in the infancy of an understanding of the subject of aerial poisoning.

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE Royal Exchange, in general, has been more fortunate in finding historians than that portion of it which we recently described as 'Lloyd's Coffee-House;' still, the current descriptions are for the most part imperfect and incorrect, and utterly without the sanction of official authority.

Like everything in the city, the existence of the Royal Exchange is owing to individual enterprise. This is the spirit and essence of commercial prosperity. The merchant is generally the architect of his own fortune; his pursuits necessarily bring him into contact with his fellow-men; and thus, while the principle of association obtains with him, and expresses itself in the guild and the corporation, in his own person he maintains a special individuality. To him who would indulge personalities, and portray characteristics, a visit to the city would afford many examples—some strange and odd enough, but all striking, and strongly-marked. In other pursuits of life there is more or less of a professional costume, which sinks the man in the official; but the merchant pleases himself, or acts upon early associations, in his dress and conduct. His success mostly depends, indeed, upon the personal. The great Rothschild is said to have had his 'secret,' which even his lady sought in vain to penetrate, and which was the basis of his success. Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, is an illustrious example of the truth of these remarks. Edward VI. consulted him frequently on the best manner of proceeding to rid himself of debt; and Sir Thomas devised 'a secret scheme' for this purpose, the evolution of which required two years' trial. It perfectly succeeded. His plan was, to take up in Antwerp two or three hundred pounds sterling in his own name by exchange, out of money to be privately furnished by his majesty—a process of liquidation so gradual as not likely to be perceived, or to occasion any fall in the rate of exchange. As the king's debts did not exceed L.108,000, with interest, the time claimed was amply sufficient for the purpose. The result was, 'to raise the exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish for the pound sterling to twenty-two shillings; at which rate,' says his biographer, 'Gresham discharged all the king's debts; and by this means money was rendered plentiful, and trade prosperous, while the credit of the crown became established on a firmer basis abroad than it had ever been before.'

It was during his residence at Antwerp that Gresham conceived the idea of a Royal Exchange for London—the former city having already provided itself with such an accommodation in 'the Bourse,' a building of noble dimensions. It was one part of Gresham's character that he was a thorough Englishman, and had the interest and honour of his country always at heart. He

showed this by his advice to Queen Elizabeth when in need of a loan: 'Not to use any strangers, but her own subjects, that it might be seen what a prince of power she was.' He was indeed anxious, in all cases, that the merchants of London should benefit by the discounts and interest accruing on such transactions; and took care that the counsel he had given should not fail for want of his own exertions. Having conceived an idea, he had faith in it, and thus accomplished it.

Intelligent, successful, liberal, munificent—such are the attributes which necessarily belong to the merchant-prince—such qualities rendered Sir Thomas Gresham illustrious. Of these, therefore, he must have been an eminent example—a marvel, among useful and honourable men, of honour and utility. If not less ambitious than his competitors, he was, in fact, more generous. This habit of mind was sometimes even ostentatiously exhibited. When Queen Elizabeth, in 1576, visited him at his residence in Osterley Park, he not only entertained her with extraordinary festivity, but on her objecting that the courtyard was too large, and would look more handsome if divided in the middle, he sent forthwith for workmen from London, who laboured in the night silently; and by the time her majesty rose in the morning, a wall was erected, producing the appearance she had desired.

A mind so constituted was not likely to permit London to want what Antwerp enjoyed longer than necessity obliged. He yielded to delay with reluctance. Our readers are already aware that, previously to the erection of the Royal Exchange, the merchants of London had been accustomed to assemble in Lombard Street, which took its name from the rich and fortunate Lombard merchants who, anterior to the year 1274, came from the four Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice, and settling in England, wrung from the necessities of Edward I. those exclusive privileges which enabled them to oppress the English trader and insult the English king. Edward III., to put a stop to their career, seized on their estates; but they survived the misfortune to lend money to Henry VI., and to receive, as security for the sum advanced, a mortgage on the English custom duties. They continued in Lombard Street till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was reserved for Sir Thomas Gresham to confound their projects, and oblige them to quit the country. They are still remembered by their armorial bearings—the three golden balls, which pawnbrokers use as the ensign of their shops. The want of a Bourse is said to have been felt also by the father and uncles of Gresham; and the desire to form one to have 'run in the family blood.' At length, in 1563, Sir Thomas announced his intention to erect one at his own expense. On the 4th January 1564 the offer was accepted by the Court of Aldermen, who forthwith engaged themselves

to supply a spot of ground for the purpose, and appointed a committee of aldermen and common councilmen to select a site. The Company of Merchant Adventurers were called on to contribute 400 marks towards the expense; and the several city companies advanced different sums by way of loan; care being taken to secure the benefit of the erection to the city in perpetuity. In fact, there is in the corporation books a special entry of a carouse held at the house of Mr John Ryvers, alderman, in which Sir Thomas, in the presence of witnesses, undertook, in case he should die childless, to bequeath the whole of the profits, in equal moieties, to the city and the Mercers' Company.

Certain houses formerly standing in Cornhill, and the alleys and lanes branching from it, having been removed, at the cost to the city of £.3737, 0s. 6d., Sir Thomas Gresham laid the first stone on the 7th June 1565, accompanied by a few aldermen, who, we are told by Stowe, 'every one of them laid a piece of gold, which the workmen took up.' By November in the following year, the building was completely covered in, and in a condition to receive the merchants. It was, however, not at first patronised as might have been expected; nor was it until two years after its completion that it received royal countenance. The queen then came into the city, and honoured the founder with her company at dinner. It was upon this occasion that it received the name of the 'Royal Exchange.' The architect employed by Gresham was a Fleming named Henryke, who seems to have designed it after the Bourse of Venice, from which that of Antwerp was copied. Prints of it, as it then stood, still exist, dated 1569, with an inscription in French, Dutch, and Latin, in honour of the founder, whose crest—the grasshopper—surmounted the tower, and ornamented the corners of the building.

The royal visit was highly beneficial. Sir Thomas Gresham had remitted the rent for the year to the tenants of the shops that formed part of the building—a plan attended with so much success, that he was soon afterwards enabled to raise their rents considerably; for, owing to the show they made on the occasion of the queen's visit, the nobility commenced a custom of sending thither for the most costly articles, and thus the shopkeepers rapidly became rich. But for all this, in the first instance, he one man was wanting not only to commence the undertaking, but to induce his fellowmen, by rewards and promises, to promote by reasonable means their own interests. Thus it is that all great movements are really made; not by the large bodies who follow, but by the few individuals who lead. The mass of men, it would seem, are without providence, and need some Prometheus to volunteer for them, that they may reap the profit of enterprise without incurring the risk.

The history of the Royal Exchange, from this period to its destruction by the fire of London in 1666, is that of the country. The troubles of the great Rebellion, the character of the Commonwealth, and the nature of the Restoration, had each its type in connexion with this building. A statue of Charles I., which had been placed there, was removed on the 30th May 1648, and substituted with an inscription—*Exit tyrannorum ultimus*; which was in turn removed, and replaced with a new statue, after the return of Charles II. Here also, on May 28, 1661, the acts for establishing the Commonwealth were burned by the hands of the common hangman. The state of the Royal Exchange during the plague is told by Pepys and Lord Clarendon:—'By day, the streets presented a most frightful aspect of desolation and misery; and at night, the dead-carts, moving with slow pace by torchlight, and with the appalling cry, "Bring out your dead!" thrilled horror through every heart that was not, by suffering, hardened to calamity. The stoppage of public business was so complete, that grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange!'

The statesmen of the famous period in which Gresham lived, and with whom he had intimate intercourse,

were as eminent for their learning as for their political genius. The merchant was equally anxious to exhibit his love of letters as to advance the interests of commerce, and thus the author of the Exchange showed by founding the college which is called after his name. He also provided that, after his death, the city should, out of their moiety of the property in the Royal Exchange, pay annual salaries of £.50 each to professors of divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, who should deliver lectures at the founder's late residence. After the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, 'Gresham College' was, in the first instance, resorted to for commercial purposes; arrangements were there made for the accommodation of the merchants, until a new Bourse could be erected.

The example having been once set, and the convenience of an Exchange having become apparent, the erection of the new Exchange needed not the special stimulus of an individual will, but was an object of desire to the general mind. A commercial city destitute of an Exchange was now thought, to adopt the language of Mr Malcolm in his *Londinium Redivivum*, 'as improper a residence for merchants as a parish without a church for that of religious people.' The first stone of the new building was laid on the 6th of May 1667. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect: the expense was shared between the Corporation and the Mercers' Company, and amounted to £.80,000. The royal consent was not obtained till afterwards, when Charles II. laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance on the 22d of October, on which occasion his majesty was feasted. The Duke of York and Prince Rupert laid the bases of other columns a few days subsequently, and were likewise civically regaled. The structure was completed on the 28th September 1669, and opened by the lord mayor, Sir William Turner, the king having been prevented from attending.

Owing to the fire of 1838, the Royal Exchange thus erected by Sir Christopher Wren is now only matter of history. The architecture, as most of us recollect, was beautiful—the four orders of the quadrangle being indeed magnificent, and richly decorated with the basements, arches of the walks, the cornices over them, the niches, statues, pillars, circular windows, entablature, pediments, and balustrade, all in correct proportion and arrangement. Its principal front was towards Cornhill; and on each side there were Corinthian demi-columns, supporting a compass pediment; within each of which were niches, containing statues of Charles I. and II. in Roman habits, by Bushnell. Within the quadrangle there were twenty-four niches in the intercolumnus, with statues of English kings and queens—most of the kings before Charles II. being sculptured by Cibber. The centre of the area had for some time a statue of Charles II. by Gintin Gibbons, which was subsequently displaced for one by Spilcer, habited in the Roman style. In an obscure position under the piazza the statue of Gresham, too, had its niche; and nigh to it, that of one whose modesty would have been better content had his merit received no such acknowledgment—Sir John Bernard; to whom, in his lifetime, the memorial was erected as a mark of civic respect, but who could never bring himself to visit the walks afterwards.

We regret that the history of Gresham College is less satisfactory than that of the Royal Exchange. The civil wars and the fire of London having pressed hard on their funds, the city of London endeavoured to get rid of the cost of the lectures, which, though at first considered of great importance, gradually declined in interest. In 1768, an act of parliament was even obtained 'to make over the ground whereon Gresham College stood to the crown; and a proposition was made by the city and the Mercers' Company to pull the college itself down, and build an excise office on the site; which was done. From the moment, indeed, that the founder conceived the generous idea of converting his own house into a college, there was a jealousy expressed. Sir Thomas

Gresham, it would appear from an address to him from the vice-chancellor and senate of the university of Cambridge, had made some promise of contributing towards building a new, or repairing an existing college. This design he seems to have subsequently enlarged. The enlarged design was approved of, but the site was objected to. The university authorities endeavoured to dissuade him from selecting London, lest it might prove prejudicial to Oxford and Cambridge. He himself had been educated at Cambridge, and this was urged as a reason why Cambridge should have a preference. We have seen that he persisted in his good intention of making the city of London a college. We regret that the boon has been so ill received; and that, up to the present moment, it has been altogether abused, the lectureships being little better than sinecures.

We now come to the consideration of the subject in relation to the times in which we live. On the night of the 10th January 1838, the structure of Sir Christopher Wren was burned to the ground. On the particulars of this calamity we need not dwell; they are doubtless fresh in our readers' recollection. The merchants of London for a time made the Guildhall their place of meeting, and afterwards the area of the Excise Office—the site of Gresham House and Gresham College; thus, as far as circumstances allowed, re-creating the scene of former times. In preparing to re-erect the Royal Exchange, many interests had now to be considered—those of the underwriters at Lloyd's, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and the shopkeepers who had occupied the ground-floor. An act of parliament was also necessary, which received the royal assent on the 10th August 1838, and empowered the Gresham Committee to purchase and remove all the buildings to the eastward, extending nearly to Finch Lane, and to raise £150,000 upon the credit of the London Bridge Fund. Premiums were at length advertised for the three best designs. More than fifty competitors appeared. Three architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr Gwilt, and Mr Hardwick—were chosen to report on their productions; and these gentlemen considered that the designs numbered 36, 43, and 37, best answered the conditions prescribed; but declined to recommend them for adoption. To the artists—Mr William Greliez, Mr Sydney Smith, and Messrs Chateaufeuf and Mee—the premiums were nevertheless paid. Ultimately, a limited competition between five architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr Gwilt, Mr Tite, Mr Barry, and Mr Cockerell—was proposed, but only Mr Tite and Mr Cockerell entered the arena. The preference was at length given to Mr Tite; and on Monday the 17th January 1842, the foundation stone was laid by Prince Albert, with much state and ceremony, full descriptions of which appeared in the newspapers of the day. Within three years from that date the new Royal Exchange was completed—a very brief space of time for such a work, especially considering that it consists entirely of stone.

The structure does credit to the artist, and to a great extent realises the character of grandour, simplicity, and usefulness which he desired to give to it. The west front is of course the principal feature. Here a portico is placed, superior in dimensions to any in England, and almost equal to any in the world. It consists of eight Corinthian columns, with two intercolumniations in actual projection, and the centre part also deeply recessed. The width is thirty feet, and the height from the ground to the apex of the pediment is seventy-four feet six inches. From the level of the street it is ascended by thirteen granite steps. Here, on the right and left of the entrance, are the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance for Assuring Shipping, Fire, and Lives. Next in dignity is the east front. In the projection of his plan, the artist had to conquer a difficulty relative to the situation of the tower, arising from the shape of the ground, because, to quote his own words, 'Any tower placed to agree with the lines of the south front must disagree with the lines of the east and west fronts, which are in different planes; and such an ob-

ject, when seen from a distance, or from the area of the Exchange, would produce an effect that would be discordant and unarchitectural; because it would bring into distinct notice a fact which it should be the business of the architect to conceal. For a long time,' he continues, 'I contended with this difficulty, because I was anxious to place the tower or towers in the south front; but it was impossible to get over the irregularity. It would indeed have been easy to have concealed this defect in the drawings, or have kept it out of notice; but the result, when built, would only have ended, in my judgment, in disappointment and failure. For these reasons, and with these views, I have composed my design as it is now exhibited. I have placed a portico at the west end, and the tower at the east.* The first storey of the tower, at the east front, is square, with ornamental pilasters; at the angles there is a niche, with a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham by Belmus. The figure is erect, fourteen feet six inches in height, and chiselled out of two blocks of Portland stone.† Above is an attic for the clock faces. The next storey is circular, decorated with Corinthian columns, and crowned with a leaved dome, surmounted by the vane—the famous grasshopper of the old Exchange, which, fortunately, the fire had not much damaged.

Under the tower, at the eastern entrance, there is a small area for giving light and air to the inner mass of that part of the building. At the north end of this area, as we have already said, is the entrance to Lloyd's. At the centre of the building, on the north and south, there are also entrances to the Merchants' Area. Both these fronts exhibit unbroken lines of entablature, with a repetition of rusticated arches for the shops, offices, and entrances. The architect made a point of this peculiar style. He had in his mind 'the universally-acknowledged good effect of the Bourse at Paris,' in which 'the lines are simple and unbroken, and the large arched windows surrounding the walls behind the columns have all the character of shops or offices.' 'We are deficient,' he adds, 'in England, of specimens of architecture of that unbroken kind. Were I to adduce instances, I should quote the National Gallery as affording an illustration of the bad effect of broken and detached masses, and the Reform Club of the excellent effect of continuous and unbroken ones.' The three middle spaces on the south side are deeply recessed, surmounted with richly-decorated windows; above the cornice are a balustrade and attic; on the north side the centre projects; and at the end spaces the pilasters are omitted; for two of the windows, niches are substituted—one of them to contain a statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton, by Joseph; and the other a statue of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew.

Such is the architectural character of the building: among its accidental adjuncts are a peal, in the tower, of fifteen bells for three chimes, cast by Mears, and a clock constructed by Mr Dent, under the direction of Professor Airey, the astronomer-royal, the first stroke of each hour being true to a second of time.

Provision has been made in the new building against fire. The ground-floor, as in the old, is still appropriated mainly to shops and offices; but each is complete in itself, separated by party-walls and brick arches, as well from the apartments above as the tenements beside them; so that any accidental fire must be local.

* Mr Tite's Letter to the Grand Gresham Committee, dated 27th April 1840.

† As whatever relates to Sir Thomas Gresham is interesting, we may record here the circumstance that a portrait, painted on panel, life size, of the royal merchant lately came, by bequest, into possession of the City Lecture Hall. The work is held to be a fine specimen of the arts of its period, and represents Sir Thomas at the age of twenty-six. He is attired in a plain black doublet, hose and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar—all indicative of the unpretending British trader. In one corner of the picture are the letters 'A. G.', tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words, 'Love, serve, and obey'; and under that 'T. G.', also tied by a knot; and upon the frame, which is of black wood, and of the same age as the picture, is the motto, 'Dominus Mihi Adjutor, T. G.', repeated on each side.

We must not, however, conclude this paper without reference to the sculpture with which the new Royal Exchange has been adorned. That by Mr Richard Westmacott, in the tympanum of the pediment at the west front, deserves earliest and highest mention, both from its position and its merit. Allegorical in subject, it nevertheless avoids the objections to which such compositions are generally liable. It consists of seventeen figures, carved in compact limestone, and, with two exceptions, modelled as entire and detached figures. The centre figure, which is ten feet high, represents Commerce—with her mural crown, her cornucopia, beehive, and other accessories. Her left hand holds the Charter of the Exchange, her right rests on part of a ship—two dolphins and a shell forming her pedestal. The groups on either side consist, on the right, of three British merchants in their civic robes—as lord mayor, alderman, and common councilman; two Asiatics, a Hindoo, and a Mohammedan, in appropriate costume; a Greek bearing a jar; an Armenian scholar, and a Turkish merchant; and, on the left, of two British merchants examining some woven fabric shown to them by a Persian; a Chinese; a sailor of the Levant; a negro; a British sailor cording a bale of cotton; and a supercargo, or factory agent. The opposite angles are filled with anchors, jars, packages, and other nautical and commercial emblems.

The internal area of the Royal Exchange is uncovered, presenting an open court, somewhat resembling the cortili of the Italian palaces; consisting, on the ground-floor, of Doric columns and rusticated arches, over which is a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows under a pierced parapet. The upper storey also has arches: these are decorated with the arms of various nations, according to the order determined at the congress of Vienna—the arms of England occupying the centre of the eastern side. There is also a sheltered walk for merchants, with the ceiling and sides panelled, painted, and emblazoned with the arms of countries and monarchs; namely, Edward the Confessor, Edward III., Elizabeth, and Charles II. The south-east angle also boasts a statue of Queen Elizabeth, and the south-west a statue of Charles II.

It only remains now to speak of the statues of Queen Victoria inside the building, and of the Duke of Wellington without. The latter is a bronze equestrian figure, by Chantrey, and was composed of the metal of the guns taken from the enemy, contributed by the government, and valued at L.1500. The cost of the statue itself was L.9000. It was completed on the anniversary of Waterloo, the 18th June 1844, when the inauguration took place, at which the king of Saxony attended. On the 28th October following, the new Royal Exchange itself was opened by the Queen in person with great state and ceremony. It was not until the 27th of October in the next year that her Majesty's own statue was placed on its pedestal in the centre of the area. Of this work a friend thus writes:—"There is here no anachronism—no podantry. It is the statue of Queen Victoria—her image as she lived—in the robes she wore, rendered poetic by the inspiration, and picturesque by the genius, of art; free from theatrical exaggeration; equally balanced, chaste, and pure, as well as noble. Such a portrait statue, produced for a Leo X., or a De Medicis, or presented to the population of a mediæval city in Italy, would have given a triumph to the artist. Mr Lough deserved an ovation at the hands of the citizens. What will be thought in time to come of the age in which we live, when royal patronage, state commissioners, and the public money not only conspire to call out a quasi power of art from the depths of oblivion, but also conspire, meanwhile, to neglect a genius capable of giving honour and illustration to any age or nation?"

These remarks are somewhat enthusiastically expressed; but the inconsistency to which they point certainly provokes animadversion. The mercantile element clearly too much predominates, and the artistic is re-

duced to a mere accessory. The same remarks apply to literature, and the mode in which the Gresham lectureships are now managed. No amount of censure can be too heavy in condemnation of the present glaring neglect and misconduct. The site of the institution has been changed. The new Gresham College stands at the corner of Basinghall Street and Cateaton Street. It is of the enriched Roman style of architecture. There are a library, a lecture-theatre, and a professor's room; but the end for which these means have been prepared has yet to be secured. What would Sir Thomas Gresham himself have said to this? For the honour of the founder, and from respect to his memory, we call upon the authorities of the college to lose no time in making all needful and possible reforms. We know intimately well that there are many men of literary tastes among the merchants of London. Let them be consulted, and immediate measures taken for the prosperity of an institution not less glorious in its object than the Exchange itself. Literature and commerce are twin powers, and should never be divorced in operation: united, the progress of society proceeds safely, blending use with beauty; separated, wealth may be accumulated; but without intelligence to direct its aims, it is a mockery and a snare—a burden and a yoke. And such will be, must be, the reflections of every one capable of at all entering into the spirit of Sir Thomas Gresham.

A DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF CORSICA.

It is now nearly twelve years since an accident to the small trading vessel in which I had embarked for a passage from Palermo to Marseilles obliged us to bear up for Bastia, it being the only port then under our lee where we could get the damage repaired. This gave me an unlooked-for opportunity of visiting the birth-place of Napoleon. At that time steam-navigation in the Mediterranean was in its infancy (it is only on the great lines that it is good for anything yet), and the island of Corsica, lying out of the direct track of merchant ships, and having, besides, a bad general character for unhealthiness, was seldom or never visited. My own stay was necessarily so short, that I could see little, but the adventures of only one day have made much impression on my memory.

It was already dusk, when, from pitching and rolling upon the open sea, we suddenly slid into the quiet of the harbour; and there was barely light enough to show us the outline of 'Le Lion,' the singular rock, so called from its likeness to a couchant lion, which, with head and paws outstretched, lies, as it were, on guard before the entrance. The peacefulness of the evening was perfect. The broad dark sheet of the harbour lay at rest beneath the weakening light, growing blacker and blacker every minute, as the shadows of the overhanging heights steadily lengthened over its surface, till by degrees, as the actual outlines of the buildings on shore faded from the view, the glimmer of their lights in turn began to flicker along the margin of the basin. The land-breeze came sighing down upon us over the water, laden with the perfume of the orange-trees, and brought with it the hum of many voices from the promenade, on which the whole population had turned out to enjoy the refreshing coolness. When we landed, the night was, as I have said, too dark to distinguish anything; but in the morning we walked about the town, which is quite Italian in character; and the people, too, are Italian, or nearly so, with a perceptible dash, however, of the French in many of their customs, particularly among the ladies, who appear in the evening quite in Parisian costume. I naturally looked on every side for some monument of Napoleon; but, to my surprise, there was nothing of the kind. The emperor, it is well known, showed no favour to his native country—probably because his Corsican origin could not be expected to raise him in the

eyes of the French—and he is naturally no favourite in his birthplace. Our own hero, Nelson, on the other hand, was often mentioned, though this might have been in compliment to me as an Englishman. The remains of the works from which he cannonaded the place are still visible on a steep eminence overlooking the harbour.

The streets generally are high and narrow, as in most towns of Italian construction, and reasonably neat; and that is all. But the situation is very fine. Immediately behind the town the ground slopes gently upwards, forming the foreground to a bold line of precipitous heights, clothed along their flanks with vineyards and olive-grounds, and crested by groves of the ever-green oak; while above and beyond these, in the distance, the chain of the Monte Stello stands out clear and distinct against the splendid southern sky, with one bold serrated peak towering in the midst, like the central keep of the district. From a common effect of so transparent an atmosphere in these latitudes, the mountains, though in reality many miles off, seem to look into the town, forming, as it were, a Vandyked and irregular border to the blue mirror of the Mediterranean, which on every other side, save where it is dotted with a group of far distant islets, blends imperceptibly with the horizon.

It was impossible to see the magnificent mountain tops so provokingly near, without a strong desire to look at them more closely. For this, however, a guide was indispensable; and I found it no easy matter to get one. The Corsicans, like most southern people, seem to care very little for their scenery; and although almost at their doors, the mountains are as little known and traversed by them as the Grampians were by our grandfathers a hundred years ago. Like them, they have to plead in excuse that mountain travelling is neither very easy nor very safe. The only persons who are acquainted with these wilds are the banditti, who find them a capital stronghold from which to carry on their trade, either alone, or in conjunction with that of shepherds, goat-herds, or smugglers, as the case may be. The guide whom at last I succeeded in finding was a very robber-like person, with a worn, suspicious face, bronzed almost to blackness by the sun, a magnificent spread of the chest and shoulders, and, to judge from the cordage of sinews about the calf of the leg, which the opening of his leathern gaiters showed in all their protuberance, no less gifted by nature with what is as necessary to a depredator as strength and hardihood—the power of running away. He made no secret of himself of having been a smuggler; but whether he confined himself to levying contributions on the king's revenue, or varied it by raising them direct on the king's subjects, the gens-d'armes must have rejoiced at the cause, whatever it was, which led to his turning an honest man. Probably he might think open robbery too precarious—pleasant, but impolitic.

With this potent auxiliary—who turned out, as far as I was concerned, a very honest fellow—I started at sunrise, on a roasting July day, to visit the cavern 'Dei Quattro Banditti' (a congenial name), situated high up in the flanks of the aforesaid Monte Stello. I had always hitherto been disappointed in caverns; but this was situated in the heart of the scenery I wished to visit, and the story connected with it gave it interest. As the day's journey promised, at all events, to be very fatiguing, and part of the way at least was reported practicable for horses, a couple were hired, and a peasant engaged to bring them back. Though it was barely five o'clock A.M., by the time we had got out of the town it was oppressively warm; but we did not feel this sun at first, as our path led directly in among the vineyards; and for the next half hour we were trotting briskly forward under the overarching boughs, in a kind of half twilight, with an occasional bar of golden sunshine streaming on us from between the stems. Nothing can be conceived more delicious in such a climate than these bowers of coolness, with their long prospective avenues of leaves, and the perfect

quiet, only broken by the hum of wasps and dragonflies, or the twitter of a bird as it hangs pecking at the rich clusters of fruit overhead. From these we emerged suddenly into the full blaze of the sunshine, upon an arid table-land, bare of all vegetation save a few stunted juniper-bushes, and cut up by ravines and brooks, one of which, flowing direct from the Monte Stello, was to serve us as a guide. At the end of this plateau we had to dismount, and leave our horses with the peasant; the rest of our journey being a mere scramble, often on hands and knees, in many parts over ground of the most treacherous description, where the rains had washed away every trace of a path, leaving in its stead nothing but gravel and rolled stones, which slid from beneath our feet, and fell in showers into the muddy torrent below at a depth most unpleasant to contemplate. Two hours of this work took us at last into a kind of amphitheatre of black granite rocks, at the base of which we stood among a chaos of fragments, some of which, matted with moss, or in parts overgrown with bushes and brambles, seemed to have lain there ever since the creation; while others, from their fresh and splintered angles, had evidently rolled over from above at no remote date. Directly in front, the Fiumetta (so-called) streamed in one clear pitch of two hundred feet at least, sending up a volume of spray, which the wind showered over us, and beyond. It was close to this fall that we were to look for the cavern. At this distance of time I have no clear recollection of the exact position in which it was placed with respect to the surrounding rocks, or of the path by which I attained it; but I recollect very vividly the uncomfortable sensations with which, on my foot slipping in one perilous stride, I found myself suspended between heaven and earth by the bough of a wild olive-tree growing in the face of the precipice. This I clutched just in time to save myself, and with infinite joy swung my body, safe and sound, past all danger of slipping, upon a ledge of rock not more than three feet in breadth, facing an oven-shaped hole, which was the portal of the cavern that had given me so much trouble to visit.

The cavern of the four banditti is so called from its having been the stronghold of four famous outlaws who were enabled by it to escape destruction from the Genoese in a manner sufficiently remarkable. As we rested on the rock, before entering the cave, it was impossible not to admire the fitness of the place for the story connected with it. From here, we could look for miles over the valley of the Fiumetta, and the dim lines of the plain which we had traversed in the morning. Bastia itself lay out of sight under the shoulder of the hills; but the sails of the various vessels approaching or leaving its port were distinctly visible, like specks on the horizon. The entrance of the cavern was so narrow as to be invisible from below; but after creeping some yards through a kind of passage, like a fox earth, which reminded me painfully of the description in Guy Mannering of a similar place, it rose into a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. A dusky light streamed from above through some crevice in the rock, and served to give us a vague idea of its extent, without showing any visible termination. Where it fell upon the fragments of an earthenware pot and some scattered bones were lying; and in one part the side was still blackened with the smoke of the fire which had been reared against it. At the sight of these relics, the guide, who had till then fully maintained the lazy indifference of a son of the south, became amazingly energetic, and alternately vented curses against the Genoese, and ejaculations for the souls of the departed. As we rode back in the evening, I got him to give me the whole story, which he did with great gusto, evidently taking in it a professional interest.

The year 1729 is celebrated in the history of Corsica for the commencement of that series of intestine struggles which, after calling forth the energies of many remarkable men, of whom Paoli was the chief,

ended in substituting the French for the Genoese as its masters. The feeling among the islanders was generally in favour of the rising; but it was not without alloy. The Genoese had held the island for centuries; many avowed connexions had been formed with the natives; and many hearts which had beaten with mutual, though unavowed affection, were now to be separated for ever. Among other connexions of the kind, a girl named Cornelia Cartucci was at this time betrothed to Marcangelo Santi, a Genoese of noble family. Before the marriage could take place, the insurrection broke out, and Santi, under pretence of obedience to orders from his superiors, refused to complete the contract.

An insult of this kind is one which a Corsican never forgets or forgives. The four brothers of Cornelia vowed vengeance, and kept their vow. As a preliminary step, characteristic of the country now as then, they took to the mountains as banditti, and from thence despatched a letter to Santi, requiring of him, categorically, to fulfil his promise within one month from the date thereof; and if he should fail in so doing, declaring their deliberate intention to put him to death. The letter met with no attention; and within one week from the fatal limit, Francesco, the eldest brother, fulfilled the threat by pistoling Santi with his own hand in the high street of Bastia.

By this time the first burst of the revolt had been put down for the moment, and the Genoese, as is always the case with a weak government when it has been heartily frightened, prepared to punish all engaged in it to the uttermost. The assassination of Santi, though arising out of private pique, was still an outrage on one of the dominant party, and had originated in national differences. The commandant at Bastia set a price of one thousand crowns on the heads of the guilty parties, and promised an equal sum, and a free pardon, no matter for what crime, to any bandit who should succeed in bringing them to justice. The brothers, upon this, consulted with their partisans among the villagers, who, looking on them as sufferers in the national cause, were to a man zealous in their behalf. The pursuit threatened to be so very keen, that it was impossible to hope to lie hidden in the villages. Some time before, an ibex hunter had lighted upon this cavern: it was known, as they thought, only to themselves. The approach was by one path, and that exceedingly difficult; and even if they should be discovered, no amount of force, nothing but starvation, could dislodge them. Hither, then, the brothers retreated, with arms, ammunition, and a stock of food and water for a week, which it was agreed one or other of their friends should replenish every four days.

For nearly three weeks it seemed as if the bandits had vanished into air. The government, upon this, raised the reward to two thousand crowns—an immense sum for the time and country; and at length it had its effect. Four bandits, called the robbers of Ficaja, volunteered upon the conditions proclaimed, and were accepted. They had not been long upon their quest, before they noticed the regular departure of one or other of the peasants with a much larger supply of food and water than could be wanted for one day's field-work. The next emissary was followed, and tracked to the hollow among the cliffs; but there the clue stopped. Along the wide face of the precipices no mark or sign of life was to be seen, and the absolute silence was only broken by the croaking of the ravens, which had their nests among the crags. Convinced, however, that their object could not be far off, three of the men remained to watch, while the fourth was despatched to communicate the news of their discovery at Bastia.

At this news the Genoese were in ecstasies of joy proportional to their previous disappointment. A company of voltigeurs were immediately despatched; the church bells rang out in the villages; and, as the peasantry had no alternative but to obey, in less than three

hours five hundred armed men were assembled. The whole force was immediately marched up the mountains, and so stationed as to cut off all access from without. Every approach to the stream was especially guarded; and as no water could be got among the granite rocks, it was confidently expected that thirst alone would force the bandits into a surrender.

The situation of the besieged was horrible. The magnitude and disposition of the force took away all hopes of escape. Five days had passed since they had received their usual supplies, and there was only a piece of bread remaining, and no water. Death, however, was equally certain whether they surrendered or not. Their position was impregnable; and they took a common oath to hold out to the last, and prepared to endure the silent progress of hunger and thirst with that tenacity of passive suffering characteristic of a southern people. The small piece of bread—about eight ounces—which remained was divided into four equal parts, and served them for a meal the first day. A second, a third, and a fourth day were passed in quiet endurance. By the end of the fourth they had devoured their shoes, belts, and everything which could prolong life. But their hunger was nothing to the raging of their thirst. Not a drop of rain had fallen: the sky remained a cloudless blue; and, as the climax to their suffering, they could hear, almost underneath their feet, the rushing of the stream, without a possibility of reaching it. They had not been without hopes of deliverance by assistance from without; but though the peasantry carried their sympathy so far as to offer up prayers for them in the churches, their spirits were too much broken to offer actual resistance to the authorities.

On the fourth evening, Pasquale, the youngest, proposed to surrender, since nothing could be equal to what they actually suffered. But Francesco refused. 'I am very sure,' he said, 'that I shall die myself, as my hand has brought this on us; but you may still escape; and if not, better we die as we have lived together, than give a triumph to our enemies.'

It seemed as if his words were prophetic. The next morning a gray mist was on the sky, heavy clouds were sweeping along the lower range of the hills, and the lightning was very frequent, broad, and deeply-tinged with blue. At length, in the afternoon, the storm burst upon the encampment, which lay completely exposed to its fury. The Fiumetta, which, from the protracted drought, had scarcely run on the preceding day, came down in a wall of water, which soon boiled up over its narrow sides, and cut off the Corsicans on the hither side from the Genoese beyond. The tents were blown down; the rain had put out the watch-fires; and as the night came on without a star in the heavens, each group remained crouched together at its post, dreading to stir in the absolute darkness. To the brothers the storm and the darkness seemed a direct interposition of Providence in their favour, which nerved them to make a desperate effort to escape. The descent to the base of the precipice was one hundred and sixty feet in depth, and nearly perpendicular. By cutting into strips all that remained of their garments, and tying them together, a line was formed, which barely reached half-way down, and the chance was slight of finding the proper footing during the remaining half. The same darkness, however, which made it perilous to them, veiled them from their enemies; and if the rock had fallen, it would not have been heard amid the roaring of the torrent and the storm combined. They made the attempt, and Pasquale and Dominico reached the bottom in safety. Francesco was last, and had achieved two-thirds of the descent, when Salvator, the third, who was immediately beneath him, feeling his own footing give way, threw up his arms, and caught with the strength of despair at the stone on which Francesco was standing; it loosened beneath the double strain, and a sudden rush through the air told the brothers their fate.

'And did the others escape after all?' I asked, as

simultaneously with the end of his story we paced into Bastia.

'They escaped, eccellenza, to Napoli, where Paolo died. Dominico was my mother's uncle, eccellenza—a famous bandit! Such an eye, such a shot! nemo bellissimo! who never robbed less than twenty crowns, or missed confession at Easter in his life!'

GOUGH, THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

THE republication in this country of a little volume, of which seventeen thousand copies have been sold in America, makes us acquainted for the first time with a very remarkable young man, named John B. Gough, who has, within the last three years, sprung from the ranks of the working-classes in that country, and, we may add, from the degraded herd of the dissipated, and is now in the full blaze of popularity as an apostle of the Whitfield class, but in the immediate cause of total abstinence. The volume is entitled, 'The Hand of Providence Exemplified In the History of John B. Gough.'* It is chiefly an autobiography; and a most extraordinary revelation does it give of human error and misery. The author has evidently regarded it as a sacred duty to expose every circumstance in his career as a sinner, in order to tell upon the unhappy beings who are still under the bondage from which he is emancipated. There is much eloquence in the volume; and, what is more surprising, here is much naturalness and affecting simplicity. We therefore recommend it even to those who merely read for amusement, or with the general desire of studying the features of our common nature.

Gough was the son of an English private-soldier, and came to America, at twelve years of age, in the service of an emigrant family, who undertook the care of him. In consequence of dissatisfaction with his treatment in this family, he found himself, at fourteen, a friendless adventurer in the streets of New York, with half-a-crown in his pocket. He got employment as an errand-boy; and by and by his mother and sister came from England to join him. The mother, however, who was an excellent person, soon after died; the sister went to a trade in another city; and the poor youth was once more alone in the world. It is easy to see that, with an ardent temperament and some lively talents, Gough was exposed, in such circumstances, to great danger. It is certainly not surprising that, when he attained manhood, his original moral impressions were obliterated, and he was become a person of reckless life. Possessing a good voice for singing, and a power of telling comic stories, he was tempted into the society of thoughtless young men, who taught him to drink. Then ambition led him to forsake his trade as a bookbinder for the stage; but meeting only with disappointment, he returned to work. Still, he was restless and unsteady. At about twenty years of age we find him engaged in a fishing adventure in the bay of Chaleur; and soon after he married the sister of the owner of the vessel. Before this time King Alcohol had marked him as one of his most devoted subjects.

At Newburyport, where he set up house as a married man, he for a little while maintained an effort at reformation. 'I recommenced,' says he, 'attending a place of worship, and for a short time I attended the Rev. Mr Campbell's church, by whom, as well as by several of his members, I was treated with much Christian kindness. I was often invited to Mr Campbell's house, as well as to those of some of his hearers, and it seemed as if a favourable turning-point or crisis in my fortunes had arrived. Mr Campbell was good enough to manifest a very great interest in my welfare, and frequently expressed a hope that I should be enabled, although late in life, to obtain an education. And this I might have acquired, had not my evil genius prevented

my making any efforts to obtain so desirable an end. My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier against all improvement; and, after a few weeks, every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Spirit which had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts which had already wrought me so much woe than at any previous period of my existence.

'And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work; and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth I should find another. Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated in bar-rooms and parlours, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford to put on, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets, I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half-recognition; and, to a sensitive spirit such as I possessed, such treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification caused by such treatment, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also; and once on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No. Although I may have used bitter words against that parent, my conscience told me that he had done no more than his duty, in preventing his son being influenced by my dissipated habits. Oh how often have I lain down, and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event! Then plaudits would ring in my ears, and peals of laughter ring again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness, only broken by the beatings of my agonised heart, which felt that the gloss of respectability had worn off, and exposed my threnological condition. To drown these reflections, I would drink, not from love of the taste of the liquor, but to become so stupefied by its fumes as to steep my sorrows in a half-oblivion; and from this miserable stupor I would wake to a fuller consciousness of my situation, and again would I banish my reflections by liquor.'

A kind-hearted countryman not only succoured him in his extremity, but set him up in business. Drink, however, brought him to ruin in five months. The details which he gives of his habits surprises us; for it is uncommon for the young in our own country to keep liquor constantly beside them in order to maintain an enduring intoxication. 'To what shifts,' he says, 'was I reduced in order to conceal my habit of using intoxicating drinks! Frequently have I taken a pitcher, with a pint of new rum in it, purchased at some obscure groggery, and put about one-third as much water as there was spirit in it at the town-pump, in the market square, in order to induce persons to think that I drank water alone. This mixture I would take to my shop, and for days and days together it would be my only beverage. In consequence of this habit I would frequently fall asleep, or, if awake, be in so half-top state, that work or exertion of any kind was quite out of the question; and after an indulgence in this practice for some time, I was compelled to remain at home from sheer inability to enter on active duty. I grew of course poorer and poorer, and my days dragged wearily on. At times I almost wished that my life and its miseries would close.'

His wife having left him temporarily one morning on a visit, Gough, finding his home somewhat lonely, commenced drinking at a gallon of West India rum which

* London: Darton and Clark. 1846.

he had in the house. 'Although the morning,' says he, 'was not far advanced, I sat down intending to do nothing until dinner-time. I could not sit alone without rum, and I drank glass after glass until I became so stupefied, that I was compelled to lie down on the bed, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as I persuaded myself, too late to make a bad day's work good. I invited a neighbour, who, like myself, was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with me. He came, and we sat down to our rum, and drank together freely until late that night, when he staggered home; and so intoxicated was I, that in moving to go to bed, I fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time unable to rise. At last I managed to get to bed; but oh! I did not sleep, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. I awoke in the night with a raging thirst. My mouth was parched, and my throat was burning; and I anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which I sought to quench my dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so I went on, swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until at last I had drained the very last drop which the jar contained. My appetite grew by what it fed on; and having a little money by me, I with difficulty got up, made myself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which I returned to the house. The fact will perhaps seem incredible, but so it was, that I drank spirits continually without tasting a morsel of food for the next three days. This could not last long; a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and mine was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

'I began to experience a feeling hitherto unknown to me. After the three days' drinking to which I have just referred, I felt one night, as I lay on my bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon me. It was as if I had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow which had prostrated me repeated. There was a craving for sleep, sleep—blessed sleep! But my eyelids were as if they could not close. Every object around me I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hearing became naturally acute. Then to the singing and roaring in my ears would suddenly succeed a silence so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it. At other times strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start like a guilty thing. But the horrible burning thirst was insupportable; and to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched again and again the rum bottle, hugged my enemy, and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use—none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one against the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dozed a little; but feeling a warmth on my face, I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort I threw the pillow from the bed, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency. How long I lay I do not exactly know, but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbours, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed was smouldering, and in a quarter of an hour more must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate; for it is more than probable that, in my half-senseless condition, I should have been suffocated or burned to death! The fright produced by this accident and very narrow escape in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than anything else was the exposure.

Now, all would be known, and I feared my name would become more than ever a byword and a reproach.'

'The consequence of this bout was an attack of delirium tremens, the sensations of which he describes with fearful fidelity. Returning to work as a journeyman, he endeavoured to indulge in his vice without exposing himself to the world; but with all his anxiety on this point, his habits became notorious, and he sank into disrepute and poverty at the same time. In the midst of domestic miseries thus produced, his wife and surviving child perished. He continued to drink while they lay dead in the room beside him. 'There, in the room where all who loved me were lying in the unconscious slumber of death, was I gazing, with a maudlin melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and in agony of soul pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed, after a draught of rum, which I had obtained and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch.'

Amidst all this horrible conduct, he contrived to obtain at least occasional employment. We could suppose that there was something about him that awakened a kind interest in those around him, notwithstanding every delinquency. Indeed there can be no doubt, both from his earlier and his latter life, that there were noble natural elements in this man; only for the meantime enchained in debasement by passions to whose undivided control he had been exposed in the course of a morally-unprotected youth. The good in him was every now and then endeavouring to break through. 'My custom,' he says, 'was to repair to the lowest grog-shops, and there I might usually be found, night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down, and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers, who supplied me with drink in return. Who would have recognised in the glib mountebank, the circle of a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents—one who had been devoted and affectionate not so very long before—one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow? At times my former condition would flash across my mind, when, in the midst of riot and revelry, conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in my heart, making it bleed again, although I was forced to hide the wound. And through the mists of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee, and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions at certain seasons, reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven; and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

"See a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned me away."

Gough was a wretched, broken-down, half-ragged outcast, whom all had learned to shun, when one evening, towards the close of 1842, some one tapped his shoulder as he walked along the street. He could scarcely believe his senses, when, turning round, he found a person looking kindly upon him—the first time such a thing had happened for many months. This was an emissary of temperance, who had marked his miserable state. Gough was, by the winning kindness of this person, induced to come to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. He felt at first a sense of relief, and a pleasure arising from the honest desire to keep a good resolution; but for a week his sufferings, from an enfeebled system, deprived of its usual though unnatural pabulum, were dreadful. Fortunately, by the persevering support of the good men amongst whom he had fallen, he was preserved from relapse. Behold now a strange metamorphosis—the miserable drunken book-

binder finds that he can speak in public, with effect, upon his late errors! It is discovered that he has gifts calculated to be of great service in one of the highest of causes. His religious feelings return; his admirable inherent morale is fully evoked; a wonderful oratorical power breaks out in him. Multitudes come full of eagerness, and hang for hours upon the voice of one whom, a few weeks ago, all were anxious to shun. In short, Gough begins to circulate from one temperance meeting to another, until he finds it necessary entirely to abandon his original trade. During the two ensuing years he laboured with astonishing activity and success. 'From the 15th of May 1843,' says he, 'to the 1st of January 1845, I travelled more than twelve thousand miles by land and water; delivered six hundred and five public addresses in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air—one hundred and ten of which were in the city of Boston alone; and obtained thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures to the total abstinence pledge.' It can only be mentioned to his honour, that he made *one lapse* a few months after taking the pledge, for he was the first to announce it himself; and his contrition appears to have been deep, sincere, and effectual.

Gough is now running the career of a popular orator in his own country. A gentleman who went from curiosity to hear him at Philadelphia, and was induced by his eloquence to take the pledge, describes the excitement previous to the orator's appearance as excessive. The scene is a church; and while a little group are pushing through the crowd towards the pulpit, intense curiosity is expressed to know which is *he*. At length a young man is distinguished. 'That's he!' whispers everybody to everybody else.

'What! that pale thin young man, with a brown overcoat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated, that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass—that him who has swayed multitudes by his oratory—made strong men weep like little children, and women sob as if their hearts would burst! Yes; look at his large expressive eyes—mark every feature—and you see the stamp of no common man there. The young apostle of temperance is before us.

'After a brief address from Mr Marsh, and a prayer from the pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very scrutinising eye to detect on the brow of youth furrows which time and trouble had prematurely ploughed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation (if I may so describe it), and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it. A quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple—plain black. Taken altogether, I have seldom, at a first glance, felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr Gough.

'It would be easy enough to give the *matter* of Mr Gough's address; but to convey anything except a very slender idea of his *manner* would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated, he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, & those of others which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful, that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. *No* intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr Gough on his audience

seemed to be profound; and many of his pathetic anecdotes drew tears "from eyes unused to weep."

'It being Sabbath evening, Mr Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvellously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter anything approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education (a fact which none would have suspected); that he had left England at twelve years of age; had suffered from poverty and want in the most direct forms; and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly alone. *It* was the most awfully interesting autobiography I ever listened to.

'During that week and the week following Mr Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery and pulpit stairs, and aisles, were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him; and even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr Gough enchaind that vast audience for two hours by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and then, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions; and yet, withal, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admire—the man or his matter.'

ANALYSIS OF A PIECE OF MUSIC.

NOVELISTS and essayists have so frequently found the manner of the performance of what is called a 'piece of music' a fruitful theme for ridicule—beholding something so excessively ludicrous in the diffidence, whether affected or real, of the performer, and in the paidolatry of some music-loving father or mother, as the musical young lady of the family is seated at the piano—that the subject is worn to a thread by the constant rough handling it has experienced. Let ours be the attempt to elicit a little amusement from the 'piece' itself, out of which it may be drawn perhaps quite as abundantly, and in a far more kindly manner, than if we were to satirise the timidity, or denounce the defects, of that large class of ill-used people, the piece performers.

'Pieces'—apt name! there is no such thing as an 'entire' in the technology of music—may be classed under the heads reprehensible and laudable. The first we consider, as including all variations or concerted pieces upon airs of intrinsic value—more's the pity; and the second, all other original music, such as overtures, oratorios, &c. Well, then, we may premise that all those reprehensibles have what is called an introduction, as if to beg your favour for what is to come. The introduction commences with a couple of bang-bang—saving your ears—designed to call attention; and as they not unfrequently fail of this effect, not uncommonly they are made to extend along the first line, by which time, in common politeness, you must have been silenced. This extraordinary beginning is made to wear a particularly awful aspect, if the air is grave or sad, and is suffered to bear a more lively character if the same is more or less vivacious. These primary concussions are succeeded by a combination of the most

astounding successions of notes or 'runs' the ear can conceive—of which the main object would appear to be to make sure that all the notes of the piano are ready for circulation. One or two such eruptions follow; and then comes a pause; during which the exhausted player and the unfortunate playee are supposed to take wind, anticipatory of the charge which is to come. The introduction then proceeds to cut to pieces the air, which is to undergo future anatomisation throughout the twelve pages of the piece; and taking one little bit and putting it here, and another and fixing it there, it is judiciously contrived to convey an impression of the most profound obscurity, and uncertainty as to what is to be the nature, or what could possibly be the name, of that air. Thus we analyse the first five double lines of the first page. The sixth and last most commonly combines an extraordinary evolution—of which, to an unmusical reader, the best idea may be gathered by comparing it to a very active run up stairs, followed by an equally rapid run down, with two more concussions, and three or four notes, which leave an impression of vacillation of the ear, analogous to that which would be produced if, in the recitation of some lines of poetry, three or four words of the concluding line should be repeated, and the last few words necessary to complete rhythm and rhyme left out. As might perhaps be anticipated, the object of this curious conclusion to the introduction is to work up the curiosity of the hearer to that pitch of excitement which will make him most delighted to welcome the air as something which, after so much of the execrable, shall at least be tolerable.

Then comes the air, so soon to be cruelly victimised. It is the conception of some master-mind; and its sweet notes, its simple chords, and its unaffected grace, one would suppose would touch the hard heart even of a variation composer. No; never did sacrificial knife plunge more ruthlessly into the heart of an innocent garland-crowned victim, than does the scalpel of the composer dive into this unfortunate air. Why are not bad airs selected to be mangled and deformed—a proceeding which would be perfectly justifiable and laudable? The answer is, it is a grain of gold alone which can overspread a wire of baser metal, and give it its lustre for hundreds of yards in length.

Then we come to 'the variations'; so called, perhaps, because they differ as much as possible from the original air. The peculiarity about this, which forms the principal portion of the piece, consists in the ruthless manner in which all the most beautiful parts of the air are sliced up. Thus, if the piece consists of a series of variations upon the air of 'Auld Lang Syne,' the first line, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' will be dealt with in this manner:—'Should,' and its corresponding note in the air, will be placed first at the beginning, then at the middle, and then at the end of a series of such runs up and down stairs as were before mentioned; and after having been shuttlecocked through many a bar, will be cast aside, to give place to a novel successively the same, or similar manoeuvres, to be played off upon 'auld acquaintance—be—forgot.' The chances are twenty to one if the last variation will not prove a relentless massacre of the air entire, ingeniously effected by some alteration of its measure, or by a reset of the same notes with the interposition of a few very original ones into the set of quadrilles, or a waltz, or a polka, or some such other intricate composition. But the piece of music has its end, long and tedious as it may be. The finale comes at length to close the scene, and commences by the performance of the air in its un mutilated proportions, which must be looked upon merely as a placebo for that which is to come. Then succeed

fresh scamperings up and down—we mean along the key-board; and then our by-this-time very 'auld acquaintance' is caught up again, and becomes symbolised by a profusion of shakes, unquestionably illustrative of the perfect heartiness of the welcome of such an 'auld-lang-syne' friend; while 'never brought to mind' is given with dreadful pathos, as if, at the bare supposition of such an event, the entire body of the instrument were falling into convulsions. And thus to the melancholy end of the song; until its metamorphosis is so complete, that, to the best of our conceptions, were its venerable old composer to awake from the tomb, and behold his unhappy offspring in its new clothes, there could scarcely be a possibility of his recognising it.

To us by far the most amusing, as well as the most welcome portion of the piece, is that which forms its absolute conclusion. The great fun here seems to be just this—that you are to be continually deceived as to the downright end of all. Long before ever the last page is executed, one would be ready to swear that the whole was done; yet just as your mind is made up about it, there comes a surprising explosion, which undoes all that had been done before. Then you are carried over the same ground again. Surely here we are at last at the terminus? Vain is the hope! You turn away in despair, out of which nothing can arouse you but the thunder of the actual end, which seems as if the piano had been stuffed with gunpowder, and set light to—an explosion which is followed by the final prolonged growl of the weary bass, as it goes back to a state of rest.

To be serious. What, in the abstract, can be more absurd than such a composition as that we have been analysing—successful only in this, that it mutilates the beauty, and destroys the stern, solemn, and venerable aspect of our national airs? What can be greater than the folly of cutting to pieces such airs as 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Scots wha hae w' Wallace bled,' 'Rule Britannia,' 'God save the Queen,' 'Of a noble race was Shenkyn'—preserving only enough of their peculiarities to render them occasionally recognisable, if so much, and converting alike the most grave, mournful, and touching airs with those whose associations and antiquity entitle them to our regard and respect, into such harlequinades as quadrilles and waltzes? It is as if a modern upholsterer were to trick out with the gay decorations of our time the sober and majestic grandeur of some gray old castle.

Such is a species of caricature upon the original airs, which, if it applied equally to the words, no person would fail to condemn. And who will tell me that the words, either for their beauty or appropriateness, are entitled to more respect than the music which conveys and animates them?

There is a rage in the present time for hunting up the very noblest of our airs, and transmuting them, with the addition of a large quantity of alloy, into quadrilles and polkas; and thousands of giddy feet dance to parodies of that music which, at another epoch, fired the courage of our ancestors, and kindled their valour on the field of battle.

I could almost wish that the pibroch and harp had been silent, rather than that their outpourings, at the most solemn and pathetic seasons, should be mimicked in the polka, the waltz, or the quadrille.

Of the national music of our sister country we say nothing, but that the airs seem principally made to be danced to, and that fightings and burynings appear to be regarded in such a funny light, as to divert us of much of our pity when we behold them cleverly dissected under the experienced hands of some of our modern composers.

As all reformations are works of time, we lay down our pen without any over-sanguine expectation of, in our day, witnessing such a revolution entirely accomplished as that of the class of compositions we have shortly criticised shall be no longer in existence. Posterity will look back upon them as amongst the follies and infirmities of our period, and perhaps some bi-

millenarian reader, in looking over a few of our back numbers, will appreciate our effort and say, and perhaps write to the editor and tell him, that here was another essay fifty years before its time.

GEOLOGICAL CONNECTION OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

It has long been a favourite subject of speculation whether the island of Great Britain was not formerly a part of continental Europe, the junction being at what is now the Straits of Dover; in other words, whether France and England were not conjoined by a narrow isthmus, just as Africa is united to Asia by the isthmus of Suez, or North and South America by the isthmus of Panama. This opinion, startling to those little acquainted with geological phenomena, was entertained by Volscus, Niger, Honoratus, the French poet Bartas, and by several of our own early writers, as John Twiss, Dr Richard White, and Richard Verstegan. So late as 1753, a society at Amiens made it the subject of a prize essay, which was gained by the philosopher Desmarest, then beginning to attract attention by his talent and ingenuity. The latter founded his arguments chiefly on the identity of composition of the cliffs on the opposite sides of the strait—on a submarine ridge which extends from Folkestone to Boulogne, at a depth of only fourteen feet at low water—and on the identity of the noxious animals in England and France, which could not of themselves have crossed the existing channel, and which could never have been introduced by man. The demolition of the isthmus he attributed to the preponderating violence of the oceanic current from the north, and to a slight elevation of the German Ocean above the waters of the English Channel. Desmarest's views are generally entertained by modern geologists, and, among others, by Mr Lyell, who observes—'It will hardly be disputed that the ocean might have effected a breach through the land—which in all probability once united our country to the continent—in the same manner as it now gradually forces a passage through rocks of the same mineral composition, and often many hundred feet high, upon our own coast.' It is not to add any new argument in support of this theory that we now direct attention to the subject—for we believe most geologists are at one as to the former union of the two countries—but to draw attention to the views and arguments of Richard Verstegan, which were published two hundred and forty years ago, and from which, one would think, Desmarest has borrowed every thing of value in his celebrated Prize Essay. Verstegan's opinions are given in the fourth chapter of his 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation'—a rare and curious volume of considerable merit, dedicated to James I. of Great Britain. We shall here extract his principal arguments, merely modernising the orthography, so as to render them more readily intelligible to the ordinary reader.

Referring to the great resemblance between the cliffs of Dover on the one side of the Channel, and of Boulogne on the other, he justly observes that they are both of one kind of substance; 'that is, of chalk and flint, the sides of both towards the sea plainly appearing to be broken off from some more of the same stuff or matter that it hath some time by nature been fastened unto; the length of the said cliffs along the sea-shore being on the one side answerable in effect to the length of the very like on the other side, and the distance between both not exceeding twenty-four English miles, are all great arguments to prove a conjunction in time long past to have been between these two countries, whereby men did pass on any land from the one unto the other, as it were over a bridge or isthmus of land, being altogether of chalk and flint, and containing in length about the number of miles before specified, and in breadth some six English miles or thereabouts; whereby our

country was then no island, but a peninsula, being thus fixed unto the main continent of the world.

Some may here object that other hilly parts of cliffs of the sea-shore are in many other places seen to be broken away, as steep and as straight down as these here spoken of; which I confess to be true, and thereunto do answer, that it is a plain sign that the violence of the sea has so worn and eaten out the sides of them beneath at the bottom, that the upper part, for want of under-propping, hath fallen down. And, moreover, where it also is found that inland rocks or hills are seen to have had some part of them broken away, as I have observed in, passing the Alps and other mountains, this may well be thought to have proceeded, in old time, by occasion of earthquakes; but the breaches found in rocks are never seen to pass all along in any sort of evenness, but here and there without any kind of course or order. Besides, they are formed craggy by nature, or the wind and the rain having long since beaten away the earth from them, may thus have left them to appear the very true anatomies of themselves.

'It is further to be noted, that in our ancient language the cut off or broken mountains on the sea-sides are more rightly and properly called cliffs, than by the name of rocks or hills, that appellation being more fitting unto the inland mountains; but the name of cliff, coming from our verb to cleave, is unto these more aptly given, for that they seem unto our view as cleft or cloven from the part that some time belonged unto them; and albeit (as I said before) many cliffs are in many places of the sea-shore to be seen, as well as at Dover, yet are they not seen so to be answered and corresponded unto by others right over against them, nor to be of such nearness, and such self-matter or substance, as these have here been shown to be. This conjuncture to have remained for some space after the great and general deluge, and the breach and separation of England from France by the said deluge not to have been caused, is by sundry reasons to be proved.'

Our author here proceeds to show that the Netherlands and adjoining low countries formed, at no very distant period, the bottom of the ocean; in other words, that the German Sea then extended over a considerable portion of the present continent of Europe. He thinks this is abundantly evidenced by the general flatness of the country; by the nature of the soil, which is, to a great depth, an admixture of sand, gravel, and other oceanic silt; and by the fossil remains found far inland, such as beds of shells in the undisturbed position of their growth; the skeletons of large cetacea, and other marine exuvia. These shells, he maintains, could not have been brought together by the deluge, which was a temporary and violent cataclysm, and would consequently have deposited in a confused and broken manner; but must have grown and increased *in situ* for many centuries after the flood, and ultimately have been deserted by a quiet and gradual recession of the sea. 'An apparent reason,' he continues, 'must then be sought how it hath come to pass that these Netherlands, having been sea, have become to be land; and if so be that this question were moved of such parts only of these countries as Holland and Zealand, and their confines, which may, by the sea's inundation (as before hath been said), easily be drowned and made sea again, it might, by the ordinary answer that the sea doth often gain in one place and lose in another, soon be solved. But speaking of these parts of Flanders and Brabant, which having been sea, and being become land, can no more, by any inundation, be made sea again; this, I say, requireth an imminent reason to be sought for, the which cannot be found but in the breaking of the German Ocean through that isthmus or narrow passage of land which once conjoined England to France, by which only means the sea, finding out a new course, all the even parts of the Netherlands having (as is aforesaid) before been sea, become afterwards dry land; even as by common experience we see that watery or moorish grounds are drained dry, when an issue may

be found to lead away the water to some lower channel, pool, or river, and even so, in like manner, this breach in our isthmus being once made, and the sea having been before the said breach somewhat lower on the west side thereof than on the east side, the course of the water, by a natural readiness, taking scope down through this new channel (which before was only a kind of gulf, as is the Red Sea) towards the most huge western ocean, the greater divider of Europe and Africa from the late-found America, it did without all doubt work this great effect; and no way is there else to be found or imagined whereby these seas might be drained or drawn away, to make these former shallow places to appear and become dry land, but only by this way and course.

'That the sea on the west side of the said isthmus was lower than the sea on the east side thereof, is, besides this great work thereby wrought, to be judged by the sundry flats and shallows on the east side, as well on the coast of England as of Flanders; yea, one in a manner lying between Dover and Calais, of about three English miles in length, of some called our Lady's Land; and contrariwise on the west side, no such flats at all to be found, whereby may well be gathered, that as the land under the sea remaineth on the one side lower than on the other, so accordingly did the sea also. It is, moreover, to be judged by the very present course of the sea, for it is observed that the current of the water is more swift down the channel towards the west, than from the west unto the east; old shippers of the Netherlands affirming that they have noted the voyage from Holland to Spain to be shorter by a day and a-half's sailing than the voyage from Spain to Holland. That seas are different in height one from the other, even in places where they have but narrow separations of land between them, is very manifest; as in the case of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—the former being many feet higher than the latter.

'Another reason there is that this separation hath been made since the flood, which is also very considerable; and that is, that the patriarch Noah, having had with him in the ark all sorts of beasts (all else besides throughout the whole world being destroyed), these, then, after the flood being put forth of the ark to increase and multiply, did afterward in time disperse themselves over all parts of the continent or mainland; but long after it could not be before the ravenous wolf had made his kind nature known unto man, and therefore no man, unless he were mad, would ever transport of that race, for the goodness of that breed, out of the continent into any isles; no more than men will ever carry foxes (though they be less damageable) out of our continent into the Isle of Wight. But our isle, as is aforesaid, continuing since the flood fastened by nature to the great continent, these wicked beasts did of themselves pass over; and if any should object that England hath no wolves in it, they may be answered, that Scotland being therewith conjoined, hath very many, and so England itself some time also had, until such time as King Edgar took order for the destroying of them throughout the whole realm.

'But now, whether this breach of this our isthmus were caused by some great earthquake, whereby the sea, first breaking through, might afterward by little and little enlarge her passage, or whether it were cut by the labour of man, in regard of commodity by that passage, or whether the inhabitants of the one side or the other, by occasion of war, did cut it, thereby to be sequestered and freed from their enemies, must needs remain altogether uncertain; but that our isle hath been continent to France, and that since the deluge, hath here been shown; and although not out of the writings of old authors, yet by evident reasons and remarkable demonstrations, such as well in this case are to be allowed for sufficient authors; yea, and that before such as might perhaps deliver us some such report upon some other's hearsay, and want such due proofs as here have been alleged to confirm it. And no marvel is it that in old authors no relation of this is found, considering

that they must be very old that hereof must make mention; yea, they must have been such as in those times must have lived about these parts, or had good means from these parts to have understood it; both which, considering those so many ancient ages, and the want of knowledge of letters generally of all people in these parts of Europe, cannot possibly be expected.'

Such are the arguments of old Verstegan; and, considering the state of science at the period when he wrote, one cannot help giving him the credit of extraordinary ingenuity and knowledge. After the lapse of a century and a half, Desmarest only followed in his footsteps; and modern geologists, with all their additional facilities, can add but few if any facts of importance to those advanced by the restorer of 'Decayed Intelligence.' It is true that the cause which he assigns for the emergence of the Netherlands, even if it had existence, would only partially account for the result. We must seek for the main cause of this phenomenon in that gradual upheaval of the European continent which is so abundantly demonstrated by the raised beaches found all along the shores of our own island, as well as those of Scandinavia, France, and Portugal. But dismissing altogether the argument drawn from this source, we have still in Verstegan every item of evidence which others have adduced to prove the former geological union of England and France. Recent soundings have shown that the German Ocean gradually becomes more shallow toward the Straits of Dover, till it reaches a minimum of some sixteen or eighteen fathoms; and that so soon as the Straits are passed, the English Channel gradually deepens towards the west, so that the narrow channel between Dover and Calais may be said still to part two great seas. We have evidence, too, that the cliffs on each side are yet subject to a considerable waste—an estimate of which may be formed from the fact, that those at Folkestone have, within the memory of persons living, been washed away to the extent of ten rods. These, and a few similar minutiae, which tend to corroborate the opinions of Verstegan, are all that can be gathered from recent sources; so that to him may be fairly ascribed the honour of attempting, on philosophical grounds, to demonstrate that at one time 'our country was no island, but a peninsula fixed unto the main continent of the world.'

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

II.—ODOARDO AND GILDIPPE.

THE story of Odoardo and Gildippe gives a pleasing picture of wedded love, which will make it not inappropriately follow the episode of Olindo and Sophronia. Gildippe is one of those warlike heroines in which Tasso seems so much to delight, and which, though a little repugnant to our modern ideas of woman's sphere and character, are yet quite in accordance with the age depicted in the poem. At the period of the Holy Wars, when old age quitted the peaceful fireside for the tumult of battle, and even childhood left its sports to follow arms,* it was not surprising that woman should forget her weakness in the general enthusiasm. And surely, if anything could justifiably allure a woman from the scene of her quiet domestic virtues to a life of warfare, it would be the high and holy motive of conjugal love. Therefore Gildippe seems feminine

* A French boy, of the age of twelve, seized with enthusiasm, travelled through France in, we believe, the reign of St Louis, declaring that the Holy Sepulchre could only be won by children, and that he was sent to command the infantile army. Such was the fanaticism of the time, that numbers of the nobility sent forth their children on this wild exploit. The poor young creatures wandered through Europe, asking at each town 'if this was Jerusalem?' Many of them perished on the way, some were shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, and none ever reached the Holy City.

and loveable, even in the midst of war and carnage; in this excelling even the noble and beautiful Clorinda.

The episode of Gildippe and Odoardo extends over the whole poem. Tasso takes it up at intervals, and then relinquishes it for the history of some more prominent character. The first time the poet alludes to this faithful pair, is when he is enumerating the chieftains of the allied army before Jerusalem. He has been recounting the names of the Lombard generals, and bursts forth thus: 'Oh Gildippe and Odoardo, wedded lovers! whither do ye beguile my muse, already wearied with enumerating so many glorious names? Oh tender pair, united in battle as in marriage-bonds, death only can have power to separate you!' Tasso then continues—

In love's dear school what lesson is not taught?
There learnt Gildippe warrior brave to be;
Ever at her beloved's side her lot,
Their lives entwined, hang on one destiny.
No blow could fall on one, that wounded not
The other, suffering in fond sympathy;
One being struck, the other seems to languish;
One pours forth blood, the other tears of anguish.

After this pleasing description of their perfect union, the loving pair are not again mentioned until the ninth canto, when Gildippe appears in the battle with Soliman. She meets with Clorinda, and the two Amazons—Pagan and Christian—try their prowess in single combat, until Guelph, a German leader, comes to the succour of Gildippe. Tasso is again silent as to the fortune of these wedded lovers, until the last canto, when he describes the concluding and victorious assault of the Crusaders upon Jerusalem. And here the stanzas which precede the continuation of Gildippe's story present to the mind's eye such a vivid and beautiful picture, that, although scarcely connected with the tale, we cannot resist translating them:—

Great was the sight, and wondrous to behold,
When face to face the opposing armies came.
Ranged in long order stood the squadrons bold,
Ready for the assault, athirst for fame;
In the free wind waved every banner's fold,
And tall plumes nodded over casques of flame;
Jewels, devices rich, gold vestures, shone,
And bright steel darted lightnings in the sun.

The multitude of spears on either side
Make both the armies like dense forests seem;
Each lance is laid in rest, each bow-string ticed;
The slings are made, the quivering javelins gleam.
While each proud charger scents the battle wide,
And seconds its bold master's glory-dream;
Neighing, it paws the ground in noble ire;
The swelling nostrils breathe out smoke and fire.

Beautiful in its horror is the sight,
From all its fearfulness in rapture born;
Even the loud, harsh trumpets give delight
To the glad ear—even the wild-ringing horn;
The Christian bands, though fewer, seem more bright
In dress and armour, which their ranks adorn;
Clearer their warlike shrill-voiced trumpets sound,
More gaily flash their weapons fair around.

Their trumpets give the signal; loud replies
From forth the Pagan army wild resound;
The Franks, with banded knees and roverent eyes,
In deep contrition kiss the holy ground;
The space that 'twixt the two ranged armies lies
Grows less, then vanishes. Together bound
In deadly conflict, now both wings engage,
And the front troops press on with equal rage.

What noble hand now struck the foremost blow,
And deathless honour from the victory gained?
'Twas thine, Gildippe, thine, which laid all low
The proud Hyrcanus, who in Ormus reigned;
Such glory Heaven, all-seeing, did bestow
Upon a woman's hand. The dart remained
Within Hyrcanus' breast; he, dying, gave
Praise to the hand that sent him to the grave.

The bard then goes on to relate how his fearless heroine slew other chieftains of the Pagan army—Tossiro, Artaxerxes, Alarco, &c.; particularising the manner of their death. These stanzas we pass over, and proceed to the next.

And others, whose bright names the rest of ages
By slow degrees has overcrept, did slew;
The Persians gather where the battle rages,
For the rich spoil that glitters in their view;
But fearful love the faithful spouse engages
To seek his dear one in this danger now;
Now joined in arms, advance the noble twain,
And add strength from that close union gain.

A warfare new and strange they now essay,
This generous and love-united pair;
Each one, of self regardless, strives away
To guard a dearer life with anxious care;
Gildippe's fearless arm drives far away
The blows that menaced her beloved there;
He, circling round, defends her with his shield,
Willing his life in that fond cause to yield.

This picture of loving union throws a charm over even the horrors of the battle-field. 'While these twain made fierce havoc among the Persians,' continues the poet, 'the king of Samarcand did the like among the Christians. Death followed wherever his tall charger was seen. Happy the Frank who was slain by his weapon, and not trodden under his horse's feet!' Gildippe alone dared to oppose the barbarian monarch. 'She struck him where the diadem on his helmet gleamed in purple and gold; and the haughty head was forced to bend. The Pagan king, in rage and fury, returned the blow, and the Amazon fell senseless; but her faithful husband supported her in her seat. Fortune favoured them, or perchance the king respected her courage, for he ceased the attack. So the bold lion, disdainful a fallen man, looks upon him, and passes by.'

The poem hastens to its close; and Tasso once more leaves Odoardo and Gildippe, and relates the progress of this last great battle. Many stanzas after, he again returns to them in this stanza—

Oh, fair Gildippe! Odoardo true!
Your noble deeds and your most bitter fate,
As far as these my Tuscan rhymes can do,
I, in a stranger's tongue, will consecrate;
That every age may fondly point to you,
And your tried love and valour celebrate;
And every loving heart in after years
Bedew my mournful song with pitying tears.

Gildippe spurred her courser where the Sultan Soliman was carrying death and slaughter among her Christian brethren. She wounded him, and his shield fell to the ground. He, recognising her, called her opprobrious names. 'Better would it be for thee, oh, vile woman!' he cried, 'did thou use the needle and the spindle, than the sword and spear.'

He ceased, and by unrighteous fury driven,
Directs a cruel and impotent blow,
Which pierces through Gildippe's cuirass, even
To that soft faithful breast which throbs below.
From her weak hand her courser's reins are loosed,
Upon the earth she falls, down sinking slow.
The wretched Odoardo sees her fate,
A vain defender, powerless, not late.

Wo for the tender spouse! Revenge and love
Strive in his heart, and goad him fiercely on;
Love to his dear wife's succour does him move,
Revenge her cruel fortune to atone
Upon the slayer; his true love to prove,
He both these impulses fulfils in one;
His left arm folds her close with fondest care,
The right hand his avenging sword does bear.

But his firm will fails, aided not by might,
Against the powerful foe with victory swelling;
Helpless to shield his love, or meet in fight
Him who her soul chased from its beautiful dwelling;
The faithful arm's fierce blow severs quite,
From its support the burden dear compelling;
Gildippe sinks to earth; he, struck with death,
Soon follows, clasping her with dying breath.

As a tall elm whom the fair matron-vine
In nuptial bonds entwines closely round,
Cloven by axe, or thunderbolt divine,
Falls sudden, bearing with it to the ground
Its spouse, and tears the green leaves whose fond twine
Adorned it, and the clusters rich that crowned;
While its bent boughs a requiem faint are sighing,
Not for itself, but her beside it dying:

So *Grande* falls; but mourns alone
 Her *law* for ever with him joined in fate;
 Both strive to bleed the one tender *ring* tone;
 Words full in faint *signs* inarticulate:
 Their loving gaze meets mingled into one;
 Closer they cling together, ere too late;
 At once light fades upon each closing eye;
 United, up to Heaven the fair souls fly.

D. M. M.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

CILINARY MOTION.*

If a common sea mussel—the upper valve being removed—is placed upon the field of a microscope of ~~very~~ ordinary magnifying power, and its outer edge carefully examined, it will be noticed that sundry minute particles of dust, which have accidentally fallen into the liquor of the shell surrounding the fish, are being hurried, in apparently rapid motion, along the edge, and in other directions over the surface of the creature, by no means in a confused or uncertain manner, but in determinate and unchanging directions. The motion will continue for a length of time after the fish is opened, occasionally becoming very faint and indistinct; and then, by the addition of a little sea-water, recovering its former vigour. After a time, however, it ceases entirely, and cannot then be restored. This motion is termed 'ciliary motion,' from a cause which will be immediately obvious. If now the magnifying power of the instrument is increased, and the observation is directed to the very edge of the floating portion of the mussel—forming a part of the gills—it will then be seen that there are a number of minute hairs, or hair-like processes, which form a fringe to the margin. These are agitated by a series of movements of a very singular character; the motion has been aptly compared to waving of corn before the wind, a comparison which will convey the best idea of the phenomenon to those who are unable to witness it. A series of rapid undulations may be observed to affect these minute organs, as if they were bent before the stream of agitated water which is passing along them, the reverse being true; namely, that the motion of the water and its particles is due to the unceasing agitation of the processes, which act as so many fans to impel it onwards. These little hairs never move in the opposite direction. Thus, if the motion is from right to left, it never changes to one from left to right. This is most remarkable when a small piece of the gills is cut off with a pair of scissors, and examined: it will be seen to move through the water in precisely the opposite direction to the motion of the processes, proving the independence of the movement with reference to the control of the animal, its persistence after a portion only of the membrane is separated from the body, and the unalterable character of the movement. These minute hair-like organs have received the name of 'cilia,' from a Latin word signifying the hair of the eyelids.

Ciliary motion is found in almost all classes of the animal kingdom; from the humbler orders of infusory animalcules, even as high in the zoological scale as man himself. There are probably few other phenomena common at once to the lowest and most exalted classes of organised beings. It is singular to find that its importance to the existence and wellbeing of the creature is inverse to the rank, so to speak, borne in the scale of creation by the creatures in which it has been discovered. In the higher orders of animals—the vertebrated—if performs a useful, but not a very important part, and is found in the lungs and respiratory passages, keeping them clear from obstruction by producing a motion in the direction of the outlet, and impelling the secretions of those organs in that direction in which they will find their easiest escape. It is in

the more lowly forms of existence that we are to find examples of its more interesting functions—in the microscopic animalcule, the polype, and the sponge.

The sea mussel is provided with cilia over its entire respiratory surface. Their motion may be watched—and a curious amusement it is—by throwing a little fine charcoal powder into the water. A current is seen to set inwards at several points, and another to emerge from the shell. This may be seen before the shell is opened; when opened, the powder is seen to be conveyed by the water over the gills and their appendages, to penetrate underneath the mantle or cloak, as it is called, and then is carried to the excretory orifice of the animal. It is by this means that the water is renewed over the entire respiratory surface; and when one portion of it is deprived of the oxygen it holds in solution, it is made to give place to another, with a fresh supply of this important ingredient. It is thus, in short, that the mussel breathes: a cessation of its ciliary motion being equivalent to suffocation in higher classes of animals. The fact is inexplicable, but it is a well-known truth, that pure fresh water instantly stops this motion in the sea mussel.

Ciliary motion is not confined, in this creature, to the mature individual, but exists even when the mollusc is in its embryotic state. Take the minute egg, not more than a few days old, and the little neride containing the embryo will be seen revolving, in the fluid which surrounds it, in a spiral manner, describing circles of almost mathematical precision, while the little embryo within also sets up a similar motion, traversing round and round the interior of the neride, like a planet in its orbit. This remarkable phenomenon was first discovered by a celebrated physiologist, Leuwenhoeck,* who writes, 'that he was so much delighted with the spectacle of the young mussels turning round within the egg, that he spent two hours, along with his daughter and his draughtsman, in contemplating it.'

Previous to the improvements now made in the microscope, and in conducting microscopic researches, these movements were attributed to a series of attractions and repulsions exerted on the surrounding fluid by the body of the animal: one of those foolish evasions of a direct confession of ignorance, with which the sciences at a former period were obstructed and encumbered. The motion is distinctly referable to cilia, which have been discovered on the surface of the embryo—the object to which it is subservient is, as in the grown mollusc, the renewal of water for respiration; and it is noticeable that the cilia are placed in that portion of this very young embryo where, at a future time, the gills are to be formed—the gills being its organs of respiration.

In the ova of the frog, the water-newt or salamander, both inhabitants of every reedy pool, and others of the batrachian reptiles, the same curious phenomenon has been discovered; and minute currents of water, in different directions, are seen to cross the surface as soon as the little creature is itself at rest. The surface of the tadpole, which is the young frog in the earliest stage of its existence, is completely covered with cilia. Under a good microscope, the tail of these tiny creatures forms an extremely pretty object. At its margin, the cilia are distinguished by their flashing appearance; and if a little piece is snipped off, it will swim rapidly through the water; or, if ciliated on one side only, it will revolve just as a boat when impelled only by one oar at the side. As the creature advances to maturity, it loses these organs.

In these few instances we have seen illustrations of one of the fundamental functions of the ciliary movement—the renewal of water for respiration; and we can scarcely too much admire the simplicity and efficacy of the apparatus by which this end is accomplished. As the motion is involuntary in most cases, where this is the only object to be gained, the animal is unconscious of the fatigue of respiration—a provision which, when

* For an ample and laborious research into the anatomy and physiology of these organs, the reader is referred to a monograph of Dr Sharpey's, in the Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology.

* Quoted by Dr Sharpey.

the density of the respirable medium, water, is considered, strikes us with peculiar force.

The production of locomotion is the second of the intentions of ciliary movement, and is often combined with another effect of an interesting nature—the capture and prehension of the food. It has been observed, that when a live sponge is watched in its native element, numerous little particles contained in the water are carried at some points into its substance, and are emitted at others. This motion is incessant, and takes place at every part of the surface. The sponge, it may be mentioned, is now thoroughly believed to partake of an animal nature. If closer attention is bestowed upon the creature, the water is seen to pour from the summit of the little conical eminences studding the surface, and to enter in at the numerous minute pores which perforate the rest of the substance. Cilia have not yet been discovered in the sponge; but there is no doubt that, though so minute as to escape the powers even of our best microscopes, they produce these currents—impelling the water through the channels of the sponge to the openings where it escapes, and thus causing an influx to supply its place. In the ovule of this and other zoophytes, cilia have been distinctly made out, which, by analogy, affords strong reasons for believing them to exist in the adult animal. Dr Grant, who has minutely investigated the microscopic structure of sponges, has remarked that the ovum possessed cilia only at one portion of the surface; the tail, so to speak, being uncovered. In consequence of this arrangement, the larger end is directed forwards. When the ovum is detached from the parent, the cilia endow it with the power of locomotion; and it is immediately thus transported to a distance from the parent, swimming straight forwards until it meets with some object to which it can be attached. From that period the cilia produce currents in the surrounding water, for some time serving principally as respiratory agents; and when the animal is matured, becoming, in addition, the means of drawing its food into its substance. How remarkable a provision for the dissemination of the individual! The polype—in which it is also found—and the sponge possessing a fixed character, which assimilates them to the vegetable kingdom, are unable to secure themselves from the overgrowth and localisation of their offspring; but we see that the little ova are temporarily gifted with locomotion to a degree sufficient to carry them to an appropriate situation for their future growth, and thus the same end is obtained—a provision which will immediately suggest its analogue in the vegetable world, where, by many beautiful mechanical contrivances, with others of an almost life-like character, the perpetuity and dispersion of the species are secured. The down of the thistle, and the cilia of the young polype, afford us striking examples of the harmony and wisdom of design pervading the works of Providence.

The adult polype is indebted to these little organs for the capture of its prey. Many polypes, as the Campanularia, or Bell-flower species, are provided with fringes of feelers, or tentacula, surrounding their mouths; these are beset with rows of cilia, which, when the creature is at rest, produce rapid currents and eddies in the water. Their motion is so arranged as to propel the water containing their prey into the mouth of the polype; there another class of cilia whirl them round the throat, and subsequently around the stomach; and such particles as are inappropriate for food are cast back, and appear with the water to form an issuing stream from near the mouth of the creature.

At the bottom of the scale, cilia form appendages of the utmost value and importance, and are found to discharge the three functions already enumerated in the same creature. Infusory animalcules of the simplest class and most primitive structure are covered with them, so as to appear quite hirsute beneath the microscope; their amazing activity—an activity so disproportionate to their size—impelling them to unceasing motion, is solely due to the surface-covering of cilia,

which act like so many dwarfish oars to propel the creature along. The comparison, singularly, is more faithful than might at first appear, since the motion of the cilia is precisely similar to the motion of an oar: the process describing a cone in its revolution—the centre of motion being seated at its root, as at the rullock, or row-lock, of the boat.

The wheel infusorial animalcule presents us with a modification of ciliary motion which long puzzled the microscopic anatomists of another day, many of whom were at a complete loss to account for the anomaly, as it appeared to them. The cilia are arranged in circles, upon the end of two little processes, placed generally near the greater extremity of the creature. When the attention is directed to these circles, they bear precisely the appearance of two diminutive cog-wheels revolving on a central axis; their motion is not constant in the same direction, but alternates, and is first in one direction, and then in the opposite. Leuwenhoeck says, 'imagine two wheels set round with points of needles, and moved very swiftly round from west by the south to the east.' We cannot conceive of any such rotatory motion in the living body, as it requires the disunion of the circumference of the wheel from the axis before it can be commenced; only to mention which, is sufficient to show the impossibility of this rotation being real.

It is an optical illusion, to use an expressive, but incorrect phrase, and has been attributed by Dr Sharpey to the effect of a series of undulations passing around the circle, and following each other with great rapidity in every part of the circle, which would convey to the mind the impression of a rotatory motion. Analogous, though differently placed, to the giant paddles of a steamboat, they carry the creature through the water, are subject to its control, and are set in motion or arrested at its pleasure. They produce, when the animalcule fixes itself, circular eddies or whirlpools in the water, whose motion is so vigorous that Leuwenhoeck remarks, that many animalcules possessed of tolerably strong power of locomotion, when they came within them were whirled about for some time; into these vortices, those particles which form the food of the wheel-animal are, as it were, aspired, while it rejects those which are unfit for that purpose, and throws them back. Many of these rotiferæ are not endowed with locomotion, but adhere to the leaves and stems of aquatic plants; and in them the object of the motion is obviously to bring from the surrounding water the food of the animal into its mouth.

It must not be forgotten that the organs we have thus shortly described are, though of such consequence to the creatures they are found upon, yet of an amazingly minute size. In the mussel, where they are said to be rather large, they do not measure more than the thousandth of an inch in length; in some other animals they have been estimated to be as small as the twenty-five thousandth of an inch long; so that, were a hundred thousand cilia laid end to end, they would only measure four inches in length! These are expressions of size, however, which give an indifferent idea of their excessive minuteness to the reader unaccustomed to microscopic research. A more adequate conception may perhaps be formed from the reflection, that a drop of water may contain some thousands of microscopic animalcules, whose dimensions are so minute as to call for the use of some of the higher powers of the instrument for their detection. Now the general surface of these beings is covered with cilia. Ehrenberg, the zealous and diligent investigator of the Infusoria, conceives that he has detected at the base of each cilium a minute muscle, which he supposes confers motility to the organ.

It is remarkable, however, that electricity, otherwise an almost universal excitant of muscular contraction, appears to exercise no perceptible influence upon ciliary motion. A Leyden jar has been discharged through a mussel, but the experiment was productive of no visible effect, either in the retardation or acceleration of the movement.

It has been already observed that pure fresh water instantaneously stops the ciliary motion of the sea mussel. This is a general rule with all other marine animals; and it is singular that while pure water exercises this deleterious influence upon it, tolerably strong solutions of certain poisonous drugs, even solutions of prussic acid, opium, belladonna, and strychnia, are quite innocuous. Again, in the vertebrata, a little blood, if smeared over the ciliated membrane, will preserve the motion for some days; but if a little of this fluid is applied to the cilia of invertebrata, it instantly arrests their movement.

Ciliary motion, in cold-blooded animals, endures for an almost incredible period after their death. Thus in the tortoise, it remained for upwards of a fortnight after the death of the creature; it soon ceases, however, after death in the warm-blooded tribes.

On the whole, even in the cursory and imperfect glance we have taken, we may behold in ciliary motion a phenomenon of a very singular and interesting character; generally recognised, however, to exist only by the minority of the students of nature. Still it is a subject which is entitled to a more universal recognition, whether we regard the extensive series of creatures in whom it is found, or as it exhibits the exquisite handiwork of the Creator, or indeed as one of the many wonderful revelations of the microscope.

PHILOSOPHY OF TOYS.

Give a child a small box, and it will probably examine it all round, and in a very short time toss it away. The sight gratified a little, a change of image was desired, and this was the most obvious method of procuring a change. By this act the child brings up the consciousness of exertion; and the sight of a moving thing reproduces former images of motion and activity. Show it that the box opens, and it resumes the study of it—shuts it itself, opens it again; thus reverting from image to image, and delighting in the transformation, as the work of its own hands. It will not be long ere it resorts to the extreme step of throwing it away, and seeking it back to throw away again. From this and all other observations on childhood, we can see that a toy, which has nothing moveable or changeable about it, is a very imperfect thing: it has little scope of thought in it. With a finely-finished toy—an effigy of a man, a dog, or a bird—a child will not lose much time ere it treats it as it would a stick, or a spoon, or an old canister; namely, beat the table with it to produce melody, and the ideas of life and motion, and self-exertion—toss it away, or apply it to its mouth to restore part of the pleasure of sucking the breast. It is a very common error to confound toys with ornaments in amusing children. We hear a nurse, on holding up a pretty bauble to an infant, saying, 'See, such a pretty,' as if the child's capacity of enjoyment as yet contained nothing but a love of dazzle. It is common, too, to present to the eye what is not given into the hand—a very thankless indulgence. The sense of beauty and of nice imitation are of late growth. What childhood needs is copiousness of images, resembling and fit for restoring those broad palpable ideas which it has been able to gain—to keep the faculty of identification and recovering of the past working all the day long. It is thus preparing itself for the highest operations of intellect in mature life. By indulging it in noises and rapid motions of all kinds, we are, besides breeding happiness, cultivating ideas of activity, bustle, and life, which are the foundation of the habits of the smart and active workman or man of business, the animated and vehement orator, or the stake-all enthusiast.—*Westminster Review*.

STIMULANTS.

The flesh of animals and fermented liquors being much more stimulative than fruit and farinaceous vegetable substances, appear to impart considerably more strength and vigour to the muscular system than the latter; and doubtless while the stimulation lasts, a person is capable of much greater exertion under it; but the only sure way of permanently increasing the powers of the muscular system, is by a natural and nutritious diet, along with judicious exercise. The mode in which stimulants act, is by exciting the nervous energy, and quickening the circulation, and

thus producing rapid transformations of the tissues throughout the whole structure; and while these changes are taking place—whether as the effect of animal food, fermented liquors, anger, madness, fever, or exercise—the muscular power is (for the time) increased; but exhaustion constantly succeeds, and will invariably be in proportion to the degree and duration of their action. Exercise, however, is the only safe and legitimate stimulant in a normal state of the system; for it creates a healthy demand for renewal, by promoting the requisite decomposition of structure; while the others destroy the balance between decay and reproduction, and thus lay the foundation of local or general disease.—*Fruits and Farinacea*.

DRIVE YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET NOT IT DRIVE YOU.

Energy and force of character are among the first requisites essential to success in business. A man may possess a high degree of refinement, large stores of knowledge, and even a well-disciplined mind, but if he is destitute of this one principle, which may be termed resolution of soul, he is like a watch without a mainspring—beautiful, but inefficient, and unfit for service. Man was never made to act the part of an automaton, or mere machine. His powers are not designed to move quite so mechanically. He is to act, as well as to be acted upon. He must give life and stimulus to his calling. Is he not endued with a life-giving power, whose emanation is referred to that original source whence alone can be derived all inspiration? Man's efficiency must give character to his business. That employment, upon which is stamped the impress of a living and energetic soul, will do honour to any man, in any place, or at any age. It is poor policy, indeed, to loiter till driven by force. We thereby lose all the pleasures of satisfaction. Voluntary service, urged forward by a determined purpose, will give hopeful assurance if not a full warrant of success, and all the happiness of a just conquest. Behold the sluggish man! His occupation is a worthy one, but it finds him unworthy of the trust. It presses upon him with all the demand of imperative necessity. It finds him but a drone. He is confused by a multiplicity of cares. He is pressed down by a crowd of responsibilities, but makes no generous effort to discharge one of them. Thus his occupation suffers, his family are in want, and that good name, which is better than great riches, is lost. True, man is said to be a creature of circumstances, and he ought to be, in a sense, subject to the superintendence of a leading Providence; but this does not justify inertness of character. Man, by his own decision of character and determined spirit, can do much to remove and surmount the inconveniences and barriers incident to human life. Then be resolute, and both you and your business will 'go on and prosper.'—*Newspaper paragraph*.

LADIES' SHOES.

If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure everywhere, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But, unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion; and in ladies' shoes especially, there are generally two signal defects—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for that part of the foot (namely, the toes) which it is to contain; and, secondly, for displaying as much of the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus is left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus first squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented, either by the neighbouring toes, or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.—*Sir Benjamin Brodie*.

We regret to learn that we have been led into a mistake regarding the original source of the maxims on 'Moral Courage' which appeared in No. 122. They first appeared in a London weekly newspaper—the *English Gentleman*.

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WHAT WOULD THE WORLD DO WITHOUT POKERS?

CONSIDERING tongs, shovels, and pokers allegorically, I would say that the two former are useful instruments in their way. The world would get on very indifferently without them; in fact it would relapse into barbarism again were such a calamity to befall us. Shovel and tongs are therefore to be regarded with no ordinary veneration, and cherished with no ordinary care; but they do not, to my mind, possess that attraction, or excite that interest, which I find in everything that a true, genuine, unflinching poker says or does. Let me defend my predilection. Does not the poker come into requisition fifty times for once that we have to call in the aid of either shovel or tongs?—therefore a poker is fifty times as useful as either of the others. Is not the poker plunged into red-hot flames and fervid embers, while the lazy shovel or the awkward tongs escapes with a mere singe of the nose?—consequently the poker, no doubt, is the bravest of the three. And thirdly, the poker is the most indispensable of all; for we can conceive of a make-shift for a shovel, and of a very primitive substitute for a tongs, but there is no conceivable means of doing without a poker. In either of the former events, the fire of the world might, at the worst, only contract in size; but it would burn cheerfully up by the strenuous stirring of a few active pokers; while, if they became defunct, miserable Tellus would cool down to its smouldering centre, and all mundane fire would give up the ghost.

But with a qualification. Pokers add little or nothing to the fire. Under their exertions it may burn fiercely for a time; but without the provision for its continuance, effected by means of the shovels and the tongs, the blaze will eventually die down, and slumber in ashes—out of which no poker can produce genial warmth, until a new race of shovels and tongs supply it with fuel again. Such fires have blazed, have died down, and are slumbering at Athens, at Rome, and in Egypt, and on other ancient hearths, where the sacred element was too ill fed and too sharply stirred to have a long life of it. But, on the contrary, a shovel may cast up the half-consumed embers, and a tongs may lay on heap above heap, a Pelion upon an Ossa, of new fuel, and the result of their united exertions may be to do more harm than good, without our friend's assistance. Then all goes well; the flames burst forth, and the fire glows.

Again, each in its place. Should a shovel make the absurd attempt to become a poker, or a poker a shovel, or a tongs either a poker or a shovel, the step is one of signal failure; and each, growing wiser by experience, retires to its appropriate sphere of utility, where, by their mutual co-operation, they are the combined instruments of much and unqualified good.

Now, to extend our allegory—still confining our attention to the class whose unflattering appellative heads this paper—we may consider pokers in their relation to science, to literature, to politics, and to social economy.

Scientific pokers are perhaps, though of the greatest use, of less frequent requisition than similar individuals in other departments of the intellectual world. The periods at which they arrive are more widely sundered than in other instances—a peculiarity which is attributable to the slow progress of the revelation of truth, the especial work of the shovels and the tongs. And as to poke a scanty fire would be to extinguish it, so we may find that periods of comparative repose ensue in the exertions of this description of pokers—a repose which may endure for years, so as to make the blaze intermittent, and thus to allow sufficient time for the re-accumulation of fuel. The poker, however, must awake out of sleep. Vain are the labours of Philosopher Tongs; vainly does he pull forth out of darkness and obscurity the fresh material, which form the support of the scientific fire before whose altar he worships; vain are his operose calculations; vain his delicate experiments; vain his profoundest researches. He heaps up fuel upon a fire which will never warm him—which will never return him, while he lives, one grateful ray of generous heat for all his assiduity; and he may descend to the grave, as many have done before him, with the melanchol spectacle of the mere smouldering of the fire he adored before his eyes, if some vigorous poker does not step in to its rescue. Watch the poker at work. Observe how carefully are all the defunct ashes raked away. 'Tis to no purpose to hammer at the fuel, as some unwise pokers do; the fire burns never the better until all the old, decayed, smothering dust is removed. Frequently the Philosopher Tongs will put his fuel on in his own obstinate way, the consequences of which are seriously detrimental; but the poker arranges them afresh—sometimes, perhaps, with an over-rude hand or over-sharp blow. Then the fire springs up, the air breathes upon it, a new light flashes upon it all, and it lives; and now and then—though this is by the by—the philosopher, when he has become Old Tongs, before he dies, may thank his stars that science has its pokers.

The literary poker is a stirring and eminent individual, and has often work enough to do to keep alive. The antiquarian old shovel, Dr Dryasdust, may grub on among the cold embers of a former fire, from early youth to hoary old age, despising the assistance of fresher material, and deluding himself into the belief—one of a remarkably determined nothing-like-leather-jan character—that dead ashes are the most appropriate fuel; while he and Young Tongs may engage in a furious and unchristian civil war with one another upon the relative value and importance of ancient and modern

truth, until a sickly, waning, flickering spark may be all that remains of the element which is the object of their mutual veneration; when timely aid comes from the poker. Stirring out all the useless portions of Dr Dryasdust's labours, combining all that is of value in them with the more fiery matter supplied by Young Tongs, he causes the spark to take heart of grace again. What is good of the past and precious of the present unite together, and, in their combination, cherish the blaze until it glows, and becomes a blessing and a benefit to mankind.

The political poker is perhaps more frequently in the fire than any other, and may be said to be an organ of such good, alloyed with some little evil. He is a character who, by his incessant commotions, must always command public attention. He had rather be the stirrer up in an indifferent cause, than be laid down in inglorious inactivity. This is his infirmity. He takes, unfortunately, too intense a pleasure in exciting the coals; and, not content with clearing out dusty old abuses, and administering a seasonable blow to those of modern growth, he is only too well pleased, and too much in his element, when he has succeeded in producing a roaring fire in the constitution, until at length the heat he has contributed to create inflames and burns his own fingers. Pokers of this class abhor the name of stagnation. No smothering up of any flame, no hidden sparks, no stoppage of any of the vents, no quiet going to sleep of a few inoperative measures for them! Whether he is detected in the thunderings of the press, or in the office of chief poker to the Houses of Lords or Commons, Mr Poker is the same fire-loving individual; and Premier Tongs with his new imposts, and Secretary Shovel with his old ones, stand in common and uncommon dread of his onset, as he partakes of the Malay disposition, running a muck alike upon friend and foe. I do not think insincerity is a fault of political pokers in general; I believe them to have a single eye to the service of their country—a virtue which would redeem them from the condemnation of errors more grave than the effects of an over-precipitancy of disposition. If Premier Tongs wishes to overload the constitutional fire with some heavy expenses, and lays on load after load, until the enfeebled flame has scarcely a crevice left open, up starts the chief Commons poker, and knocks away piece by piece, until some more moderate amount is left, when he sits down again, getting no thanks for his efforts, and no applause for his labour, but supported by an invincible determination to struggle to the last for the public weal. Or sometimes the poker steps into the accounts of public offices, stirring out some half-hundred sleepy young sinecurists, or giving a seasonable rap on the head to as many lazy old clerks and officials, and carrying blank dismay into the remotest corners of the departments, by dismissing some of the dustiest of the cinders and the most stylish of the young sparks. Then, being rid of the unnecessary incumbrances, things carry on bravely, and the poker, rewarded as before, lays himself by for the next emergency. The tendency of the political poker, we have admitted, may be to agitate too often, to turn things topsy-turvy too frequently. It is a venial fault; for Premier and Secretary Tongs and Shovel are labourers of such indefatigable dispositions, as to provide him with ample occupation at all times. Political pokers are a select class: few are bold enough to undertake, or successful in undertaking, the arduous office. Few, moreover, possess integrity of principle in that high degree which can alone constitute an effectual political poker. It is a degree of principle which, where they are productive of mischief, cannot overlook the errors of a friend, or spare those of an adversary. But I must add, that it is a class apt to attach to itself an overweening sense of its own importance—the not unnatural consequence of the immense effects they are conscious of producing. Whether to the political poker this self-adulation is an equivalent for the solitude of his isolated condition,

we must leave to metaphysicians, or to other moralists, or to himself, to determine.

In the social economy, we select two examples of pokers for examination; they happen to be of opposite sexes. I regret to say that they are of opposite characters—the one stirring up schism and mischief, the other being an instrument of unwearied service in the better cause of promoting the good, and advancing the improvement, of the circle it is found in. Both classes exist in large cities, but come into greatest prominence in the county towns and villages of our empire, where the baneful influence of the one, and the beneficial efforts of the other, are well-marked. As a general rule, the class of pokers we reprehend is of that sex whose more especial office it is believed to be to heal the wounds of an enemy, and to pour balm into the offended ears of estranged friends. Every village is unfortunate enough to possess one or more of such pokers. Their operations are destructive of peace and love; they kindle fiery flames in happy families; they set old friends at fierce enmity one with another; they spread abroad, heedless of the consequences, the burning fire of scandal; and perpetrate such other acts of an incendiary nature, as to set town, and village, and hamlet in a diurnal combustion, making that which was Plato's astonishment—that a single day should pass without a universal conflagration—a circumstance of the rarest possible occurrence. Many heartburnings do these ruthless pokers keep alive, which would otherwise quietly go out—spending their unhappy lives in creating such uncomfortable warmth of feelings around them, as to keep the little village, and everything it contains, glowing like an oven. I make one excuse for such pokers: I cannot believe it to be their deliberate intention to set people by the ears; I think they are unhappily ignorant of the dangerous consequences of the slightest poke in some fires fed with very combustible fuel. Generally, it is my opinion they have no idea of the flame they have fanned up, until they find, in perplexed astonishment, it enkindles around themselves.

The second order of pokers are of a greatly diverse character. They are to be found in the public men of the village. Perhaps there is not one village nestled in the deep recesses of our land, which has not its public man; and a happy possession it is to have, as he is the life of the place. The village poker is a person of much information, of considerable tact, and of an untiring spirit of activity; a person who, when out of the heavy clodpoles that surround him, will evoke some latent spark or two of beneficial fire. If, during his absence, the lazy corporation—oppressed with whistly fumes, obscured with tobacco smoke, and overloaded with business—have passed the unanimous resolution of putting off to the next meeting that which was the professed object of this—the audit of the town accounts, and the speech of the town-clerk—some lucky event directs the poker there; the aspect of things brightens up at once. Two of the most factory-chimney-like of the pipes are put out in no time; the necessary business does not look so bad after all; half an hour sees it in a fair way of being satisfactorily concluded; and in an hour's time, to the immense amazement of the old gentlemen, all is completed, and a vote passed to demolish half of an old street, and to rebuild it with the surplus fund—an event which five out of the number had been heard, on a previous occasion, to assert as likely to occur asynchronously with the upspring of the fifth generation therefrom. It was the poker who organised the gas company, and laid down the pipes, and illuminated the town. It was the poker who was actually president of the water-company; and succeeded, after five years' declamation against the water-carts, in laying on water *ad libitum* in every house in the town. It was the poker who pushed his zealous inquiries into the misappropriation of trust funds of the orphan school, who kicked the nefarious treasurer out of his well-feathered nest, and sent away the secretary with an uncomfortable flea

in his ear; and thereafter doubled the number of orphans admitted. It was the poker who demolished three out of the five turnpike-gates, so long looked upon as the natural defences of the village. In a word, the village poker is the mainspring of every movement which will ameliorate the condition of his poorer townsmen; nor less does he regard the real advancement of the happiness of the richer ones. He kindles charity in these, he warms up gratitude in those; and looking only at his face, suffused with overbrimming kindness and animation, who will hesitate to pronounce him to be a happy and a useful man?

To drop the metaphor here. There is surely some gleam of truth to be found under its guise, which may redeem these pages from the character of frivolity. Some of these emblematic personages find their originals in the world around us, moving in spheres far remote from one another, but all tending to advance our condition, and to keep us up to our epoch. Few will deny that there is a natural tendency to a relapse to be found in man, and strikingly illustrated in nature. Thus the exquisitely pencilled flower, perfected by art, not only produces seeds which form vile and worthless florets, but even when propagated by division, ultimately degenerates, and is lost. Nor does the history of the human race furnish us with less remarkable evidence of this law, as testify the present condition of the enslaved Egyptian, the effeminate Roman, and the spiritless Greek; and we possess more modern examples of such lapses into barbarism. While, then, we cannot too much overvalue the unceasing efforts of the classes of men who may be called shovels and tongs, to supply man with everflowing springs of knowledge, we are not, on the other hand, to depreciate or to forget that it is by the exertions of a few active minds that such knowledge is made available to mankind, and that a steady advancement in the sciences, in literature, and in civilisation is secured.

These are spirits possessed of, rather, it may be said, gifted with, unusually clear perceptive powers; well able to separate the chaff from the good grain, and endowed with a peculiar aptitude of arranging, and placing in their appropriate order and bearing, the facts which fall beneath their notice. It is by this means that a new, and generally the correct, light is thrown upon subjects which, without such aid, would continue to retain, and might possibly increase, their obscurity. Not that the class I have called poker is an unmixed class; not that, by their individual exertions, such men do not contribute fresh knowledge to the mass; but that the most striking characteristic of such individuals lies principally in their discharging that office which it has been the intention of this paper to explain—poking.

The science of chemistry furnishes us with an instance in point. For years past it had been growing in importance in the accuracy of its researches, and in the number of its fundamental truths; yet it lay in a condition of stagnation, or nearly so, with reference to its practical utility in agriculture, and in the science of medicine, until Baron Liebig arose; and by the new light by him disclosed, by the peculiarly ingenious manner in which well-known facts were arranged by him, and reasoned upon, and by the striking inferences he has drawn from thence, he has given an impulse to the science in these two important departments which will continue to be felt, and whose beneficial effects cannot fail to endure, for a considerable period. Now, Baron Liebig I recognise as an eminent instance of a poker.

Such men are and will be continually born into our world before their epoch; and while we admit that the general development of truth is gradual, we contend that in the class we have considered is to be recognised an order of men created to expedite its progress, and to usher in the spring of a day of knowledge still remote. The elements of the moral world, like those of the physical, are metaphorically of a combustible character. Under ordinary circumstances, combustion takes place

only at the surface, and then ceases; things now require turning about, and this combustion devolves upon the poker; and immediately fresh compounds are produced; and so on from age to age.

Again, the ashes of a previous generation have been, and are, and will yet be, great obstacles to the progress of information. Preconceived opinions and hereditary prejudices—bequeathed, like the Spanish chess-games, from father to son—must long continue to stop the advance, and stunt the growth, of knowledge. For their removal we are to look to the class of men here allegorised. It was the dust and ashes of an Aristotelian philo-sophistry which blinded and enthralled the world for two thousand years, until Francis Bacon thrust it aside.

I would drop this paper here, as a stone into water, believing that it will create around it circles which will extend infinitely wider than the first little ring from whence they originate. As the experience and observation of every reader must furnish him with many other instances of the order of men I have commemorated, he may be induced perhaps, after such reflection, to assent to the implication contained in my question, and exclaim with me—'What would the world do without poker?'

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

Few subjects are more interesting, and none more important, than the process by which the surplus population of Europe is every day being poured into the unpeopled districts of the old and new world, forming there the framework of future nations, which are doubtless destined to carry our knowledge and the traditions of our society to a period when we ourselves may no longer exist as nations. Hitherto the stream has flowed principally from the United Kingdom, particularly Ireland, which the difficulty of obtaining subsistence must, for many years to come, make an emigrating country. An unexampled peace of thirty-one years' duration has likewise had its natural effect on the continent, by the immense increase of population, to stimulate emigration; but more slowly and partially than among us; and it is only within the last ten years that it has grown to an amount, and assumed a direction, which promises serious results.

France has not for the last century been an emigrating country, which may mainly be accounted for by the less independent and energetic character of the people; the greater comfort of the peasantry, who are almost all small proprietors, farming their own lands; and, above all, the enormous chasm in the population left by the revolutionary wars, which alone are computed to have swept away thirteen millions of Frenchmen. Even in Algeria, which, from its nearness to France, and from the constant premiums, in the shape of land for nothing, held out by the government, was most likely to attract native emigration, the number of French is considerably inferior to that of the other settlers. The majority are Spaniards or Maltese. Belgium has twofold resources in its manufactures and admirable agriculture, which have hitherto sufficed for the employment and support of its dense population; and the other European states contain in themselves, for the most part, large tracts of thinly-peopled or unoccupied land, sufficient to sustain the surplus mouths for a number of years to come.

Germany is the only other country, besides Great Britain, from which emigration takes place on a great scale, and is likely to lead to important results. Since the year 1840, she has sent out annually 60,000 settlers; about our own average. In the present year, the number is stated in the English papers at 80,000. It is very probable that this number will continue for the future, and even increase, as the predisposing causes are not occasional, but permanent, in the subsisting state of the

country. The reasons which are all-powerful there, are not the same as actuate us. The results, too, are very different; and their great extent, with the little attention hitherto bestowed on the subject, will be our best apology for considering it a little more in detail.

One great peculiarity in German emigration is, that it is directed exclusively to the United States of America. Some have been tempted to settle at the Cape of Good Hope, in Brazil, or in Algeria; but the number is inconsiderable. New Zealand has also been tried; but with no great promise of success. Perhaps the greatest number of Germans collected in any one place out of their own country is at Paris, where, among other trades, there are two thousand boot and shoemakers alone, and, at the lowest computation, four thousand master tailors and journeymen. It is curious that the Germans, of whom we certainly attach no distinguishing ideas of elegance, should have so completely absorbed the business of adorning the outer man in the city which prides itself, above all others, on its taste. So far is this carried at present, that the native French aspirants for custom are in the habit of appending to their names a German suffix. Pierre becomes Pierre-mann; Lehoir, Lœhoir-mann; Paul, Paullmann, &c.; just as many a tyro in the musical world among us ends his name in *ti* and *tini*, without having a drop of Italian blood in his veins. But these Germans at Paris can hardly be classed as emigrants, since most of them are young unmarried men, who merely go to France to accumulate, in the least possible time, as much as will set them up in business at home. The chief emigration to America at present is from the Upper and Middle Rhine, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, and Bavaria. In Bavaria especially, whole village communities sell their property for whatever they can get, and set out, with their clergyman at their head. 'It is a lamentable sight,' says a French writer, 'when you are travelling in the spring or autumn on the Strasburg road, to see the long files of carts that meet you every mile, carrying the whole property of the poor wretches, who are about to cross the Atlantic on the faith of a lying prospectus. There they go slowly along; their miserable tumbrils—drawn by such starved, drooping beasts, that your only wonder is, how they can possibly hope to reach Havre alive—piled with the scanty boxes containing their few effects, and on the top of all the women and children, the sick and bedridden, and all who are too exhausted with the journey to walk. One might take it for a convoy of wounded, the relics of a battle-field, but for the rows of little white heads peeping from beneath the ragged hood.' These are the emigrants from Bavaria and the Upper Rhine, who have no seaport nearer than Havre. Those from the north of Germany, who are comparatively few in number, sail mostly from Bremen. The number of these likewise is increasing. From 1832 to 1835 inclusive, 9000 embarked every year from Bremen; from 1839 to 1842, the average number was 13,000; which increased to 19,000 in the year 1844.

Society in Germany is so much more rudimentary than in England, that it is remarkable to see this same tendency exhibiting itself in the two nations. In Germany population is comparatively sparse, in Great Britain it is dense; in the one there is great wealth and profound poverty, in the other the extremes of property rarely exist; the one has a large and dominant town population, the other has fewer towns in proportion than any country in Europe; the one teems with political activity, in the other political activity is not, or at least has not yet taken to itself a practical presence and a name.

The dread of destitution is a motive to emigrate in Germany, as in England; but not a principal motive. This is clear from the fact that the emigration does not take place in those districts where there is most want, but exists equally where population is dense, and where it is thinly distributed. In Westphalia, for instance, a great number of small proprietors have lately sold their

lands, and sailed for America—each of whom, it is reckoned, has taken with him at least thirty pounds' worth of goods and money. The Bavarians emigrate alike from the Rhine country, where population is thickly clustered together, and from the upland districts, where there are not eighty inhabitants to the square mile.

The one great cause of this almost national movement is the desire for absolute, political, and religious freedom; the absence of all restrictions upon the development of society; and the publication of opinions which cannot be realised at home. The great agitation in society, caused first by the French domination, and then by the convulsive rise against it, has never passed away. In that gigantic struggle, when everything rested on the popular soul, the bonds of privilege and class were tacitly abandoned, and could never thenceforth be reunited as before. The promises of having constitutional governments at that time, made by the sovereigns to their subjects, have been but partially fulfilled. There is nothing that can be called oppression on the part of the governments; the mass of the people are well satisfied with their rulers—and with reason, for the actual executive has been generally excellent; but there are many restrictions, and the young, the restless, and the imaginative thirst for their ideal freedom, and many of them seek for the realisation of Utopia in America. Complete religious equality is a still more powerful want in a country where Catholics and Protestants are so nearly balanced, and where the state of parties is such, that the minority in faith, though nominally equal in law, must always live under the cold shade of an alien creed. This of itself has urged many across the Atlantic. It is probable that the present schism among the German Catholics will add to the number of the emigrants from religious causes.

Another motive has been the great success of some of the earlier settlers. The Moravians and Shakers, who have emigrated from Germany, have worked wonders in some parts. In 1815, the Separatists, another religious body, sometimes called Rappists, from their head, M. Rapp, sailed from Wurtemberg with a capital of only £1200 pounds, and formed a settlement on the Ohio. At the present time, the real property in land belonging to the society is reckoned at £340,000, exclusive of personal property, and a large sum of money in the funds. The success of the colony of Zoar has been equally striking. It was founded twenty years ago by a few families with a scanty capital, and now possesses 40,000 acres of land, a disposable capital of £100,000, and an immense quantity of machinery and stock, foundries, tan-pits, and mills in abundance. This extraordinary affluence is because these two colonies were founded on the principle of a community of property, and have been throughout under a strict religious government. But the present emigrants forget this; and looking only at the prosperity achieved, they think that as the Moravians and Rappists have succeeded, they must succeed to the same extent, without either the same capital or self-denial.

It is not to be expected that the German governments should look with indifference on this constant and increasing defalcation of their subjects. It is not, as we have said, the very poor that emigrate; they cannot, in fact; but it is those who have some little to spare. Every emigrant is reckoned to take with him equal to £25 of English money, which would give an annual subtraction of £1,500,000 pounds—a serious loss in a country which has little superfluous capital. And be it remembered that this is all loss. Lord Brougham said, in one of his speeches, with equal truth and force, of the English emigrants, that not an axe falls in America but sets in motion a shuttle at Manchester. But the Germans in America consume English, not German commodities, and remit nothing to Germany in the shape of produce. As it is hopeless to try to stop the tide, the German governments have exerted themselves of late to turn it in a direction nearer home

—to Hungary and the countries along the Lower Danube, where there is an immensity of rich virgin soil untouched. Austria, in particular, is naturally very much interested in establishing a German population in Hungary, to balance the Slavonic element; and with this view a number of pamphlets have been drawn up and circulated, with a comparative view of the advantages of emigration to Hungary and the United States, but as yet with little effect.

Another plan of an opposite kind at present in agitation, from motives of humanity as well as expediency, is, that the Zollverein (customs' union) should appoint a resident agent at Washington, to be at the head of the consular body, and in connexion with the emigration committee sitting at Bremen, so as to have some effective control over the emigrants. Many of them have been grievously cheated by speculators, and the accommodation on board the emigrant ships generally is very bad. The Zollverein is to convey them in its own vessels, and not less than two hundred at a time; which would be a general saving on the present rates of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. On their arrival, the consuls are to take charge of them, and see them conveyed safely to their destination. To pay the expenses of the passage, and for the foundation of pauper colonies, the Zollverein to devote an annual sum of not less than £80,000. Such is the outline of the plan; which is likely, in part at least, to be carried into execution.

The most important point connected with the subject, is the influence which such an annual influx of a foreign population, speaking the same language, and nearly all professing the same (the Roman Catholic) faith, cannot fail to exercise upon the future destinies of the United States. At present, as the whole stream is poured into the same country, the annual number of German settlers considerably exceeds those from Great Britain and Ireland. There are of the former resident in America, according to the last census, about four millions. But this is not all. If, like the English and Irish who cross the Atlantic, they were to spread themselves over the continent indiscriminately, wherever there was the greatest chance of success, the whole, in the course of one generation, or two at most, would blend insensibly with the majority. But they carry out with them all the passions, prejudices, and dispositions of the fatherland, and keep them immovably. The great object of each family that successively arrives, is to fix itself as near as possible to its relatives, if it has any; if not, to its countrymen. Every settlement thus becomes the nucleus of a pure German circle, which is born, marries, and dies within itself, and with the least possible admixture of Anglo-Americans. In the reign of Queen Anne, a numerous colony from the Palatinate settled on the upper waters of the Hudson, where, after a century and a half, their descendants remain to this day a separate people. 'These honest folks,' says one of their countrymen, 'though living amongst Anglo-Americans for the third and fourth generation, can neither read nor write the English language; and adhering to their axiom, never to become Irish (thus they designate the Anglo-Americans, who take their revenge by nick-naming them Dutch), they are contented with their own German idiom.* It is the same with them everywhere. Chance or preference directed the first settlers towards Pennsylvania. To Pennsylvania, accordingly, the stream has steadily set ever since; and the result is, that the German population of that state already balances the Anglo-Saxon; and, in the adjoining state of Ohio, stands as three to seven. Next to these, the greatest number is found in Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, neither going far to the north or south of the same parallel. In most of these states, the debates in the houses of representatives and the laws are printed alike in German and English. If this emigration con-

tinue in its present extent and direction, and in the course of time—what is sufficiently probable—a disruption of the great American confederacy should take place, a second Germany will have arisen beyond the Atlantic, and monopolised, along the head waters of the Delaware and Ohio, the possessions of the children of Penn.

DICKENS'S PICTURES FROM ITALY.*

A BOOK on Italy, by Mr Dickens. The reader of the Boz novels will not expect, from such a production, anything beyond the impressions of a sprightly, intelligent mind, communicated with quaint, imaginative pleasantness—and he will not be disappointed. The book really is, as its author unassumingly describes it, 'a series of faint reflections—mere shadows in the water—of places to which the imaginations of most people are attracted in a greater or less degree.' Of classical enthusiasm there is none, of archæology nothing, of art mania hardly a vestige. It is the externé only which is here touched on. Nor could the book be otherwise, for it is hardly bigger than *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

The author enters Italy by Genoa, visits the Lombardy cities, tarries at Rome and Naples, and returns by Florence. Chit-chat about roads, conveyances, inns, is everywhere prominent; but then it is so much better than the chit-chat of common-minded persons. The best part of the book, to our apprehension, is that regarding Rome, which our author saw at the beginning of February (1844), during the festivities and frivolities which precede Lent. His fidelity to the minute and familiar here serves him in good stead; and the result is a description which we feel to be like what would strike our senses in the actual scene. The first impression at a little distance was, that Rome resembled London: 'innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses rising up into the sky, and high above them all one dome.' On the side of the town by which he entered there were no ruins or other tokens of antiquity. 'There seemed to be long streets of commonplace shops and houses, such as are to be found in any European town; there were busy people, equipages, ordinary walkers to and fro; a multitude of chattering strangers. It was no more my Rome—the Rome of anybody's fancy, man or boy—degraded, and fallen, and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins—than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is. A cloudy sky, a dull cold rain, and muddy streets, I was prepared for, but not for this; and I confess to having gone to bed that night in a very indifferent humour, and with very considerably-quenched enthusiasm.'

The Grecian architecture of St Peter's, the character of many of the decorations, the tawdry style in which many of the ceremonials are arranged, disappoint him. The very persons engaged do not appear to regard the religious shows of this time with respect; hence they do not look real, and this adds to the disappointment of the stranger. We come by and by to the Monday afternoon of the carnival; and here the Boz power is pretty fully called out. The author and his party get into a carriage, whose proper decorations are all lined with white cotton or calico, and which contains baskets of nosegays, and sacks of sugar-plums. This, with wire masks for the face, is the proper style in which to appear on that occasion: the reasons will be seen. 'The Corso,' says Mr Dickens, 'is a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza.' There are verandas and balconies, of all shapes and sizes, to almost every house—not on one storey alone, but often to one room or another on every storey—put there in general with so little order or regularity, that if, year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could

* North America and the United States as they are. London: 1836.

* Published for the author by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars, 1846.

scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner.

This is the great fountain-head and focus of the carnival. But all the streets in which the carnival is held being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first instance, to pass in line down another thoroughfare, and so come into the Corso at the end remote from the Piazza del Popolo, which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and for some time jogged on quietly enough; now crawling on at a very slow walk, now trotting half-a-dozen yards, now backing fifty, and now stopping altogether, as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank, and clattered forward, with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met or overtaken by a trooper on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally we interchanged a volley of confetti with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind; but as yet, this capturing of stray and errant coaches, by the military was the chief amusement.

Presently we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nosegays began to fly about pretty smartly; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman, attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose (he was in the very act of tossing up a bouquet to a young lady in a first-floor window) with a precision that was much applauded by the bystanders. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black, and one-half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top full on his left ear, and was much surprised, not to say discomfited—especially as he was standing up at the time; and, in consequence of the carriage moving on suddenly at the same moment, staggered ignominiously, and buried himself among his flowers.

Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress brought us to the Corso; and anything so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies—from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest—hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white, and gold, were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colours, and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shining theatre; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest boddices; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries; tiny Greek cups, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair, Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish mad-cap fancy, had its illustration in a dress; and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire had brought Lethe into Rome upon their sturdy arches that morning.

The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together;

always one close mass of variegated brightness, showing the whole streetful, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others they were decked from head to tail with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces, one face leering at the horses, the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage, and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many) than tongue can tell or pen describe. Instead of sitting in the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and to be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions; and oh the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humoured, gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of handsome girls—thirty or more together perhaps—and the broadsides that were poured into, and poured out of these fairy fire-ships, splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of confetti, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them white as millers. Still carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest, generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Polcinelli, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagonful of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coachful of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many a real character sustained or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed; but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humour of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded (to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the street.

Our author next describes the race—always an important feature of the carnival. The horses, at a given signal, are started off. Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind, riderless, as all the world knows, with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their platted manes, and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes dangling at their sides, to goad them on. The jingling of these trappings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones; the dash and fury of their speed, along the echoing street; nay, the very cannon that are fired—these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitude, their shouts, the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon

shake the town. The horses have plunged into the carpets put across the street to stop them; the goal is reached; the prizes are won (they are given in part by the poor Jews, as a compromise for not running foot-races themselves); and there is an end to that day's sport.

Mr Dickens's impressions, from the numberless churches and their contents—pictures, and other decorations—are not favourable. The English common-sense seems to be everywhere a rebel. The scene in and around the churches is always the same—a mixture of respect and indecorum. 'In one, a lady got up from her prayers for a moment, to offer us her card as a teacher of music; and in another, a sedate gentleman, with a very thick walking-staff, arose from his devotions to belabour his dog, which was growling at another dog, and whose yelps and howls resounded through the church as his master quietly relapsed into his former train of meditation—keeping his eye upon the dog at the same time, nevertheless.' One thing everywhere present—the money-begging box. Even art has its ludicrous side. A flight of steps, leading to the church of Trinita del Monte, is the place of resort for the artists' 'models,' and there they are constantly waiting to be hired. 'The first time I went up there, I could not conceive why the faces seemed familiar to me; why they appeared to have beset me for years, in every possible variety of action and costume; and how came it to pass that they started up before me, in Rome, in the broad day, like so many saddled and bridled nightmares? I soon found that we had made acquaintance, and improved it, for several years, on the walls of various exhibition galleries. There is one old gentleman, with long white hair and an immense beard, who, to my knowledge, has gone half through the catalogue of the Royal Academy. This is the venerable or patriarchal model. He carries a long staff, and every knot and twist in that staff I have seen faithfully delineated innumerable times. There is another man, in a blue cloak, who always pretends to be asleep in the sun (when there is any), and who, I need not say, is always very wide awake, and very attentive to the disposition of his legs. This is the *dolce far niente* model. There is another man, in a brown cloak, who leans against a wall, with his arms folded in his mantle, and looks out of the corners of his eyes, which are just visible beneath his broad slouched hat. This is the assassin model. There is another man, who constantly looks over his own shoulder, and is always going away, but never goes. This is the haughty, or scornful model. As to Domestic Happiness, and Holy Families, they should come very cheap, for there are lumps of them all up the steps; and the cream of the thing is, that they are all the falsest vagabonds in the world, especially made up for the purpose, and having no counterparts in Rome, or any other part of the habitable globe.'

We conclude with a bit of true Bozzism, showing that home is, after all, his proper field. Speaking of his excursions in and around Rome, he says he often encountered a company of English; one Mr Davis, and a small circle of friends. 'It was impossible not to know Mrs Davis's name, from her being always in great request among her party, and her party being everywhere. During the Holy Week, they were in every part of every scene of every ceremony. For a fortnight or three weeks before it, they were in every tomb, and every church, and every ruin, and every picture gallery; and I hardly ever observed Mrs Davis to be silent for a moment. Deep under ground, high up in St Peter's, out on the Campagna, and stifling in the Jews' quarter, Mrs Davis turned up all the same. I don't think she ever saw anything, or ever looked at anything; and she had always lost something out of a straw hand-basket, and was trying to find it, with all her might and main, among an immense quantity of English halfpence, which lay, like sands upon the sea-shore, at the bottom of it. There was a professional cicerone always attached to the party (which had been brought

over from London, fifteen or twenty strong, by contract), and if he so much as looked at Mrs Davis, she invariably cut him short by saying, "There, God bless the man, don't worrit me! I don't understand a word you say, and shouldn't if you was to talk all you was black in the face!" Mr Davis always had a sunn-coloured greatcoat on, and carried a great green umbrella in his hand, and had a slow curiosity constantly devouring him, which prompted him to do extraordinary things—such as taking the covers off urns in tombs, and looking in at the ashes as if they were pickles—and tracing out inscriptions with the ferrule of his umbrella, and saying, with intense thoughtfulness, "Here's a B you see, and there's an R; and this is the way we goes on in; is it?" His antiquarian habits occasioned his being frequently in the rear of the rest; and one of the agonies of Mrs Davis, and the party in general, was an ever-present fear that Davis would be lost. This caused them to scream for him in the strangest places, and at the most improper seasons. And when he came, slowly emerging out of some sepulchre or other, like a peaceful Ghoulie, saying, "Here I am!" Mrs Davis invariably replied, "You'll be buried alive in a foreign country, Davis, and it's no use trying to prevent you!"

TRADE AND PUBLIC BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE materials which we have hitherto derived from the Club-Books have belonged to the regions of poetry, romantic fiction, or personal adventure. On the present occasion we are led into a totally different track, by having our attention directed to a paper which affords us the means of estimating the progress made by Scotland in wealth and prosperity during a period of two centuries. In 1656, a report was prepared for the use of the government of Oliver Cromwell, of which the following succinct account is given by the gentleman who presented the work to the Bannatyne Club:—"Mr Tucker, the author, was sent by the government of England for the purpose of introducing order into the collection of the revenues of excise and customs, and appointed one of the commissioners of the Scotch board. He appears to have possessed very eminent qualifications for a task which, in the state of the country at that time, must have been attended with great difficulties; and he has communicated the result of his inquiries and personal observation with great clearness and ability in this report. It affords a comprehensive view of all the details connected with the collection of these taxes, and some account is given of every harbour and creek upon the coast to which vessels resorted at that time."

It is very clear that one of the vital elements of a strong orderly government must be a full knowledge of the resources of the country—whether in the shape of land, commerce, industry, or accumulated capital. The financier who calculates the produce of any given tax must be well supplied with such information; and it is in those countries where taxes are levied rather as a badge of subjection than for the useful purposes of government, that such knowledge is neglected. Oliver Cromwell, and the able men by whom he was surrounded, had a keen eye towards everything that was thoroughly useful to the government, and through the government to the community. His services towards the purely utilitarian purpose of preserving records of the resources of the country, may not appear very great in the eye of hero-worship; nay, an allusion to them may suggest a sneer about 'humdrum,' or 'dry-as-dust;' but, nevertheless, there are many who will be disposed to give more admiration to these efforts than to his incomprehensible speeches. One of his darling projects was the establishment of a general system throughout England for the registration of land. It was precisely such a system as he found at work in Scotland—a set of records in which all operations regarding land, whether relating to absolute conveyances

or to securities, should be engrossed. Ludlow tells us how hard a battle he fought for this project, and how he was defeated by the lawyers, or, as he said, 'found the sons of Zeruah too strong for him.' He made a general valuation of all the lands in Scotland, for the purpose of regulating the proportional allotment of the land tax. At the Restoration, it was, with most of the Protector's new projects, revoked; but it was found so convenient an arrangement, that the new government felt it expedient afterwards to have recourse to it, and it was called the 'valued rent'—being in fact the only valuation which has been made of the landed property in Scotland, and, as such, still employed for purposes of taxation.

Mr Tucker's report exhibits to us one of these projects for making the government acquainted with the resources of the country. We possess so few materials for ascertaining the pecuniary means, the trade, and the industrial habits of our ancestors, that any such collection is a valuable medium of comparing our own state with theirs. In the seventeenth century, and indeed down to a late period, the customs collected were not only on goods imported, but on those exported; because it was supposed to be a crime to provide our neighbours abroad with the valuable commodities which our artificers made and our husbandmen raised. Some of Mr Tucker's chief difficulties are in the devising means for enforcing the customs outwards—men being so naturally perverse, that when they created a commodity for which a foreigner would pay them better than a native, they thought themselves entitled to sell it without paying a tax for the privilege of doing so. We shall give some examples of the customs' receipts reported by Mr Tucker, and compare them with late results. The accounts are stated in periods of four months. Taking three of these for the year ending in September, we find that the annual income of the custom-house at Leith was L.2335. The corresponding sum for 1844 was L.631,926. The amount raised in Dundee in 1646 was L.501; in 1844, it was L.42,737. Those who have noticed the relative shipping of the two towns, Leith and Dundee, may be astonished that there should at this day be such a difference in their customs' returns in favour of the former; but it must be remembered that the imports to Leith are chiefly for the consumption of an affluent district, and thus consist of highly-taxed articles—such as wine, spirits, groceries, &c.; while those of Dundee are mainly for manufacturing use, and so consist of raw materials, paying duties comparatively small. To return to Mr Tucker. His statement of the customs collected at Aberdeen shows an amount of L.573; in 1844, the corresponding amount was L.76,259. Among the remarkable things, however, in this report, is the approach that seems to have been made by places now wholly insignificant to rivalry with the principal seaports. Thus at Borrowstonness, or, as it is contracted, Bo'ness, Tucker reports a collection of L.1569; in 1843, the sum collected was L.8961; a great improvement on the immediately preceding year, when it was only L.3327. Burntisland, which is now merely a ferry harbour, collected a custom of L.413. With these we may contrast Glasgow, which, in 1656, produced L.554; in 1844, L.551,841. The small old boroughs, which the steamboat traveller sees studded on the fringe of the coast of Fife, were in Mr Tucker's time considerable places, and he is at pains to enumerate their shipping. Thus we find that Anstruther had ten vessels; exactly the same number as Dundee. Wemyss, now a village with four or five hundred inhabitants, had six vessels; and its neighbour, Pittenweem, two. Burntisland had seven vessels; Dysart four; and Kirkcaldy, still a flourishing place, though not proportionally so eminent as it was, had twelve. Glasgow had precisely the same number. The tonnage seems to have been distributed between these places with tolerable equality. The highest in Glasgow was one hundred and fifty, while the highest in Kirkcaldy was one hundred;

but then the lowest in Glasgow was twelve, while the lowest in Kirkcaldy was thirty. It is almost unnecessary to state that the twelve ships of Glasgow have now increased to between three and four hundred, and that its tonnage of 1660 has increased to 58,478.

Mr Tucker gives us some curious pictures of the state of the times. The method of collecting the revenue of excise was by farming it out; that is, by letting it to the highest bidder, as turnpike tolls are let, and allowing the tenant to make what he might of his bargain. A salaried collector generally gets a per centage on the sum realised by him. It is at once pretty clear, that when a man gets the whole sum he collects, instead of such a proportion, he will be much more zealous in enforcing the law, and will endeavour to recover sums which the hired fiscal officer would give up as bad debts. Hence farmers of the revenue have been in all ages proverbial as oppressors. When the members of a convivial party were telling their stories of murders and robberies, Voltaire, who was called on to contribute his tale, said, 'There was once a farmer-general—you know the rest.' Tucker tells us precisely what we would expect, that there was great competition among the local lairds and corporate bodies to obtain the lease of the excise, on account of the power and consequence so bestowed on them. He says, 'The strong and fervent desires which partly the violence of some of the farmers, and partly an innate propensity and inclination of being despotic, had kindled in many to farm their own counties and burghs, increased the number of the proposers, and put an opportunity into the hands of the commissioners not only to make some improvement, but, after some time spent in treaty (in which they had much of trouble to wrestle with), to let the whole at the rates and rents mentioned in the account thereof hereafter following, much to the content and satisfaction of the shires and burghs generally, the shires of Mid-Lothian, Argyle, and Bute excepted, which remain to this day undisposed of by way of farm; the former because of its vicinity to the town of Edinburgh, and their tack; and the latter in respect of the country itself, being wholly highlands, into which the commissioners did take care to send one of their own countrymen, who returned as he went, without doing anything; and after that, had some intentions of commissioning some officer of the highest garrison. But there being some hopes given by the marquis that there should be somebody sent from the country who should do the business, they took hold of the opportunity of one related to the Campbells of that country, who at that time offered himself, and was convinced might be the person hinted, and therefore waived their former resolution, and gave him their commission; who, with the assistance of his friends, did collect some L.30; but was afterwards, at his being in Isla, and when he was in the execution of his trust, stabbed in the shoulder by one of his countrymen, who fled thereupon into Ireland, and hath for some time lain under the cure of chirurgeons, and at my coming away continued so, languishing without any hope of recovery.'

A vain effort had been made to separate the mere right of demanding and collecting the money from that of enforcing payment by process of law. It was thought that it would be more just and conciliatory to give the latter functions to some fixed judicial body. It was in the end necessary to 'let the farmers loose,' as Mr Tucker vividly expresses it, on the people. As the commissioners could very much have wished, they might have found so plentiful a choice of farmers, as that it might have been within their power to have made election of the best qualified, related, and substantiallest of them; but an inevitable necessity casting them upon some determinate persons, they had nothing more to do than to consider of the best way of proceeding according to the juncture of things; and therefore duly weighing as well the quality of the farmer, as having a regard to the temper and humour of the people, and finding part of the farmers to be English, and not ac-

quainted either with the thing, persons, or places, and the rest Scots, and in this respect more qualified and less obnoxious, but naturally rigid factors, apt to avenge private quarrels or discontents under colour or pretext of public employment, and most of them generally strangers to the particular work in which they engaged. And considering withal the people on the other side, through poverty and an innate habit of their own, to be cross, obstinate, clamorous, and prone to apprehend every action an oppression or injury, and again to rebel both either with noise or force. For prevention, therefore, of any provocations that might happen to be given, either by the indiscretion or violence of the farmers, and to leave the people masters of their own peace and quiet, the commissioners did resolve to reserve the judicial part in themselves, and to give the farmer only the collective power; which was done accordingly.

Of this, observation was soon made by some of the most intelligent sort of people, and by them infused into the rest, which made a general deficiency in every one. Very few, or none, would pay any money, suffer any distress, or obey any summons; insomuch that the commissioners were enforced to retract their former resolution, and to let the farmer loose to the full execution of all the powers and authorities of the several acts and ordinances, but against and upon such only as should refuse to give due obedience; that so they might have a just sense that the commissioners did still retain, and should have continued, their first tenderness towards them, had they not been enforced to depart from it, not out of any levity or inclination in themselves to vex or disquiet the people, but from the just necessity they had of compelling them to submit to, and comply with, the laws of excise.

The cause of the people's obstinacy and the commissioners' lenity being at once taken away, every one, acted by his fear and the expectation he had of suffering the penalties of the law, began to provide for his own peace and security, by a timely conformity, and so made way for the more easy and vigorous carrying on of things in the future.

Nothing is known of Mr Tucker's private history. He was apparently an able and judicious man, and his composition is lively and expressive. As a specimen of his similes—he speaks of 'how much an act of indelicacy it must needs be esteemed in any that should adventure to frame a vest or garment for a body, whose measure had never yet been taken, without viewing it in its parts and dimensions.' May we infer from this that Mr Tucker was brought up to the honourable profession of making garments?

We shall conclude with a curious and very distinct notice of the state of the salt manufactories in Scotland, the social condition of the persons employed, and the method in which their business was conducted.

The proprietors or possessors of the pans are usually called masters, and the workmen, who actually labour in and about these pans, are termed makers, who receive no certain salary or wages from those masters of theirs, but do contract, upon receiving such a quantity of coal, to make and return the master such a quantity of salt as he agreed upon betwixt them; the overplus (whatever it is) that is made remaining to them for their pains, which they usually sell to cadgers, and other poor people, who carry the same about in creels, on horseback, or otherwise, up and down the country, for the expense and consumption thereof. The other, which is the master's, is laid up in his girdels or stores, and for the most part sent out afterwards in great parcels either for England, or some foreign parts beyond the seas. This being the manner and practice of the salt-works in these parts, and the collectors, for the better keeping and framing an account, calling upon those masters to make weekly entry of what salt was made at their pans, they refuse the doing thereof; dispute the letter of the act; conceding the chief scruple, and granting that indeed the makers were liable; but that they, being no such, and

their workmen being the makers, they, and only they, were the persons liable to make entries, and be accountable for what was made; and pray therefore that they may be proceeded against according to the law: with this distinction, they challenge a freedom to themselves from being liable; and that, if yet they must remain responsible, that they ought to be so for no more than come into their girdels, as not knowing what else or more was made at any time at their pans. And to require an account, or anything else of the workmen—who, besides their infinite poverty and miserableness, are (were it not a breach of charity) to be esteemed rather brutes than rationals—was a thing altogether impossible, nor ever can be reputed so much as probable by any who have ever seen either the persons or the places; and as it was not to be effected in any manner of way whatsoever, without the appointing of some person night and day to attend every particular pan when it was boiling, by which the charge would certainly have been greater than the receipt, so the officers could not meet with, or discover half the salt that was sold, in respect the same was sold, delivered, and carried away always in the night, insomuch as none, or seldom any notice could at any time be had or taken of the same; or if there were, not without the danger or hazard of some mischief to ensue thereupon.

THE BEAR-CHASE.

A SOUVENIR OF AN OLD HUNTER.

[From the French.]

ONE evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy (1745), a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

'Refuse a duel after a public affront!' exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache: 'it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away.'

'I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour,' replied the other in a calm, polite tone, 'that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing.'

'A marvel! Monsieur d'Argenté, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—"Thou shalt do no murder."'

'And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed: has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colours, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?'

'Towards themselves have their moments of courage.'

'And the brave also their moments of fear.'

'The expression is not that of a gentleman.'

'It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion.'

'None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you—'

'And I—' repeated D'Argentré, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

'Holla, gentlemen!' exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. 'This is my affair,' said he to Monsieur d'Argentré, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added—'Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders.'

'In that case, after you, if necessary,' said D'Argentré, with his usual calmness.

'By my honour you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go.'

'One moment,' replied the new comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St Louis.

'No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten.'

'Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom.'

'I listen, sir!'

Monsieur d'Argentré just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of others, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?

'Enough, sir: we are not here to listen to a sermon.'

'Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence: I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in striking upon him—I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion.'

'Are you playing a comedy, sir?'

'Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle.'

'What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavour to evade me?'

'My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honour.'

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honour.

The young Baron de Villetteon, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained incorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favour, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villetteon refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of eclat

during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colours at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of St Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxe, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

'I have business of thee, my master,' said he, cordially shaking him by the hand.

'Speak, monseigneur,' replied the pareur, who was deeply attached to his young lord: 'you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood.'

'I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?'

'Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them.'

'Are there bears already on the heights then?' asked Villetteon, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

'Five in all—a complete ménage—father, mother, and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards have driven to this side.'

'In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, pareur, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen: there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces.'

'Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four,' replied the old man laughing.

'That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance.'

'Hum!' said the pareur, scratching his ear; 'it would better please me to have you elsewhere.'

'Why?'

'Because, to guard this post, a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths—the bears and the precipice.'

'I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons.'

'I am sure of that. But, with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself.'

'You are sure, then, that the bears will pass that way?'

'Sure—yes; but quite sure—no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any cue.'

'It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready.'

'Very well, very well,' murmured the pareur as he retired; 'I shall have my eye on him.'

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour—who, despite the delicate attentions of the host, preserved a cold reserve—were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saucepans, drums, &c. &c.—were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly guarded a dozen large martiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carabines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the pareur, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the pareur was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice: he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the pareur rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the pareur and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

'Attention, sir,' said he in a low voice. 'The bears are not far from us: let your aim be true, or else—'

'Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!'

'Attention!' repeated Villetreton, without seeming to notice the surly response—'he approaches!'

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, 'Look out, look out, Villetreton!' But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would vainly struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

'Fire! fire! he is on you!' cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round: it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled, in the death-struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive quivering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

'Take your arms,' said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; 'here are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this.'

'Look!' said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require.'

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetreton cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to 'the vanquishers' was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argenté, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming—'To the sole vanquisher of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetreton is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all.'

'This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet,' said Monsieur d'Argenté.

'There's a brave young man!' cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavoured to conceal a furtive tear. 'Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy.'

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

May 1846.

LONDON is now at its busiest. Exeter Hall is scarcely ever cool, so rapidly does one public-meeting follow another; and at various dinner parties, wherever you go, there are lots of country friends, all come up on errands of business, chaffity, or curiosity. I do not, however, see many novelties in the way of shows. One of the prettiest of the season is a panorama of Constantinople, a visit to which realises, to a wonderful degree, that great and interesting city. Those interested in the colony of New Zealand have an opportunity of seeing much to please them at the Egyptian Hall, where, besides a large number of excellent views, taken by an artist on the spot, there are a few live chiefs in appropriate costume. These, and other sights of the ordinary class, yield in attractiveness to that marvel of art, 'London by moonlight,' at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park. The panorama of 'London by day' continues to be shown in the same establishment; the view at night being extended, as I understand, in front of it. The charm of the night scene consists in the skyey and atmospheric effects. The moon is an exceedingly well-got-up moon, only a little too green in tinge; and the stars twinkle just as real stars are in the habit

of doing. The illusion is helped by the vibratory sparkling of the moonbeams in the Thames, with occasional flashes of lightning, the roar of thunder, and an imaginary shower, that almost makes you feel for your umbrella. What a pelting rain they seem to be getting down there in St Paul's churchyard! The shower having passed, the sky brightens up, and thin fleecy clouds, slowly sweeping across the moon, seem to dissolve into air, and are lost. This part of the illusion is, on the whole, done with good effect, by means, as I imagine, of a magic lantern. The pleasure of the spectacle would doubtless be much enhanced if the people who go to look at it would hold their peace, or speak only in a whisper; instead of which, you hear a dozen voices roaring out, 'Yes, there is my shop, and the very lamp in the window!' 'I cannot make out where I am.' 'Don't you see that is Christ's Hospital, and that the Thames over there?' 'Oh la! how beautiful—how very like!' 'Well, I never!'—and so on. A hint from the manager to keep silence would be well directed; but as it might be considered unconstitutional, John and Mrs Bull would probably lodge a protest, and speak louder than ever, 'if only to vex 'em.'

There has been nothing very remarkable doing amongst the booksellers this spring. One is tempted to suspect that there is now a dearth of great men in all departments. England, like an ill-kept shop, seems to be at present out of first-class goods. It has no great statesmen, great authors, great actors, great philosophers, or great anybody—except in their own estimation. Out of the universal dulness the fine arts seem to be struggling. There is a marked improvement in pictorial art. The exhibition of the Royal Academy, opened in May, is unquestionably among the best which has yet taken place. There are fewer indifferent pieces, and more of a superior order, than I have observed at any previous exhibition. The pictures considered most successful are those of Mulready, Landseer, Roberts, Stanfield, and Cooper. There are some capital portraits, among which are a few good ones by Scottish artists, Mr Watson Gordon still bearing the palm. In sculpture, I would particularise a statue of Eve by Marshall, and the statue of the late David Hare of Calcutta, a person who distinguished himself as an advocate for education in India.

Talking of the fine arts, I hear that Scotland is shortly to be illustrated by a series of engravings, as numerous and splendid as those in Roberts's magnificent work on Egypt and Palestine—the whole to be accompanied with descriptive letterpress. For this gigantic enterprise—undertaken unitedly by an Edinburgh and London publishing house—Mr Roberts, among other artists, is secured. He has stipulated, I am told, to execute all the fine old abbeys and cathedrals, forty in number, from the Borders to Kirkwall; and, I believe, may be expected in the north with his sketch-book some time in the approaching summer or autumn. I augur the better for this scheme, in as far as I happen to know that it is accordant with an old and cordially-cherished wish on the part of Roberts.

Still talking of art—what a great improvement has latterly taken place in London street-architecture. No houses are now reared in that bald, commonplace style so common in the reign of George III. A taste has sprung up for the rich Italian or Elizabethan models, with good cornices and balconies. Some fair specimens of this *renaissance* are observable at the new openings into Leicester Square, and in the junction between Oxford Street and Holborn. I do not, however, besides these, see any other works in progress for the improvement of the denser parts of the metropolis. Every one acknowledges that the Metropolitan Improvement Commission is a very sorry affair; just as somnolent as any corporation needs to be. One could almost wish for a year or two of a smart despotism, to make things affecting the general welfare jog on a little faster!

I observe that the wooden pavement, of which so much was said a few years ago, will not answer. In some

places it is worn into great hollows, and at others is in the course of removal, stone resuming its place. The great objection to this species of pavement, is its alipperiness for the horses in wet weather. Wearing smooth by friction, and getting filled up in the seams, it presents a smooth polished surface, on which the poor animals may be said to skate rather than run, every foot sliding in advance of the part on which it happens to fall. To obviate this serious defect, the wooden pavement of Regent Street has been lately covered with small broken stones, and is now a kind of macadamised floor. This may answer to a certain extent; but it must be considered a virtual abandonment of wooden pavement. Stone, stone! nothing but the hardest stone will do for the paving of this trafficful city! everything else being soon ground to batter. The plan adopted for laying down stone where wood is taken up seems excellent. The stones are narrow—not more than three inches across the face, and of perhaps a foot in length. They are set like bricks on edge, the thin face uppermost; and are well bedded and united on a solid level basis with finely-slaked lime. The causeway so formed resembles a wall lying on its back, and presents a firm and equal resistance. As the stones are small, the noise and jolting are less felt than on the old broad courses. I believe, after all, that the mode of causewaying with small stones in the manner described will finally prove to be in all respects the best.

The prodigious throng of omnibuses through the streets seems to me ever on the increase, and every year the limits of the sixpenny rides are extending. In one direction you may now travel seven or eight miles for sixpence. At the same time, the thoroughfare of passengers by the steamboats on the Thames is also increasing and cheapening to a wonderful degree. The other day I went from Hungerford market to London Bridge for a penny! Such is now the veritable fare charged at least by some of the boats. There are eleven, I am told, flying up and down the Thames at this rate between Westminster and London bridges. Judging from the crowd in which I formed a unit, these penny fares will turn out not a bad speculation. The eleven vessels are said to make thirty-two trips per hour, or three hundred and twenty trips in the day, which, taking forty as the average number of passengers each journey, will make a total of 12,800 daily, or £53. The sixpenny boats, of which several passed us, seemed to be scarcely affected by the opposition; such is the immensity of the human stir in London.

The very extraordinary desire lately manifested for all sorts of ancient ornament has given rise to various inventions; supply in this, as in everything else, following close on demand. I shall refer only to articles of the carved-wood species. By the first invention to be noticed, leather is substituted for wood. The leather, being reduced in a steam trough to a tenacious pulpy substance, is forced, by a combination of hydraulic and pneumatic pressure, into a metal mould, hollowed out according to the required design. When removed from the mould, and dried, the leather, now in shape, possesses a fine brown hue, resembling ancient carved walnut wood, and is as sharp in outline as if fresh from the knife of the carver. The objects produced by this curious process are very beautiful, and are of many varieties. Book-covers, card-cases, mouldings for libraries, ornaments for the roofs of apartments, and picture and mirror frames, are among the articles for which the invention is adapted. The whole of the decorations of a cabinet, nine feet by seven, lately constructed for her Majesty, were of this kind of stamped leather. When a mould of any design is cut, any number of impressions can of course be taken at a comparatively small cost.

The invention which may be next adverted to, consists in stamping wood with a hot metal mould, and so burning it into the required form. The heat is not so great as to char or destroy the wood during the process. When the mould is withdrawn, it leaves a dark, half-

burnt surface, which being scraped off, a fine brown antique tinge is found to remain. There is, however, a certain want of sharpness in the outlines, which must be given by a carving tool with hand labour. Any kind of old carving can be very nicely and cheaply imitated by this plan. For backs of chairs, lids of boxes, door panels, wooden mouldings of all kinds, and so on, it is admirable. Suppose you see a fine old carved door, of which you would like to have a copy, you take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. From this you get a mould of iron in relief; then from this you get a mould in iron sunk; that is, a durable and workable duplicate of the plaster cast. With this heated to the proper temperature, and applied by machinery, the wood is stamped. A door exactly resembling the original is the result. Such will afford a rough idea of this ingenious process, which is particularly suited for imitating old carvings of a certain class. Any carving from an original or from a copy can be produced, I believe, at a third or fourth, and in some cases a sixth, of what it would cost by hand labour. The process is the subject of a patent.

The method of producing beautiful carvings by burning, is unfortunately defective in one particular, and this, I fear, must limit its general adoption. A stamp cannot go round corners, or behind the parts intended to be in bold relief; it can sink only straight down. For example, we may stamp a face, but not a whole head, unless, indeed, we employ a stamp for both front and back. Hand-carving partly repairs this defect; but that is expensive, besides being otherwise objectionable. For all very complex carvings, therefore, and all carvings of objects back and front, round and round, we must have recourse to a different process, and this brings us to the third invention.

Carving by machinery is not altogether new, but it was reserved for Mr Jordan to realise a scheme, the most perfect which can be conceived, for producing several copies at once of any imaginable piece of carving. In this, however, as in the two previously-mentioned processes, a model must in the first place be formed; and therefore, when only one of any piece of carving is wanted, it is the best way still to execute it with the hand. A model, however, for machine carving, may be made in wax, then transferred to plaster of Paris, whence a model in type metal may be procured. With this model, or with a previous carving, which is to be copied, the operator commences. The model is fixed, with its face uppermost, in the middle of a table, which, by means of a double action beneath, may be guided in any direction on a horizontal plane; the action being properly two combined movements at right angles with each other. At the distance of a few inches, on each side of the model, are fixed the two pieces of wood which are to be carved. Over the table is a beam, holding three tools, with the points downwards. These tools are in a line, and of precisely the same length. The central tool, called the tracer, does not cut; it terminates in a small round knob: the two side tools are sharp, like gouges, and are turned rapidly by bands from the moving power. The whole trick of the carving now consists on moving the table below these instruments, so as to bring the model in contact with the tracer. In doing this, the two rough pieces of wood are at the same moment brought under the cutting tools, which whirl about at a great rate. A treadle, moved by the foot, raises or depresses the beam. In this manner, as the knob of the tracer rises or falls, gently pressing on the inequalities of the model, so do the cutters rise and fall, gouging out the hollows, and leaving the higher parts standing. As the operator, by keeping his eye fixed on the tracer, causes it to feel its way, so to speak, over the whole surface of the model, two exact counterparts, by the corresponding movements of the cutters over the wood, are necessarily produced. This is but a very imperfect sketch of the process, but it may serve for general information. For the sake of simplicity, I have spoken of a table and beam, whereas the whole is an apparatus of iron, with screws,

shifts, and all other requisite appliances. To each machine there is one operator, and so simple are his duties, that an ordinary carpenter will become a proficient in a few days. It was with no ordinary degree of pleasure that I visited the establishment of Messrs Taylor, Williams, and Jordan, Belvidere Road, Lambeth, where a number of these carving machines were busy at work, the whole moved by a powerful steam-engine. Mr Jordan kindly explained the various parts of the process; and showed how, by changing the position of the wood, the tools would reach behind the exterior, or be made to cut on all sides, thus executing objects which no direct stamping could perform. He likewise mentioned that the process was as well adapted for sculpturing marble as for carving wood; and that he expected to place on his machine blocks of stone several tons in weight. When this is done, copies of the finest statues in marble will be obtainable at a price far below what they would now cost. I was shown various products of the machine in wood, possessing great beauty of design and finish, the minuter parts being aided by hand labour: among other specimens, I observed oak panels, with different devices, preparing for the new Houses of Parliament. Wood may be carved by this apparatus at about half the charge for hand labour. Carving effected by burning is, therefore, much the cheaper and more accessible of the two. I have no doubt, however, that there is plenty of room for all the plans which have been devised.

To change the subject. I attended a soirée a few evenings ago at the British and Foreign Institute, where about a hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled for conversation and music. The rooms were splendidly lighted up, the whole forming a gay scene. We had some good music, vocal and instrumental, chiefly by foreigners lately come to London—this being a place where many of them make their début. I was particularly charmed with the performance of a M. Lavigne. In the hands of this person, and provided with a great number of keys, the hautboy seems to become a new instrument. In its old state, it had a sharp buzzing sound—a want of softness and volume, which caused it to be generally laid aside: it disappeared before the German flute and clarionet. From the beauty of the notes brought out by M. Lavigne, I should anticipate the revival of the instrument amongst us.

Dr Reid's process of ventilating the new Houses of Parliament has lately been the subject of no little controversy. Clever, but not particularly good-natured attacks on the doctor have appeared in the Quarterly Review and Times; and these, contrary to the usual love for fair-play in the English character, have inclined the public to set down his process as altogether visionary and impracticable. Taking some interest in the subject, I called the other day on the doctor, and found him as hearty as ever in the carrying out of his principles. He declares that there is scarcely a word of truth in the attacks made on his operations; but as the merits of the whole case are under official investigation, he declines to make any counter-statement in the newspapers. I may meanwhile remark the one predominant feature of all the attacks on Reid—a perfect oversight of the fact, that plans of ventilation are an effort to extinguish an existing evil, which affects the comfort and health of persons assembling in public, and even private buildings, to a vast extent. It seems purely the war of ignorance, childishly content with present unseen ills, against science in her efforts—perhaps at first unavoidably defective, and at the best tentative—to substitute a better system. In looking over the parliamentary reports, I observe that Dr Ure, and other scientific men who were examined, all concurred in declaring that ventilation could be properly effected only by special structural arrangements; that to leave ventilation to come by doors and windows was absurd, for it was no proper function of these apertures to afford a supply of air. Parliament agreed in this reasonable proposition, and sought out Dr Reid to carry its wishes into execution; yet at every stage, as I understand, has he been interrupted,

and thwarted. With everything to discourage, it must have required no ordinary degree of fortitude to face so fast an undertaking. The new Houses of Parliament, as is well known, are set down in a kind of pit. Perhaps the very worst situation in Westminster has been pitched upon. Originally a swamp gained from the river, the spot is environed by common sewers and springs, which endanger the foundations, and impregnate the air with miasma. Added to this source of atmospheric impurity, is the smoke poured from thousands of dwellings in the neighbourhood at a higher level; and how, in such circumstances, fresh air could be obtained by ordinary appliances, it would be somewhat difficult to discover.

I have seen a report in the newspapers, that a mine of diamonds has been discovered somewhere; but on making inquiries in London, it appears that these newly-discovered gems have not the proper brilliancy, and that therefore the better kind of diamonds are at expensive as ever. One of the finest suites of diamonds on sale in the metropolis has just been brought to the hammer, in the disposal of a jeweller's bankrupt stock. It consisted of a necklace, ear-rings, brooch, and bracelet, composed of four hundred carats of emeralds, and two hundred carats of diamonds; the bright green of the larger emeralds contrasting well with the lustrous white of the diamonds. It was altogether a splendid suite of ornaments; but the necklace, which was the principal article, had rather a heavy effect, being apparently calculated to set off a lady of large size. The lowest shop price asked for the whole had been £8,000. Curious to see who would buy these costly gems, I went, on the day of sale, to Christie's auction-room, King Street, St James's. There were not many people present; some Jew dealers forming the chief part of the audience. After a short bidding, the suite was knocked down to the Duke of Cleveland for £3,425. This was considered a great bargain for his Grace.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I. It is a well-known fact that none of the inferior animals can make a fire. Even the orang-outang, when he comes upon a fire left by man in the woods, though he may warn himself by the embers, never thinks of prolonging the blaze by adding fresh fuel: this is a step beyond the range of his capabilities. "Man alone is a fire-using animal; and however simple it may appear, the lighting of a fire is an art, and an art that requires some skill too, as any one may ascertain who attempts it for the first time. Amongst the thousands of individuals in civilised society, how very few (except those regularly trained to it) could kindle a fire if left to their own resources! Yet how expertly will every savage perform this office. Mr C. Darwin thus describes the operation as performed by his two Tahitian guides, after they had taken up their night's lodgings on the ridge of a high mountain:—"By the aid of strips of bark for twine, the stems of bamboos for rafters, and the large leaf of the banana for a thatch, the Tahitians in a few minutes built an excellent house, and with the withered leaves made a soft bed. A light was procured by rubbing a blunt-pointed stick, of a peculiarly white and very light wood, in a groove made in another, until, by friction, the dust of the wood became ignited. This was the work of a few seconds; but to a person who does not understand the art, it requires the greatest exertion. Having made a small fire of sticks, they placed a score of stones, of about the size of cricket-balls, on the burning wood. In about ten minutes' time the sticks were consumed, and the stones hot. They had previously folded up, in small parcels of leaves, pieces of beef, fish, ripe and unripe bananas, and the tops of the wild arum. These green parcels were laid in a layer between two layers of the hot stones, and the whole then covered up with earth, so that no smoke or steam could escape. In about a quarter of an hour the whole was most deliciously cooked."

The Guacho, or native of the Pampas, uses a different method in procuring a fire. Taking an elastic stick, about fifteen inches long, he presses one end on his breast, and the other, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of wood,

and then rapidly turns the curved part, like a carpenter's centre-bit, till the wood ignites. In the chill and humid climate of the Falkland Islands, the same observant traveller again remarks—"It was very surprising to see the Guachos, in the midst of rain, and everything soaking wet, with nothing more than a tinder-box and a piece of rag, immediately make a fire. They sought beneath the tufts of grass and bushes for a few dry twigs, and these they rubbed into fibres; then surrounding them with coarser twigs, something like a bird's nest, they put the rag, with its spark of fire, in the middle, and covered it up. The nest being then held up to the wind, by degrees it smoked more and more, and at last burst out into flames. I do not think any other method would have had a chance of succeeding with such damp materials."

II. It is singular to think that our ancestors, the ancient Britons, lived in a state of almost complete nudity; and that in this state they enjoyed robust health in a climate that to us, their civilised descendants, demands many folds of warm clothing, besides comfortable houses and fires. Yet the natives of Patagonia, inhabiting a country still colder than Britain, go quite naked at the present time. They are described as a tall and robust race, though living in the lowest grade of savage simplicity. Such is the effect of habit in the animal system. Perhaps, on the whole, a low temperature is more conducive to both mental and bodily vigour than a high one, for, generally speaking, nations of the temperate and even frigid zones are found more energetic than those of the torrid. Yet it is only in so far as the severity of the climate enjoins industry and the arts, that these favourable results occur, for Mr Darwin's description of the natives of Wollaston Island, Terra del Fuego, is by no means an engaging one. "While going on shore," says he, "we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives have Guanao cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked; and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked child. These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, their gestures violent, and without dignity. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's-self believe they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world."

III. The inhabitants of mountainous countries remain much more fixed and rooted to their native soil than the inhabitants of plains. The Welsh and Highland Scotch have stuck to their mountains, and kept themselves apart from other races, for many centuries; while the inhabitants of the plains and more accessible parts of Britain have undergone interminable intermixtures. There is a people inhabiting the mountainous parts of the north-west of India, called the Siaposh, that in physical appearance, manners, and language, preserve much of the character common to the original stock whence the great Indo-European nations sprung. Take one of these large-featured, fair, blue-eyed, and red-haired Indians, and place him beside a Scot or Welshman, and the physical resemblance will be very apparent. What appears even more strange, their languages will be found to have had the same derivation, and a great many words are still common to the three. Thus many names of familiar objects are nearly identical in the Siaposh, the Welsh, and the ancient Erse; and so are the numerals from one to twenty. All these, too, bear a common relation to the same words in the Sanscrit—the original root from whence these different dialects are supposed to have originated. Strange attachment of the human affections, that the more rugged and wild the country, the more is the heart bound up in it—

'For the fierce whirlwind, and the torrent's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains more.'

Yet it is a fitting arrangement, otherwise much of the earth's surface would be left untenanted. The inhabitants of the plains, again, have a migratory tendency; they move onward, and carry improvements in their train, and thus serve to spread population, and diffuse the arts of civilisation. With a wide extent of fertile prairies, and rich alluvial soil spread out before them, the go-a-head tendencies of the Americans are much more beneficial than more sedentary habits could be.

IV. It is a mistake to suppose that animals in a state of nature are exempt from diseases. All organic beings are liable to interruptions of their functions, and even derangements of their structure; though, on the whole, healthy action is the rule, and disease the exception. We find plants even extremely liable to all kinds of diseases, and so it must be with animals. They suffer from atmospheric changes, either affecting their bodies directly, or the substances on which they feed; they are annoyed, and often seriously afflicted, by parasites, which live on and within their bodies; and occasionally by derangements and malformations of organic structure in the mechanism of their own frame. Thus it has been well ascertained that epidemics occasionally produce great havoc among gregarious quadrupeds and birds. Dr Richardson mentions that on some occasions great mortalities take place among the heavens of North America. We know that grouse in this country not infrequently die in great numbers during some unhealthy seasons; and Lewis and Clarke mention having shot, from among the herds of buffalo in the Rocky Mountains, individuals that were so diseased and emaciated as to be unfit for use. In our zoological gardens may frequently be seen the bilious and half-blind tiger, the paralytic fox, with twinkling half-shut eye and lifeless trembling limb, the phthisical monkey, and the skin-diseased drooping bird. All this, to be sure, is the effect of confinement, irregular and improper feeding, and impure air, and is so far an illustration of the melancholy effects of such practices as are self-imposed upon man in society; but it at the same time shows that even the inferior animals have all the same predispositions to disease, if the same baneful influences surround them, and if reason, or rather unreason, is allowed to interfere with their natural impulses and habits.

V. Birds, as regards structure, are perhaps the most perfectly endowed, as they are certainly the most beautiful and interesting, of the lower animals. In birds there is an admirable mechanism and adaptation both for gliding in the air and swimming in the water. They have a light but strong and compact skeleton, great and enduring muscular powers, a large nervous system, and most of the senses in a high degree of perfection. Their digestive and assimilatory powers are vigorous and perfect, and their respiratory organs are large: the consequence is, that their animal heat and vigour are superior to that of most other classes of animals. In general, the brain is large in proportion to the size of the body, and the instinctive powers are very perfect. A few kinds are rather dull and stupid, such as the gannets, noddies, &c.; but the parrot, magpie, raven, and many others, show great vivacity and quickness of intellect.

The bright and beautiful plumage of many kinds, the musical notes of others, the migratory motions of several classes, pointing out, and associated with, the successive changes of spring, autumn, and winter, all tend to invest with a high degree of interest those aerial creatures of the sky and waters. They form the ornaments of animated nature, as flowers and blossoms constitute the beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

The eggs of birds are variously tinted and mottled, and hence they become objects of interest to the collector. In this diversity of colour nature has doubtless some final end in view; and though not in every instance, yet in many, we can certainly see a design in the adaptation of the colours to the purpose of concealment, according to the habits of the various classes of birds. Thus, as a general rule, the eggs of birds which have their nests in dark holes, or which construct nests that almost completely exclude the light, are white; as is also the case with those birds that constantly sit on their eggs, or leave them only for a short time during the night. Eggs of a light-blue or light-green tint will also be found in nests that are otherwise well concealed; while, on the other hand, a great proportion of those nests that are in exposed situations have eggs varying in tints and spots in a remarkable degree, corresponding with the colours of external objects in their

immediate neighbourhood. Thus a dull green colour is common in most gallinaceous birds that form their nests in grass, and in aquatic birds among green sedges; a brighter green colour is prevalent among birds that nestle among trees and bushes; and a brown-spotted colour is found in those eggs that are deposited among furze, heath, shingle, and gray rocks and stones.

We find the same adaptations of colour to the objects immediately around them, and evidently for the purpose of concealment, among many defenceless animals, and among the young of many birds that follow their parents along the ground in search of food. Thus the colour of the hare is the same as that of the brown furze or half-withered grass among which it lives; the colour of many birds that perch in trees is of a congenial green; and so is that of many insects, lizards, and reptiles, that live among grass and green herbage. The young partridges can scarcely be discovered from the brown mould or withered grass among which they nestle, or the young grouse from the heather of a congenial tint.

The swallow is a bird that all delight to welcome, and to look at as it darts through the air; but few care for inspecting it nearer, for it has no great splendour of plumage; and its wide mouth, short feet, and untameable nature, make an intimacy with it rather to be avoided than coveted. 'Yet,' says Sir H. Davy, 'he is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale, for he glads my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature. Winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemera are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and, with the stork and ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity.'

Every one has remarked the manner in which birds of prey float, as it were, without any effort, and with steady expanded wings, at great heights in the atmosphere. This they are enabled to do from the quantity of air contained in the air-cells of their bodies, which air being taken in at a low level in the atmosphere, of course rarefies and expands as the bird ascends into higher regions. Their rapidity of descent must be accomplished by the sudden expulsion of this air, aided by their muscular efforts. Of all birds, the condor mounts highest into the atmosphere. Humboldt describes the flight of this bird in the Andes to be at least 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. From the cave of Antisana, elevated 12,058 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, he saw this bird soaring at a perpendicular height of 6876 feet. It is a remarkable circumstance, says he, that this bird, which for hours continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarefied, all at once descends to the edge of the sea, and thus in a few minutes passes through all the varieties of climate. At a height of 20,000 feet, the air-cells of the condor, which are filled in the lowest regions, must be inflated in an extraordinary manner. Many years ago, Ulloa expressed his astonishment that the vulture of the Andes could fly at a height where the mean pressure of the air is only five teen inches. It was then imagined, from experiments made with the air-pump, that no animal could live in so rare a medium; but Humboldt has seen the barometer on Chimborazo fall to thirteen inches eleven lines; and Guy Lussac respired for a quarter of an hour in an atmosphere whose pressure was even less than this. At these heights, man generally finds himself reduced to a painful state of debility, while the condor, on the contrary, appears to breathe freely. Of all living beings, it appears to be the one that can rise at will to the greatest distance from the earth's surface. Occasionally, small insects are carried involuntarily even higher by ascending currents of air.

It is a beautiful sight, in a still lake, to watch the swan, plucking its way 'with oary feet,' or to see a flock of them

assume the double line, one behind the other, and meeting at an angle like the letter V. This is the practice of other aquatic fowl, as ducks and geese, not only in swimming, but when on wing high in the air. Does this double line and acute angle which they form lessen the resistance of the air or the water, and thus render the average flight of those in the rear easier? Undoubtedly, supposing the flock an individual mass, this is the exact form of angle which offers the least resistance to a fluid medium, such as air or water. This has been demonstrated in the case of a boat; but whether the same holds in the case of a figure formed of separate and distinct individuals, we are not mathematicians enough to determine. The presumption is in the affirmative, for nature does nothing in vain; and the fact that the bird in the van is successively relieved by those in the rear, would point out that the leader's efforts were greater than those behind, and required in this way to be relieved.

THE UXBRIDGE YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

As an exemplar which may be useful to young men of the middle and working-classes, who are anxious to find means of spending their evenings at once agreeably, and not idly or unprofitably, we present the following account of a Young Men's Improvement Society which has been established in the town of Uxbridge:—

In the first place, we have a committee of twelve persons, chosen every twelve weeks from the list of members, the duty of each being to act as chairman for one week. We find the benefit of this plan to be a greater amount of order and regularity than when there is no one to preside. Our room opens at half-past six, and closes at ten. The routine of spending the time is as follows:—Monday night is devoted to the practice of music, vocal and instrumental—the vocal music according to Hullah's system; Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, to reading; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, till nine o'clock, reading, after which, conversation on some given topic. We beg to say that we find the conversation nights to be the most attractive and instructive. The majority wishing to join in the conversation, and not liking to come unprepared, read, and get prepared, and thus a great amount of instruction is communicated; and it frequently happens that different opinions are entertained, thus causing a spirited, and, in our humble opinion, a good discussion. But we must here state, that we carefully exclude all religious controversy and party politics from our room, so that we have in our society persons of almost every persuasion, without any jarring or unpleasant feeling. We, like the Hampstead Society, pay twopence weekly, which more than covers our regular expenses; thus showing that working-men can support such societies without assistance. We have one newspaper, the "Illustrated London News;" and we are about to make arrangements for hiring the "Times." We have the "News of the World" the fourth day, sent by one of our members. We have "Chambers's Journal" and "Miscellany," and in our library the "Information for the People," and about thirty other volumes. We steadily increase our library. We have one or two magazines, contributed by members, and a great quantity of old periodicals, among which are six volumes of "Chambers's Journal." Many of the members practise writing in the room, though we have not at present a regular writing class. One or two are learning Latin. There is a peculiarity in this society that we have not noticed in any other. According to our rules, each chairman is expected to enter in a book, provided for the purpose, a journal of the proceedings of the society during the week he is in office. We find this plan productive of good, not only because we are able to refer to any part of the society's past history, but also because of the improvement in writing, no one liking to write in the society's book unless it be in a fair hand. We have hitherto had quarterly tea-meetings, which we have found exceedingly beneficial in promoting the interests of the society, as it brings all the members together, and gives a warmer tone to the proceedings; and it would not be egotistical on our part to say, that we have some tolerable speaking on such occasions from persons who could not, six months ago, stand up and say twenty connected words in the shape of a speech. We consider this improvement is owing to our conversation meetings, as all who join in the conversation are expected to do so standing.

MAY FLOWERS.

SWEEP flowers every one!

Ye put it in my mind to offer up
A thankful prayer to Him who fills my cup,
And sendeth beauty with the summer's sun.
Thought wanders joyful while your sunny bloom
And odours sweet enrich the passing hours;
Thought which forbids an anchoritish gloom,
And glows with beauty not unlike the flowers.
A welcome waits ye through this land of ours!
In southern vales or Scotia's wilder glen:
Where'er your glories fall in golden showers,
A welcome waits ye in the hearts of men!
For 'souls are ripened,' even while ye fly
The howling storm beneath 'our northern sky.'

'Twere well to learn of you
The skill to waken hope and pleasant thought!
And pour into the bosom nigh distraught,
The freshness of the heart, like morning dew.
To lift the head, and suffer truth to pay
Upon the brow, like sunshine over bright;
To cherish in the heart, though but a ray
Of potent love, to warm the mental light.
To rise from sloth, as ye from winter's night,
Rejoicing garden-land and forest dell;
With all the soul, with all the heart and might,
Adding the brotherhood in which we dwell.
To learn of sweetest May, and kindly give
Blessings with open hand to all that live!

E. R.

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG.

Two little birds on an evergreen tree,
Chirping and chattering, who can they be?
Two little fairies they seem in disguise,
With their gay-coloured wings and their rose-coloured eyes.
Hark, hark! they are talking; we now shall find out
If they really are fairies, and what they're about:
Says the most to the other, 'Sir, how do you do?'
'Pretty well, I thank you; but pray who are you?'
'I am the bird whom you've heard of so long,
And that whispers in every one's ear when they're wrong;
'And I,' says the other aloud, sharp and shrill,
'Am the bird you have heard of, called Obdurate Will.
Many more listen to me than to you.'
'Alas!' says the first bird, 'and that's but too true!
For of fools there are many, of wise people few.'

[The above is from Mrs Kingston's *Vocal Music for the Young*. We once had an opportunity (*Journal*, new series, No. 1.) of mentioning, incidentally, the charming little songs produced by this lady. It is from an almost daily observation of the pleasure they are calculated to give to both old and young that we now more formally recommend them to general notice. The words (which, we believe, are by Mr Kingston) and music we rank alike in the very first class of successful attempts to provide mental aliment for the rising generation. Mrs Kingston has lately produced *Three Anthems*, with an *Accompaniment for the Organ and Pianoforte*, evincing, we understand, equal talent for the highest efforts in musical composition, as her songs show her to be possessed of in what is, perhaps erroneously, regarded as a humbler walk.]

PLEASURES OF ACTIVE LIFE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbinds us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.—*Joy*.

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EFFECTS OF HABITAT ON ANIMALS.

If animals are dependant upon external conditions for their existence—that is, upon circumstances of climate, food, and the like—then must a change of these conditions be accompanied by a change, less or more, in the character of the dependant creatures. We think this is apparent from the fact, that different regions are tenanted by different species—a thing for which there would have been no necessity had the animal constitution been indifferent to the physical peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It does not affect the question under consideration, whether the various species now known have sprung from a common root, or whether the several continents have had creations peculiar to themselves. All that we are required to consider in the present instance are—the changes which have taken place under the observation of man—the curious modifications which alteration of habitat sometimes superinduces on the animal character. Such changes manifest themselves variously in different animals: in some species the general structure improves, in others it deteriorates; some merely exhibit a change in the colour or texture of their external coverings, others are so altered throughout, that they bear but a faint resemblance to the originals from which they sprang. It is to some of the more curious of these modifications that we mean to direct attention, premising that many are effected slowly, others rapidly; that some are fugitive, others permanent, and transmissible from generation to generation; and that, in general, they are so varied and uncertain, that it is as yet impossible to reduce them under any law.

One of the most obvious modifications produced in the animal economy by change of place, is increase or decrease of general bulk. Thus the horse or ox, taken from the arid plain or lofty mountain range, and depastured on low fertile valley land, will be found, after a few generations, to have established a breed of greatly enlarged proportions. The reverse holds equally true; and however much professed naturalists may talk of distinct and different species, there can be little doubt that the small shaggy horse of Tartary, the Welsh pony, and their still more diminutive cousin of Shetland, are but varieties of the common horse, moulded, after the lapse of many ages, by the conditions of habitat, into the miniature forms we now behold them. It is evident from the structure of the horse, that he is fitted for the dry and open plain, and not for the marsh or forest—a circumstance that implies lightness and compactness of form rather than ponderous hugeness. And yet we see the horse of Flanders, the Clydesdale breed, and the dray-horse of London, equalling, nay, sometimes excelling, the elephant in weight and dimensions; a result which, we know for

certain, has been brought about by the condition to which man has thought fit to restrict them. But man could do nothing of himself in this respect, unless there previously existed a natural adaptability in the animal constitution; and the existence of such an adaptability is all that is necessary to establish the fact, that it must be affected by the external or physical conditions that surround it. We are not, however, without instances in nature of similar modifications, and these, too, brought about in a comparatively short period. The Falkland islands, which, when taken possession of about the beginning of last century, had no native quadrupeds except a large wolf-like fox, have since been peopled with horses and cattle from Spanish South America; and there the former have already considerably degenerated in size and power. 'All the horses bred here,' says Mr Darwin, 'both tame and wild, are rather small-sized, though generally in good condition; and they have lost so much strength, that they are unfit to be used in taking wild cattle with the lasso: in consequence, it is necessary to go to the great expense of importing fresh horses from the Plata. At some future period, the southern hemisphere probably will have its breed of Falkland ponies, as the northern has its Shetland breed.'

But while the horses have thus degenerated, the cattle seem to have increased in size, and, what is extremely curious, to have broken into different colours, each prevailing colour being limited to a certain part of the island. They also vary much less in the general form of their bodies, and in the shape of their horns, than English cattle, the individuals of each great group being extremely like to each other. 'Round Mount Osborne,' continues our authority, 'at a height of from 1000 to 1500 feet above the sea, about half of some of the herds are mouse or lead-coloured, a tint which is not common in other parts of the island. Near Port Pleasant dark-brown prevail; whereas south of Choiseul Sound (which divides the island into two parts), white beasts, with black heads and feet, are the most common; in all parts, black and some spotted animals may be observed. Captain Sullivan remarks, that the difference in the prevailing colours was so obvious, that in looking for the herds near Port Pleasant, they appeared from a long distance like black spots, whilst south of Choiseul Sound they appeared like white spots, on the hill sides. He is also of opinion that the herds do not mingle, and it is a singular fact, that the mouse-coloured cattle, though living on the high land, calve about a month earlier in the season than the other coloured beasts on the lower land. It is interesting thus to find the once domesticated cattle breaking into three colours, of which some one colour would, in all probability, ultimately prevail over the others, if the herds were left undisturbed for the next several centuries. Here, then, in a limited space, and in a very short period, we have several re-

markable illustrations of the doctrine, that change of habitat is accompanied by a greater or less modification in the animal constitution which may be subjected to it. In the first place, the horse, transported from the more congenial climate and extensive pampas of South America to the inhospitable limits of these islands, degenerates in size, and slowly increases in numbers. Secondly, the ox seems to thrive better under the more humid climate, and on the ranker herbage; and not only so, but to be affected strangely as to its colours in different parts of the island. And lastly, what is most singular of all, the cattle inhabiting the higher regions of the island bring their young into the world a month earlier in the season than those lying on the lower land—a result for which, like many others in nature, we know not at present even the shadow of a cause.

Another of the more obvious results of change of habitat on animals, is a modification either of the colour or texture of their external coverings. In torrid climates, the sheep loses its woolly fleece, and is covered with hair; the dog, when naturalised in Guinea, becomes almost naked, while a few seasons in the polar regions are sufficient to clothe the same animal with a dense coating of hair and wool. Similar changes likewise take place even when the habitat of the animal is stationary, provided it be subjected to the extremes of summer's heat and winter's cold. Thus, in the bleak regions of the north, the coverings both of birds and quadrupeds become, during winter, nearly double in quantity of what they are in summer; hair passes into a woolly texture; the feet of some birds become garnished with feathers; and during the same season colours of a dark or brownish hue pass into white. 'The Alpine hare,' says Mr E. Thompson, 'which is found in Scotland, is in summer of a tawny gray, while in winter it is of a snowy white. The ermine, which is also found in the British islands, has its summer coat of a reddish brown, but in winter it affords the beautiful white fur which is so generally known. The plumage of the ptarmigan—a bird of the grouse species, which breeds in Scotland—is of an ash colour, with dusky spots in summer, and of a pure white in winter.' The advantage of such modifications is abundantly evident: wool is warmer than hair, and a white colour radiates or gives off the internal heat of the body more slowly than any darker colour. But as no animal can produce such changes in its covering by any act of volition, we must ascribe the result to change of temperature; and as a certain degree of winter's cold in Scotland, for example, is just equivalent to a permanent removal to a northern latitude, so we may expect a northern habitat to produce all similar changes on animals of a southern origin.' Proceeding upon this doctrine, M. Gloyer of Breslau, who has devoted much attention to the change produced in the plumage of birds by climate, has arrived at the following conclusions:—The black colour, or dark-brown, becomes darker as the animal approaches the south; lighter towards the north. The gray, or brown-gray, remains nearly the same when it is not mixed; but when it is rust colour, or blue-gray, or slate colour, it becomes black in the south, or, on the contrary, white if it be mixed with whitish gray. In the north, the gray and the brown-gray become lighter, or are changed to white. The different shades of rust colour are those which, in warm countries, have the greatest tendency to deepen, and to spread all over the animal. Pink, and the colours which approach to it, suffer the least modification. Blue, green, yellow-green, escape almost entirely the influence of climate. The beak and feet

undergo similar changes; that is to say, if the colour of the bird becomes darker from the effect of heat, these take also a darker hue. These conclusions were remarkably corroborated by the case of some American hares (*Lepus Americanus*) which, according to the statement of Colonel Smith, were shipped for Europe quite white, but at the end of twenty days had turned quite brown. The hairs were not shed, and the change must have taken place in the hairs themselves. Again, the otter, which in Scotland is of a sooty black above, and of a pale colour on the under parts, approaches, in the south of Ireland, nearly to black, both on the upper and under surface, and assumes larger ears, and some other minute differences of structure. So different at first sight does the animal appear, that certain naturalists regard the Irish otter as distinct from his Scottish brother.

In man, too, as in the lower animals, such modifications are abundantly evident; the only difference being, that, as he advances in civilisation, his ingenuity endeavours to render all habitats alike agreeable, and he thus insensibly counteracts the free operation of natural causes. M. Gloyer is of opinion, for example, that if the characteristic of blue eyes and fair hair, which antiquity has attributed to the Germans, is no longer so generally found to exist in Germany, it proceeds less from admixture with other races than from the softening of the climate by cultivation. Now, should this doctrine be correct, it must follow that the red-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian, if removed to the climate of Spain or Italy, will, after a few generations, assume the dark hair and eyes so generally characteristic of the natives of these countries. And extending the doctrine still farther, there is no known opposing reason why the northern Asiatic and European should not, in course of time, exhibit the bronzed complexion of the Malay, or the sooty skin of the negro, together with their other constitutional peculiarities, were the proper conditions of an Indian or an African habitat imposed upon them. This brings us, however, to a much-controverted point—a subject as to which naturalists and ethnologists are far from being at one; namely, whether the white and coloured tribes of mankind belong to the same race; in other words, whether, in process of generations, a European, subjected to African influences, would not assume the sooty skin, the woolly hair, and thick lips, and other peculiarities of the negro? Laying aside all argument in the meantime, and bearing in mind the wonderful effects which habitat is capable of producing on other animals, we incline to the convertibility of the races, and believe that, in lapse of ages, either would assume the characteristics of the other. We know, for example, that Europeans, after a few years' residence in India or Africa, assume a dark complexion; and in some instances is this change so rapidly and strongly effected, that the individuals, were it not for their features, could not be detected from the natives. This, then, implies a similarity in constitution—the existence of a pigmental apparatus in man, which only requires certain conditions of habitat to develop its functions. How long it would require to stamp a European race with the thorough characteristics of the negro, or *vice versa*, we do not know: no proper trial has ever been made; and though the experience of several centuries lies before them, ethnologists seem rather to indulge in their own hypotheses, than begin to collect data from actual existence. This only we are assured of, that if there exist in nature such a law as M. Gloyer has endeavoured to shadow forth in reference to the inferior animals, then is mankind by no means exempt from its influence. Indeed we have a striking example of its effect in the case of the Americans. The United States, peopled by English, Scotch, Irish, French, and Germans, have in the space of a couple of centuries produced a style of figure and physiognomy different

from any of the originals—a style so peculiar, that we know of no European traveller who has failed to remark it.

But it is not alone in mere bulk, in proportional size of certain parts, in the kind and colour of external covering, or in the general appearance of animals, that change of habitat exhibits its influence; there are various constitutional results of an important nature which it is equally capable of effecting. Cretinism—that terrible scourge of Switzerland—it is now ascertained, can be cured by transferring the patients from their low valleys to the high mountains; and at a distance of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, these unhappy creatures are no longer met with. To diminish the number of Cretins in the narrow valleys of the Alps, the Swiss government has accordingly founded an institution on a mountain in Berner Oberland, for the physical, intellectual, and moral development of children who, in their infancy, present indications of this unhappy condition. The establishment, though of very recent origin, is said to be fulfilling the purpose intended; and this, be it observed, not owing to anything partaking of medical treatment, but simply to change of habitat. *Plica Polonica*, another disgusting disease, common in Poland, Lithuania, and the adjacent parts of central Europe, is not known beyond these limits, being therefore essentially the result of habitat. The same may be remarked of the Guinea-worm, to the attacks of which stranger and native are alike subject within a certain range of the tropics; but which have happily never yet been experienced beyond that range. Again, hydrophobia, so much dreaded in our own country whenever an unusually hot summer sets in, is totally unknown in much warmer latitudes; as, for example, in Egypt, where the heat is often oppressive, and where the dogs prowled about the streets, living on offal and garbage, uncared of, and uncaring for, any one. Passing, however, these and other affections, which may in some degree be regarded as accidental, there are many structural changes, the effects of habitat, which, though minute, are not the less curious and instructive. The offspring of birds, which, in the adjacent continent of America, are garrulous and noisy, have become silent and dumb in the islands of Polynesia; and the progeny of ship-dogs left on the coral island of Juan de Novo, have, after the lapse of a century or so, entirely lost the faculty of barking. The tuskless, bristleless, domesticated pigs which the French and Spaniards introduced into the Falkland islands about the beginning of last century, have now become a wild fierce race, with great tusks and stiff bristles, some of the old boars of which would do honour even to Erymanthus. The rabbits, too, have so much changed, not in mere external covering only, but in conformation of head and jaw, that Cuvier himself, ignorant of the fact of their origin, regarded the skull of one which was sent him as a distinct species; thus once more showing the absurdity of founding specific distinctions upon trifling details. These, and many other examples which might be adduced, all tend to prove how much animal nature is affected by habitat, and how much it depends for its development upon the physical peculiarities which surround it.

The ductility or adaptability in the animal constitution which we have here pointed out, is one of the most important arrangements in creation. Through it the creatures which people the globe are prepared for certain changes of climate, food, soil, and the like. Without such a provision, every change of external conditions would have been attended with pain and inconvenience to life, if not with its extinction. Again, it is essential to the peopling of this earth, which, in all its parts, seems to have been destined to be the theatre of life and enjoyment; for, without such a law of adaptability, every little section of surface must have had its own peculiar creation, or lain a blank, unfit for the reception of the inhabitants of other sections previously peopled.

Further, taking an economical view of the matter, it is of the utmost importance to man, inasmuch as, by proper attention, he can mould, as it were, the inferior animals to his peculiar wants and wishes. Where, for example, is there in nature an animal like the dray-horse of London, cattle so well adapted for human food as the Durham oxen, or sheep so large, and plump, and nutritious as the Leicester breed, which Bakewell took so much pains to propagate and perfect? This elasticity in animal nature, however, must have its limits, beyond which neither man nor the inferior creatures can pass with impunity. We do not expect, for example, the camel to accommodate itself to the snows of Greenland, nor the reindeer of the Esquimaux to luxuriate on the deserts of Africa. And yet we know nothing of the limits to animal adaptability: nature often brings about the most important and gigantic results by the slightest and most imperceptible causes.

THE RIFLE, A TALE OF ARKANSAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BENJAMIN SMITH was perhaps the tallest, most gallant, and popular of all the backwoodsmen in the state of Arkansas. Young, of manly bearing, and possessed of great energy, he had, out of a dense plot of forest land, formed in two years, aided by a small capital, an excellent farm, with a clearing of several acres. It happened, however, just as this farm was completed, and Benjamin was thinking of commencing operations which should remunerate him for all his labour and expense, that his capital was exhausted. To almost any but an Arkansaw backwoodsman this would have been a terrible blow; but Ben was somewhat of a philosopher, and accordingly, one fine morning at day-break he left his hut, and seating himself on a blackened stump near the door, ruminated on what was to be done. He gazed with admiration upon his house, the work of his hands, on the fenced acres, on the huge piles of wood which his own exertions had reared around, on a stream close at hand, and appeared suddenly struck with the conviction that he really was a very lucky fellow. He had all the elements of happiness within his reach; but something still was wanting. Across Ben's knees was his long narrow-bored rifle; his powder-horn and pouch hung beside him; in one hand was a knife, in the other a piece of wood, which, in order, we suppose, to conduce to the concentration of thought, he was whittling at in the most determined manner. Chip by chip fell around him; the thick pine-staff was soon reduced to a bundle of insignificant shavings; and just at this instant our hero appeared to arrive at a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. 'Well,' thought he, 'I wish I may be shot if it isn't a wife I want! I've got the log, and the clearing—I can find meat in plenty while I have this rifle, and that's a real fact; but I want a wife to prepare my dinner, and talk to me when I come home; and I do believe I should like to have a chap about as high as my boot to call me "Pa!"' And then the vast bulk of the Arkansaw backwoodsman was shaken with inward laughter. 'Well, it's about the greatest thing I've hit upon for some time; but I don't exactly realise how it is to be done. One thing is certain, wives don't grow on trees like hackle-berries, and I must go to Little Rock.' With these words the young man rose, and advancing towards the hut, fastened the door, and shouldering his rifle, at once began his journey of fifty or sixty miles.

Little Rock, in Arkansas, on the frontier of Texas, is perhaps the most disreputable town in the whole United

States; but neither there, nor at the White Sulphur Springs, are the enormities practised which travellers would persuade us to credit. Still, though Ben ran no danger of being choked by being forced to 'bolt' a hearty meat-dinner in two minutes and a half, nor of being gouged, nor shot across the street by accident, nor, by committing murder, getting 'canonized, and elected into the States' legislature,' it was rather dangerous for one of his rustic character to be domesticated in a town where men of such idle, lazy, and swaggering habits were assembled. Though Little Rock be not strictly an 'Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like,' though 'gouging, stabling, and shooting' be not the principal occupation of the people, still, being a frontier town, whence escape into the then independent republic of Texas was easy, it was naturally the resort of a large number of the class enumerated; a class, despite all that has been said, not more numerous across the Atlantic than in some places nearer home.

Ben might easily have found in Little Rock a place of residence suited to a man of good feeling and moral principles; but, used to the woods and wilds, and the society of rough, good-humoured, and well-meaning borderers like himself, he yielded to the request of the first stray acquaintance he met, and accompanied him to about the very worst boarding-house in the place. We should be sorry to induct our readers into the mysteries of such an establishment; suffice it, that Ben saw and heard enough to have made any thinking man take to flight. But Ben, who had required two years to find out that he wanted a wife, was not likely to discover in one evening that he was in a false position; and so rapid, with a simple-minded man, is the process of contamination from evil communication, that that one night sufficed almost to ruin our hero for ever. Giving way to drink—the root of the greatest amount of crime—the backwoodsman forgot himself. From drinking a little, he advanced to much. Before, however, his reason had become completely prostrated, he noticed, sitting in one corner, a man who, from his dress and appearance, appeared one of the many Poles who had taken refuge in the United States. Quiet, unobtrusive, and silent, he joined neither in the song nor the maddening games which served to murder time; but with a modest glass before him, which remained almost untouched, interfered with no one. At length a fellow called on him to join the company, and be sociable. The Pole, with a mild bow, that seemed to speak his sorrow at his situation, replied that he never drank or gambled. The fellow, irritated at what he chose to consider a covert sneer, would have quarrelled with the old man; but Ben interfered, and declared that, before the Pole should be injured, they must take his life. There was a fire in the squatter's eye that silenced the bully, and the Pole remained unmolested. But time passed, and Ben drunk deep and played deep; and on retiring to bed, money, rifle, and everything but the most necessary articles of clothing, had changed owners.

Morning came, and the borderer felt that his expedition in search of a wife had had a bad beginning. There was something, he was sure, radically wrong; but before he could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to where the error lay, his companions had joined him, and without much difficulty persuaded him to endeavour a redemption of his evil fortune. To spare ourselves the pain of narrating the fall of our hero, we may at once state that, at the end of a fortnight, he had become an accomplished specimen of a

Southern loafer, as idlers are called in the United States. One afternoon, at the expiration of this time, reduced to beggary, without the arms which might supply him with food, Ben walked through the well-laid out town of Little Rock in search of the refreshing influence of the open air. But he was no longer the sturdy woodsman, who could fell an ox, and eat hiru too, in no very considerable period; and as he strolled along, he grew faint and weary. Looking round for a shady spot where to rest his easily-fatigued limbs, the squatter discovered a pile of logs, close by an uninhabited house, and opposite to one which was occupied. It was advancing towards evening, and Ben was here about to give way to the gentle influence of the hour, and fall into a deep sleep, while nature was veiling her beauties for the night, when his eye accidentally wandered to a window opposite, at which sat at work a young and lovely girl—the very being, it seemed, of which he had dreamt when seated on his old stump opposite the hut reared with his own hands. Ben rose to a sitting posture; and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should scare the beautiful vision, gazed upon her with delight and admiration. Her feminine occupation wholly absorbed her attention; and for some time the squatter enjoyed the pleasure of seeing such a creature as he felt would make the woods more delightful than the famed earthly paradise of ancient days. Suddenly the door of the house opened, and the old Pole, coming out, advanced rapidly towards our hero.

'My good friend,' he said, 'allow me to thank you for the generous manner in which you lately interfered to save me from insult. I was that night houseless, and forced to take shelter where I could, and unfortunately did so at the boarding-house, where I escaped injury only through your kindness.'

During the delivery of this speech, Ben had remained with open mouth staring at the interlocutor, and blushing like a girl fresh from a boarding-school. Decidedly there was good in Ben at bottom. When the Pole concluded, he muttered some incoherent words, at which the other smiled, and invited him to follow him into the house. The young man arose, as it were in a dream, and walked behind the stranger without saying a word. To his surprise and confusion, the old man led him into the very room occupied by the young girl, to whom he was introduced as the bold youth who had perhaps saved her father's life on a late occasion. While Ben was overwhelmed with varied feelings, the daughter of the old Polish officer rose, and welcomed him with the most unaffected kindness; and before half an hour was over, the rude squatter was seated at the evening meal of his new friends, who, though poor, had still more than absolute necessaries. Encouraged by the friendly hospitality of the European fugitives, Ben at length, partly to extenuate his own late acts, frankly told his story. The manner of the old man, hitherto kind, but a little protective, became cordial and pleased. When the squatter told how he had, after two years' thought, come to the sudden conclusion that a wife, and in due time a family, would wonderfully enliven his rude log-hut, the daughter was inclined to laugh; but a glance at the deeply-moved young man, a tear that glistened in his eye, the look of hopeless admiration that he cast upon herself, restrained the feeling, and Emily Duraski scarcely spoke another word that evening. Some matter of deep moment appeared to engage her whole thoughts.

When the young man had concluded, Colonel Duraski—for such was the father's name—rose, and going to another room, presently returned with a magnificent rifle, and all the necessary appurtenances. These he laid beside Ben. 'Young man,' said he, 'you have erred grievously; but a steady resolution to act honourably will restore the greatest evil-doer to society. Without arms, you are powerless in the woods. Take these; but, as I am a poor man, I make this reservation—you must make over to me your farm, and you

most not go near it for three months. If, at the expiration of that period, you can pay me for this rifle, I restore you your home; if not, it is mine for ever.' Ben, under the influence of the daughter's beauty, agreed to and signed everything; and an hour afterwards, left the house a rifle and its accoutrements the richer, but, unless he could raise a hundred dollars, for ever deprived of his hard-earned home. But Ben hoped. There were buffalo, bears, and other wild animals in the woods, whose skins were valuable; and the backwoodsman resolved to earn the rifle, and preserve at the same time his farm—and who knows what ambitious views were behind?

Distrusting his own powers of resistance, Ben Smith left Little Rock behind him at once; nor did he pause until he had placed it ten good miles behind him. He then found himself in the very thick of a virgin forest, with deep darkness settled over all nature. With the circumstances, returned all Ben's woodcraft and joyous love of a night beneath the blue sky, alone amid the overhanging sycamores, oaks, and beech. To collect wood, to make a roaring fire, and to spit a wild turkey, shot while roosting, was the work of a very short time; and then the young man sat down to await the moment when his evening meal should be ready. His first thoughts took an unlucky direction. He recollected that, on the previous night, instead of being alone, he was rioting amid excited and applauding companions, and, from the habit of such false excitement, he now felt low-spirited, and without hope. From being gloomy, his thoughts became evil. On his pale face, as the flicker of the blazing logs illumined it, one might have read the struggle of strong and angry passions. He gazed with admiration at the beautiful rifle at his feet: he felt that he could never part with it. But why should a stranger claim his inheritance, his home, the work of his hands, if he failed to raise a hundred dollars? The very idea of being deprived of his hut and clearing worked him up to fury, and, as he sat beside the burning fire, he vowed in his heart that the Pole should never own his home. Fierce and terrible were his impulses; in thought he had been a very murderer. While he already gazed around with terror and alarm at the gloomy vistas of the forest, as if expecting the ministers of vengeance to come forth, there arose before him another picture. It was as if he had dreamt a dream. He sat within a rude but warm hut, furnished, as the industrious and painstaking pioneers of civilisation usually furnish their homes, with all that is necessary, and nothing that is superfluous. A bright gladsome blaze rose upon the mud-made hearth, casting its cheerful light upon a room which contained other charms than the creature comforts. An old man slept in a rough arm-chair; a lovely woman gazed upon the dreamer with affection; while on his own knees, and in his arms, and on the ground, and in every imaginable place, were little cherubs, whose faces were so very like his, and so very like hers, that to tell whom they really resembled was impossible. Ben started. He had really dozed; but it was perhaps the most fortunate doze that ever happened to man. Heaving a deep sigh, a sense of his own unworthiness came upon him; and the reflection that, had he acted with common prudence, he might with ease have realised the exquisite picture which had come upon him with all the calming influence of the domestic affections, made him see in its true light his late inconsiderate and foolish conduct. Ben, as he now ate his meal, for once in his life thought with rapidity, and determined to act with energy and good-will. His bitter feelings against his Polish benefactor made him blush with shame, and he resolved that the rifle, which he admired so much, should be paid for even with interest.

For about a month the backwoodsman wandered through the vast woods of the Arkansas, hunting with indefatigable zeal, and collecting the results of his chase in a small cavern, where he took up his quarters, at no great distance from his former location. One night, on

returning home heavily loaded with spoils, as he stepped up towards a hole in the side of a rock, in which he was about to rest himself for the night, an angry growl made him hesitate and drop his burden. The practiced woodsman recognised in the sound the peculiar tones of a panther grumbling over a bone. It was almost pitch-dark, and yet Ben fired by the dim gray light of a few stars; and his shot told. The next instant the panther was upon him. The hunter dropped his rifle, and clutched the long knife which every Arkansaw borderer carries at his belt. The wounded beast flew to his left shoulder, which it grasped in its teeth with an energy and ferocity that would have proved fatal, had not the long bright blade gained the panther's heart at the same instant. The beast growled, let go its hold, and fell dead. For a moment Ben stood erect, proud and glad of his victory; but the next instant he felt a sensation of pain in his shoulder and left arm, which satisfied him that he was dangerously, if not mortally wounded. It had been from a natural feeling that he selected for his new abode a spot within two miles of his log-house; and thither, after hastily stanching his wounds, it seemed necessary that he should attempt to go, though he should die on the way. Fearful that faintness might overcome his strength, he immediately proceeded on his journey, and in less than an hour was in sight of his home. Since his unfortunate visit to Little Rock, he had not approached it any nearer than the scene of his late struggle. When he now stood within the clearing, astonishment rooted him to the ground. Cattle lowed, pigs grunted, a watch-dog barked, and smoke curled from the chimney. From the half-open door streamed the light of the blazing logs. Ben paused irresolutely; his heart beat with a strange and wild violence; but faintness was creeping over him, and, mustering courage, he staggered towards the door, and having reached it, fell insensible within the walls of his own log-hut.

It was some time ere Ben revived, and then his surprise was still greater than before. The old Pole and his lovely daughter, with two farm-labourers, stood around him.

'Well, my friend,' said the Pole, while concluding the dressing of his wounds, 'you are come sooner than we expected; but you are right welcome. How come you to be in this terrible state?'

Ben could not reply: his whole faculties were bent upon the lovely being who stood, pale and anxious, waiting his recovery.

'Nay, father,' said Emily Duraski, a faint blush illumining her features, 'he is not yet strong enough to speak.'

'The rifle!—the rifle!' cried Ben at the same moment; 'send your men in search of it;' and in a few rapid words he explained where it would be found.

Colonel Duraski took note of the directions, and, followed by his two men, leading a horse, hurried himself in search of the valuable instrument. Ben and Emily were left alone. The latter immediately attended to the sufferer's wants, gave him a strong and refreshing cup of tea, made him a meal so comfortable and tempting, and hurried about with a zeal so ready, that it went to the backwoodsman's heart. As he lay on his couch, and gazed upon her as she moved about, her very manner lending a charm to everything, Ben felt that he again saw her who alone could make life in the woods joyous and happy. At length she came and seated herself beside him, having ministered to all his wants.

'How shall I ever thank you,' said poor Ben, a deep shade of stern sorrow settling on his face, 'for all this gentle kindness—I that deserve nothing?'

'Say not so,' replied the girl warmly; 'you deserved all when you saved my father from contumely and insult. He was seeking such a farm as this when you met him. But, Mr Ben Smith, continued Emily in the most bewitching and fascinating manner, while a faint colour again flushed across her face, 'I assure

you, in the name of everything that makes me thank you, to be frank, and tell me why you look so miserable?'

'My wounds,' began Ben confusedly.

'No—you are too much of a man for that,' said the girl gaily. 'I insist upon your speaking the truth.'

'Lady,' replied Ben gravely, 'I will. I am well aware I shall merit your contempt and scorn. I have seen you but twice, Miss Duraski, and the poor backwoodsman has dared to love where love is hopeless.'

'And that is all?' began the lovely Polish with a smile; but, checking herself, she said gravely, 'I thank you for your frankness. I knew, however, before you spoke, that you did feel for me some such silly fancy; and had I not had some idea that my father entertained a wish—that is, had an idea—that that you might like me—I—' But she could go no farther, for Ben, giving her no time to conclude, seized her hand with a wild stare, so utterly madman-like, as to cause very great alarm for an instant to the young lady.

'Your father had some idea?—I am dreaming—but I am not able to bear this suspense. I cannot. Miss Duraski, if your father accepts me as a son-in-law, what will be your answer when I put the question to you?'

She made no reply: her head was bowed down; the rich crimson rushed in full tide to her cheeks; and then, mastering courage, she said, 'I believe I should prove an obedient daughter.'

Ben jumped up: his wounds were forgotten. It was too much for the huge Arkansaw, however. He attempted not to approach his half-betrothed bride; but after dancing round the room for a minute, burst into a loud and prolonged fit of laughter. A few seconds recalled him to reason; and then, taking the fair girl's hand, he poured forth, in his rough way, such a history of his feelings for the month previous, as made the Polish beauty alternately smile and weep. The borderer's frank and manly bearing made him rise rapidly in her estimation, and when the father returned, they were so deeply engaged in mutual professions of esteem, that they noticed not his entrance. Their proximity, and the girl's hand unresistingly held by the young man, spoke volumes. As they were both taken by surprise, they had presence of mind not to affect concealment. Neither moved.

'Hollo!' cried the colonel; 'you are a pretty sick man, to be sure—in half an hour to wheedle yourself into my child's good graces!'

'Not in half an hour, father,' said Emily, rising and advancing towards him. 'Recollect, for a month past, you have been showing me the great advantages that would accrue to me by becoming mistress of this homestead, and you see I have been mercenary enough to make sure of it at once.'

'So, then, all is arranged?' said the colonel with a laugh.

'Everything but the day,' exclaimed Ben boldly.

'I thank Heaven it is so,' said the Polish exile solemnly: 'I could wish for my child no better fate than to be your wife. I return you your house, and give you the rifle.'

'You will do neither, my dear sir. I have, I think, earned the hundred dollars; and as to the farm, I have a particular desire it should come to me as your daughter's portion.'

The young man was right. He had earned his rifle. A happy and glad some sight were the three that evening—the worthy father, the proud lover, and the girl, discovering each moment in her future husband some new trait that made him worthier in her eyes. They were married; and on the occasion of the wedding, everybody remarked with curiosity that the bride wore a short cloak, lined with a panther's tawny hide. Various were the surmises; but none knew that the original owner of the skin was perhaps owing the present happy union. It was happy.

In due time Ben was called 'Pa!' at which he laughed until Miss Emily Smith thought he would never stop.

'Well,' he said, 'my dear wife, I do realise it at last. I am a happy husband, a proud father; and all, my dear sir,' addressing the Pole, 'through our bargain about THE RIFLE.'

LANDING AT LISBON.

AFTER an average amount of tossing in 'the bay,' and of contrary winds, and consequent grumbling along the inhospitable coast of Spain, we found ourselves safe in the Tagus, soon after the fall of a February evening. The sweet soft air told us pleasantly of the many leagues we had come in the five days since we took our last look at England. The lights of Bulem, a village about two miles below Lisbon, lay in long bright reflections on the smooth river, and a rocket flew hissing up into the dark sky, to announce the arrival of the steamer. Immediately a boat went ashore with the mails, and her majesty's lieutenant in charge of them. A party of Portuguese custom-house officers came on board to watch us; and, despite our impatience, there was nothing to be done but await the morning as quietly as we might.

With daylight all quiet ceased. We proceeded up the river to opposite the custom-house; and from the moment we dropped anchor there, babel itself could hardly rival the din which pervaded our little vessel. A swarm of noisy Portuguese, from the health-office, custom-house, passport-office, and I cannot tell how many more offices besides, came bustling on board, talking, as is the custom here, at the very top of their voices, poking about in every corner, and putting everybody out of temper. Besides this, we were surrounded by a crowd of queer-looking boats, whose owners were clamouring for passengers; coal barges were alongside, for the steamer takes in coal here; the passengers' luggage was being hoisted on deck; and Spanish peonants, whom we had taken on board at Vigo, and who had lain ever since, huddled under capotes and blankets, in a sort of bivouac round the funnel, nestling together in families, now roused from their lairs, were adding (men, women, and children, all talking at once) no small quota to the general uproar. However, while our ears were tormented with this abominable discord, our eyes were charmed with a scene of uncommon beauty. Lisbon lay before us, shining in the morning light, throned on her seven hills,* surrounded by brilliant verdure, and reflected in a broad mirror of water. Immediately above the city, the Tagus spreads into a lake eight or nine miles in breadth; and across the smooth blue surface were gliding innumerable broad white sails of the country boats. A few merchant vessels of all nations lay immediately around us, and in front was the custom-house—a noble building; and, what is strange in Lisbon, finished. Looking at the white buildings, as they rose pile above pile from the water's edge till they were relieved against the blue sky, it was impossible to fancy that we were admiring the 'dirtiest capital' in Europe, but after-experience has taught us the melancholy truth of the nickname.

At length we were informed that we might go ashore; and without more ado, we were huddled into a large boat. Our luggage went in another; and as we watched its transference to a tribe of half-clothed, savage-looking porters, many were the despairing glances we cast towards it, half doubting the possibility of its coming back in safety to its rightful owners. A few minutes brought us to the quay. Landing would have been pleasant *anywhere*, but here it was actual enchantment. In front of the custom-house is a broad terrace, laid out as a public garden, and full of the most beautiful flowers, then (February 21) in full blossom. Heliotropes, twelve feet high, covering wide spaces of wall, and literally one mass of purple blossoms; great bunches of calla, with

* Lisbon is said to stand, like Rome, on seven hills. A stranger is apt to fancy them seven hundred, so continual are the ascents and descents in her steep fatiguing streets.

half-a-dozen large white flowers in a group; scarlet geraniums in luxuriant bushes; and many more showy plants, with the bright young leaves of the banana, and the little yellow balls of the mimosa. The delicious fragrance, as well as the beauty of this garden, was delightful. At Lisbon, nobody hurries himself, so we had a good while to wait at the custom-house; but no trouble was given us, and we were allowed to go away after a very slight examination of our luggage. Passing through the building, we found ourselves in a very large and handsome square, with public buildings and colonnades on three sides of it, and a fine quay on the fourth. In the centre is a large bronze equestrian statue, in the style of the last century. Short time, however, had we to admire it; for, with a shout and a rush, down came about a score of ragged, bare-legged porters, each seizing on some article of our baggage, over which they fought and scrambled like dogs over a bone; and for some minutes there was such a ridiculous scene, that we could only stand by, and let them fight it out among themselves. Order was restored at last, and four stout men carried off the prey from the rest of the horde. Taking a carriage from a stand in the square, we set off towards the summit of the city, to a quarter called Buenos Ayres, where we intended to take up our abode. The carriages here are very odd things: a little body, like a cabriolet, perched on excessively high wheels; some with springs, some without, drawn by two strong little horses, or more commonly mules, on one of which rides a tall driver, generally wrapped in a great cloak, and wearing a broad hat, with tufts and tassels flying about it; his legs encased in great boots, with formidable spurs, and his feet appearing as if they must touch the ground. A way we went at a quick pace, up hill and down hill, no matter how steep; the horses half running, half shaming, but by some miraculous dexterity never coming down.

The streets are not generally narrow. The houses are high, commonly painted yellow or red, or faced with blue and white tiles (such as are called Dutch tiles), which produces a pretty effect; cool, and clean, and well suited to the climate. They have all balconies on which are generally a set of flower-pots, and very often a screaming parrot. The shops have their fronts painted all over with representations of the articles for sale within, sometimes as high as the second floor. Very little is to be seen at their windows, and they are all shabby-looking. The principal trades have each a street to themselves—the goldsmiths, silversmiths, workers in ivory, shoemakers, &c.—which is a convenience to purchasers. There is very little appearance of bustle, and nothing approaching to a crowd in the streets; neither are there the bright colours and gay costumes of a French or Italian town. The universal dress of the women is a dark cloth cloak, and a white handkerchief on the head. The cloak they wear even in summer, averring that it keeps out the heat. The only gaily-dressed person is now and then some dandy muleteer, with bright waistcoat, braided jacket, and scarlet sash, with gay housings on his mule. The great number of negroes is a peculiar feature in the street population; they are from Brazil, and, particularly the women, are often very picturesque figures. There is a great deal of beauty, of a peculiar style, among the lower orders of women here, which one comes gradually to admire more and more. The men cannot be called a handsome race.

In the streets of Lisbon there is great diversity. That part of the town which was destroyed by the great earthquake was rebuilt on a regular plan; and there the streets are broad and straight. The older ones are much more picturesque, and very ill-built. In the principal thoroughfares there is considerable neatness. The roads are swept, and even now and then watered, and some sort of drainage is effected; but in the older ones prevails the primitive usage of emptying everything out of the windows, so that before every house is a mass of the most disgusting dirt, and a smell which defies description. Day after day the abominations accumulate,

till some heavy rain comes to wash it down the hill-sides. The nuisance is also, in some degree, kept under by a pack of ugly mongrel dogs, which—careless, tailless, and masterless—roam day and night about the streets, feeding on the relics of bones and fish which lie about—disputing the sovereignty of the place with swarms of cats equally independent, and equally deprived of ears and tails. In some streets at night the dogs are said to be a great annoyance to a solitary passenger, whom they will follow in a pack, like wolves. Now and then in summer, the nuisance becomes unbearable, even to the police: then ensues a massacre, and every dog which cannot give a satisfactory account of himself is put to death without mercy. The dirt of Lisbon, however, is yielding to the march of improvement. No house is now allowed to be built without drains; and old residents declare that the city is purer itself compared with its state twenty years ago. Indeed, judging from the descriptions of it published at that period, the improvement is very striking. There are some streets very well macadamised, in place of the old pavement of sharp stones, and the town is very respectably lighted at night.

The supply of water is abundant enough at this season of the year. The principal stock is brought from about ten miles off, by means of a noble aqueduct, built about a hundred years ago. It is distributed in numerous fountains, round which gather the water-carriers with their barrels. These are a very numerous class, amounting to between three and four thousand men, divided into companies of twenty-five, over each of which is placed a captain. Each man is numbered, and is obliged to wait his turn at the fountains to fill his barrel. The captains have the privilege of taking water whenever they please, without regard to rotation: domestic servants are also allowed to do the same. The water is carried about in small barrels, containing five or six gallons or more, the price of which, when there is no scarcity, is about a halfpenny, as they are cried along the street; but if ordered from the fountain, the cost is double. In summer, occasionally as much as sixpence or eightpence is paid for the same quantity. The supply in the great aqueduct is never completely exhausted; but it sometimes becomes quite inadequate to the wants of the city; and water has to be brought in boats, at great expense and labour, from the other side of the Tagus. The water-carriers are bound to attend at all fires, and render assistance, under the orders of their captains. The moment an alarm of fire is given, notice must be communicated to the nearest church, when the bell is rung a certain number of strokes; the number indicating the parish or quarter where the fire is. The signal is instantly repeated by all the other churches throughout the city; and in a very short time the watermen are on the spot, with the greatest regularity and order. The number of water-carriers, with their long plaintive cry in the streets, is one of the novelties which strikes a stranger on his first arrival in Lisbon.

The vehicles in the streets are of the most original description. Besides the odd cabriolets already described, there are quaint-looking family coaches, such as one sees in pictures of the last century, drawn by four mules, and curiously painted with gay designs; and others, like old English postchaises, perched on high wheels. The only carts are of the very rudest description—rough planks, knocked together like a packing-box, and resting on a broad beam of wood as an axle; the wheels as nearly solid blocks as possible. They are always drawn by oxen; and as the country roads, or rather tracks, are very narrow, the drivers of ox-carts allow the wheels to remain always ungreased, that the creaking noise may give notice of their approach, and consequently the noise is dreadful. The oxen are large, handsome beasts, not very humanely treated by their drivers.

Buenos Ayres is a pleasant sort of suburb, though there is no interval between it and Lisbon. It is built

on the very top of the hills, overlooking a most beautiful view by land, and also down the Tago, to the bay and the sea. There are a great many pretty gardens in this quarter, and it was very pleasant to see the golden oranges shining over the walls, and the long hedges of geraniums. In this part live most of the English residents; and there are omnibuses all day long to and from various parts of the city. A most respectable Englishwoman keeps a hotel at Buenos Ayres, where strangers may find perfect cleanliness and comfort.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

STATE OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A NEWSPAPER remarks, that the late Indian war shows the English army to be untrusted by peace, and in an unprecedented state of efficiency. We agree in the fact; but there occurs to us a remark upon it which no one seems to have thought of making. The superior efficiency of the army is, we think, to be attributed in great measure to the improvements which have been effected of late years in the moral state of the classes from whom the army is derived, and to the more humane and just administration of the army itself. We have here a proof that soldiers may be educated, that libraries may be introduced among them, and that the degrading class of their punishments may be nearly done away with, without their being in any degree deteriorated. On the contrary, an improvement appears in that steadiness and fortitude which constitutes their value as soldiers. It is hardly necessary to remark that, if we are right in connecting these circumstances as cause and effect, they possess a deep interest, and ought to weigh much with the public.

THE STRIKES.

The building trades in the heart of western England have lately been holding out for an advance of wages—in one instance, we observe, the object was to rise from 25s. to 27s. a-week; and 26s. was in vain offered by the masters. A strike is nothing, unless there be a force of public opinion on the part of the operatives of the trade generally, to prevent strangers coming in and doing the work. This requires an engineery to rouse it and keep it up. Sometimes the force employed is a little more than moral. One way and another, a strike becomes a deplorable scene—men going idle for weeks or months, supported by subsidies from their own hard-tasked class—masters writhing in anger at the derangement of their engagements, and what they call the dictatorial spirit of those usually their servants. On this occasion, the masters have deemed it necessary to form combinations too, with a view to protecting their interests for the future, against such inconveniences. In short, a strike such as this of the building trades is a war without actual weapons—we can barely say without its killed and wounded, for many must suffer what perils health and life in the course of these struggles. Some by-considerations make the trade-conflict the more distressing; the wages refused in this instance were comparatively not bad (alas! from three to four times those of a Dorset labourer). What causes more to be asked at all, is not an increase of business in the fair course of things, but a mania of speculation, in which we see multitudes of the middle classes seeking to enrich themselves otherwise than by the usual legitimate mode of honest, downright work. A madness of the capitalised in the first place—then the labourer attacking them with a claim upon their fallacious hopes, the blight of which may come to-morrow, throwing wages thirty per cent. down at one blow. What a vexation to think that our civilisation has only as yet brought us to such a point as this!

We cannot help thinking that these and other late circumstances tell that the present arrangements be-

tween employers and employed are assuming an impracticable character. They begin to appear like something which has had its day, and calls for being superseded. We do not at least see how capital is long to endure being exposed to the insecurity in which it now stands, wherever its profitable working requires a multitude of hands. A far-looking philosopher might also express his doubt whether the tendency of capital and labour, when in different hands, to separate the persons, can much longer subsist in an age when so many influences are at work to bring men to an equality, and when, indeed, artificial distinctions may be said to be crumbling to pieces. For such reasons, we indulge no empty bewailings on this subject; we think not of presenting to men in hot blood the barren maxim, that they have a common interest, and ought to agree. We deem it better to acknowledge that, for evils so profound, no superficial remedy will more than temporarily suffice. We would have masters to begin to turn their thoughts to arrangements of a different kind with their men—arrangements such as those of M. Leclaire of Paris*—in which the workers have a certain modified community of interest with the directors of their industry. It will be a startling and perhaps unpleasant idea at first; but is the present arrangement quite an agreeable one? What is now to be done is to obtain an escape from existing evils—to face one of the inevitable revolutions of society. It must not therefore be expected that all can be smooth and inviting in the new plans. This, however, we thoroughly believe, that were these looked at steadily, and experimented upon with due caution, in the departments of work where they are most pressingly called for, the objections would diminish at every step.

THE ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

A parcel of printed reports which has just reached us from Aberdeen, conveys the pleasing intelligence that the Schools of Industry established in that town for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy and crime continue to be in a flourishing state. Of these schools we gave a detailed account, from personal observation, in No. 98 of the Journal, New Series, published in the course of November last. It is very gratifying to know that the notice we speak of has had the effect of attracting a greater degree of local attention to these useful institutions, and of inspiring a desire elsewhere to establish schools on a similar plan, and for a similar purpose.† In the whole course of our labours, we have experienced no higher satisfaction than that which has been derived from repeated announcements of the practical value of that little article. A new satisfaction arises from a perusal of the reports before us. The system, we are told, is working well, and beginning to exercise a marked influence over the statistics of vagrancy, crime, and penal infliction.

The object of these schools, as may be remembered, is to prevent begging and crime by children—vagrancy or begging being observedly a mere preliminary to theft, theft leading to burglary or higher offences, and all these crimes sooner or later terminating in imprisonment, transportation, or penal inflictions still more severe. The aim, then, of these institutions is to prevent crime, instead of waiting till it needs to be

* Described with great care, from M. Leclaire's pamphlet, in No. 91 of present series of the Journal.

† In October last, Mr William Chambers came to Aberdeen to inspect the Schools of Industry; and in the number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for November following there appeared an account of his visit. Till that time, the Aberdeen Schools of Industry were scarcely known beyond the localities of Guestrow and Loch Street, where they are situated. Now, since the publication of that number, a knowledge of them is extended to every place where the English language is read; and one consequence of this publicity was the adoption of measures, now about to be carried out, by the citizens of Edinburgh and Glasgow for establishing schools there on a similar principle. *Fifth Report by the Committee of Management of the Aberdeen School of Industry for Boys, for 1845-6.*

punished. The way they go to work, consists in the seizure of every boy or girl found begging or vagrandering within the limits of the police, and conducting them, not to jail, but to a School of Industry, where they are fed, instructed, and caused to work at an easy kind of productive employment. All are sent home at night; but after a little time, the whole attend daily without any compulsion. By this means the streets are effectually cleared of all juvenile beggars and petty offenders. The crop of thieves is cut off ere it attains maturity. Crime is effectually nipped in the bud. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, laid before the commissioners of supply, April 30, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeen was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the year, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is, doubtless, owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to 'the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county also is sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions.'

Whatever be the merits of the various plans now before the public in respect to the punishment and treatment of criminals, it can admit of no question that institutions such as those we allude to may be rendered important national engines for the general prevention of crime. What can be more sorrowful than the sight of a prison half filled with children, who, having once got into a course of vice, are almost certain not to stop till they endure the higher penalties of the law. That properly-organised Schools of Industry will tend to assuage, if not nearly extirpate, this crying evil, the best evidence is obtained from the reports before us. Let every large town, then, follow the example which has been so admirably set. Let the metropolis, always behind in movements for social advancement, be up and doing in this good work. Already the subject has been sufficiently talked about; the time has come for action. To set about anything of the sort, a little energy on the part of a single influential individual is alone required. In each locality, such an individual will know where to look for funds. He will not wait, and wait, and wait to see if government will lend its helping hand. Government seems to know or care little for first principles, and, besides, has neither power nor inclination to assist in any scheme of this broad and humanising nature. In establishing Industrial Schools, however, for pauper children, the co-operation of the local magistracy and police is extremely desirable: compulsion being a primary means of filling the benches with pupils. It would further be desirable to have a piece of ground in connection with each school, which could be cultivated by the boys able for garden or field labour. Valuable as employment within doors may be, it is much less exhilarating than that in the open air, where the whole influences of nature contribute not only to physical, but also moral improvement. The returns from any species of field labour, we apprehend, would also aid materially in supporting the establishment, and render it less burdensome to the friends by whom it would, in the first place, be maintained.

MERIT AND ITS REWARDS.

The newspapers announce that Jenny Lind, a singer, is going to St Petersburg, on promise of a salary of fifty thousand francs (£2000) per month. Thomas Carlyle, who writes books that set mankind a-thinking, lives in an obscure house at Chelsea, not realising perhaps £500 a-year by his writings. Fanny Ellsler, a dancer, a few weeks ago concluded an engagement at Venice amidst a shower of *flowers and jewels*, and then had a Cleopatra-like sail on the Grand Canal, with twenty bargefuls of nobility after her, while 'Long live Fanny, the divine artist!' was shouted from the multitude. At the very same time Mr Wilderspin, who has conferred inestimable benefits on mankind by the establishment of infant schools, is announced as sinking into poverty, and in need of a subscription for his relief. A child, called General Tom Thumb, passed through England and other countries of western Europe in 1844-5, realising large sums for his exhibition as a dwarf; the receipts in Edinburgh were, if we recollect rightly, four hundred pounds in one day. At the same time Father Mathew, who has produced, by the labour of a great and good mind, a moral reform unexampled in our age, languished in debt incurred through these exertions, and was only saved from immediate difficulty (not, as we understand, placed in permanent safety) by a collection, hard-wrung, as such collections usually are, from a limited number of persons endowed with an extra share of benevolence, the mass of the public as usual looking calmly on, with their hands in their breeches-pockets. During the same period many men of no particular talent or merit realised fortunes by speculating in the over-sanguine hopes of their fellow-creatures—that is to say, in railway schemes. One man was talked of as having made his twenty thousand pounds—another, fifty—a third a hundred; and there were one or two peculiarly lucky, who bought legal estates with their gains. While this was going on, the public of England were quite content to see the man who, by bold and ingenious calculations and extraordinary energy and perseverance, had given them the unspcakable convenience of penny postage, sit quietly down with a few thousands by way of reward, squeezed as usual out of the over-taxed pockets of the liberal. Everywhere the same inequality is seen. Who are the best-paid authors? Not the demonstrators of important truths, the investigators of profound critical and archaeological questions, the compilers of huge books, that require a lifetime to complete, and on whose usefulness mankind batten ever after; not any of these, but the clever droll fellows who can set forth something to amuse their fellow-citizens—the Linds and Ellslers of the *poes*. What are the money-makers generally, in comparison with those who make no money? Not the shadow of an attempt would now be made to show that, in our economy, there is the slightest relation of proportion between large receipts and merits. It were a mockery of the stand-still principle to ask if such things are to mark our social state for many more ages. It is, however, some consolation in the meantime, that 'Man does not live by bread alone.'

CONTRASTS TO CIVILISATION.

The enormities that may co-exist with a high civilisation, sometimes come upon us with an astounding effect. In March of this year, a witness at an Irish assizes—who admitted having been concerned in five murders and many robberies—being asked if he would have murdered another man if he had got into his *own*, turned a ferocious look upon the interrogating counsel, and answered in a loud and resolute voice, 'I would!' More recently, it was found, at Ballichoyle petty sessions, that a man had been employed to commit a murder for six pounds!

This is our contrast to the British civilisation.

As to the American—which, with all drawbacks, is a great civilisation too—see such incidents as the following.

A respectable black man, who had once been a slave in Kentucky, but was allowed by his mistress, who had no use for him, to go to work for his own subsistence in Ohio (a free state), where he had been for about eighteen years, and seems to have regarded himself as a freeman, was, on the 27th of March last, inveigled across a bridge into the slave-holding state, and there manacled and carried off by force. This outrage was committed, at the instance of the old lady's heirs, who wished to realise everything in the shape of property to which, through her, they could consider themselves as having any claim. Some weeks after this, a female slave was hanged at New Orleans for having struck her mistress!

LIVONIAN TALES.

THE last part of Mr Murray's Home and Colonial Library was a group of *Livonian Tales*, by the author of 'Letters from the Baltic.' Before speaking of this particular book, we would record our satisfaction with the general character of the series to which it belongs. Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist—Lord Mahon's Life of Gondé—Borrow's Gipsies in Spain—are the stars of the more recent portion of the series; but all are good. When we regard this 'Library'—first-rate books, all of them copyright, many of them quite new, at half-a-crown each; and further look to Messrs Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series, Mr Bonn's Standard Library, and Messrs Tilt and Bogue's European Library, all of which are composed of excellent books at similar prices, we cannot but congratulate the public on the revolution of which these are the symptoms. Publishers are now looking to the many, and not to the few, as was the case twenty years ago. There must consequently be a many to look to. Verily, rational readers must now be as ten to one of what they were.

The 'Letters from the Baltic'—so full of fresh, animated description, so thoughtful, yet so feminine—together with the consideration that the Baltic provinces of Russia are totally new ground to the English fiction-monger—gave us good expectations of the *Livonian Tales*. We expected to find them interesting from various causes, independent of skill in tale-telling; and they really are so, although in a great measure it is a painful interest which invests them. The fact is, that the author has to deal with the subjects of a heavily oppressive government, and a people whose social state is consequently wretched. Her hero and heroines—barely conceivable beings—move amongst the brutal instruments of a central tyranny and a popular mass whose only refuge from misery seems to be that hardened insensibility which makes man a beast. *The Jewess*, the tale second in point of length, illustrates the vexations arising from the severe taxing system of Russia, and the contraband trade to which it gives rise. *The Disponent*, which is the longest story, exhibits the local oppressions exercised by what we would call the factor of land-steward upon an estate. Both pictures are enough to make the blood boil. We lately heard of the peasantry of Galicia rising upon the gentry, and massacring them. It seemed a wild, unaccountable affair; but let the reader look over 'The Disponent,' and he will understand the whole matter at once. The fact is, that the selfishness of the superior class tramples on every good feeling in the lower, until the patience of even a bruted human nature is exhausted. Vengeance is then stired up, and it depends only on opportunity at what time it is to break forth. But how should it be otherwise? No humble class ever yet was unruly or ungainly in fair circumstances. The fact of a gentry destroyed *en masse*, as was that of Galicia lately, demonstrates that due provocation had been given. Our difficulties with such subjects arise from our attention being suddenly drawn to the vengeful outbreak, while ignorant or inconsiderate of the ages of heartless insolence, extortion, and contumely which preceded it. The class truly entitled to think shame of all such affairs as the same massacre—or, to take a stronger

instance, the violence of the French revolution—is the class which suffers by them.

We must not, however, distress our readers on this occasion by any sample of the miseries to which the Lettish peasantry are subject. Rather let us look to some of the brighter passages of the volume. The hero of 'The Disponent' is a noble young peasant called Mart, who has obtained the affections of a pretty young creature, Anno, previously sought by the *Disponent* himself, the steward on the estate, and a concentration of all possible bad qualities. The wedding has taken place, and they are driving home in the bridegroom's cart, amidst a procession of other carts, filled by the Brautwerber or best man, the Marshals, who are assistants to the best man, and other friends. There is a fine joyful, youthful feeling in the subsequent transactions. The Marshals were anxious to exercise their privileges—namely, that of making every other vehicle on the road turn off for them! The first they met were humble peasants like themselves, who were as willing to observe the custom as they were to exact it, and who drew off immediately to the side, and waved their caps as the party passed. A wret or two farther on, however, a private barouche was seen approaching—four spirited horses full in the middle of the road, as if they would run down all that opposed them—a long-bearded coachman on the box, as firm and immovable as the engine on a steam-carriage. Now was the time for asserting their rights! The Brautwerber—timid man!—was all for relinquishing them; but the Marshals had warmer blood in their veins. They knew well enough what it was to turn off for their haughty masters—to stick in the road-side mud, or struggle in the road-side drat, while the baron's carriage rolled by without yielding an inch—not to make the most of such a rare opportunity for retaliation. Pulling and chucking, therefore, at their little horses, which, from the force of habit, had already begun to turn their heads patiently aside, they drew them close together; and, supported immediately behind by Mart himself, who, in his turn, encouraged the procession to keep their places, they presented a firm phalanx. On came the four horses, sweeping along; the coachman started into life, shook the whip which hung upon his wrist, and discharged a mouthful of Russian oaths at the body. A concussion now seemed inevitable, when a broad good-humoured face leant forward from the barouche, saw the state of the case in a moment, and discharged a very similar volley at the coachman in return. The carriage instantly swerved to one side. This was quite enough. Every cap flew off, every face expanded, and there was not one of the party who would not have been willing to drive their carts into a ditch for that same good-humoured face another time.

After a similar rencontre with the droshky of the Disponent, the party arrived in high spirits at Mart's little farm. The cart stopped at the low wide door, which was crowded with guests awaiting their arrival. The Marshals, elated with their late successes, were all on the alert to fulfil their parts. The gloves, suspended to the shafts, which are supposed to bring good-luck to whoever reaches them first, were eagerly snatched; the bride was lifted from the cart at one bound on to a sheepskin extended before the door, to signify that the way through life was henceforth to be soft to her feet—a type, alas! to which there is no reality, at least not under a Russian government; the Brautwerber strewed corn before her, in emblem that abundance was to follow her to her new home; and thus she was carried, in noisy triumph, over her husband's threshold. There, surrounded by the women who had remained behind, and propped in a rude high-backed chair, sat Liso, Mart's grandmother, ready to receive the new-comer.

This was their first meeting, and the old dame threw a searching and a solemn glance on the slight girl, in whom she saw at once the maiden her grandson had wooed, the bride he had betrothed, and the wife he had married. Anno bent involuntarily before her; and no

a word was exchanged, as, slowly rising and coming forward, the old woman took a high stiff cap, made of white silk, and placed it on Anno's pretty head. Voices had been loud, and faces merry, but all were now hushed and serious; for this simple ceremony went to everybody's heart.

'The meeting between youth and age is at all times a touching sight and an impressive lesson, telling us what the one has been and the other must become. The very difference between them disposes the mind to reverse more than to compare—to put the aged back and the youthful forward. Anno's head trembled with girlish timidity, old Liso's shook with infirm age; yet both were only separated by that time which time itself would unite.

'When the cap had been slowly adjusted, the grandmother again gave a glance at Anno, and in a shrill distinct voice repeated this ancient form of words which belongs to the ceremony:—"Forget thy sleep—remember thy youth—love thy husband;" accompanying each sentence with a slight stroke of Anno's cheek. Then turning to Mart, "Ah, my son—my son! you are a good man. You have chosen a beautiful wife; I know she will be a happy one." Then addressing Anno, "He has been always good to an old grandmother; will he not be good to a young wife? I hope you are worthy of him!"

"Grandmother—*pai* (good) grandmother!" said Mart in a tone of expostulation; but Anno stood upright with modest self-possession, and taking Mart's great brown hand in hers, she kissed it with wifely reverence. Then going round to all her new relations and guests, she begged their affection, as is the custom, and kissed their hands—not even the Brautwerber's little puny boy of three years old was omitted. And Mart's eyes followed the movements of that new white cap with exultation, for he felt that the face beneath it must win all hearts. Finally, she patted old Karria Pois [Mart's dog], which sat gravely by the grandmother's side, looking on, and which lifted his broad forehead under the pressure of her hand, and raised his large gentle eyes to her with an affectionate look of welcome as any she had received. Then, placing herself next Liso's chair, she quietly stooped for a little wooden footstool which had been pushed away, and placed it beneath the old woman's feet, as if, by this simple action, to show that her course of filial service was begun.

'In the estimation of most present, especially of the women, the placing of the cap was by far the most important ceremony that had occurred; and certainly Anno's own feelings inclined that way. She had listened to the exhortation at her betrothal with awe, and received the marriage benediction with wonder; but there was something more than both in the touch of that aged hand on her cheek, and in the pressure of the cap on her brow, which made her feel that now indeed she was a wife.

A substantial meal was then served, and the guests dispersed for a while, only to assemble again at a later hour to renew the festivities. 'It was altogether a pretty scene. The sun had begun to decline from its long-held height in the heavens, and the sloping shadows of the trees fell over the long straight roof and low walls, and played and quivered among the crowd assembled at the door; which, with the bright costumes of the women, the dull coarse garments of the men, and the uncouth figures and faces of too many of them, together with the rough benches and tables, and picturesque wooden vessels scattered around, looked like some northern Ostade's village-feast.

'The Brautwerber now came forward, and taking a small parcel from his pocket, shook out what might at first sight have been safely taken for some variety of national flag, but which the ladies present instantly recognised to be the newest and most fashionable description of apron. Then diving for Anno, who was ensconced behind everybody else, he brought her forward, and with some pretended, and quite sufficient, real awkwardness, succeeded in tying it up round her

short but slender waist. • Then the Marshals came up; each took a corner of the apron, and, examining it attentively, shook his head, and said, "This is not a good apron."

• "What ails it?" inquired the Brautwerber.

• "It's an old rag," they answered. "There's a hole in it."

• "Perhaps this will mend it?" rejoined the Brautwerber, and threw in a silver half-rouble.

• "That's a good beginning, but it will want more yet. Hold tight, Anno;" and they each threw in a silver coin, declaring that the hole was bigger than they had thought, and that it would take a good deal to stop it. Then the guests in turn drew near, and flung in their offerings, which fell heavy or light, according to the means of the giver. Long the little silver shower continued, while Anno stood and bent her head gracefully, and whispered, "*Olge tervis!*"—"Thank you!"—as each coin fell.

'The Marshals now again approached, and declared there were several more holes they had not observed at first—great ones—and again each cast a mite into the growing treasury. Their example was followed with increased alacrity. In vain Anno repeated, "*Olge tervis!*" and Mart interposed with "*Küll, küll, en küll!*"—"Enough, enough; quite enough!"—the gifts continued. The fulness of the bride's apron is as much the test of the popularity of the bridegroom as of her own; and Mart's warm heart and strong arm had rendered too many services to his neighbours not to be required on such an occasion as this, when all purse-strings are supposed to hang very loose.

• Nor were their donations confined to the coin of the realm. A hank of fine white wool was thrown in by one hand, and a bunch of shining flax by another; then a roll of stout homespun linen, and a piece of coarse woollen cloth, and ribbons, and woollen gloves, and a little bit of coarse lace, and various other articles of female use or luxury. Then a measure of fresh egg was placed down on one side of her, and a small tub of salt butter, for winter luxury, at the other; and suddenly a new spinning-wheel appeared in front; and a crazy old basket, out of which peeped several chickens' heads; and lastly, a tottering calf was driven up, till Anno was fairly surrounded with objects of household wealth, and stood in the midst like the goddess of abundance. Then more and more was heaped upon the apron, till either the bride's arms or the apron-strings seemed in danger of giving way; and at last the Marshals pronounced it to be fairly mended, and not a hole more discernible.

'But now old Liso hobbled forward, and, with her wrinkled face lighted up with a cheerful pleasant expression, turned to the Marshals, and told them they were young men, but still they were very blind; that even her old eyes could see another great hole, and one which only her offering could repair.

"Daughter," she said to Anno, "all your presents are very beautiful, and your neighbours have made you very rich; but there is nothing in all they have given you which can mend the holes of human life like this. The time may come when you have nothing left to you of all your worldly goods, but even then, with the blessing of the Lord, you shall find this enough." So saying, she drew forth a Latin Testament, which looked as if it had had the care and wear of many a year, and laid it topmost on the heap.

'Now the apron was actually in danger, and, how its contents were not all spilled, was really a wonder; for Anno's arms were in a moment round the old woman's neck; but Mart's ready hand had seized the load, and, untying it from Anno's waist, he stood holding it in her stead, and looked on with glistening eyes.

All this appears to us eminently beautiful. We have room for only another characteristic scene, but it is of a very different complexion. In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing variations from the oppressor, Mart was one evening coming

home through the wood in his sledge, when he was beset by wolves. The track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness; nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front: all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object—but the horse before him. He looked behind: the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in its favour; for the moment the wolves turned off, in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed: but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was often wont to do in times of fatigue or difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

Mart shouted violently; but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it; for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinking eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow lay faster for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set, determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as usually the case, and there was an ugly verger of an open space between the outskirts of

the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became opener—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward; caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin: it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute, and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall: he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost; he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded.

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno flew wildly after him. To resume the narrative: Mart knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling-matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers: they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when, on a sudden, dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye: it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"
"Anno!"

'Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger; for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.'

We challenge but one point in the taste and feeling of this book—the frequent intrusion of the author's religious views. The appearance, in a fiction, of any strong bent of mind on the part of the author, always has a pedantic and unpleasant effect; but it is peculiarly disagreeable in this instance, as our author's religious feelings happen to be of a somewhat intolerant kind, and her notions of the Divine government of the world far below the standard of what constitutes now-a-days a very respectable degree of orthodoxy. We might pass so doubtful an opinion, as that the peasant's superstition forbidding him to kill a wolf is a better feeling than the love of gain, which is tempted to do so by a reward from the government. But when we find almost every minute circumstance of an alleviatory kind in the lives of this poor peasantry represented as an immediate result of prayer; when we find the accidental death of the disponent, after a winter of horrors, and the suicide of one of the sufferers, attributed to an interference of God; when we find the existence of carnivorous animals ascribed to the existence of sin, all rationality is outraged, and we only can wonder that a really clever and highly-educated person can, in this country, contrive to be in a state of ignorance so profound.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT DULWICH.

Your business, reader (and we speak to those who make pleasure their business, as well as to those whose time is occupied with graver matter), will not take it amiss if you leave that smoky bustling city of London for one afternoon this summer, and betake yourself to the little village of Dulwich, some four or five miles south of the centre of civilisation—St Paul's. There you may solace yourself with one of those collections of canvas upon which the painters have spread their magic colours for the admiration and delight of all countries and all times. You will find about 360 pictures well-housed and well-hung, of which some are worthless in every point of view, and some are for the study of the artist merely, while others are exquisite gems of art. The collection is freely open to the public every day during the week except Friday, but the visitor must take care to procure tickets in London. Most of the respectable printers have them to distribute, and they are to be had for the asking.

The history of the collection is somewhat curious. The following account we abridge from Mrs Jameson's 'Handbook to the Public Galleries in and near London'; a work which we cordially recommend to all who would improve their acquaintance with art. Towards the end of the last century, a Mr Noel Desenfans resided in England as consul to the last king of Poland, Stanislaus II. When the French Revolution threw a large number of estimable pictures into the market, he was employed by the king to purchase such of a superior class as could be obtained without paying extravagantly for them. The dethronement of the king took place after a considerable number of paintings had been got together for him; nevertheless Mr Desenfans went on collecting until Stanislaus died, when there was an end to all hope of remuneration from that quarter, and he found himself burdened with a gallery of pictures, in the purchase of which a large sum of money had been expended. The Emperor Paul of Russia, who obtained the greatest part of the Polish dominions, was then applied to; but before any answer was received, war broke out, and Desenfans determined to offer them for sale in England. A few of the best were sold, but the others remained in the collector's possession until his death, when he bequeathed them to Sir Francis Bourgeois, an artist of Swiss extraction, with whom he had early formed an intimate

friendship. Sir Francis died in 1811, leaving the whole of his collection numbering 354 pictures, to Dulwich college, for the use of the public, together with L.10,000 to erect and keep in repair a building for their reception, and L.2000 to provide for the care of the paintings. Sir John Soane designed a gallery of five rooms, lighted from above, and in 1812 the public were admitted for the first time. This is the gallery into which we usher our readers.

We are told of a dejected prince in one of Ford's plays, that what he took most delight in were 'handsome pictures.' Hazlitt, another sombre mind, has said, 'Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world, and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed out, dishonoured, and defaced.' If, then, paintings are capable of yielding pleasure to melancholy temperaments, much more are they calculated to impart enjoyment to those of cheerful constitution; that is, assuming that these latter have a relish for pictorial representations. If our readers have not yet been to the Dulwich Gallery, we intreat them to pay it an early visit, and we can promise them a rich treat. We will now precede them, and take the liberty of pointing out some of the works of art that seem to us most deserving attention. The paintings are placed on the walls without reference to school or subject. Only the size of the canvas has been attended to; and in a small gallery there is no objection to such an arrangement. In making the following remarks, however, we have thought it best to divide the paintings into four classes; namely, portraits, scriptural, landscapes, and miscellaneous.

• Next to seeing a person with our own eyes as he lived and moved in flesh and blood, is the viewing his 'counterfeit presentment' by some cunning painter. Kings that laid down their sceptres before we were born, generals who are now as senseless as any of the corpses that strewed their battle-fields, beauties who bloomed long enough since to be the great-great-grand-mamas of those that stood in that relation to ourselves, and the poets that celebrated, or might have celebrated, in flattering verse these ancient beauties, are still visible to us by the aid of 'this so potent art;' and we seem to know them all as well, nay better, than if they had lived in our time or we in theirs. It will help us to animate these mimic figures, if we consider that when this mixture of oil and pigment was distributed over the canvas, the living personages were actually present. They were then and there represented on the retina of the painter's eye whilst he transferred the image to the cloth; and now standing before his production, we may almost cheat ourselves into the notion that the man is yet alive, and we at liberty to read his features without reproof. Look at this portrait of a Spaniard, by a countryman (No. 309). How life-like, how nobly does Philip IV. stand before us in 'his slashed and embroidered dress of scarlet, plumed hat, and truncheon! Could anything be more vivid to our senses, or more royal to our imagination, than this work of Velasquez's pencil? Here, again, is another king (No. 2); he whom the French call their Great Monarch, and who is said to have been the handsomest man in his kingdom, as certainly he was one of the most profligate. This was that Louis XIV. who slaughtered thousands of men, merely to gratify his passion for what history has falsely called glory—who savagely sacked foreign cities, and then celebrated *Te Deums* in his own churches. Turn next to (No. 187) Marie de Medicis, the wife of another French king, Henry IV., who fell beneath a fanatic's knife just when he was about setting off on a great war. This lady was of the famous Florentine family, by whose name she is generally known. Her son, Louis XIII. treated her cruelly, and she died in great poverty at Cologne in 1642. She was a patroness of Rubens, upon whom she called to feed her vanity, by procuring him to paint a series of pictures representing the principal events in her life. We must not forget that she was the mother of an English queen, Henry's Maria, wife

of Charles I. No. 214 is an English nobleman, Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, whom Wotton calls 'that memorable simpson'—usually styled, says Richard, 'the mad earl.' It is not one of Vandyke's finest paintings. There is a letter, one of the same person at Wilton, in which he is clad in armour. In this his plebeian hair is in disorder, and he is wrapped in a tuminous brown mantle. You would not gather his disgraceful history from his face, nor yet perhaps his noble lineage. He was the nephew of Sir Phillip Sidney, and the son of a lady whose lot it was to have more honour showered upon her by the poets than probably ever fell on any damozell of ancient or modern times. Sir Phillip dedicated his *Arcadia* to her; Spenser inscribed one of the sonnets which stand in the vestibule of the Faery Queen to her ladyship; and Ben Jonson wrote her epitaph. It was his brother William to whom Shakespeare is supposed to have addressed many of his mysterious sonnets. His second wife was that high-souled lady of the north, Anne Clifford, who has confessed, in her autobiography, that the marble pillars of Wilton were to her oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish. A portrait of his first wife, a Vere of the Oxford family, hangs here (No. 134). She is habited in a rich attire, but perhaps it covered an aching heart. In looking over the portraits in a picture gallery, we often arrive at an interesting one which exhibits a person as to whose name the catalogue is silent. How strongly, in such cases, are we reminded of the couplet in the epistle addressed by a poet to a painter—

Alas! how little from the grave we claim—
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name!

Here is one of the finest portraits Vandyke ever painted (No. 218); rich in colour, beautifully finished, and as life-like as you can hope to see an image on canvas. Clad in armour elaborately ornamented with gold, his hand upon his sword, aristocratic in bearing, he is, after all, but 'a man of rank'; for as to more specific title, nothing certain is known. Yet we durst wager a small sum that he was one who acted in his day in some scolding scenes where a kingdom was the stage; and, by the malignant cunning of that swarthy countenance, we judge he had some enemies. Compare Lord Pembroke's picture with this, and you will see how variously the same hand could work. They are as different as prose and poetry! Turn we from those whose stage was a kingdom to those whose kingdom was on the stage. Here we have Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse, a celebrated painting of Sir Joshua. But, goodness! did the Kuses, tragic or comic, ever wear those slouched and furbelowed dresses, or paste their hair up like that? We hope they never condescended, as sublimary actresses must, to wear our strange fashions. We can scarcely forbear smiling to see even an acted muse in an exploded mode (fancy Apollo in a wig and unmentionables); yet there is a majesty in the attitude and a life in the eyes that ought to repress the weakness. Her distinguished brother, John Kemble, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence painted in Hamlet, is here represented by Sir William Beechey in his usual dress. The face is very capitally done; it is full of intelligence. We have also portraits of several painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, Wouvermans, Sir Francis Bourgeois (the public's benefactor), Opie, and others. Don't omit to look at this head by Lawrence. So pleasing and refined in the simplicity of nature, so true in the colouring, so careful in the execution, that perhaps few of Lawrence's more celebrated pictures might bear a comparison with it. So says Mrs Jameson of a portrait of William Lisle (not numbered in the catalogue), and all who see it must join in her praises. The delicious freshness of the English complexion (the envy of our continental neighbours) is most faintly represented. One more, and we have done with the portraits. It is a Painter's Mother by her son (No. 355). Rubens has placed the old woman in her arm-chair, and you see that she has been a long. It is a striking instance of Sir

Peter's versatility of talent; one might think that his whole life had been employed in painting portraits. Lawrence himself could not have done the hands better. One of the most vivid portraits we ever saw is by Hubens. It represents a Dutch burgomaster, and hangs beside some of his splendid works in the gallery at Antwerp.

We are now in the farthest room of the gallery, and we shall be struck with the fine pictures on religious subjects which it contains. At the end of the room hangs 'the heavenly beauty' of Guido's St Sebastian. The saint lived in the persecuting times of the Emperor Dioclesian, and was condemned to be shot with arrows on account of his adherence to the true faith. Having undergone this cruel sentence, he was left for dead. Some Christian women passing by, found that life was not entirely extinct, and they succeeded in restoring him; but he was afterwards discovered, and suffered a second martyrdom by stoning. He is here represented of a life size, bound to a tree, with an arrow in his side. The expression of the countenance, upturned to the heavens, as if imploring relief from his anguish, is very grand. Another large work of the same painter is (No. 331) St John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness. He is a young man, holding a slender crucifix in his right hand, and addressing persons in front, who are not seen. The colouring is thought to be not in Guido's best manner; nevertheless, it is a very fine painting. Close by is a picture of the Spanish school, of which we have so few specimens in this country: our Saviour, in mean attire, appears to bend under the weight of his cross, whilst some of those who had profited by his instruction are compelled to witness their great master's degradation with troubled countenances. 'The whole picture is conceived with great simplicity, and is full of grand and solemn feeling.' It may be contrasted on one side with an early specimen of the Italian school (No. 327), representing the Holy Family; and on the other with a later picture of the same school; the latter being a cardinal in the act of blessing a person kneeling before him. Both of these are excellent pictures; the second, by Paul Veronese, is uncommonly rich in colour. On the opposite wall of the room is a very famous painting by Murillo, representing the Virgin and her Son throned on clouds. It is usually known as the *Madonna del Rosario*. The rich glow of colour, as if the figures were illuminated by a beatific light 'that never was on land or sea,' the serenity of the mother's countenance, and the union of the divine and human natures in that of the infant, cannot be expressed in words. There is a little picture, by Carlo Dolce, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, a head, on which are white and black hoods, and then a crown of thorns. The delicate hues, the sweet expression, the transparent tear on the cheek, are exquisite; and we may say of it what Haydon has said of another picture, that 'it does not seem painted, but, as it were, spread upon the canvas by an angel's breath.' In the next room look at Nos. 277 and 287; they will give the visitor a tolerable notion of the manner of the Milanese school, of which Leonardo da Vinci was the head. It is ill represented in England, and that is one reason why we point to these two little pictures. There is an excellent specimen in the National Gallery—Christ disputing with the Doctors—attributed, but it is believed erroneously, to Leonardo himself; and there is a Holy Family, attributed to the same painter, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. No. 179, Jacob's Dream, by Rembrandt, is a picture that has excited much admiration. It is sublime beyond expression, says Haydon; and Hazlitt remarks that 'it is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.' Nos. 124 and 135 are two brilliant pictures by Vandyke, but they almost make us wish that he had let this kind of subject alone, and stuck to his portrait-painting, in which he has very

few rivals. The first, named Charity, is a beautiful female surrounded by children; and the other is a Madonna. Of both of them Vandyke painted several copies, to adorn the galleries of our nobility. These pictures catch the attention the moment you enter the room: the colours are harmoniously blended; the flesh tints highly natural and beautiful; yet there is a want of devotional feeling that ought to be there, some little affectation in the attitudes, and a modern, to-day look about both. Vandyke, like most painters since his time, could not or would not idealise his models. What was before him, he painted, and that excellently; but apparently he had not the power, equivalent to the dramatic power of the poet, of expressing the sublimer feelings of humanity, or of giving us a conception of a superior nature. We never see in his paintings the heavenly grace, the subdued gladness, the submissive grief of Raphael's madonnas and saints. He has never raised us into 'the privacy of glorious light,' to which Murillo, in his Madonna del Rosario, has reverently given us access. He has never shown us the pathetic countenance of a suffering, intreating saint, like Guido in his Sebastian. Amongst the landscapes, those by Cuyp are conspicuous, and there are several very good ones. He has been called the Dutch Claude. It is a pity there are here no undoubted, at any rate no good Italian Claudes to compare him with. He was fond of depicting a sunny afternoon; a long stretch of flat landscape, with church steeples and windmills here and there crossing the horizon; cattle, a few trees, and a piece of water: these are his favourite subjects, and he always contrives to represent them with such truth to nature, that notwithstanding his sameness of style, they are very delightful. Look at No. 169. The sun is on the point of setting, and the whole atmosphere seems saturated in a warm, rich light, like a sponge with water. Then cast your eyes on its near neighbour (No. 163), which seems to us the finest Cuyp in the gallery, though some prefer the other one. How cool and clear the air, and how vividly are the shepherds, their flock and dog, the woman in the blue dress, and the man on his mule, depicted! Who does not wish that distant cottage under its sheltering hill were his?

'What lovelier home could gentle fancy choose?'

In No. 239, we have another soft sunny evening admirably pictured; and the visitor may also look at Nos. 9, 83, 141, 192, and 243. Ruysdael paints in quite another style. Nos. 154, 241, and 245, will show that he prefers woods and sparkling waterfalls, and deep green foliage, to the airy openness of Cuyp. With these, Hobbima's pictures (Nos. 131 and 201) may be contrasted: a mill, some cottages and trees by the side of water, compose the first of these, which is painted in a clear style, and with a minute exactness, as if Canaletto had been trying his hand in the country. There are two pretty little landscapes of Jan Both, another Dutch painter (Nos. 199 and 205); and three Berghem's (Nos. 160, 200, and 209), a painter who showed a decided partiality for woody scenes. Wouvermans, so celebrated for his halts of travellers, hunting scenes, &c. has contributed several paintings, most of which have that eternal white horse which Wouvermans gives in as many characters as the high-mettled racer used to act in days gone by at Astley's amphitheatre. Nos. 93 and 228 are particularly fine: in both of them the white horse is doing duty in a cart. Pynacker has contributed two paintings (Nos. 130 and 150), the latter a small but striking work. A bridge is seen to cross a dark stream, and against the bright sky the figures of men and cattle upon the bridge stand out in bold relief. Beyond are

'Far off mountains turned into clouds.'

Two landscapes by Teniers should be inspected. No. 116, a winter scene, with preparations going on for an attack upon an unoffending animal; and (No. 139) a large landscape, in which his own château in Belgium is introduced. Watteau's pair of pictures (Nos. 197 and 200)

should be glanced at as specimens of a style in which this painter had no equal—a sort of French-Arcadian-pastoral-romantic, says Mrs. Jameson, which never yet existed, in which nature is represented just as in ballet. The nymphs, and swains, and "mancing Dryades" are all *très gentils*. Our own Willson's Ruins of the Villa Maecenas (No. 216) is the most celebrated painting that artist ever executed.

Some of the gems of the gallery yet remain to be noticed. There is a small painting by Jordaeus (No. 87), which is said to be a study for a large picture in the Munich Gallery. The story of the traveller who excited the indignation of an unsophisticated satyr, his host, by blowing both hot and cold with the same mouth, is well told. Jordaeus's pictures are all characterised by the deep red hue, which will be noticed here. No. 54 is an excellent representation, by Adrian Brouwer, of the interior of a low public-house. Brouwer was, unfortunately, too well acquainted with such a place; and he died, at an early age, a victim to his excesses. His paintings are much prized, as well for their intrinsic excellence as their rarity. This is the only specimen in a national collection. You must pardon us for drawing your attention to No. 66, a Bull, by Ommeganck. It is a small picture, and you will have to stoop to see it properly. It is a full-length profile of Mr Bull; and we are sure you will say he is an excellent fellow, standing there in a brown study. The Old Lady eating Porridge, by Gerard Douw (No. 85), is said to be a portrait of the artist's mother; and No. 106 is another example of Douw's extraordinary finish. In the same style are Adrian van Ostade's three pictures, Nos. 73, 107, and 112. By all means look at the last. A drinking scene of course: three boors are seated, in all the enjoyment of ease and ugliness, at a low table. One has a pipe in his mouth, another holds his glass in the air, and the soul of the third is manifestly in his fiddle. Mean as these subjects are, one cannot help being delighted with the spirit and beauty of the execution. Admitting the Dutch painters to be what Horace Walpole has termed them, 'the drudging mimics of nature's most uncomely coarsenesses,' it must in turn be conceded that the power put forth in exciting our interest is so much the greater in consequence of the meanness of the theme. Another instance may be seen in No. 132—a Farrier shoeing an Ass, by Berghem—where sheep, horses, &c. seem like real objects reflected on a mirror. Teniers, though a man who moved in the first society of his day, was another master on this low line, as may be perceived from Nos. 148 and 183. The latter represents a man cutting chaff (by hand—machinery had not then come into fashion) in front of a farm-house; and there are the expected accompaniments of such a place—poultry, pigs, horses, &c. Just turn your eyes to No. 229, the Farrier's Shop, by Du Jardin, and we will not afterwards trouble you with these 'uncomely coarsenesses.' A smith is busy shoeing an ox, which has its foot tied down to a stump of wood during the operation. How clear and soft are the hues with which this common scene has been depicted! The picture of a dark-haired, round-faced girl, in a white dress, leaning on a slab of stone, 'wonderful for mingled power and simplicity,' will strike you as being a Murillo. It certainly has much of that painter's style; but it is by Rembrandt, who, 'whether in portrait, landscape, or historical pictures,' says Haydon, 'was like nobody; as wonderful as any, and sometimes superior to all.' Now we come to the real Murillos, which have no doubt fascinated the visitor's eye long before this. What an exquisite painting is the Flower Girl (No. 248)! The full, rich, mellow colouring—the natural attitude—the sweet, gentle smile, that adorns one for many a day afterwards, and seems to say to all comers, Will you have these flowers? How memorable is the whole effect! Then, again, the two groups of boys given in Nos. 283 and 286. Here we have the same excellence (except perhaps the grace) which pervades the preceding picture. Murillo, says little, is probably at the head of that class of painters who have

treated subjects of common life. After making the colours on the canvas feel and think, the next best thing is to make them breathe and live. But there is, in Murillo's pictures of this kind, a look of real life, a certain flow of native animal spirits, which we find nowhere else. The Spanish Beggar Boys, at Dulwich College, cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever seen them.

There are many other paintings in the gallery well worth an attentive perusal; but we are afraid our notices have already extended to a greater length than the reader's patience, and therefore we now cease to inflict our tediousness upon him.

MILITARY POLITENESS.

The most striking instance of military politeness on record, is probably an occurrence at the famous battle of Fontenoy, as related by Voltaire in his 'Siècle de Louis XV.' They (the English) were now about fifty yards distant. A regiment of English guards, those of Campbell, and the royal Scots, were the first; Sir James Campbell was their lieutenant-general, and Mr Churchill, the natural grandchild of the great Duke of Marlborough, their brigadier. The English officers saluted the French by pulling off their hats. The Count of Chabanne and the Duke de Biron, who were advanced, and all the officers of the French guards, returned them the salute. Lord Charles Hay, captain of the English guards, cried, 'Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!' The Count d'Anteroche, at that time lieutenant of the grenadiers, and afterwards captain, replied in a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, we never fire first—fire yourselves!' The English then gave them a running fire; that is to say, they fired in divisions. Nineteen officers of the guards fell by this single discharge; fifty-eight other officers, and 775 soldiers, killed or wounded: in fact 'the whole of the first rank were swept off. . . . The English advanced slowly, as if performing their exercise, the majors with their canes levelling the soldiers' guns to make them fire low and straight!' 'One is at a loss which to admire most—the politeness and urbanity of the besieged, bepowdered, belaced, and beruffled officers on both sides, on the instant of destroying each other wholesale—the coolness of the men—or the imperturbable sang froid of the majors, who 'with their canes were levelling their soldiers' guns to make them fire low.' The whole, however, presents a picture of the glories of war—the *ultima ratio regum*, to which it would be difficult, in the whole range of history, to produce a parallel. It would almost compel our acquiescence with the assertion of a certain philosopher, that 'man is by nature a fighting animal.'—*Hood's Magazine*.

FEELING.

To feel is an able; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to regulate, though not eradicate, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting, but will undoubtedly render its victims very useless in society. Our feelings were given us to excite to action, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of. This is the chief reason why novels are so dangerous to young persons. My dear daughter will be persuaded that I say this from motives of the tenderest affection to her, and because I would have her not stifle the good and amiable emotions of her heart, but direct them rightly. I would not have my child become one of those of whom it may be said that they feel, and only feel. It is the most absurd and senseless of all characters.—*Bishop Sandford*.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
Its name excites no pride in us;
We have no hatred of the French,
No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.
The glory that our fathers gained
In bloody warfare years ago,
And which they talk of o'er their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we rather love the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong;
And sometimes blush when in the streets,
Quite out of date, an ancient song—
(Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these
Of France or any other land;
And jealousies so poor and mean
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of 'forty-six,
We rising men in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time.
And for their sakes, and for our own,
And freedom's sake o'er all the earth,
We'd rather let old feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gained by us
Disturb or gail them, let it rest;
Napoleon was a man of men,
But neither wickedest nor best:
Neither a demon nor a god;
And of they will adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind;
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of humankind.
Still, if there must be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French, why, then
Let earth behold us, while we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame—
We'll try who first shall light the world
With Charity's divinest flame—
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true—
We want no rivalry of arms,
We want no boasts of Waterloo.

—*Daily News*.

C. M.

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

The present number of the Journal completes the fifth volume (new series), and a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FIFTH VOLUME.

