

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS, THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

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[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XIX.

The mischief still thickens on all sides.

HURRIEDLY as François d'Aubray ascended the staircase, yet the others found time to receive him with due effect. Gaudin retreated within the lumbering piece of furniture that took up half one side of the room; Exili resumed his attitude of attention to the chemical preparations going on; and Lachaussée, burying his features still deeper in his capuchin cowl, hastily lighted a rude lamp standing on a tripod near the table, which, trimmed with some medicated spirit, burnt with a ghastly flame that threw a cadaverous and almost unearthly light upon the countenances of those who turned their faces towards it.

"I am before my time," said François, as he entered the room; "it yet wants a good half-hour to curfew."

"We are at your service," replied Exili; "my assistant told me we might expect you, Monsieur d'Aubray."

"You know me, then!" exclaimed the other with surprise.

"No more than I am acquainted with every one else who comes to seek my aid," answered the physician calmly. "I should lay small claim to my title of astrologer, if I could not divine the position or desires of my clients."

"Then you know my business here this evening?"

"Part has been told me," said Exili; "part, and the most important, I can read here."

From a small china cup he took some noisome black unguent, with which he smeared his hands, and held them in the light of the coloured flame. Then tracing (or pretending to do so) certain things delineated on the compound, he continued,

"I see Notre Dame by night, and a duel being fought on the Terrain, between yourself and one they call Gaudin de Sainte-Croix. You wound him—he leaves with his *témoin* in a boat, and you return to the Hôtel d'Aubray."

"Well?" asked François, eagerly gazing at Exili with breathless attention.

"Well," echoed the physician, "your sister, Madame de Brinvilliers, is awaiting your return. You have words together; and she is determined not to give up her lover, your late antagonist."

"Is that known also?" asked François in a tone of mortification.

"More by common report than by my magic," said Exili. "Walk

on the quays and carrefours and listen to what the people say, if you doubt me."

"Go on—go on," exclaimed the other.

"I see no more," replied the physician; "all else has been told me by mortal lips. You wish to stop this *liaison*, without totally crushing your sister together with it. Is it not so?"

"You are correct. I do not wish Madame de Brinvilliers to fall so utterly; but Sainte-Croix's influence with her must be put an end to."

"The means are simple," replied Exili.

"I know what you would say," interrupted D'Aubray; "you would have me exercise the most cursed power you have at your command—that of poison. No, physician—I am no murderer. If I meet Sainte-Croix again in fair fight, I might deal less gently with him; but if he fell, it should be in equal combat."

"You spoke too hurriedly," continued Exili. "I would suggest the glance of an evil eye, or some philtre that might draw his affections away, and disgust his present mistress. Here is such a one, unless you would have him blighted by my glance."

He fixed his eyes upon D'Aubray with such a terrible expression, that François firmly believed the power rested in them which he vaunted. He returned no answer, but stretched out his hand for the small phial that Exili held towards him.

"Now, seek the fairest *dame galante* that you can find, who would have an officer of the Normandy cavalry for her lover, and bid her drink it—fearlessly, for it is harmless. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix will be in her toils from that instant. The whirlpool of passion will drag him round faster and faster in its eddies, until he is lost; for in perdition alone can an attachment formed on passion end."

"Is there any one above another to whom I should give the draught?" asked D'Aubray.

"'Tis immaterial," replied Exili; "there is no lack of such beauties at present in our gay city. Seek, if to-morrow be fine, and you will find a score upon the Pont Neuf to serve your turn. If not, Marotte Dupré, La Duménil, La Varenne—pshaw! even Montesper herself, in all the plumage of her last triumph, if you choose to fly at such high game."

D'Aubray placed some pieces of gold on the table, and rose to depart, taking the potion with him. Exili also got up from the seat at the same time, as he said,

"Stay—let me light you down. The stairs are old and crumbling, and the passage obscure."

He took the lamp from the table, and, preceding his guest, led the way down the staircase. As they reached the street-door, he said hurriedly to D'Aubray,

"Your hatred of Sainte-Croix cannot be deadlier, fiercer than my own. Be satisfied with knowing that, should the philtre fail, his days are numbered."

He watched the retreating form of François D'Aubray until it was lost in the obscurity of the Rue de l'Hirondelle, and then returned back to his apartment.

Sainte-Croix had emerged from his place of concealment, and was now conversing with Lachaussée. Their talk ceased suddenly as Exili entered; but there was an air of excitement about both, as

though they had been engaged in a warm, though brief, argument. Gaudin's face was flushed, his brow knit, and his breathing forcible and hurried; whilst Lachaussée was compressing his under-lip forcibly against his teeth, as he caressed the mastiff with his foot,—merely, however, with the pretence of doing something, for his eye was fixed on Sainte-Croix with no very bland expression.

The quick glance of Exili detected that they had been interrupted in some earnest conversation. He, however, took no notice of it. Sainte-Croix took his departure as soon as he imagined François D'Aubray was out of the way; and Exili extinguished the fire in his small furnace, and also prepared to leave the room.

"I shall go to rest," he said to his assistant. "The only other visitor we expect to-night will be content with your augury. See that he pays, however; and, after you have got all you can by agreement, see what else can be wrung from him by fear."

He gathered a few articles together, and left the chamber, proceeding to the one immediately over it, where his slow and measured tread could soon be heard pacing the old and ill-secured floor ere he retired to bed.

Lachaussée remained for a few minutes after he left in deep reflection, from which he was aroused by the sound of the curfew, as the adjacent bell of Notre Dame, on the other side the left branch of the Seine, swung its booming echoes over the dreary precincts of the Rue de l'Hirondelle. It had not ceased when the restless manner of the mastiff betokened the arrival of another stranger. A growl was followed by a deep hoarse bark, and the beast rose from his crouching position at the feet of Lachaussée, and shambled round the room with the gait of some huge wild animal; his strange head-gear giving him the appearance in the obscurity of a super-human monster. At a word from Lachaussée the mastiff returned and resumed his place; and, after a blundering noise up the staircase, mingled with a few oaths from the new comer, the door opened, and no less a personage entered the room than honest Benoit, the master of the mill-boat at the Pont Notre Dame.

Lachaussée pulled his cowl closer over his head than ever as the visitor advanced, apparently in great awe, and making numberless obeisances as he approached.

"You made an appointment here this evening," said Lachaussée in a feigned voice, "touching some theft committed at your mill."

"I did, most infernal seigneur," replied Benoit, searching for some term of appropriate respect. "That is—my wife, Monsieur—Monseigneur—Bathilde would have me come, and never let me have any rest until I did, though she is not often so fidgety."

"And what does she want to know?"

"Mass! she told me to ask more things than I can recollect, when she found I had made up my mind to come. Woman's curiosity, Monsieur—nothing more. She would have known who the young gallant is that spends all his time talking to the pretty wife of Pierre Huchet when he is on guard as a good bourgeois;—and why the Veuve Boidart always goes to mass at St. Jacques la Boucherie, living, as she does, in the Rue de la Harpe;—and if it was the students or the Bohemians, or both together, who stole the gilded weathercock from our mill-boat, which was given to me by

Monsieur le Rouge, and belonged to the *tourelle* of the Grand Chatelet that tumbled down the other day."

"You had better look for it amongst the scholars of Mazarin and Cluny, than in the Cours des Miracles," replied Lachaussée. "But this is not all?"

"She—in fact, I may say *we*," continued Benoit, "were most anxious to know what has become of a fellow-countrywoman, one Louise Gauthier, who has, we fear, fallen into bad hands. She was living with Madame Scarron, but has not been heard of since the fête at Versailles."

"What fee can you pay to learn?" asked Lachaussée. "At this season the rulers of the planets require to be propitiated, and the sacrifices are expensive."

"There are two good livres," said Benoit, laying the pieces down on the table. "You should have more if I had earned them; but times are bad for us poor workpeople."

"You have no more than this?" inquired Lachaussée.

"Not a sou; and Bathilde will have to go without her lace cap against her fête-day as it is. If I had more I would give it to you, so long as you tell me of Louise Gauthier."

Lachaussée perceived the Languedocian spoke honestly. Convinced that he saw the extent of his wealth before him, he made some preparations for his pretended incantation; and, taking a bottle of spirit from Exili's table, he poured it on the expiring flame in the tripod, which was leaping up in intermittent flashes, as if about to go out altogether.

But, as he bent over the lamp, in the carelessness of the moment he used more of the medicated alcohol than was needed. It fired up, and, catching the vapour from the bottle, communicated with the contents, causing the flask to explode violently. Lachaussée started back, as a cloud of flame rose almost in his face. As it was, it laid hold of his cowl, which was immediately on fire. Heedless of being on his guard, in the fright and danger of the moment he threw it off, and his well-known features met the astonished gaze of Benoit, who was in no less a state of alarm than the pretended sorcerer. But, as he recognised the ex-superintendent of the Gobelins, his common sense came back in great strength, to the discomfiture of his belief in the supernatural. The alarm finished with the explosion; but Benoit immediately exclaimed,

"I think we have met before—in the catacombs of the Bièvre!"

Lachaussée had been so taken by surprise, that for a few seconds he made no reply; whilst Benoit's fingers were working as though he clutched an imaginary stick, and intended to use it. All his respect for the magician had vanished in his desire to chastise Lachaussée.

"Concealment is no longer needful," at length he observed.

"Not at all," said Benoit, as he swept the pieces of money from the table, and put them in his pocket again. "I know now how it was you were not drowned in the Bièvre: we shall see you on the gibbet yet. 'Tis a pity your horoscopes did not foretel this bad chance. I wish you good-b'ye."

"Hold!" cried Lachaussée, as Benoit advanced to the door:—"you go not so easily—we must understand each other first."

"It will not take long to do that," replied the Languedocian. "My arms can speak prettily plainly when they are needed."

"And so can this," exclaimed the other, as he took down a cumbersome old pistol fitted with a "snap-haunce," and presented it at the Languedocian. "Now—you are unarmed, and the odds are against you. We must have a compact before you leave."

Benoit retreated before the fire-arm, as though intimidated, until he reached the window; this he dashed open with his fist, and then commenced calling for the watch with all his might. In an instant Lachaussée raised the pistol, and discharged its contents. But the snap-haunce was comparatively a clumsy contrivance; it hung a second upon being released: and Benoit, perceiving the object of the other, suddenly stooped, so that the charge, whatever it was, passed over his head and through the window, shattering the casement on the other side of the street.

"A miss again!" cried Benoit, jumping upright. "Bras d'Acier himself took no better aim in the catacombs. *Au secours! aux voleurs!* Now, then, Monsieur Lachaussée, look out for yourself. Here comes the Guet Royal, or I am mistaken."

And indeed, as he spoke, the lanterns of the watch were discernible coming round the street, attracted by the lusty lungs of Benoit. Lachaussée muttered an imprecation as he advanced to the window, and observed them coming closer to the door. Not caring to be given into custody, and perceiving that he could not escape by the street, he hurriedly left the room, closing the door after him, and Benoit heard him going up stairs. The mastiff would, in all probability, have fastened upon the Languedocian, as he kept growling in a crouching position, as though preparing to spring; but the contrivance fastened about his head so effectually muzzled him, that Benoit was under no apprehensions.

"*Ohe! Messieurs!*" he shouted; "come on, or the bird will have flown. Look out for the roof, as well as the door. He is an active fowler, but no sorcerer. You see his familiars will not release him."

As he spoke, a cry from the guard below called Benoit's attention to the direction in which they were gazing. We have stated that the Rue de l'Hirondelle was crossed by several large black beams, from the houses on one side of the way to those on the other, that the ruinous buildings might not fall upon the heads of the passers by. As Benoit looked up, he perceived that Lachaussée had emerged from one of the windows of the floor above, and at his imminent peril was clinging to the beam, and traversing it as he best might, to reach the house opposite. But, narrow as the thoroughfare was, before he had half crossed it, Benoit had crept out of the window from which he had called the watch, on to another of the supports below the one chosen by Lachaussée, and, telling the guard to withhold their fire, was in pursuit of his old acquaintance. The soldiers paused to watch the strange chase, and gave a cry of admiration as Benoit, clutching the timber above him, by a violent effort swung himself up to the beam by which the other was endeavouring to escape.

It was a moment of keen anxiety. They were both afraid of letting go their hold, which was so treacherous, that the least change in their position would have caused them to overbalance themselves, and tumble down into the street; and so they remained for some minutes, watching each other like two fencers, to be in readiness

for any attack the other was about to make. At length Lachaussée made a creeping movement in advance; when Benoit, whose mountebank engagements had given him a certain kind of gymnastic superiority, trusting to his knees to keep him from falling, caught hold of Lachaussée by the legs. But he lost his equilibrium in so doing; and, after wavering for an instant as if in uncertainty, he fell on one side of the beam,—still, however, keeping hold of the other, who was now driven to support both himself and Benoit by his arms; half hanging from, half leaning over, the timber.

“Look out, *mes braves*,” gasped the Languedocian, “and catch us. Our friend won’t hold long.—No, no,” he continued, as Lachaussée, struggling, tried to free himself from the grip, “you don’t shake me off. I will stick to you like the hangman will some day.—Come under, and hold your scarves.”

The guards were quick in taking the hint. Not a quarter of a minute had passed before they had pulled off their scarves, and some ten or a dozen standing in a circle laid hold of the different ends, pulling them tight, so as to form a sort of net-work, as they stood in a ring directly beneath Benoit.

In vain Lachaussée tried to get away. Every struggle expended what strength he had remaining, until, unable any longer to cling to the beam, he fell, and Benoit with him. They came heavily down, pulling one or two of the watch to the ground; but the scarves broke their fall of some twelve feet, and the next moment Benoit was on his legs, whilst Lachaussée found himself in the custody of the guard, at the head of which he perceived Sainte-Croix. Gaudin had fallen in with the patrol soon after leaving the house of Exili, and, knowing the Chevalier du Guet for the night, had sauntered on in conversation with him at the head of the watch, until they had been attracted to the Rue de l’Hirondelle by Benoit’s cries for assistance.

“To the lock-up with such a gallows-bird!” cried Benoit. “I can tell you as much about him as will last until to-morrow morning. Guard him well, or the devil will strangle him in the night, as he did the other sorcerers.”

The officer directed his party to move on, guarding Lachaussée between them, whilst Benoit brought up the rear. As they started from the Rue de l’Hirondelle he looked up to the house they had just quitted, and saw Exili’s vulture face peering from one of the windows at the tumult; but of this he took no notice.

On the way to the guard-house Gaudin approached Lachaussée, at a signal from the latter.

“You can free me if you choose,” said the superintendent shortly.

“I shall not interfere in the matter,” replied Sainte-Croix. “Only be satisfied that you are not a prisoner by *my* agency.”

“If you refuse to liberate me,” returned the other, “the earth may tell some strange secrets, that you would not care should be known.”

“What do you mean, cur?” said Gaudin contemptuously.

“Civil words, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix,” answered Lachaussée. “We have chemical compounds that, in the event of M. Dreux D’Anbray’s body being exhumed, would bring every atom of his last beverage to its simple elements. Do you understand? There cannot be so much difficulty as you imagine in procuring my liberation.”

"Silence!" returned Gaudin in a low quick voice; "silence—or we shall be overheard."

"But my freedom!" continued Lachaussée in a loud tone.

"Wait until we get to the guard-house," said Sainte-Croix, as he passed on, and was once more at the side of the Chevalier du Guet.

They passed on through some of the narrow tortuous streets that lie towards the water boundary of the Quartier Latin, and at last arrived at a guard-house in the vicinity of the Hôtel Dieu. Gaudin spoke a few words to the captain of the watch aside, which the other appeared to agree with: they were evidently companions as well as acquaintances.

"There is some mistake here," said Sainte-Croix. "I see now the prisoner you have captured is my valet. He has been lunatic enough to go and consult some predicting varlet, and met this other simple fellow. They have had a brawl between them; and whoever first called the guard would have given the other into custody."

"*Pardieu!*" said Benoit, "you great seigneurs have different notions of a brawl to us artizans. I suppose, if his snap-haunce had put me beyond Master Glazer's skill, who can cure anything, you would have thought lightly of it."

"Silence! common person!" said the captain.

"I will speak," said Benoit, who began to be very angry at this unexpected turn that things were taking; "and I am not a common person. Ask Monsieur Sainte-Croix if he found me so when we met one night at the corner of the Rue Neuve St. Paul. I believe that all the Bohemians and the great folks in Paris are so leagued together, that they are afraid of one another, and the people receive all the buffets of their disagreeings. The man Lachaussée there is an inhabitant of all the *cours des miracles* in Paris. I know him, I tell you."

"You are at liberty, fellow; you can depart," said the officer.

"Liberty, forsooth!" continued Benoit with increased excitement. "Why, I have never been arrested. I am the accuser; and M. de Sainte-Croix knows that Lachaussée is no more—"

At a motion from the captain of the watch, two of the guard seized Benoit whilst he was thus pouring out his anger, and, without allowing him to finish his speech, very unceremoniously turned him out of the guard-house, and half-drove, half-walked him to the end of the street, where they left him to go home to the boat-mill, vowing that he would still be even with all of them.

CHAPTER XX.

Two great Villains.

MEANWHILE, things being thus arranged, Sainte-Croix and Lachaussée left the guard, and proceeded to the Rue des Bernardines, where Gaudin still resided. On arriving at his chamber, whither they passed unnoticed, Gaudin complained of cold; and, in effect, the evening was damp and chilly. At his wish, the other fanned the embers of the fire-place into a flame with his hat, and his so-called master then produced a flask of wine, which he placed on the table with some glasses.

"There is some of the best hock," said he, "that the Rhine ever produced. Drink:—you need some wine after your late adventure. Fear not a long draught—a cask of it would not hurt you."

"You will drink with me?" asked Lachaussée, as Sainte-Croix filled a glass for his companion, and then replaced the bottle on the table.

"Not now," replied Gaudin. "I have to play to-night, and must keep my head cool. A little water will quench my thirst."

"Here's to our renewed acquaintanceship, then, *mon capitaine*," said Lachaussée, as he raised the glass. But before touching its contents with his lips, as if struck by some sudden thought, he held the glass between his eyes and the lamp, and then, replacing it on the table, took a small set of tablets from his pocket, and pulled from them a leaf of white paper.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Sainte-Croix.

"Nothing," replied Lachaussée, "beyond using a common precaution in these treacherous times. I do not mistrust you; but you know not who is about you."

As he was speaking, he dipped the slip of paper into the wine. The effect was instantaneous—the white was changed to a bright scarlet. Sainte-Croix uttered a feigned exclamation of surprise.

"Poison!" he cried, as he saw the change.

"Ay—poison," repeated Lachaussée calmly. "Did I not well before I drank? It was doubtless intended for you, Monsieur Gaudin. Your cups are evidently not of Venice glass, or they would have shivered at its contact."

"This shall be looked into," said Gaudin, as he threw the remainder into the fire-place, "and closely. But, at present, to business."

"Ay, to business," answered the other, as a most sinister smile passed across his otherwise ill-favoured countenance—the result of what had just occurred.

"I have something to propose to you," said Gaudin, "if you feel inclined to join me in the venture. We have worked together before, and you know me."

"I do," answered Lachaussée, with meaning emphasis, as he glanced at the drinking-glass. "We can both be trusted to the same extent, for we are in each other's hands."

"You allude to Milan," observed Sainte-Croix.

"No," replied the other coldly; "to the château of M. D'Aubray at Offemont."

"A truce to this recrimination," said Gaudin. "Hear what I have to say. M. D'Aubray is dead—how, it matters not—and buried. One hundred and fifty thousand livres were to have been the legacy to his daughter, Madame de Brinvilliers, and, what was perhaps more, her absolute freedom to act as she pleased. The money has passed to her brothers, in trust for her, and she is entirely under their surveillance. This must be altered."

"And you would have me assist you?"

"On consideration of paying you one-fifth of whatever possessions might fall to the Marchioness thereupon. Do you agree to this?"

"Go on," was Lachaussée's reply, "and tell me the means."

"Ay—the means—there lies the difficulty," said Sainte-Croix. "What think you of?"

There was a minute of silence, as they regarded each other with fixed intensity, waiting for the suggestion. Plunged as they were in the dregs of crime, they hesitated to unfold their plan, although they knew there was but one scheme intended. Lachaussée was the first who spoke.

"Diseases are hereditary," said he. "The present lieutenant-civil, and his brother the councillor, might follow their father to the cemetery, which keeps the secrets of its occupants even better than the Bastille."

"We are agreed," observed Gaudin; "but some care and patience will be necessary. Of course there is a barrier between the brothers of Madame de Brinvilliers and myself, that must for ever prevent our meeting. I will provide the means, and you their application."

"I care not if I do," answered Lachaussée. "But what assurance have I that you will fulfil your part of our intent? Our words are breaths of air—our souls are no longer our own to deal with."

"You shall have a fair and written compact, on your own part," said Gaudin; "on mine, I have still your letter after the affair at Milan."

He rose to depart as he uttered these words; and, when he had quitted the room, Gaudin threw himself into a *fauteuil*, and was for a time wrapt in silence. Then, divesting himself of his upper garments, he put on a dingy working-dress, corroded into holes, and black with the smoke and dirt of a laboratory, and passing into an adjoining chamber, fitted up with a chemical apparatus, as if for the study of alchemy,—the outward pretext which most of the disciples of Toffana adopted to veil their proceedings,—he applied himself to work with the most intense application. Certain as the action was of the poisons he had hitherto used, defying all attempts to trace their existence, except of those who had created them, yet they appeared too slow for the projects he was conceiving; and he was now commencing a series of experiments upon the properties of the deadly elements in his possession, before the results of which the achievements of Spara and Toffana fell into insignificance.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Dead-house of the Hôtel Dieu, and the Orgy at the Hôtel de Cluny.

THE autumn passed away, and winter came on in all its severity. The trees in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Palais D'Orleans, where the parterres and avenues of the Luxembourg are now situated, rose naked and dreary towards the dull sky; and the snow lay deep upon the Butte St. Roche, uncared and uncared for, threatening to inundate the lower streets in the vicinity when the thaw came. The public places, too, lost their air of life and business. The mountebanks, showmen, and dentists ceased to pitch their platforms on the Pont Neuf and Carrefour du Chatelet; for, although they were individuals inured to cold, yet they found the promenaders were more sensitive, and would not stop to listen to their harangues. The women were less attractive to the passing glance of

the cavaliers in the streets, or the still mundane fathers in the churches. No more white shoulders, covered only by the rippling curls of the period, flashed in the afternoon sun-light,—no more dazzling throats captured the hearts and the purses of the susceptible young gallants of the patrician *quartiers*, or whatever qualities supplied the perfect absence of either in the scholars of Cluny, Mazarin, and the Hôtel Dieu, attached to the Pays Latin. Sometimes an hour or two of warm sun-light brought the gossipers out in the middle of the day to their old haunts; elsewhere they preferred assembling in the shops of the most approved retailers of passing scandal, and there canvassing the advantages or demerits of the different characters, or the probable results of the various politics, then mostly talked of in the good city of Paris.

The shop of Maître Glazer, the apothecary of the Place Maubert, was the most favoured resort of the idle bourgeois. They loved it in the summer, when the pure air came through the open front of the window to dilute the atmosphere of cunning remedies that filled it; and it appeared to have the same charm in the winter, although closely shut; perhaps from the idea, with some, that the inhalation of the air laden with such marvellous odours of chemicals and galenicals would have all the effect of swallowing the things themselves, and on a cheaper and less noxious plan.

But, in truth, the shop of Maître Glazer possessed various advantages over others, as a lounge for the gossipers. In his quality of apothecary he was admitted to the councils, arrangements, and disputes of all the families in the neighbourhood; and, not wishing to favour one more than another, he very properly retailed them in a circle from one to the other, which made his society much sought after: indeed, he was suspected of being sent for sometimes, when the indisposition was a mere pretext for conversing a quarter of an hour with the apothecary, at such times as the supposed invalid was dying,—not in the common acceptance of the word, but to be satisfied with regard to any point deeply affecting some neighbour; and, as the cure in these cases was always very rapid, Maître Glazer got fresh honour thereby.

But, just at present, matters of deeper moment attracted the idlers to his shop than the discussion of mere domestic affairs. We have said, that his reputation stood well in Paris as a talented compounder of antidotes to poisons: and the still increasing number of mysterious deaths in the city and faubourgs, which so entirely baffled all medical or surgical art, either to arrest the progress of the disease, or discover its source—although they were all attributed to the working of poison,—provided subject for conversation in the mouths of everybody. The terrible episode, which formed so fearful a characteristic of the moral state of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, was now talked of publicly and generally; until the topic increasing led, but a very few years after the period of our story, to the establishment of the “*Chambre des Poisons*,” ordained by order of the King to inquire into the deeds of the poisoners and magicians then practising in Paris, and punish them if the accusations were brought home.

Maître Glazer was in his shop, and so was his son Philippe, together with Maître Picard, Jean Blacquart the Gascon, and one or two of the bourgeois neighbours, talking over the events of the day.

Panurge was compounding medicines at his usual post, and endeavouring to outlie the Gascon, according to custom; and sometimes their controversies ran so high, that they were only quieted when Philippe threatened to thrash them both at once, or beat every atom of flesh from Panurge's bones, which, looking to his miserable condition, was certainly not a process of any very great labour.

"I do not believe in all these stories," said Philippe; "they frighten the city, but not our profession. I admit that there is a grievous epidemic about, but the same symptoms attack those who die in and out of our hospital."

"Are the symptoms the same?" asked a neighbour.

"Precisely," replied Philippe: "there is the same wasting away of body and spirits; the same fluttering pulse and fevered system; the same low, crushing weariness of mind, until all is over. One would imagine, if all were true, that the poisoners were in the very heart of the Hôtel Dieu."

"I must have taken some myself," said Maître Picard. "My spirits sink, and I have a constant thirst; my pulse flutters too, wonderfully, albeit my body does not waste."

"May not Spara's disciples have got to the hospital?" asked the bourgeois who had before spoken.

"Pshaw!" said Philippe; "the sisters of charity are the only persons who tend our sick, and we can trust them. The Marchioness of Brinvilliers is amongst them. Whatever her faults, her kind words and gentle smile go far to soothe many pain-wearied frames; and yet she loses more of her patients than all the others."

"I have tested all the water used in the city," said Glazer, "but found it pure and wholesome. And I have made Panurge drink buckets-full of it, but it never affected him."

"And yet to any one who cared to drug our fountains," said Philippe, "it would not be difficult, at nightfall, to row along the river, and climb up the pillars of the Samaritaine.* A potion in its reservoir would carry death tolerably well over the city, by the next noontide."

"It might be done with advantage," said a bourgeois. "The greater part of its water goes to the basins and fountains of the Tuileries, and the people, who pay for it, die of drought. The King cares more for his swans and orange-trees than for his subjects."

"Neighbour Viot," said Maître Picard, "I am a public officer, and cannot allow such rebel talk."

"Beware of secret hurt rather than open authority," said Glazer. "Those words, so publicly expressed, may bring the Aqua Tofana into your goblet this very night."

The face of bourgeois Viot fell at the mere hint of impending danger.

"You surely do not think so?" he said.

"I do not say what I do not think," replied the apothecary.

* The *Samaritaine* was a large hydraulic machine just below the Pont Neuf, where the floating *Bains de Louvre* are moored at present. It was a house erected upon piles, in form somewhat like a church, with a clock at one end. Having fallen to decay, it was entirely demolished in 1813.

"If you have fear, after promulgating these rash sentiments, take some of my antidote with you: it is of rare virtue."

"It cured me," said Panurge, "after I had swallowed, at my master's orders, a quantity of the St. Nicholas manna enough to kill a horse."

"But an ass is a different animal, Panurge," said Philippe, as he took up his hat and left the shop.

The humble assistant did not dare to retort, but seeing the Gascon laughing at him, when Philippe had gone, he aimed a blow at him with a bleeding-staff, which would have hurt Blacquart sorely, had he not dived down and avoided it. As it was, the staff descended on the counter and broke a bottle, for which he was severely chidden by his master.

In the meantime Philippe Glazer, leaving his father's, crossed the river by the Petit Pont, and took his way towards Notre Dame. The doors of the cathedral were still open, and he entered the southern aisle, now dimly lighted by a few votive tapers, which were flaring and guttering upon their rude iron stands in the currents of air that swept through the interior. A man, who was evidently waiting to meet him, emerged from the shadow of one of the pillars as he advanced.

"M. de Sainte-Croix!"

"Philippe Glazer!"

"We are truly met," said the student. "I received your note this evening, and you can come to the hospital with me."

"You are obliging me," said Gaudin; "I am anxious respecting the health of an old servant of mine, now an inmate."

"Pshaw! Captain Gaudin," replied Philippe, "between the 'Gens de la Courte Epée' there should be no secrets. It is a matter of gallantry, or I am mistaken: we are freemasons, you know, of a certain sort, and may trust each other."

Gaudin laughed, and made an evasive reply, as he took Philippe's arm; and the two, crossing the square before Notre Dame, entered the Hôtel Dieu. As they passed the lodge, the porter, recognizing Philippe, gave him a note, which had been left for the gentleman who was expected to accompany him. Gaudin knew the writing, and hastily opened it. Its contents were as follows:

"Do not notice me in the hospital, or suspicion will be aroused, and I shall not come again. In the Morgue we shall be free from interruption, and only there. Glazer will conduct you.

"MARIE."

"Mass!" exclaimed Philippe, as Sainte-Croix mentioned the appointment, "a strange rendezvous! The lady has a bold mind within that delicate frame."

"Hush!" said Gaudin, pressing his arm; "do not speak so loud. Show me where the place is, and leave me."

"Most willingly, if you have courage. One might select a livelier place, however, than the dead-house of an hospital for a trysting-place."

He took his companion by the hand, and they advanced along one of the arched passages, which the dim lamps barely illuminated, to the top of a flight of stairs. These they descended, and, passing

along another vaulted way, paused at a door at the extreme end. It was not fastened. Philippe threw it open, and they entered the Morgue of the hospital—the receptacle for such as died within the precincts of the *Hôtel Dieu*.

It was a dreary room, with bare white walls and a cold stone floor, lighted by one ghastly lamp that hung against the wall. The frightful mortality for which the hospital was then remarkable, kept it well filled with its silent inmates. Some of these were placed upon the ground, enveloped in rough canvas wrappers,—the only coffins allowed them,—in the same state as they may now be seen brought to the Clamart, and other dissecting-schools of Paris; others lay ranged side by side upon large oval marble slabs, capable of accommodating from eight to ten bodies each, and these had merely coarse sheets, or palls, thrown over them. Over the stone floor a wooden trellis was placed, an inch or two in thickness; for the floor was below the level of the turgid Seine, which flowed immediately on the other side of the wall, and the reflection of the lamp glimmering through the interstices showed the water already in the “*salle des cadavres*.”

As soon as Philippe Glazer had introduced Sainte-Croix to this dreary place he took his departure, and Gaudin was left alone. The light waned in the draught of air caused by opening and closing the door; and, as it played over the features of some of the corpses, they appeared to move, from the different shadows, and then to resume their wonted calm. In the fever of his mind Gaudin would almost have changed places with them. He had no nervous terror at being alone in such a dismal locality; his only feeling was one that approached to envy of their repose. A minute, however, had scarcely elapsed before the door again opened, and a female, enveloped in a mantle similar to those worn by the sisters of charity, entered. It was the Marchioness of Briuvilliers, who now came to commune with her guilty ally.

They met with perhaps less eagerness than heretofore, albeit they had not seen each other for several days; but, although their passion had apparently decreased, yet ties more fearful and more enduring now bound their souls together in the common interest of mutual guilt. The whole world was contracted to the sphere in which they both moved; they knew of, cared for nothing beyond it, except those objects coming within the circle of their dark intent.

After the first greetings had passed, Marie looked cautiously from the door along the vaulted passage. Satisfied that no one was within hearing, she closed it, and going to the marble table, partially threw back the covering from one of the bodies; then, grasping Sainte-Croix's arm, she drew him towards her, saying in a low voice, but clear, and to him distinctly audible,

“It has done its work nobly, and baffled every physician of the *Hôtel Dieu*. This one swallowed it in wine, which my own maid, Françoise Roussel, brought to the hospital. The girl would taste it, as she went, upon the sly, and it well-nigh cost the fool her life. This one shows what the confiture could do. He lingered long though, and became a skeleton, as you perceive, before his death.”

Sainte-Croix was aghast at these revelations, although they had been anticipated. But the demoniac mind of his beautiful compa-

nion drew him still closer towards her ; her nature rose grander and grander in the opinions of his dark soul, from the very fiendishness of its attributes.

"I am *sure* of its work," she continued. "Unlimited wealth, unquestioned freedom is in our grasp, so you but play up to my intentions. My brothers think they are ruling me as they would a wayward girl : how terrible will be my retribution !"

"I have much to tell you, Marie, of my own plans," said Gaudin ; "but it cannot be here. If those whom you have alluded to fall, others must go with them. We cannot pause in our career."

"There is one that I have marked as the earliest," returned the Marchioness. "I know not how it will affect your own feelings : in this instance I care not."

Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she spoke, and her rapidity of utterance became mingled with her hurried but irregular respiration. An expression passed across her face of mingled triumph and satisfaction, whilst the fingers of her hand were quickly working one over the other.

"And who is that, Marie?" asked Gaudin, his curiosity aroused by the manner of the Marchioness.

"The pale-faced girl, whose acquaintance with yourself I became so unluckily acquainted with in the grotto of Thetis—your Languedocian leman—Louise Gauthier."

"She must not be injured!" exclaimed Sainte-Croix hurriedly.

"She must die!" replied the Marchioness, with cold but determined meaning. "She loves you, and you may still care for her. You must be mine, and mine alone, Gaudin ; your affections may not be participated in by another."

"All has finished between us, Marie ! You are wrong—utterly wrong in your suspicions. You surely will not harm a poor girl like Louise?"

"Gaudin!" exclaimed his companion, fixing her glance on him with that intense expression, against the influence of which Sainte-Croix's determination could not prevail, "when we have fallen,—step by step, hour by hour,—and each time irrevocably, to all appearance, until a fresh abyss, yawning beneath our presence, disclosed a still lower hell open to receive us,—when the sympathies of the world have turned away from us to cling to fresh objects, in their parasitical attachment to the freshest and most plausible support ; and our hopes and fears are merged into one blank feeling of careless determination by utter despair,—when all is given up, here and hereafter,—in such positions it is not likely that we should pause in the career marked out to be pursued by any sentiment of justice or consideration. I am determined."

There was the silence of some minutes after she had spoken, broken only by the laboured breathing of either party, or the drip of water, as, stealing through the walls from the river, it fell upon the noisome floor. Each was waiting for the other to speak. Sainte-Croix was the first to break the pause. He knew that further allusion to Louise Gauthier would induce fresh recrimination,—that Marie would believe no protestation on his part that the attachment was over,—and that by boldly bearding her, in her present access of jealousy, the utter destruction of the poor girl would be hastened. He therefore endeavoured to turn the subject of their conversation into another channel.

"Where is your brother?" he asked. "You can act as you please towards the other person, as you appear to be beyond conviction from anything I can urge. François is at present the most important object for our vigilance. Is he in Paris?"

"He is not," replied the Marchioness. "Both my brothers are at Offemont, arranging the distribution of the effects about the estate. They will remain there for some days, and then depart to Villequoy. Fortunately François has discharged one of his servants, and is compelled to look after many of his affairs himself, the superintendence of which would otherwise fall to his valet."

"Is he anxious to supply the place of the domestic?" inquired Gaudin eagerly.

"He is now looking out for some one. But why are you thus curious?"

"Because I have a creature in my employ—one who dares scarcely call his life his own, unless by my permission, who might fill the post with advantage."

"I do not see what we could gain by that," observed the Marchioness.

"He might wait upon his master at table," said Gaudin, "and pour out his drink."

He regarded his companion with fixed intensity as he threw out the dark hint contained in his last words.

"But would there be no suspicion?" asked Marie.

"None," replied her lover. "For his own sake, he would keep the secret close as the grave. He has a ready wit, too, and an unabashed presence, that would carry him through any dilemma. I ought to know it."

"Hist!" cried Marie; "there is a noise in the passage. We are overheard."

"It is nothing," said Sainte-Croix. "The night-wind rushing along the passages has blown-to some of the doors."

The Marchioness had gone to the entrance of the *salle*, and looked along the vaulted way that led to it. A door at the upper end was distinctly heard to close.

"I heard retreating footsteps!" she exclaimed rapidly, as she returned. "There have been some eavesdroppers, I tell you."

"Pshaw!" replied Gaudin; "who would come down here? It might be Philippe Glazer, who brought me into the hospital, and is anxious to know how much longer our interview is to last."

"He does not know me?" inquired the Marchioness, in a tone that led up to the answer she desired.

"He knows nothing, beyond that I have some idle affair with a *religieuse*. Pardieu! if every similar gallantry was taken notice of in Paris, the newsmongers would have enough to do."

"However," said Marie, "it is time that we departed. I must go back to my dreary home."

And she uttered the last words in a tone of well-acted despondency, as she prepared to depart.

"Stay, Marie!" cried Gaudin. "You have said that your brothers are at Offemont; who else have you to mind? There is a *réunion* of all the best that Paris contains of life and revelry in the Rue des Mathurins this evening. You will go with me?"

"It would be madness, Gaudin. The city would ring with the scandal to-morrow morning."

"You can mask," returned Sainte-Croix, "and so will I. I shall be known to all I care about, and those I can rely on. Marie! you will come?"

He drew a visor from his cloak as he spoke, and held it towards the Marchioness. The necessity for sudden concealment in the affairs of gallantry of the time, made such an article part of the appointments of both sexes.

Marie appeared to waver for an instant; but Gaudin seized her hands, and whispered a few low, but intense and impassioned words closely in her ear, as though he now mistrusted the very air that, damp and thickened, clung around them. She pulled the white hood over her face, and, taking his arm, they quitted the dismal chamber in which this strange interview had taken place.

No notice was taken of them as they left the hospital. The porter was half asleep in his huge covered settle, still holding the cord of the door in his hand, and he pulled it open mechanically as they passed. On reaching the open space of the Parvis Notre Dame, Sainte-Croix hailed a *voiture de remise*—a clumsy, ill-fashioned thing, but still answering the purpose of those who patronized it, more especially as there was but a small window on either side, and that of such inferior glass, that the parties within were doubly private.

They crossed the river by the Petit Pont, and proceeded first to the Rue des Bernardins, where Sainte-Croix's apartments were situated. Here the Marchioness left the dress of the sisterhood, in which she had visited the hospital, and appeared in her own rich garments; the other having been merely a species of domino with which she had veiled her usual attire. The coach then went on by the Rue des Noyers towards the hôtel indicated by Gaudin.

"This is a wild mad action, Gaudin," said the Marchioness. "If it should be discovered, I shall be indeed lost."

"There is no chance of recognition," replied Sainte-Croix, as he assisted his companion to fasten on her mask. "No one has tracked us."

"I am not so certain of that," said Marie. "My eyes have deceived me, or else I have seen, each time we passed a lamp, a figure following the coach, and crouching against the walls and houses. See! there it is again!"

As she spoke, she wiped away the condensed breath upon the windows with her mantle, and called Gaudin's attention to the street.

"There!" she cried: "I still see the same figure—tall and dark—moving after us. I cannot discern the features."

"It is but some late passenger," said Gaudin, "who is keeping near our carriage for the safety of an escort. You must recollect we are in the centre of the cut-purse students."

The coach turned round the corner of the Rue des Mathurins as he spoke, crossing the Rue St. Jacques, and halfway along the street stopped at a *porte cochère*, which was lighted up with unusual brightness. The door was opened, and, as Gaudin assisted the Marchioness to alight, both cast a searching glance along the narrow street in either direction; but, excepting a lacquey attached to the Hôtel de Clugny, where they now got down, not a person was visible.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A LITERARY RETROSPECT BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

As I recall to mind the eminent men whom I have known, a form arises at my beckoning, stands beside me, leans on my chair. He is not old: the shrunken limbs, the hose a world too wide, the feeble voice, the wreck of a face, the wreck of a mind, denote *not* age. It is not age;—can it be care? Yes; age has come before its time. Beneath that brown wig, assumed in compliance with a bygone custom, happily discarded (for grey hair and bald heads are now recognized), small, regular, handsome features—eyes that want nothing but light—a somewhat formal cast of physiognomy, are turned towards me. The last traces of fascination still linger on that countenance at times; but there are hours when all is confusion, all is darkness there. Peace, and oblivion to the memory of his failings!—honour to the shade of him who has bequeathed to us—not the remembrance of errors, of which none ought to estimate the extent until they have known the temptation,—but the ennobling stanzas of “Hohenlinden,” “The Soldier’s Dream,” “The Mariners of England,” the “Gertrude of Wyoming,” “The Pleasures of Hope.”

Thomas Campbell, whose image memory thus calls to my mind’s eye, was the son of a Scotch clergyman somewhere in the north of Caledonia, and *where* his future biographer will doubtless inform us. Of his early fortunes I have heard much from one who knew him well, when both the poet and my informant were climbing up the ascent to fame, with very small refreshment by the way. But the stern self-denial of the Scot knows no obstacles; and he can, like the camel, subsist upon food at longer intervals than other creatures. Campbell went first to college at Glasgow; but at the time that his old friend knew him he was transcribing, for a consideration, in a writer’s office in Edinburgh. There, also, he studied medicine; or rather he attended the medical classes, and supported himself by his transcribing, whilst he was pursuing the path to science. Resembling, in this respect, another great man, Sir James Mackintosh, he had, in choosing medicine, mistaken his vocation. Sir James Mackintosh also began life as a student of medicine, and obtained the title of Doctor. It is reported of him, by a brother debater of the “Speculative,” in Edinburgh, that on one occasion he made so eloquent an harangue on one of the subjects which were assigned to him, that the assembled listeners were entranced with wonder. “Mr. Mackintosh,” observed one of the judges who was present to him, “you have mistaken your profession: it *should* have been the law.” The student took the hint, and the result is known to have justified the comment. Mackintosh, nevertheless, retained, all his life, a love of medicine as a pursuit; he not unfrequently spoke of it to practitioners in terms of scientific accuracy; and he was fond of conversing upon the subject.

And what, may and will be asked by English readers, was the Speculative Society? It was a debating society, established in 1764, composed of selected students of the University of Edinburgh, and an admission into its choice number was deemed an honour, and has al-

ways since established a man's pretensions to a degree of attainment and of reputation in his day. The list of members in the annals of the Speculative comprises the great names of Dugald Stewart, of Robertson, of Sir Walter Scott, of Jeffrey, Brougham, Francis Horner, Lord Dudley, Lord Lansdowne, and countless others. In its meetings ambition was excited, talent developed, and character strengthened by commerce of mind with mind. Many an orator, who has since delighted and edified mankind, was trained in the Speculative.

Campbell was poor; but poverty in Edinburgh, at that period, did not entail the solitude of the shabby lodging, or the exclusion from all that was cheerful and intellectual. In its suppers, now declining even in Edinburgh, the Scotch of the metropolis had retained a custom, perhaps originally borrowed from the French, whose language and whose cookery are still to be traced among a people, as different to their Gallic neighbours as the stately head of Benvenue is to the Champs Elysées. After a day of writing, varied by attendance at the medical classes, Campbell was in the habit of visiting at the house of a lady, then a milliner in Edinburgh. Smile not, reader;—this milliner was indeed a lady of an ancient Scottish lineage, and of undoubted respectability. It was, in former days, by no means uncommon for English families of respectability to place their portionless daughters in business; for education was not the profitable avocation which it has since become. In Scotland it was still more frequently the case. The pride of even noble Scottish families, strange to say, was not compromised by having relations in business. Even I can remember wedding-dresses being made for a female relation of mine by the Misses D—, who were connected, and that closely, with the noble houses which glory in their ancient name; and these excellent and respected ladies were visited by their proud kinsfolk, and regarded with a consideration that did credit to both the great and the humble. A word more about milliners. "Among all these," observed a noted lady "in business," addressing one of my sisters, who had chanced to pass the door of her workroom, and was looking at a group of poor girls, busily plying the needle, "I should say there are not *two* who ought to be here. Some," she added, as she passed on, "are the daughters of English clergymen, others of officers; four of them, and the best, and most patient, are the daughters of high proud Scotch families."

To prove my point still further,—a lady, whose name stands high in the literature of our country, was obliged, by adverse circumstances, to place her young daughter in one of these establishments of business. It was in those times thought the best thing that could be done; and some sacrifice of means, and abundance of fortitude on both sides, was necessary to accomplish it. For some time everything went on well; but the ordeal was too hard—bad food, late hours, loss of air, of happiness, of home, broke the young spirit. The mother—whose name I will not tell, for those live whom the narrative may pain—came to London, in time only to see her child expire. Within my own sad experience,—smile not, my sister, who may read this retrospect,—but my own experience could paint a picture scarcely less touching. Remember you, my laughing nieces, the fair Scotch girl who came, blooming as yourselves, and recommended to your notice, should she "set up for herself," to a certain fashionable *modiste*—I forbear to name her—in this metropolis? The girl was innocent, and humbly gay; and there were some who, knowing her family, and pitying the

decree which sent her here, thought it no derogation to ask the poor child to a sober Sunday's dinner. It was not *every* Sunday that *she could come*. Some Sabbath days she lay in bed, from downright weariness of spirit and flesh; others, she worked till noon. One lady, of ducal rank, was in the habit of sending orders for a dress on Saturday, to be ready by four o'clock on the following Sunday. *She* must not be displeased; Annie, for so was the simple one called, was detained to furbish the dowager. Day by day her bloom lessened, then went wholly; the clear fair skin became transparent. One Christmas day she came so late, that my sister had ceased to expect her. When she did arrive, a burst of tears relieved her spirits: she had scarcely been in bed that week. This is but one instance of the melancholy truth—pardon the digression, and let us return to the Madame Carson of Edinburgh,—the stately, money-making, respectable Miss——.

Her young ladies were all of the class which I have described, and among them were some of her own young relations. Guarded by this excellent lady, around her supper-table, therefore, were assembled, after the day's work was done, not only some of the handsomest *belles* of the Old Town, but the cleverest among the students of Edinburgh College, and amongst them the animated, though obscure, Tom Campbell. I could specify other names; but I am the sexton of literary men, and meddle not with them until they are dead.

Among the company collected around the supper-table of Miss——, Campbell was a favourite. His spirits were high, his wit sparkling, and he was good-looking, and kind-hearted. An old associate, to whom he took a fancy, was the first to discover this treasure of poetry within the mind of the medical student. To this friend, also a visitor at the house of Miss——, Campbell showed the first skeleton of "The Pleasures of Hope." It was, in that form, a very short poem; but the friend to whom it was read discerned its excellence. "And now," said the young poet, "whom shall I get to publish it?" The answer was a promised introduction to Manners and Miller, and the poet was persuaded to try his fortune *there*. A fortnight after the poem had been presented to these eminent publishers, the friend to whom I refer met Campbell walking over the North Bridge. His hands were in his pockets, his head thrown back; he was humming a tune pretty loud; his whole appearance denoted an unwonted elevation of spirits. His friend stopped him with the polite interrogation, "For heaven's sake, what's the matter with you, Tom? Are you mad?" The young poet looked at him as if he were dreaming, and, clapping his hand on his coat-pocket, exclaimed, "I've got it!"—"Got what?" rejoined his friend.—"Twenty guineas!" answered the poet, with an expression of rapturous pride, "twenty guineas for my poem!" And he resumed his walk, or rather strut, down the bridge. "But," argued his friend, following him, "though I am very glad to hear of it, I think it is too little." Campbell, however, informed his kind adviser that, although the payment was only twenty guineas then, he was to make considerable additions to the poem, for which he was to have more—he did not know what. But eventually he obtained, I think, but will not say certainly, the sum of sixty guineas, when all was completed!

I cannot follow Campbell's struggling fortunes throughout. These sketches of his early life are "retrospections" of many a fireside talk

with one who was Campbell's contemporary, and who knew him long before he was known to fame. Some years afterwards, the same friend visited the poet when he was transplanted into a very different sphere. Campbell was then private secretary to Lord Minto (himself a poet), and Lord Minto lived in Piccadilly, in the house now inhabited by Miss Burdett Coutts. In this house the poem of "Lochiel" was written;—the frame-work of that noble poem was also seen by my friend. The rhymes were written first, and the lines filled in afterwards, the poet singing them to a sort of cadence, as he recited them to his wondering friend. Again the Scottish suppers were renewed;—the hearty friendships of the north thrive even in the colder soil of unsocial London. Why London is unsocial it is difficult to say, though everybody says it. Every one pines for visiting on easy terms; but no one makes any attempt to facilitate the matter. Invitations at a month's end seem like insults upon our sublunary state, our uncertain health, our prosperity, which may make wings to itself and flee away; but, nevertheless, who likes unexpected visits? Extempore tea-drinking is esteemed a liberty; and, if you venture upon it, the whole of the visit is apt to be occupied in reflections whether or not it really is acceptable. A vain, though well-meant, attempt was made, last season, to revive the simple, enjoyable supper, at nine o'clock,—the audacity of scolloped oysters and the atrocity of bottled beer were even perpetrated in some high quarters; but the Londoners would not understand it. They have no notion of anything that is not in every way full dressed. With all our luxuries, the luxury of easy visiting is not to be ours; we must be half ruined to be in society at all; and we are growing obtuse to the *real* vulgarity of all the display and expense which we thrust upon our tables, and mingle with our nocturnal meetings.

The days are gone by when great men would walk quietly in to sit a few hours, without disturbing the family arrangements. They are now wholly devoid of the simplicity and freedom of the last century. Intellectual society becomes, year by year, more and more scarce. Is it luxury that has frightened it away?

The traits which I have given of Campbell are borrowed; they are the result of the experience of others. What I shall henceforth write of him will be my own recollections of the poet. They are bound up with many a different theme in the memory of past years. But I do not mean to be sentimental: as a proof of it, my first theme is—Hammersmith.

There is a row of houses in Hammersmith bordering the river, and, many years ago, detached from all other such places. It formed a sort of terrace; the habitations were small, and suited to bachelors of moderate means, or to single ladies, or to the interesting class of widows. Each house had a long strip of a garden, which was divided from its neighbour by a low wall, generally covered with privet or honeysuckle. The gardens did not go directly down to the river, but all communicated in a walk common to the whole terrace. From this walk steps descended to the water; and you might fish up eels; or take a boat at high water; or sleep, or read, or count the minutes, if you had nothing else to do.

This part of Hammersmith was then "out of town;" and those who are somewhat my juniors can ill conceive how pretty and sunny the terrace was—as quiet as you could wish; the gardens fragrant with

flowers, and bird-cages hung out beneath the drawing-room windows, and a great deal of boating and flirting was going on between the denizens of the terrace.

They mostly knew each other, for the common walk at the end afforded opportunities of introduction. My impression, however, is, that the houses belonged to one owner, who was particular in keeping the inhabitants select. The place exists still, I have little doubt. I have not seen it these thirty years. I dare say it has deteriorated greatly. Clothes, I have every reason to conclude, may be hanging out to dry on the privet hedges; cigars taint the walk at the end; I will engage there are tea-gardens near; steamboats with incessant bands passing to and fro; Lord Mayor's barges; rowing matches, and the eternal green veils of the Thames filling up the intervals.

There were no steamboats then; all was serene, except the plashing of the occasional oar (one gentleman in the terrace had his boat), and the gentle triumph of the anglers, or the warbling of the gay canaries in the sun.

There was one family, and one only, who mingled not with the community of the terrace, but who, though unknowing, were not unknown. This was Thomas Campbell, and his wife, and son, his wife's sister, and his wife's sister's husband.

They lived in a house at the end. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, or Wiss, Mrs. Campbell's brother-in-law and sister, were sometimes seen; Mrs. Campbell and her husband never. Mrs. Wiss had been, and indeed then was, beautiful. I speak from report—as a boy, passing a few dull weeks of vacation with some dull old friends of my family, I was much more taken up with the beauty of a gudgeon than with the good looks of any woman; but I heard Mrs. Wiss spoken of as a beauty, and I solemnly hope Mrs. Campbell was also. Could she be the "Caroline"—addressed in those beautiful lines ending, "To bear is to conquer our fate," and be plain? I will not believe it.

Young as I was, and seated all day, with the bearish inconsiderateness of boyhood, on the very centre of the middle step, with my great feet on the lower one, my stupid eyes fixed on my line,—thoughtless as I was, I had experienced a momentary enthusiasm over the line, "And man, the hermit, pined,—till woman smiled." I had learned some pages of "The Pleasures of Hope;" I was actually fired with a wish to see the author of the poem. To justify my chronology, I must here say that "The Pleasures of Hope" was published, I rather think, before I was born. Campbell himself said to me, one day, speaking of a gentleman who wished to pay him a compliment, "And what do you think it was?" said he. "The man had the barbarity to say to me, 'Mr. Campbell, my father courted my mother out of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'" And this," added the poet, with one of his ineffable looks, from a person *far* past the first bloom of youth, I do assure you. Cruel, was it not?"

Well, therefore, and I look around me, as I pen the truth, upon great grown-up men, who will not believe me—well then, I *had* read "The Pleasures of Hope," but in vain did I try to catch a glimpse of the writer. He went into London early, every day, and came home late. Once or twice I saw, in the dusk of evening, a short and somewhat set figure, seated in a boat, rowed up to the stairs at the other end of the terrace. I ran for my life; the neatly chiseled profile was all I could perceive—it was, to be sure, Mr. Campbell, but he moved

quietly into the garden, and I had not the courage to watch him even into the house.

The terrace days were long over, and I was a dining-out character, and had formed several of those friendships and connexions to which it has been my pleasure to refer, when, one evening, an acquaintance who was going to the same ball with me, said to me, "Will you call for me as you pass through—Street? I dine there—I will not keep you five minutes,—do come." I went; I waited more than five minutes; but just as I and my hackney-coach had resolved to drive on, out came my friend: a gentleman came with him. Said my acquaintance, "Have you room there? We can just set Mr. Campbell down. I knew—I was sure," he added in a whisper, "you wouldn't object—'tis Tom Campbell." Of course, I said all that was civil. Mr. Campbell jumped in, he was then middle-aged and active, and we drove on. Those were the days of patience and slowness—the coach proceeded slowly. Mr. Campbell and I sat side by side, my friend opposite. I was again disappointed, for Campbell never turned his face to me—I saw nothing but the faultless and beautiful outline of his profile. He must have been, on a small scale, a very good-looking man. His figure was at that period neat and tight—he then wore the wig, and a very candid wig it was. His manner was a little quick. He had, I was told, been the life of the party which he had just left, telling capital anecdotes, and flattering and being flattered by youth and beauty. I remember one trait which was very unlike the generous feeling of his general character: the remark seemed to escape him in a moment of petulance. "Do you know so and so?" asked my friend, alluding to a gentleman (a writer) whose company they had just quitted. "No," replied Mr. Campbell hastily, "I never have anything to do, if I can help it, with second-rate authors."

My interview, if it could be so called, in the gloom of London and oil-lit lamps, led at that time to no acquaintance; and I set the poet of all modern poets down as one whom I should never know; and report whispered that his days were overcast with the deepest gloom; his wife had died, his son—but let me leave such themes of sorrow to hands which will, I trust, touch gently the chords that tell of so much woe.

Meantime, I had not lost my interest in Campbell. In London I met him not. The world makes no allowance for the failings of the gifted. I cannot agree in the opinion given by a great authority, I believe Lord Brougham, who expresses himself in his *Essay on the Life of Burke*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, to this effect;—speaking of Burke's debts, "We are bound," he says, "to afford to a man of genius just as much excuse for his pecuniary embarrassments as we give to others, but no more." I quote from memory. I am very sure that I do not give the turn of the expression; but of the meaning and substance of the passage, I am certain.

It is a stern decision: the diction of a man who does not know pecuniary distress. I venture to differ from it: not that I am by any means disposed to give to genius all the latitude on this, and other points, that she is ever so ready to take; but I beg humbly to plead for her this, that she ought to have some one to look after her affairs. There is that in the imaginative mind that revolts against the details of every-day economy; and it is the disregard of these details, more often than greater offences, which beget difficulties and ruin.

From this species of trouble Mr. Campbell, if he suffered at all, suffered from his good-nature to others, by whom the liberality of his conduct was taken advantage of to his detriment. But this, endowed as he was with the pension originally conferred by Charles James Fox, was *not* the *dark shadow* which followed his course through life. It was one which the righteous might have ventured to pity, the rigid to forgive. It was the fatal effect of a sensitive mind too severely tried; it was the remnant of old conviviality, the sources of which were poisoned, and were converted into self-indulgence. It was an evil, a curse—resisted when too late—destroying by inches the fine intellect—eating into the constitution, sparing nothing save the kind, afflicted heart. It was a vice—yes, I grant it—a vice produced by long anxiety, by companionless care, and increased by the neglect and desertion of old friends who might have solaced, have warned, have controlled. It was a vice which society, disgusted and sorrowing, visits once, and never withdraws her ban.

But, in despite of it, the integrity and honour of the poet stood unshuffled to the last. He was severely dealt with by an exaggerating world.

At length, after hearing little of Campbell for some time, I not only saw, but heard him. Who does not remember that dinner of the Literary Fund over which Prince Albert presided, supported, on the one hand, by the Marquis of Lansdowne, on the other by the Duke of Cleveland. There was, on that occasion, a confluence of literary men, never before, I fancy, assembled in that dingy room at the Freemasons', where antiquarian cobwebs must, I should conceive, have accumulated over the heads of tens of thousands of statesmen, philanthropists, poets, and clergymen, public singers, and waiters. It was in that room, where, on a platform, I had beheld Edward Irvine, the idolized preacher, touched by the eloquence of Brougham, give his watch in pledge of his subscription to the cause of Anti-slavery,—his deep voice echoing up to the very gallery, his eye (both never accorded) sparkling already with that fearful light which seems a prelude to the darkness of the tomb. It is there that I have mourned with the accomplished Lord Caernarvon over the monstrous cruelty of the dog-cart; and my blood has boiled at the recitals in the Cruelty to Animals' meetings. It is there that Sussex was, and Cambridge is, perennial chairman. It was there that this far-famed literary dinner took place. I crept in among the humble. After the dinner there was every species of eloquence. Prince Albert's foreign, neat harangue; the Marquis of Lansdowne's happy address; the Duke of Cleveland's remarks—all went off well. There we had episcopal oratory—the impassioned harangue of the Bishop of Norwich, the graver speech of Archbishop Whately,—we had the earnest appeal of Lord Ashley, born to serve and to save, and the elegance of Lord Dudley Stuart. Surely these two noblemen are sufficient to rescue an aristocracy from the coarse invectives of those who do not reflect how little could be done by plain Mr. Ashley, or honest Mr. Stuart. Then we had a redundancy of literary merit and renown. Hallam at the head—Lord Mahon—Moore—I leave out a long list which I might enumerate,—James—Lever—Ainsworth—Croly—Campbell. I leave out in this summary sketch an untold number of county members and scientific professors;—but take them all for granted.

Prince Albert had modestly begun, and elegantly ended *his part*—

the great and the mitred had played theirs. The Historians of England had been said and sung about—compliments were flowing as freely as all small coin is passed and returned, when the awful "Gentlemen, charge your glasses. Mr. Campbell and the Poets of England, three times three!" rang upon my ear. Then spoke Hallam, and he spoke admirably. He referred to the long intimacy with Mr. Campbell which he had enjoyed, an intimacy of forty years' standing—he eulogized the genius in his deep tones—he spoke not long, his voice ceased, and, amid a general silence, Mr. Campbell got up to return thanks. Again I saw that small and regular face—again the well-proportioned features were before me; but the features were pinched, the face joyless, the eyes heavy. The sight was painful. He began to speak, and he spoke well. His voice, though not strong, was clear, and the intellect awakened, as it seemed, at his bidding, and, in the few short sentences which he was permitted to utter, the fancy and wit of the Campbell of yore might be observed. Suddenly, he broke down—he repeated himself—his compliment to Hallam was reiterated—the nerves were shaken by the effort. Oh! he should have been soothed, encouraged, cheered. Will you believe it? The people around him, as the Poet of Britain strove to regain the thread of his harangue, coughed him down, groaned, checked him in every rude and opprobrious manner. A burst of cheers reproved the brutality, and Campbell rose again to speak; but it was too late—feeble, long retired into private life, shattered in strength, and perfectly able to comprehend what construction was cruelly and erroneously put upon his failure, the words fell in confusion from his lips. After a moment he ceased to speak, seemed to recollect himself, and sat down. In a few minutes I saw him going away; he was deeply wounded by the rudeness which might have been spared to his feelings—he went out, and returned no more.

Then Lord Mahon stood up: he had to propose "the Poets of Ireland, and Mr. Moore;" but in so doing, and ere the footsteps of the poet had probably passed the threshold of the house, he diverged from Ireland to Scotland, and passed a graceful and beautiful eulogium on Mr. Campbell. It was well done, but it was heard not by him whom it most concerned. When, during our after acquaintance, I told the poet of it, he said gently, "It was very kind. They might have let me alone; had I had five minutes to recover myself—but who could stand such a noise? And then my friend Hallam, too," he added, a smile passing over his varying countenance, "why! how old he makes me! Why could he not say 'thirty' years? But he's so chronological."

But a short interval was there between my acquaintance with Campbell and his last removal to Boulogne, where he died. I saw him, towards the close of his residence in England, surrounded by the friends of his happiest days—Rogers among them. I saw him happy with her to whom he was an indulgent, liberal father, his niece. Her hands tended his death-bed, her kind voice cheered his decline. He was not desolate. The heart that had felt so deeply for others, was not chilled by the measured services of the hireling. A friend, a clergyman, hastened from England to administer the last solemn sacraments for the dying. Campbell sank into his grave, humbled, penitent, grateful, believing, and hoping. Never did a more benevolent spirit rise from the prison of humanity to the freedom of the just.

His errors were not of the dark, unsocial kind; no callousness followed these errors. Those who knew him intimately loved him to the last. Great is the sentiment, so hackneyed that we prize it not—

“No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,—”

and greater, because it was penned by one who, less than most men, required the indulgence which he gave.

I have described Campbell's early abode where I first saw him—let me draw a little picture of his last, in this country. Behind Arabella Row, near Buckingham Palace, is a small square, in a sort of corner, as if, modestly, it meant to be unknown. But no! It bears the high-sounding appellation of Victoria Square; a figure of Victoria, with a globe in her hand, graces the centre of the square. In this retired spot Campbell lived. I remember, when I last visited it, and found the house closed, the poet gone, I augured that he would return no more to his native land. Perhaps no British poet has ever written, (I do not mean to expatiate on his genius,) so unexceptionably. There is not a line for a reviewer to cavil at in his earlier and more finished poems. I can remember Gertrude of Wyoming coming out, and its being much criticised. But who can criticise it now? Who can read it without a painful sense of the deterioration of poetry in our own day. Campbell was, I have heard, very careful and fastidious. His smallest sonnets were touched and retouched with a pruning hand. He was one of the few poets who had no reason to complain of public ingratitude. The pension to which I have referred was double the usual amount, and the poet rose to the height of his fame after the publication of his first work.

The prose works of Campbell add little to his fame: it rather makes one melancholy to think that he should have been induced, or condemned, to write a page that one could not read. His *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, although generally reckoned poor, pleases, nevertheless, from its absence of pretension, its simple exposition of the greatest actress in her everyday dress. Those letters in which she breathes her anxiety about her daughter—the darling of her noble heart—the doomed one who was afterwards snatched from her mother by consumption—are deeply affecting. The chain of narrative was supplied with a gentle and friendly hand by Campbell. We see the gifted mother journeying from place to place, assuming every possible form of human woe, carrying it into the very hearts of those who heard her, whilst her own throbs with a sorrow unutterable—a consuming, constant care. When the blow came, it was well borne; but, in the midst of her proud lot, the *woman* within her was chastened. Her triumphs elated her not—her pure spirit was never sullied by the dangers of prosperity. The mother's heart was wrung, and whilst the world worshipped, she was humbled and sorrowing. How singular were her fortunes! I knew a lady who frequently saw Mrs. Siddons after her performances, and who assured me that the great actress was often led off the stage after her impassioned acting in the *Gamester*, or any of her favourite parts, in strong hysterics. This is related of one to whom all the world attributed a want of sensibility; for the world is always suspicious of those who have the power, either in literature or in their dramatic performances, to work upon its sympathies. How erroneously does it judge! How wittily, yet how untruly was it said of Byron, “that

he had an imagination of fire playing around a heart of ice." Byron had real and deep feeling, deeper than those who cast him from them. Yet, like many other men of sensibility, there were moments when he chose to appear something worse than the stoic, and little less than the brute. The night after Spencer Perceval's death witnessed, I have heard, one of these melancholy exhibitions of pretended indifference. Were we to judge Byron, as the world often judges men of genius, by that one trait, what should we say of him? And, to descend to a lower parallel, a gentleman of nice ideas, who dined in company with Mrs. Siddons at Sir Walter Scott's, and saw her eat very heartily of boiled beef, was not very likely, on going to the theatre afterwards, to enjoy her acting of *Belvidere*. "The whole audience were melted into tears," he said to me; "but, for myself, I could think of nothing but the dinner of boiled beef." I experienced the same disgust in watching Pasta, at a supper after the opera, devouring oysters, whilst the air "*Di Tanti Palpiti*" rang in my ears. It was also highly distressing to think of the expiring Malibran calling eagerly for "porter." But these things must be endured and forgotten if possible.

Never, however, was there a being who *less* let herself down to ordinary life, when off the stage, than Mrs. Siddons. By nature she was a queen. I saw her, indeed, only in the decline of life, when she had bidden adieu for ever to the stage. She was then visiting at Guy's Cliff, near Leamington, and, as an equal, staying with the very family with whom as a girl she had been domesticated in the humble capacity of a lady's maid. I knew a gentleman whose mother visited the family, and who could boast of having been carried in Mrs. Siddons's arms, when an infant, through the walks of Guy's Cliff. How stately must the fine creature have looked, as she perambulated the woods of that exquisite place! The house was then comparatively small, and, seated on the cliff, overlooked the widened stream of the Avon, until the view was terminated by one object—a mill. Often have I stood, in winter, to gaze upon the frozen mill-dam, and to revel in the sight of the icicles, reflecting the beams of the noon-day sun. The honoured inhabitants of Guy's Cliff, noble in descent, nobler still in their virtues, discerned the merit and the talents of Miss Kemble;—she became their friend. Her bust, and that of her brother, are to be seen, sculptured by the Hon. Mrs. Damer, among the other objects of interest in a place where the eye is riveted, the heart is touched—not by the fabled feats of the gigantic Guy—not by the holes which he scraped with his nails in the sandstone—not by the traces of the great and gifted who have been there,—but by the portrait of the young and accomplished son of those who were the friends of Mrs. Siddons. That picture can never be forgotten. It is the self-drawn resemblance of the young heir of Guy's Cliff, the painter of several promising pictures. He died in the bloom of youth, abroad,—leaving to his parents the remembrance of their loves and hopes, and one infant daughter to perpetuate his memory.

Amid these recollections stands the bust of Mrs. Siddons; beside it, like a Roman senator, that of John Kemble. I am glad that I lived not sufficiently in his day to hear the little gossiping stories which were, I doubt not, spread about of his coldness and his avarice, but which "are interred with his bones." I am glad I never had the bloom of my adoration of him rubbed off by contemporary slander. I can think

of him now as the *Doreforth* of Mrs. Inchbald, who drew that character from John Kemble. She must, I am convinced, have been in love with him; it was not in her nature to help it. And what a picture drawn by her dull biographer, Boaden, of the Kemble family, without knowing it! Mrs. Siddons, after her rejection at Drury Lane, dutifully ironing her husband's shirts; John Kemble studying to prepare himself for the Roman Catholic priesthood; and herself—the "Simple Story" in her desk, rejected also—presenting a singular compound of literature and love, romance and meanness, beauty and untidiness.

I had heard much of Mrs. Siddons from my earliest childhood. Some aged relations of mine were fond of talking of the days when St. John's Wood *was* a wood, and when Lisson Grove was a grove. In those times, there was an old Manor House in St. John's Wood, which the usual course of changes in this mundane state had reduced to a farm house. The farmer, or his wife, let off some of the rooms into lodgings. The old couple, to whom I have referred, were in the habit of taking apartments during the summer months at the Manor House. It stood quite in the country, and, as fate would have it, old Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, the parents of the immortal trio, (for, though last and least, the present survivor was a great actor, and is an accomplished man,) had lodgings there also. I have heard my relations say—and they were no ordinary judges—that there never was a more perfect gentleman than old Mr. Kemble; nor a finer woman, nor a more excellent being than his wife. Both were singularly handsome.

Mrs. Siddons had by that time given up ironing her husband's shirts, and was in the zenith of her fame at Drury Lane. Her proud mother was always talking of "Sally;" and occasionally the magnificent "Sally" swept across the Manor House garden, and bowing her lofty head, paid fleeting visits, coming in her own carriage, to her parents. Mrs. Kemble was very desirous of shewing "Sally" to her friends and fellow-lodgers; day after day she promised to do so; but Mrs. Siddons never could or would wait for the display. One morning, my old lady friend heard an altercation between mother and daughter on that very point. Mrs. Kemble persisted. "Well then," replied the haughty Sarah, "Madam, I wait your pleasure." The mother retired, and stationed her friend in the hall, where she could see the immortal Sarah returning. In a few minutes Mrs. Siddons came out, *preceding* her mother—a fatal blemish in manners. She moved, my friend said, as if she would scarcely deign to touch the earth; and, with a distant courtesy, passed on. But her dress, her walk, her grand beauty, then in its prime, were long the theme of my old friend's talk; while the words "Madam, I wait your pleasure," were given by her in that deep, distinct tone which none who had ever heard Mrs. Siddons could fail to recognize.

I had seen that splendid specimen of humanity in her principal characters, when it was my fortune to meet with her once, and only once, in private. Her acting had left that grand but indefinite impression on my mind which the dim remembrance of a solemn cloister, or the awful fall of an avalanche, would make upon my memory; but I could neither recal nor criticise its details. I recollect seeing her perform *Elvira* with one hand bound up (from a cut finger); but even with only one arm, her action was perfect. Under a very different aspect did I behold her in the year — in a Leamington ball-room.

Who remembers the first introduction of quadrilles in place of country-dances, or, as they began to be called, "Kitchen" dances? Alas! I do: many do, if they would own it. I was passing through Leamington, then a very humble and much despised half-sister of Cheltenham (fashion united to hypochondriacism, their common parents,) when I was enticed into attending one of the balls. They were weekly meetings, and were usually indifferently attended.

There was an admirable master of the ceremonies at Leamington in those days. I fear he is dead;—could he die? Could anything so polished, and so perfect, be mortal? He had the blandest smile, the most bewitching teeth, the finest legs, an incomparable bow, a temper on a patent principle, and mind enough to acquit himself of the functions of his difficult office. He was handsome, too, had been in the army, walked well, and, in short, displayed the perfection of all outward graces.

This gentleman was standing with an anxious, embarrassed face as I entered the ball-room. The first set of quadrilles—that set which has gone on as if by a spell ever since—was just formed. Mr. H—— had had some trouble in making it up. As he looked at the dancers, and wondered how "some would get through it," his attention was called away to a party just entering the room. I noted not the rest; but the name of Mrs. Siddons, as she was introduced to Mr. H——, arrested my gaze. Mrs. Siddons appeared then about sixty years of age. Her form was shorter than I had expected: it was large and heavy; but her walk recalled the *Catherine of Arragon*, as I remembered her, to my mind. Her face was—shall I acknowledge it?—very plain; the features, which I had heard my father describe as (he knew her at seventeen) so perfect, were magnified and marked: it was a caricature of beauty. But her arm had still its roundness, and her manners wore a sober grace suited to the matron. She was led to the top of the room, and seated among the aristocracy of the neighbourhood—her natural sphere. And then began the quadrilles—the first attempt in Leamington. I shall never forget them. The ladies did well; but the gentlemen!—they ran against each other, turned the wrong partners, became confused, and hot, and shamefaced, and ended in a total mental aberration. Fancy a set of fox-hunters threading their way through *La Poule*!—fancy the *Pastorale*! The sitters-by were already in convulsions; when a little man, an attorney of the neighbourhood, came forward in that monologue (what else can I call it?) in *Pastorale*. He ran, he capered, he pirouetted;—the creature had had lessons. I turned for an instant to look at Mrs. Siddons, and the story of the boiled beef received an additional illustration. She laughed until she cried. The tears were absolutely rolling down her cheeks: she almost went into hysterics, and was obliged to retire in order to recover her composure. After this, fancy seeing her in Mrs. Haller!

Whatever may have been the troubles of her life in its noonday prime, her end was peace. "Never," said an excellent clergyman, who had read to her and visited her during her last long period of decline and seclusion, "never did I attend a more humble, a more hopeful Christian than Mrs. Siddons." Noble and excellent creature!—whose purity no circumstances could sully, whose greatness no pressure of early adversity could crush.

LAUD YE THE MONKS!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Laud ye the monks!

They were not men of a creed austere,
 Who frown'd on mirth, and forbade good cheer;
 But joyous oft were the brotherhood,
 In the depths of their sylvan solitude.
 The ruin'd abbey hath many a tale
 Of their gay conceits and deep wassail;
 The huge hearth, left to the wreck of time,
 Hath echoed of erst the minstrel's chime;
 The caves, despoil'd of their goodly store,
 Have groan'd 'neath their weight in days of yore!

Laud ye the monks!

The wand'rer was their welcome guest,
 The weary found in their grey walls rest;
 The poor man came, and they scorn'd him not,
 For rank and wealth were alike forgot;
 The peasant sat at the plenteous board
 With the pilgrim knight and the feudal lord;
 The feast was spread, and the foaming bowl
 Gave freshen'd life to the thirsty soul;
 Round it pass'd, from the prince to the hind,
 'The fathers adding their greeting kind!

Laud ye the monks!

Many a blazon'd scroll doth prove
 The pains they took in their work of love;
 Many a missal our thoughts engage
 With scenes and deeds of a bygone age;
 Many a hallowing minster still
 Attests the marvels of olden skill!
 The broken shaft, or the altar razed,
 The mould'ring fane, where our sires have praised,
 Are beautiful, even amidst decay,
 Blessing the men who have pass'd away!

Laud ye the monks!

For they were friends of the poor and weak.
 The proud man came to their footstool meek,
 And many an acre broad and good
 Was the forfeit paid for his curbless mood:—
 The penance hard, and the peasant's ban,
 Would make him think of his fellow-man;
 The mass and dirge for his parting soul
 Would wring for the needy a welcome dole.
 The cowl bow'd not to the noble's crest,
 But kings would yield to the priest's behest!

Laud ye the monks!

Tranquil and sweet was monastic life,
 Free from the leaven of worldly strife;
 The desolate found a shelter there,
 A home secure from the shafts of care!
 Many a heart with sorrow riven
 Would learn to dream of a shadeless heaven!
 And plenty smiled where the convent rose,
 The herald of love and deep repose;
 The only spot where the arts gave forth
 The hope of a glorious age to earth!

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE THIRD.

Private theatricals.—Mathews's enthusiasm.—Liston's *sang froid*.—Their playing together.—Mathews and Little Fanny.—First representation of "The Sleep-walker."—Mr. Oakley.—His liberality.—His mystifying Thompson.—Kemble.—Incedon.—Sewing up the Governor.—Cooke's compelling Incedon to sing "The Storm."—Whimsical instance of the latter's jealousy of Braham.—Sheridan.—His anomalies.—"The School for Scandal."—Pizarro.—Elliston—His tact—His egotism—His skill as a Manager—His intemperance.—"George Barnwell."—Harry Harris.—His pugilism.—Murray: ludicrous Anecdote.

I HAVE said Mathews was an enthusiast in his art. Boaden has happily seized on this characteristic. In his picture of "An Author reading his Piece in the Green Room," he has represented Mathews in the act of applauding what the rest of the performers listen to with professional indifference. I saw "this ruling passion" strongly developed one evening at the private theatricals in Tavistock Place. The play was "Measure for Measure;" *Angelo*, Mr. Oakley; *Lucio*, Mr. Britton; *Isabella*, Miss S. Booth, a charming little actress, then in her zenith. Mathews and Liston were both present. The latter looked on with a most lugubrious aspect, wishing himself, no doubt, anywhere else, as most professionals under similar circumstances would; but Mathews, he was all life—animation. I question if he did not enjoy the performance more than any other person. He took an interest in everything, entered heart and soul into the business of the evening, and invariably *led* the applause. Liston applauded too;—but Liston was a sly dog, a wicked wit. He possessed the faculty of *laughing in his sleeve* to perfection.

Pardon me, dear Liston, should this meet your eye. But you were not always the grave, serious gentleman you now are.

Oh! it was glorious, exquisite, to see these two highly-gifted sons of Momus in one of Hook's, or one of Kenny's farces. They rushed into their parts to their very fingers' ends. It was a labour of love, an intellectual gladiatorship, in which they luxuriated with a zest and an *abandon* inconceivable in these water-drinking days. This "keen encounter of their wits" elicited a thousand whimsical conceits, a thousand humorous unpremeditated sallies. Liston! dear Liston! it must be confessed you sometimes took strange liberties;—ah, but then it was *you*, you know, and we were always the gainers by it.

Mathews was exceeding wrath at the liberties the press took with him. One day he met an American gentleman as he was driving in from Hampstead. "Dear me! is this you, Mr. Mathews?" exclaimed the latter; "why, you're the last person I expected to see!"—"Indeed! why so?"—"Because I've just read your death in the newspaper."—"What! those infernal penny-a-liners have been at me again, have they? I'll tell you how they do it. You don't understand these things. 'Want six lines for the end of this column,' shouts the compositor down his d—d trumpet. 'Will a murder do?'

bawls a penny-a-liner. 'No!'—'Then kill Mathews!' So I'm killed! Ha, ha! must be a cursed coward to die so many deaths, eh? Good morning!"

Mathews frequently dined in Tavistock Place. A congeniality of tastes — for both were devoted Shaksperians — led to an intimacy between Mr. Oakley and our great monologist, which only terminated with the death of the latter. Like Pope, Mathews was extremely partial to little Fanny, whose naïve surprise at his ventriloquism highly amused him. Placing Fanny on one knee, his handkerchief twisted up into a doll occupying the other, Mathews would throw his voice into the latter, to the great astonishment of the child, who, after staring at the doll, and then at Mathews, would exclaim, "Why, it don't talk, does it?"

Mr. Oakley, with a large party, occupied one of the stage boxes, the first night Mathews played *Somnio*,* in which he afterwards became so popular. Gradually approaching the box in the course of his imitations, he suddenly turned to his friend, and fixing his eye on him, exclaimed, from "The Jealous Wife," "Oh, Mr. Oakley! is that you?" The latter's confusion may be imagined.

Perhaps no individual is more to be envied than an English gentleman, of cultivated mind, domestic habits, high moral feeling, and refined tastes, whose position exempts him from the necessity of conforming to fashionable observances, yet leaves him at liberty to select his own associates, and indulge in pursuits most congenial to his inclinations. In all respects my friend Oakley was this enviable individual.† He dedicated his leisure hours wholly to his family, his ease, literature, and the society of a few friends distinguished chiefly for their talents and acquirements. He was a munificent patron, considering his means. When "All the Talents" deprived the elder Dibdin of his pension, Mr. Oakley set a subscription on foot for the relief of this veteran vocalist, heading it with a donation of one hundred pounds. Mr. Oakley not only possessed a strong feeling for the arts, but was no contemptible artist himself. A picture by Thompson, which that artist considered his masterpiece, hung over the mantelpiece in Mr. Oakley's dining-room. One evening, as these gentlemen sat over their Falernian, Mr. Oakley, to Thompson's great astonishment, began abusing this performance.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" said the artist, starting up, and throwing the light on the picture.

"Oh, I'm dissatisfied with it altogether," replied Mr. Oakley. "That arm there's out of drawing; those shadows are too opaque; and as for the colouring—"

"Well!" interrupted Thompson, with great energy, "if that arm's out of drawing, Mr. Oakley, I'm ——! The shadows too, if anything, are too transparent; and here — only look, only look! Why, my good sir! what the devil would you have? why, the colouring looks as fresh as if it had been put on only ten days ago!"

"Yes, that's about the time," said Mr. Oakley, sipping his wine.

"What do you mean?" inquired the astonished artist.

* In "The Sleep-walker."

† The *Literary Gazette* of Saturday, April the 27th, 1844, contains a notice of "this gentleman of the good old English school," who died at his house in Sloane Street, on the 19th of that month. Mr. Oakley was a member of the Athenæum, and many years auditor of Drury Lane.

"Simply, that you've been praising a copy by myself all this time!"

Mr. Oakley had a mortal aversion to every species of affectation or dandyism. One evening he was examining one of Erat's new harps, at a friend's, when a compound of these obnoxious qualities lounging up, drawled out, "A fine harp that-a — an Erard-a, I perceive!" — "No-a," replied Mr. Oakley, adopting his drawl, "that's an Erat-a!"

This gentleman is author of "Selections from Shakspeare," which he dedicated to Mrs. Siddons, of whom, and her brother John, he was an enthusiastic admirer. This latter's convivial propensities are well known. He enjoyed the reputation of being able to carry off a greater quantity of wine than any of his contemporaries, which excited Incedon's jealousy so much, that he invited the tragedian to dinner, for the purpose of deciding which was the better man.

"We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart!"

exclaimed Incedon, as soon as the cloth was removed. Accordingly burgundy was the word for eight whole hours by Shrewsbury clock. Day dawned, cocks crew: still the representative of Macbeth scorned to cry

"Hold! enough!"

The vocalist became anxious. Strong internal evidence convinced him he could not sustain the contest much longer.

"Half-pint bumpers!" he vociferated wildly.

"Lay on, Macduff!"

cried John, heroically, holding out his tumbler, which he had no sooner drained than he fell under the table.

"*Be-e-c-low!*" sang Incedon, in triumph; then seizing one of the candles, he staggered off, exclaiming, "Sewed up the Governor, by —!"

But there is "in the lowest depths a lower still." Incedon was no match for Cooke. One night these two worthies, after performing at the Richmond Theatre, returned to the Castle Hotel to sup. One — two boomed from the old church tower. Incedon rose to retire.

"Sit ye down, man! sit ye down, Charley!" said Cooke; "we'll have another bottle."

"No, no, not to-night, my dear fellow; not to-night," persisted Incedon: "it's late. Besides, I've to sing before *the King*, and *the Queen*, you know, to-morrow night at Covent Garden *The-a-torr*, and I must be careful of my voice."

"Phoo! phoo! sit ye down, man; sit ye down — another bottle."

"No, no, not to-night; not to-night, my dear boy. I tell you I've to sing before *the King*, and *the Queen*, and all *the* maids of honour, and —"

"Well, sing me 'The Storm;' sing me 'The Storm' before you go, my bully boy!" urged Cooke, who dreaded being left alone.

"No, no, not to-night; not to-night. I really —"

"You *shall*, though; you shall sing me 'The Storm' before morning, Charley!" said Cooke; and Incedon retired.

He had not been asleep long when he was seized by two constables.

"What d'ye mean, ye rascals?" cried Incedon, struggling.

"You'd better come quietly, Muster Smith," said the Constable-*en-chef*, giving him a shake.

"Muster Smith!"

"Ay, you see we knows you, so it's no use your kicking up a bobbery. Bless you! we knows all about that bit of business on the green yonder, when you and your pals there robbed that 'ere poor 'oman of her bundle, and —"

"Robbed! pals! bundle!" iterated the astonished vocalist: "why, I'm Charles Incedon—Charles Incedon, THE NATIVE MELODIST, ye rascals! I've to sing before *the King*, and *the Queen*, and all the maids of honour, to-morrow night at Covent Garden *The-a-torr!*—ay, by —! 'sus! so I'll trouble you to take your knuckles out of my throat, and not spoil my voice by your violence."

"I tell you that gammon won't pass with me!" cried the Constable, clutching him still tighter; "so come along; put on your toggery this instant, or —"

"I tell you I'm Charles Incedon!" persisted the enraged vocalist. "There's my friend Cooke; the great George Frederick; he's now in the house; we'll call him, and —"

"*Muster Cooke! why, that's the gen'elman as informed against you.* Howsommever, if you're Charles Incedon, you know, you can sing 'The Storm.'"

The word *storm* recalled Incedon from the stupor Cooke's perfidy had thrown him into.

"Sing 'The Storm'!" repeated he indignantly; "here! stand aside, ye rascals; give me room, and I'll soon show you whether I can sing 'The Storm' or not."

And clearing his pipes, Incedon went through this celebrated ditty in his best style, at the conclusion of which Cooke thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying, "*I told you you should sing me 'THE STORM' before morning, Charley,*" left him to his repose.

Incedon might well be careful of his voice—the finest that an English singer ever boasted of, particularly in the lower notes. Nevertheless, in spite of an occasional flatness, Braham surpassed Incedon, or perhaps any other vocalist our stage has ever produced. His superior science, taste, spirit, feeling, and more than all, *expression*, placed—nay, wonderful to say, still places him, after a lapse of more than sixty years, at the head of the English school. A strong jealousy subsisted between these two singers. The very sight of his more popular rival was wormwood to Incedon. One morning this latter and Power were breakfasting with Strut at Brighton, when Braham dropped in. Incedon sat sullenly discussing his prawns and bohea; and when breakfast was over, took Power's arm, and led him down to the beach. Here they walked in silence, until Incedon, suddenly disengaging his arm, uplifted his hands over the waters, and peeled forth, "*The Lord Jehovah!*" at the full extent of his magnificent voice. "There!" exclaimed he, triumphantly, "let the little Jew-boy do that!"

And omit we, in this our catalogue of convivialists, immortal Brinsley, who to the graces of Anacreon united the eloquence of Marcus Tullius, with the voluptuousness of Petronius, and the improvidence of Alcibiades? Bacchus—Momus—Mercury forbid! What a compound! what an anomaly! We feel at a loss which to wonder at most, Sheridan's talents or his indolence, his procrastination or his energies; the recklessness with which he plunged into difficulties, or

his dexterity in getting out of them. His political conduct appears even more enigmatical, for, with a total want of principle in private, as a public man, wonderful, to say, Sheridan stands, literally, *sine maculâ!* rising in this superior to Mirabeau, whom, in some respects, he resembled. "It is easy for *you* to plume yourselves on your consistency, gentlemen," said the ex-Treasurer of the Navy, bitterly, to the Duke of Bedford, and other wealthy colleagues, on resigning office, "but mine is ruin to me." And so it was. Yet the man who made no scruple in swindling a tradesman, never swerved from his political integrity. Had he no inducement? It is difficult to suppose this possible. So low was Sheridan's credit when he lived near Dorking, that his butcher absolutely galloped over, and seized a leg of mutton in the pot, because it had not been paid for on delivery. Like Manchester, his "School for Scandal" is "a great exploit." There is a brilliancy, a polish, an air of refinement in this celebrated composition, which invests it with a charm that is indescribable, and which no other comedy in our own, or perhaps any other language, possesses. Nor is the interest it inspires less peculiar and delightful. We instantly place the *Surface** family on the list of our acquaintances; nor do we ever strike them off again. Moore, in publishing all the manuscripts relating to this extraordinary production, has enabled us to trace it, step by step, through all its modifications and changes, from the first crude conceptions of the author, down to his last finishing touches—one of the most interesting studies the history of literature presents. Contrast this elaboration of finish with the hasty, imperfect version of "Pizarro," by the same author. It is an absolute and well-authenticated fact, that when the curtain drew up the first night this play was performed, Sheridan was actually arranging the last act in one of the dressing rooms. Mr. S. Russel, who played the *Sentinel*, himself assured me, that when he came to the theatre to dress, he had not even *seen his part!* † Mrs. Siddons received *Elvira's* concluding speech wet from the author's pen in the beginning of the fifth act. The tag, as it is technically termed, was sent about the same time to Powell, who performed *Atalaba*. This latter, who was what is called a *slow study*, instantly ran up to Sheridan in a great fright, and represented the utter impossibility of his getting the words into his head in time to speak them. "Well, well," said John Kemble, who was standing by, "we must do without the tag." Accordingly, the play concluded as it now stands. But Sheridan was ever anomalous, ever in extremes; and his sceptre descended to one who, in many particulars, resembled him.

Elliston!—what pleasurable associations arise with that name!—the laughing eye—the jocund smile—the courtly ease—the buoyant gaiety—the untiring spirit—the broad rich tones!—who that remembers these can forget Elliston! He presented a rare union of the requisites indispensable to form that most difficult of all stage assump-

* The custom of making names exponents of characters has here led Sheridan into an absurdity. The *Surfaces* are, no doubt, indebted to *Joseph* for this designation, which is a downright libel, as far as *Charles* and *Old Noll* are concerned.

† This is literally true. "The fact is," said Mr. Russel, "my part was *purposely withheld*. Mr. Sheridan knew I was a quick studier. He also knew I should have thrown up the part if I had had it in time to have done so. But I was a rising actor; it was of importance to have my name in the bills, as it materially strengthened the cast. Thus, though I was told at every rehearsal what I had to do, I could never find out what I had to say."

tions, a fine gentleman. Off the stage, too, who could be more courteous, more considerate, more fascinating! Who ever boasted a nicer tact, a finer perception of what would be most gratifying, most satisfactory, most consolatory, to all with whom he came into contact? Who could employ these rare qualifications with so much effect *when he chose*? It was a positive pleasure to be refused a request by Elliston. The manner in which he conveyed a negative impressed you with an idea that he was conferring a favour on you: it was the sting of the bee drowned in its honey. With what seeming sympathy he consoled with you!—with what affectionate fervour he squeezed your hand!—the tears glistened in his eyes as he took leave of you—you felt he was the sincerest friend you had, and would have made any sacrifice to serve him. True, this was all manner—true, he did not care five farthings for you! He would have heard of your death without emotion; still you were indebted to him for his consideration; it pleased, it consoled, it soothed you; it beguiled you of your disappointment, reconciled you to the failure of your hopes, and, more than all, poured a balm on your wounded vanity.

Elliston was the vainest of theatrical potentates. It was rich to see the great Robert William in one of his grandiose humours. No one could be more ludicrously pompous, more maudlinly dignified, more bombastically imperious:—it was *Aranza* metamorphosed into the *mock Duke*. He was the most absolute of autocrats. "Get off my benches, sir!" he would exclaim to some tyro in the pit, in the middle of his performance. He felt in the climax of his glory when addressing an audience, which he sought every opportunity of doing, to the infinite amusement of the box-lobby loungee and "half-price clerk," who made a nightly practice of calling upon Elliston for a speech at the conclusion of the first piece, when his egotism proved most diverting.

Elliston was an excellent manager, shrewd, bustling, indefatigable, fertile in expedients, a thorough adept in the art of puffing, and could gull an audience to perfection. Latterly, his habits were anything but respectable. He

"Put an enemy into his mouth that stole away his brains,"

until it became his "custom," not only "of an afternoon," but at all times. He was once sent up to London by coach, quite insensible, with the following label on his button:—"Robert William Elliston.—To be delivered at Stratford Place immediately."

Elliston was once playing *George Barnwell* in the country. The fifth act had begun, but there was no *Uncle*.

"Here! get on a black coat, Scott," cried Elliston to an old sailor who worked the flies; "you must go on for the *Uncle*."

"Me, sir? Lord, sir, I never was on the stage in all my life!" said the man, frightened out of his wits. Besides, I don't know a word of the part, and—"

"No matter!" interrupted Elliston; "get your coat on—quick. I'll speak all your speeches for you,"—which he did, prefacing each with—"Stop! I know what you are about to say, my venerable relative. You were about to observe so and so;" or, "Ah! your eye speaks. It says," &c. &c., and so forth.

Elliston read incomparably. I attribute the failure of so many new pieces during his management to his excellence in this particular. He

infused so much spirit and so much humour into the pieces he read in the greenroom, that neither he himself, nor those who heard him, had any idea how vapid many of these were, until the hisses of the audience rather disagreeably convinced them of it. Like Mathews, Elliston was an enthusiast in his art, and liberally encouraged talent whenever he had it in his power.

Harry Harris, the rival manager, boasted much proficiency in the fistic art,—a fact not deducible either from his manners or appearance; for, though strong and well-knit, his voice was effeminate, while his dress smacked of dandyism. One morning, as he was picking his way westward, a carter splashed him. The manager remonstrated. The carter grew insolent, and, on Harris's calling him "a rascal," lashed the latter's light silk pantaloons with his long dirty whip, until, to use the manager's own expression, "he had made a perfect zebra of him." "Stop a minute, fellow!" lisped Harris; and, going into a shop, he very deliberately divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and returning, gave the carter, to his great astonishment, a thrashing. Harris was very intimate with Moore, the latter, who was an excellent judge of what would succeed on the stage. Harris submitted most of the pieces sent to Covent Garden theatre to Moore's perusal. In those days dramatists were at a premium. Morton and Colman regularly received a thousand pounds for a first piece.

Murray, the father of Mrs. Henry Siddons, belonged at this time to Harry Harris's company. One night this actor played the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." As a considerable interval occurs before the apparition makes its second appearance, Murray threw off his ghostly gear at the conclusion of his first scene, and slipped over to some brother *convives*, who were enjoying themselves at the Garrick's Head. Here the minutes passed so pleasantly, that Murray, on consulting his watch, found he had overstayed his time. He had barely time to return to the theatre, throw off his coat and waistcoat, don the upper portion of his ghostly attire, and caution the carpenters to wind him only *half way up*, when his cue was given. These latter, however, either mistaking his directions, or for the joke's sake, wound the trap up, as usual, to the *level of the stage*, exhibiting to the astonished audience the *Ghost of Hamlet's* father accoutred in a helmet, cuirass, *nankcen inexpressibles*, and a pair of *top-boots*! Murray had formerly been in the navy. He was accustomed to *draw a long bow*. When *Bacchi plenus*, he would strike his fist upon the table and say, "Yes, sir, in that engagement I lost this right arm!"

SONG TO THE GOD OF WINE.

BY C. HARTLEY LANGHORNE.

COME along, come along, to the voice of our song,
 And list to our carol the vintage-night long !
 The maid will be there with her bright sunny hair,
 And the pard and the lion will soon quit their lair ;
 And the tiger as well will bow to thy spell,
 And crouch at thy feet in our violet dell ;
 And all that is beauteous, and brilliant, and gay,
 Will greet the, Psilas ! Come away ! come away !

Then fill, fill, fill to him still,
 By the lentisk copse, and the vine-cover'd hill,
 The sweet lily beds, and the dancing rill,—
 Fill, fill !

Let the smiles of thy face, with their wild lovely grace,
 Cast joy and contentment on all in the place ;
 Let the vineyard be blest where thou takest thy rest,
 And the corn-field and garden thy foot may have prest ;
 Come, God of the Wine, with the aspect divine,
 And Helios himself will forget how to shine ;
 Come, sport with us here 'neath the welkin so clear,
 And Selenè will soon jilt her Latinian fere,
 And fly to us here, and fly to us here.

Then fill, fill, fill to him still,
 By the lentisk copse, and the vine-cover'd hill,
 The sweet lily beds, and the dancing rill,—
 Fill, fill !

Greatest, omnipotent, mightiest power !
 This is the moment, this is the hour,—
 Visit thy son in his own Chian bower,
 Where, crown'd with the myrtle, and ivy, and vine,
 He holdeth high rites to the God of the Wine ;
 Revel, and song, and proud festive glee,
 Such as is meet for a god like thee.
 Then leave the cliffs on the Naxian strand,
 And bless with thy presence Oenopion's land !

Then fill, fill, fill to him still,
 By the lentisk copse, and the vine-cover'd hill,
 The sweet lily beds, and the dancing rill,—
 Fill, fill !

CHRISTENING THE VILLA.

"HUBBINS, 1½, High Street," was the most prosperous grocer in the town of S—, if we might judge from the consignments he weekly received, of which he made no secret, but advertised them to all the town. He sold more tea than could be consumed by the whole county of Lancaster. He was, indeed, a new-light grocer; none of your slow-and-sure family-trade men; he was a go-with-the-spirit-of-the-age man; the old-fashioned maxim about good wine needing no bush had no influence upon him. He was a liberal, and professed to give the good wine, and the bush also.

A few years ago Mr. Hubbins had been troubled with an occasional attack of bill-fever; but his attacks had become less and less frequent, until he had now entirely shaken them off. Mr. Hubbins had been relieved by copious printing. When the fit was upon him the strongest, the more he printed. He brought hand-bills and posting-bills to bear, with potent influence, upon bills of exchange. The more he promised to pay to his debtors, the more he promised to sell to his customers; until in the public mind, through the public eye, the words "HUBBINS, 1½, HIGH STREET," and "GROCERY," became a concrete unity; and "*Hubbins*" always came before "Grocery," and "Grocery" always followed Hubbins in the imagination of every man, woman, and child in the great town of S—. The ultimate effect of all which was seen in Hubbins's brimming till.

Mr. Hubbins was a great favourite with Adolphus Smooth, Esq., the manager of the Union Banking Company. Mr. Smooth had an objection to have the notes of the bank at home; or the gold of the bank from home. Two classes of his customers were, therefore, always in favour with Mr. Smooth. First, those millers and maltsters who paid the notes which the bank issued to farmers, to be locked in a strong box until rent-day; and, secondly, those shopkeepers who brought back on a Monday morning the hard cash which had been paid over the bank counter for manufacturers' wages on the Saturday before. Heretofore Mr. Hubbins had been what is sometimes rudely called, under the thumb of the bank. It had, in fact, often happened that, to avoid a paroxysm of the bill-fever, Mr. Smooth had administered temporary relief. After that, for a long time the balance had passed from right to left of the bank ledger, as bills were advised, or receipts came in, regular as the oscillations of a pendulum; but for some time past it had remained on the credit side. Mr. Hubbins had now nine hundred pounds in the bank!

Although prospectuses of joint-stock companies to do everything by steam and Indian-rubber, and make fortunes at a railway pace, were bestrewed upon the bank counter; although plans of building-lots of various colours, with imaginary crescents regularly built, fountains in full play, and trees of half a century's growth, adorned the walls, Mr. Hubbins had shewn no disposition to speculate. This was a state of things of which Mr. Smooth did not entirely approve. The Union was not the only joint-stock bank in the neighbourhood; and, as long as Mr. Hubbins had such a balance at his disposal, he was open to the temptations which any rival establishment might

hold out. Like a good manager, Mr. Smooth took such precautions as were necessary under the circumstances.

One Monday morning Hubbins walked into the bank, with his red canvas-bag heavier than usual. He had placed it upon the counter, with a duodecimo bound in parchment, and marked "F. fo. 157," by its side; and was looking round with an air so full of self-importance, that the atmosphere of the bank alone prevented its heightening into a swagger, when Mr. Smooth raised his head above the green curtain which surrounded his desk.

Mr. Smooth was the *beau-ideal* of a bank-manager,—pale and thoughtful,—a mixture of solemnity and cunning,—the Jesuit of commerce. Upon close examination it was found to be a mock solemnity, which came from dealing with large items not his own; whilst his cunning was the result of an intimate acquaintance with everybody's business, and his habit of sitting "each day from ten until four" learning facts which he must not communicate. In activity cunning predominated; but in repose he wore the expression of a man oppressed with secrets.

The last-mentioned was the expression upon Mr. Smooth's face when he first caught the eye of Hubbins. In a moment it was gone, and Mr. Smooth looked the happiest of men. He shook Hubbins by the hand most cordially, and smiled gaily, and talked of the weather,—for when Mr. Smooth meant to be gay he could smile at anything. He was such a perfect master of bank courtesies, that he had been known to prop a doubtful credit by a skilful display of politeness to a tottering speculator before a bankful of customers. Upon this occasion he invited Hubbins into the bank parlour with such an air of condescension that it proclaimed to the other persons at the counter that Mr. Hubbins was taken into the bank-parlour as a friend; and not for the purpose of making any unpleasant private inquiries of a pecuniary nature. In fact, his manner was meant to be a declaration that he was not going to shampoo the aforesaid Hubbins.

When in the room together Mr. Smooth began by asking a question touching the credit of a sugar house at Bristol, of which Hubbins knew but little, and Smooth wanted to know nothing. Hubbins being once seated at his ease in the chairman's ample chair before the fire, Smooth, who sat opposite him, did not allow his attention to flag; but with a manner of gentle dalliance changed the subject to:—

"By the way, we were talking of you yesterday after the board broke up; they say you are going to build a country-house—eh?"

"Me start a country house!" exclaimed Hubbins. "Why, how could there be such a report about me?"

"Well, I assure you," said Smooth in a soothing tone, "there were four or five of the directors present. Mr. Auger even said he should like to sell you a site in the Adelaide Road."

Smooth observed that Hubbins was astonished more than displeased at this sally. Indeed, his answer, "Oh! it will be time enough for me to think of getting out of business in ten years to come," had more of boast than contradiction in it.

Mr. Smooth followed it up with,— "I should think not, indeed, with such a trade as your's; making money as fast as you do, would tempt any man to be a drudge. I don't think, though, that you

would get over less work for sleeping in the country air, and having a two-mile drive before business. Besides, it would be so pleasant for Mrs. Hubbins and the children; and not, perhaps, more expensive, when you come to consider all things."

With this, and like combinations of flattery and persuasion was Hubbins plied by the ingenious Mr. Smooth, until he had not only looked over a lithographic plan of the land, and given an opinion which was the best site; but had also learnt that to such a respectable customer as Mr. Hubbins there would be no objection to letting the money remain on security of the land for any length of time. Matters had gone so far before the two parted that Hubbins had actually promised to come up after bank hours some fine afternoon during the week — perhaps Thursday, — and take a drive in Mr. Smooth's phaeton, just to look at the place, and drop in to take a glass of wine with Mr. Auger; but this was to be quite in a companionable spirit, and not to be considered as a meeting of the parties in the relation of buyer and seller.

This was not the first time that Hubbins had been spoken to upon the subject of a new habitation. Another party had pleaded the same cause with an earnestness proportioned to her interest in the subject; and with an eloquence which little domestic annoyances alone can inspire. This was Mrs. Hubbins. Every day — nay, almost every hour, she was increasing her husband's information as to the inconvenience of their house. Nor had Mrs. Hubbins failed to impress upon her husband the necessity of getting their daughter into society as she grew up. All the particulars she had yet descended to upon this subject were, morning calls, and evening-parties, with an occasional hint at a private governess.

It must be confessed that Mrs. Hubbins's ideas of social advancement had risen quite as fast as, and perhaps a little faster than, her husband's means. What he was as a tradesman, she was as a wife; they both acted under the stimulating influence of a competitive spirit. If B. and Co. had window-panes three feet wide, Hubbins wanted his three feet and a half. If Mrs. A. had a feather a foot high, Mrs. Hubbins pined for one of the altitude of two feet; and this without reference to the other proportions of the two shops, or the figure of either lady to carry a feather of any size whatever. The efforts of Mrs. Hubbins to get into what she called "genteel society" were quite as great as her husband's had been to get custom to his shop. She pursued the puffing system with quite as much vigour, although her efforts had not yet been crowned with equal success; which (as her manner and temper were of course faultless) she attributed to the insignificance of her residence. It is true she had occasionally seen company in High Street; but this, far from satiating, had only whetted her appetite for such like social gaiety.

Of all this and much more Mr. Hubbins had been made painfully acquainted. He had hitherto resisted the importunities of his wife upon this subject; for he did not observe the difference between her wanting a new house, and any of the hundred other wants with which she teased him. The only difference which Mr. Hubbins had ever been able to observe in the wants of his helpmate was, that when her desire was within the range of a sovereign, she began her request with "Hub," and looked all tenderness; when they

were above that sum, she was wont to assume an air of something between offended dignity and injured innocence, and begin, "Mr. Hubbins; sir—" He had treated his wife's wants touching a new abode, as best he could, like the difficulties of the hour.

Hubbins was a vain man. He had now been approached through his highest business connexion. His having a country-house had been recommended by Mr. Smooth; the subject had been canvassed, and evidently approved by the assembled bank directors. He had money enough to build himself a house—was getting money fast. His name had been associated with that idea at the bank; and his not building would look something like a drawing back—a thing he could not bear to think of.

Thus mused Mr. Hubbins, as he walked from the bank to $1\frac{1}{2}$, High Street, on that Monday morning. He did not see anything on his way; and, although his shop was full of customers when he entered, he noticed no one, but took his seat at the little desk, a thoughtful man.

Of Hubbins's present abode it is literally true, that he found it of brick; and that when he left it, he would leave it of (painted) marble. It was also true, as Mrs. Hubbins had so frequently urged, that everything was sacrificed to the shop. It was all shop,—and the shop was all window,—and the window was as much street as the corporation would allow. Another move, and there would have been no house at all. At the last change the shop had taken in the back parlour; upon which occasion there had been a liberal promotion of rooms all the way up. The back kitchen had been boarded over and raised to the rank of a parlour; (it was called the "sitting-room" at home, and the "dining-room" from home;) the coal-hole took the rank of wine-cellar, and the stable became a cooking kitchen by the same brevet. There was a room over the shop which was dignified by the name of "the drawing-room;" but as the staircase had been driven away by the last encroachment of the shop, the access to it was too intricate for the inexperienced traveller to venture upon exploring without a guide. That room which was now called the dining-room, was under the influence of a partial eclipse from a superannuated malthouse, which stood about four feet from it. Notwithstanding Mrs. Hubbins's entreaties this was allowed to remain; for it could not be dispensed with. A signboard at the entrance, announced that it was the "Ware-house." In this place the mysteries of the trade were carried on, and, if confidential confessions can be believed, the profit was made. It was here the sugars grew pale—the sting of the mustard was blunted—the tea was rendered less enervating, and even sober coffee fell into strange company. Hubbins himself was the presiding genius of this establishment. It was here that, enveloped in mystic robe from chin to toes, he performed the tripple witcheries of—mingle, mingle, mingle.

It has been already hinted that Mrs. Hubbins was a lady whose wants were of exotic growth, and ripened very fast. The effect of her husband's interview with Mr. Smooth may be soon told: her desire, already warm, blazed like a straw fire. Day by day the inconvenience of her house became less and less bearable; until at the end of a week the idea of a country-house had become part of her very being: she seemed to talk, think, and dream of nothing else.

In a fortnight after Hubbins had narrated his conversation with Mr. Smooth, she had positively *cut* the old house, and sat all day in the drawing-room.

It was not long before Mr. Shallow, the architect, was displaying to the admiring eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbins, drawings of villas of various shapes and sizes. It was a most difficult thing to choose, they were all so pretty; the trees were all alike graceful, the flowers were all in full bloom, the lawns were all so very green, and the carriage-drives were all so very red.

"I think I like this Vandyke pattern the best," said the lady, taking up the drawing of a smart gothic cottage.

"Very elegant taste indeed, but only suited to a small family. Large houses in that style are so costly—we generally find the Grecian or the Italian composite styles preferred. They always look well, and you get large rooms and convenient offices for the same money as a mere cottage in the gothic," answered Mr. Shallow; who, whilst he was giving this, his often-repeated advice "to persons about to build," had carefully selected the only three plans he was able to carry out.

"There certainly seems more for money in these," said Hubbins.

The lady did not seem so much struck with the difference; but Mr. Shallow placed before her the easiest to get up of the favoured three,—being, in reality, the one upon which there was likely to be the most profit, and continued—

"You see, Mem, in this, which I consider the handsomest elevation of them all, you would have a noble hall and staircase, dining and breakfast rooms, spacious and convenient butler's pantry; besides a well-arranged suite of kitchens on the ground-floor. An elegant drawing-room and boudoir, with two state bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, out of the corridor on the first-floor; and comfortable lodging-rooms above—all independent of the servants' apartments, to which there would be a separate staircase."

Before the architect had finished his description, Mrs. Hubbins's election was made. "Butler's pantry" had almost lifted her from her seat; but "boudoir,"—she could not withstand it. She, however, concealed her feelings, and did what she thought was the necessary quantity of lady-like coquetry about the other plans. Mrs. Hubbins might have been as genteely fastidious as she pleased, there was no danger of Mr. Shallow weakening the impression he had already made by describing the interior arrangements of the other plans,—he did not know them!

* * * * *

On that day six months, Mrs. Hubbins was seated in the breakfast parlour of her new house.

The only party who had fully accomplished his purpose by the change was Smooth. Mr. Hubbins was beyond the reach of any temptation which might be held out to him to change his banker. He was afflicted again, poor man, with his old complaint—the bill fever. The printing press again swung its giant limbs to impress his name upon the party-coloured sheet; but his dignity sat ill upon him, and he spoke to Smooth,

"With bated breath,
And in a bondsman's key."

As the truth must be confessed, Mrs. Hubbins was as little satisfied with their new possession as her husband. The furniture, and even the very dresses which had been quite in harmony with the old house, looked out of place in the new one. The low windows, threw too much light upon the stockings and feet of Mrs. Hubbins, and made the floor feel like transparent ground, and this was a fair type of what she felt in everything. It was her own house, but she was not at home in it; she was never what she called "snug": elegance was not comfort with her; and she felt that little *strain* which is so fatal to contentment. In High Street she had been, and felt that she was, a rich grocer's wife, and occupied a high position as one of the first of her class; but now she had unsettled herself so much that she was like one playing a character in the drama of life in which she had not made herself perfect;—as unsteady, and as little confident as a cavalry recruit in the riding-school, and as much wanting in vigour as a tree which is transplanted too late.

The old house was not enough for her imaginary wants,—the new one was too much for her real ones. She had touched the end of her husband's means, and it had startled her. A dread that her position was not real lurked in her conscience; and this, with her acute sense of ridicule, gave such a preponderance to her fear of doing wrong, that it limited her ability to do right. All things considered, she was at least as happy in High Street.

Here, however, she was, as has been said, seated in the breakfast-room of her new mansion. Many things were yet unfinished, and there was an uncomfortable air of newness and squareness about all. Outside the house the carriage-drive was yet very soft, and the lawn was still rather muddy; the shrubs seemed to have forsaken their own party-colours, and joined the ever-browns; whilst the young trees looked as curly as the little Hubbinses after the barber's visit on a dancing day. Inside, the kitchen smelt of brick and mortar, and the parlours of French polish; the hall was damp, and the dining-room chimney refused to draw unless the door was left open.

To add to Mrs. Hubbins's discomfiture, she could not find a suitable name for the new villa. She had puzzled herself night and day for months; she had baited in every direction to get a name, but had not succeeded. Every tree in the forest had already its patronymic in the neighbourhood,—“The Ashes,” “The Elms,” “The Birches,” “The Beeches,”—the everything. Even the shrubs had stood godfathers to a whole race of villas,—“The Laurels,” “The Lilacs,” “Rose Cottage,” “Heath House,”—and so on to the end of the horticultural catalogue. She saw the fashion was to have names chosen from the vegetable creation. They were certainly unexceptionable; and, besides, it was so easy to attach the name by planting a quantity of the particular thing to catch the eye. Was she, then, to descend a step lower in the scale of vegetation, and take a name from the herbs? She thought of “Mignonette Park,” and prettily it sounded; but a vision of window-troughs dispelled the thought.

It must be a name of sufficient dignity to appear respectable, and yet not so much as to border upon pretension. It must neither be too high nor too low; it must sound well and look well, and yet not seem studied; it must be suitable, and that from some intrinsic quality, not depending on fashion, which might change; it should neither be too long nor too short,—and, to make it remembered, it

must be striking ;—lastly, there must be a reason for it, which was the most puzzling of all.

By degrees she fretted herself into a nervousness about the name. It was a matter which every day became more pressing, and must be decided ; for if she did not name the house, some one else would. Mr. Tibbs, the brassfounder, had inadvertently neglected to name his beautiful house as soon as it was finished, and what was the consequence?—it was called “Candlestick Hall ;” and the ingenuity of his six fascinating daughters had been upon the rack these ten years to get it registered with the public as “Byron Cottage,” without effect, for it was Candlestick Hall *still*. Poor Mr. Bincs, again, who built such a smart place, with verandahs, and balustrades, and balconies, adorned it with a fountain, and made it all so beautiful,—he fell into that unfortunate indifference about a name, and the place was even now, although he had been dead so many years, called Bincs’s Folly ! Some profane wretch might have the impudence to call the place, which had cost her husband so much money, and herself so much care, Treacle Hall, and the name would stick to it for ever.

The only way to prevent any unpleasantness was to christen the house forthwith. What, then, *was* the name to be ?

In the midst of Mrs. Hubbins’s reverie, Mr. Smart, the surgeon, was announced.

She was so filled with the subject of naming the villa, that Mrs. Hubbins could talk of nothing else, and so she freely unbosomed herself to him. He was a man of the world, and could tell the direction of her inclination, after hearing a few sentences, as well as he could have told the state of her circulation by a touch of the wrist.

“Is it possible,” said he, “you can be at a loss for a name ? Call it Poplar House. You have a fine poplar at the gate—I admire it every time I come, it grows so fast and so tall.”

“Capital!—capital, doctor !” exclaimed Mrs. Hubbins, walking to the window to look at the horticultural wonder. “Two heads are better than one.—Poplar House !—eh !—what a lucky thought !—Poplar House—it’s just the very thing !—Poplar House—How stupid I must have been !—Poplar House—Quite a nice name !—Poplar House !”

“**POPLAR HOUSE,**” thought Mr. Smart, as he stepped into his gig, “is an appropriate name. It gets height before it has strength, and bends to every influence. It soon starts up, is little regarded, and soon decays. Getting up in the world seems to absorb all its energies. It bears neither fruit nor flowers, and yet presumes to throw from its unsteady height a blighting shade over trees more generous and shrubs more fragrant. Without dignity, it tries to rank with forest-trees, by hiding in a profusion of foliage its want of solid substance. Its true position is to be grouped with its kind ; for it seems only in place when it stands one in a row. Yes, Mrs. Hubbins, **POPLAR HOUSE** is an appropriate name.”

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF
WESTPHALIA,

BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

AN accident caused by the explosion of the powder magazine at Luxemburg, became the subject of many a joke. An old woman had set up at the gate, in a niche once ornamented by a statue of the holy Nepomuk, a fruit-standing, which now found room and shelter in what was formerly the saint's chapel; she was sitting there comfortably, and in good plight, when the explosion took place, by which a huge stone was impelled right before the entrance to the fruit-shop, closing it up, and with the precipitated rubbish hiding the poor old woman completely, who remained three whole days walled up in her sanctuary, until the workmen employed in clearing away came to this spot, from whence a faint cry of "Help! help!" called for their speediest assistance. Nearly dead with fear, but otherwise uninjured, our old woman came at length from her tomb, and continued, I was informed, to sit many years after that in her chapel, firmly persuaded that the sanctity of the place, and of its former inhabitant, had saved her from certain death.

We, poor fellows! shut up in the citadel, thought that nothing less than the end of the world was come. We were at table when the explosion happened; and it struck me at first that it was an earthquake. The windows, which were open on account of the heat, were torn off their hinges; the door was split in two from top to bottom, and our plates and glasses flew about as if they had wings. We were soon informed of the melancholy cause by a stream of inhabitants passing by, all hastening to offer their speedy assistance; and he who had himself escaped the calamity hurried to assure himself of the fate of his friends and acquaintance. It is unaccountable that the magazine was not provided with a single conductor, or this dreadful catastrophe might have been averted.

After the lapse of two or three months I petitioned the commandant, General Vimeure, for an interview, which was accorded in the kindest manner. I represented to him how tormenting my situation was in being deprived of all freedom, and having no occupation; whereupon he very obligingly permitted me to rove about from morning till evening retreat, within half a league of the fortress; and gave me leave besides to read the newspapers in his orderly-room. Who then was happier than I? As a bird into the ether, so plunged I into the verdure of the ramparts, which till then I durst not tread, and visited with Monsieur Cherron his small inheritance, which was partly laid out in pleasant gardens, partly devoted to rural establishments. From dawn till dewy eve I was on my feet; and when General Vimeure surprised me by a free ticket to the theatre, hope somewhat returned to my heart, and I acknowledged in these, to me great changes, the mutability of fortune.

Meantime, however, I perceived with great concern the progress of events in my fatherland, and the more so as some newly-obtained advantages of our enemies, the French, occasioned loud rejoicings around me. To the battle of Friedland, with which vanished unhappy

Prussia's last hope of freedom from the oppressors' yoke, succeeded the still more ruinous peace of Tilsit, upon which, as is well known, there remained to the noble, severely-tried king, Frederick William, but one-half of his territory, and even that only upon the most oppressive, almost inexecutable conditions. Napoleon, to whom the Emperor of Russia's desire for a truce was only too agreeable, and who was charmed at having ratified that, as well as a treaty of peace, so advantageous to him, celebrated the event everywhere by an act of grace. Our convicts were mostly dismissed; their unruly rejoicings almost cut me to the heart: liberty appeared to me more valuable than ever, and yet was so distant from me. Neither the friendship of my good Monsieur Cherron, nor the enjoyment of still greater liberty than before, could rid me of my depression. With the feeling peculiar to the French, he sought as much as possible to withdraw me from my melancholy, and I yet recall his amiable attentions with emotion and gratitude. Towards the close of autumn the already-mentioned Hessian officers were set at liberty, and the news fell upon me like a thunderbolt that I was not to be discharged from imprisonment with them, but was to endure it yet longer. I felt more and more my unhappy position; and the time during which I saw my freedom deferred from day to day seemed to extend itself to an insupportable length; added to that, it was long since I had heard anything from my beloved home, and my uneasiness was the greater, because I well knew the punctuality of my affectionate mother. At last, one evening, between Christmas and New Year's Day, the adjutant entered my room, in which were Monsieur Cherron and Ferson, saying in a loud voice, "Monsieur B——, you are at liberty!" It is beyond my power to describe my joy at this intelligence. There were in it hope and good augury for the future; but, above all, it promised me a return to my family. Nevertheless, I could not part from those who had been so friendly to me without concern, and when I saw the moist eyes of honest Cherron, tears gushed into my own. The conditions under which I obtained my liberty greatly diminished the pleasure of it; for, since in my examination at Munster I had assigned Cassel as my birth-place, I was ordered to present myself there forthwith, in order to enter the Westphalian service.

I was to set off next day in the *diligence* for Trèves; but previously my friends arranged a little fête, which went off very agreeably. We drank to our happy meeting, and then my hosts accompanied me in a body to my starting-post.

Thus my abode at Luxemburg, which had commenced so sorrowfully, ended in the joyfulest manner, and I have often called this to mind when I saw it again under very different circumstances.

Arrived at Trèves, I found that the mode of travelling would suit me no longer, for my funds were exhausted. I therefore committed my portmanteau to the *diligence*, and set out on foot, but this time undisguised, towards my beloved home.

The more sparing I was obliged to be on my way, the more vividly I pictured to myself the moment when I should enter my mother's dwelling, and meet in her tender cares a recompense for all passed deprivations. My expectations rose with every step; and when, at length, after a long day's march, I reached the bridge over the Rhine at Wesel, my knees nearly failed under me with weariness and agitation. An acquaintance passed by, a townsman, who lived near my

mother ; I rushed towards him, and inquired after her ; with great commiseration my acquaintance informed me that she had died some weeks before.

I leave it to the feeling reader of these pages to represent my situation to himself in order to conceive the desolation of it. I had hoped that my dear mother's look would yet a few moments repose on me. That look, so full of life, stood clearer than ever before the mirror of my soul ! How exultingly she would have received her son, upon whom she had such reliance ! It was some time, however, before I had a full sense of my misfortune ; for, at the reception of the unlucky tidings, which penetrated like an electric shock through my head and heart, I fell fainting to the earth, and first revived to consciousness through the attentions of the person's family who had imparted to me unguardedly the distressing intelligence. My stay on the to me desert spot was short ; for, without seeking my acquaintance, I went on to Munster in order to hold converse with my guardian, from whom I invariably received counsel and assistance. Afterwards, since no choice remained to me as to my new path in life, I went on to Cassel, where I arrived in January 1808, and, according to instructions from Paris, obtained a commission in the guards in a light cavalry regiment, one of the finest in the newly-erected kingdom. Here a new era began for me, and I felt myself quite at my ease in this free and independent life, after the subjection under which I had till then lived. The service also guaranteed many advantages ; promotion was rapid, and one might hope a great deal from the future.

Soon after my entrance into the regiment, King Jerome travelled to Magdeburg to inspect the fortifications, accompanied by several officers of the crown and generals ; four officers of the Gardes-du-corps, and four of the light horse were put in orders for escort. I was one of them ; and thus had the honour to attend his Majesty upon his first royal progress. It was of a very fatiguing sort, and resembled flying rather than riding. Arrived at the post-house, we were ourselves obliged to take off our saddles and bridles, to be thrown upon the fresh horses which stood there in readiness for the continuation of our journey, while a hundred hands were occupied in getting the King's carriage ready. We flew on thus to Magdeburg, and there once more our hopes of repose and refreshment were deluded, as that very night the arrival of a courier extraordinary obliged the King to set off again at dawn of day. We returned to Gottingen with as much speed as we had left it, and here a guard stood ready to attend the King back to the capital, and relieved the escort, the greater part of which was in very bad plight. One had a maimed arm, another a bruised foot, and all were so exhausted that we almost fell from our horses. We were quartered in the best inns, allowed forty-eight hours' repose, and then went back to Cassel in the royal carriages. Here, besides eight days' leave, we were granted a considerable sum in money, and our wounded were healed at the King's cost.

A short time afterwards the Emperor Napoleon was to go to the congress at Erfurth, and our regiment received orders to march to Bach and Hesse Rothenburg, through which places his Majesty was to pass. While we were in expectation of his arrival, we had much idle time on our hands ; and, before long, in the council-cellar of Hesse Rothenburg a circle of young people assembled, who, as it, alas ! but too often happens, prefer the gaming table to every other amusement.

I played hazard here for the first time, had much of my own and some of other people's money about me, and, carried on by the passion of gaming, which laid hold of me with all its strength for the first time, I played all away.

Words would fail to describe my state of mind. I have never since felt such anguish; but despair made me seize the only means left me, and which might destroy me quite, or relieve me. In my writing-desk at my quarters were two newly-coined Jerome-d'ors, which I had never liked to part with, and I hastened to fetch them. With apparently calm, but a quaking heart, I staked the first—and lost. But now one was left me! Fortune, who had before quitted me as a warning for my good, now came back to me, and I saw myself saved! In a downright transport I played on. When the fearful agony was taken off my heart, I resembled a person in a fit of catalepsy. I saw, I heard little or nothing that was passing around me; but congratulations pouring upon me from all sides, awakened me from my lethargy. I swept off my money, gave a handful of it to the marker, and rushed out of the hellish abode, which had caused me more anguish than all the events of my life put together, with a loud asseveration and the firm purpose never to play again; and I kept it. Never could persuasion, or my own wish, induce me to try my luck, and I was perfectly cured of that passion.

Meantime our hoped-for review by the Emperor Napoleon came to nothing. He was in too great haste, and we saw him only fleetingly pass by in the carriage, and even that luck was only the lot of a few sentinels. Discontentedly we returned back to Cassel to our monotonous duties and our parades. However, the next year was to do more than compensate us for our disappointed hopes, bringing with it events so zealously desired by young military men. A report was spread abroad, in the spring, of an impending war, and we impatiently awaited further indications of it. I had returned one evening from Catherinen Thal, the Queen's residence, with my guard and over-fatigued horses. All slumbered in the barracks; and we, too, gave ourselves up to repose, when suddenly the alarm was beaten, which, since it could only be by the King's command, indicated that something extraordinary must have occurred. In great haste the various corps assembled at their alarm-posts, and there received their orders. Each gate of the town was guarded by a battalion of infantry and two cannon; the cavalry rode with drawn swords and loaded pistols among the city patrol, with orders to fire upon any group of persons who might assemble together, and to allow no individual to pass without the watchword.

No man knew, or could divine what had given occasion for these stringent measures. All the public-houses were closed, and scarcely a towns-person dared to shew himself. I saw but little of what was doing, being left with my wearied men at the barracks; and yet it fell to my lot to take a part at the most decisive moment. It might be about four in the morning when I received orders to turn out with my guard, and march to the Frankfort gate. Here I met two companies of the guards and two cannon, and was commanded by General D'Albignac, to whom I reported myself, to form immediately the advanced-guard. It began to dawn as we marched in upon the "*chaussée*," and the ground there being entirely broken up, the infantry and artillery followed us slowly. We had been directed to pay close attention to any

suspicious movement on the road; and with the first light I remarked in the neighbourhood of the so-called Knall-hutte (a small public-house near a brick-kiln), a throng of country-people, and great running hither and thither behind the above-mentioned building. Sending forward a patrol, I reported immediately to the General, who quickly came up with the rest of the detachment; and I then first learned through them that the district was in open revolt, prompted and carried on by General von Thornberg, commanding the chasseur battalion of the guards. I could hardly believe my ears, having seen the General a few days previously on parade, apparently so busy and zealous in the royal service, and particularly since two companies of his battalion were at present with our detachment, and whose duty, therefore, it would be to fight against their commander.

At our advance the assemblage of peasants quickly dispersed; but in a sortie made by twelve of our men we took many of them prisoners, from whom we discovered, after a few admonitions from the flat of our sabres, that considerable masses of country-people were on the advance towards us. After precise instructions from the General, we continued our march, and in about half an hour saw a glistening and gleaming in the sunshine, which we soon discovered to proceed from the scythes, pitchforks, and pikes, with which a body of peasants of from eight hundred to a thousand men, who were now near us, had armed themselves. At their head were people provided with guns and other arms; then came on the irregularly-formed division, opening out on the *chaussée*, although on the right and left there was a free field for their exploits. At the sight of us there was an evident commotion among them; they appeared to be wavering, and many deserters were seen in the background running as fast as their legs could carry them. The General sent me orders to ride after them, and ask them in the King's name what they wanted; but I obtained no answer, though I repeated my inquiry three times; so I turned back to report to the General. It is remarkable that the peasants did not fire, although I distinctly heard the cocking of their muskets. Meantime the infantry was drawn up obliquely along the high-road. I was on the right wing with my detachment, and behind me were the two cannon, which were not to be used, for, when the peasants had arrived within musket-shot they received a volley from the infantry, which dispersed them, after a short resistance. They only fired at us once; then they fled in all directions, and we pursued them. Our orders were precise, only to strike with the flat of the sword; but as my soldiers did this, the weapons got entangled in the long hair worn by the country-people, and in that way did them more harm than on their backs. Each of these heroes was furnished with a haversack, so well filled with bread and black-puddings as to make it a tolerable burthen, which they speedily freed themselves from that they might run the faster. They were spread over the field, and our men made a good booty of them, and regaled themselves when the pursuit was at an end.

I was close behind one of the poor runaways, attracted by his appearance, for he wore the uniform of the Hessian guards, and was adorned with a very well-dressed pigtail. He ran faster, too, than the others, notwithstanding his more heroic appearance. He only owed his escape from a few blows to a new apparition, which drew my attention on itself. Across my road, through which went a deep furrow, and half-buried in the same, lay stretched a tall, meagre man,

apparently a schoolmaster, so stiff, so motionless, his face to the earth, as if no longer belonging to the living. I ceased the pursuit of my Hessian guardsman, turning all my attention to the seemingly dead, who I soon discovered was as much a living man as myself or my companions, and I endeavoured to bring about some tokens of life with my sword; but at the very first essay my patient started up, and turning towards us his ghastly pale face, with the terrors of death in it, called out in supplicating tones.

“ Ah, for Heaven’s sake, take pity on me!—pardon! pardon!”

I pacified him by the assurance that his life should be spared if he would only hold his tongue. Scarcely had we passed than I saw him unearth himself, and scour away on his long legs, vanishing out of sight as swiftly as a discharged thunder-cloud. Without doubt he was a peace-loving man for the rest of his days. Our prisoners, of whom we could only make a small number, informed us that the principal corps of their confederates was coming on; and thus it fell to the lot of our small division to subdue the whole insurrection, although much more serious attacks were expected from Melsungen and Felsberg, none of which, however, took place.

As we marched on, the high road narrowed itself between woods, which bounded it on both sides; we were therefore obliged to use greater precaution; but we came out (thanks to the military tactics of our enemy) without being assailed. From a rising ground we saw a mass of peasants come rolling towards us. The cannon were pointed; and, since our inconsiderable numbers, compared with our opponents, left us no choice, the General gave orders to fire. This time it appeared that the picked men were in front, for they stood five volleys from us, which, however, knocked down a considerable number of them; they then took to their heels as well as their predecessors.

No more insurrections took place. We returned to Cassel, being relieved by a party of infantry and cavalry, which arrived too late to assist us, and which remained some time on bivouac, for the purpose of farther observation. The revolt put down, some of the ringleaders were shot, many imprisoned, or otherwise punished, and some set at liberty.

A M. Von der M—b—g, who had heedlessly implicated himself in these proceedings, being so unlucky as to be taken prisoner, and convicted of his participation in them, was condemned to death. His wife, however, found an opportunity of throwing herself at the King’s feet, a supplicant for her husband’s life; and Jerome, touched by her misfortune, granted her prayer, but confined M. Von der M—b—g for life within the boundaries of his own estate. M. Von der M—b—g was the last of an ancient race; his marriage (in all other respects a happy one) had brought him no children; and it occasioned him great concern to think that his large property was entailed upon a very distant collateral branch. At length, in the year 1814, a son was born to the happy man, whilst Jerome resided, as Duke of Montfort, in Wurtemberg. In the joy of his heart, and in well-founded gratitude, he intreated the Duke to be sponsor to this child. Jerome consented, and stood godfather to M. Von der M—b—g’s son; but a suit at law was commenced against this son and heir on the part of the Elector of Hesse, which the tribunals, as may be easily supposed, decided in favour of M. Von der M—b—g.

In the month of June several Westphalian and Saxon regiments

were assembled near Leipsic, under the appellation of the tenth *corps d'armée*, in order to take part in the campaign against Austria; and our regiment was one of those nominated to this duty. The first hostilities took place between Waldheim and Nossen.

I had the ill-luck in this engagement, where we fell into an ambuscade of the Austrian cavalry, to receive a smart blow on the head, which would have finished my adventures if the temples, against which it was directed, had not been protected by my helmet and shell-chains; so the whole danger consisted in a considerable loss of blood, which in those young days I was well able to support; only the first smart and the dressing made me giddy. But I was soon in action again with my companions. We repulsed the assailants, set the road free, and shortly after entered Dresden, welcomed by young maidens dressed in white, and wearing garlands, who threw flowers on the path of the victors. We brought the King of Saxony—who on the approach of the Austrians had fled to Königstein,—back in triumph to his capital; and afterwards fared sumptuously during our three days' abode in magnificent Dresden.

And here it occurs to me to describe rather a laughable scene, although it really took place partly at an earlier, partly at a later period than I am now writing of. On the road to Leipsic is, or was formerly, an inn called The Black Bear, near which during the march I was placed with the advanced guard. As we had not any fodder for our horses, I was commanded to have the clover cut down which was growing rich and ripe in the contiguous field. We did not spare it. Unluckily the mistress of the inn was also proprietor of this clover; and, on becoming aware of the depredation committed in it by my men, she stood in the doorway, and abused us to the best of her ability. The more she scolded us, the more loudly we laughed, which increased her rage, but did not diminish the cause of it. Nine years afterwards, when I had returned with my regiment from France, I was once more in those environs; and, as it appeared in orders that the regiment was to be drawn up next morning near the inn called The Black Bear, I recalled that scene and my angry hostess to mind, and proposed to the officers of my troop, after telling them my story, that we should ride over very early in the morning before the troops marched off, and see whether my enraged landlady of former times was still owner of The Bear.

No sooner said than done. We arrived; and the first object which struck my eyes was my ancient landlady. I knew her at once, though she had considerably increased in rotundity. Upon this occasion she stood, quite beaming with satisfaction at our visit, before the door. I ordered a slight breakfast, and while we were partaking of it I began to chat with her, and asked whether she had been many years mistress of that inn. She replied in the affirmative. Upon which I observed:—“Then you were here as far back as 1809, and must have had the Westphalians here; and you found them, I am sure, good sort of people. Was it not so?”

“Ah! the saints preserve me!” cried she, with a gesture of abhorrence, “those rascals cut down all my clover.”

We all laughed in chorus, which made her stare. She looked at me over her shoulder, and I know not whether she had not some slight reminiscence of my person; but we had had the joke we expected, and returned back to our post.

And now to the campaign. Our regiment marched from Dresden into the Voigtland, where we joined the other division of the *corps d'armée* near Schlewz; and here we were made aware that the enemy was in our front. A battle was every moment looked for; and we were full of joyful expectation of being for the first time in a serious engagement. Instead of that, a courier arrived with news of the battle of Wagram, and the conclusion of a truce. Another quickly followed, informing us that the Duke of Brunswick-Oels was excluded from it. He was hotly pursued; but had made good use of his time, and turned towards the coast by Halberstadt and Brunswick. The Dutch undertook to follow him; and after numerous marches and counter-marches we got back to Cassel.

Thus ended a campaign from which we had expected so much, without our seeing more of the enemy than at the skirmish between Waldheim and Nossen, or obtaining any of the results we had looked forward to—honour, military renown, and promotion.

Our regiment was augmented at Cassel by several squadrons, for which reason the duty became more onerous. It was diligently exercised, the regulations were strictly enforced; and, in short, the monotonous peace-going life took its old course. My share of ennui was diminished by my being sent to Hanover to purchase horses, thereby procuring me six weeks of active employment, during which I received hospitality in the house of old Eicker, a man grown rich by large purchases of horses for the French army. I obtained some remarkably fine horses; bought others on my own account, and sold some of the handsomest advantageously, and met with great approbation on my return to Cassel.

About this time the King travelled through the Hartz, and as far as Osterode in a carriage; but from thence, on account of the narrow, mountainous path, he proceeded on horseback. On this tour also I had again the good luck to attend him with an escort. On Jerome's reception at Clausthal and Cellerfeld, arches and walls of yew, with other green branches, were erected to do him honour. Upon suitable elevations stood the miners and waggoners,—the latter in their blue frocks,—also the mine-apprentices, in their holiday-dress, to welcome the King; and upon this occasion the carmen or waggoners performed a concert such as I had never before heard, nor ever shall again.

Their singularly plaited whip-thongs were the instruments with which this concert was performed; and it commenced by flourishing them, with a slight cric-crack, the tones growing stronger and stronger, until at length the bass swelled out the whole to such a clang, that our horses reared bolt upright. Still it was, so to say, a species of music; the tones rose and fell; and it was particularly interesting to try and find out from whence exactly proceeded those softer or louder sounds. So much I was able to ascertain, that the tenderer tones were brought forth by a higher flourish of the whips; but the *tout ensemble* was so skilfully managed, and with such execution, that one could not follow it quick enough in detail.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE FLOWERS.

SPIRIT of floral beauty ! where
 Hast thou thy dwelling ? In the air ?
 Or in some flow'ret's cell ?
 Or lingerest thou in leafy bed,
 Where the young violet droops its head,
 Which on the breeze such fragrance shed,
 Or in the lily's bell ?

Speak, fairy spirit ! is thy form
 With life instinct, with feeling warm ?
 Or has all-bounteous heaven
 A dewy essence from on high,
 Invisible to mortal eye,
 Yet sweeter than the west wind's sigh,
 To human weakness given ?

Ah no ! for angels loudly sung,
 When first thy beauty's rays were flung
 On Eden's sinless bowers ;
 For in those joyous primal days
 Both earth and heaven were join'd to
 raise
 One universal hymn of praise,
 As sprung the laughing flowers !

When morn, with golden sandal'd feet,
 Comes forth the dewy earth to greet,
 Thou floatest swift along,
 And, by a sunbeam borne on high,
 Careerest through the rosy sky,
 Unmindful of the tempest nigh,
 To join the lark's sweet song !

Then through the long sweet summer
 hour
 Thou wantonest from flower to flower,
 Unwearied as the bee ;
 The nectar'd honey-drops which dwell
 Within the fair narcissus' bell,
 Or in the woodbine's fragrant cell,
 He gladly shares with thee !

If chill the breeze of evening blows,
 Thy form is folded in the rose,
 And through the livelong night,

On silken couch of beauty rare,
 Curtain'd with crimson drapery fair,
 Secure from harm thou slumberest there,
 'Mid dreams of soft delight.

Bright spirit ! from my childhood's hour
 A secret spell of soothing power
 Thou laid'st upon my heart ;
 And now that in maturer life
 The storm and tempest still are rife,
 And never-ending seems the strife,
 I could not say, "Depart !"

I woo'd thee in the sylvan glade,
 Where hawthorn sweet a temple made
 For such as loved the spot,
 And in the garden's trim retreat,
 And by the winding hedge-row sweet,
 Where carpet sprung beneath my feet
 Of blue "Forget-me-not."

And when the mighty forest-trees
 Were bending in the autumn breeze,
 Oh ! then in greenhouse fair,
 A cherish'd and a favour'd guest,
 'Mid courtly beauties gaily drest,
 In azure zone or crimson vest,
 Fair queen ! I sought thee there !

And thou can'st hallow'd feelings bring,
 And softest recollections fling
 O'er pensive memory.
 The rose-buds, stain'd with many a tear,
 I laid upon each little bier
 Of some, the beautiful, the dear,
 Too early lost to me !

Oh ! evermore in rural dell,
 In flow'ry grot, in mossy cell,
 Wherever springs a flower,
 An altar will I raise to thee,
 And faithful bend a willing knee
 At shrine of thy divinity,
 And own thy mystic power !

H. B. K.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

ENNOBLED ACTRESSES.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

"Plays in general are so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful to put follies and vices out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov'd, nor so effectually exposed and corrected in any other way."—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

"We have received great pleasure in our day from even the meanest children of Thalia. They have soothed us in times of pain,—they have done what neither reason, nor the leech's aid, nor 'all the drowsy syrups of the East' could effect,—they have drawn a sweet oblivion round us for a while, and made us forget the world and its many troubles."—BARRY CORNWALL.

WHEN Apelles drew the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, *he took his face in profile*,—an instance of delicacy worthy of imitation, when the personal defects or the harmless foibles of others come under our observation; but a similar forbearance may not equitably be extended to their vices. A biographer is more especially forbidden to shadow over, much less conceal, the moral blemishes of the character under immediate notice: such partiality would be unjust and prejudicial to the world, which looks into the lives of remarkable and celebrated people for either an example or a warning; and, although we would not be classed with those venal scribbling resurrectionists who seek their living amongst the dead, and drag the buried from their silent resting-places, in order to make money by their corruptions, we hold it fair, and at the same time healthful to society at large, as a moral anatomist, to dissect the subjects lawfully placed before us, and to separate and lay bare the morbid as well as the sounder portions of departed humanity, for the information and benefit of those who succeed. Notwithstanding these feelings and opinions, it was with reluctance, in the preceding portion of our assigned task, that in the life's history of her whose attractive talents were said to have made "*Rich Gay*, and *Gay Rich*," we revealed the one dark blot which sullied an otherwise unblemished page. But truth and candour demanded this violence to our inclinations.

Happily, more perfect illustrations of our theme follow to refresh the mind of the benevolent reader; and it is with pleasure and pride that we now record the graces and virtues of

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

The father of the above lady was a surgeon at Cork, of great respectability, but of improvident habits, who dying prematurely, before his lavish disposition had allowed him to make due provision for his family, left a young widow and several small children in circumstances inadequate to their future subsistence. Thus suddenly "cast upon the world's wide stage," Elizabeth Farren, the subject of this brief memoir, from motives highly creditable to her filial character, determined, young as she then was, to try her abilities as an actress. Oral accounts have, however, differed from this statement in one respect;—by such it has been asserted that Miss

Farren's parents were theatrical, and that almost from infancy she was trained by them to the stage. It matters, however, little; either account is honourable to the exertions of the young lady as regards her family; and the origin of distinguished individuals occupies so transient an interest in the minds of even the most inquisitive into such matters, and is so little dwelt upon by the liberal-minded in after times, that the more material question then is, *not* how such persons entered upon the world, but in what manner they conducted themselves while in it,—where

“Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoer's.”

The authority first quoted declares that Miss Farren's provincial fame ushered her upon a London stage at the early age of fourteen. It is quite certain that at a very juvenile period she appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of *Miss Hardcastle*, in Goldsmith's charming comedy of “*She Stoops to Conquer*,” in the summer of 1777; an epoch memorable in dramatic history for introducing to the public Edwin (who made his first appearance in *Tony Lumpkin*, on the same night with Miss Farren), Henderson, and “*The Farren*,”—three of the most perfect performers that ever attracted a London audience.* Miss Farren had previously been acting at Liverpool, under the management and fatherly support of the then aged Mr. Younger, at whose suggestion, when he recommended her to Mr. Colman,† his fair *protégée* waived all immediate claim to salary, on condition of being permitted the choice of parts in which she thought it advantageous to her to appear. Amongst other characters attempted at Liverpool, Miss Farren had played *Rosetta*, in the opera of “*Love in a Village*,” which she repeated several times afterwards in London, with creditable effect. But, although indulgently received in every effort, great allowance being made for her youth and inexperience, no very deep impression remained of her abilities, which indeed, at the most, bore but the evidence of a *promising* quality. The young actress was, in fact, merely noticeable at that time as a pretty, delicate girl, with a prepossessing face and figure. It was, however, soon understood, from the report of those who knew her intimately, and saw the gradual development of her private character, that the rigid discharge of her relative duties, her domestic virtues, her fond attention to her mother, and affectionate interest in her sisters, entitled her to a higher title to general admiration than her talents had yet inspired; and her merits as a daughter and sister, together with her undeviating personal propriety, proved eventually no inconsiderable recommendations to public favour, even before her latent talents were vividly perceptible. Hitherto Miss Farren had only represented characters that had been better performed by other actresses, who had set their own peculiar stamp upon them; and it may be observed that, even where actual and superior talents are manifest, few performers, however they may have the appearance of success, really establish themselves with the town until some original character has given them the opportunity

* The two former died in the meridian of their lives and fame.

† The elder.

of showing that they are able to create effects by their own untutored perceptions. Such an opportunity happily was afforded Miss Farren in the third season of her probation. In the August of 1780 Miss Sophia Lee's elegant comedy of "The Chapter of Accidents" was accepted by Mr. Colman, when the native gracefulness of Miss Farren pointed her out to the judicious manager as a fitting representative of the heroine of the piece, and the part of *Cecilia* formed the foundation of the young actress's after-fame. Her nice conception and delineation of that interesting character surprised even her greatest admirers: the sensibility she evinced, and the pathos she displayed, touched all hearts; her affecting demeanour under the depressing circumstances of the scene, the exquisite sense of the wounded honour and moral dignity in all the vicissitudes of the character, proved that the author and actress possessed congenial feelings of refinement. This comedy, in which Miss Farren's individual success raised her into general estimation, had a lengthened run, and kept its merited place in public favour for several successive seasons.* The first part, however, which proved indisputably Miss Farren's power as a first-rate actress was that of *Lady Townly*, which she with much diffidence attempted, at the instigation of that unrivalled comedian, Mr. Parsons, who took Cibber's comedy of "The Provoked Husband" for his benefit. The experiment justified in its result the comedian's anticipation; the audience and the actors were in raptures with the young lady's performance, and her success in this difficult part was so rapid, that she was immediately after engaged at both the winter theatres, to play alternately in comedy and tragedy, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden,—an unprecedented engagement. At the latter theatre she acted in tragedy with Mr. Digges, and at Drury Lane she continued to hold the rank of first tragedy actress until the secession of Mrs. Abington in 1782, who, in consequence of a dispute with Mr. Sheridan, went over to Covent Garden, when Miss Farren took possession of

* It is a remarkable fact that this charming and popular comedy met with great obstructions to its public production. Miss Lee first offered it to Mr. Harris of Covent Garden Theatre, who recommended her to convert it into an opera. She consequently wrote songs to it, but Mr. Harris still made objections to bringing it out; and it was afterwards known that he had at the time a play in his hands, written by Mr. Macklin, founded on *Le Père du Famille* of *Diderot*, from which the character of the *Governor* in Miss Lee's comedy was confessedly taken. Mr. Harris, feeling himself shackled by the iron grasp of Macklin, naturally dreaded a controversy with a man who often publicly boasted, and proved, that "he could manage a quarrel better than any man." It followed that Miss Lee, tired of Mr. Harris's evasions, took her opera-comedy from Covent Garden, and sent it anonymously to Mr. Colman, who found too much point and substance in the dialogue to suffer the piece to remain in an operatic form, and advised its author to omit the songs,—advice too well in accordance with her own taste not to be gladly followed; and, as we have said, the play succeeded eminently.

Unhappily the above is not a solitary case to be cited, by which the fallacy of managerial judgment has been shown. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Busy Body" (a superior version of Molière's first drama, "*L'Etourdi*") was brought before the public. The manager treated it with indifference, and Wilks threw down his character in it with disgust, when the fair author fell upon her knees and wept, and her tears gained for her what her wit had failed to obtain. Another more recent, and very striking case, may be recollected, in respect to Mr. Tobin's play of "The Honeymoon," the manuscript of which lay neglected until the death of its author drew it from oblivion. It seemed as if he died in order that his work might live.

all that great actress's range of characters in comedy, and with such extraordinary ability, that she was considered second only to the admirable model which she followed,—not servilely, but by judiciously adopting and engrafting upon her own inexperience a more ready air of maturity. Miss Farren, as it afterwards proved, needed no guide to excellence but her own judgment; and it may be questioned whether, in point of personal elegance and innate refinement, "*The Farren*" did not greatly excel "*The Abington*." The former was indeed of the favoured few who may be termed Nature's nobility,—*the gentlewoman* was perceptible in every inflection of voice, in every expression of face; and her every gesture might aptly be termed "the poetry of motion." Equal in grace, superior in beauty to her accomplished predecessor, she possessed all her power,—if we except that of reflecting vulgar life, to which Miss Farren's natural refinement could not have accommodated itself,—her delicacy could never have merged into the coarseness of a "*Hoyden*," nor debased itself into a "*Scrub*."*

At this period, in which Miss Farren had reached the acmé of her dramatic fame, the attention of the greenroom was arrested by the frequent visits and pointed attentions of a very distinguished personage; and soon the undoubted devotion of Charles James Fox to Miss Farren became a matter of notoriety within and without the walls of the theatre; in the latter it was perceptible that the object of these assiduities received her illustrious lover with modest welcome,—which, however, could not be misconstrued into any undue encouragement of a sentiment which was naturally flattering to her pride, even had her heart remained unmoved. This, as it was believed, *mutual* attachment became the topic of general interest, and, upon the supposed *threshold of the event*, expectation stood on tiptoe for the moment when it should be proclaimed that the British Demosthenes had given his hand where he had so evidently bestowed his heart. But, alas! in such cases, Right Honourables are not always right, or honourable; and it was at length understood that the senator's intentions were not, as at first supposed, in accordance with the unyielding purity of the lady of his love, and that he was ultimately compelled to abandon his long misunderstood pursuit.

Not very long after the termination of Mr. Fox's hopes, the Earl of Derby became the professed patron of this fascinating woman. He introduced her to his family, and to many ladies of rank and character, who were thenceforth to be seen amongst her most strenuous supporters both in her public and private life. They received and visited her upon the most familiar terms of friendship, and daily extended the circle of her distinguished friends, amongst whom was his Grace the Duke of Richmond, at whose house in Privy Gardens Miss Farren presided over a series of dramatic performances, in which Lord Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, the Honourable

* Mrs. Abington (the original performer of *Lady Teazle*), in the latter portion of her dramatic life, was tempted to throw aside feminine grace and delicacy so far as to exhibit herself as *Scrub* in the "*Beaux Stratagem*," for her (pecuniary) benefit; a character which, it may be said, she acted but *too well*. Grotesque portraits of her as this *Man-of-all-work* are extant, and which might pass for tolerable likenesses of our inimitable Liston in the same character. *Le nez retroussé*, which in "*Roxalana*" captivated the love of, and obtained unlimited empire over the despotic sultan, *Solyman*, failed to triumph over hearts in the masculine guise of clownish ignorance.

Mrs. Damer, and other theatrical amateurs of fashion, acted. These *soirées* considerably added to Miss Farren's noble and high-bred connections, while such private and public estimation naturally enhanced the respect of the managers, whose interests were so dependent upon her attraction, which was in proportion to her general distinction; and so honourably emulous was this superior woman to perfect herself in every polite accomplishment, and so successful were her studies, that she ultimately attained to that point of elegance which made her the pattern and guide of fashion.

Here it may be observed, that the intimacy between Lord Derby and Miss Farren never, in any mind, gave rise to the slightest suspicion of other than platonic regard. The well-established moral reputation of Miss Farren, his Lordship's character, and his conduct towards her family, his introduction of her into the most distinguished and unblemished female society, sufficiently guaranteed the purity of their mutual feelings and behaviour, which, indeed, neither envy nor malice attempted to distort. There was also to be seen constantly attached to Miss Farren one of those appendages so detested by Tate Wilkinson, namely, an anxious and scrupulously watchful "*Mamma.*" Mrs. Farren never, either in society or in public, (except when upon the stage,) quitted the presence of her matchless daughter. This maternal vigilance, it may be assumed, was in itself an insuperable barrier against any pretence for scandal.*

The character of *Lady Teazle* was perhaps the most celebrated of those adopted by Miss Farren. So completely had she made it her own, that her fascinating performance of it almost obliterated the remembrance of the original representation of the part. Miss Farren's natural elegance, refined by her intimate association with *haut ton*, and familiarity with its usages, rendered her, without the trouble of assumption, the polished lady she appeared upon the stage,—and it may be here observed, that it is the absence of this requisite intercourse and knowledge that so often makes our *stage-nobility* such "monsters as the [*fashionable*] world ne'er saw;" for how can any one who has never seen high life but from an occasional furtive glance at a private box, be prepared to describe accurately, if at all, the air and characteristics of *bon ton*! To have merely mixed in genteel society will be insufficient to a faithful portraiture of the higher class,—and, for the same reason that we apply to a fashionable tailor when we would have a fashionable coat,—an initiation into the mysteries of polished manners is indispensable to a just

* The following—one of many offsprings of Lord Derby's muse, dedicated to this incomparable actress, is so expressive of the undeviating sentiment which was said to regulate the noble author's intimacy with his *protégée*, that we cannot deny it admission in this place.—

"To Miss Farren, on her being one day absent from church.

"While wond'ring angels, as they look'd from high,
Observed thine absence with an holy sigh,
To them a bright exalted seraph said,—
'Blame not the conduct of th' exalted maid;
Where'er she goes, her steps can never stray;
Religion walks, companion of her way.
She goes with every virtuous thought impress'd,
Heaven on her face, and heaven within her breast.'"

resemblance of them, since to the casual observer there is nothing in effect tangible in the exterior of high-bred people—but their dress. Our ordinary performers, in representing *haut ton*, are apt to mistake and substitute *manner for manners*; and thus *overlay* their subject, they do *too much*; there is generally something inexplicable about them, some redundancy not observable in the class of persons they would be taken for, a *lounge—a drawl—a stare—an eye-glass too much*; in short, they *affect*, and *bon-ton* has no affectations. There is more simplicity and (if we may borrow such a word) *naturality* in the personal manners of high life than most people unacquainted with it imagine. It was Miss Farren's perfect intimacy with the better-born that made her the accomplished woman of fashion she represented—of which *Lady Teazle* was a finished specimen of *the day*.—for, be it remembered, that fashionable deportment is “not for all times;” it is neither immutable nor traditional,—the grace of one period is not the grace of another, any more than is the elegant dress of one age the elegance of the next; indeed, it is seldom the same to-day as yesterday. Miss Farren was *par excellence* the *fine lady of her time*, and therefore she made *Lady Teazle* the same; yet it may be questioned whether, when Mr. Sheridan wrote “*The School for Scandal*,” he intended his heroine to be represented as the elegant and refined person that Miss Farren and a celebrated actress of the present day, have made her.* An audience, however, generally expects to behold her according to her existing rank, rather than in reference to that from which she has been so recently raised; though the account given of her earlier habits and tastes affords no just warrant for such expectation. The “girl” whom *Sir Peter* describes as having been “bred wholly in the country, and never known luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race ball;” who, until within the last six months, was “content to ride double behind the butler on a docked coach-horse,” must have possessed more than the admitted tact of womanhood in adapting herself to any novel position in life, if in so brief a time she could polish off the rust contracted by her whole previous existence. Besides, it does not appear that in her new society she has any very shining model of refinement before her, her only titled acquaintance being the widow of a City knight. *Lady Teazle's* general tone, language, and behaviour,—her boisterous mirth in public, her ill-mannered ridicule of the absent, would not have admitted her to any distinguished place in polite society of *any period*, and at best give indications only of a high-spirited, vivacious young creature, elevated, even to folly and extravagance by her recently acquired title and fortune; reckless of both words and actions, and utterly deficient in delicate feeling and regard to feminine scruples, as her flirtation with, and after-visit to *Joseph Surface* sufficiently prove. If we do not view her as an untaught, thoughtless character, we must necessarily consider her a very base one. *Lady Teazle's* prominent faults arise out of ambitious vanity. Not love, but the love of being beloved, induced her to marry *Sir Peter*; and, without malice, her vanity places her at the head of a scandalous *clique*; and finally,

* Madame Vestris is perhaps the only performer of this character since Miss Farren who has realized to her audience the grace and *bon-ton* of existing manners.

without preference, to encourage the addresses of a seducer. Her enforced detection of Joseph's hypocrisy, while she is behind the screen, draws forth the only redeeming portion of her neglected, but not altogether vitiated principles,—which, however, would not in *real life* have proved sufficiently manifest, after so flagrant an indiscretion, to restore her to her husband and the world's good opinion.*

It always seemed to us, that the view taken by Mrs. Jordan of this favourite character was the genuine one; and were we required to name a model for Sheridan's heroine, we should say that Miss Mellon, at the time she married Mr. Coutts, was *in all externals* (and some essentials) the *beau ideal* of what *Lady Teazle* ought to appear,—namely, a young, glowing beauty, endowed with great natural powers of mind, talents, and vivacity; but with all these, bearing about her an insuperable rusticity of air and manners.

But to resume. Miss Farren continued with unbroken success her professional career, until the decease of the Countess of Derby (whose healthless condition had kept her many years in painful retirement) elicited from Lord Derby a more pointed display of interest for Miss Farren, and led gradually to the general understanding that this favourite of Thalia was reserved for a higher destiny than that of the mimic lady of ton. On the 7th of April, 1797, she took her final leave of the stage in the above-named character, before a fashionable and crowded audience, at Drury Lane Theatre.

It has been justly observed, and we can, perhaps, all bear witness to the truth of the remark, that no one does anything professedly for the *last time* without some feeling of regret; but few can comprehend how severe a pang it is to the long-cherished idol of the public to relinquish all at once those flattering manifestations of popular admiration and interest for an untried future. It was remarked that Miss Farren had never performed with greater animation and better spirits than on this occasion; nor, until the play drew near to its close, was the least alteration observable; her manner then visibly changed—indeed, she became unable to conceal how deeply she was affected. Her *concluding words* (for such they proved), which conveyed *Lady Teazle's* valedictory address to *Lady Sneerwell*, the latter portion of which might seem applicable to her present situation, were delivered by Miss Farren falteringly.

“—Let me also request, Lady Sneerwell, that you will make my respects to the scandalous college of which you are a member, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, *as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.*”

A passionate burst of tears here revealed the sensibility of the speaker; while a stunning burst of a more cheering though not

* A great inconsistency and oversight exists in his celebrated scene (the “*screen scene*”), which it is surprising never struck the author and performers, and custom has perpetuated the error. When *Lady Teazle* is announced at *Joseph's* house, he orders his servant to draw the screen before the window, in order to baffle the prying of an opposite neighbour, whom he describes as “*a maiden lady of a curious temper;*” and after this precaution he allows *Lady Teazle* to place herself at that very window behind the screen,—although there is a more secure hiding-place at hand,—of which afterwards *Sir Peter* avails himself.

less feeling nature, from the audience, followed, and no more of the play was listened to. Mr. Wroughton advanced to speak a few lines written for the occasion, during which the interesting subject of them experienced so much emotion that she leaned for support upon the arm of Mr. King, the *Sir Peter* of the play; while acclamations resounded from every part of the house, accompanied by the universal waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Finally, cries of triumph mingled with regret, reached the ears of those upon the stage, as the curtain slowly and reluctantly fell before the distinguished object of the night; who, blinded by her tears, was led by her future husband from the scene of her many brilliant triumphs, in the zenith of her personal charms, and unimpaired in her dramatic attractions, to become *Countess*—a character she afterwards supported, both as a wife and widow, without a blemish.

On the 8th of May following Miss Farren was united to the Earl of Derby by special licence, at his Lordship's house in Grosvenor Square, and duly presented at Court, (the fastidious Court of Queen Charlotte!) and formed a graceful addition to the procession at the marriage of the *Princess Royal* to the *Duke of Wirtemberg*. From this period the greater portion of the time of the noble pair was spent annually at their country seat in calm and rational enjoyment; and it may be added, without a *quibble*, that they furnished, in their inseparable union of sentiment, tastes, and pursuits, a high-life illustration of *Darby and Joan*, giving their tenantry and neighbouring poor cause to bless the day that conducted this peerless actress to the honour of the peerage.

Lady Derby made several additions to Lord Derby's previous family, and although she no longer exists, her virtues yet live in her daughter, the present Countess of Wilton.

As we have only spoken in general terms of Miss Farren's personal charms, some more definite description may be deemed acceptable; we therefore transcribe from an account given of this then "glass of fashion and mould of form" by one of her contemporaries just before her retirement from the stage.

"Her figure is considerably above the middle height, and is of that slight texture which allows and requires the use of full and flowing drapery. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, is animated and prepossessing: her eye, which is blue and penetrating, is a powerful feature when she chooses to employ it on the public, and either flashes with spirit or melts with softness, as its mistress decides on the expression she wishes to convey. Her voice we never thought to possess much sweetness, but it is refined and feminine; and her smiles fascinate the heart, as her form delights the eye. In short, a more complete exhibition of graces and accomplishments never presented itself for admiration before the view of an audience."

There is a charming, and, we believe, faithful, portrait of Miss Farren in private life extant, by Sir Thomas—then *Mr. Lawrence*, from which a very fine engraving was taken.

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES AND TOWNS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

COLCHESTER.

THERE is not perhaps in England a more remarkable town than Colchester, surrounded as it is with Roman remains dear to the antiquary and interesting to the lover of the picturesque. Its massive and stern Castle rears a proud front in the centre of the buildings which it no longer, as of old, protects; it stands on a commanding rising ground, overlooking from its towers the country for miles distant. This fabric, or one still older, was formerly called The Castle of King Coel, a monarch who may be the identical hero of nursery celebrity, famous for the entertainment he gave to minstrels. Who has not heard of *Old King Cole*? but to few has it occurred that, in the strong and venerable towers which form one of the boasts of Essex, once resided the amiable sovereign who loved to surround himself with poets and musicians, and caused those halls to echo with the joyous sounds of minstrelsy and conviviality. That the Castle is of great antiquity there can be no doubt: some attribute a Roman, some a Saxon origin to it; and, antique as the appearance of the present building is, it is young in comparison of the first foundation.

There is a fine avenue of trees on one side of what was formerly part of the wall which enclosed the castle square, with, probably, a moat on each side, and other strong defences to this important fortress, which, from all time, has guarded the town and neighbourhood against incursions of barbarians of various denominations.

The chief entrance has a very fine doorway, formed of a circular arch and columns of considerable beauty, supposed to be of later date than the original building; for a low door in the northern wall, now built up, appears to have been that by which the knights and warriors entered in older days: in Norwich Castle there is one of similar construction and similarly defended. That which remains of the castle now stands on about half an acre of ground: in some parts the walls are thirty, at others twelve and eleven feet thick. Strong and lofty square towers flank the corners, and at one is a huge semicircular tower of very imposing appearance. Several bands of Roman brickwork are apparent throughout the whole building, and the solidity of the walls, formed of stone and flint, held together by very hard cement, is wonderful. Here and there a drapery of ivy adorns the ruin, and gives it beauty; but it is rather from its grandeur than its picturesque effect, that Colchester Castle strikes the eye with admiration.

There are, within, a great number of vaults and passages, which lead to mysterious distances, but to little discovery, although conjecture is continually busy, forming guesses respecting a certain chapel said to have been reached by a subterranean way from the castle. This chapel is attributed to St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, of whose birth Colchester claims the honour. Excavations are at this moment being made in several directions, in order to discover the truth of these traditions. On many occasions, either by accident or

design, passages and vaults connected with each other have been found, some of which were filled with sand, which it was necessary to clear away in large quantities. A well, also, has been hit upon, from which vaults diverged, and there is no end to the wonders beneath the castle, which time may some day bring to light, but that the labour of finding them is too great to allow of many attempts. The enormous quantities of coins and large portions of tessalated pavements continually dug up in the neighbourhood, nevertheless, repay the explorers, and excite fresh desire to go on in the career of searching curiosity.

The chapel of the castle is still entire, and so solid and massive is the architecture that it would seem as if recently built; the roof is strongly arched, and the five windows are high and fine. The proportions of this chamber are extremely perfect. In a niche stands a very large vase, between four and five feet high, of pale coarse clay, quite entire; it is said to be capable of containing twenty gallons, and might perhaps be employed to hold corn or oil, although it is generally considered as a sepulchral urn, though its great size would scarcely lead an ordinary observer to such a conclusion. Urns and vases of the glazed red ware, so precious to the collector, have often been dug up at Colchester; but the most startling relic of pagan worship is that found on digging the foundation of the present hospital. The workmen turned up a strange image, the sight of which must not a little have startled them; it was a stone figure of a sphinx, sitting, with half-expanded wings, over the mangled remains of a human victim, which lie scattered about on the pedestal, where the ferocious monster is resting. She grasps the head of her prey, in the face of which is an expression of great pain, and one of his hands is beneath her body. Her form seems gracefully delineated, and her features, though rather defaced, show a calm contempt and satisfied cruelty, as she desists from her work of destruction.

Was there, then, a temple dedicated to this hideous deity, to whom human victims were sacrificed?—for, close by, on the same spot, lay embedded in the earth, where perhaps Christian indignation had hurled them both, another bronze sphinx, with the legs of a lion, looking equally malevolent and horrible. What brought these Egyptian idols to the coasts of Essex? and how came inscriptions in *Arabic* over certain doors in the town? Were we overrun once by the children of Pharaoh and the tribes of Africa, or must we be satisfied to believe that the Romans brought to Britain all that startles and amazes the minds of those who, in turning up the ground of their native market-town or peaceful village, come upon frightful “monsters that the world ne'er saw,” and go to bed to dream of horrors hitherto unimagined?

Did Shakspeare fancy that Cymbeline had any dealings with the sphinx? Yet on a coin, out of many of his found here, appears that strange creature with the mysterious motto *Tacio*. Did Leonatus bring this medal from Italy, and was it a love-token between him and his Imogen, the motto of which should be read “ahi! tace!” to express the secret of the loves of the too jealous warrior and the true and lovely princess?

With respect to the Arabic inscriptions over doors in Colchester, they are supposed to indicate a date which some read 1490, others 1090, but the resemblance of the characters to numerals is not conclu-

sive to a fanciful mind, and an *amateur* of antiquity may be perhaps permitted to speculate widely though perhaps *wildly* on the subject. In one of these houses marked with strange letters lived Eudo Dapifer, a chief of the time of the Conquest; his house stood in the High Street, nearly opposite the Mote or Moot Hall, but both that and the picturesque hall are now removed, and a modern dwelling replaces the Norman's, and a fine new building of ambitious architecture raises its ornamented Grecian bulk, shaming the gable ends and antique projections round and about it.

In the court of the castle of Colchester before the days of railroads, when spirits had power over sublunary things, it was believed that there existed a spot on which no grass would grow. Certain it is that even now I could observe a fairy ring amongst the verdure near the place usually indicated. Here were executed two loyal commanders who suffered for their attachment to the cause of Charles the First. Their story is told in the epitaph which was placed over their bodies in St. Giles's Church, Colchester, and which, cut in large and deep characters, ran as follows:—

“Under this marble lie the bodies of the two most valiant captains, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, knights, who, for their eminent loyalty to their sovereign, were, on the 28th day of August, 1648, by the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general of the Parliament army, in cold blood, barbarously murdered.”

It is said that George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who married Lord Fairfax's only daughter, considering that this epitaph reflected on his father-in-law's memory, applied to his considerate friend, Charles the Second, to have it effaced. This he probably would have done to save himself any further trouble on the occasion, if not with a more Christian motive; but the answer of Lord Lucas, to whom he was obliged in decency to refer the question, suited his humour so well, that, instead of effacing the inscription, he ordered it to be restored and cut in deeper than before.

Lord Lucas coolly remarked, on his consent being asked, that “he would not object to his Majesty's wish if he would be pleased to permit him to replace the original epitaph by the following:—

“Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were barbarously murdered for their loyalty to King Charles the First; and his son, King Charles the Second, ordered the former memorial to their honour to be erased.”

The damage done to Colchester and its castle, during the siege laid to it by Fairfax, was immense, and much of its antiquity disappeared in the ruin his cannon made. The thick Roman wall which formerly inclosed the town is, however, even now, entire in places, and it is curious to follow its course along the streets by which it runs. Throughout the length of what is called Balkerne Lane, part of which occupies what was the outside moat, the huge walls, with their turrets and bastions, are seen between the houses, from space to space. One of the largest of the projections was called the Balkon or chief bastion, and the lane hence had its name. Roman bricks, in herring-bone pattern, show red amongst the flint and cement, and singularly exhibit the immense strength of the defences so often assailed. A British fort, generally known as Colkyne's Castle, or the Castle of King Coel, tradition says stood here,—one perhaps of many towers belonging to that tributary monarch.

Close to the church of St. Mary at the Walls, is an enormous block of building, pierced by an arch of brick, and this is no doubt a portion of the huge gateway of Colkyng Castle, which formerly occupied this spot. The tower of this church is curiously ornamented, only a few yards from the ground by a belt of trefoil arches containing shields, the bearings of which are defaced. There is here a pleasant walk in the churchyard, formed by rows of fine lime trees, much resorted to by the inhabitants of the town.

The family of Grimstone possess a burial-place in this church, of which race was that baronet with the barbarous name, who so distinguished himself during the calamitous period of Charles the First's contentions. Sir Harbottle lived at a house which was originally a convent for crossed or crutched friars of the order of St. Augustine, which was founded in 1244, and which underwent all sorts of changes of inhabitants and destinations, till it became a parish workhouse, and has at length disappeared: it stood on the London road.

The town of Colchester appears to have had a trade in wool from very early times, and, in that of Elizabeth, a company of Flemings established themselves here, and became celebrated for a manufactory of *bay* or *baize*. Their hall was a very curious building, in their own style of architecture, and was for a long time a remarkable object in the High Street; but it was unfortunately destroyed in a great fire which swept away many of the ancient houses of the place. These Flemings had fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva, and came for protection to England, where their lives and consciences were both safe; although they could not escape the impertinent jealousies of those amongst whom they settled, and the magistrates were frequently obliged to interfere to protect them from annoyance or injury.

The corn-market now stands where the Red Row or Dutch Bay Hall was seen; and near this once stood King Coel's pump, by which it seems that he who "called for his bottle and his glass" may after all have been a cold-water drinker. The well, which had once refreshed the thirsty traveller after toiling up the steep ascent to the town of Colchester, exists, and a pump is still on the same spot; though neither cross nor chapel are erected near the spring.

There are still many churches here: one retains the name of a saint whose legend is as singular as his name. St. Runwald was the son of a pagan king of Northumberland and a Christian princess of Mercia. When their child was born, no sooner had he drawn his first breath, than he called out in a manner to amaze the bystanders, "I am a Christian." He then proceeded at once to make his confession of faith, and desired to be baptized, at the same time naming those he wished to become his godfathers, and, in order to avoid all mistakes, mentioning that he required to be called by the name of Runwald. He next pointed with his finger to direct the attendants where to find a large hollow stone which was to serve as a font; but in vain did the servants attempt to move it, till the two priests whom he had named as his sponsors, having touched it, they were instantly able to carry it from the spot where it seemed fixed. After his baptism, the little saint discoursed for three days most eloquently, very much to the edification of the hearers.

He requested before he died that his body might be left at King's Sutton, where he was born, for one year; at Blackby, for two; and at

Buckingham ever after ; after which, he expired. He was chiefly honoured at Bexley in Kent, but at Colchester his church was of considerable importance. Of the original structure nothing remains, and the modern church is by no means ornamental, and stands in a most inconvenient situation close to the new Town Hall.

The church of St. Nicholas, or the Dial Church, so called on account of the dial of its clock, which projects from a wooden tower into the street, presents a most extraordinary effect, being in great part a ruin scattered over the churchyard, with its yawning clefts and dismantled windows peering into the street, and exhibiting their Roman brick-work in

“ Most admired confusion.”

There are eight parish churches, most of them handsome structures. There are no remains of the Grey Friars which existed in what is now the High Street, and was formerly called Frere Street from the circumstance. St. Anne's Chapel, on a rising ground not far off, was anciently a place of great sanctity ; and here officiated, in the time of Henry the Third, a recluse called the Hermit of St. James's, whose fame was at least equal to that of “ l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin” of more modern times. It belonged to St. Botolph's priory, but has long since been turned into a barn !

St. Botolph's and St. Julian's priory is, in its dilapidation, one of the chief attractions of Colchester, and is a most curious and interesting ruin of a very unusual description. It stands beside the new church in striking contrast : dark, red, and rugged,—a skeleton of its former self, with all the face of its pillars and arches worn away, and the rough Roman brickwork conspicuous among the flints, sea-sand, stones, and shells which compose its walls. There is some resemblance in its form to St. Alban's Abbey, and the only doorway still left is handsome and finely decorated with zig-zag ornaments elaborately carved ; the columns that support the circular arch have capitals of animals and involved knots, and possess considerable beauty. The numerous arches, and loopholes, and crumbling walls, some hung with ivy, have a venerable effect ; and the two tiers of intersecting arches above the doorway present an imposing appearance. The walls are in some parts eight feet thick, and the circular pillars between the nave and the aisles are five feet and a half in diameter. Until the unfortunate affair of the siege of Colchester, this fine priory church was entire ; but its situation exposed it to the cannon of Fairfax, and its antique walls were battered into their present condition.

The next most interesting relic of the times of monastic sway is the ruin of the once powerful Abbey of St. John's, of which nothing is left but the gate. Eudo Dapifer, who built much in Colchester, erected this abbey amongst other princely acts, and it was of great beauty, as the small remains of it prove.

Eudo, a confidential friend and favourite of the Norman conqueror, having fixed his residence at Colchester, became aware that a holy spot existed where Siric, a priest, had retired to a cell, and passed his life in prayer. The cell was tenantless at the time of Eudo's arrival ; but, on many a dark night, when not a star was in the sky, heavenly lights were seen to glimmer above the hermit's former abode, and angelic voices were heard singing a melodious chorus in the small wooden chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. One day, when mass was

being performed there, it happened that "a certain man who, by the King's command, was kept in irons and maintained by the citizens, being there present amongst many others on the Feast of St. John, the bolt of his fetters suddenly flew off as far as the fourth or fifth person that stood by, and the fetters breaking with a noise, the man was left loose." Here then, after experiencing some difficulties in his purpose, Eudo succeeded in establishing his monastery, and endowed it richly. At his death he is recorded to have left to it "his gold ring with a topaz, a standing cup with a cover adorned with plates of gold,* together with his horse and mule." The founder died at Préaux in Normandy, but his body was conveyed to this spot and here buried.

The once stately monastery of St. John at Colchester, the pride and boast of the country, has long since been destroyed except the gateway, which is of a much later date than the abbey itself, the work of Eudo Dapifer in 1097. This is very gracefully built, and the whole structure must have been a fine object from the town, as it stood on an eminence without the walls. The gateway is on St. John's Green, a rugged irregular area, the appearance of which might lead one to suppose that there was a mass of ruin beneath the grass which covers it. The statues which once adorned the niches are all gone, and the crocketed pinnacles are sadly broken; but there is enough left of the workmanship and form to shew that the building was once very rich: there is no Roman brick in its construction, and it cannot be earlier than the fifteenth century. The roof is beautifully groined, and has been much ornamented with bosses, and figures in niches supported the palm-like groups of springing stems which formed the intersections. Behind the gateway is a large market garden, the site of the monastery: there are no doubt vaults beneath, and, it may be, subterranean chapels; but the earth covers all, and flowers spring where orisons were said. Here the stately abbot of St. John's, one of the twenty-eight permitted to wear the mitre and to sit in the upper house of parliament, held his state, and from hence every vestige of his pomp is effaced. In vain did Cœur de Lion grant privileges to the abbey, immunities from taxes, a sanctuary, and all sorts of power;—in vain all the miracles wrought on this spot where angels sung and saints abode: the stroller in Colchester may now enter the garden where it stood, and eat strawberries, without even bestowing the alms of a thought on all the gorgeous churchmen once so proud and powerful.

St. John the Evangelist is a favourite patron in Colchester, and indeed throughout the county of Essex. At Havering Bower, the church is dedicated to this saint, and the legend respecting it runs thus:—

As the church was being consecrated, King Edward the Confessor, riding that way, alighted, out of devotion, in order to be present at the ceremony. During the procession, a fair old man came to the king and begged alms of him in the name of God and St. John the Evangelist. The King, having nothing else to give, as his almoner was not at hand, took the ring from his finger, and gave it to the poor man.

Some years after this, two English pilgrims were travelling in the Holy Land, and had lost their way, when they saw a company clothed in white, with two lights carried before them, and followed by a fair,

* As he was cup-bearer to William the Conqueror, this bequest had probably some reference to his state and position.

ancient man. The pilgrims joined the party, and the old man inquired who the travellers were, and whence they came. After hearing their story, he brought them into a fine city, to a house furnished richly, containing choice delicacies. Here they refreshed themselves, and rested all night; at parting, the old man directed them on their way, and thus addressed them:—"Say ye unto Edward your King, that I greet him well by the token that he gave to me this ring with his own hands, at the hallowing of my church, which ring ye shall deliver him again. And say ye to him that he dispose his goods, for within six months he shall be in the joy of Heaven with me, where he shall have his reward for his chastity and for his good living."

On their return from Palestine the two pilgrims sought the king at his bower or palace, and delivered to him the ring and message; from which event the place came to be called Have-ring.

This legend was wrought in bas-relief in the chapel of Edward the Confessor at Westminster; the statues of the king and the pilgrims were also placed over the courts of the King's Bench and Common Pleas in Westminster Hall, and over the gate leading into Dean's Yard. In a chapel at Romford the legend was painted, and in some others; but the identical ring presented to the King by St. John was kept with his other relics at Westminster Abbey, and an indulgence was granted to those who visited the ring for six years and three hundred and sixty days.

The legend of Havering goes on to say, that the beautiful spot where the king's bower stood abounded so with nightingales that they disturbed him at his prayers with their continual warbling; in consequence he earnestly desired of God that they should be banished, since which time no nightingale has been heard to sing in that park, although there are many without the pales and in the vicinity.

After the dissolution, the monastery at Colchester was bought by one of the ancient family of Lucas, and a splendid mansion rose from its ruins, which was pillaged by the mob at the time its owner was imprisoned in 1642; not a trace of that house remains. Sir John Lucas was preparing with ten or twelve horse and some arms to join the royal party in the north, when he was seized by the townspeople of Colchester, who were disaffected, and, after their having committed great cruelties in his family and scattered to the winds the ashes of his ancestors in the church of St. Giles, they carried him off prisoner to London, together with his chaplain.

Colchester supported the popular cause throughout the struggles between King and Parliament, and advanced large sums of money at the solicitation of Oliver Cromwell and the Earl of Essex, whose letters are very urgent that supplies should be obtained from the "religious" inhabitants. The following letter of the General is characteristic:

"To the Mayor of Colchester, &c.

"Gentlemen,—I thought it my duty once more to write unto you for more strength to be speedily sent unto us for this great service. I suppose you hear of the great defeat given by my Lord Fairfax to the Newcastle forces at Wakefield; it was a great mercy of God to us, and had it not been bestowed upon us at this very present, my Lord Fairfax had not known how to have subsisted; we assure you should the force we have miscarry, expect nothing but a speedy march of the enemy up unto you; why you should not strengthen us to make us

subsist, judge you the danger of the neglect, and how inconvenient this improvidence or unthrifty may be to you. I shall never write but according to my judgment; I tell you again it concerns you exceedingly to be persuaded by me. My Lord Newcastle is near six thousand foot and about sixty troops of horse. My Lord Fairfax is about three thousand foot and nine troops of horse, and we have about twenty-four troops of horse and *dragoons*. The enemy draws more to the Lord Fairfax. Our motion and yours must be exceedingly speedy, or else it will do you no good at all. I beseech you hasten your supply to us; *forget not money*. I press not hard, though I do so need that I assure you the foot and dragoons are ready to mutiny; lay not too much upon the back of a poor gentleman who desires without much noise to lay down his life and bleed the last drop to serve the cause and you. I ask not your money for myself, if that were my end and hope, (*viz.* the pay of my place,) I would not open my mouth at this time. I desire to deny myself, but others will not be satisfied. I beseech you hasten your supplies. *Forget not your prayers*.—Gentlemen, I am your's,
 “May 28, 1643. “OLIVER CROMWELL.”

After a long-continued, gallant defence of Colchester in 1643 by Sir Charles Lucas and his friends, unable longer to contend with superior power, and the indisposition of the townspeople to assist the royal cause, they were compelled to surrender on condition of “fair-quarter,” which the besiegers chose to interpret, when they had the place in their hands, as they best pleased. The consequence was, that sentence was passed on three of the brave defenders, who were ordered for immediate execution “as an example to others.” Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoigne were chosen as victims, and the fierce and stern republican leaders refused them even the boon of a short delay, that they might prepare for their last journey.

Colonels Ireton, Rainsborowe, and Whaley, with three files of musketeers, made themselves ready in the castle-court, and the noble captives were brought forth.

Sir Bernard Gascoigne was saved through the pusillanimity, not the pity, of the conquerors; he was of Florence, and a subject of the Grand Duke; he spoke scarcely any English, but requested pens and paper that he might write to his sovereign, relating the manner of his death, in order that his heirs might not suffer. A council of war was held, in which it was resolved that as Sir Bernard was a foreigner, ill consequences might ensue from his execution, not only to those concerned in his death, but all belonging to them: it was therefore expedient to release him.

Sir Charles Lucas died bravely as he had lived; when brought forth, he said: “I have often looked death in the face in the field of battle, you shall now see how I dare die.” After a few moments' prayer, he rose from his knees, bared his breast, and called out cheerfully “See, I am ready for you, and now, *rebels*, do your worst.” As he spoke, they fired, four balls entered his body, and he fell.

Sir George Lisle came next to the scene of slaughter, and stood on the spot where his gallant friend lay murdered. He kissed the corpse, distributed all the money he had about him to his executioners, and to an old servant, desiring that some gold pieces should be taken to his friends in London, as a memorial of him; then spoke a few words to the spectators, looked at the file of soldiers, and desired them to ap-

proach nearer to him : on which one of them said : " I'll warrant you, Sir, we'll hit you." Sir George replied smiling : " I have been nearer you, friends, and you have missed me."

He then knelt and prayed, and rising, said : " I am ready now, traitors, do your worst." The next moment the bloody deed was accomplished, and these " religious " and *honourable* men satisfied !

When Fairfax was accused of severity in this affair, he answered amongst other remarks :

" For this I need say no more, seeing I may as well be questioned for the articles of Bristol, Oxford, Exeter, or any other action in the war as this."

The hardships endured during the siege of Colchester were very great ; it is recorded that " horseflesh began to be as precious to the distressed royalists as the choicest meats before. The soldiers in general and all officers and gentlemen, from the lords to the lowest degree or quality, eating nothing else, unless cats and dogs. And so great were their necessities, that the horses could scarcely be secure in the stables ; but every morning some stable or other was robbed and the horses knocked on the head and sold in the shambles by the pound. Nor was there in a short time a dog left, for it was the custom of the soldiers to reserve half their ammunition loaf, and in a morning walk the streets, and if they discovered a dog to drop a piece of bread and so draw him on till within their reach ; then with the butt-end of their muskets kill him and carry him to their quarters. Six shillings was known to be given for the side of a dog, and yet but a small one neither."

After the surrender the inhabitants of Colchester had no particular reason to congratulate themselves ; they were treated with great rigour, and a fine imposed on them of fourteen thousand pounds. The town remained a heap of ruins ; the fine church of St. Botolph, long their pride, was destroyed ; houses without number smoking in ruins, and great part of the walls battered to the ground. When Evelyn visited Colchester, he describes it as " a faire towne, but now wretchedly demolished by the late siege, especially the suburbs, which were all burnt, but were then repairing. For the rest," he continues, " this is a ragged and factious town, now swarming with sectaries."

Colchester was once in the hands of the French, when, after the contentions of King John's time, the Barons invited Louis the son of Philip the Second to become their sovereign. On the submission of these chiefs, however, to the new King, Henry the Third, the French prince retired, and some privileges were granted to the town.

Catherine of Aragon, when on a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, paid a visit to Colchester, and was received with great honour, and a purse containing forty good pounds presented to her by the mayor and corporation ; notwithstanding which courtesy, the king's " conscience when it had crept too near another lady " allowed him not only to destroy the abbeyes on which so much of the support of the town depended, but a tale is told of cruel treachery to the last abbot, proving that the King's *piety* was more remarkable than his pity.

John Beche, the last abbot of St. John's, was invited by the bailiffs of Colchester to a feast, where he thought he was in all friendliness and safety, although he could not recognize the new head of the church imposed on him. While he was still sitting at the board, a warrant

was presented to him, by virtue of which he was condemned to death, and instantly hurried off to execution.

The unfortunate Jane Grey found no friends in Colchester; and in reward of the fidelity to her cause which had been shown there, Queen Mary honoured the town with a visit, and obliged the loyal citizens by accepting twenty pounds in gold and a silver-gilt cup and cover. They were put to considerable charges in entertaining her, as the following items show:

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
"Thirty-eight <i>dosen</i> of bread,	39	0
Fifty-nine gallons of claret-wine,	48	0
A quarter of beef, weighing five score and ten pounds,	9	2
A side of beef, weighing seven score and five pounds,	12	1
<i>A veal,</i>	4	0
<i>Half a veal,</i>	2	4
Two muttons,	9	4, &c."

Even at this period, Colchester was distinguished for the number of sects it encouraged; and one of the leaders of novel doctrines was Vitels, a disciple of the founder of a set of persons calling themselves "the Family of Love." This man came over from Delft, and spread his "straunge opinions" far and wide in this part of the country. He found the trade more productive than that of *joiner*, which he abandoned to become a teacher of

"Precious stuff,
For fools to thrive by."

Colchester is described as so holy a place that "it became like a city on a hill and a candle on a candlestick, giving light afar." Several martyrdoms were enacted here during the time of Mary; and at length the gracious and gorgeous Elizabeth came herself to visit and relieve her good city; and it may easily be imagined that she did not depart without a gift from her adoring subjects, who all made themselves as smart as possible to shine in her beautiful eyes. There was no lack of satin or damask, scarlet gowns, silk cassocks, and velvet tippets; and her Majesty was "gratified" by an offering of a cup of silver *double-gilt*, valued at twenty marks, with forty angels in the same; add to which the recorder made her an oration, Sir Francis Walsingham being the happy man to compliment the "divine perfection of a woman."

Amongst the few old houses of any interest in the High Street of Colchester, I was struck with a wooden doorway at the entrance of the Lion Inn. It has evidently been elaborately carved on the different stories all over; but very little of its adornment remains. The spandrels of the arch have a representation on one side of a dragon, huge and grim, and on the other of a knight on foot, with an immensely long spear, tilting at the monster. Whether there is any tradition of the country having been devastated by such a creature, I could not learn; but such a legend generally exists in the neighbourhood of marshes, and Colchester is not very distant from the sea at Harwich, whence might have arisen some strange creature of the deep, which, nurtured in the salt marshes, might have played a part with some knight of old.

Colchester has a great renown for its fine oysters, which were considered so great a delicacy, that it has even been asserted that they

tempted Julius Cæsar to invade Britain. The genuine sort are so much esteemed, that a present of them has often been thought fit for the highest personages. The chief are the Pye-fleet oysters, which are small and thick, with a transparent shell; but there are other sorts considered as great dainties. The green tint which distinguishes the finest oysters is not produced, as has been supposed and feared, from coppers; but there exist pits in the salt marshes which are overflowed only at spring tides. The salt water is partly excluded after a time from these, and the oysters placed there will in a short time become green. In two or three days they acquire this hue, and in six weeks will become of a very dark green. It is curious that some pits close by those called "greening pits" have not the same property.

Besides the oysters, Colchester is famous for sweet-meats made of the eringo-root, which have long been thought peculiarly excellent.

The names of the streets are somewhat barbarous and startling to a stranger's ear: Cat Lane, Cow Lane, Duck Lane, Gutter Street, Butt Lane, Grymes Ditch, Black-Ivy Lane, Hog Lane, are somewhat unpoetical and inharmonious, although expressive. Crouch Street is so called from the Crossed or Crutched Friars' monastery; Culver Lane from a religious establishment; as well of St. Mary's, Church, and other lanes. The Old Hithe or harbour, Battle Brook, Bone or Bourne Pond, Eld Lane, &c., explain themselves. Such appellations as Bullock Wood, Beggars'-Oak Heath, Gallows Green, Skipping Street, Gores Ditch, Mose Mill, and Blobber House, are rather in Dutch or Danish style, or might suit our neighbours across the Atlantic, who delight in great, big, little, dry, and similar cognomens.

Colchester boasts of some learned men; amongst them is Dr. William Gilberd, author of a work on the load-stone and its properties: he was considered a man of great attainment in the sciences, travelled much, and studied more, and was chief physician to Queen Elizabeth, who allowed him a pension to assist his researches. He died at Colchester, and was buried in the chancel of the church of the Holy Trinity. His portrait is in the Schools' gallery at Oxford, and he left his instruments and manuscripts to the College of Physicians in London.

The history and antiquities of his native county were written by Philip Morant, M. A., rector of St. Mary's, Colchester, and are very full and valuable.

Dr. Harsnet, archbishop of York, was born here: he was a man of great learning and ability. His work on "the deceitful trade in these latter days of casting out devils," might throw some light on the mesmeric practices of our own. He left his valuable library to the town of Colchester, on condition that a decent room should be provided to set them up in, and that the clergy of the town and other divines might have free access for the reading and studying of them. Accordingly, the magistrates agreed in Nov. 1631 to appoint a librarian, who was no other than a learned barber of the town, whose salary was fixed at forty shillings per annum, paid quarterly; and the place fixed on as the library was over the Red Row called Dutch Bay Hall. They were removed from thence afterwards, or would have perished in the fire which destroyed that venerable building, and are now in a room in the castle. Amongst them are the fine Antwerp Polyglot Bible, and Hesychius, with Isaac Casaubon's MS. notes.

The fields and lands near Colchester retain their antique names,

which are very peculiar, and sound strangely in modern ears. For instance, some of them are thus called:—The Fields of Edynelonde, Aylwynemer, Otyenesslade; and a croft called Portespyghtel, which are as grotesque as any words to be found in the Basque Country, and might as reasonably be supposed to have been transplanted from the islands of the South Sea.

Some of the villages and seats in this part of Essex have appellations apparently the same as in the Danish and Saxon period. Mistley Hall at Maningtree is otherwise called Sciddinchore Hall. The word *mistley* is said to mean, in Saxon, a pasture of the herb basil, which abounds here; but what the other word indicates, I have not discovered.

In many places on the Continent as well as at home, certain towns and villages have the reputation of producing peculiarly simple or stupid persons, who are the subject of constant jokes. Essex is not behindhand in this respect; and the butt of the county in the neighbourhood of Colchester appears to be a place about ten miles off Coggeshall, where once stood a fine abbey, of which a few walls remain. The inhabitants of this town are supposed to be remarkable for blunders and bulls, and so awkward, that if anything is ill-done, it is common to say of a person, "he has indeed made a Coggeshall job of it!" Yet here some Roman noble had a villa, and powerful monks had jurisdiction. Such is the end of the world's glory!

A LITTLE WHILE!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

A LITTLE while! a little while!
In that brief space the tear and smile
Alternate come and go;
The heedless laugh, the lone heart's sigh,
The hope one moment raises high,
The next, sinks deep in woe!

A little while! It seems an age
To those whom painful thoughts engage,
A span to careless mirth;
'Tis fraught with strange event to some,
To others scarce observed doth come,
Whose souls are knit to earth.

A little while! Within that hour
It may be love's absorbing power
Hath stole upon the breast,
Unknown, unfelt in former years,
But waking now a thousand fears,
That else had been at rest!

A little while, and manhood's prime
Hath yielded to the touch of time,
And, wreck'd, is drooping low;

The eyes are lustreless and dim,
And nerveless is the pliant limb,
Death's signet marks the brow!

A little while,—and vain we trace
The lines of some remember'd face,
The well-beloved of yore;
The haggard mien, the locks of grey,
Chide mournfully the bygone day
That veil'd those features o'er!

A little while! The flow'rs we knew,
So sweet and glorious of hue,
Gave earth an Eden's bloom,
A little while, and none survived,
No green leaf left to tell they lived,
Or, trembling, bless their tomb!

A little while! The lapse we feel,
As new and changeful objects steal
Our visions from the past,
We seem to fill another sphere,—
To know that peace is only where
The beautiful can last!

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

BY HENRY CURLING, ESQ.

MANY trivial things which happened during the retreat to Corunna, and which on any other occasion might have entirely passed from my memory, have been as it were branded into my remembrance, and I recollect the most trifling incidents which occurred from day to day during that march. I recollect, amongst other matters, that we were joined, if I may so term it, by a young recruit, when such an addition was anything but wished for during the disasters of the hour. One of the men's wives, (who was struggling forward in the ranks with us, presenting a ghastly picture of illness, misery, and fatigue,) being very large in the family-way, towards evening stepped from amongst the crowd, and laid herself down amidst the snow, a little out of the main road. Her husband remained behind with her; and I heard one or two hasty observations amongst our men, that they had taken possession of their last resting-place. The enemy were, indeed, not far behind at this time, the night was coming down, and their chance seemed in truth but a bad one. To remain behind the column of march in such weather was to perish, and we accordingly soon forgot all about them. To my surprise, however, I, some little time afterwards, (being then myself in the rear of our party,) again saw her. She was hurrying with her husband after us, and in her arms she carried the new-born babe she had just given birth to. Her husband and herself, between them, managed to carry that infant to the end of the retreat, where we embarked. God tempers the wind, it is said, to the shorn lamb; and many years afterwards I saw that boy, a strong and healthy lad. The woman's name was M'Guire, a sturdy and hardy Irishwoman; and lucky was it for herself and babe that she was so, as that night of cold and sleet was in itself sufficient to try the constitution of most females. I lost sight of her, I recollect, on this night, when the darkness came upon us; but with the dawn to my surprise, she was still amongst us.

The shoes and boots of our party were now mostly either destroyed or useless to us, from foul roads and long miles, and many of the men were entirely barefooted, with knapsacks and accoutrements altogether in a dilapidated state. The officers were also, for the most part, in as miserable a plight. They were pallid, way-worn, their feet bleeding, and their faces overgrown with beards of many days' growth. What a contrast did our corps display, even at this period of the retreat, to my remembrance of them on the morning their dashing appearance captivated my fancy in Ireland! Many of the poor fellows, now near sinking with fatigue, reeled as if in a state of drunkenness, and altogether I thought we looked the ghosts of our former selves; still we held on resolutely: our officers behaved nobly; and Crawford was not to be daunted by long miles, fatigue, or fine weather. Many a man in that retreat caught courage

from his stern eye and gallant bearing. Indeed, I do not think the world ever saw a more perfect soldier than General Crawford. It might be on the night following the disaster I have just narrated that we came to a halt for about a couple of hours in a small village, and, together with several others, I sought shelter in the stable of a sort of farm-house, the first roof I saw near. Here, however, we found nothing to refresh ourselves with, by way of food, but some raw potatoes lying in a heap in one of the empty stalls, and which, for want of better rations, we made a meal of, before we threw ourselves down upon the stones with which the place was paved. Meanwhile others of the men, together with two or three of our officers, more fortunate than ourselves, had possession of the rooms of the adjoining building, where they found at least a fire to warm themselves before. Lieutenant Hill had a black servant with him in this retreat, a youth he had brought with him from Monte Video, where, I heard, the Rifles had found him tied to a gun they had captured there. This lad came and aroused me as I lay in the mule-stable, and desired me to speak with his master in the adjoining room. I found the lieutenant seated in a chair by the fire when I entered. He was one of the few amongst us who rejoiced in the possession of a tolerably decent pair of boots, and he had sent for me to put a few stitches in them, in order to keep them from flying to pieces. I was so utterly wearied, that I at first refused to have anything to do with them; but the officer, taking off his boots, insisted upon my getting out my waxed threads and mending them; and himself and servant, thrusting me into the chair he arose from, put the boots into my hands, got out my shoemaking implements, and held me up as I attempted to cobble up the boots. It was, however, in vain that I tried to do my best towards the lieutenant's boots. After a few stitches, I fell asleep as I worked, the awl and wax-ends falling to the ground. I remember there were two other officers present at the time, Lieutenants Molloy and Keppel, the latter of whom soon afterwards fell dead from fatigue during this retreat. At the present time, however, they all saw it was in vain to urge me to mend Lieutenant Hill's boots. He therefore put them on again with a woeful face and a curse, and dismissed me to my repose. Our rest was not, however, of long duration. The French were upon our trail, and before long we were up and hurrying onwards again.

As the day began to dawn, we passed through another village—a long, straggling place. The houses were all closed at this early hour, and the inhabitants mostly buried in sleep, and, I dare say, unconscious of the armed thousands who were pouring through their silent streets. When about a couple of miles from this village, Crawford again halted us for about a quarter of an hour. It appeared to me that, with returning daylight, he wished to have a good look at us this morning, for he mingled amongst the men as we stood leaning upon our rifles, gazing earnestly in our faces as he passed, in order to judge of our plight by our countenances. He himself appeared anxious, but full of fire and spirit, occasionally giving directions to the different officers, and then speaking words of encouragement to the men. It is my pride now to remember that General Crawford seldom omitted a word in passing to myself. On this occasion, he stopped in the midst, and addressed a few words to me, and glancing down at my feet, observed:

"What! no shoes, Harris, I see, eh?"

"None, sir," I replied; "they have been gone many days back." He smiled, and passing on, spoke to another man, and so on through the whole body.

Crawfurd was, I remember, terribly severe, during this retreat, if he caught anything like pilfering amongst the men. As we stood, however, during this short halt, a very tempting turnip-field was close on one side of us; and several of the men were so ravenous, that although he was in our very ranks, they stepped into the field and helped themselves to the turnips, devouring them like famishing wolves. He either did not or would not observe the delinquency this time, and soon afterwards gave the word, and we moved on once more.

About this period I remember another sight, which I shall not to my dying day forget; and it causes me a sore heart, even now, as I remember it. Soon after our halt beside the turnip-field, the screams of a child near me caught my ear, and drew my attention to one of our women, who was endeavouring to drag along a little boy of about seven or eight years of age. The poor child was apparently completely exhausted, and his legs failing under him. The mother had occasionally, up to this time, been assisted by some of the men taking it in turn to help the little fellow on; but now all further appeal was vain. No man had more strength than was necessary for the support of his own carcass, and the mother could no longer raise the child in her arms, as her reeling pace too plainly shewed. Still, however, she continued to drag the child along with her. It was a pitiable sight, and wonderful to behold the efforts the poor woman made to keep the boy amongst us. At last, the little fellow had not even strength to cry, but, with mouth wide open, stumbled onwards, until both sank down to rise no more. The poor woman herself had, for some time, looked a moving corpse; and when the shades of evening came down, they were far behind amongst the dead or dying in the road. This was not the only scene of the sort I witnessed amongst the women and children during that retreat. Poor creatures! they must have bitterly regretted not having accepted the offer which was made to them to embark at Lisbon for England, instead of accompanying their husbands into Spain. The women, however, I have often observed, are most persevering in such cases, and are not to be persuaded that their presence is often a source of anxiety to the corps they belong to.

Some of our men were now becoming savage and reckless of life, I observed, and it required all Crawfurd's strictness and management to keep them together. I have heard many blame him for too much harshness and severity in this retreat, I myself think he saved the force under his command by such measures from destruction. He was marching, at this time, in the midst of us on foot, close to the part where I myself was trudging along, when I heard a man named Daniel Howans say in a loud voice, and apparently on purpose for him to hear:

"D—— him! he had much better try and get us something to eat, than continue to harass us to death like this."

No sooner had Howans uttered the words, than Crawfurd turned and sprang upon him, and seizing the rifle from his hands, in an

instant felled him to the ground with the butt-end. He then halted the brigade, called a drum-head court-martial on the instant, and Howans was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes on the spot. At this time, however, it was growing too dark to punish Howans, and Crawford, therefore, as soon as the sentence was awarded, ordered us on again.

He marched amongst us all that night, and every short halt we made, he looked sharply as the darkness would allow to observe how the men were keeping together. I surmise this, from his passing where I myself was standing on such occasions, and regarding us steadily as he did so. When morning dawned, he again called a halt, and forming a hollow square, desired the culprit to be brought into it without delay, and delivered himself of a short speech, of which I can at this moment remember almost every word.

"I will not," he said, "sacrifice one jot of my duty to my King and country, Rifles, for the good opinion of either officer or soldier in this force. The orders I issue are for your own good, and those who disobey them may expect the consequences of their disobedience. Tie up Daniel Howans for punishment."

I remember that the white morning frost was sticking upon Crawford's hair, beard, and eyebrows, as he spoke on this morning, giving him quite an aged look.

This was indeed no time to be lax in discipline, and the General knew it. The men, as I said, were, some of them, becoming careless and ruffianly in their demeanour; whilst others, again, I saw with the tears falling down their cheeks from the agony of their bleeding feet, and many were ill with dysentery from the effects of the bad food they had got hold of and devoured on the road. Our knapsacks, too, were a bitter enemy on this prolonged march. Many a man died, I am convinced, who would have borne up well to the end of the retreat, but for the infernal load we carried on our backs. My own knapsack was my bitterest enemy; I felt it press me to the earth almost at times, and more than once felt as if I should die under its deadly embrace. The knapsacks, in my opinion, should have been abandoned at the very commencement of the retrograde movement, as it would have been better to have lost them altogether, if, by such loss, we could have saved the poor fellows who as it was died strapped to them on the road.

To return, however, to Daniel Howans: he received his punishment without a murmur; and, when it was over, his great-coat was put on, his wife carried his accoutrements for him, and forward we went once more. On the same day, I remember, the general found it necessary again to address the men, as they seemed still inclined to stray away into the open country on either side the road; and two more of the Rifles were tried by drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to receive a hundred lashes each.

Towards evening on this day, we came to a part of the country of a yet wilder and more desolate appearance even than that we had already traversed; a dreary wilderness it appeared at this inclement season; and our men, spite of the vigilance of the General, seemed many of them resolved to stray into the open country, rather than traverse the road before them. The coming night favoured their designs, and many were, before morning, lost to us through their own wilfulness. Amongst others, I found myself completely bewil-

dered and lost upon the heath, and should doubtless have perished had I not fallen in with another of our corps in the same situation. As soon as we recognized each other, I found my companion in adversity was a strapping resolute fellow named James Brooks, a north of Ireland man. He was afterwards killed at Toulouse, by a musket ball which struck him in the thigh. He was delighted at having met with me, and we resolved not to desert each other during the night. Brooks, as I have said, was a strong, active, and resolute fellow, as indeed I had, on more occasions than one, witnessed in Portugal. At the present time, his strength was useful to both of us.

"Catch hold of my jacket, Harris," said he; "the ground here is soft, and we must help each other to-night, or we shall be lost in the bogs."

Before long, that which Brooks feared, happened; and he found himself stuck so fast in the morass, that although I used my best efforts to draw him out, I only shared in the same disaster; so that, leaving him, I turned and endeavoured to save my own life if possible, calling to him to follow before he sank over head and ears. This was an unlucky chance in our wearied state, as the more we floundered in the dark, not knowing which way to gain a firmer foundation, the faster we fixed ourselves. Poor Brooks was so disheartened, that he actually blubbered like a child. At length, during a pause in our exertions, I thought I heard something like the bark of a dog come down the wind. I bade Brooks listen, and we both distinctly heard it—the sound gave us new hope, just as we were about to abandon ourselves to our fate. I advised Brooks to lay himself as flat as he could, and drag himself out of the slough, as I had found some hard tufts of grass in the direction I went; and so, by degrees, we gained a firmer footing, and eventually succeeded in extricating ourselves, though in such an exhausted state, that for some time we lay helplessly upon the ground, unable to proceed.

At length, with great caution, we ventured to move forwards in the direction of the sounds we had just heard. We found, however, that our situation was still very perilous; for in the darkness we hardly dared to move a step in any direction, without probing the ground with our rifles, lest we should again sink, and be eventually smothered in the morasses we had strayed amongst. On a sudden, however, (as we carefully felt our way,) we heard voices shouting in the distance, and calling out, "*Men lost! men lost!*" which we immediately concluded were the cries of some of our own people, who were situated like ourselves.

After awhile, I thought I saw, far away, something like a dancing light, which seemed to flicker about, vanish, and reappear, similar to a Jack-o'-lantern. I pointed it out to Brooks, and we agreed to alter our direction, and move towards it. As we did so, the light seemed to approach us, and grow larger, and presently another and another appeared, like small twinkling stars, till they looked something like the lamps upon one of our London bridges, as seen from afar. The sight revived our spirits, more especially as we could now distinctly hear the shouts of people, who appeared in search of the stragglers, and, as they approached us, we perceived that such was indeed the case. The lights, we now discovered, were furnish-

ed by bundles of straw and dried twigs, tied on the ends of long poles, and dipped in tar. They were borne in the hands of several Spanish peasants, from a village near at hand, whom Crawford had thus sent to our rescue.

He had discovered, on reaching and halting in this village, the number of men that had strayed from the main body, and immediately ordering the torches I have mentioned to be prepared, he collected together a party of Spanish peasants, and obliged them to go out into the open country, and seek for his men, as I have said; by which means he saved (on that night) many from death.

To return to my own adventures on this night. When Brooks and myself reached the village I have mentioned, we found it filled with soldiers, standing and lying, huddled together like cattle in a fair. A most extraordinary sight it appeared, as the torches of the peasants flashed upon the way-worn and gaunt figures of our army. The rain was coming down, too, on this night, I remember; and soon after I reached our corps, I fell helplessly to the ground in a miserable plight. Brooks was himself greatly exhausted, but he behaved nobly, and remained beside me, trying to persuade some of our fellows to assist him in getting me up, and gaining shelter in one of the houses at hand. "May I be d—d!" I heard him say, "if I leave Harris to be butchered in the streets by the cowardly Spaniards the moment our division leaves the town." At length Brooks succeeded in getting a man to help him, and together they supported me into the passage of a house, where I lay upon the floor for some time. After awhile, by the help of some wine they procured, I rallied and sat up, till eventually I got once more upon my legs, and, arm in arm, we proceeded again into the streets, and joined our corps. Poor Brooks certainly saved my life that night. He was one of the many good fellows whom I have seen out, and I often think of him with feelings of gratitude as I set at my work in Richmond Street, Soho.

When the division got the order to proceed again, we were still linked arm in arm, and thus we proceeded. Sometimes, when the day appeared, stopping for a short time and resting ourselves, and then hurrying on again.

I remember Sir Dudley Hill passing me on a mule this day. He wore a Spanish straw-hat, and had his cloak on. He looked back when he had passed, and addressed me. "Harris," said he, "I see you cannot keep up." He appeared sorry for me, for he knew me well. "You must do your best," he said, "my man, and keep with us, or you will fall into the hands of the enemy." As the day wore on, I grew weaker and weaker; and at last, spite of all my efforts, I saw the main body leave me hopelessly in the lurch. Brooks himself was getting weaker too; he saw it was of little use to urge me on, and at length, assenting to my repeated request to be left behind, he hurried on as well as he was able without a word of farewell. I now soon sank down in the road and lay beside another man who had also fallen, and was apparently dead, and whom I recognized as one of our sergeants named Taylor, belonging to the Honourable Captain Pakenham's (now General Sir Hercules Pakenham) company.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE GUNGATE.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

A BALL in the olden time—a century ago—and a municipal ball!—was something to be anticipated and recollected. It was not an affair to be directed by a few opulent linendrapers in the tavern parlour of the “*Fleur de Lys*,” or regulated by a handful of speculative professional men in the drawing-room of the chief attorney, or in the perfumed closet of the “exclusive” high bailiff’s lady.

Grave mayors and frosty-wigged aldermen; the squire and town clerk; the agent and the manorial lord,—all that was worthy and worshipful and respectable associated solemnly to furnish the necessary provision and arrangement; and when at last the thing “came off,” it was the glory of the township, the conversation of the county, and was duly and fluently represented in the pages of local publications. On New Year’s Eve, in the year of our Lord 1703, the newly-erected Town Hall of Tamworth, in Warwickshire, was brightly illuminated, and the light of innumerable torches and gorgeous chandeliers penetrated the windows, curtained with the most vigorous crimson moreens, and attracted the eyes of the unoccupied and holiday-seeking members of the sedate community to the focus of the festival, in which, at an early hour, (such as would be laughed at now-a-days,) were assembled the magnates of the borough, with their wives, sons, and daughters; the high squires and dames and “carriage-folk” of the vicinity, and the customary influx of dainty bachelors, old and young, who then, as at the present date, set distance and difficulty at defiance to accomplish certain favour with beauty, and to be remembered thenceforth in the chaste seclusion of the hearts of prudent moneyed matrons and simple well-conditioned children of yeomen, and susceptible, mischief-making, laughter-loving, fox-hunting village heiresses. The dancing was obedient to the inspiring music of harp and violin and the thrilling flute; and scarcely had old philosophical Mr. Webb, the non-conforming watch-maker, the most anchoritical disciplinarian in the borough, closed his iron-bound shutters in the Market-place at half-past seven of the evening, before the imprisoned minstrelsy grew progressively louder and more violent, and shadows of slender girls, and feathered dames, and burly beaux, every instant changed places upon the glowing curtains of the old Town Hall, and jigged, and circled, and approached each to the other with grotesque inclination. Could amiable old Mr. Guy have witnessed the affection of the parties therein engaged, or surveyed the smiles of the venerable men who, in their buckled, short-quartered shoes, tripped down the mid hall, with their diapered and brocaded dames, to the lilting tunes of “Green Sleeves” or “Grey Peas upon a Trencher,” he would certainly have left the Southwark Borough Hospital a thousand pounds minus, and established therewith a new-year’s festival fund for the fine old people of his native town of Tamworth. Never mind! He built them alms-houses and the Town Hall, and his name was remembered with blessings in after years. What throngs of sturdy tanuers and gaping artisans were in the mid-street until late in the evening! What exquisite grace and politeness held dominion within



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that civic cynosure! David Bayley, the senior alderman, in his sixty-sixth year, figured away in a new tie-wig, pearl buckles, and a suit of unrivalled Malmesbury puce with silvered trimmings. Paul Hewitt, the "literary tobacconist," drew vast attention and commendation, figuring away with his lame wife's niece Dorothy, in an entire envelope of celestial blue, with transcendant ruffles of Elizabethan family lace; and then every man, and maid, and wife of the select, wore a something assimilating to the last new mode at the last court ball, as imported to the midlands of the country in an invaluable fourpenny pamphlet entitled "*The World Well-dressed; or, a Peep at St. James's.*" To the inquiries made at the breakfast-table the next morning, "*Who was the belle of the evening?*"—there was not a dissenting voice or opinion. *Kate Harding* was the belle of the evening! the acknowledged beauty of the assembly. She was the only child of a wealthy grazier at a distance of some few miles from that borough, and for the first time he had permitted his graceful and educated girl to delight herself, with her more experienced town cousins, at the cheerful annual jubilee. At the ball were present some distinguished patrons from the Castle, honourable Christmas visitors to the family resident there; and amongst them, was a young gentleman, of good family and estate, from Essex, of the name of Bedingfield, who had lately returned from a tour in Italy with his tutor. He was an amazing favourite wheresoever he was known, for the gentleness and generous humility of his behaviour, and the fascination of his conversation, which was enlivened with a sportive wit, and illuminated with general knowledge of remarkable extent and most ready application. If *Kate* was the *belle of the room*, he certainly was the *beau*, and their reign was united, pre-eminent, and undisputed. It was his lot to have the noble girl (*noble* from her goodness and beauty) for his partner at the commencement of the ball, and more frequently at his own earnest solicitations, towards the conclusion of the evening's amusement; and so much had he gained her thoughts and won the entire fervour of her parting glances, that he became in truth and earnestness her very obedient and captive squire, and set every cautious word of others' advice for nothing, visiting her devotedly whilst she remained with her friends in the old borough, and subsequently appearing as the necessary and indissmissible guest upon her return to her homely, grey-haired, honourable father, at the rural Grange. Every one knew he was in love with her, and only a few frozen-hearted people wished that he could be separated from the girl he loved so tenderly and so dearly. Soon, before the blushing girl, the timid, weeping old father, and the astonished relatives, the Squire vowed his heart to her for ever, and threw himself and his riches at her feet, and was betrothed to her; and then, because she loved him with an equal affection, her father blessed them, and accompanied her on a visit to her lover's kindred, and there she was married to him, and never had she reason, for his altered love, to say, *she rather would have tarried a simple village maid*. "It is hard," says the ordinary remark, "to have every one's good opinion." In a short time, to her uneasiness, *Kate* found it so; for she was much persecuted by *one*—the only one in the world who detested her; and the peace of her young husband and her own happiness were injured by vulgar, unlimited, anonymous suggestions, and calumnious reproaches. This was the reason. When *Kate* was at her earlier home in Warwickshire, in the pretty se-

cluded village, she was like a sister to the girls of the reverend vicar's family at the vicarage, which was near to her father's residence ; and as they were accomplished and diligent ladies, they persuaded Kate Harding, who had remarkable genius and ability, to unite in their class for the acquirement of foreign languages, viz. the French, Italian, and Spanish, under superintendence of a refugee from Sicily named Casella, who was much supported and entertained by the gentry of the neighbourhood for his educational tact and intelligence, and his personal elegances. This fervent and capricious nursling of the sunshine soon entertained an undue regard for his pretty, amiable pupil, the grazier's daughter. He probably would have succeeded in obtaining the hand of Kate, but he was incautious, selfish, and intolerably vain ; and a vulgar, interested observation which he made respecting the girl's property having been conveyed to the "vicarage," was repeated in the country, and in time led to his dismissal and rejection by the pupil, and to his utter disgrace and discountenance wheresoever he had previously been accepted in the same district. In the course of a single twelvemonth, he found contempt, destitution, and a gaol. From the latter durance he was released a few days previous to the ball in question, having been supplied with a subscription gift of forty pounds. Kate Harding sent the money to him by a female in the occasional service of her own father in their household duties, and, as *she* supposed, with secrecy as to its origin and provision ; but, unfortunately, the bearer was a woman of light and treacherous disposition, and said many things to the prisoner which excited him to the belief that he had still the fortune before him of regaining influence over the simple, kind, and disinterested maiden. But for a violent fever which assailed him, upon release from durance, he would certainly have been present as her shameless suitor at the festivity of the Town Hall upon the New Year's Eve. When the courtship of young Bedingfield was mentioned to him upon his recovery, and next the wedding of the happy couple, he was furious and intemperate of speech ; afterwards he grew sullen, bitter, and reserved. In a sad humour, when ill-health increased upon him, he was heard to say, "revenge to an Italian bore the same fruit late or early ;" and "many a man stepped over his grave at the new moon, who fell into it before the moon was old," and so forth ; and then he merged into dissipation and base society, during which time, as it was half proved, he wrote many calumnious and shameful letters to his rival and his innocent foe. All at once he disappeared, and his name was forgotten. So the traveller shudders at the viper in his pathway amongst the autumnal leaves, and soon sees springs, and cheerful skies, and gathers fresh flowers, and, hearing the gushing song of birds, utterly forgets that there has been danger in his path.

Days were merry indeed at the old Manor Hall in Essex, and the youthful Squire and his lovely bride, living in pure felicity together, endeared themselves by an undeviating generosity to the rich and poor of the land more and more every day. As the representative of an ancient and celebrated house, he excelled in honour, just dealing, in frank hospitality, in liberal and true feeling of his own station in society, and in cheerful benefactions to the unfortunate and afflicted. The virtuous, the poor, and the simple ignorant people were *her* especial regard ; and to these she gave her leisure, her bountiful means, and her rich and eloquent stores of mind and information. Both, in

the usual respectable application of the word, were "good Christians," but far beyond the accustomed standard. In accordance with such feelings, young Bedingfield, about twelve months after his wedding, sought by all possible means to reconcile to himself, and to regain in former friendliness, a college companion who had been bitterly estranged from him by the machinations of relatives upon either side.

It seems to me, from what I have heard, that young Basset, the friend mentioned, had obtained, in a purchase from a poor and unprincipled member of his rival's family, evidences of an important nature, and conclusive in settling claims upon property advanced by the elder branches of the Basset family against the inheritors of the Bedingfield property. It was by a mere chance that such evidence was procured; but so it was, and the mischief occasioned by malice and expediture of wrath was far more considerable than the loss depending upon the ultimate decisions of a legal court, and the forfeiture thereby required of lands, &c. hitherto regarded as secure, by deficiency of records and titles, from all such alienation. I believe some evil words spoken in a rash mood by the elder Bedingfield, and repeated by the son at his father's funeral, were reported to young Squire Basset, who was then on business in the States of Germany. Before he could return homeward, Bedingfield was upon his tour in Italy, or a duel would have been the sure termination of the uncharitable and hostile feud. The guardian to the last-named gentleman was a rancorous promoter of the ill-understanding; but he died by a shocking accident, and, repenting in the last few moments of his life, he implored his pupil to abandon the quarrel, and declared to him how much he was the creature of wicked contrivances. So, in spite of allied endeavours, especially those of the aged uncles and aunts on either side, a reunion was effected. Young Bedingfield's letters of apology had too much of the Christian and the gentleman in them to be vain or useless. Basset was equally generous: he accepted them in a good spirit, and promised to ratify the conciliation by an immediate visit to the Hall in Essex. When he knew his old friend was married, much they had talked of in other days came home again to mind. If thus the argument and concession of our hero prevailed, much more was the good-feeling enhanced by the frank and virtuous conduct of Kate Bedingfield, who, at the first introduction, fervently claimed to be confirmer and participator in the welcome pacification. Poor Young Mr. Basset intended to share in the festivities at the Hall for several days. Strangely enough, he arrived a single day before the appointed time, taking advantage of a vehicle to convey his luggage over the cross-country roads: consequently the Essex friend was all alone to receive his northern friend. The meeting was in gladness, with a few swift tears of emotion and repentance; and to these followed the mid-day fervour, the evening peace, the twilight communing, and a dark—dark night!—filled with mysteries and horror, dolefully inconceivable, and never to be obliterated!

Young Basset arrived at the Hall of the Bedingfields (after a tedious journey and a broken night's rest) early in the morning. The same evening, was a most sultry evening in the scorching month of August. The fair lady of the mansion, from a periodical attack of indisposition, aggravated by the torrid condition of the atmosphere, had been compelled to retire early to her chamber. The Squire and his guest, who had taken some repose after the fatigue of the journey, had

dined somewhat later than was authorized by the mode of those days. About an hour after sunset, Squire Basset, like a thirsty young fox-hunter as he professed to be, proposed a cooling draught of claret; and as both had imbibed upon the exultation of the moment something all too feverish for sobriety, they forthwith directed the servant in attendance to place a flask upon the table, and to retire, and not by any means to permit intrusion to the wainscoted parlour into which they chose to retreat from the more sultry and heated dining apartment. They closed themselves quietly up in a small room, in part fitted out as a library. The panelled walls were arrayed with books, and at intervals were yellow prints and primeval portraits, and quaint brackets supporting ornaments of classical design. The old weapons used in the civil wars decorated the pilasters of the bookcase, and over the scroll-work pediments of the entrances to the side closets were reared mighty vassail-bowls gilded and japanned in curious sceneries: they were the brave Yule-tide bowls, whose worshippers had long gone down to the dismal banquet of the tomb. In this temple for meditation and sedate remembrances the two united friends talked over the circumstances of past life, and rejoiced for the present, and held up a bright mirror of illusion to catch the foremost glimpses of a happy anticipated futurity. Knights and sages of old looked down upon them, and departed beauties of the worthy house, with large dark eyes, and scattered jewelled hair, smiled ghostfully intent upon the comely twain from the gilded wreaths and tarnished mouldings of the costly frames around. The windows of the apartment had been recently changed from their middle-age and mullioned form, and had been fashioned into casements folding together upon lateral hinge-works: one was partly open; and ever and anon a flickering bat flew into the sheltering space which invited him, and reeled around with drowsy scrutiny of the crowded panellings, and then returned to be traced again in the pallid skirting of the open sky in the distance. Suddenly young Basset started, and uttered a quick exclamation—beholding, as he imagined, a pale visage, moustachoeed and encircled by dark bushy hair, between the open trailing of the clematis at the nearer casement to his own side of the room, which was the side of the entrance from the great hall. The windows opened upon a slope of mossy turf, forming a secluded terrace, bounded by strange sculptures and crumbling balustrades at the rearward of the mansion. Bedingfield, who had been dozing in his favourite oaken chair, started at once, and uttered a similar exclamation. He had not seen the form, but he had taken an unbidden and unconscious sympathy from the gesture and tone of his friend, and the agitated expressions of his countenance. He listened with angry feeling to the narration of his guest. Instantly he rang the bell, and summoned his Italian servant, whose name was Martini. The confidential servant came to the bidding, and positively denied that any one could have found access to the enclosed space, save by climbing a high wall, as the gardener had, in accustomed manner, secured the doors before the tolling of the curfew. However, he disappeared to make search with others, and to aid in the detection of the intruder. Such was never found. Martini said (correcting the first statement) that with the private key he himself had passed along the slope to remove the kennel of a pet raven; but that was half an hour earlier than was mentioned by the two gentlemen.

As the servant Martini had a remarkably pale face and dark curling

hair, it suggested itself that some hallucination, depending upon the lingering effect of an impress previously made upon the vision, might have produced the alarm; and to this, after a lengthened argument, both settled down, and for a finale, called for the cordial and generous old-fashioned cup, customary after such amicable reunions and discussions, at all seasons of the year. The golden cup and some slender refreshment, accompanied by the silver branch containing the wax-lights, entered the apartment soon afterwards. Martini curtained either casement, lingering awhile, with the liberty of a familiar, to gaze upon the solemn hues of the irregular and mysterious sky, and then he left the room, informing his fellows in the broad kitchen, that it was desired all should say prayers and retire to rest, for that he himself only was to remain below, until the master should choose to conduct his guest to the bed-chamber. All obeyed, because he delivered the injunction in a very peremptory manner. The housekeeper, who was a dear, faithful sexagenarian, demurred awhile, and loitered about, as with a suspicion of something strange. When all was very still indeed, save the breathing of the gust in the cedar-grove near to the moat, Martini retired to the keeper's sleeping apartment, which was in a recess near to the smaller kitchen upon the ground floor. The keeper was a superannuated man, a widower, who was a kind of watchman to the establishment. He had a stout heart in his old frame, and his ears were like the ears of an imprisoned hound. With him the Italian servant conversed, referring to the tumultuous babbling conversation which proceeded along the hall from the apartment where we left young squire Basset with Mr. Bedingfield. There the Italian, speculative, grave, and vigilant, remained, until almost every nook of the antiquated house was in utter darkness, and until every voice but his own, repeating whispers to his comrade, was silent. One while expressing anxiety that no summons was made for him, he went, as he said, to listen in the hall. In some five or ten minutes he returned, declaring that all was as hushed as death, and with a peevish expression of weariness, he sat in an arm-chair by the keeper's bed and dozed an uncertain time in sleep. The old keeper, Robert, who had always a troublesome array of nervous sensibilities, tried to go to sleep, but found it was all in vain. He could not find even a tolerable position; so after about half an hour's feverish listening, and brain-working, during which he fancied he heard something like a fall and a groan in the wainscoted parlour, he rose in his bed and attempted to awaken Martini, but as he found a considerable difficulty in doing so, he left the pillow, and dressed himself, and then more successfully renewed the attempt. "Master *Signor!*" said he, using the parlance of the house, "not only have I heard something I don't like, but I have had two or three dreams as often, as I closed my eyes for a few seconds, of something terrifying, which is now doing in this very hour and in this old dwelling-place. Whether or no, offend or please, go to your dear master, and if he and t'other young squire are well and safe, beg of him that I may sit up with you for company's sake. Go immediately!"

The Italian traversed the hall, desiring to proceed alone, but Robert followed like an old hound stealthily at his heels. *One knock* at the door of the wainscoted room!—no answer to it! *Another*, and another!—all was as silent as could be; as silent as sleep. *A knock* again, and louder!—another!—still another, louder than before;—the cold hall echoed the sound, the walls of the grand oaken staircases repeated the reverberations of the hall. Grey Morris the butler, and

Harris the coachman, appeared upon the first landing, and inquired in one breath, "If anything particular was the matter below-stairs?" Receiving a doubtful answer, they joined the other twain, and all thinking and working together, they redoubled the efforts, to obtain an entrance, or an answer from the gentlemen inside. Even had they been deeply intoxicated, which in the *one* instance was unusual, or had they left the room for the terrace, beyond which they never could have ventured, the silence was alarming. The continual noise echoing through the closed mansion, soon aroused the watchful lady, who conscious by the gloom of her chamber of the presence of midnight, and alarmed to phrenzy by the united circumstances of her husband's absence, and the prevailing tumult in the hall, arrayed herself speedily, flung her white toilet mantle around her shoulders, and with a sharp word of summons to her somnolent waiting-woman, grasped her porcelain lamp in her quivering fingers, and was speedily the foremost and the chief of the terrified group. A few words of inquiry and terror, and she dispatched two of them to examine the casement from the terrace slope, which they had neglected to do. Old Morris was first in the fulfilment of her behest. Intensely they listened, whilst he wrenched the clasp from its hold upon the folding frames. Their agony of fear was trebled by hearing him fall like a dead man, into the room, striking down some slender article of furniture in the sudden fall. All rushed out to the terrace-side. The door was wide open. With dreadful excitement, Madam Bedingfield and her household (for now all, even Mr. Basset's vallet, who arrived an invalid the day before, were there) rushed through the curtains into the room, stumbling over the poor old fellow who had fainted there. The candles had burnt low in the sockets; one was expiring with an offensive and lazy fume. A fearful spectacle appeared to them by the intermitting and sepulchral gleam. An emptied "grace cup," lay overturned upon the carved table; the chairs were lying displaced and lengthwise upon the ground. Leaning half erect, and ghastly beyond description, against a huge vase near to the fire-place, was *the corpse of Mr. Basset!* A mortal wound had vomited forth a river of blood, now half-coagulated, from the centre of the left bosom. The face was livid and piteously drawn, in the convulsions of death. The white hands lay helpless by his side. Very near to him, upon the matting of the hearth, and with the right hand reaching across the knees of the murdered man, lay Mr. Bedingfield. That right hand grasped a short straight sword or hunting-knife, gored to the hilt. It was a silver-mounted antique, and the empty scabbard hung by enamelled pins, over the low and frowning mantel-piece. For an instant the party assembled were petrified by the scene, into a tableau of speechless horror, and before a word was whispered, the lady swooned into an awful dead swoon, in the arms of the servant Martini. The house was filled with shrieks and lamentations; the alarm bell was tolled, and an express on horseback was sent for the village apothecary. A carriage was ordered out to bring the chaplain and a neighbouring justice of quorum, who, by the bye, was a crabbed, licentious, and mischievous personage, and a secret evil-wisher, as afterwards was proved, to the house of Bedingfield, owing to remonstrances made by the Squire's late father, upon certain covert acts of local oppression. To the efforts of the increasing throng, and loud expostulations, the living host remained perfectly insensible. Once or twice he muttered low, as if sadly intoxicated (a thing which never before was known of him), and he was conveyed to the sofa, in

the picture gallery, where he was assiduously tended by the weeping housekeeper, and by other afflicted servants, who administered the medical means provided to restore his lost senses to him. We are utterly unable to depict, with a sufficient strength and pathos, the events which occurred in that dismal house on the four succeeding days. The lady was smitten with fever of the brain, and scarcely ever ceased moaning and screaming for her unfortunate husband. The hall was tenanted by officers of justice and haunted from sunrise until sunset by curious gentlemen, and horror-stricken neighbours, who mustered at the unseasonable crisis. Let us hasten, with pity's best speed, the bewildering conclusion. All parties appeared in due time before the coroner and the magistrates; such, I mean, as could be expected to give their evidence. At the careful inquest, the household exonerated themselves creditably—all save poor Master Bedingfield! A verdict of wilful murder was returned against him, and in an unnaturally enfeebled, and incoherent state of mind, he was consigned to a dungeon, for having, with well-conceived plot of the most guileful character, seduced his rival and foe to his mansion under pretext of an amicable settling of differences, and there slaughtered him, having worked his own energy to a savage and a bitter mood by some unusual method of intoxication, which at the same time, was intended to be disarming to his enemy, and an after apology for what might seem to have occurred in a midnight brawl. The Bassets were as irreconcilable as ever, and gave all their feelings to revenge. It was a gratification to every one of them, that a sanguinary judge presided at the following assize. A shrewd legal foe, a friend to their party, pleaded in the prosecution. The verdict of Guilty was pronounced, and sentence of death, without hope of reprieve, concluded a long and painful trial. After-influence was unavailable. The Squire was executed. O just and terrible Providence! he was hung at the ignominious tree. Do not speak of his demented, lovely wife, of his kindred, of his earthly mourners. Imagine all the rest, if you will—riot in the bewilderment of the catastrophe; hearts are everywhere pretty nigh the same, and with human hearts, at Bedingfield mansion, never was a more bitter weight of sorrow to be found. The domestic affliction—the pangs of the widowed lady (the malefactor's wife!)—would claim an entire and pitiful tragedy for themselves alone, they are registered in memory; in written memorials also of that distant period, but here they are too lengthened for our unworthy commemoration.

In the year 1710, there was an old house of a particular form, and ruinous exterior, in the street called *Gungate*, within the limits of the ancient borough of Tamworth. The stories projected in gradation upwards, and the quaint pinnacles of the loftiest gable were of open work, and were universally admired, especially when observed against the cool grey surface of the evening skies. It was a queer ornamented structure of timber and pargeting, such as you often see in venerable cities, befitting best the merchant folk of primitive centuries, who built their houses, as the bees do, upon an exact scale and form, leaving all classical conceits to a more perfect generation. The cornices and main beams of the front building, and the frame-work of the windows were carved with vine and oak and ivy leaves, and in a floral tablet or scroll over the narrow porch were graven rude letters, WATCH WELL, and the mutilated date of the erection of the building enclosing a skull and an hour-glass in alto relievo. This house was destroyed to

the foundation by fire, in the year, 1742; but as that dwelling in its day, so now also is the very situation, fearfully connected with our Bedingfield legend. In the evening of the fourteenth day of a dark November month, in the aforesaid year, 1710, died the Italian preceptor Casella, who was conspicuous at the commencement of our narrative. His death-bed was in the chamber above the porch in the second story. He died in the arms of the officer of justice, who fain would have conducted him to the gibbet that was due to him; but the instantaneous nature of their appearance at such a crisis, their manifestation of his hideous crime, and the effort he made in their presence to corroborate the well-conducted proof, by his brief token of acknowledgment, hastened his exit from the mortal scene, and a life worn down to the last threads by the waste of an invincible consumption. Soon after the execution of Squire Bedingfield, the servant Martini retired from the family service on the plea of ill-health, but not until his honesty had suffered much deterioration from the disappearance of plate and jewelry, which he had access to; and his departure was a theme of congratulation to the remaining household. He went at once over the seas into the Low Countries, and was tried and decapitated the very next summer for the wilful murder of a German officer of distinction, whom he had been bribed to assassinate for a considerable reward. His accomplices were similarly punished at the same time. In the early autumn, a young Fleming, a nephew of the priest or friar who attended Martini to his doom, in compliance with the request of the condemned criminal, arrived in England, and, cautiously avoiding correspondence with the lady, friends, and attendants at Bedingfield Hall, posted to the mansion where the venerable uncle of the late Squire was secluded, and to him made known the intelligence which had been so wonderfully confided to him for the peace of the English family in Essex. The document was strange and impressive. From this it appeared, that Martini, a short time before he entered the service of the Bedingfield family, had been most intimate with the vagabond Casella at a gaming-house in London; and during the intimacy, the pair of villains perpetrated an abundance of secret theft and imposition. They were sworn to each other for all wicked purposes imaginable. Casella related, with Italian eloquence and vituperation, the jealousy, the wrath, and abandonment which the marriage of Kate Harding had worked within him; and it was to further the ultimate blow that, by intercession with an earl's steward in St. James's, whose lord was addicted to a suite of foreign servants, Martini procured a temporary situation there, and afterwards by good character was transferred to the gentleman in Essex, the nobleman and the squire, as it was truly ascertained, being on the most amicable terms together. All this succeeded beyond anticipation. Often had Martini prepared the way for the stiletto of his desperate associate, but always with some hindrance which would have baffled the skilful concealment each had prepared to avoid discovery of the sanguinary agent concerned. At last young Basset's arrival was in prospect: then all seemed fertile for the completion, and the conspiracy, in a few moments of nocturnal interview, was digested and arranged. When the visiter arrived, before the other guests expected on the morrow, the villain in the house failed not to correspond at once with the double villain abroad. To be brief, Casella was hidden before the curfew in the maze of verdure below the ancient terrace. His comrade prepared the "parting cup" by night, and drugged it with an ingredient well known in Calabria

as producing intoxication attended with a subsequent temporary loss of reason and sensation. It was an essence of the recent seeds of the lurid henbane. Then Martini, as we heretofore described, stood gazing on the evening sky, before he drew the curtains together after he had served the drugged wine in the wainscoted apartment; and at such time he gave the signal that the feast of revenge was well prepared, and that the hour of bloodshed was lagging over the surface of the gloomy dial.

The window was intentionally left unfastened. It was before this, that Basset caught his alarming view of the savage intruder. Rage and cruelty had hurried him beyond ordinary speculation, and he burned with evil appetite for a moment's sight of his helpless victim. No one can conceive the demoniacal joy of the desperado, who only contemplated a straightforward assassination, when all at once, by the cunning and skill of his companion, there was presented to him a scheme for slaying his victim ignominiously through the hand of the law, by leaving it to common opinion that Bedingfield had murdered Basset, inveigling him, by hypocritical pretences, into a snare of the basest description. Thus at least, *all* succeeded. How the murderous performance was enacted was set down in the confession, and it may as well be imagined here. As soon as Mr. Bedingfield's relative had perused the confession and satisfied himself that the official signatures were authentic, he proceeded with the foreign messenger, whom he liberally rewarded, to London. In less than ten days, Casella was traced to the lodgings which he had occupied for some time in the Old House in the Gungate, by the officers of justice. He was dreadfully startled by the disclosure of his hiding-place. Fearing he might have been recognised by former associates, he had expressly forbidden any one to procure medical or spiritual assistance for him in the same borough. The officer represented himself (for he was in disguise) as a countryman from the farms of Essex, and spoke of poor Mr. Bedingfield and his bedridden, care-worn, and broken-hearted lady. The sick and fainting man answered with frequent, half-suppressed ejaculations of fiendish exultation. But when the uncle of the murdered Squire was introduced, with the local officer, of unquestionable occupation, and he was called upon to listen attentively to the declaration of his former associate and accomplice in the dismal crime, and when he heard the astounding circumstance of guilt attributed to him, he gave a loud and piercing shriek, as they concluded the recitation, and the hæmorrhage occurred which in a few moments terminated his vile existence. Poor Lady Bedingfield was indeed broken-hearted, and had long been upon the verge of her early grave; however, all that we have here mentioned was communicated to her by the chaplain of her household, with exhortations suitable to her intense grief and bodily condition. For the first time since that fatal day of the assassination, a bright smile dwelt upon her countenance, and her eyes shone with a lustre ineffable. She desired that all then present in her chamber should kneel around her bed, and they did as she desired. It was the early silver sunset of a cheerful winter's day. Raising her hands upon her bosom, and joining them together, with pious emotion, she went into a silent ecstasy—a blissful delirium, in which she died a few days afterwards, leaving the remembrance of her dear husband's innocence, and her own incomprehensible grief, to sink deeply into the hearts of all who loved her, and rejoiced with her in her happier days.

F. P. P.

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.



I TH a feeling of delight and melancholy strangely mixed, I started to wander amidst the fields and pleasant places of my school-days, situated now on the edge or skirts of the great metropolis ; but when, twenty years ago, I revelled in them as a boy, they were out of town ; green hedgerows and lofty trees, with running brooks for our little ships, were spread around. Now,—but go with me, and you shall see the change! How I wished as I rode along for the companionship of

one even of my schoolfellows, who appeared to be conjured up by my very approach to the scene of our boy friendship, just as they were at our last breaking-up! But they were all scattered, and the delicate children with which my fancy thronged the place were grown into rough men of rougher fortunes, and would perhaps have laughed at the silly romance that threw a halo round the scene which my imagination alone pictured as worthy of remembrance.

I alighted at the end of a long and irregular street that bore the name of a sweet lane. I proceeded onward, looking in vain for landmarks amidst the wretched poverty-stricken houses—evidently a struggle of some speculator to build tenements of a larger rate than the neighbourhood would allow—now fallen far below their intended estate, and occupied by mechanics of all kinds ; the doorways were crowded with dirty children, who were nursing wretched-looking infants, and screaming at the top of their voices their pleasure or displeasure at some opposite group ; a few leaden-eyed looking men lounged at the doorways, smoking in their shirt-sleeves with seeming enjoyment, as if perfectly unconscious of the wretched objects around them, or the black mud and stagnant pools of water encroaching on their door-sills. Many of the upper stories appeared never to have been finished, but merely boarded in to wait the return of the builder from the Queen's Bench,

to do justice to the carcasses; they still had inhabitants, for they were applied to a use, as holes had been cut for the ingress and egress of flights of pigeons, which seemed to be, conjointly with an immoderate pack of dirty curs of all breeds, the staple commodity of the neighbourhood. The usual quantity of public-houses had been built, the shells looking disconsolate as if at the failure of procuring licences. One had been glazed, but as its owner was not able to convince the magistrates that five public-houses in one street were not too many, it had modestly sunk down into a Tom-and-Jerry shop, with its parliamentary board of instruction about getting "drunk on the premises;" one large window was decorated with a quarter-of-a-pound cigar-box, containing three very bad cheroots, and the other some caraway biscuits in an abandoned state of dust. Here sat two drowsy-looking carmen, who took the tone of their conversation from the myriads of flies which surrounded them, to which their voices had a strange similarity. The landlord was one of those sleek-looking heavy men who seem born for landlords, rejoicing in voluminous shirt-sleeves, a continual smile, and a tell-tale nose that ought to have been a fine warning to his brewers, being marked with more scores than his slate had ever been. His wife, pale from her continual late hours, was attending listlessly to two or three dirty children whom she was cramming from a large under-done shoulder of mutton laid upon a dirty cloth, the little ones occasionally squabbling for the pewter pot, from which they imbibed plentifully,—in fact, the whole place seemed desolated by the Demon of Beer!

The Row to which this beer-shop was attached seemed utterly unfinished, except at the extreme end, which had been taken possession of by one of those deluded young gentlemen called "medical practitioners," who use up all their ready money in cigars and imaginary sprees, and at last, finding themselves reduced, after trying their whole circle of friends and good-natured aunts to do something, nobly resolve to set up somewhere on credit, where they are not known—which is decidedly necessary. This seemed, from strong symptoms, to be a decided case of that kind; a front-parlour had been turned into a shop by placing a leech-pot in the centre, and a poor man's plaister on each side as supporters, with the slight relief of two cigar-boxes in the background. The bottles were beyond praise, being of three colours and variously shaped, but the door-plate was perhaps the greatest effort,—Old English upon zinc, Night-bell and Surgery, all to match! His chances of custom, I think, were dubious, except in the way of accidents, which promised to be rife, as the areas were open for the unwary to break their legs or arms in, and the scientific arrangement of rubbish and scaffold-poles gave hopes of contusions and bruises. All this, added to the obstinacy of the gas company, who would not light until there were inhabitants to pay the rate, certainly held out a reasonable prospect of emolument for any young man that could physic his butcher and baker, and who could hold on and wait for the settlers.

Next door to the medical man was occupied—at least the parlour—by one of those melancholy strugglers called mantua-makers, whose "Belle Assemblée" was squeezed between the dwarf venetian and the window-frame to indicate that the almost impossible dresses there delineated could be made up at the shortest notice, and that the talented cutter and shaper was to be had out to work for 1s. 6d. a day for the short space of twelve hours, with as little time as possible for her to bolt the cold victuals which are usually kept for such occasions. A card ap-

peared in the above pane, written in a small delicate hand, "Lodgings Unfurnished," which, of course, meant all the rest of the house excepting alone the front-parlour and the scant sofa-bedstead. The rent, in a case like this, must of course be visionary, and could only be a little stroke of facetiousness of the landlord with himself to make believe having tenants. The only visible benefit arising from such tenancy was the cleanliness of the door-step (cleaned when nobody was looking), and the diminutive milk-score chalked on the door-frame, which last was a decided certificate of inhabitants.

I wandered on, amidst houses in the most skeleton state, with the grass growing in the promised place of the hearth-stone, with their feeble foundations sapped and surrounded by melancholy green pools. Turnings ever and anon occurred of the most eccentric character, leading to where it was impossible to go from the mud, and the foundations were sprouting from the earth with no apparent hope of ever having any more stories to tell. A gaunt house stood almost alone, excepting indeed two bits rising right and left, upon which it seemed to rest its elbows. Here dwelt that king of poor neighbourhoods, the coalman, chandler, and lollypop-seller. He was just pretending to measure that small portion of coals without a name among people who have a coal-ticket and a waggon stop at the door. He threw it upon his brawny shoulder as if in mockery, and stretching his arm high above his head, pulled the mouth of the sack so that it would puzzle the prying neighbours to know whether it was full or not, and wended his way to some poor wretch who could have no hopes of trust, if I might judge by the



expression of his face. His lynx-eyed wife, more unrelentingly-looking than he, smiled at some wretched children who were attracted by those dubiously-looking things dotted all over old writing-book leaves; I believe something of the peppermint family, but looking more like an unlimited supply of buttons for a modern page's jacket. Her eye had caught the clutched halfpenny; it was her own, if the little innocents crossed her threshold; for to her it was, as a matter of profit, indifferent whether she sold sleepy apples to give them the stomach-ache, or whitewash and peppermint to cure it. The halfpenny bundles of wood, slightly mixed with the herrings, flavoured all around; one large coal stood, with an impudent look of possession, full in the doorway with all the appearance of the master of the house, it being too large for anybody to buy in the neighbourhood: near the avalanche of potatoes stood a small barrel originally marked XX, with a surreptitious third X added by the conscientious retailer. By like manœuvres the little retailer in poor neighbourhoods makes a large fortune, securing impunity as to weight and measure by giving a little trust, but that only to the extent of the debtors' tables and chairs or situation, for which the aforesaid retailer has a fine appraising eye: thus the poor man often pays as high a price for bad articles by want of weight, and the price not appearing startling in such small quantities, as the rich one for the finest delicacies. They dare not question the dealer, as sickness or want of work must always keep them in his books. He continually grows them out of part payments, which do not materially alter the amount, as he frequently amuses himself by topping and tailing, a very simple process, done by turning naughts into sixpences and ninepences.

A few yards further on, was a faint imitation of a butcher's shop, the custom of which, from the paucity of the stock, must have been very uncertain; for, with the exception of a neck of something, which seemed to tell that meat was occasionally sold there, and a small pile



of what is professionally called "bits," evidently placed on the front board for the private amusement of a swarm of bluebottles—there was not a hook occupied. A little window, lighting a watch-box counting-house for setting down the orders, shewed the master, who in despair had sat himself down, and was enjoying a comfortable nap. The assistant slaughterer, who had the bullet head and marble face of the tribe, was droning out with much mildness upon a very wax-ended flute, the venerable air of "In a Cottage near a Wood," from a nearly obliterated and greasy manuscript copy, supported by the pig-killing knife, stuck into the unused block.

And all these abominations and mountains of bricks were cumbering the earth and obliterating the green slopes and violet banks of my childhood! Dirt and filth, and unoccupied skeleton houses buried the playground of my schooldays, over which so many small feet once bounded in pleasure. The lofty trees and green hedges under which our kind-hearted old master gave us our Robin Hood feasts, and became one of us,—making us forget, by his joining in our sports, that he was anything but our best playfellow, best story-teller, and best friend,—had all passed away! How much did I regret my rashness in venturing upon scenes so much endeared to me, only to break the charm, and to tear one delightful picture from the panorama of my mind. I turned from the place with a melancholy feeling, and proceeded on my way until I saw a large board advertising "Leases of ninety-nine years for building," attached to an old gable under which the word "Dairy" was written on the crumbling bricks. With what pleasure I discovered the remains of an old farm at which, after our rambles, we used to take tea! I soon made my way into the tile-paved kitchen, much to the astonishment of an old man who was cleaning his milk-pails, asked for a glass of milk, and seated myself; I could not help, in the fulness of my pleasure, chatting with him, and pouring out all my feelings, at again visiting this homely kitchen which I had never seen for twenty years. I found a full sympathy in his simple mind, and strong love of home. He trotted with me over all that was left of the farm, and smiled as I pointed out the stall where I used to tether my little pony, and at my enthusiasm in actually climbing up into the old hay-loft where we used to play at hide-and-seek. I asked him concerning the residents of my time. All he knew of them was, that they had emigrated to somewhere in the new country and had been successful. I bade him farewell with many thanks. I hesitated, reluctant to leave the well-remembered spot! Where were all the merry footsteps that used to bound over that door-sill with me? Gone! alas, gone! Reader, never visit the scenes of your boyhood!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXIII.

DO THE MURDERED REST?

"To die is so small a matter to the English, that they want images more ghastly than death itself to affect them."—ST. EVREMOND—*on Tragedy.*

"To the astonishment of the worldly and the superficial, who think ample means synonymous with happiness, this farewell to straitened circumstances seemed not to brighten the gloomy countenance of either sister; each looked as stern, as resolute, and as sorrow-stricken as ever. Society might have been theirs, but they shunned it; civilities from various influential parties were freely proffered, and repulsed. The only visible change which abundant means brought about, was increased attention to outward religious duties. Daily did they attend cathedral service; and yet their religion seemed a foe to cheerfulness. They entered and they left the sanctuary with the same lowering, morose, and saddened air. Their alms, too, were dispensed with similar austerity. '*Task-work*' was stamped on all they did. Prayers and alms wore alike the semblance of penance. The '*house of their pilgrimage*' was ever sombre and sad.

"'How repeatedly looks belie the life!' said the aged Chancellor Johnes in allusion to them. 'Those exemplary and irreproachable women—the Miss Paulets—models of self-denial and active benevolence—have invariably the air of persons oppressed by some terrible secret!'

"But though their systematic avoidance of society was strange, stranger still, under their altered circumstances, was their continuance in their forlorn and dilapidated cottage. It was known that they disliked it. They had been heard to complain of its dampness and dreariness during the autumn and winter; its neighbourhood was most ineligible—low, noisy, and badly drained; and yet, when rent was no longer to them an object, and when the house was confessedly disagreeable, they remained!

"Twelve months wore away, and at the expiration of that period the health of the younger sister began to decline. All the relief that assiduous nursing and medical skill could afford, was given; but the fiat had gone forth, and Penelope's days were numbered. During her illness—it was long and fluctuating—Joanna never left her. Call at what hour the surgeon would, Miss Paulet was present at the interview. No expression used by her sister escaped her; no whispered remark but what was caught by her. The medical attendant noticed this; it annoyed him. His impression had been that his patient's ailments were, in the first instance, mental rather than corporeal. He had wished to converse with her apart, and, to this end, had repeatedly tried to contrive a private interview.

Joanna invariably circumvented him. Another feature in the proceeding was strange: the dying woman once avowed an anxious wish to have a nurse, and to see a clergyman. Joanna instantly met this remark by saying, she would bind herself never to leave her sick bed till she recovered, and would read to her hour after hour, out of any religious book the sufferer liked to name. 'There was no necessity,' Joanna said, 'for either nurse or clergyman *at present!*'

"Three days afterwards Penelope expired.

"The funeral was conducted by a person named Blasby, then a young man,—the party, in fact," said the narrator, "whose obsequies you witnessed to-day. He was then a carpenter; and it was necessary that he should several times visit the cottage, to complete the necessary arrangements. He was a shrewd, wary, inquisitive fellow; and, during the completion of his task, some fact, never divulged, came to his knowledge, which gave him the most extraordinary ascendancy over Miss Paulet's property during the remainder of her days. She hated this man; she dreaded him; his presence was odious to her; she quailed at the sound of his voice. But, let the bondage in which he held her arise from what cause it would, her purse was at his control; and amply did he avail himself of its contents. He became a builder, a contractor, and, eventually, the owner of thousands.

"Miss Paulet died, as she had lived, under a veil of mystery. The house in which she dwelt stood for many months empty, and was at length bought for a very small sum by Mr. Vagg, a dissenter, and let by him to the minister of the chapel where he, the owner, worshipped. Mr. Hewitt was an amiable man, of quiet, gentle manners, calm, and rightly judging, and by no means of an excitable or an enthusiastic temperament. He consented to become the tenant of the gloomy cottage in question, partly because its rent was low, and partly because its owner, Vagg, was a leading member—a deacon, indeed—of his own congregation, whose countenance and support were essential to him.

"He entered, therefore, on his tenancy with the hope and expectation that it would be permanent. The bustle of moving over, he gathered his limited household around him in the evening at family prayer. The chapter was read, the supplicatory petition slowly and solemnly offered, and, with a brief pause for silent mental devotion, the little service closed. As he rose from his knees, his eye glanced towards a large oval pier-glass, set in a cumbrous old-fashioned frame, and placed over the fire-place which fronted him. In that glass he saw distinctly a female figure. Her hands were crossed as if in prayer, and her large, dark, sad-looking eyes seemed riveted on his. There were marks of discoloration around the neck, and one of the hands looked as if lacerated in some deadly struggle. The minister gazed calmly, earnestly, and fixedly at the phantom, till it grew faint and fainter, —and in a few moments *was not!*"

"Mr. Hewitt was not a man of feeble intellect or hasty judgment. From previous habits, struggles, and line of reading, he was slow in arriving at his conclusions. To enthusiasm on any point he was a stranger, and marvellously sceptical on most subjects. On this occasion he threw the blame on his digestion.

“‘I must read less and walk more,’ was his soliloquy. ‘I am growing inert, foolish, and fanciful. How absurd in me to give way to even a momentary feeling of fear! I, who have laughed at ghost stories all my life,—who hold all such narratives as fables,—who am persuaded that the dead never revisit this earth,—who believe that, *apart from sacred story*, the custody of the grave was never broken. Hallucination threatens me. I deserve it for neglecting exercise. So now for a ramble to Marypole Head.’

“But, despite of the pastor’s notions about ‘hallucination,’ and his ideas of the security of the grave, Mrs. Hewitt observed with surprise that he declined assembling their little household for worship in the parlour that evening, and chose their devotions to be holden in his own narrow, cold, inconvenient little study, and this without assigning any reason for the change. The next and following evening a similar order was given, till at length the ‘weaker vessel,’ whose bones ached with rheumatism, declared that she ‘could not worship with comfort in that damp and dreary cupboard, miscalled a study,’ and begged that the chapter might be read and the prayer be offered in their accustomed sitting-room. To this petition of the lady her spouse, with a laughably uneasy expression of countenance, assented.

“The hour drew on; Mr. Hewitt became restless and fidgety, and looked, beyond all concealment, most uncomfortable when his wife drew the little table *vis-à-vis* to the cumbrous mirror, and planted his chair at an angle which commanded its dingy surface. He announced the chapter, and read it steadily enough; the extempore prayer succeeded, terse, energetic, and full of pathos; but long before its close the speaker’s voice faltered, and his attention wandered,—for the large dark plate of that frightful mirror reflected but too faithfully the form of his unwelcome visitant.

“She gazed on him with her dark, soft, sad eyes,—looked the very personification of suffering,—looked at him with that beseeching, hopeless, helpless air, rarely called forth but by the extremity of human agony. The pastor felt bewildered, but still bent his eye fixedly upon the phantom. It faded gradually from the surface of the mirror, till in a few seconds all vestige of it was lost.

“‘Unaccountable!—wholly and utterly unaccountable!’ cried the pastor, with a bewildered air.

“‘You may truly say that, Mr. Hewitt!’ replied his matter-of-fact helpmate. ‘I thought you’d notice it; but sleep with some people is a disease, and so it is with our handmaid Hannah. All upon earth that she has done this blessed day was to cook the dinner, bake the bread, clean out the chapel, scour the stairs, run three errands, take out the twenty soup-tickets, carry the blind man’s money to Countess Wear Bridge, get up my best cap, clear-starch your Sunday frills, and walk to Alphington and back. And yet look at her—she was asleep—sound asleep—fast asleep—firm as a church, before the chapter was finished. But, truth to speak, she’s *never—never* up before five in the morning, and always in bed by half-past ten. Her propensity to sleep is indefensible, and, what’s more, it’s unaccountable.’

“‘Would that I could fathom the mystery!’ was the pastor’s earnest ejaculation, his thoughts fixed on another subject, and his ear wholly unconscious of his wife’s observations.

“‘You never will,’ returned she quickly. ‘Hannah’s infirmity is constitutional—it’s in the blood. There are those, as I said to Miss Sally Stoodly last Sabbath, who always sleep under the means of grace, be the preacher ever so *sprack*, and the singers ever so lively.’

“‘I’ll try,’ said the perplexed minister, pursuing his own train of thought.

“‘You’ll fail,’ returned the lady, ‘you’ll fail, to a certainty. The tendency to drowsiness in that woman is awfully inveterate. She’ll sleep in any position. I’ve heard her snore upon her knees. You’ll but misspend time and labour.’

“‘Very possibly,’ responded her ruminating husband, as he threw another searching glance at the gloomy mirror, and then sought his apartment.

“‘The next was a day of high festival to Mrs. Hewitt; with it came her stated quarterly investigation of her goods and premises. Every closet, every cupboard, every drawer in her dwelling underwent examination. Woe to the luckless damsel in whose department error or oversight was detected! At noon, in high glee, the lady descended; her toils had been repaid; she had found spoils.

“‘My dear husband,’—she was all smiles, he all gloom,—‘what an extraordinary old house this is! I’ve ferreted out another queer little cupboard this morning,—and not empty either. Look here.’ And she exhibited her well-filled apron. ‘Charming, isn’t it? Feel the texture of this piece of old brocade. No such silk as this woven now-a-days! The very thing I wanted—will supply me with a new covering for my Sunday bonnet, and last for ages. Our people in the chapel may guess long enough before they hit on what I gave for it!’ And at this most delightful feature in the transaction the housewifely Mrs. Hewitt laughed right merrily. ‘Now for another treasure. Examine the workmanship of this old-fashioned filagree comfit-box. It had a ruby ring in it, and two half-guineas; a hoard, no doubt, long since overlooked or forgotten. Of this I know not what to make:—the lady submitted a faded miniature to her listless and pre-occupied husband. ‘The original must have been pretty—very pretty. Look at those soft, dark eyes, and that luxuriant hair. Whom it represents neither you nor I, my dear, can form a guess. The initials on the back are simply M. P. The ring has the same.’

“Mr. Hewitt looked at the miniature with an indifferent air. Suddenly his countenance lighted up with surprise, and he exclaimed, with a start,

“‘It’s herself!—the very woman!’

“‘What woman?’ cried his wife, thoroughly amazed in her turn.

“‘The woman I saw last night—here—in this very house.’

“The pastor’s wife was silent—suddenly and determinedly silent. She was busily engaged in pondering over in her mind whether she had ever heard that insanity lurked in her husband’s family. Her own private opinion was that it *must*.

“‘You shall see her to-night yourself. I’ll show her to you.’

“So saying, Mr. Hewitt, more moved than his lady had ever seen him before in her life, seized his hat, and quitted the house.

“His worthy helpmate tottered to her seat, and drew a long breath. She was, to no trifling extent, discomposed.

“‘So much for over-study!’—thus her anxieties found vent,—‘so much for studying Hebrew without points. I never thought any good would come of poring over those unaccountable characters, with their meloopim, kametz, and final tzadde. And then they read it backwards. Shameful!—as if any profit could come from such a manœuvre as that:—backwards, every line of it! Was there ever anything so preposterous? And my poor dear husband delights in it! And so he saw this very woman—in this very house—last night! Heaven help him! I wouldn’t have the chapel people know of this vagary for all Queen Charlotte’s diamonds; and they say that Warren Hastings has bribed the old lady with them to an indefinite amount!’

Much and deeply did Mrs. Hewitt cogitate during the sluggish hours of that endless morning who the lady could possibly be whose acquaintance she was to make on the approaching evening.

“Sunset—twilight—evening drew on. The little household again assembled, the pastor again led their devotions, and, as they closed, was again startled by the presence of an unbidden and most irksome visitant. Hurriedly did he direct his wife to gaze in the mirror, and tell him what she saw there.

“‘A face,’ was her reply, ‘which looked fresher, younger, and fairer some twenty years ago; but which,’ she added archly, ‘if you were inclined to be complimentary, you should say improved vastly upon acquaintance.’

“‘Look again—again, and quickly!’ said he with emotion. ‘Now what see you there?’

“He watched her keenly;—her tranquil countenance, to his astonishment, exhibited not the slightest indication of surprise or alarm.

“‘I see’—she spoke smilingly and cheerfully—‘part of a dingy room, shabbily furnished; but containing, withal, comforts for which many deserving and exemplary men vainly sigh, and for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful.’

“‘Nothing more?’

“‘Nothing.’

“‘Then my worst fears are realized!’ shrieked the pastor; ‘my intellects are unsettled!’ And, covering his face with his hands, he gave way to a paroxysm of distress and apprehension.

“‘Be counselled by me,’ was the quiet advice of the wife on the following morning, after she had listened without interruption or comment to the strange narrative of her husband; ‘go into the country; give yourself an entire week’s rest. I will take care that your place shall be supplied both at the bedside of the sick, at the chapel, and in the school. Nothing shall be neglected, nothing slurred over or forgotten. You require a holiday, and you must have one. Go to Kings-Kerswell: our cousin Hays will be delighted to see you. Go, and go to-day.’

“He—paragon of husbands!—assented.

“‘Be it fancy or be it reality,’ cried the pastor’s wife, when she had seen her disconsolate spouse fairly mounted on the roof of the Ashburton coach, ‘arise from what it may,—disordered nerves, dis-tempered brain, or (as I firmly believe) from that passion for studying Hebrew without points,—this notion must be got rid of. And, as one step towards it, I’ll dethrone that abominable looking-glass. It

shall be wrested from its antique resting-place this very morning. It's imbedded, 'tis true,' continued she musingly, 'in the wall, and not very easily disturbed; but down it shall come, if woman's hands can accomplish it. But even that will not satisfy me; the appearance of the room must be changed altogether. I'll re-paper it; and, that the congregation may not taunt me with extravagance, the manual labour shall be my own.'

"The plotter commenced active operations on the instant, and, with the assistance of a stone-mason's boy, had succeeded in dislodging, much to her satisfaction, the hated and mysterious glass, when the front door was harshly opened by some impatient visiter, and the owner unexpectedly faced her.

"Mr. Vagg, for a person of his high religious professions, was—softly be it spoken!—in a right royal rage. He was one of the deacons of the body to which he belonged, trustee of the chapel, and occasionally 'did a small stroke of business' in the preaching line himself; otherwise, some ugly words fell from his lips, which the vulgar would have called oaths; but from such a correct personage this was impossible! He vehemently upbraided the toiling and dusty Mrs. Hewitt for presuming to touch brick or lath upon his premises, and, above all, for 'daring to remove' that ancient, *unique*, and costly mirror.

"'What was she thinking of?' inquired the heated Mr. Vagg. 'Did she wish to tear his house down?'

"The lady quietly disclaimed any intention of the kind.

"Mr. Vagg believed she had, and desired that the glass might forthwith be replaced. The lady acquainted him, with demure gravity, that she 'did not pull mirrors down simply for the pleasure of putting them up again,'—a piece of information which, instead of soothing Mr. Vagg, rendered him, strange to say, more angry than ever.

"Menaces, touching law proceedings, were uttered by him with a rapidity which made them laughably incoherent. On his auditor they were thrown away. She reminded him, with admirable temper, that law-contests *between Christians* were forbidden by an authority to which, it was fancied, *he deferred*. As for herself, she had no liking for law—no money to spend on it—and no intention to engage in it. She added, that when he 'was cool' she would give him every explanation which a reasonable man could require. Her calmness told upon him. With something approaching to civility in his tone and language, he inquired into her motive for the recent alteration.

"'It was twofold,' replied she; 'my husband's comfort and your advantage.'

"The statement she had heard from Mr. Hewitt's lips the wife then repeated, clearly and succinctly, to the landlord. Vagg smiled incredulously.

"'Is this all?—do you expect me to credit this queer story? Replace the mirror;—replace it instantly, or abide by the consequences.'

"'You shall be obeyed,' replied the weaker vessel, after a pause; 'here, as proprietor, you have a right to command: the glass *shall* be restored to its former position—at our cost, and within the next ten days; prior to which period we will vacate the premises.'

“ ‘And the chapel also?’ suggested Vagg with emphasis. ‘Have a care: the day on which you cease to be my tenant *here*, sees a vacancy—so far as Hewitt is concerned—*there*.’

“ ‘You could not be so cruel!’ cried the lady.

“ ‘Cruelty be ——!’ and another of those odd words followed which, from such a godly man, were so truly unaccountable.

“ ‘You have but a solitary voice in the matter,’ persisted the preacher’s wife: ‘you have co-trustees; they will take a more righteous view of our position; and to them—’

“ ‘You may vainly appeal!’ cried Vagg triumphantly. ‘Each man of them is my debtor. I can crush them when I will. Besides’—added he with a malignant chuckle—‘I am treasurer: I carry the bag. I can withhold the supplies. I can starve you into submission. Quit my house, say you? Quit it—I repeat—if you dare!’

“ ‘We *will* dare it!’ returned the lady firmly; ‘now to remain would, indeed, be worse than Egyptian bondage.’ And in this view of their situation Hewitt fully coincided, when, on his return from Kings-Kerswell, his wife informed him of Vagg’s visit and menaces.

“ ‘He is known to be an implacable enemy,’ observed the pastor with a sigh: ‘let us at once seek out another refuge from the storm.’

“ ‘Let us seek out,’ returned his spirited helpmate, ‘another sphere of labour, and leave this hypocrite to his own wiles. Time, the great revealer, will unmask him.’

“ Gloom thus lowered over the fortunes of the Hewitts, when Blasby, who, for some special reason, watched secretly but vigilantly their every movement, and seemed, by some unexplained process, conversant with all their troubles, called upon Vagg, and offered to purchase the cottage. The sum was tempting—more, in fact, than the premises were worth; and the wily Puritan, who knew that if his house gained the reputation of being ‘noisy,’ ‘unquiet,’ or ‘uncanny,’ he should have difficulty in letting it, closed quickly with his prosperous neighbour’s offer. Some of the knowing ones wondered why Blasby should buy the cottage, and at such a price; and all, when he razed it to the ground. Its demolition was superintended by himself and a workman, bound to him by former kindnesses, and in whom he reposed great confidence. In this instance it was unmerited; for his dependent did not hesitate to declare, most solemnly, to his wife, that on taking down the cottage, he and Blasby found within a foot of the surface the skeleton of a female, buried evidently in her clothes; ‘huddled together, all of a heap,’—I use his own expression—and who, he felt positive, from many circumstances, had come to her end unfairly. His master, he added, enjoined silence, and promised him constant employment, summer and winter, so long as he was *discreet*: a promise which was fully redeemed. Whether this accounts for much that is mysterious in the history of the sisters; for Maude Paulet’s sudden disappearance; for Blasby’s rapid rise in the world; for the thralldom in which he held Joanna; for the gloom and wretchedness, despite of ample means, with which she was enshrouded to her dying hour; and for Mr. Hewitt’s unaccountable statement, which he never would either qualify or withdraw,—are

points, sir," concluded my companion, "on which you will have formed your opinion, as I have long since formed mine. This is St. David's Hill. Ugh! ugh! ugh! It's a breather. I cannot rise it as quickly as I did some five-and-forty years ago. Here is my little Tusculum. Walk in. A hearty welcome awaits you with the humble refreshment I have to offer. What say you? Fresh fruit? a bottle of cider? a cup of tea? or a glass of sherry? Nay; I will take no excuse. Enter."

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE SERFS OF ENGLAND.

"That which was true in the days of Pliny the Naturalist is equally true now. 'To cultivate land by slaves,' says that ancient writer, 'is the worst of follies; for all work is badly done by people in despair.'—'Coli rura ab ergastulis pessimum est; et quicquid agitur à desperantibus.'"—Lib. xviii.

GURNEY'S Visit to the West Indies.

I HAD often been struck by the reluctance with which agricultural labourers—committed for a first offence, and for a slight punishment—quitted the gaol. The discipline necessarily maintained in a place set apart for punishment could not be otherwise than irksome. The severance from home, kindred, and friends must unavoidably have been painful. The degradation of wearing the gaol livery was in itself no slight annoyance, and yet many doffed it with apparent unwillingness, and left the frowning walls "with lingering step and slow." What engendered this feeling? Ill-requited toil; the daily pressure of pinching poverty; the hopeless misery of their own home. A deliberate survey of many a labourer's cottage, and a personal investigation into many a labourer's lot, convince me this conclusion is correct. They are the serfs of England. A grievous and galling bondage is theirs. But the landowners are not the oppressors. The tenant-farmers are the tyrants. They are the parties who rivet the yoke around the neck of their dependents, and render servitude a burden "grievous to be borne."

"What may be your weekly wages?" said I to an old patriarch of seventy-four.

"Six shillings a-week: with myself, my wife, and two grandchildren to keep out of it;—tight work, sir, you may believe me! but better than *going into THE HOUSE!*"

"True; but it's too far in the afternoon for you to toil now?"

"Nay! nay!" cried the old man with a spice of offended dignity, "I can do a very tidy day's work even yet. I'm the best thatcher still in these parts. I can plough and thresh too; and yesternoon I walked seventeen miles home and baek; and set two roods with barley afterwards. Na! na! master; I'm old, and I'm bent, but I'm not past work for all that."

"And how do you account for these three incendiary fires in your neighbourhood within the last fortnight?"

"Well enough!" cried the old man; "*the farmers themselves set 'em alight.*"

"Ha! ha! ha! Come, my old friend, that's too monstrous a conclusion to be credited."

"Is it? well it's the right one. *The farmers fire their own ricks*—by driving their labourers desperate. They pine 'em to death by screwing 'em down to starvation wages; and having put the devil into their hearts, wonder at seeing his works. And then they set to work, and blame, and *cuss* the landlords."

"For what?"

"Because they won't go without their rents. But heark'ee, sir," cried the old man, "the evil lies here;—farmers now-a-days live as if they were *owners*! 'Twasn't so afore-time."

"Where was the difference?"

"Everywhere!" exclaimed the old peasant. "Missus then rode to market on a pillion behind master, sold her own butter, and bought and brought home what she wanted for the house. Now, she's a lady, and never attends market at all, but when she goes abroad drives a four-wheel. In my early time good home-brewed was parlour drink; now, wine and spirits are thought none too good. Then, a farmer was a farmer; up early and late, seeing after his men; now, he's a hunter, and a shooter; and his farm is managed by a head man, or bailiff, as they call him. Then, a poor man had his pig and his rood or two of land for potatoes; but now he never sees meat in his cottage from one year's end to another. Bread—bread—bread—nothing but bread before him. And then folks wonder when they see empty churches and blazing rick-yards? Men's hearts are poisoned and burnt up within 'em. 'Tis well we've another and a better home to look to."

I turned my steps in another direction. A snug-looking little cottage rose before me; the roof was well thatched; the windows clean and whole; the little garden in front was in admirable trim, and odorous with flowers. I raised the latch and entered. Alas! its cheerfulness was wholly external. Within sat two dejected beings, stricken in years, and wan and pinched with want. The room was clean, but stripped of furniture, and miserably forlorn. A heap of straw in a corner for a bed, a worm-eaten table, and two chairs, made up its entire garniture. No welcome greeted me from its occupants: they eyed me suspiciously and in silence.

"A desolate cottage this, friend," said I, by way of commencing the conversation; "no fire, too, this chilly evening! Is fuel scarce here?"

"No: but the means to buy it," returned the husband quickly. He rose as he spoke, and having motioned me to accept the vacant seat, threw himself sullenly upon the straw heap.

"He's heart-broken 'amost!" cried his wife: "not a day's work for these seventeen weeks. Clothes gone!—goods gone!—credit gone! All gone but—the comfort of an honest conscience."

"How is it that I see you in this extremity?"

"Not for misdoing!" said the man; "none can lay that to my name."

"Pride, sir, pride caused our trouble," interposed the wife: "my husband asked his employer for his wages. Three weeks' pay was due to him, and he asked his master to settle. He got his money, and was told to leave the homestead then and there. He has never been employed since."

"But his master must have had cause—heavy cause—of complaint against him?"

"Yes, sir, this—that he wanted his wages and asked for 'em."

"No other?"

"None:" cried the man eagerly; "but the master told me no labourer in his employ should dare to ask *him* for money: he would pay when he pleased, and not before."

"But though his farm-yard is closed against you, there are other land-occupiers in the parish; apply to them."

"I have: but they dare not employ me—no, not for a day. My master is steward to the Squire, and the other farmers fear to cross him—say or do what he may. They are all only tenants at will."

"And this in England!" was my muttered soliloquy.

"There are white slaves as well as black ones," said the woman bitterly.

"Can ye wonder, sir," added the man with kindling eye, "that with a cottage bare as this, and a master hard as you, men should poach, and thieve, and rob, and burn? Who drives them to it? Eh? Who drives them?"

And this in a parish where were to be found men of education, men of refinement, resident clergy, and—shade of Judge Gurney!—Sunday and National schools.

Whether these latter quite answered the expectations of the benevolent lady who superintended them, may fairly be a matter of doubt.

One of the most advanced and hopeful scholars brought her one year a bill thus elaborately worded—

"The Reverend Miss Wright debtr. to Jane Stokes:

"For one peck of dammee sins one shilling and seven pence!"

Remonstrated with on the score of her orthography, Jane amended her bill the following year, and after due thought phrased it—

"To a peck of damsels one shilling and nine pence!"

Again Jane Stokes was told to be "steady," and to "call things by their right names;" and, profiting by such admonitions, the autumn of the next year saw her document run thus:

"Miss Wright Dr. to Miss J. S.

"A peck of demons two shillings."

Poor Jane! Her damsons were not amiss, either as to size or flavour, strangely as she named them. A "ripe scholar" she certainly was not; though Miss Wright boasted much of her affectionate qualities. These, perhaps, were innate in the family; for on the death of the old Rector, Miss Wright's father, this was the message brought by Jane from her brother, the village Vulcan, to the bereaved lady, and delivered with many tears and every gesture and demonstration of profound respect:

"The Blacksmith's love to the Reverend Miss Wright at the Rectory, and is quite agreeable to take all the old grates off her hands, if that will be any accommodation to her."

Here was a considerate serf! His portrait should be painted by Ross, and hung up in the National Gallery.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XXII.

The Orgy at the Hôtel de Cluny.

THE Hôtel de Cluny, into the court-yard of which Gaudin led the Marchioness on alighting from the carriage, is not only a building of great interest at the present day, but was equally celebrated in the middle ages, and so intimately connected with ancient Paris, even in the time of the Romans, that a very brief description of it may not be altogether out of place.

Any one who cares to visit it may arrive at its gates by proceeding up the Rue de la Harpe from the river, at the Pont St. Michel, and turning to the left in the Rue des Mathurins. But just before this point the Palais des Thermes will be passed,—the remains of a vast Roman edifice, which once occupied a large area of ground in the Quartier Latin. Of this building the hall is still in tolerable preservation; and two stages of subterraneous passages may be traced to the length of about one hundred feet, where they are choked up with ruins. There is, however, existing proof that they formed a perfect communication between the Palais des Thermes and the Convent des Mathurins, at the other extremity of the street.

Upon the foundations of the Roman building, towards the close of the fifteenth century, Jacques D'Amboise, one of the nine brothers of Louis the Twelfth's minister who bore that name, built the present edifice. The ground had been purchased more than a century previous by Pierre de Chalus, an abbé of the celebrated order of Cluny, a portion of the Roman palace then being sufficiently perfect to reside in; and that became the residence of the abbés of Cluny, when their affairs called them to Paris.

The new building was raised upon this site, and with the materials of the ancient structure; so that, at many parts of the Hôtel, the graceful architecture of the *moyen âge* may be seen rising from the foundation-walls of Roman masonry. This is not, however, the only part to interest the artist or the antiquary. The entire edifice, built at an epoch of architectural revolution, is a mixture of the last inspirations of the gothic style with the first dawn of the *renaissance*.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Hôtel de Cluny was for some time the abode of Mary, the Queen of Louis the Twelfth, and sister of our own Henry the Eighth. She had been married only three months when she was left a widow, being then little more than sixteen.* Afterwards it was inhabited by a troop of comedians, al-

* The circumstances connected with the residence of Mary of England at the Hôtel de Cluny are somewhat too curious to be passed over at this place, although the freedom of Brantôme and Dulaure, in describing them, may be softened down with advantage. Louis was upwards of fifty when he married; his bride, as we

though by what means the players were enabled to establish themselves in a house avowedly the dwelling of the abbé of Cluny, is not explained; and of which, whoever lived in it, they never ceased to be the landlords. Subsequently it was made a species of temporary convent for the reception of Marie Angélique Arnaud, the abbess of Port-Royal, and a large number of her nuns, whilst a religious establishment was built for them in the Rue de la Bourbe, which at the present day forms the Hospice de l'Accouchement of the same name.

It is now some six or seven years since we went over the Hôtel de Cluny. The then proprietor, M. du Sommerard, has since died, and we know not how his decease has affected the admission of strangers. Certainly it was at that time the most interesting object of curiosity that Paris afforded. You turned from the narrow, busy Rue de la Harpe into its quiet court, and modern Paris was for the moment forgotten in the contemplation of the old and graceful building, with its picturesque *tourelle*,—its beautifully-ornamented attic windows, each surrounded by a different pattern of florid gothic sculpture,—its antique spouts, and chiseled gallery running in front of the eaves, still showing its exquisite workmanship, in spite of the clumsy manner in which its trellised length had been patched up with mortar, and in many places totally concealed,—its vanes and gables. Within, it was rich indeed in venerable associations; there were collected all those articles of rare worth and *vertu* that made the Hôtel so famous: but these were not to us the principal attractions, for much was the result of comparatively modern labour. An atmosphere of antiquity pervaded the interior; you were sensible at once of that peculiar odour which clings to relics of former times,—that mixture of cathedral interiors, old burly red-edged books, worm-eaten wainscoting, and damp closets, which is almost grateful, despite its elements. The sunbeam came through the patched coloured glass of the old windows, and fell in subdued and varied tints upon the relics which the rooms enshrined,—relics of every-day life in days long passed away,—which it would not mock with the garish light of present noon, except in the open gallery, and there the motes appeared to wake into existence in its rays, and dance about, until with its decline they fell back once more upon the

have stated, about sixteen. On his death the crown fell, for want of a direct heir, to the Duke of Valois, afterwards Francis the First; but the young widow, in the hopes of being proclaimed Régente, feigned to be in that condition popularly asserted to be coveted by ladies who are attached to their lawful partners. And indeed the attentions of the gallant Duke of Valois were sufficiently pointed to lead the retailers of court scandal to hint that the fiction might possibly become a fact,—so much so, that the ministers remonstrated with him. They told him that he must have the greatest interest in seeing that the Queen lived in honour, instead of attempting to pay his court to her; that, if she had a son, nothing could keep that son from ultimately coming to the throne, and that he, Francis, must retire contentedly to Brittany; in fact, that everything, altogether, would be as unpleasant for him as could possibly be. These admonishings appear to have had an effect upon the royal gallant, and somewhat quenched the fire of his passion, which was altogether put out by learning that an intrigue was all this while being carried on between the young Mary and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the most accomplished cavalier of his time, and to whom the Princess had shown some partiality before her marriage with Louis. Francis made this discovery under rather awkward circumstances—no matter how—at the *Hôtel de Cluny*; and, by his commands, Mary and Suffolk were married immediately in the chapel of the edifice. The happy pair left Paris for London the same afternoon. Thus ended the adventure, by which Francis lost a mistress, but insured to himself the crown of France.

old carvings and mouldings of the wood-work. In the disposition of the rooms, with their numberless articles of simple domestic use and homely furniture, the past was once more recalled; the visitor lived, for the time, in the bosom of a family long since forgotten, even to its very name; the solitude was dispelled, and the antique chambers were once more peopled with their former occupants, gliding noiselessly about the polished floors, circling round the table, still laid out for their meal, or kneeling at the chapel altar, as the quivering light fell on them, piercing the leaves that clustered from the trees of the garden adjoining about the windows. The day-dream was impressive, and all-absorbing. The feeling, upon once more turning into the busy hum of the city, was that of dissatisfaction and confusion, like the first waking from a morning slumber, in which we have been again communing with those whom we once loved.

Sainte-Croix and Marie entered the principal door of the *corps-de-logis* of the Hôtel, and passed up the staircase. He was recognised and saluted respectfully by the domestics, as one on terms of great intimacy with the master. The interior of the Hôtel was brilliantly illuminated; and every now and then sounds of the wildest revelry burst along the corridors, as the heavy rustling curtains that hung over the doors were thrust on one side. As they neared the principal room, a man stepped out and met them. His symmetrical figure was well set off by a magnificent dress; his physiognomy was *spirituelle*, without being handsome; his presence was commanding and prepossessing.

"My dear Sainte-Croix," he exclaimed as he saw Gaudin, "you are welcome. The hours were flying by so rapidly, that I began to think we should not see you."

"Time generally runs away with bright grains, Marquis, whenever you direct his flight. He must fill his glass from the sands of Pactolus when he measures your enjoyments."

"Will you present me to your fair companion?" said the host, as he glanced towards the Marchioness.

"Henriette," said Gaudin, using a false name to his partner, "this is the Marquis de Lauzun. His mere name conveys with it all those good qualities which, in one less known, we should mention distinctly."

The Marquis bowed, and Marie inclined in return to his salute, trembling at the same time; for she knew him well, and was fearful of being discovered. And indeed Lauzun perceived in an instant, by her deportment, that her manners had more of the court than the *cou-lisses* about them.

"You have a charming residence, Marquis," she observed, endeavouring to disguise her voice.

"Say, rather, the abbés of Cluny have," replied De Lauzun; "for I am here only as an intruder. But they are too liberal to me. In return for some poor advantages I persuaded his Majesty to bestow upon their order, they give up their house to me whenever I require it. Let us join the company who honour me this evening."

He threw aside the heavy tapestry as he spoke, and ushered Sainte-Croix and Marie into the *salon*. The scene that presented itself was most exciting,—almost bewildering from its gorgeous revelry. The whole suite of rooms had been thrown open, and was one blaze of light; the innumerable wax candles, shedding their brilliancy upon the throng from every available position, clustered in galaxies of bright

twinkling stars round the elaborately-framed and quaintly-shaped looking-glasses that characterized the domestic architecture of the time, even in our own days always associated with splendid elegance and refinement; or diminishing in long perspectives of light along the corridors, and through the other apartments branching off from the principal room, the comparatively low ceiling giving them a look of much greater extent than they in reality possessed.

A joyous crowd had assembled together; all that Paris then knew of reckless enjoyment and debauchery had collected that evening in the Hôtel de Cluny. The cavaliers and dames were in equal numbers; some of the latter were as closely masked as Marie, as were a few—very few—of the gentlemen. Others of the fair visitors displayed their charms, both of face and bust, to the full, in the same loose fashion that they would have patronized in the warm season upon the Pont Neuf and Carrefours. And the attractions of these beauties were of no ordinary character. Handsome beyond expression the majority indeed were, under the most ordinary circumstances; but now their full swimming eyes were sparkling with excitement,—a glow of warmth and vivid life flushed their damask cheeks,—the long clusters of perfumed and glossy hair showered tremblingly upon their rounded shoulders,—and, as the light badinage or wicked repartee fell from their rosy lips, followed by the joyous peals of their silvery laughter, their mouths displayed pearly rows of teeth, which fairly dazzled by their brilliancy, and alone outshone the whiteness of their skin.

The various alcoves, containing beds, fitted up with magnificent hangings and curtains of rich brocade, shot with gold or embroidered with the most elaborate devices, were all thrown open, according to custom, separated only from the rooms by light gilt railings; and within these, various young Seigneurs were lounging, playing at dice or tables, surrounded by a crowd of lookers-on; and the profusion of broad pieces scattered carelessly about showed that the play was high and reckless. The extremity of the gallery was veiled by some fine fabric, and behind this, concealed from the view, a band of musicians, of a number then seldom collected, was performing the latest compositions of the court. In the centre, a table glittering with plate and glass, was loaded with the choicest refreshments, and the most ingenious devices in confectionary, surrounding a fountain of marvellous workmanship, modelled, after the Bassin de Neptune at Versailles, in dead silver and crystal, playing various kinds of wine, which fell into separate compartments, whence it was drawn by the guests into chased silver flagons and goblets of variegated Bohemian glass. The air was heavy with costly perfumes, whose vapours wreathed out from antique tripods; and every flower that art could force into bloom, for the time of year, assisted to form the rich bouquets that were placed about in all directions.

“Place, messieurs,” cried Lauzun gaily, affecting the manners of a chamberlain, “for the Captain Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, who will throw down his dice as a gage to any adversary who chooses to meet him!”

A number of young men welcomed Gaudin as the others spoke. He was evidently popular amongst them, possessing in a high degree that fatal versatility of pleasing which can mask the most heartless and unprincipled disposition with a semblance of the most ingenuous gaiety and *franchise*.

“I pledge you, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix,” cried a cavalier, whose

dress was a strange mixture of extreme elegance and the roughest texture, "and will place a hundred louis d'ors against your own."

"A match!" cried Gaudin, throwing his purse on the bed, round which the party gathered, including Marie, who still kept close to his side.

"There are my pieces," replied the other; "they need no counting."

And he placed a rude leathern bag by Sainte-Croix's sparkling purse.

"I shall beat you, Chavagnac," said Gaudin.

"You will be clever to do it," observed a bystander. "The Count de Chavagnac has ruined us this night."

"A new gown of ruby velvet à *longues manches*, at the next Foire Sainte Germain, for me, if you win, Chavagnac," said one of the handsomest of the women.

"You shall have it, Marotte," replied the Count.

"What do you promise me, M. de Sainte-Croix, for old friendship?" continued Marotte Dupré,—for it was her,—turning to Gaudin. "Let it be a kiss, if it be nothing else."

Gaudin looked towards her, and pressed her arm, as he contracted his forehead, and made a sign of silence. He felt a sudden shudder pass over the frame of the Marchioness; and, when he turned round, her eyes glared like a fury's through her mask. She withdrew her arm, and coldly fell back, as she whispered,

"My eyes are being opened anew. Beware!"

Gaudin was for the instant annoyed, and returned no answer. Marotte Dupré had not taken the hint, and continued,

"You owe me something on the score of your conduct when Antoine Brinvilliers carried me to the Rue d'Enfer against my will. By the way, where is his wife, Dubois? You know the secrets of every woman in our good city."

This was addressed to the Abbé Dubois, whose name as a gallant, either on his own part or that of the King's, was pretty well established.

"Where she should be,—quietly at home," replied the Abbé. "Brinvilliers is on his travels. He is another man since she left him, or he left her, or they left one another. How is it, M. de Sainte-Croix?—you ought to know."

"By the mass!" cried Gaudin angrily, "my sword can answer the curiosity of any one better than my tongue."

"It is the more innocent weapon of the two in Paris just at present," said Marotte. "O my reputation!"

Gaudin looked towards Marie. By the quivering of a jewelled aigrette that formed a portion of her head-dress, he could see that she was trembling, and her hand tightly clutched part of the rich curtain that hung beside her.

"Chut!" cried Lauzun, observing Sainte-Croix's kindling temper; "to your play."

"Nine!" said Gaudin, throwing his dice, as he caught at the opportunity of turning the subject.

"Nine also," observed Chavagnac, throwing.

"Ten!" exclaimed Gaudin. "Will you pay me half, or run the chance?"

"I will play," replied Chavagnac, gently shaking the dice-box. "Twelve."

"*Peste!*" cried Gaudin, "you have gained them. I thought my dice knew better than that."

"You forgot whose they were to play against," said Chavagnac with a grim smile, taking up the money. "Come, I shall be in funds again. Lauzun's hospitality has kept me from the high-road. The twelve hundred pistoles I appropriated from the good people of the Garonne were nearly gone."

"You can still give me the kiss, Gaudin, without being entirely ruined," said Marotte Dupré, as she pouted her red lips towards him.

Sainte-Croix inclined his head towards her. As he did so, Marie darted forward, and violently drew him back. The action was seen by all the bystanders. They said nothing, but shrugged their shoulders; whilst Marotte Dupré looked as if she felt perfectly ready for another duel with her new and unknown rival.

"Messieurs," cried Lauzun, "I have a novelty in store for you. I have picked up a fellow on the Pont-Neuf, who will sing you couplets about yourselves by the mile. He is there every afternoon that it is warm enough for folks to stand and listen."

"Let us see him," said Dubois, anxious with the rest to turn the attention of the company. "*A diable les femmes!* There is not a misery in the world but is connected with them, if you search its source."

"Nor a pleasure," replied Lauzun. "You ought to know, Abbé, if experience teaches anything."

"And Monsieur does know," said a person who entered just at the moment. A glance sufficed to show Sainte-Croix that it was Benoit, who appeared to have re-assumed, in part, his ancient mountebank costume.

"This is the fellow," said Lauzun. "Come, friend," he continued, addressing the other, "do you see any one here you can sing about?"

"That do I," said Benoit, looking over the crowd; "there is the Abbé Dubois."

"Respect the church," cried Lauzun laughing. "The Abbé is beyond your couplets."

"Not at all," said Benoit. "Mère Ledru left the Quartier Saint-Honoré but yesterday, entirely to save her daughter from his addresses. Oh! the Abbé is a *bon diable*, but sly in his pursuits. Hem!"

And clearing his voice, he sang these lines, the others repeating the last lines in chorus:—

"Monsieur l'Abbé, ou allez-vous?
Vous allez vous casser le cou,
Vous allez sans chandelles,
Eh bien!
Pour voir les demoiselles!
Vous m'entendez bien!
C'est bien!
Pour voir les demoiselles!"

"Silence, rascal!" cried Dubois, hurling some pieces at Benoit's head, who picked them up, put them in his pocket, and was quieted directly,—sooner, indeed, than the laugh against the gallant Abbé which he had raised.

"Let M. de Sainte-Croix have his turn," said Chavagnac. "Do you know him, fool?"

Benoit glanced expressively at Gaudin as he commenced :—

“Monsieur Gaudin de Sainte-Croix,
Whence do you your treasures draw ?
Not from dice, nor cards alone,
Nor philosophy’s rare stone,
Biribi !
Why affect such scenes as these,
And neglect your *belle Marquise* ?
Where is she ?
Left lamenting, like Louise.—
Sacristie !”

Gaudin’s cheek flamed with anger. The company observed that he was stung deeper than mere badinage could have done ; and this time the laugh was less general than the one which had been raised against the Abbé. He drew Marie’s arm closer within his own, and, with a look of vengeance at Benoit, left the circle ; whilst the other proceeded to launch a couplet against Chavagnac, filled with no very complimentary allusions to his wild spirit of appropriation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sainte-Croix and Marie encounter an uninvited guest.

THEY were each in ill humour with one another. The apparent intimacy of Marotte Dupré had aroused all Marie’s jealousy, so terrible in its very calm ; and Gaudin had been annoyed by Benoit’s allusions. They passed along the room without speaking, nor was it until they gained an apartment at the end of the suite that a word was spoken.

It was a small room they entered, with two deeply-stained windows, and lighted by lamps placed on the outer side of the glass, producing almost the same effect as though it had been day.

“I think you must repent having brought me here,” said the Marchioness coldly. “It was badly contrived on your part not to forewarn your other favourites, that they might have been more cautious.”

“Your suspicions are so utterly without foundation,” replied Sainte-Croix, “that I shall not take the pains to refute them. At present there are other matters of deeper import that demand my attention. I expect, when you learn all, you will give yourself little care about the continuance of our *liaison*. We may then know some respite from the fevered restlessness and uncertainty of our connexion. We have experienced but little since we have been acquainted.”

There was a bitterness of tone in his manner of pronouncing the last sentences that attracted the attention of the Marchioness.

“What are you alluding to ?” she asked.

“In a word, Marie, I am ruined. The sum of money I brought here with me to-night, in the hope of doubling it, is gone. I am deeply involved : my creditors are pressing me on every side, and I know not which way to turn to extricate myself.”

“You judge me too harshly, Sainte-Croix,” replied the Marchioness. “My sweetest revenge would be to assist you when you were utterly destitute. What must be done ? The money left me by my father is in my brothers’ keeping. Not a sol is spent but I must render them an account.”

"But one step is left to be taken," said Gaudin. "The time has arrived: they must be removed."

Marie remained for a time silent, as if waiting for Sainte-Croix more fully to develop his meaning. At length she spoke:

"I know not how we can proceed. I cannot tell whether it be my own fancy or there is in reality ground for suspicion, but my brothers appear to watch me in every action—every step. I see so little of them, too. They are seldom in the Rue Saint Paul."

"We must set other agencies to work," said Gaudin. "An apparent stranger would never be suspected."

"It is dangerous," replied the Marchioness.

"It is necessary," added Sainte-Croix. And after a moment's pause he continued:—"The man Lachaussée, whom you have seen with me, is mine, body and soul. I can in an instant cause to fall the sword which hangs over his head. Your brothers' occupation of Offemont will require an increase of their establishment: can we not get Lachaussée into their service? They will then be comparatively in our hands."

"Is he to be trusted?"

"He is wily as an adder, and as fatal in his attack, to those who have not charmed him. I will put this scheme in train to-morrow. He only awaits my word to proceed."

"It must be done," replied the Marchioness.

And then she uttered a long deep sigh, the relief to her overcharged heart being accompanied by a low moan of intense mental pain,—not from remorse, but utter despondency of the reaction of her spirits, and the apparent blackness of the prospect before her. The next moment, as if ashamed of the demonstration of her feelings, she started up from the couch on which they had been sitting, and prepared to return to the principal room. As she advanced towards the door, she took a brilliant jewelled chain from her neck, and placed it in Gaudin's hands.

"Whilst we have an opportunity," she said, "let me give you this carcanet. It is of some value, and, by selling it at the Quai des Orfèvres you can provide for your present superficial expenses."

Gaudin did not hesitate to take the costly ornament. He knew the necessities of his position: besides, all finer feelings of delicacy had long been merged in the gulf of his darker passions. He placed the chain in the pocket of his cloak, and went towards the corridor. But, as they were about to pass out, a portion of a large book-case, masking a door with imitations of the backs of volumes, was thrown open, and Exili stood before them.

Marie uttered a slight cry of alarm, as she started at the sudden apparition. Sainte-Croix seized the handle of his sword, and partly drew it from its scabbard; but the moment he recognised the physician he returned it.

"Exili!" he exclaimed.

"You may well be surprised," replied the intruder. "I can excuse your alarm, especially when you had such interesting schemes to settle."

"He has heard everything!" said the Marchioness to Sainte-Croix.

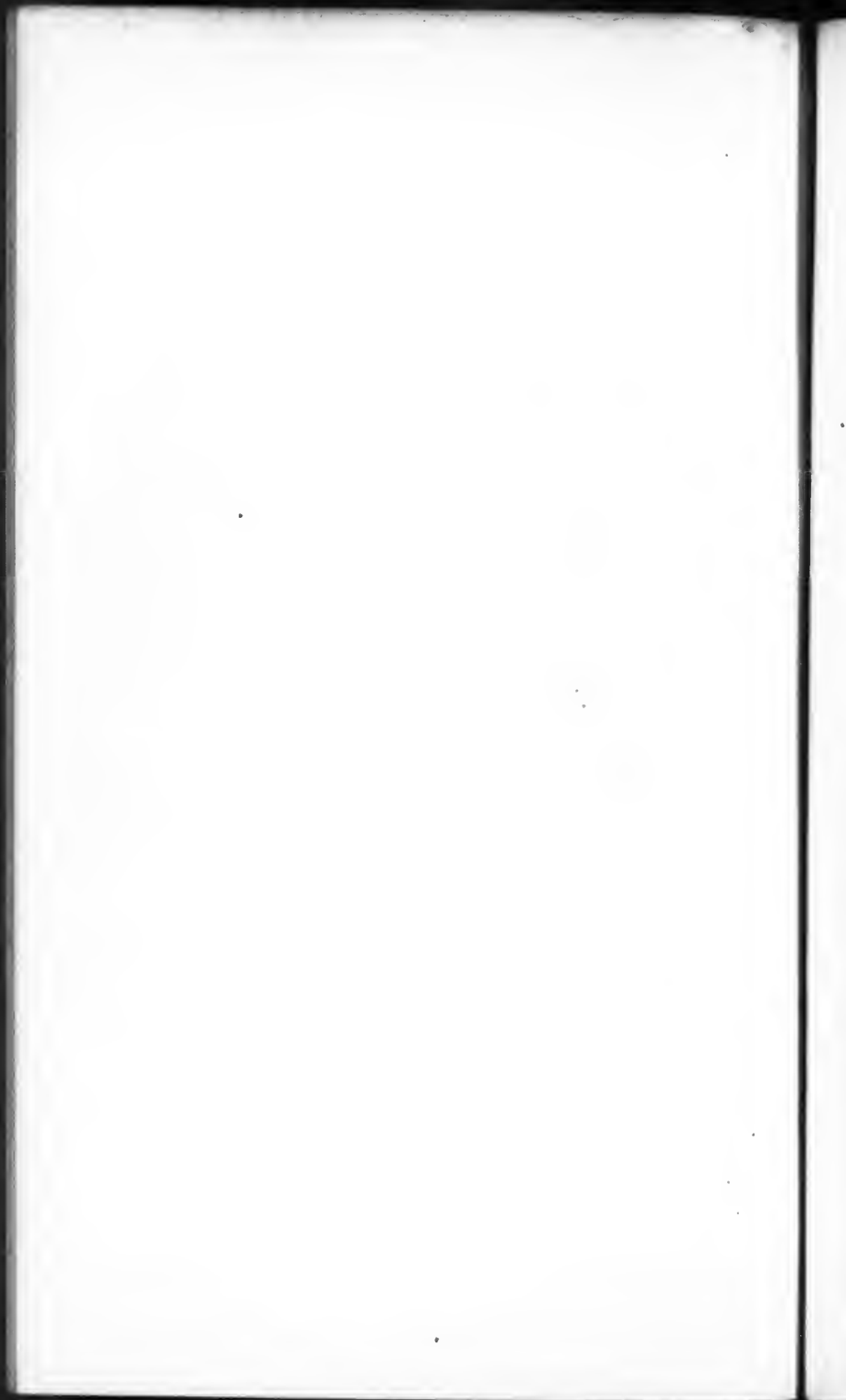
She spoke in a low, hurried tone, scarcely above a whisper; but the quick ears of Exili caught the import.

"Ay, everything," he replied, with emphasis upon the last word;



W. & A. G. 1841

Portrait of Mrs. G. G. G. G. G.



"both here, and when you thought there were no others near you but the silent inmates of the *salle des cadavres* at the Hôtel Dieu."

She instantly recollected the alarm which the noise of footsteps had caused at the hospital, and the figure which Marie persisted in saying had followed them in the Rue des Mathurins.

"Every day—every hour," continued Exili, as his eyes blazed upon them like those of a famished animal in sight of food, "brings you closer and closer to my toils."

"I presume I may be spared from this threatened revenge," said Marie, "whatever it be. There has been nothing in common between us. I know you not."

"But I know *you*, Marchioness of Brinvilliers," returned Exili. "I ought to. The mention of your name, one fine spring evening, on the Carrefour du Châtelet, caused me to be hunted like a beast from my habitation, and confined for many lingering months in the noisome cells of the Bastille. You caused the punishment: you shall assist in its reparation, or, failing therein, be ruined with your paramour."

"Miscreant!" cried Sainte-Croix, as he seized an antique axe from a stand of ancient arms that surmounted the mantelpiece; "silence! except you would have your miserable life ended at this instant."

"Strike, Monsieur," replied Exili calmly. "Kill me here, if you please; and to-morrow morning you will be summoned by the Procureur du Roi to attend the exhumation of the body of M. Dreux D'Aubray, and witness the result of certain chemical tests which I have written down, and which will be delivered to the police by a trusty acquaintance when he hears of my death."

Sainte-Croix's arm fell, with the weapon, by his side. He gazed at Exili, with his brows knit in corrugations of painful intensity.

"What do you want?" he added, in a thick, quivering voice.

"The trade of sorcerer is failing," continued Exili; "we are compelled to burrow like animals underground, and dare not face the day. That of poisoner is in a yet worse position, thanks to the lieutenant of police, M. de la Reynie. I must have money to enable me to retire, and die elsewhere than on the Grève."

"I am ruined," replied Gaudin. "This evening's play has robbed me of the last sum I possessed."

"But you expect more," he replied, "when Madame's brothers are removed. M. D'Aubray was rich, and, in fault of other children, she will be sole heiress, beyond a trifling annuity to her sister, who has for some years retired from the world. You know this, and have calculated on it."

They returned no reply. Exili took a small roll of parchment from his vest,—the portion of some old deed,—and continued:—

"What is easier than for you to give me your promise that I shall share this wealth with you? I have drawn up the conditions."

He read them over to Gaudin slowly and distinctly; and, as he concluded, laid them upon a marble table close at hand.

"We have here neither pen nor ink," said Gaudin.

"Pshaw! this evasion is contemptible," replied Exili, as he threw up his loose black sleeve. "See here—the yellow shrivelled skin will barely cover these blue veins. They are full of blood, and easily opened."

He took a lancet from his pouch, and pierced one of the vessels; then, as the blood sluggishly trickled forth, he twisted a slip of parch-

ment to a point spirally, and loading it with the red fluid, gave it to Gaudin.

"You might write fairer characters with a better pen," he said; "but this will answer every purpose. I use it from necessity, not to make the document more impressive; for blood is to me no more than ink."

Sainte-Croix hastily signed the paper; and then Exili took it up, and, having looked to see that all was fairly done, replaced it in his vest.

"You can continue your enjoyments," he said; "but do not seek to follow me. Hereafter I will receive you. I make no mystery to you of the way by which I came here. The passage below this door has a communication with the Palais des Thermes, and I occupy the vault for my laboratory. You will find me there, if you enter from the Rue de la Harpe, and show the man at the gate this talisman. The place is, to all appearance, a cooper's workshop."

He placed a small triangular piece of parchment, covered with fantastic figures, which might have been an amulet for any dupe that had consulted him, in Gaudin's hand. He then entered a species of closet, the back panel of which revolved on a pivot, allowing him to pass out, after he had reclosed the masked door of the book-case.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Louise Gauthier falls into dangerous hands.

THE same company filled the apartments, as Gaudin and Marie returned. But the mirth was wilder, and the laugh louder; the equivocal jest was hazarded with greater freedom, and the repartee was bolder. Several of the company still preserved their masks; but many of the females had discarded theirs, who hitherto had kept their faces closely veiled, and now demonstrated the singular grades of female society, from the highest to the very lowest, that had collected together. A branch-room had been fitted up as a temporary stage, and on this a number of dancers from Versailles were performing a ballet, lately produced at court, *La Naissance de Venus*, in such costumes as were especially appropriate to the subject. It concluded as the Marchioness arrived in the salon.

"Lauzun seems inclined to make a reputation," said Sainte-Croix to Dubois. "Fouquet himself would have felt his eyes blink at such magnificence."

"I question whether he enjoys it, though," was the reply. "But it suits his policy. What piece of diplomacy is he bringing to bear with those two actresses?"

"Let us assist him," said Gaudin, advancing towards a recess in which the host was talking with great volubility to two of his fair guests, one of whom was Marotte Dupré. The other Sainte-Croix directly recognized as her rival, Estelle des Urlis.

"I am suffocating with thirst," said the Marchioness, drawing Gaudin in another direction. "Give me some wine."

They turned towards the fountain, when her companion filled one of the glass cups and gave it to her. Marie drank off the contents with fevered eagerness, and then again took Sainte-Croix's arm.

"There," cried Lauzun, "I have brought together two most bitter enemies, and I now engage that they shall be as warm friends. Come—we will pledge this reconciliation generally. Dubois, Chavagnac, Gandin,—you must join us."

"Marotte, will you be our Hebe?" asked Chavagnac.

"She shall not be mine," exclaimed Estelle. "Though we are now friends, I would prefer filling for myself. I shall then be sure of what I drink."

"Are you afraid of the poisoners, Estelle?" said Marotte. "I should have thought you had been too well acquainted with them."

"A truce to this," said Lauzun, who perceived the tempers of the fair ones were again rising. "The poisoners have all passed away."

"I know M. de la Reynie, the magistrate," said Marotte, "and he tells a different story. He says he has a clue to some of them, and will have them before long. Then there will be bonfires on the Grève, and I shall go and see them."

She clapped her hands with delight at the anticipated spectacle.

"You went with me to see the last, M. de Sainte-Croix," continued Marotte: "you are too proud now."

And she eyed the Marchioness as she spoke with no very kind expression.

"It was the *Veuve Maupas* who was burned," she went on. "She petitioned to wear a mask at her execution, and they allowed her. Catherine Deshayes—*La Voisin*, as they call her—is suspected; but at present they can only prove that she showed M. de Beauvais the devil. She wears a mask. I would never wear one, for fear I should be taken for an *empoisonneuse*."

The Marchioness almost fainted at these words of Marotte, intended to be nothing more than spiteful. She clutched closer hold to Sainte-Croix's arm to keep from falling.

"Pshaw! let this pass," said Lauzun. "Ha! Desgrais! Will you join this party?"

"Hush!" replied the person addressed; "not a syllable of my name, Marquis, or you will defeat my plans."

He was a handsome man, in the dress of an abbé, and was not above thirty years old. His stature was above the middle height, and his frame muscular and well-proportioned, whilst in his eyes there was a peculiar expression of energy and sagacity. It was Desgrais, the most active exempt of the *Marechaussée*, in one of the disguises he was accustomed to assume with such success.

"Have you been on any track to-night?" asked Lauzun in a low voice.

"No, Monsieur," replied the exempt; "but I am upon one now. Who is that with Sainte-Croix?"

"I do not know. She has been closely masked all the evening. Is she suspected of anything?"

"No," replied Desgrais, with apparent unconcern, "no—nothing. I have something to say to her companion, though."

As he spoke, he went to the side of Sainte-Croix, and whispered, "Can you spare me a minute or two, Monsieur, in private? I have some business concerning you which requires immediate adjustment."

Sainte-Croix trembled for the instant as he recognised Desgrais;

but his presence of mind immediately returned, and he said gaily to Lauzun,

"Marquis, I may leave this lady in your charge for two minutes. Be courteous to her as you are a gentleman, and a friend of mine."

Marie started back as Gaudin withdrew his arm, and vainly endeavoured to make him seek some other cavalier; for she feared a recognition. But, anxious to know what was the motive of the exempt's appointment, he took no notice of her; and, handing her over to Lauzun, followed him to the landing at the top of the grand staircase, where they were alone.

"You will excuse this interruption," said Desgrais. "I have been looking after you all day; for I thought a meeting might save you much unpleasantness. I believe you know M. François D'Aubray?"

"What of him?" asked Sainte-Croix quickly. "Is he not at Offemont?"

"He was until this morning," replied Desgrais; "but has returned somewhat unexpectedly, with some provincial neighbours."

Gaudin started as he thought of Marie.

"We must be candid with one another, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix," continued the exempt. "I need scarcely tell you that, in my position with the police, there are few in Paris whose circumstances and connexions are not well known to me;—amongst them I may count your own debts, and your affair with the Marchioness of Brinvilliers."

"Well, Monsieur?"

"Well, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix. Her brother has tried in every way to crush you, and has in every way failed, until he has now bought over the greater part of the debts owing by you in Paris. The task was not difficult; for your creditors—excuse me—had better faith in his ready gold than in your promises. In his name, and collectively for those accounts, I now arrest you."

"Monsieur!" cried Gaudin, "it is impossible for me to go with you to-night. The arrest I care nothing for, for it can soon be settled; but there is a lady here whom I cannot leave. You must postpone this affair until to-morrow, when you will find me at home."

"It is as much as my position is worth," replied Desgrais. "Everything will give place to a lady but a court of justice. You must come with me."

He spoke with such a tone of calm firmness, that Gaudin perceived at once he must comply.

"You will let me speak to her?" he asked.

"I would not have you go back to the room: a scene would but be painful to all of us. Write what you like, and send it to her. We will then go down to some of the money-lenders on the Quai des Orfevres. If you can raise a sop for this Cerberus of a lieutenant-civil, believe me I shall be too happy. It is far from my wish to put to inconvenience so gallant a gentleman as Captain de Sainte-Croix."

The well-intended politeness with which this speech was made, somewhat reassured Gaudin. He was not without hope of raising sufficient money, at all events, to quiet his persecutor for a time. He therefore wrote a few hasty lines to Marie, and, bidding a servant who passed give them to the masked lady with the Marquis de Lauzun, told Desgrais he was ready to accompany him, and knock up some of the usurers in question.

"I have a carriage waiting in the Rue de la Harpe," said Desgrais,

"and we will proceed to the river immediately. Stop!—some one is coming up these stairs. Let us take the other flight."

In effect a tumult was audible in the court, which neither had a desire to face. They therefore passed further along the gallery, and gained the *porte cochère* by another and less distinguished staircase.

Whilst this hurried interview had been going on without, the same wild mirth and laughter resounded through the apartments. Lauzun had been vainly endeavouring to discover the name of the lady entrusted by Sainte-Croix to his protection; but Marie contrived to disguise her voice in such a manner, that he had not the slightest suspicion. And to this end her mask somewhat contributed, which, made after the fashion of the time, had a small plate of silver arranged so as to go into the mouth, and quite alter the tones of those speaking with it.

As Gaudin left, the valet brought the few lines he had hastily scribbled to the Marchioness, and then spoke in a low tone to Lauzun. She read with utter dismay the following hurried message:—

"I am arrested by Desgrais. Your brother has returned from Offemont. Leave as speedily as you can, and get home unobserved. I may be detained all night.

"GAUDIN."

She was on the point of withdrawing from Lauzun, when he cried out,—

"Fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, my fellows have captured a queen for our *Fête de Fortune*, and she shall adjudge the prizes. Barnard!—Laurent!—bring in your prize."

As he spoke, the curtains at the door were parted, and two of Lauzun's valets half dragged half carried a young female into the room, who appeared to be making violent resistance. Her eyes were bandaged, not with a common handkerchief, but a sparkling fillet, evidently intended for the purpose, and to be worn in the part she was about to play against her will in one of the diversions of the evening. The company directly thronged round her, entirely stopping up the doorway, so that the egress of the Marchioness was rendered impossible, at least for the present.

The task about to be imposed upon the stranger was that of distributing various toys, trinkets, and *bonbons*, of comparatively small value, to the guests as they were led up to her, her eyes being blindfolded; and the game derived its excitement from the incongruity or appropriateness of the objects offered. A stranger was always selected for this office; and it was the custom, at orgies of this kind, to scour the streets in the vicinity, and lay hands upon the first young and personable female that could be met with, the victim being generally of the class of *grisettes*. Enough could be seen of the features of the new comer to prove that she was very handsome; but she was very thinly clad, her extreme undress being covered by a large cloak, which, as well as she was able, she kept tightly round her.

"How did you catch this pretty bird?" asked Lauzun of one of the valets.

"Monsieur," replied the fellow, "we had scoured all the streets in the Quartier without meeting one eligible *grisette*, for it is now late,

when Laurent saw a light in a window of the Rue des Cordeliers. I climbed up—”

“No—it was I that first climbed, Monsieur,” interrupted his fellow.

“Silence! you knaves,” cried Lauzun, “or we will prevent each of you from speaking, by splitting your tongues now and here. Go on, Laurent.”

“I climbed up, and saw through the casement our captive retiring to bed,—at least, she was partly undressed; and I said to Barnard, ‘This is our prey.’”

“And you nearly lost her, because you would keep looking,” said his fellow.

“Will you be quiet, sir?” asked Lauzun with a threatening look. “Well, what did you do next?”

“We set fire to the outer wood-work of the house, and then raised the cry *Au feu!* In half a minute our beauty rushed into the street, as you now see her. We heard the *Garde Bourgeoise* approaching,—we hurried her off to the *chaise à porteurs* we had at the corner,—brought her to the *porte dérobée*,—and here we are.”*

“You may remove the bandage just at present,” said Lauzun. “We should like to see what sort of eyes it veils.”

The valets took the fillet away from her face, and in a second the Marchioness recognised the features of Louise Gauthier, whom she had not seen since the evening of the stormy interview in the Grotto of Thetis during the fêtes at Versailles. She did not, of course, make herself known; but at that instant, in the midst of all her anxiety to reach the Hôtel D’Aubray without the knowledge of her brother, a second thought for the time detained her. An opportunity appeared likely to occur of accomplishing the determination she had formed—of getting Louise Gauthier in her power, and destroying her. She drew herself away from Lauzun’s side, and, retreating to one of the couches, awaited the proper time to carry her projects into execution.

“I beseech you, gentlemen, let me depart,” exclaimed Louise, as the scene around presented itself to her bewildered eyes. “There is some mistake in this cruelty; you cannot want me here.”

“Indeed, but we could not select a better goddess throughout Paris,” said Lauzun. “It is not usual for the grisettes of our quartier to wish to leave the Hôtel de Cluny, when they once find themselves within its walls. Let me salute you, as a stranger.”

Lauzun, with an assumption of idle gallantry, rather than the wish to insult the poor girl, advanced towards her, and was about to proffer his welcome, when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by the approach of Benoit, who had been amusing the guests at another part of the room with specimens of his new vocation.

“*Tiens!*” he exclaimed with surprise; “why, it is our little Louise, whom we have not seen for so long!”

The girl heard Benoit’s voice, and sprang towards him for protection.

“Get back, fellow!” said Lauzun, not relishing the interruption.

“Excuse me, Marquis,” replied the other; “but I consider myself

* An outrage of this kind was by no means uncommon in the reckless times of Louis Quatorze, nor did its commission excite much attention, if we may credit the memoirs of the above-mentioned Abbé Dubois.

responsible for our Louise's welfare. It has been my lot to assist her before to-night."

"Put this man on one side," said Lauzun to his valets.

"Keep off!" said Benoit as they approached, "or I will send you on a flight without wings through the window."

"Turn him out of the house," said Lauzun; "or rather put him in the cellar: he won't alarm any one there. Away with him, I say!"

The foremost of the servants advanced; but Benoit met him with a blow from his own sturdy arm, which sent him reeling against the wall of the apartment. The other servants immediately threw themselves upon him; and the honest Languedocian, whose good angel always appeared to desert him when services were most required, was in an instant borne away, kicking and struggling, to one of the underground chambers of the Hôtel.

Meantime the company disposed themselves for the games. Lauzun went up to Louise, and, assuring her that no evil was intended if she complied with their regulations, fastened the bandage once more across her eyes; whilst Marotte Dupré, who had some recollection of having seen her with Madame Scarron at Versailles, took off a rich cloak of green satin, with large full sleeves, which she had been wearing, and made the poor stranger don it, in lieu of the mantle which at present scarcely enveloped her dishabille, at the same time telling her that no evil was really intended to herself. The greater part of the company then formed into a large circle, holding hands, and moving round to measure, the band being apparently well aware of what was going on, although, as we have stated, concealed from the sight. Louise was placed on an elevated seat; a large basket, containing the awards, was placed at her side, and the game commenced.

A variety of intricate figures were first danced, in which the partners were frequently changed, somewhat in the style of our cotillons at the present day. In this the actresses showed themselves most apt, and they were now joined by the girls who had figured in the ballet. To avoid being particularized, Marie stood up with the rest; and the exceeding grace with which she threaded the mazes of the figure, attracted general attention. Lauzun saw that she was evidently belonging to a phase of society superior to the majority; but he was unable to gain the slightest clue to her real name.

At last, at a given signal, they all stopped with the partners they happened to have at that instant, and then advanced in pairs before Louise, who tremblingly distributed the different articles to them; and the gentleman and lady were expected in turn to make some speech appropriate to the gifts presented. In this the principal address was shown; for whilst some could but mumble out a few clumsy phrases or compliments, others convulsed the assembly with laughter at a smart repartee, or jest. Truth to tell, the greater portion of them were all tolerably well up to their business; for habitude had rendered them tolerably *au fait* at uttering a jest on the spur of the moment; and, as a pretty wide licence was allowed, when a laugh could not be raised by wit, it was done by *entendre*.

Lauzun had a small trinket-key given to him; and Estelle recommended him to keep it against he got into the Bastille, which would be sure to occur, in the common course of things, before three weeks. Marotte Dupré had a heart of sweetmeat, and her partner an imitation-piece of money of the same material, about which appropriate distri-

butions Dubois made great mirth, having a ready tact for *impromptus*. When the signal for the cessation of the dance was made (which the leader of it generally took care to do when he found himself with an agreeable partner), Chavagnac was next to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers. He led her forwards, and the rest of the company looked on with more than usual interest to see what the *incognita* would gain. By an error of Louise, who was throughout the ceremony so flurried that she scarcely knew what she was doing, she presented the first gift to Chavagnac,—a small flacon of scent, than which nothing could be more absurd, rough soldier, almost marauder, as he was. But to Marie, and to her alone, her own present had a terrible meaning. It was a small headsman's axe, in sugar and silver foil!

She sickened as she gazed at the terrible omen,—so perfectly unimportant to the rest of the company,—and turned away from the circle, heedless of some unmeaning words that Chavagnac addressed to her. In a few minutes the ring broke up, and then she approached Louise Gauthier, and said hurriedly through her mask,—

“You cannot tell to what lengths of debauchery this reckless party may proceed. If you value your happiness, follow me directly, without a word or sign to anybody.”

Louise fancied she recognised the voice; but the circumstance of one like the Marchioness being in such a company appeared utterly improbable. She was also too anxious to escape from the Hôtel; and as Marie seized her arm, she implicitly followed her to the door.

“Stop, *mes belles!*” cried Lauzun; “we cannot part yet: you may not be spared so early.”

“I am faint with the heat,” replied the Marchioness, “and only wish to go into the cool air for a minute: it will revive me.”

They passed out upon the top of the staircase; and then, as soon as the curtain had fallen back over the doorway, Marie told Louise to keep close to her, as she descended rapidly into the courtyard. They passed out at the *porte cochère* unnoticed; and, finding a carriage at the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, the Marchioness made Louise enter, and, following herself, gave the word to the coachman to drive to her house in the Rue St. Paul.

THE ELVES IN WINDSOR FOREST.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

DAY set in the splendour
 Of beautiful June,
 Broad, mellow, and tender
 Arose the pale moon ;
 A faint rim of mist round her border
 soft hov'ring,
 A foil more intensely her beauties dis-
 cov'ring,
 As, silently gilding
 Wave, thicket, and building,
 She rose o'er the foam-fretted sea in her
 journey,
 The life-crowded town, and the wilder-
 ness ferny.

What were the scenes she beheld that
 night,—
 What the events that came under her
 light !
 What gloomy despairings and ecstasied
 hopes !
 What caverny hollows and mountainous
 slopes !
 What peace and what passion ! what
 strife and what rest !
 What woes of each nature the mind can
 suggest,—
 Flood, fire, pestilence, battle, and
 storm,—
 Such as pencil or pen
 To the vision of men
 May never pourtray, or embody in
 form !

She shone through the lifted curtain's
 fold,
 On innocents saying their prayers in
 bed,—
 She shone through the creviced cottage
 cold
 On the sainted brow of the old man
 dead ;—
 She lighted the pathway the lovers took,
 As homewards slow their steps they
 bent,
 While the silent maid, with her fondest
 look,
 Tighthen'd the arm on which she
 leant ;
 And the youth could find no words to
 speak,
 Though brimming was his heart with
 joy—
 It fired his eye, it flush'd his cheek,
 And one seem'd as the other coy ;
 And yet they neither disapproved,
 For both well knew the cause :—they
 loved.

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And oh ! she shone with a dubious ray
 On the holiday rout, returning
 From pleasure late, by the longest way,
 All doubt and danger spurning ;
 Some droning out a tune forlorn,
 Some sporting antic gambols,—
 Some getting pitch'd, and all but torn
 To death, among the brambles.

Over the dusky village spire
 She flung a trembling veil of light,
 'Neath which its ivy seem'd on fire,
 And all the tombstones glimmer'd
 white,—
 Those tombs which as the clown belated
 nears,
 He never looks at, left or right,
 But sinks his hat upon his ears,
 And whistles loud to ease his fears,
 And tramps along with all his might.

Over the poet's raptured walk,
 Quiet, serene, and calm,—
 Over the sentinel's lonely stalk,—
 On the gold in a miser's palm,
 As he knelt by his chest, with the lid
 flung wide,
 That its glittering seals of earthly pride
 Might bring to his spirit balm,
 Their light flash'd into his hollow cheeks,
 And colour'd his brow with livid streaks !
 The moonshine pass'd,— their gleam
 was gone,
 But the miser knelt, and still counted
 on.

Over the smuggler's rock-retreat,
 On the shiugle under the coast-guard's
 feet,
 By the rustling sea-beach lone,—
 On the old stage-coach and its sober
 greys,—
 On the mighty engine of later days,
 As, scattering thunder and volleying
 fume,
 It flash'd away from the tunnel's womb.
 On all—on all she shone !
 The needle's slave, whose throbbing
 head
 Was ever bent to her knees for bread,
 Parted her locks, and smiled again,
 As the light gush'd in at the broken
 pane ;—
 That light caught even the fallen one's
 eye,
 Who knew not either to blush or sigh,—
 It lent a gleam to the murderer's knife
 Before it enter'd the shrine of life,—

K

It stream'd on the dungeon-wall ;
But the wretch condemn'd, fast-fetter'd,
alone,—

Already entomb'd in threefold stone,—
He knew not where or on what she
shone,

Or whether she shone at all !
No light is reserved on earth for him,
But such as reveals the death-stage
grim ;

No moon or star is he ever to see,
No bloom-strewn meadow or foliaged
tree,

No sleeping river or restless sea,
On this fair side of eternity !

But away ! away !

From the children of clay,
Their pleasures, and sorrows, and cares
of to-day,—

Take over life's sleep
A precipitate leap,
Into realms that oft gladden the senses
in sleep,

Where Reason lies coil'd an inanimate
heap,

And Fancy presides
Over Intellect's powers,
And joyously guides

Us to fairy-wove bowers,
Through whose interstices the merry
elves peep.

Mark those kindred oaks that rear
Their myriad boughs in the lucid air,
On whose broad heads the moonlight
cool

Seems to ebb and chafe like a ruffled
pool,
As they wave a response with glancing
leaves

To each new sigh that Zephyrus heaves.

See how the fibrous ivy strolls
Leisurely up their mighty boles !
Coil above coil, and spray on spray,
The fresh green mix'd with the faded
grey,

Till a speck of the old oak's dinted bark
Through its matty web you scarce can
mark,

Fondly as if, in the tendrils flung
So tightly around each giant stem,
The Hamadryads in spirit clung
To the trees on which their existence
hung,

Whose ruin would spread to them.

Those trees encircle a beauteous show,
Their shadows fall on a lovely scene,
In the bosom of Windsor Forest they
grow,

Round a hilly plot of unfading green.
Where dust is ne'er struck from the
emerald turf

By the hoof of the courser or heel of the
serf,

And where many a sprite,
At the high noon of night,
Tumbles head-over-heels with an elvish
delight.

Ha ! listen !—the bell
Has rung out its twelfth knell—
Like a rainbow in fragments they hurry
pell-mell !

How they bound ! how they drive !
All the grass seems alive !
As they rush o'er the tips of the titter-
ing weeds,

And the dew-drops are rolling before
them like beads,
And the rugged oaks seem
To enjoy it the while,
And their curling roots grim
Take a visible smile !

Oh ! who shall describe them — what
fingers may dare
To limn them in colours perception can
share ?

To arrest Ideality's vanishing hue,
Or bring Inspiration to bodily view ?
Like sparkles they glow'd, and like sha-
dows they glided,

Like wavelets they danced, and like
bubbles subsided ;
Distinct, yet untraceable,—dreamy, yet
clear,—

Evanescant as frost-work, and fleetier
than fear.

On the green, through the trees,
They keep pouring apace,
Unseen as the breeze,
Till they enter its space ;
But there, hand-in-hand,
An innumerable band,
They boundingly, trippingly press on
the sight,
And deftly advance
In their intricate dance
The beautiful children of ether and
light.

High upon a tufty stand,
With her slim star-headed wand,
Mab sat on a flow'ry throne,
By majestic Oberon.
Round her a host of willing fays
Prank'd and sung unbidden,
Lovely as the sun's first rays,
When he smiles away the haze
That from night has slidden,
Casting from Aurora's loom
Long skeins of light across the gloom,
Till darkness all is hidden.

Tiny troops,
In endless groups,
Over the moist and gleaming sod,
Sung and sly,
Feasting lie,
Or frisk in evolutions odd.

And there sat Puck,—the unparallel'd
elf!—
With a grin like a Bacchanal's figured in
delf,
In the nose of a mug on a cottager's
shelf,
Rocking himself on a plantain pod.
There sat he—but oh! not long sit still!
It agreed with Puck's merry genius ill.
He must chirrup and run,
He must follow and shun,
And be up to all sorts of conceivable
fun:—
Tearing a gossamer up for swings,
Puffing the dust from a miller's wings,
Kicking the shins of gauzy flies,
Splashing dew in a cowslip's eyes,
Coursing a fairy-ring with speed,
Erect on the back of a field-mouse
steed,—
Or, helm'd with the cup of an acorn
large,
With a spreading champignon to serve
for a targe,
With a spike of young thorn down to
nothing reduced,
Courageously storming a dragon-fly's
roost!
And still in his frolics some cunning
was rife,
That seem'd strangely akin to the hu-
mours of life.
Now, mix'd with the fairies,
He taught them, in rows,
Unexampled vagaries
In turning their toes;
Now, perch'd on a hillock
Of serpentine thorn,
Whose summit the bill-hook
Had never yet shorn,
He quaintly proceeds,
Through hollow-stemm'd reeds,
Clapp'd to both eyes at once, to mark
how the dance speeds;
Or regulates gravely the exquisite notes
That ripple and thrill in their feminine
throats,
By flourishing this way, and brandish-
ing that,—
To the right—to the left—to and fro—
pit-a-pat,—
Now over that shoulder,—now under
this side,
An ell and a quarter of poppy-stem
dried!
Ha! ha! and ho! ho! what a nourish-
ing laugh
Bubbles out from his cheek as he hurls
up the staff,
And tumbles down backward in ecstasy
there,
With his hands on his hips, and his
heels in the air!

* * * *

Look, how Cynthia's waning blaze
Every darken'd oak deplores,
Through their low-hung mingled sprays
Fillagreed her lustre pours.
See her deepening orb descend
The farther steep of heaven,—
Soon the elfin sport must end,
And far and wide in air be driven
Those freakish essences minute
That revel in the enchanted ring.
But first they sip on nectar'd fruit,
And honey thick with dew dilute,
To feast their queen and king;
Then, ere they nestle to repose,
In one enamell'd throng they close,
Rich as the lap of spring,
And two delicious fays advance
Before their partners in the dance,
And thus, with nod, and smile, and
glance,
Alternately they sing:—

“ Oh! wave the glad pinion, career the
light toe,
Wheel round like a meteor, and sing as
you go,
Over diamonds of dew that lie winking
below,
And beneath stooping stars that eter-
nally glow!
Here on the green breast
Of Albion we stand,
With side to side prest,
And hand within hand,—
Our tresses just curl'd
By the whispering wind,
Our pinions unfurl'd,
And our limbs unconfin'd,—
Our locks of deep hazel,
Our robes of pure white,
Our eyes of bright jazel,
Our slippers of light.
Say, why should not we, so unfetter'd
and free,
Tread the blossoming sward, and still
carol with glee?
Wave the wing, spin the toe,
Wheel, and warble as you go,
Over pearls that wink below,
Under stars that ever glow!”

Ah! then what a shout
Of wild rapture sprang out
From the lips of the whole multitudi-
nous rout!
Who, oft as the chain
Of each melodist's strain
Made a ravishing pause, thus renew'd it
again:—

“ Yes, wave the glad pinion, career the
light toe,
Wheel round like a meteor, and sing as
you go,

Over diamonds of dew that lie winking
 below,
 And beneath stooping stars that eternally glow."
 The atmosphere porous
 Imbided their sweet chorus,
 Andrang it out after them, softly and low.

"I've roamed on many a far-off cape,
 On many a wave-worn shelly strand;
 I've press'd my cheek to the blushing
 grape,
 In Italy's vine-empurpled land;
 I've slept on the bud of a Syrian rose,
 Just struggling into its infant bloom,
 And I've wakened slow from my soft
 repose
 By feeling the ruddy leaves unclose,
 And sinking drowned in their rich perfume."

"I've hung in the spiced Arabian air;
 I've raced with India's fire-fly droves;
 I've paced her sands by the wave left
 bare,
 And the dark retreats of her coral
 groves,
 And oft o'er her wide and her deep-
 rolling tide
 Has the nautilus borne me in safety
 and pride,
 While his pearly shell rang
 With the tremulous tune
 Of the song that I sang
 To the late rising moon.
 Her charms by a veil of thin cloud half-
 concealed,
 Like a web of lawn flung o'er a battle-
 bright shield,
 While, as palely she shone in her ethery
 vest,
 Each emerald wave bore a silver crest,
 But, when she broke through it, each
 rolled to its home
 A silvery billow with golden foam."

"I've thridden Afric's pathless glades,
 Where the echo of human step ne'er
 fell,
 And I've gaily sung in her inmost shades,
 Where serpents hiss and where mon-
 sters yell:
 I've slept with folded wings
 On the sleeping tiger's side;
 I've couched in all the rings
 Of the glossy leopard's hide,
 And I've clapped my hands with glee
 the mighty unicorn to see,
 By his hot pursuers chased, flounder
 through the cany waste."

"I've danced on Caledonia's hills,
 That yield no grain to the tiller's toil,
 I've hovered around her sleepy rills,
 And her mountain torrents that foam
 and boil;

I've swung in a heath-blossom over the
 verge
 Of an easterly cliff that far-shadowed
 the plain,
 When the Monarch of day just began to
 emerge
 From his palace of vapour of porphy-
 rine grain;
 I've marked how his blaze
 Heaven's canopy fired,
 And the stars from his gaze
 In dejection retired;
 Whilst every little cloudy streak
 Assumed a fringe of amber slight,
 And every hill's untufted peak
 A barganet of crimson light.
 The Lake unveiled her blushing charms,
 The Forest reared his reddened arms,
 The skylark mounted slow;
 And I sprang away, on the earliest ray
 That poured over the edge of the rock
 where I lay;
 To the dew-moist plain below."

"Oh! it's my delight to lie
 In a wild hedge-lily's cup,
 When, beneath the evening sky,
 Are its edges folding up:
 To watch them closing o'er my head—
 To snuggle in my odorous bed—
 And quietly sleep
 Till Morning's peep
 Bids flower and leaf again outspread,
 And sunbeams play
 With the tresses grey
 Of aged Night as I hurry away.
 Yes, Afric's splendours, thrilling sights,
 Wondrous scenes and wild delights—
 Grape and musk-rose, far above
 Albion's summer joys I love!"

"And I, beyond all earth or ocean can
 yield,
 Love the chastened perfume of the
 newly-shorn field,
 When oxlips, and harebells, and prim-
 roses pale,
 With their last dying fragrance enrich
 the mild gale;
 Or to skim o'er the cottager's garden by
 night,
 Or train round the lattice his colum-
 bines slight,
 Or hear the hid nightingale's music
 arise,
 Or fan with blue pinions the sleeping
 babe's eyes.
 Yes, Scotia's heathy hills and dales—
 Indian groves—Arabian gales—
 Every favoured haunt above
 Albion's sea-girt isle I love!"

"Oh! say, every crew of the elements
 through,
 What race is so free and so happy as
 ours?"

The Naiad may take her repose in the lake—
 The delicate Sylph in the sunlight and flow'rs—
 The Nereid may sport
 In the coral-paved main—
 The Dryad resort
 To the wood and the plain.
 In the mines of Golconda may labour
 the Gnome—
 The Spirit of Fire may make Etna his
 home,
 Or sally from Stromboli's hollow abyss
 To ride on the lightnings that quiver
 and hiss ;
 Or, when broad conflagrations
 Bring horror to nations,
 May gambol amid them in riotous bliss,
 And, while spouting and soaring,
 The red flames are roaring,
 May court their embraces and cling to
 their kiss.
 But we—only we—from meadow to tree,
 From forest to cloud, and vapour to sea,
 From billow to cave, and from cavern
 to hill,
 May glide, soar, and flutter, and bound
 as we will.
 Then wave the light pinion, career the
 glad toe—
 Wheel round like a meteor, and sing as
 you go ;

Over diamonds of dew that lie winking
 below,
 And beneath stooping stars that eter-
 nally glow !"

Here Mab with her sceptre prohibits
 the lay ;
 The elfin carousers spring lightly away,
 And disperse o'er the circle their vola-
 tile quire,
 As a sky-rocket opens in fillets of fire.

Puck bows to the throne, with grimace
 in his eye ;
 Then speeds to a knoll of ripe sorrel
 hard by,
 With a flower in fist, of that whimsical
 sort
 By Alphabet-students called " Rabbit,"
 in sport ;
 To snuff out a glow-worm ; but, failing
 at first,
 He extinguished the imp with a king-
 cup reversed.

The elves and the ouphes to the ivy-
 roots clung—
 The fays in a throng to the lustre-flood
 sprung—
 Each bathed her long tresses in moon-
 light and fell
 With a silvery laugh in a buttercup's bell.

W. Y. B.

THOU ART SLEEPING, BROTHER !

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Thou art sleeping, Brother ! lowly
 'Neath the shadow of the cross,
 That o'erlooks yon kirkyard holy,
 From its throne of verdant moss.
 Relic of our sire's devotion,
 Where they pray'd on bended knee,
 In the days when stern commotion
 Bade them look for rest to thee !

Thou art sleeping, Brother ! meekly,
 And the tall grass waves above,
 Shielding many a flow'r that weakly
 Breathes o'er thee its life of love :
 Emblem of thine own days—fleeing
 Like the bow in troubled skies,
 With conflicting darkness meeting,
 Melting then in golden dyes !

Thou art sleeping, Brother ! sorrow
 Cannot wound thine heart again ;
 Thou wilt never know a morrow
 With its share of earthly pain.
 Our reverses cannot harm thee,
 Still and throbless as thou art ;
 Nor the voice of loved ones charm thee,
 Or a tenderness impart.

Thou art sleeping, Brother ! lightly
 Falls the dew upon thy mound ;
 And the winds awaken nightly
 Sainted minstrelsy around.
 'Tis a burden each good spirit
 Watching o'er thee, murmurs sweet,
 Telling how the just inherit
 Bliss that earth can never greet !

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIEATION THE FOURTH.

Harris's spirited management. — List of *débutantes* and *corps dramatique*. — Charles Kemble. — Jones. — Emery. — Blanchard, &c. — Laughable mistakes by Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Gibbs. — Mrs. Jordan — Her mysterious end. — Journey to Dublin. — Narrow escape. — Hamilton Rowan. — State of the Dublin Theatre. — W. Farren. — Miss Walstein. — Miss O'Neill, &c. — Kean's first appearance. — Humours of the Gallery. — Tom Moore. — Fly not yet. — Amateur theatricals. — Fish Shamble Street. — Cork. — Miss Smithson. — The Master of the Ceremonies. — Trick played him. — Sir Andrew Agneuv. — Return to town. — Peter Coxe — His dinners — Jokes. — Reminiscences of Garrick, Henderson, Wilkes, &c. — Oliver, Pyne, &c. — Peter's ruling passion. — Extraordinary instance of it.

HARRIS managed Covent Garden with great spirit. In one season (1813-14), Terry, Conway, F. Viuing, Mrs. Faucit, Miss Rennell, Miss Mathews, and Miss Stephens were added to the company. These performers were all *débutantes*, and all successful, particularly Miss Stephens, whose *Mandane* attracted immensely. Ears never drank sweeter sounds than the *staccato* notes of this syren. In addition to these, the company boasted the two Kembles, Young, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Powell, in tragedy; Sinclair and Inledon in opera; Grimaldi and Ellar in pantomime; while in comedy the list presented such a phalanx of talent as, perhaps, were never before marshalled on the boards of any single theatre. Besides Mathews and Liston, a host in themselves, there was Fawcett, Farley, C. Kemble, Blanchard, Jones, Simmons, Emery, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. C. Kemble, Miss Bolton, and little Booth. Fawcett was stage-manager, Farley got up the melodramas and pantomimes, and Ware led in the orchestra.

Charles Kemble is a remarkable instance of what perseverance may effect. In the early part of his career he seldom presented himself before an audience without incurring its displeasure. A voice naturally thin, combined with a gawky person and constitutional indolence, which even in his best days he sometimes found himself unable to contend against, opposed such obstacles to his success, that most men would have abandoned the profession in despair. But Kemble was made of "sterner stuff." The word *impossible* was not in his vocabulary. Like Sheridan, he felt the *mens divini* within, and resolved it should come out, and come out it did. No doubt, family influence contributed much to this result, and time still more. The former afforded him facilities that no other actor in similar circumstances could have enjoyed, — the latter made him the handsomest man of his day. More expressive or more finely-chiseled features than Charles Kemble's were perhaps never seen; and, though his figure was faulty in some respects, the *tout-ensemble* was graceful and spirited beyond that of any other performer, with the single exception of his brother John's. Still, let an actor's interest or an actor's person be what it will, he must eventually stand by his talents, or fall into insignificance for the want of them; and, when we consider the nature of the triumph

which Kemble achieved, too much praise can hardly be accorded him. Perhaps in *Cassio*, *Orlando*, *Macduff*, *Romeo*, *Guido*, and *Mark Anthony*, Charles Kemble has never been excelled. In *Benedick*, *Falconbridge*, and *Prince Hal*, I question if he has ever been equalled. These three parts, combining *naïveté* and humour with generous impulses and a gallant demeanour, precisely suited Kemble. His sudden assumption of dignity in *Prince Hal*, when *Poins* becomes too familiar, and his manner of giving "I never thought I should live to be married!" in *Benedick*, must be fresh in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to see Charles Kemble in these characters. In *Don John*, too, I preferred him to Elliston, but thought him inferior to that actor in the *Doriconrts*, and modern fine gentlemen of genteel comedy. *Apropos* of *Don John*, a copy of "The Chances," as originally written, now lies before me. It would be difficult to instance a more clever or more indecent production; yet maids, wives, and widows once sat out this play. *O tempora! O—*But the less we say of *mores* the better.

Jones played *Don Frederick* in Reynold's version of this play with consummate tact, marking with great accuracy the graver shades which distinguish this agreeable rake from his more mercurial companion. This actor was deservedly a favourite. Light, easy, bustling, vivacious, with the neatest leg and the neatest figure in the world, Jones made the best fop and the best rattle of his time. With what precision he pitched out his points! How exhilarating was his laugh! how animated his countenance! He resembled a case of choice sillery, whose sparkling poppings beguiled us of the heartache, without giving us the headache. Ay, and would again—only he has better and graver things to employ him. Jones's delineation of a fop was not confined to the drawl and the *lorgnette*. He mingled vivacity with his affectation, nor did he ever lose sight of the gentleman in his superciliousness. In the *Flutters*, *Diddlers*, and fops from the counter, I think Wrench excelled him. After butterflying it for thirty years as a light comedian,

" His next employment guess."

You cannot? Well, are you designed for holy orders, sir? Do you wish to acquit yourself with credit? Would you favourably impress your congregation? You would. Then go to Richard Jones; let him teach you how to read the Liturgy. You cannot do better, Tractarian or anti-Tractarian—no matter. You will equally profit by his instructions.

There was Emery, too! What an admirable actor was Emery! The stage boasted nothing finer, more original, or more true to nature, than the *Tyke* of this performer. In parts it was terrific—I had almost said, sublime. But Emery not only portrayed the operation of the stronger passions in rough uneducated natures with uncommon power and effect, but displayed equal felicity in the delineation of the low cunning, trickery, self-conceit, and peculiar kind of humour which more or less form the substratum of such natures, and are chiefly observable among the retainers of the stud, the betting-post, and the prize-ring. Emery's *Gibbet* in "The Beaux Stratagem" embodied many of these characteristics superadded to superior pretensions and an assumption of gentility. The highwaymen of Farquhar's time were incomparably superior to the low ruffians who rob and ualtreat

the traveller in these degenerate days. They occupied that position in the social scale now so worthily filled by first-class swindlers, and the cream of the swell-mob. They associated with gentlemen, were sometimes gentlemen themselves,—but always affected to be so. Emery's performance of this anomalous character was extremely whimsical and diverting. His *jauntee* air—his bullying swagger—his nods and winks to invite confidence—his affected scrupulousness as to his company—his continual apprehension of being identified,—the bold, unblushing blackguardism of his character predominating over the whole, formed, with the single exception of Mathews's *Jack Sheppard*, the most ludicrous specimen of the confraternity the stage has ever produced. In simple rustics, or where a stolid expression of countenance was indispensable, Emery was not so happy. There was a latent intelligence, a lurking devil in his eye, which contradicted his words, and weakened, if it did not altogether mar, his performance. In parts of this description he was inferior to both Knight and Oxberry. Emery's *Caliban* has been much carped at; but by what standard are we to judge an actor in a part so entirely the creation of the author's brain? It has been objected that Emery's delineation of this nondescript was not poetical. But how is the performer to engraft the graces of poetry on such a stem? The attempt would be hazardous, to say the least of it. Conceptions may arise in the closet the reader would be puzzled to embody, and tones haunt his imagination, which, if uttered, would entail ridicule on the speaker. Be this as it may, Emery's *Caliban*, with all its imputed faults, proved, like his *Pan* in "Midas," beyond the efforts of any of his contemporaries; though in senile characters, with the exception of *Broadcast*, *Mouchestache*, and a few others, he was hard and laboured. Emery was born in Yorkshire, and had been accustomed, in Tate Wilkinson's company, to play rustics in the broadest *patois* of his native province. He selected a part of this description for his *début* at the Haymarket; but his dialect at rehearsal proved so unintelligible, that Colman told him he might as well speak so much Greek to his audience; so he was obliged to modify it. In what is called *Repose* or the *Recitative of Acting*, I think Emery excelled all actors, past or present. "Proper words in proper places" appears to have been his motto. This admirable artist always managed to let the sense of what he uttered strike the ear at the precise moment it produced most effect.

Fawcett likewise excelled in the pathetic, in a somewhat higher range of character. His *Rivers*, *Rolamo*, *Job Thornberry*, and *Cornflower*, were impressive performances, though by no means equal in intensity and power to the *Tyke* of Emery. Fawcett was the best gabbling humourist of his day. In such characters as *Pangloss*, *Caleb Quotem*, and *Ollapod* (expressly written for him by Colman), he surpassed even Mathews. His style was hard, and his features, though not devoid of comic expression, rigid. He played *Sterling* and *Hardcastle* incomparably, but failed in *Sir Peter T'cagle* and *Sir Francis Wronghead*. This actor was an especial favourite with George III., who, at one period, frequently went to the theatre to enjoy Fawcett's eccentricities, and laugh at his comic songs, which he sang with much humour and spirit. Though harsh and curt in manner, Fawcett made an excellent manager. If he lacked the courtesy of Elliston, his word could always be depended on. He never flattered, and he never deceived.

Then there was Blanchard—sterling and toothsome; Simmons—formal and quaint. Immortal Joey! whose satires beat Juvenal's; little Booth in *Pickle*; Mrs. C. Kemble in *Lucy*; Gibbs in *Cowslip*; and glorious Davenport, who, though she ground her emphasis overmuch, bustled through the *Duennas* and *Mother Heidelbergs* with incomparable spirit. One night, in "The Clandestine Marriage," she rushed in, exclaiming, "Oh, dear! I met a candle with a man in its hand!" The roar occasioned by this mistake had scarce subsided, when it was renewed by Mrs. Gibbs's saying, "There, I've locked the key, and put the door into my pocket." Inledon is said to have made a *lapsus* still more ludicrous in *Macheath*, which it would be *contra bonos mores* to relate.

In April, 1814, circumstances called me to Dublin. Previous to my departure, I saw Mrs. Jordan play for the first and last time. The part was *Hoyden*—one of the principal stepping-stones to her former fame, but which then, alas! only served to show how busy time—must we add, sorrow?—had been with this remarkable woman. She still retained sufficient powers to evidence how justly her reputation had been won. The speaking eye—the deep, full tones—the ringing laugh—the daring self-abandonment,—all bespoke her style of the richest and the raciest, and that in her zenith she must have *far, far* excelled any actress who succeeded her. I witnessed her performance with a profound melancholy. To me there was no mirth in her laughter—nothing cheering in her smile; for I felt she must be sad at heart, and wondered, as I do now, how any possible contingency could have driven a princess *de facto*, if not *de jure*, with a numerous and flourishing offspring, into a position at once so pitiable and degrading. Boaden, in his *Life* of this ill-fated woman, has played the tunny-fish, and instead of elucidating, has involved this mystery in deeper gloom.

My journey to Holyhead proved a perpetual triumph. I left London in the mail which bore the joyful intelligence of the occupation of Paris by the Allies. The coach was decorated with laurel; the populace cheered us when we started. We set every town, village, hamlet we passed through in an uproar. Wherever we changed horses, the people were ready to shake our hands off. At Birmingham we narrowly escaped being dragged to the inn. The coachmen and guards were kept in a constant state of intoxication, which nearly proved fatal to us. In going through the Vale of Llangollen, where the road skirts a high precipice overhanging the Dee, the coachman, overpowered by the ale he had been forced to swallow, fell from the box. The horses, left to themselves, dragged the coach within a few inches of the precipice. Fortunately it was moonlight, and a colonel of artillery, who happened to be sitting with the guard, discovered the danger in time to seize the reins, and alter the course of the leaders, or coach, passengers, horses,—all must have been precipitated into the Dee.

I was exceedingly struck with the romantic beauties of Llangollen and the wilder scenery about Capel Currig. The inn at this latter place is celebrated for an adventure which befel the late Hamilton Rowan, which with the reader's permission, I will narrate.

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE WATCH.

Hamilton Rowan, on his way to Holyhead, stopped to dine at the

little inn at Capel Currig. There was nothing in the house but a shoulder of mutton, which Rowan ordered to be roasted. Presently the master of a neighbouring hunt, with two brother Nimrods, rushed into an adjoining room, and swearing they were half starved, clamourously demanded what they could have for dinner.

The landlord, with many apologies, told them he had nothing but bread and cheese to offer them.

"Nothing but bread and cheese! Nothing but bread and cheese!" they all exclaimed, stamping about the room.

"I'm extremely sorry, gentlemen," said the landlord, much embarrassed, "but—"

"How d'ye mean, sir?" interrupted the master of the hunt, imperiously. "By ——! I don't understand this, Gwillam! Nothing but bread and cheese to offer us! Why, I smell something roasting in your kitchen at this very moment, sir!"

They all swore they smelt it.

"Why, that's very true, gentlemen," said the landlord, still more embarrassed. "There certainly is a shoulder of mutton at the fire, and I wish with all my heart I could let your honours have it; but, unfortunately, it's bespoke by an Irish gentleman in the next room there, and—"

"A WHAT? An *Irish* gentleman, did you say, Gwillam?" roared out the master with a sneer.

"Yes sir, and—"

Here the landlord was interrupted by a perfect *mouth-quake* of laughter, in which the whole *trio* joined.

"Pray, what's this *Irish* gentleman like?" demanded the Squire, as soon as he could speak, "Has he been long caught? Has he lost his tail yet? Oh! for heaven's sake! do tell us—has he lost his tail yet, Gwillam?"

"Ay, has he lost his tail yet, Gwillam?" echoed the others; and again they all laughed most outrageously.

"Indeed, gentlemen—" began the landlord.

"No more of this!" said the Squire, cutting him short, "unless you mean to make us sick, sir. Go! send the mutton in to us, and let this *Irish* gentleman have a Welsh rabbit. And d'ye hear?" continued he, pulling out a fine old family repeater, and putting it into the landlord's hand, "take this into him, with my compliments, and ask him if he can tell what time of day it is by it. Go!—go, sir! do as I order you, or it shall be the worse for you!"

The landlord, who durst not disobey, after many apologies, delivered the watch with this message to Rowan, who had overheard all that had passed.

Perhaps the squire could not have selected a worse subject for this gratuitous insult than Hamilton Rowan, who, seizing one of his travelling pistols which lay in the window, immediately joined the trio, who were laughing heartily at the joke.

"Gentlemen," said Rowan, with great suavity, "I'm sorry to interrupt your mirth. I delight in a joke myself—especially when it's a good one. But the fact is, our landlord here, who must be either drunk or dreaming, or both, has just brought me this watch, with a most impertinent message, which he affirms he was ordered to deliver to me by some gentleman in this room here. Now, though I cannot for an instant suppose any person present," continued Rowan, fixing

his eye on the Squire, "guilty of so blackguard an act, I must request, as a mere matter of form, to know whether any gentleman here *did* send me this watch, with any such message. I'll thank you for an immediate answer, gentlemen!" added Rowan, examining the priming of his pistol, "for there's a delicious little shoulder of Welsh mutton just roasted, that I'm anxious to pay my respects to."

Perceiving them all dumbfounded, Rowan demanded of each in succession whether he was the owner of the watch.

They *all* replied in the negative.

"Most extraordinary!" said Rowan; then calling in the landlord, he asked him if the watch belonged to *him*.

"To me, sir? No, sir!" replied the man, in great astonishment.

"Do you know any person, then, out of this room, to whom this watch belongs?" demanded Rowan.

"Out of this room, sir?"

"Ay!—out of this room, sir! Have the goodness to look this way, and speak to the point, sir!"

"No, sir,—certainly, sir,—I don't know any person *out* of this room, sir, to whom that watch belongs."

"Very well, sir; now go and serve the mutton up!—Well, upon my honour now! this is mighty comical!" continued Rowan, as soon as the landlord had left the room. "Here's a watch which belongs to nobody *in* the room, and nobody *out* of the room—not even to the person from whose hands I received it. Well, I must keep it, I suppose, until a claimant starts up. I've no other course to pursue. In case you should hear of any such person, gentlemen, there's my card (throwing it on the table).—Upon my word, a mighty handsome, watch! a repeater too! Let me see—ay, just fourteen minutes forty-five seconds past five, the very time to attack a shoulder of Welsh mutton—ha, ha, ha! Good morning, gentlemen, good morning. You see I know *what time of day* it is!" And with this Rowan left them. "The watch," saith my informant, "still remains in possession of the Rowan family."

I found the Drama in Dublin in a declining state. Alas! it no longer

"—matter'd a toss up

Whether Mossop kick'd Barry, or Barry kick'd Mossop."

Fortunately, a blazing comet, after raising the atmosphere of Drury Lane to blood heat, took the Crow Street Theatre in its perihelium, and engendered a second Garrick fever.

The Crow Street Theatre, the only house regularly open in Dublin, was under the management, or rather *mis*-management, of Mr. Frederick Jones, a gentleman who preferred the club-room to the green-room, and a rubber to the getting up of a pantomime.

Jones had most of Sheridan's defects, without that fertility of resource which enabled the latter to jump over, or otherwise evade, as best suited him, those apparently insurmountable obstacles which circumstances, or his own improvidence, so perpetually interposed in his career. Jones had a pettyness—a meanness about him, from which Sheridan, with all his faults, was free. Jones endeavoured to supply his own exigencies by a paltry economy in the minutest details, and grinding down the salaries of the performers, and inferior *employées*. Even these, wretched as they were, were always in arrear, so that the manager

was constantly involved in squabbles or litigation. Performers either threw up their engagements altogether, or refused to play until their salaries were paid up. The scenery was faded or defective, the wardrobe scanty and shabby—rehearsals ill-attended—machinery badly worked—characters inadequately sustained—performances slurred over,—in a word, every day threatened to dissolve an establishment so ill-cemented and so shamefully mis-managed.

The house was about the size of the Haymarket, but far more elegantly designed. It was wretchedly dirty. A piece of orange-peel thrown on the ledge that ran round the lower circle, might have lain there, like a petition in the House of Commons, until that day six months. The Viceroy's box had its own lobby, lit by a handsome chandelier. The Lord Mayor always sat in the centre of the dress-circle, to which he had the *entrée ex officio*. I seldom visited the theatre without seeing his Municipal Majesty, with his white wand and *chapeau bras* in their accustomed places.

The company consisted of Talbot, Younger, Connor, Thompson, the two Farrens, Fulham, Williams, N. Jones, Johnston, Sloman, Burgess, Rock, O'Callaghan, Tom Cooke, O'Neill, St. Pierre, Miss Walstein, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Norton, Miss Rock, Mrs. Lazenby, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. T. Cooke, and Miss O'Neill.

I was instantly struck with the surpassing excellence of William Farren. I thought I had left nothing superior in his line in London. The first part I saw him in was *Doctor Rosy* in *St. Patrick's Day*, and though I had seen Mathews in the same character a few nights before at Covent Garden, I felt fully satisfied with Farren's performance. But more of this admirable actor anon.

Miss Walstein led in comedy. She reminded me of Mrs. Davidson. Probably both had adopted the same model. Though somewhat *passée*, Miss Walstein still looked the matronly heroine of genteel comedy, and played the *Rosalinds* and the *Leititia Hardys* so well, that her personal deficiencies were forgotten. In tragedy she was above mediocrity. I never saw any actress play Lady Anne better. She subsequently came out at Drury Lane, as a counter-attraction to Miss O'Neill—a most injudicious step. She should have made her *début* ten years earlier, or not at all.

But the star of Crow Street was the lovely O'Neill. Young, beautiful, chaste—gifted with strong sensibilities—ample powers of development—a judgment capable of directing and controlling those powers, this most superior creature at once dignified her profession, and propped its falling interests. She was indifferent in comedy. Her comic assumptions were rather correct readings than impersonations. The most impassioned tragic actress, perhaps, that ever trod the stage, she seemed incapable of throwing herself with equal fervour on the delineation of those whims, follies, and weaknesses she felt singularly free from. Though nothing could exceed the elegance of Miss O'Neill's appearance and deportment, her fine features lacked that archness, that *enjouée* expression so indispensable in comedy; vivacity ill became her—her humour was forced. Perhaps her best comic part was *Mrs. Oakley*, in which much passion, but little of the *vis comica* is required. On the other hand, the assumed cheerfulness of *Mrs. Haller* sat naturally upon her, so did the playfulness of *Juliet*, and the endearing wheedling of *Desdemona*. I question if these three characters have ever had a better representative. Nor was her *Belvidera*

a whit less excellent. Siddons may have played the last scene more powerfully, but in the tenderness and devotion of the wife,—ah! who could compare with O'Neill! Mrs. C. Kean approaches nearer to her in the expression of these two qualities than any other actress within my remembrance, though far inferior to the fair Hibernian in all other particulars.

In the February preceding my arrival, Sheill produced at the Crow Street Theatre, the first of that series of tragedies in which O'Neill played the heroines. Owing to her exertions *Adelaide* had great success in Dublin, though it proved less fortunate when produced subsequently at Covent Garden. Miss O'Neill's delivery of the following passage transcends all praise :

“ Not wedded to thee! Then I'll wed despair!
Come, my new bridegroom, to this heart—'tis thine—
For ever thine. Thou wilt be faithful to me—
Thou canst not flatter—thou wilt not deceive me.
Come, then, let's fly.—But hold!—no mockery now—
We'll wed in earnest, and without a priest!”*

Talbot, who led the business, was absent the greater part of the time I was in Dublin. This actor enjoyed a high reputation all over Ireland. Any remark tending to depreciate the Dublin stage was always met with, “ Ah! wait till Talbot comes!—Only wait till you've seen Talbot in the part!” At last he came, and I *did* see him. I saw him play *Ranger* and *Somno*. But whether he was indisposed, or fatigued, or out of cue, or his humour was local, I confess I didn't like him. His person was good, but his voice appeared to me not only thin and flat in quality, but vulgar in tone. After the admirable fooling of Mathews, I thought his *Somno* wretched. His comedy was better, but inferior to Elliston's, or Charles Kemble's, or even Rae's. I can pass no opinion on Talbot's tragedy, and, indeed, may be wrong in passing any opinion at all on an actor I only saw once, and whose fame rests on a nation's fiat. Rock, the stage manager, played low Irishmen. Though not what he had been, he contrived to get through his parts with considerable effect. Rock must have been an excellent comedian in his time. I thought him singularly free from buffoonery in a line and *locale* where the greatest licence might have been expected. Fullham, like Rock, belonged to the *has-beens*. At this time he must have been nearer seventy than sixty; notwithstanding which, I have seen him bustle through two, and even three parts in one night. His *Justice Woodcock*, *Old Philpotts*, &c. must have been excellent performances in his prime. Fullham was father of the Dublin stage. For aught I could learn, he might have been half a century on the Dublin boards. I never met with anybody who remembered his *début*. This fine old fellow was universally respected, and always had a bumper at his benefit. Williams was an original actor of limited powers. His performances, as far as they went, were sound, and in good taste. Had this actor possessed the power of giving full effect to his conceptions, he would have stood second to no comedian of his day. His humour, though less unctuous, was less cloying than Liston's and quite as peculiar. He was the best *Old Rapid* I ever saw. He

* How doctors differ! Miss O'Neill's comedy had many admirers; while a certain distinguished dramatist, now deceased, declared that her last scene in *Belvidera* was “ the d—ndest Saracenic feeling he ever witnessed!”

looked and played the simple, honest-hearted old tailor better than Munden, whose grimacing marred his fine powers by destroying the *vraisemblance*. Connor played the *Romeos* and *Jaffiers*—parts, his jovial, good-humoured countenance ill-qualified him for. He was the original *Dr. O'Toole*, which he certainly played well; but there was a hardness in his performances which rendered him inferior to Power or Johnstone in such characters. Thompson had every requisite for an actor—voice, person, feeling, energy; yet he perpetually disappointed you. Either from a want of judgment, or the power of controlling his impulses, he was unable to turn the advantages Nature has endowed him with to proper account. On the whole, however, he was a favourite. This actor gained an unpleasant popularity from personating *Lord Castlereagh* at the Coronation of George IV. at Drury Lane. Younger played the wet-blanket parts—blubbering old bores, or sermonizing old sinners one rejoices to see killed off. This actor had a habit of attaching an *a* to the end of every phrase, in the recitative of his declamation. Thus, if he had to say

“I cannot guess your drift.
Distrust you me?”

He made it

“I cannot-a guess your drift-a.
Distrust you me-a?”

Mathews whimsically illustrated this peculiarity in his performance *Artaxominous* in “*Bombastes Furioso*.”

Percy Farren, in Talbot's absence, led in comedy. Like Thompson, with every essential to form a first-rate *artiste*, he never hit the mark. He was not a bad actor, nor could he be called a good one. There was a provoking “betwixt-and-betweenishness,” about him, combined with a self-complacency, which rendered his position dangerous. I never saw Percy Farren play without sitting in dread of hearing him hissed. N. Jones was a treasure where actors were constantly throwing up engagements, or falling suddenly sick for want of their salaries. He could play any part on the shortest notice, from *Hamlet* down to *the Cock*. In surly old men and Frenchmen this actor was above mediocrity. Sloman's comic songs made him very popular with the gallery. Perhaps *Spado* was his best performance. One of his songs, describing a voracious personage, who ate up all the public buildings, and washed down his meal with the *Liffy*, concluded thus:

“And then he came—oh! terrible omen!—
To the theatre here, and swallow'd poor Sloman!”

I thought Johnston, who played countrymen, an outrageous caricaturist. Where he found his nature, or got his conceptions, heaven only knows! He must have had “an atmosphere and hemisphere of his own”—some *Laputa* nobody else had access to. How he maintained his position on the public boards was wonderful! This actor was called *Yorkshire* Johnston. The irony was intolerable.

But what fairy thing is this, that bounds, and skips, and wheedles with such a sun-shiny expression of countenance? 'Tis Rock, the stage manager's niece, in *Polly Honeycombe*. Though scarce sixteen, this charming girl displayed great aptitude for her profession. Where is she? What has become of her? Have years blanched those tresses? Has Time had the heart to stamp wrinkles on such a countenance? I'll not believe it!

See! Stewart next appears!

——— “And on my life,
Her husband had a mighty pretty wife.”

Her *Kitty of Coleraine* was a standing dish. She sang it every night, and sang it sweetly. Norton played sentimental misses, and little Lazenby, whose husband kept a pickle-shop, the *soubrettes* and would-be-fine ladies. Shortly after her marriage, this latter performed *Clementina Allspice*, and when she said, “Don’t spare the pickles, ladies and gentlemen, there’s plenty in the shop!” the audience shouted.

Then St. Pierre danced excellent comic dances, which he had the knack of concluding with a whimsical *à plomb*, while you—you, my dear Tom Cooke, presided over the department of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee—how ably I need not say. You were a musical *Caleb Quotem*—up to everything. You arranged the score, led in the orchestra, and played all the first operatic parts. You could take up any instrument, from a violin to a jew’s-harp, and “discourse most delicious music.” You must have come fiddling into the world, and, like a swan, will go singing out of it,—though not these fifty years, I hope for we shouldn’t like to lose you.

At the close of the Drury Lane season, Kean arrived in Dublin, accompanied, as I have already mentioned, by Pope. He made his *début* in *Richard*. I was present. The first three acts passed off very quietly. I began to sit uneasily. Thompson’s *Buckingham* bore off all the applause. At length *Richard* was roused, and the little man began to show himself! Then came the triumph of intellect over mere common-place:

“Give me a horse! Bind up my wounds!”

electrified the house. The applause was tremendous. From this point everything told. There could be no doubt of his success. The race was won. To parody O’Kelly’s words, it was Kean first, the rest nowhere.”

With greater beauties, Kean had greater defects than any of his contemporaries. He required the whirlwind and the storm to rouse him; but when roused, his instinct was infallible. Like another Niagara, the impetuous torrent of his genius rushed headlong and irresistible, but never deserted its channel. It was only when left to his cooler judgment that Kean erred. His soliloquies were unsatisfactory—his level scenes slurred over. He skipped from point to point, as if they were so many stepping-stones, disregarding what was intermediate, or forgetting how much the general effect of his performance depended upon it. His pauses were frequently misplaced, and many of his new readings absurd. On his *début*, in speaking the following passage,

“And many a time and oft upon the Rialto,” &c.

Kean made a pause after *time*; and this petty, inconsequential departure from the usual mode of giving the line, which, after all, might have been accidental, drew down such a tumult of applause, that Kean never played a new part without introducing one or more of these emendations. In like manner, the plaudits bestowed on his dying scene in *Richard* encouraged him to prolong such exhibitions.

He always treated the audience to a regular *assaut d'armes* on such occasions, concluding the combat, *à la Widdrington*, on his stumps. Latterly he got into the habit of suddenly dropping his voice, thrusting one hand into his bosom, tapping his forehead with the other, and striding into one corner of the proscenium. He probably resorted to this unworthy mode of extracting applause from physical exhaustion, just as an itinerant orator directs his *buffo* to blow the trumpet whenever his words or his ideas fail him. Nevertheless, Kean possessed more of what is understood by the word *genius* than any other actor. His *Luke*, *Richard*, *Othello*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, &c., have been too often and too ably commented on to require analysis here. There was one character, however, *Reuben Glenroy*, in which his performance was so masterly, that I cannot refrain from particularizing it. The part itself is mediocre, but it boasts some fine situations. Kean's silent despair when he is told that *Rosalie Somers* has eloped, was the finest piece of acting I ever witnessed, or probably ever shall witness. It was heart-rending. I have seen other actors in the situation—very good actors, too—but “oh! how unlike my Beverley!” I instance Kean's acting in this part more particularly, because it was the pure triumph of genius without auxiliaries. Nothing could be more common-place than the language he had to deliver, nothing less picturesque than his costume, nothing more mean than his appearance. In fact, he looked more like a gamekeeper, or parish constable, than a hero;—yet the audience were in tears.

Pity a man so highly gifted felt *gêne* among those best able to appreciate his talents!—more pitiable still that he should have delighted in society most injurious to his fame, his fortune, and his powers. The late Mr. Abbott assured me one night at Power's that the cashier at Coutt's told him that upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of Kean's money had passed through his hands—a sum larger by one-third than Garrick left behind him. At a *post mortem* examination, strange to say, Kean's lungs were found uninjured.

I was much struck with the peculiarities of the Dublin audience. The national anthem, followed by “St. Patrick's Day,” were invariably played in the course of every evening's performance at the Crow Street Theatre. These two airs constituted the barometer of public opinion. When pleased, Pat applauded *both*. But if things didn't go to his liking, he vented his spleen on the first, and applauded his own national air in proportion. At all times, the gallery *stamped* an accompaniment to this latter, as well as to all other popular airs, besides joining in chorus. But when a new Lord and Lady Lieutenant visited the theatre for the first time, Pat's peculiarities became most diverting.

“Pat Mooney!” shouts a voice in the gallery.

“Halloo!” answers Pat, from the opposite side.

Voice. Can you see 'em, Pat? (*Meaning the Lord and Lady Lieutenant.*)

Pat Mooney. I can.

Voice. Well, what's he like?

Pat Mooney. Oh, mighty like a grazier or middle-man. Any way, he has got a good long nose of his own. (*Loud laughter, in which his Lordship joins.*)

Voice. Is he clever, think you?

Pat Mooney. I'd be sorry to make him sinse-keeper. (*Laughter again.*)

Voice. Does he look good-natured?

Pat Mooney. Well, he does, and enjoys a joke, too,—Heaven bless him!—like a gentleman as he is.

Voice. Then we'll not have to send him back?

Pat Mooney. No, I don't think we shall. We may get a worse. (*Roars of laughter.*) They say he's mighty generous, and means to spend his money amongst us like a prince.

Gallery. Bravo! bravo! We'll keep him, then—we'll keep him. Three cheers, lads—three cheers for the Lord Lieutenant! (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Voice. Well, and what's *she* like, Pat?

Pat Mooney. Oh, nothing particular. She'd not frighten a horse. (*Roars, her Ladyship joining.*)

Voice. Is she tall?

Pat Mooney. Wait till she stands up.

Voice. May be she's stout, Pat?

Pat Mooney. Faix! you may say that. It isn't the likes of her lives on buttermilk. (*Roars.*)

Voice. D'ye think she's good-natured?

Pat Mooney. Oh, I'll engage she is. She has the raal blood in her, and there's plenty of it. (*Roars, and "Bravo!" from the Gallery.*)

Many Voices. She'll do then, Pat?

Pat Mooney. Och! she will—she will. I'll engage for her Ladyship.

Voices. We may keep her then, may we?

Pat Mooney. Och! the longer the better—the longer the better. (*Roars.*) It's her Ladyship that'll speak the good word for the man that's in thrubble, and never let the dacent woman want, that's in the straw—God bless her!

Gallery. Bravo! bravo! Three cheers for her Ladyship!—three cheers for the Lady Lieutenant! (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Pat Mooney (seeing the Lord Mayor). My sowl to ye! Dan Finnagan, is that you?

Gallery. Ah! ah! Is that you, Dan Finnagan?—is that you? (*Hisses and laughter.*)

Pat Mooney. Faix! it's good for the likes of us to see you down among the gintry there, Dan Finnagan! (*A loud laugh, at which his Lordship does not seem particularly pleased.*) Och! you needn't look up so sour at us! Many's the good time you've sat up here yourself;—you know it is, ye ould vinegar bottle! (*Roars.*)

Voice. Sure the world's gone well wid you any way, Dan Finnagan. Ye hadn't them white kid gloves—

Pat Mooney. No, nor that grand cocked hat there—

Voice. No, nor that white wand, ye cormorant! when you kept the chandler-shop, and cheated Mike Kelly out of a farden's-worth of pipes, and—

Gallery. Ah! ah! Who cheated Mike Kelly?—who cheated Mike Kelly. (*Great confusion, during which the orchestra strikes up.*)

I never passed the old tumble-down brick mansion facing the Liffy, belonging to the Moira family, without a glance of mingled curiosity and veneration. It was there the Marquis of Hastings, one of the first soldiers, statesmen, and gentlemen of his time, brought into notice the greatest lyric poet of his day. Within these deserted walls Moore

first warbled those early effusions of his eloquent, but too voluptuous, muse, which preceded those more chastened and not less impassioned productions upon which his reputation is based. If I mistake not, his "Fly not yet!" was an impromptu. At a party one night, the ladies rose to go. The gentlemen entreated the favour of their company a little longer. After much entreaty, they consented to stay, provided Mr. Moore would sing another song; on which he immediately *improvised* "Fly not yet!" adapting it to circumstances.

Amateur theatricals by the officers of the garrison occasionally took place at the Fish Shamble Street Theatre, for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital, and other public institutions, among which the Crow Street Theatre ought, in justice, to have been included, since the opposition thus set up greatly injured that establishment. The manager might have exclaimed with the frogs in the fable: "Gentlemen, this is sport to you, but it is death to us."

In the autumn I proceeded to Cork, where I witnessed similar performances for a similar purpose by The Apollo Society, an association of gentlemen belonging to "that beautiful city"—a phrase, *par parenthèse*, much more applicable to the ladies of Cork than Cork itself, which is, in truth, the ugliest city, for its size and pretensions, I ever saw. Among these amateurs was Mr. Milligan, the author of "The Groves of Blarney."

Miss Smithson, since so celebrated, played the heroines. This lovely girl, then in her seventeenth year, was the daughter of a well-known Irish manager. Though educated for the stage, she made an indifferent actress. Beautiful as the statue was, it wanted soul. She played sentimental misses and third-rate tragic parts for several seasons at Drury Lane. Fortunately, when she might have found it difficult to command a metropolitan engagement, Monsieur Laurent arrived in London to collect an English company for the Odeon, and engaged Miss Smithson to lead the business. Her success was immense. The Parisians rushed in crowds to applaud *La Belle Irlandaise*. Her uncommon beauty, fine person, and graceful action, combined with a thorough knowledge of the common-places of her art, enraptured the students of the *École des Droits* and the *École de Médecin*. Even her defects turned to account. The mincing precision with which she enunciated every syllable enabled her audience to follow her, and by flattering their *amour propre* added to the prepossession in her favour. From a similar reason, Abbott, who was a hard but distinct declaimer, also became a great favourite at the Odeon. But more of the Parisian-Anglo Theatre when I come to speak of Power.

Rogers, the master of the ceremonies at Cork, was a member of the Apollo Society. Poor fellow! he belonged to that numerous class in Ireland known as "gentlemen of fortune, who have spent all they had." Good-humoured, thoughtless, and socially disposed, he was glad, after squandering his patrimony, to obtain the situation he filled. He was a short, bustling, little person, with a large wen on his bald pate, and an indifferent good leg. As he danced well, and spoke French, he was cast for *Bagatelle* in "The Poor Soldier." *Dieu Merci!*—one would have thought the salvation of Ireland depended on his success! I never looked in at the theatre without finding Rogers rehearsing his part. He constantly occupied the stage to the great annoyance of the company and hindrance of business. He

talked, thought, dreamt of nothing but his intended performance, and must have pulled off a peck of buttons, at least, in forcibly detaining every one, to ascertain what they thought of his dancing. To punish him, a lump of lamp-black was placed on the chair on which he had to seat himself in *Nora's* cottage previous to his *pas seul*; and as he wore a short linen jacket, with white kerseymere smalls, the effect may be imagined! Whenever he turned his back-front to the audience in the course of his gyrations, the house was in a roar! They wouldn't suffer him to leave the stage, but encored him again and again, until at length he was compelled to make his exit from sheer exhaustion. His rage, when he discovered the trick, was excessive. Sir Andrew Agnew, then on a visit at Belmont, took great interest in these performances. He sometimes attended the rehearsals. But *tempora mutantur*—so do men!

I remarked one peculiarity in this part of Ireland. Every peasant I met asked me the same question, namely, *What time of day it was!* An Irish gentleman betted a dozen of claret with an English officer that he would ride from Cork to Mallow on a market-day without being once asked this question,—and won, too,—simply by putting the question *himself* before any other person could do so.

On my return to town, I became acquainted with one whose social qualities and eccentricities rendered him conspicuous for more than half a century among the artists and *litterati* of the metropolis, whom he delighted to assemble around his board. Perhaps a warmer heart than Peter Coxe's never beat! He was a perfect Quixote in his benevolence. Nothing stopped him. He overleaped all barriers, disregarded all *etiquettes*. Even Royalty could not escape his importunities. After exhausting his own exchequer, he made no scruple in attacking the exchequers of others, and more than one artist of celebrity has been rescued from oblivion by the timely assistance and indomitable exertions of Mr. Peter Coxe. I have sat at great men's feasts, quaffed the choicest vintages, while the goddesses of La Guerre and the masterpieces of Titian regaled my eye and stimulated my imagination. But commend me to such dinners as Peter Coxe gave in Wilmot Street. Peter was the true *Lucullus*, *le Véritable Amphitryon*. True, our fare was simple—the *ménage* homely—we drank humble port; but the company came in—*hackney coaches!*

“Each guest brought himself, and he brought the best dish.”

One never met merely fashionable or common-place people at Peter's. Every one was willing, and as able as willing, to contribute to the common stock, and promote the general enjoyment.

“Don't mind me, gentlemen,” said Peter, as soon as the cloth was removed; “enjoy yourselves. There's more wine in the corner there.” And with this injunction he took his siesta, during which we plied the bottle pretty freely, not forgetting to drink “our *absent* host,” though without the honours, for fear of disturbing his slumbers. Awaking like a giant refreshed, Peter came out remarkably strong with his speeches and anecdotes. To be sure, these latter, like Farmer Flam-borough's, were long spun out and generally about himself. What then?—we had laughed at them before, and had no objection to laugh at them again, which we did right merrily too,—poor Peter!

Peter's *cheval de bataille* was a story about somebody's dog at Battersen, which was regularly sent with a basket, containing the money,

to fetch hot rolls for breakfast. One morning Master Pompey received a bad halfpenny in change; "upon which," concluded Peter, looking fiercely around, "the dog never went to that shop again—he changed his baker!"

Then he used to relate how he happened to be present when Garrick took his leave of the stage;—how some wag, who wanted a seat, cried out, "Mr. Smith's wife is taken ill!" How innumerable Mr. Smiths started up and left the house;—how much better it would have been if Garrick had omitted the concluding paragraph of his address, &c. &c. Once, too, he had passed an evening with Henderson and his wife—an event he rather plumed himself upon. "I met them," quoth Peter with much complacency, "at the house of my friend Mr. Chapman of Saville Gardens, Crutched Friars. Chapman was a ship-broker, and very intimate with the Hendersons, who lived, at the time I speak of, in the Adelphi, into which they moved from their house in Archer Street, the back of which looked out on Hunter's Museum. We dined at half-past four, I remember—then a fashionable hour—and Henderson made himself very agreeable. He struck me as not unlike Dignum, the singer; so, of course, you know, his person couldn't be very much in his favour. In fact, it was more suited for *Falstaff* than *Hamlet* or *Don John*, though he played all three capitally, sir—oh, capitally!—especially *Falstaff*. Indeed, he was the best *Falstaff* I ever saw, and the best reader—I wish you could have heard Henderson read, sir! I always made a point of attending his readings at the Freemasons': I would n't have missed them on any account. It was impossible to say which he excelled in most—the comic or the pathetic. After making us all cry at the story of 'Le Fevre,' he convulsed us with laughter when he read 'Johnny Gilpin.' His wife's maiden name was Figgins, so he always called her Fins."

Peter recollected Wilkes in his scarlet coat and bag-wig. The fish-women, as they passed him, used to cry out, "God bless your dear squinting eyes!"—a salutation the author of the *North Briton* invariably acknowledged by taking off his gold-laced hat, and making them a very low bow.

Barry the artist had been intimate with Peter. This extraordinary man never dined out without presenting his host with eighteen-pence. "I was forced to comply with this strange custom whenever he dined with me," said Peter, "otherwise he would have left the table." Perhaps Barry took the idea from Swift, who, on Pope's dropping in late one night, forced two shillings into his hand, saying, "I'm resolved I won't save by you. That's what your supper would have cost me if you had come in time." But what passed off as an oddity in Swift became unpardonable when adopted as a principle, and evinced a narrowness of thinking little expected in an artist—and an Irishman.

Oliver, the Associate, often dined in Wilmot Street. He was a pleasant, unassuming man, who enjoyed his wine, cracked his walnuts, and took the world *en philosophe*. Poor Oliver! there was something touching in the resignation with which he bore the failure of his early hopes. As a young man, he displayed uncommon talent, and was elected an Associate. But whether misfortune paralyzed his powers, or those powers were limited, his subsequent performances evinced anything but improvement; and at the time I knew him he was earn-

ing a scanty subsistence by painting fruit-pieces, which he was glad to dispose of at any price. I never heard a murmur or a harsh word escape Oliver's lips,—which is the more commendable, as artists are by no means remarkable for such forbearance, but usually “rate at Lady Fortune in good set terms,” and abuse their contemporaries. The Academy very properly took Oliver's case into consideration. They made him librarian, if I mistake not.

Pyne, the author of “Wine and Walnuts,” was also a frequent guest at Peter's. A remarkably pleasant, entertaining, companion was Pyne, particularly for the small hours. Like Pelham's Guloseton, “the tip of his nasal organ was of a more ruby tinge” than the rest of his countenance. Nor did he belie this sign of good fellowship, for he was an excellent trencher-man, liked his wine, and overflowed with anecdote, which he told well; though, like most good *causeurs*, he was rather apt to engross a lion's share in the conversation. “Wine and Walnuts,” is, in all respects, a remarkable work. So perfect is the *vraisemblance* that it is impossible to suppose it fiction, or that the author had not access to authentic documents from which he derived his *matériel*. But Pyne assured me this was not the case. He assured me the volumes were purely imaginative,—that he had merely appropriated the characters, and placed them in such situations as he conceived might make them most amusing—and most amusing they certainly are. Pyne was also an excellent artist; his landscapes in water colours were in great request. Ward, Papworth, Lugar, Constable, Robertson, Oakley, Cruickshanks, Lough, with one or two others, made up our microcosm. Jackson, too, made a point of dining with Peter once a year on his favourite dish—a bullock's heart dressed *hare fashion*.

Peter Coxe had a strong feeling for the arts, but it was purely technical. He also wrote verses with great facility. His “Social Day” is an agreeable poem. It breathes throughout the purest philanthropy, and is admirably illustrated. The paintings from which the illustrations are engraved, were presents from the different artists, among whom was Wilkie. Five hundred copies of this elegant work perished when Moyes's printing-office was burnt down; a loss which seriously embarrassed the author, who was unable, in consequence of this accident, to take up his note, which Sir John Soane held for a considerable sum. This preyed a good deal on Peter Coxe's mind, which Sir John no sooner heard, than he sent for him; and after rallying his old friend for suffering such a trifle to discompose him, very handsomely tossed the note into the fire; resolved that that element should at least make him some compensation for the loss it had occasioned him. Peter Coxe, also, made considerable progress in adapting passages from the Iliad to the heroes of Waterloo, illustrated by copious notes, containing an immense mass of matter, much of which was original, and had been collected from various sources, at the expense of much time and trouble by the compiler. This idea, promptly acted on, might have been turned to good account. But alack! Peter, like most authors who enjoy learned leisure, was too fond of reading what he had written—the work lingered—more active writers forestalled him in the market, and the opportunity was lost. Peter, however, never abandoned the design of publishing this Anglo-Iliad; and it is certain he never left off reading it. This constituted, in fact, his ruling passion. Indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate Peter Coxe's

propensity in this particular. You couldn't be five minutes in his company before out came the black book, plethoric with his Iliad, and to it went, frequently without the least preface or hint of his intention, to the extreme astonishment of those who were not aware of his peculiarity, who couldn't conceive what in the world he was at, and took him for a maniac. Once fairly entered, the Lord have mercy on his auditors, for Peter never had! His wind never failed him: it was impossible to speculate on his stopping. He had the lungs of a locomotive, and never slackened speed for want of fuel. I sometimes took a malicious pleasure in luring others into the vortex. It was high fun to see them gradually driven to the extremity of their complaisance, suppressing their yawns, grunting out their eulogiums, looking wistfully at the door, and escaping—when they could! I once played Power this trick, and called with him one wet morning in Wilmot Street, in the hope of again enjoying his agonies. But Tyrone was too wary. He was not to be caught a second time.

"If it's the same to you, my dear C.," said he, muffling himself up in his cloak, "I'll wait for you here, comfortably under this waterspout."

One day, during Robertson's absence "i' the North," Peter called in Gerrard Street.

"Where's Mr. Cruickshanks?" inquired Peter.

"Up stairs, sir," said the old woman who opened the door.

"Call him down."

"Yes, sir."

Down plumped Peter, out came the black book, and in came Cruickshanks, then a pupil of Robertson's and recently arrived from Scotland.

"Call Bob," said Peter, glancing from the paper he was reading.

"Here! Bob!"

Up ran Bob, boot in hand, with the polishing brush.

"All here?" said Peter.

"Yes, sir."

"Then lock the street-door and bring in the key."

"Sir!"

"Do as I bid you!"

The woman obeyed, wondering, like Cruickshanks and Bob, what in the world it all meant.

"Have you done it?" said Peter sharply.

"Yes, sir. Here's the key."

"Now, sit down all of you," pursued Peter, with a flourish, "and I'll give you a treat."

Simple souls! they thanked him, and obeyed.

"Hope it's lollipop," prayed Bob, as he rubbed the corner of his nose with the polishing brush.

Poor boy! he was not kept in suspense. Peter no sooner had them at a dead lock, than he began—and ended *when he had read them all down!*

Poor Peter! Latterly he was reduced to knock wherever he saw a house to let, and find auditors in the old crones who guarded the premises.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY MRS. ROMER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

"Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture."

Troilus and Cressida.

HOLLAND, which in point of scenery is the least picturesque country in the world to travel through offers, as a set-off to the absence of natural beauties, some of the most picturesque interiors of houses that the lovers of *rococo* and *moyen age* art could desire to behold. Not to mention the famous village of Brok, whose inhabitants may be termed the Chinese of Europe, where innovation has never been allowed to set its foot, and where from century to century nothing changes save the new generation which succeeds to the old, there are Delft, and Leyden, and Haarlem, and a few other unsophisticated Dutch towns, in some of the out-of-the-way nooks of which exist quaint-looking antiquated mansions, which are venerable Dutch pictures *without*—valuable museums *within*,—where fashion and frivolity have not yet penetrated, and where the perfect keeping of the whole transports the beholder in imagination three centuries back. It was our good fortune to obtain the *entrée* into one of these old-world habitations in our passage through Haarlem. We had been furnished by our banker at Rotterdam with an introduction to a wealthy inhabitant of the former place; and upon presenting our credentials, we were invited to dine with him upon the following day at the patriarchal hour of two.

The house of our hospitable entertainer offered in its interior arrangements one of those rich treats which picture-fanciers and curiosity-mongers so eminently enjoy; it would have furnished forth two or three of the most luxurious *bric-à-brac* shops in London or Paris. That which rendered it peculiarly interesting in our eyes was the owner's assurance that every object we beheld (with one solitary exception, which will hereafter be specified) had devolved to him by descent,—all were family relics—nothing had been gathered up at sales or curiosity shops to complete the perfect keeping of the antiquated display; and in corroboration of his remark, he pointed out to us the armorial bearings of his family and the cyphers of various of its representatives carved in the massive oak and ebony *bahuts*, surmounting the high-backed chairs, entwined with the quaint devices of the tapestry and stamped leather hangings, or cut into the antique flacons, goblets, and drinking-glasses that filled the corner cupboards of the principal sitting-room.

The pictures were not numerous—chiefly portraits, but each separate one a gem of art, and presenting collectively a series of the greatest names of the Dutch school, from Van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting in the commencement of the fifteenth century, to Van der Helst, who flourished two hundred years later. But amidst the array of unmeaning faces to which the genius of Holbein, and Gerard Dow, and Van Dyck, and Miereveld, &c. &c. had imparted a redeeming grace, one picture arrested our attention, from the singularity of the subject it represented, and the contrast it offered

both in style and colouring to the rest of the collection, being the only specimen of Italian art to be found there. It bore unquestionable evidence of belonging to the Venetian school, possessing all the brilliant colouring, the gorgeous warmth, and life-like freedom of Titian's or Giorgione's manner, and, as its possessor assured us, was attributed to the great Titian himself. It was placed upon an easel in the centre of the room, and was furnished on both sides with ebony doors like a cabinet. The side, which was open when we were attracted towards it, represented the interior of a chamber, in which were placed two figures,—a man dressed in the Spanish costume of the time of Philip the Second, supporting upon his left arm the fainting form of a young and beautiful woman; while with his right hand he points to the open door of a closet, within which is suspended a human skeleton. An expression of cold calculating cruelty characterizes the countenance of the man, whose eyes appear to flash with triumphant vengeance as they fix themselves upon those of his horror-stricken companion; while the face of the woman exhibits traces of agony and dismay in the midst of the helpless insensibility that is fast pervading it.

"Can this be a family relic too? or was it merely the distempered fancy of the artist that conjured up so strange a subject? or does it represent some historical fact, of which we have hitherto remained in ignorance?" were the cogitations that silently passed through our mind as we stood before the picture, examining its details. Our host appeared intuitively to read our thoughts; for, laying his hand upon it, he said:

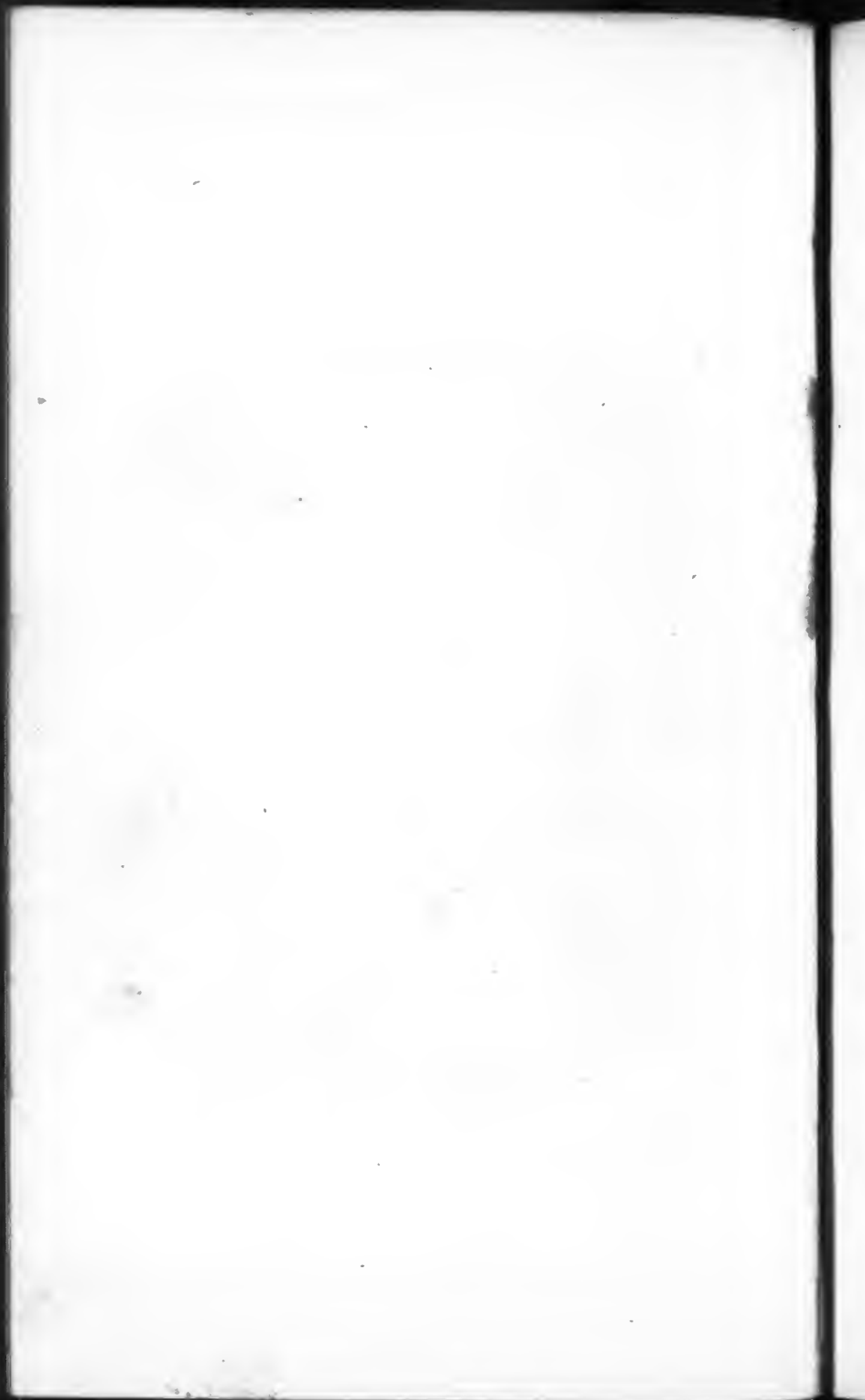
"That picture records a dark passage in the life of the celebrated Andrea Vesale, who was connected with my ancestors by marriage, his wife having been of the same blood with myself. Here is her portrait."

And leading us to the other side of the picture, he unclosed the doors, and the portrait of a young female was revealed to our gaze, vividly painted by the same hand that had executed the strange subject on the other side. The countenance bore as strong a resemblance to the fainting woman there delineated as it is possible for a face in repose to do with one disordered by violent emotion. There were the same delicate features, the same transparently fair complexion of blush roses and lilies intermingled, the same light golden locks and clear blue eyes, the same blond eyebrows and white forehead laced with azure veins; fair almost to a fault, sweet almost to insipidity, yet lovely to look upon from the expression of innocence and peace that breathed in every line of the soft and passionless aspect. The costume was almost pagan in its careless lightness, consisting of those floating draperies which leave exposed in the most becoming manner the symmetry of throat, bosom, and arms, and may with equal propriety be bestowed upon goddess, saint, or martyr. It would appear that the fair original was intended to represent one of the second named worthies, as in one corner of the painting were inscribed the words, "Sancta Isabella, ora pro nobis," and beneath them the date of 1565.

"It is odd enough," remarked the master of the house, "that although that frame, such as you see it, contains a family portrait and a family record, yet nevertheless it forms an exception to the remainder of my collection, (which I have already told you has for



The Story of a Picture



several generations descended from father to son,) inasmuch as that it fell into my father's possession by mere chance, having been picked up by him a great many years ago at a broker's shop in Brussels for a mere nothing. The peculiarity of the subject first attracted him, and through the dirt and smoke with which the picture was defaced he was enabled to trace such a resemblance between the Sancta Isabella and an original portrait in his possession as induced him to purchase it. He felt persuaded that both must have been painted from the same model, and other circumstances, which I shall hereafter explain, led him to believe that that model had come of the same race with himself. And now I will shew you the original portrait. It is the gem of my collection."

And moving onward, he pointed to an antiquated black frame containing an exquisitely finished picture of a young woman, painted in that peculiar style, finely touched as a miniature, which has so closely assimilated a very few of the portraits of Leonardo da Vinci with the happiest efforts of Holbein as to leave it a matter of doubt and controversy to which master the *chef-d'œuvre* might be attributed.* The likeness to the fair Saint was so striking as not to be mistaken, notwithstanding the difference of costume and the prim and demure air which characterize the formal and unbecomingly-dressed portraits of Holbein's school; but if any doubt remained on the mind of the spectator as to the identity of the subject, it must have vanished before the name of Isabella inserted in old German text upon a little scroll in one corner: "Isabella Van Steenwyk, 1540."

"I told you," resumed our host, "that the double picture was bought by my father at a *fripier's* shop in Brussels, and that it came into his hands in a lamentably degraded condition; but as his practised eye had immediately discovered its value, his first care was to place it in a picture-cleaner's hands, to have it properly restored; and to that effect he himself removed the two paintings from their frame (the same in which you now see them). In doing this he discovered a large sheet of vellum, closely written over in Latin, inserted between the two boards, the contents of which threw a strange light upon the pictures and personages they represented. So interesting did that document appear in my father's estimation, that he made the most indefatigable researches to discover by what means the picture had come into the possession of the broker who had sold it to him. All that he could ever ascertain, however, was, that at the period of the suppression of all monastic orders by the Emperor Joseph the Second, throughout his dominions, a quantity of pictures and other property, belonging to various convents in the Low Countries, had been sold, and that the painting in question had been bought, together with other lumber, from a monastery of Dominican fathers in Brussels. My father caused the Latin manuscript to be carefully translated, and, if you have any curiosity to know its contents, I will shew you a French copy of it, as well as the original document itself."

After dinner the curious old parchment and its translation were produced; and while the gentlemen retired to a smoking-pavilion at the extremity of the garden to enjoy the delights of cigars and

* One of these disputed pictures is in the Dresden Gallery, the celebrated portrait of Duke Sforza of Milan.

schiedam, we seated ourselves opposite to the picture already described, and eagerly perused the manuscript account of it which had been entrusted to us, pausing, however, occasionally, to raise our eyes to the painting, and compare the lineaments there portrayed with the written sentences which were revealing to us the miuds and characters of the personages it represented, as distinctly as the canvas did their features. The manuscript ran as follows:—

“The name and fame of Andrea Vesale will descend to the latest posterity, despite the successful intrigues that deprived the world of his talents while yet in the meridian of life. When the names of his persecutors have been long consigned to oblivion, *his* will survive in the grateful memory of future generations as the creator of a new science, the benefactor of suffering humanity, the man who braved prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, in order to alleviate the ills which flesh is heir to. His faults will then be forgotten;—his good deeds will alone be remembered;—for the failings of men of genius become lost in the blaze of light which their great achievements shed over their memory. Yet the judgments of the world, its condemnation and applause, are equally worthless, vain as they are shallow, and but too often pronounced in that spirit of mental shortsightedness which can discern nothing beyond the surface. The eye of an all-seeing God penetrates into the inmost recesses of the human heart, reads the dark secrets that lie hidden there from mortal ken, weighs and measures the motives and actions of men, and, sooner or later, *even here*, metes them out reward or punishment according to their desert, although the time and the method of the infliction may have no perceptible link with the good or evil deeds that have brought upon their doers recompense or retribution. And the most hardened sinner, or the veriest hypocrite, while writhing under the crushing force of one of these Divine visitations, must acknowledge to himself: ‘Though I be wrongfully accused in this instance, yet have I merited more than I am now enduring, by the undetected wickedness of my past life. This is not *persecution*—this is but *justice!*’

“Thus has it been with Andrea Vesale; and those who may at some distant period discover this writing, and ponder over its contents, will feel the force of the foregoing observations. May the punishment which has overtaken Andrea Vesale in this world for a deed of which he was guiltless, be accepted as an expiation, in part, of a far more terrible crime,—one which even the vigilance of his enemies never suspected, and which he vainly hoped had in like manner escaped the visitation of a higher Power, until retribution fell upon him in another form, and forced him to feel that the vengeance of the Almighty is not to be eluded. So be it.

“Andrea Vesale first saw the light in the city of Brussels A.D. 1514. His father was an apothecary, attached to the personal service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and Governess of the Low Countries. Providence conferred upon him the double advantage of being a native of the land which divides with Italy the glory of being the richest and the most enlightened among the nations of the earth, and of coming into the world at a period when a general and healthy ferment in the minds of men had in a great measure tended to break through and disperse the stagnant scum of ignorance and barbarism which had hitherto

obscured them. Already had this irrepressible movement led to results the most glorious, and the several discoveries of gunpowder, of printing, and the still more important one of the New World, in opening a boundless field for the energies of mankind, had given a new and ennobling direction to their destinies. The spirit of the times in which Vesale was born naturally influenced his character and pursuits, and tended to develop the peculiar bent of his genius. In an age when discovery had become the ruling passion of men's minds, nothing of minor importance appeared worthy of exciting Vesale's energies; and in the aim and attainment of his noble ambition, difficulties, dangers, and obstacles that would have daunted and discouraged one less determined, served only to lend new strength to his efforts to advance himself in the career he had chosen.

"His parents had educated him for the medical profession; his own peculiar genius directed him to the study of anatomy, which he pursued with an ardour that led to the most successful results. Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood, as scarcely to merit that the term of 'science' should be applied to the dim and confused ideas entertained of it. The prejudices which had led the ancients to consider the contact, or even the aspect, of a dead body a pollution, only to be effaced by numerous ablutions and expiatory ceremonies, and which in the middle ages had caused the dissection of a *creature made after God's image* to be classed amongst those sacrilegious acts that merited no less a punishment than death, had survived the barbarism of the remote periods in which they had originated; and so recently as the commencement of the present century (1500), the professors of chirurgery throughout Europe had contented themselves with anatomizing swine, monkeys, and other animals, which are reputed to bear some organic resemblance to the human species. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science. Surmounting, with admirable courage and constancy, the disgust, the terror, and even the peril, inseparable from the description of labour to which he had devoted himself, he was to be seen passing whole days and nights in the cemeteries, surrounded by the festering remnants of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals, left there to be devoured by the carrion bird.

"He successively prosecuted his studies at Louvain and Paris, and then went on to Italy, where the fame of his genius had preceded him, so that, on his arrival in that country, he was invited by its various governments to teach anatomy publicly in the medical schools of Pavia, Bologna, and Pisa. It was on his return from Italy that he sojourned at Basle, where he published the first edition of his great work upon anatomy, embellished with plates, executed for it by his illustrious friend, Titian of Venice; and it was at Basle, at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, that Vesale first beheld Isabella Van Steenwyk, the daughter of a merchant of Haarlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life.

"Vesale was then scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of his well-directed ambition. His

name had become famous throughout Europe; wherever he sojourned, pupils flocked from all directions to study under him. He enjoyed the countenance and friendship of the celebrated men of the day. Erasmus, Melancthon, Veltwyck, Verazio, Holbein, and Titian were proud to be numbered among his friends. The publication of his work upon anatomy had put the finishing touch to his renown; for the first time since the art of surgery had been practised, the human organs were correctly described and represented:—to adopt an eloquent expression of one of his biographers, Vesale ‘had discovered a new world!’—he had shed light and certainty upon those unknown regions of science, where all had been previously darkness and doubt. One circumstance alone was wanting to make up the sum of his worldly honours, and it came to him unsolicited and unsought for, as though fortune had resolved upon satiating him with prosperity. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, informed by public rumour of the extraordinary talents of the young professor, and desirous of fixing him at his court, bestowed upon Vesale the important charge of his first physician,—a nomination which placed him in confidential attendance upon the sovereign’s person.

“It was in the very moment when these honours were so fast accumulating upon Vesale’s head, as to take from him the possibility of forming another wish on the score of ambition, that for the first time a softer sentiment asserted its sway over him, and forced him to feel that the heart has its cravings also. Hitherto study and research had been his absorbing passion, Science the only bride he had yearned to possess; and so fully had the pursuit of her engrossed his energies, as to leave him not a thought for other loves. At the moment when that pursuit had been attained, Vesale first beheld Isabella Van Steenwyk, and a vision of happiness, which he had never before dreamed of, dawned upon him from her calm blue eyes. The family of Van Steenwyk was a wealthy and honourable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position which the latter had acquired for himself entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. He made his proposals to Cornelius Van Steenwyk for the hand of his fair daughter, and obtained it. The son of the Princess Margaret’s apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Haarlem burgher; the Emperor’s first physician was accepted by him as the most eligible of sons-in-law. The marriage was solemnized with as little delay as possible, and Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles the Fifth then held his court.

“Vesale was a man of great determination of character, of strong feelings and violent passions, capable of the extremes of love and hatred, of the most unlimited devotion and the most relentless rancour. He would have faced any danger to have served a friend, and would have doomed himself to eternal perdition to have avenged himself upon an enemy; but he was ignorant of all those nicer intermediate shades of sentiment which soften and humanize the character, rendering it at once more lovely and more loving, more discriminating and more indulgent; and he scorned, as effeminate and unworthy of him, the gallantries and graceful attentions which youthful wives look upon as their prerogative, and which, although but too often merely the semblance of love, are often, too, more

effectual in winning woman's confidence and tenderness than love itself.

"No two natures could be more dissimilar than those of Vesale and his wife; she was gentle, calm, and undemonstrative, not to be roused into any violent evidence of love or anger, and so even-tempered as to be pronounced by many apathetic. Her fair and serene countenance was the mirror of a soul as serene, yet was she capable of great depth of feeling, although her natural timidity prevented the silent workings of her heart from appearing on the surface. She loved her husband truly, but there was so much of awe mingled with her affection, as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demeanour towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupations was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature was one that required skilful drawing out and tender fostering; Vesale unfortunately understood nothing of that sort; he mistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly: this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

"Amidst the gallantries of Seville—where for a woman to be young and attractive, was to command the attentions and authorize the devotion of the other sex—it was no difficult task to arouse the susceptibilities of a suspicious husband. Vesale's talents and position in the Emperor's household had brought him into contact with all the men of learning and science about the court; the fame of his wife's beauty soon conferred upon him another sort of distinction; and although at first, in accordance with the housewifely habits of her country, she rarely shewed herself in public except to go to mass, enough was seen of her on those occasions to render an acquaintance with the husband of one so fair the object of many a gay courtier's ambition. Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time very seriously believed that his own scientific conversation was the attraction that drew them thither. It is true, indeed, that at first the young wife shewed her usual calm indifference to the brilliant society by which she was surrounded, and to the admiration and adulation that followed her wherever she was seen: but at last something in her countenance and manner whenever one particular person appeared, or that even his name was mentioned in her presence, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins.

"That person was Don Alvar de Solis; and as he was young, handsome, gay, and insinuating, and reputed to be at once the most successful and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever that nobleman was in her presence, and the vain attempt she ever made to repress them; but he forbore any remark to her on the subject, and contained himself so far as to prevent her perceiving that he was on the watch. The general conduct of Don Alvar was more calculated to baffle suspicion; it was marked by the ease and freedom of perfect indifference; and of all the men frequenting Vesale's house he was the one who apparently paid the least attention to the mistress of it.

This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not on one occasion, when his back was turned towards Don Alvar, perceived him, in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella with an expression not to be mistaken; while she with downcast looks, yet apparently conscious of the ardent gaze bent upon her, grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, and fearful of betraying it, rose and left the room.

“Shortly after this, Vesale received a letter in an unknown handwriting, and bearing no signature; it contained only these words, but they were sufficient to raise a whirlwind in his mind:

“‘Look to your wife and Don Alvar de Solis, and be not deceived by appearances. They only wait a fitting opportunity to dishonour you. Even now he carries about the glove she dropped for him at mass.’

“Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual mode of avenging himself, nor paused to consider whether the impending blow to his honour might not be averted by judicious means; with him the intention of injury and the commission of it were the same thing,—there was no more mercy in his heart for those who aimed at his dishonour, than for those who had already compassed it. His wife and her paramour were guilty in thought—he would deal with them as though they had been so in deed; besides, who might say that they were not so already?

“His resolution was promptly taken. He had established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova; he obtained the Emperor’s permission to visit them, and quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but he went no further than Carmona (a few leagues distant), and returning secretly from thence during the night, he concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him at some distance from his abode in the Alcazar, and which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and a dissecting-room. He had taken no person into his confidence,—he was alone with his vengeance, and he listened only to its counsels. At dusk, on the following evening, he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman’s mantle and hood, and left a letter at Don Alvar’s habitation. That letter contained an embroidered glove belonging to Isabella, and these words:

“‘I have obtained the key of Vesale’s laboratory during his absence. Be at the gate of it an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella. To bring you here would be to betray us both to the servants. Silence and discretion. Remember, that my honour and my life are in your hands.’

“The assignation was punctually kept by Don Alvar de Solis; at half an hour past midnight he left his house alone, but he never returned to it. Whither he had gone none could say, nor could any trace of him ever be discovered. It was supposed that he must have missed his footing, and fallen into the Guadalquiver, near to which his abode was situated, and that his body had been swept away by its waves into the ocean; but whatever had been his fate, it remained a mystery for the people of Seville.

“Such an occurrence was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it happened; and when Vesale returned home three weeks afterwards, the disappearance of Don Alvar de Solis was still the theme of every tongue. Vesale had been recalled to

Seville by the illness of his wife, and he found her struggling with intermittent fever, reduced and changed in appearance, but in accordance with her placid nature stifling all complaint, although unable to surmount the languor of spirits incidental to the malady that was preying upon her. Her illness and depression were attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alvar, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings: yet he did not allow his feelings to betray him, and Isabella had no suspicion that anything extraordinary was passing in her husband's mind. The first greetings over, no conversation passed between them, save that which had reference to her indisposition, and when Vesale had prescribed some remedies for his wife to take, he left her to wait upon the Emperor, saying that he would return for the evening repast; and she did not see him again until nightfall.

"It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honour to her patron Saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding-dress, and seating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alcazar gardens, she watched for his coming. But while her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing by her side.

"'I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study,' said he, and taking her hand he led her away to the room in question, dismissed the attendant, and closed the door.

"There were lights and flowers in profusion, and a table spread with delicate viands, and silver bowls piled up with fruit, and crystal beakers filled with sparkling wines, and everything wore a festive air, yet the repast was cheerless; for although Isabella exerted herself to be gay, the silence and preoccupation of her husband soon scared away her timid spirits. Perceiving that she tasted of nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir into a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her, 'Drink this,' he said, 'it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from.'

"'Pledge me in the draught,' she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask of Malaga, and handing it to him, 'and it will bring quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friends, Andrea.' Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"'Talking of absent friends,' said he, suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, 'you have not yet spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis: are all hopes of hearing of him relinquished?'

"Isabella started and blushed; the mere mention of that name had ever been sufficient to disturb her serenity, 'Nothing is known of him,' she stammered—'a strange mystery envelopes his disappearance.'

"'What if I should be able to clear it up,' returned her husband, 'and tell you wherefore he has disappeared and whither he has gone?' and before Isabella could command herself sufficiently to reply to this astounding declaration, Vesale continued, 'Don Alvar de Solis was a braggart and a libertine; he boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions—that no husband ever suspected the injury he was preparing for him; and he had met with fools and wantons

enough to justify the assertion. But at last his dishonourable projects were seen through,—at last he encountered one who could dissemble as well as himself. He had condescended to become the friend of a man his inferior in birth and rank, in order that he might rob him of his wife's affections; the husband was loaded by him with demonstrations of friendship—to the wife he evinced nothing but careless indifference. This semblance of coldness was for *the world* and *the husband*, but in private he plied the lady of his love with passionate declarations and burning letters, and worked upon her soft nature until she reciprocated his passion, and could not behold him without betraying the guilty emotions of her heart. The husband was obliged to absent himself from Seville; but he knew that the lovers only sighed for the moment when his presence would cease to be a barrier to their unrestricted meetings, and he therefore took such measures as would effectually prevent their profiting by his absence. He contrived to become the guardian of Don Alvar's person. But on his return home, moved by the silent sorrow of his wife, he determined to procure her the satisfaction of a last interview with her lover.—He brought Don Alvar for that purpose secretly to the house, concealed him in a closet, and when the lady least expected such a surprise, he threw open the door, even as I now do.'

"And grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to a door at the further end of the room, and throwing it wide open, revealed to her view a human skeleton suspended within, holding in one of its bony hands one of her own embroidered gloves.

"'Behold,' he continued, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, 'the gallant and beautiful Don Alvar de Solis—the object of your guilty love! Contemplate him well, if the sight can render your last moments happier, for you are about to die too;—the wine I have just given you was poisoned!'

"Isabella's conscious feelings had led her to listen to the first part of her husband's discourse with a trembling apprehension that took from her the power of interrupting him; but when the last dreadful sentence, and its still more dreadful illustration, burst upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion; the scream which had risen to her throat died there in strangled murmurs, and sinking back, she fell as one dead upon the arm of Vesale.

"She was not dead, however; he had *not* poisoned her—that crime he had hesitated to commit; yet he was not the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, born of terror too intense for a nature so fragile as hers to contend with; then came death-like lethargy; time and space were annihilated for her; she neither knew night nor day—her mind was chaos. And at last she died; and in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, Vesale, who had never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying instants of the holy. Awaking from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once to her, and with them a calm and a courage which she had never possessed when in the flush of life.

"'Andrea,' she said, fixing her dim eyes upon her husband, 'I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent! I swear to you, by the Passion of our Saviour, by the sorrows of his blessed Mother,

that I never wronged you in thought or deed. Don Alvar pursued me with his love and his threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you! I feared and honoured you even as much as I loved;—but I dared not tell you of his pursuit,—I even dreaded that you should perceive the anger his presence ever occasioned me, knowing as I did that he came to your house only to deceive you. O Andrea! believe my words!—the dying deal not in falsehood. Should I be thus calm were I guilty? O holy Saint Isabella! she continued, raising her clasped hands, ‘intercede with the Queen of Heaven for me, that she may vouchsafe some sign that shall persuade my husband of my innocence!’

“Scarcely had she uttered these words when a strain of music floated through the room, of such solemn and unearthly sweetness that it was like the golden harps of angels blending with the song of the seraphim. Isabella heard it, and cast her eyes upward in silent thanksgiving. Vesale heard it too, for, sinking upon his knees, he solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and with choking sobs adjured her to believe that he had only feigned to give her poison,—that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life,—that the terror of death, and not death itself, was upon her! And while he yet spoke, Isabella murmured, ‘Thanks be to heaven for this!’ and, drawing his hand towards her, laid it upon her heart, and as she did so it ceased to beat.

* * * * *

“Long years passed away. Charles the Fifth had abdicated, and Philip the Second had succeeded to the throne of Spain, and removed his court from Seville to Madrid. Vesale had become to the son what he had been to the father, and his worldly honours and credit continued in the ascendant, and in the midst of his prosperity the dark secret of his heart had ceased to torment him. But at the end of twenty years of unparalleled favour, during which he had been the friend and companion, as well as the physician, of two of the greatest sovereigns in Europe, and that his influence with them had enabled him to resist even the powerful Inquisition in the prosecution of his favourite science, a strange and unmerited accusation suddenly precipitated him from the height of favour to the lowest abyss of misfortune. It was averred that while Vesale was opening the body of a Spanish gentleman, in order to ascertain the cause of his death, the heart had been seen to palpitate beneath his dissecting-knife, thus proving that life had not departed when the operator had commenced his rash experiment. This accusation was wholly false, Vesale was too skilful to have committed so deplorable an error; yet it obtained credence among the ignorant, and the envy and bad faith of his enemies failed not to distort and exaggerate the circumstance. The Inquisition took up the affair, and required that the death of Vesale should expiate the unnatural crime of which he had been guilty. Philip the Second vainly attempted to shield his favourite from that dread power; he even descended to supplication: but all that he could obtain was, that the punishment of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and Vesale accordingly quitted Madrid, and set forth for Jerusalem.

“Various and painful were his adventures in the land of exile; but at last, his penance being over, he embarked at Jaffa to return to Europe. The ship in which he sailed had not been many days at

sea when so violent a tempest arose that the oldest seaman on board had never witnessed anything so terrific. Rudder, and compass, and masts were all carried overboard by the raging billows, and the vessel having become unmanageable, was driven before the wind towards the islands of the Greek Archipelago, where she struck upon a sunken rock, and began rapidly to fill with water. It soon became evident that there was no salvation for her; the only boat that had not been washed overboard was lowered and manned, but the rush of frantic wretches trying to save themselves was so great that the frail bark immediately upset, and every soul in her perished. In that awful predicament Vesale lashed himself to a spar, and quitting the sinking ship, committed himself to the mercy of the waves. He was drifted away far from the wreck, and picked up several hours afterwards by a Cyprus galley, bound for Venice; from the crew of which he received all the assistance which his exhausted state required. It happened that the captain of the galley had been taken grievously ill during the voyage, and lay to all appearance at the point of death. When Vesale became aware of this circumstance, he asked to see the sick man; but one glance sufficed to shew that he was beyond all hope from human aid. Nevertheless, hearing the sufferer's groans, and seeing his total prostration of mind and body, Vesale essayed to soothe him by a prospect of recovery. To his amazement, the captain, raising himself from his pillow, gazed intently in his face for some moments, and then said in Spanish:—

“Is this a dream,—or do I see before me Andrea Vesale, the King of Spain's physician?”

“You do,” was the answer.

“Then Providence has brought you hither to receive from my lips the revelation of a secret which has long weighed heavily on my soul. The hand of death is upon me, and presses me sorely to depart; but heaven will perhaps grant me time enough to ease my conscience, by proclaiming the innocence of a person who was most foully slandered by me.”

“Who are you?” exclaimed Vesale, scanning the pinched and ghastly features of the dying man, and vainly endeavouring to gather therefrom some help to memory.

“Do you not remember such a person as Don José Pintado, Captain of the Port of Seville?” returned the other. “It is true that time, and sorrow, and sickness have greatly changed me; but three-and-twenty years ago I was one of the frequenters of your house,—one of the aspirants to your fair wife's favour,—the most enamoured of all her admirers, save Don Alvar de Solis. You start at that name! Well you may,—if, as I suspect, we both share in the same predicament, and have to answer for his blood.”

“Vesale groaned aloud.

“I loved your wife to madness,” continued Don José. “She, however, rejected my suit with scorn; and *he* knew of my defeat, and taunted me with it; but at the same time he swore to me that, inexorable as she had hitherto shown herself, *even to him*, he would never relinquish his pursuit until he had made her his own. Stung by mortification at my repulse, and jealous of the success which he so confidently anticipated, I resolved to defeat his purpose by putting you upon your guard. I wrote you a letter, bidding you watch

your wife and Don Alvar. Two days afterwards he disappeared, and never more was seen—what his fate was, you best can tell; but, if you made away with him, the guilt of his death, I repeat, is shared by me, for I incited you to the deed. Your wife died too—God send that you may not have raised your hand against *her*! She was immaculate as the angels she resembled.’

“An almost irresistible impulse of rage and detestation led Vesale to lift up his clenched fist at these words.

“‘Forbear!’ gasped the dying man, without shrinking. ‘It would be a dastardly and a useless deed; for the last grain of sand is even now trembling in the hour-glass. Repent of your sins while it is yet time, instead of adding to their number; and do not, as I have done, put off the season of prayer and penitence until it be too late to avail in bringing comfort to your soul. Tell me,’ he added, after a pause, ‘that you did *her* no harm!—say that you believe in her innocence!’

“Vesale made a sign of assent, and in a few moments more Don José had ceased to exist.

“Andrea Vesale was landed at Venice without a single earthly possession save the clothes upon him, and an enamelled likeness of his wife, which he had worn ever since her death. The man who had once been the friend and companion of kings, honoured, wealthy, and renowned, was now an outcast and a beggar, and had not where to lay his head! But a change had come over his mind more remarkable even than that which had befallen his fortunes. Filled with late remorse for the crime he had committed so many years before, and recognising the justice of the chastisement which had at last overtaken him, the idea of returning to the world had become intolerable to Vesale, and he sighed only for a retreat in some religious community, where he might pass the remainder of his days in making his peace with God. He possessed one friend in Venice, and to him he had recourse in his destitution, and, under the seal of secrecy, confided to him the dark passages of his life. The illustrious Titian shrunk not from the misery of his early friend. He received Vesale as a brother, combated his desire for retirement with all the powers of his mind, and, when he found his arguments unavailing, he obtained for the destitute stranger admission into a convent of Dominican friars. But before Vesale entered that holy asylum, the news of the loss of the ship in which he had sailed from Jaffa reached Venice, and his own name was specified among the remnant of the crew and passengers who had been cast ashore on the island of Zante, on the 15th of October, 1564, and had there died of starvation.

“Thus was Vesale’s death announced to the world while he yet lived; and thus in after ages will it be believed that he actually did perish. On the day of his taking the cowl he bade an eternal adieu to Titian, and received from his hand a double picture, painted by him at the request of Vesale, in order that not only the *memory* but the *image* of his crime might be ever before him. One side represented the beautiful countenance of his wife, copied from the enameled likeness, which was all that he had saved from the wreck of his fortunes; the other, that dreadful scene which had made him doubly a murderer. These pictures were his sole companions in his cell; the sole witnesses of the fasts and macerations and anguish of

soul which have been his preparation for eternity; perhaps they may become the witnesses that shall divulge to future ages the history of a crime, and an expiation, which had alike remained a secret for the generation among which they passed. That the subject of them may not remain a mystery to their future possessors, Andrea Vesale has himself traced this transcript of his glory, his guilt, and his misery. Already dead to the world, he has learned to think of himself as of one long since in the grave. One wish alone connected with earth has still power to move him,—he would fain lay his bones in the far land of his birth. Ye, into whose hands this writing may fall, pray that his last desire may have been gratified,—pray, above all, that his penitence may not have been unavailing.

“ANDREA VESALE. 1567.”

Thus ended the strange manuscript; and it would appear, from the fact of the picture in which it was inclosed having been traced to a Dominican convent in Bruxelles, that the last earthly wish of Andrea Vesale had indeed been fulfilled, and that he had closed his earthly pilgrimage in the land of his fathers:

GATHERINGS FROM THE GREEK POETS.

BY THE REV. W. D. FLOWER, B.A.

ENDURANCE.

(From the *Prom Vinc. of Æschylus.*)

OH! air divine,
 Breezes of fleetest wing!
 Oh fountains clear,
 When pearly rivers spring;
 Waves of the sea!
 Whose countless twinklings tell of mirth;
 And thou benign
 Parent of all,—dear mother earth!
 Thou full-orb'd sun!
 That shinest on
 Whate'er throughout the world hath birth;
 On you I call—behold! and see
 What evils I, Divinity,
 From Deity must bear;
 Oh! see me mock'd with bitter scorn,
 Oh! see me by rude insults torn,
 And rackt by sleepless care.
 For years on years no changes I shall see,
 For years on years shall strive against my fate;
 So hard the chain that has been forged for me,
 By heaven's new tyrant's unrelenting hate.
 Ah me! I mourn the evils of to-day,
 I weep the perils of my future years!
 The goals of sorrow, tell me, where are they?
 When will be dried the fountain of my tears?
 What say I? for my future doom
 Too well I know. No ill can come
 Unknown to me. Oh! then, as best I may,
 I'll learn with firm, resigned soul,
 My lot to bear. There has been found no way
 Whereby to shun necessity's control.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM, in the cheap edition of his "Characters of British Statesmen," has repeated and adopted Hume's assertion, that "there are three descriptions of men who must be considered beyond the reach of argument, and must be left to their prejudices,—an English whig who asserts the reality of the Popish Plot, an Irish Catholic who denies the massacre of 1641, and a Scotch Jacobite who maintains the innocence of Mary Queen of Scotland." It is surprising that so acute a reasoner as the ex-Chancellor should not have seen that these three assertions might be made in very different senses, and that their truth may depend on the modifications of the several propositions. The English whig may with truth assert that there were illegal intrigues to restore the ascendancy of the Romish religion in England during the reign of Charles II., though Titus Oates's account of them was false from beginning to end; for he can point to the contemporary evidence of Dryden, who was deeply interested in proving the entire plot an imposture, but nevertheless confessed that

"Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies."

The Irish Catholic may safely deny the account of the massacre of 1641, which has passed current with most English historians; he may with truth declare that its extent has been grossly exaggerated, its motives sedulously misrepresented, and all the evidence respecting its origin and progress deliberately falsified, while he confesses that many outrages and murders were committed in the Irish *Jacquerie*, as has ever been the case when a native peasantry has been driven by the tyranny of foreign colonists to seek from insurrection the wild justice of revenge. And, finally, before the Scotch Jacobite is sentenced to the doom of hopeless absurdity for asserting the innocence of Mary, it is but fair to state the charges of guilt on which his opponents mean to rely. Mary was no doubt guilty of being young and beautiful; she was guilty of a gayer disposition and greater freedom of manners than suited the stern and barbarous code of morals adopted by the early followers of Calvin; she was guilty of having a plausible title to the English throne; and she was guilty of a sincere attachment to the Romish religion, and of an earnest anxiety to restore its ancient ascendancy in Christendom. But she was not guilty of a criminal intrigue with Rizzio, of any participation in the murder of Darnley, or of high treason against Elizabeth. Sir Walter Scott, who certainly was no Jacobite, declared that, on the evidence adduced by her adversaries, the verdict must have been "not proven." Prince Labanoff has for the first time brought before us the evidence for the defence, and we shall soon show that it makes out a case for the most triumphant acquittal.

Lord Brougham has fallen into a grievous mistake when he asserts that Elizabeth "succeeded to the throne by inheritance, without a possible objection to her right;" every one knows that her legitimacy was more than doubtful, and that the previous recognition of Mary Tudor's rights involved the denial of those of Elizabeth. If Catharine of Aragon had been the lawful Queen of Henry VIII., then Anne

Boleyn could only have been his mistress ; the daughter of the first must have been a princess and a heiress ; the daughter of the latter a private individual, without name, claim, or station. Now it is a curious but unnoticed circumstance that Elizabeth tacitly recognized the facts while she resisted their legal consequences. When Mary Tudor came to the throne, her first care was to clear her mother's fame, and to insist on the repeal of all the acts of parliament which stigmatized Catharine of Aragon ; Elizabeth, so far from following this example, never made any reference to the statutes which branded her mother with infamy, and during her whole life was contented to remain bastardized by unrepealed statutes. If Elizabeth's title were invalid, Mary Stuart was undoubtedly the right heir to the crown ; and as such she was either openly or secretly recognized by every Roman Catholic, the tenets of whose religion taught that Catharine of Aragon was a lawful wife, and Anne Boleyn a shameless adulteress.

The question of Elizabeth's legitimacy was never legally decided ; her right to the throne depended entirely on the consent of the English people ; and as "the crown covers all defects," so far as Englishmen were concerned there was no necessity for entering into any delicate investigations. But Mary's friends, who stood on her legal right, were not bound by any technical formularies of English law ; and there is no doubt that they would have asserted her claims to the crown which Elizabeth wore, had there been any reasonable chances of success. There appeared a prospect of such a chance when Mary at an early age was united in marriage to Francis I., the King of France ; and on that occasion there was a heraldic declaration of these claims when the newly-married pair quartered the arms of England in their escutcheon. This was a proceeding which Elizabeth never forgot and never forgave. Mary's position in relation to the kingdoms of France, Scotland, and England can hardly be understood without taking into account her maternal connections. Her mother, Mary of Guise, was a daughter of the house of Lorraine, scarcely second in rank to sovereign families, and possessing political power which not unfrequently rivalled that of the monarchs of France. Catherine de Medicis, the Queen-Dowager of France, a woman of strong passions, great abilities, and uncontrollable ambition, had with difficulty maintained her political ascendancy against the Guises during the reign of her husband, Henri II. ; but when she was forced to yield the throne to the pride and hope of the Guises, Mary Stuart, she felt that her power was destroyed, and that she must be contented to act a very inferior part where she had recently been the prime director of events. But this state of things rested on the life of a feeble boy : Francis died young and childless ; his beautiful widow had neither the political strength, the moral power, nor the mental vigour necessary to contend against Catherine, even if she had been so inclined ; and she was thus left a youthful widow, exposed to the resentment of two powerful enemies, Catherine, the virtual sovereign of France, and Elizabeth, the actual Queen of England. She soon received singular and painful proof of the dispositions of both ; Catherine took measures to drive her from France, and Elizabeth made preparations to intercept her return to Scotland.

An attempt has been made to justify Elizabeth on the ground that Mary's refusal to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh gave the English Queen the right of treating Mary as an open enemy. But, unfortu-

nately for such reasoners, peace had been concluded between France, Spain, Scotland, and England by the treaty of Cateau-Cambressis, by which Elizabeth continued to be bound; and the treaty of Edinburgh, which Mary refused to ratify, had been concluded, not with the legitimate authorities of Scotland, but with the lords of the Congregation, who were in arms against their sovereign. There were consequently no public grounds for Elizabeth's refusal to allow Mary to pass through her dominions on her way home, though she may be excused for her unwillingness to allow a young and fascinating rival to exhibit herself in an honourable light before the English people. The attempt to intercept her on the high seas was, however, nothing better than an act of profligate piracy: there can, however, be no doubt that such a project was formed; it is pretty plainly intimated in the following significant extract from Cecil's despatches:

"The Scottish Quene was the 10th of this month (August 1561), at Bulloyn; and meaneth to take shipping at Callise. Neither those in Scotland nor we here doo like her comyng home. The Quene's Majestie hath three ships in the north seas to preserve the fyshers from pyratts. *I think they will be sorry to see her pass.*"

Mary did pass, because they did not happen to see her; she arrived safe in Scotland, and found the country in a deplorable state of destruction from religious feuds, political animosities, and English intrigues. The young Queen differed in religion from the bulk of her subjects; as a Catholic she was opposed to the Presbyterian discipline and doctrine, as a queen she was not less hostile to the extravagant claims to political power made by the Calvinistic preachers. On the other hand, the Scotch Protestants were justly alarmed by the Queen's firm attachment to the Romish creed, and the renewed courage which her favour gave to its remaining adherents; the religion of the Presbyterians of that age belonged to Judaism rather than Christianity; each preacher arrogated to himself the functions and privileges of the Hebrew prophets. Knox regarded himself as a revived Elijah, having Popery for his Baal, the Queen for his Jezebel, and every powerful partisan of his sovereign for his Ahab. Mary's half-brother, the Earl of Murray, had embraced the Protestant cause, probably from sincere conviction, but not improbably because it offered the best chances of advancement to an illegitimate adventurer. He seems to have believed that he had as good a right to the throne of Scotland as Elizabeth to that of England; but, finding the title of King beyond his reach, he resolved to obtain sovereign power as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Under these circumstances Mary resolved to choose a husband, and her resolution was highly applauded by her relatives of the house of Guise. Her uncles wished her to marry some foreign prince; and they proposed to her the Archduke of Austria, and afterwards Don Carlos, the son of Philip II. Mary was inclined to accept the latter, but was dissuaded chiefly by Elizabeth's agents, who declared that their mistress would never consent to have a foreign prince placed next in succession to the crown of England; but Mary distinctly affirms, in her instructions to her envoy, that with this single exception the Queen of Scotland was free to marry whom she pleased.

"That by the space of a whole year or thereabouts, by the declaration of master Randolph, her agent in this our realm, we have always understood and taken it for her meaning, that in case we could be content to forbear to deal with the houses of France, Spain, and Austria in marriage, and join with any subject of this whole

isle, and especially of England, she would most willingly embrace and allow our so doing."

Darnley was first proposed to Mary as a husband by his ambitious mother, the Countess of Lennox; the recommendations which she urged in his favour were, his proximity to the royal blood, and his attachment to the Catholic religion. Neither Murray nor Elizabeth suspected that any such proposal had been made, and they hoped to be able to prevent Mary's marriage, by raising objections to every one likely to become her husband.

No sooner was the marriage celebrated, than Murray, aided by English gold, raised the standard of rebellion; he was defeated, and forced to fly into England. Remonstrances against the encouragement which Elizabeth had given to this unprovoked insurrection were made by the courts of France and Spain. The English Queen disavowed her agents, and even induced Murray to declare in public that she had never in any way countenanced his revolt. No one was deceived by this farce; a Venetian spy communicated the scene to his masters with the coarse comment, "there was no hiding the sympathy between the two bastards;" but Mary took the more direct means of bringing Elizabeth's sincerity to the test, by furnishing evidence that Randolph, the English ambassador, had sent three thousand crowns to Murray to aid his rebellion.

Lord Brougham has not repeated Hume's infamous insinuations against the nature of the connection between Mary and Rizzio. A very few words will serve to clear the Queen's character from any such imputations, and to convict both Hume and Robertson of something very like wilful falsehood. Rizzio was Mary's Italian secretary, and the agent of the continental powers engaged in intrigues for the restoration of Romanism in Scotland. It was as a papal agent that his life was sought by the bigoted leaders of the Presbyterian party, and Darnley joined in the plot because he attributed to Rizzio's influence the Queen's refusal to grant him the crown matrimonial. John Knox more than sanctioned the plot for this poor foreigner's assassination; his admiration of Calvin extended to approval of the murder of Servetus, and a desire to imitate so laudable an example. In fact, some previous plots for the assassination of Rizzio had been frustrated by various accidents; and the determination to murder him in the Queen's presence was taken, as the agent of the Duke of Tuscany informs us, "that if the deed were done in her presence, and in her room, the people would believe that the King (Darnley) had found him under circumstances which would justify a husband in inflicting immediate death." But, according to Mary's account of the matter, in a letter describing the assassination, addressed to her most confidential agent and friend, the Archbishop of Glasgow, the charge of adultery was not so much as mentioned when the murder was perpetrated.

"After this deed, immediately, the said Lord Ruthven, coming again into our presence, declared how they and their accomplices were highly offended with our proceedings and our tyranny, which was not to them tolerable; how we were abused by the said David, whom they had actually put to death, *namely, in taking his counsel for the maintenance of the ancient religion*, debarring of the lords which were fugitive, and entertaining of amity with foreign princes and nations with whom we were confederate."

Randolph, the English ambassador, on the other hand, in a letter to Cecil, averred that Mary not only avowed, but boasted of her adulterous intercourse with Rizzio, justifying it by a reference to the separa-

tion of Ruthven, the chief of the assassins, from his wife. The falsehood of this tale is proved by Randolph himself; he tells us that a reconciliation was effected between Mary and Darnley by the very persons in whose presence, not an hour before, she had ostentatiously proclaimed herself an adulteress, and adds,

“ Before the King (Darnley) left talk with the Qucene, in the hearing of the Lord Ruthen (Ruthven), she was content that he sholde lye with her that night. We know not how he forslowe (overslept) himself, but came not at her; and excused himself to his friends that he was so sleepe that he coulde not wake in due time.”

The reconciliation was more complete than the conspirators intended. Darnley fled with Mary to Dunbar, published a protestation disavowing his share in the murder of Rizzio, and joined in the prosecution of his former associates. His conduct rendered him thoroughly contemptible, and all parties shrunk from his acquaintance. “ The shaft of contempt,” says the Hindoo proverb, “ penetrates the shell of the tortoise;” and, though Darnley was not very sensitive on points of honour, he was morbidly alive to the pangs of wounded vanity. At one time he prepared a ship to bear him away from Scotland, and Mary, in the presence of her court, and of the French ambassador, remonstrated against so injurious a project. The ambassador thus describes the Queen’s conduct when she heard by letter of Darnley’s proposed evasion:—

“ The Queen received this letter on the morning of Michaelmas day, and the King arrived at ten that night. When their Majesties were together, the Queen spoke to him of what the said letter contained, begged him to state the occasion of his departure, and if it was because he had any reason to complain of her, he was unwilling to speak on the subject. And the Queen, considering of what great importance his voyage was, acted very wisely, and was well advised to summon immediately the lords of her council, and to request my presence. When we were all assembled, the Bishop of Ross, by command of the Queen, introduced the subject of the King’s voyage in his presence, and the evidence she gave: it was a letter sent to him by the Earl of Lennox (Darnley’s father), which letter was read. The Queen made a very excellent speech, and afterwards prayed and entreated him with all her might to declare in the presence of all if she had ever given him occasion for such conduct? And in such case she begged of him with clasped hands, and for the honour of God, not to spare her. The lords also said, that they saw he received them with an evil countenance, and that they did not know but that they might be the cause of his departure, and entreated him to tell in what they had offended? For my part, I said that his voyage affected the honour of the Queen and his own; that if he had occasion for it, the honour of the Queen was brought into question, and if he had no occasion, his conduct was far from laudable. We could not extort from him any decisive resolution, but he declared, that as to occasion for his voyage there was none whatever.”

Now, we put it to the common sense of any man in the country, could such a scene as this have possibly taken place, if Mary had proclaimed herself an adulteress only a few weeks before? Darnley was anxious to quit Scotland because Elizabeth, indignant at his marriage, had directed her ambassadors to withhold every acknowledgment of his rank, and he was therefore afraid of being publicly slighted at the approaching christening of his own son.

Lord Brougham’s statement of his case against Mary is contained in the six following propositions:—

“ 1. It is certain that Darnley, Mary’s second husband, was foully murdered, and equally certain that Mary was generally suspected, and was openly charged, as an accomplice in the murder, if not the contriver of the crime.

“ 2. Yet it is equally certain that, instead of taking those active steps to bring the perpetrators to punishment, required both by conjugal duty and by a just de-

sire to wipe off the stain affixed to her character, she allowed a mere mock trial to take place which outraged every principle of justice, while she refused Lennox the father's offers of evidence to convict the murderers.

"3. Bothwell had only of late been admitted to her intimate society; he was a man of coarse manners and profligate character, universally accused and now known as having been the principal in the murder. No one pretended at the time seriously to doubt his guilt; yet immediately after the event she married him, and married him with a mixture of fraud, a pretence of being forced to it, so coarse, that it could deceive nobody, and so gross as only to be exceeded by the still grosser passion which actuated her whole conduct.

"4. That he was married when their intimacy began, is not denied. Nor is it doubted that she consented to marry him before his former marriage had been dissolved.

"5. The divorce which dissolved it was hurried through the Courts in four days, by the grossest fraud and collusion between the parties. Hence Mary was as much guilty of bigamy in marrying him as was the Duchess of Kingston two centuries later; for the Duchess produced also a sentence of separation *a mensâ et thoro* in her defence, obtained with incomparably greater formality, but obtained through collusion, and therefore considered as a nullity; and she was accordingly convicted of the felony.

"6. These acts of Mary's were of so abominable a nature that all rational men were turned away from supporting her, and her deposition was almost a matter of course in any Christian, or indeed in any civilised country."

In Lord Brougham's first proposition there is a gross suppression of truth, equivalent to a direct suggestion of falsehood. The whole rests on the point, *when* was Mary first suspected or charged with complicity in the murder? Did the suspicion arise naturally from circumstances, or was it an after-thought of her enemies? Robertson, whose gross falsifications of history on other points have been ably exposed by the Rev. Mr. Maitland, states two circumstances as sufficient to justify suspicion. Mary visited Bothwell at the castle of the Hermitage, where he lay severely wounded; and she did not visit Darnley when he was sick of the small-pox. Let us state the facts of each case. While the Queen was at Jedburgh, Bothwell, who professed great attachment to her cause, was wounded in an encounter with some robbers; he was taken to the Hermitage, a royal castle about twenty miles from Jedburgh, where he remained until he had recovered. *Ten days afterwards*, viz. on the 17th of October, Mary rode over to see him, remained about an hour, and rode back again to Jedburgh. This is what Robertson calls "flying on the wings of love,"—as if love would have allowed a delay of ten days, or would have brought the lady back with the same rapidity that urged her forwards! "She rode forty miles in one day," says Robertson,—as if this had been something miraculous! it might have been a wondrous feat to a lubberly professor; but we all know that it has been frequently surpassed by many fair equestrians of the present day.

Mary's refusal to visit Darnley was still more innocent; she was a mother, and she ought not to have risked the life of the infant prince by exposing him to the contagion of a disease which was then deemed at once the most infectious and the most dangerous then known in Europe. But we have a stronger refutation of the inference sought to be deduced from these simple circumstances. In the November following these events, Mary was pressed to divorce Darnley and marry Bothwell by Murray, Maitland, Huntley, and Argyle; she peremptorily refused compliance, and was bitterly reproached by her council for her attachment to her worthless husband. Can any one believe that when the same end could have been obtained safely by divorce, she

would have preferred the more perilous expedient of murder? On the day after Darnley's murder, Mary wrote a very remarkable letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, from which we take the following extract:—

“Most reverend father in God, and trusty councillor, we greet you well. We have received this morning your letters of the 27th of January, by your servant Robert Dury, containing in one part such advertisement as we find by effect overtrue, albeit the success has not altogether been such as the authors of that mischievous fact had preconceived in their minds, and had put in execution, if God in his mercy had not preserved us, and reserved us, as we trust, to the end that we may take a rigorous vengeance of that mischievous deed, which, rather than it should remain unpunished, we had sooner lose life and all. . . . Always whoever has taken this wicked enterprise in hand, we assure ourself it was prepared as well for us as the King; for we lay the most part of all the last week in that same lodging, and was there accompanied with the most part of the lords that are in this town that same night at midnight, and of very chance carried not all night, by reason of some masque in the abbey (Holyrood House); but we believe it was not chance but God that put it in our head.”

Prince Labanoff's collection indisputably establishes two important facts; first, that, during the month preceding Darnley's murder, Mary did not anticipate the occurrence of any event of magnitude; and, secondly, that her enemies, the Protestant lords, did look forward to some event which would necessitate a great change, if not a revolution. Lord Brougham's second proposition avers that the mockery of justice exhibited at Bothwell's trial was contrived by Mary. The very reverse is the fact; the packed parliament that acquitted Bothwell was entirely composed of Mary's enemies, and in this very session they passed several laws characterised by personal hostility to herself, and rancorous intolerance towards her religion. Lord Brougham might more reasonably have accused George IV. of contriving the escape of Queen Caroline.

On the 19th of April the session of the Scottish parliament ended, and on the evening of that day, the leading nobles, *including the principal Protestant lords, and those who had taken a prominent part in the murder of Rizzio* signed an engagement to Bothwell that they would defend him against all his enemies, and use every effort to *compel* the Queen to take him as a husband. This assuredly is a conclusive proof that they did not believe the Queen to be madly in love with him. Lord Brougham says that “the pretence of force was a gross fraud;” but here is undeniable evidence that a plot to use force was framed a whole week before Mary was seized by Bothwell and carried to the castle of Dunbar. There, according to the statement of Throckmorton and Melville, violence was offered to her person by Bothwell; but there is no doubt that she was kept for ten days a close prisoner at Dunbar; that when she was removed to Edinburgh, she was as closely confined in the castle, until she consented to take a *Protestant* husband in the person of Bothwell. The difference of religion between Mary and Bothwell is a circumstance which the libellers of the Scottish Queen have found it convenient to pass over in silence; they were well aware that Mary's passionate attachment to Catholicism was far too powerful to allow her voluntarily to seek a heretic husband; indeed there is abundant evidence that she was all but dragged to an altar which she regarded as desecrated by a Protestant ritual.

Had there been a particle of truth in Bobertson's tale of Mary's romantic devotion to Bothwell, the day of her marriage would have been hailed with joy and celebrated as a festival. Let De Croc, the French ambassador, declare how that day was spent by the unfortunate Queen.

"Her Majesty sent to seek me, and I perceived great strangeness in her behaviour to her husband, which she excused to me, saying, that if I saw her sorrowful it was because she would not rejoice, as indeed she never would again, desiring nothing so much as death. Yesterday, being alone in her cabinet with Bothwell, she cried out aloud that they should bring her a dagger to end her life. She was plainly heard by the persons in the ante-chamber."

How Lord Brougham dreamed of making Bothwell's divorce a ground of charge against Mary, it is impossible for rational men to divine. That divorce was given in a Presbyterian court, over which Mary had no influence, and every member of which was her avowed enemy. In her letter to the Bishop of Dumblane, who had the unpleasant task of communicating intelligence of the marriage to the French court, Mary speaks of the *duresse* to which she had been subjected as a matter of public notoriety.

"When he saw us like to reject all his suit and offers, in the end he showed us how far he had proceeded with our whole nobility and principals of our estates, and what they had promised him under their own handwriting. If we had cause, then, to be astonished, we remit us to the judgment of the King, the Queen, and others our friends. Seeing himself in his power, sequestered from the company of our servants and others of whom we might ask counsel; yea, seeing them upon whose counsel and fidelity we had before depended, whose force ought and must maintain our authority, without whom, in a manner, we are nothing, beforehand already won over to his wishes, and so we left alone as it were a prey unto him: many things we resolved with ourself, but could never find a way of escape. And yet gave he us little space to meditate with ourself, ever pressing us with continual and importunate suit."

Bothwell's conduct was anything but that of a favoured lover; he kept her under the closest *surveillance*, and would not allow of her having any communication with her former friends. To this important fact we can adduce the strongest possible testimony, the evidence of Mary's enemies. A league was formed against Bothwell, and at the head of it was Morton, who had been the chief agent in forcing the Queen's marriage, and, as was subsequently proved, a leading assassin in the murder of Darnley. Now the pretence set forth by this league for their insurrection was to rescue their Queen from the involuntary captivity in which she was held by Bothwell! Their sincerity was proved when she fell into their hands after the battle of Carberry Hill, and was sent a close prisoner to Lochleven. This battle was fought on the 17th of June; the conquerors immediately assumed the government under the title of "the Lords of the Secret Council," and on the 18th of the following, they proposed to Mary to be divorced from Bothwell. She refused, not from love of Bothwell, but from unwillingness to bastardize the child of which she was pregnant. In the following February she was delivered of a daughter, who was sent to France for safety; the little princess, on reaching maturity, became a nun of the order of Notre Dame de Soissons, and died at an early age in the cloister. Nothing can more clearly show the deliberate falsification of Mary's history by partisan writers than their omission of all mention of the existence of this child, though proofs of her identity are given in a work of such easy access as Le Laboureur's edition of Castelnan's Memoirs.

Murray returned from France on the 11th of August, and on the 16th of that month had an interview with the captive Queen at Lochleven; he then and there gave her such assurances of friendship, that she herself asked him to assume the regency. Murray of course complied, and his first act was to make his sister's imprisonment more

rigid than ever. Remonstrances were made against this conduct, and Murray felt that he must make some effort in his own justification. In December, then, we hear, for the first time, of a casket of love-letters from Mary to Bothwell, laid before the secret council by Morton. According to Morton's own story, he obtained these letters from Dalglersh, a servant of Bothwell, in the month of June, but he gives no reason for suppressing them until the following December. Instead of the original letters, what was really given to the public consisted simply of what professed to be Latin translations of them by Buchanan, and we are at this day left in uncertainty by Mary's enemies whether what they produce as the contents of the casket are to be regarded as originals, or as re-translations from Buchanan's barbarous Latin. Of course we know that any imputation on Buchanan's scholarship is likely to be resented; even those Scotchmen who give up his honesty and integrity as indefensible, will be ready to take arms for his classicality. This is a controversy irrelevant to our present subject, and all we can say to the partisans of Buchanan is, that they would themselves feel it a worse penalty than the treadmill to be doomed to read such Latin every day of their lives.

The most preposterous demand ever made by the enemies of Mary is, that we should judge of those documents by internal evidence; the fact being that no such documents are in existence. The fact of their forgery was so apparent that they were withdrawn by their inventors, and not one of them can be found in the archives of England or Scotland. The professed copies and extracts which have been published are so utterly unlike anything that Mary is ever proved to have written that it would be a mere waste of time to offer evidence of their worthlessness. A further reason for avoiding the irksome task of verbal criticism is, that we can show these letters to have been rejected by a court prejudiced against Mary,—the commission of investigation which Queen Elizabeth commanded to assemble at York. Lord Brougham's account of Mary's conduct in reference to these conferences is as bold a perversion of facts as ever we have met in the course of our critical experience. He says:

"She submitted the case to a solemn investigation, when she found that the effects of her infamy were fatal to her party, clouding over all her prospects of success, or even of deliverance; and as soon as the worst part of the charges against her were brought forward, and the most decisive evidences of her guilt adduced, the letters under her own hand, she did not meet the charge or even attempt to prove the writings forgeries, but sought shelter behind general protestations, and endeavoured to change the inquiry into a negotiation, although distinctly warned that such a conduct of her case was flying from the trial to which she had submitted, and must prove quite demonstrative of her guilt."

The conferences at York began on the 8th of October, and on the 9th the casket of letters was produced by Maitland and Buchanan. Mary's representatives met the charges brought against her, and refuted them completely; for when Cecil dissolved the commission on the 11th of the following January, he declared that "nothing had been proved on either side." Another commissioner, the Duke of Norfolk, gave a more decisive proof of his belief in Mary's innocence, for immediately after the termination of the inquiry, he became a suitor for her hand. Mary objected not to the investigations at York, but after these had terminated in an acquittal, she did protest against the attempt to put her on a new trial in London, while she was absent and her enemies were encouraged to be present. Elizabeth, not Mary, changed

the inquiry into a negotiation, by endeavouring to induce Mary voluntarily to resign her crown, and she continued to delude her captive by simulated negotiations during the whole period of her imprisonment. In every letter written by Mary to Elizabeth innocence is asserted in the strongest terms; in no letter of Elizabeth to Mary is a shade of guilt imputed. In her negotiations with the French ambassadors, Elizabeth never hinted that Mary's guilt was the cause of her detention; on the contrary, she declared to the last that she was willing to liberate the Queen of Scotland, provided that she could obtain satisfactory securities against any attempt on the English crown. In June, 1569, Elizabeth declared that Mary should be set at liberty if it could be proved that she had not transferred her rights of inheritance to the royal family of France. The necessary proofs were furnished on the 17th of the following August, and on the 28th of September a majority of the English privy council decided that Mary might be set at liberty, provided she consented to marry an English subject. If these circumstances be taken together, there can be no room for a reasonable doubt of the innocence of the Queen of Scotland.

But her case does not rest here. Bothwell, after his escape from the battle of Carberry Hill, took shipping for Norway, but was seized on the coast of Denmark. He died in April, 1576, at the castle of Malmor; but before his death, he executed an official declaration in which he confessed his share in the murder of Darnley, and exonerated Mary from all cognizance in the conspiracy and participation in the crime. The captive Queen naturally manifested an extreme desire to have this conclusive evidence brought before the public; she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow in urgent terms to obtain a copy.

Some time afterwards Mary again wrote to the Archbishop,

"I have been informed that the King of Denmark has sent to this Queen (Elizabeth) the last will and testament of the late Earl of Bothwell, and that she has suppressed it in the greatest possible secrecy. It seems to me that the voyage of De Monceaux is no longer necessary since the Queen-mother (Catherine de Medicis) has sent thither, as you inform me."

Sir John Forster, in a letter to Walsingham, states that an attested copy of this important document was produced on the trial of Morton, many years after the period to which we now refer, but no authentic copy of it is to be found in the archives of England or Scotland; indeed there is little doubt that it was designedly destroyed. Prince Labanoff, however, has obtained an original copy from the papers of Baron d'Esneval, the French ambassador to Denmark in 1585; this copy is authenticated by the following endorsement, "The said Earl has himself written the notes in the margin." Prince Labanoff announces the speedy publication of this important document, which he declares will complete the justification of Mary Queen of Scots. We deem the case sufficiently perfect now, for, had Mary not been assured of her own innocence, she would never have manifested so earnest an anxiety to have Bothwell's real or supposed dying declarations authenticated by unquestionable authorities.

We have answered Lord Brougham's vague assertions by uncontroversial evidence, and we hope that he will take some opportunity of withdrawing the charges he has so lightly hazarded, otherwise the world will conclude that he has failed as signally in the inculpation of Queen Mary as he did in the exculpation of Queen Caroline.

SUMMER BIRDS.

BY MARTINGALE.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet."

MONCKTON MILNES.

To every human being possessing right thoughts and right feelings, the recurrence of a cloudless and brilliant morning, especially after the prevalence of days of gloom and sadness, is a matter of the purest joy. This is particularly the case with the denizens of the crowded city and the smoky manufacturing town,—amid, in one instance, the busy haunts of commercial enterprise, and, in the other, the incessant whirl and rattle of almost interminable machinery; in both instances, the heart, at the favourable opportunity, is glad to escape "to fresh fields and pastures new." The re-awakened spirits, indeed, partake of a bounding elasticity; and there is felt, as it were, a longing for the wings of the dove, not to flee away and be at rest, but to visit all delightful places in the far, pure country,—its woods and copses—its meadows and pastures—its quiet green lanes and peaceful field-paths—"its mountains and all hills, its fruitful trees and all cedars." As the rain descends upon the just and upon the unjust, so there is a universality of goodness in the radiance of an undimmed sun. His beams visit everywhere. They illumine the halls and galleries of the palace; they dispel the gloom and sadness of the cottage. They gladden the chamber of sickness; they smooth the brow of anguish. They cheer the hovels of want and wretchedness with the hope of better days; they smile through the prison-bars of the captive to set him free. And while they deepen the hue of the rose that blooms on beauty's cheek, every bud and blossom, every leaf and flower, every blade and stem, shares in the vivifying impulse emanating from the boundless flood of the glorious light and warmth of heaven.

But this impulse is not confined to inanimate objects. It is equally felt by those which are animate,—by birds, insects, reptiles, vermin, amphibiz, fishes, and so on,—each fulfilling its transient or lengthened period of existence; each carrying out the purposes for which it was called into being by the benevolent Author of nature. The field-ornithologist, who derives his knowledge from actual observation, as well as the mere lover of external nature in all her varied aspects, finds deep interest throughout every portion of the year, because each presents, more or less, an almost inexhaustible fund of gratification,—an additional chapter to complete the volume of acquired but substantial wisdom. He marks the peculiarities of all seasons in their harmonious progression; the varied hues and tints, the different changes and phases, the unerring processes from youth to maturity, from maturity to decay, as they are presented around his path in striking abundance. Loving the birds which never leave our shores, and which he regards as the happy members of the domestic family, he may possibly deplore the departure or the absence of the several species of winter visitors—

the fieldfare, with its congener, the redwing; the Royston crow; the wood-pigeon; the pochard; and the occasional visitors, the crossbill and the silktail; or several species of the more rare aquatic wanderers, in the same manner as the sportsman regards the loss of the woodcock, the snipe, the wild-goose, the widgeon, the wild-duck, and that tiny favourite, the teal.

Nor, in all seasons, can he fail to reflect on the causes which influence the migration of his many favourites from country to country. He may not be enabled to comprehend the innate laws by which they are directed, the impulse by which they are guided, and, apparently, the impossible length of flight of the small-winged and comparatively feeble species. But, as no feathered creatures are subject to a state of torpidity, like fishes, reptiles, insects, and amphibæ, he must arrive at the inevitable conclusion, however mysterious and inexplicable, that not only are trackless oceans crossed with safety, but at the time and with weather, too, the most favourable for the accomplishment of a long and laborious journey; resting himself perfectly satisfied with the conviction that their course is directed and impelled by an Almighty hand, for the fulfilment of benevolent purposes, and in perfect accordance with the objects of unerring wisdom.

Diving into the depths of the harmonious woods, which are about to put on their richest robes of summer, or strolling along the narrow green footways, which go twisting about hither and thither like a brook-stream in search of a peaceful home,—a sylvan solitude,—a fit spot for mute contemplation,—or, as the leaves are gently stirred by the passing breeze, for fancy to take wing and flee away into the regions of old romance; the first joyful summer sound that falls upon the attentive ear is that from the chirp of the CHIFF-CHAFF, or LESSER WILLOW WREN (*motacilla trochilus*) a diminutive creature, yet, as a stranger, thrice welcome, the harbinger of sunny skies and days of beauty and sweetness. Perched on the higher part of an aspiring tree, or actively flitting about from branch to branch, its song, though extremely simple, embracing, indeed, only two notes, "chiff-chaff," is thrown over the dense underwood with a joyousness which speaks of its own happy condition, and, at the same time, indicates to its mate its own whereabouts. In the more obscure hollows of the wood, amid shattered rocks and peaceful nooks, it can awaken the echoes, and there it seems to possess more of heart and of happy and conscious security: a truly simple song, and affording a striking contrast to that which is heard in a neighbouring locality, the harsh note of the WRYNECK, (*jynx torquilla*,) another of the earliest summer visitors.

But, amid the several migratory birds which gladden our summer seasons with their presence, there are none more interesting than the *hirundines*, the swallow tribe; the HOUSE-SWALLOW (*hirundo rustica*), the MARTIN (*hirundo urbica*), the SAND-MARTIN (*hirundo riparia*), and the SWIFT (*hirundo apus*). Exclusive of the good which these migratory visitors do in clearing the atmosphere of annoying insects, especially around our dwellings, they possess a peculiar charm by the manifestation of other qualities—their beauty, their harmlessness, their sociability, the marvellous agility of their flight, their graceful evolutions, their unwearied industry, and their gladdening song. The chimney or house swallow is the first comer of the *hirundo* tribe, and the most expert upon the wing, taking in its flight a wider range than

the rest of its congeners. Its heartfelt song, warbled forth while at rest on eaves or chimney, may charm the ear; but its activity on the wing is not less attractive. During the most favourable weather, the swallow seems all heart and joyousness; visiting all localities; skimming the gravel-path of our pleasure-grounds, then wheeling round a clump of evergreens; gliding over park and paling; sweeping along the green shady lanes, on the line of hedge-rows, in the lee of the wood; over peaceful pastures, circling the cattle assembled beneath the shade of trees; skimming over rivers and lakes, occasionally dipping its wings; stretching far away over heaths and commons, and returning to its home with untiring wings; wonderful, too, in the construction of its nest, and affectionately faithful in the provision for its offspring. The flight of the house-martin, with its snow-white breast, embraces a more confined range, but it is equally graceful, but somewhat less daring; while that of the sand-martin is less still, and more like that of the butterfly; presenting a striking contrast to the rush of the swift, the last of the tribe in its arrival, and the first in its departure,—with the racing and screaming around buildings, and, during a fine summer evening, floating on unmoved and outstretched wings, at an immense height, in the full enjoyment of perfect freedom and in the participation of the glory of the evening.

There is not, however, during the early portion of summer, a more welcome sound than the voice of the CUCKOO (*cuculus canorus*). Familiar to the ear from the days of childhood, the peculiar song of this vagrant visitor, from the many associations with which it is connected, sounds like the voice of an old friend, and claims the attention with a degree of interest in which the days of youth and joyousness come back upon the recollection with augmented power; presenting, perhaps, a striking contrast to those of more matured existence, with blighted hopes, departed joys, or days misspent or misapplied; sounds which, as it were, go creeping along the hedge-rows, through the copices, amid dense underwood, or by the margin of some immense sylvan scene,—however much we may disregard the peculiar fact that the cuckoo imposes the care and provision of its young upon other birds,—the hedge-sparrow, the titlark, the wagtail, or the white-throat.

But the NIGHTINGALE (*motacilla luscina*), shy in its habits, as simple in its plumage, surpasses all the *passeres* in the sweetness of its song. In this respect, indeed, the bird of night is wholly unrivalled. And truly delightful it is on a lovely evening when summer is young, and perfumes are diffused around from fresh leaves and rich buds,—in the soft stillness of the twilight, when all nature is calm and beautiful,—to visit the long-drawn aisles of the sylvan sanctuary, and listen to the melodious anthem gushing from the liquid throat of the bird of night. The solemn stillness, the dreamy softness, the deepening gloom, prevail around, as if there was a pause in the intricacies of some profound mysterious rite. Then the gloom becomes deeper and deeper, the silence more and more impressive, the mystery more and more profound. The monarchs of the wood seem to have laid aside their robes of state, and to have lost their character in the dense and thickening throng. All nature, holding her breath, seems to be attentively listening. Then bursts upon the ear the matchless strain after strain in endless variety. The echoes, enamoured of the sound, repeat its sweetness again and again, until it dies away in the obscure distance. It is erroneous to say, as many writers

have said, that the song of the nightingale partakes of a melancholy character. It is quite the reverse. It is a burst of joyous affection, of heartfelt gladness, of indescribable rapture, as it rises and falls, advances and recedes, swells and dies away, distinctly threading all the mazy intricacies of melody, bringing out, as it were, from the groundwork of song, the tracery and embroidery, the flowers, and wreaths, and chaplets, and festoons of beauty and of sweetness, with tones so liquid and so distinct, however elaborate, as to fully merit the characteristic of what the musician calls perfect execution. So far from the song of the nightingale being melancholy, it is an undisputed fact that this matchless songster, when a thrush, during the fading twilight, has perched itself on the topmost branch of a tall tree, and pours forth its most joyous strain, will fairly sing his pretended rival down, and make him steal away in the neighbouring thicket. This is especially the case when the mate of the nightingale is hastening the important work of incubation, during which period his song is the fullest and the most ardent. It is somewhat remarkable that, as the glow-worm puts out her lamp about midnight, so the song of the nightingale ceases about that hour, and is resumed between two and three o'clock, awakening the whole wood to join in the chorus of the matin hymn. But much depends upon the state of the weather. The strains which had hitherto charmed the ear of night, become less frequent when the care and provision of a young progeny claim and receive the most assiduous and affectionate attention.

Next in the order of arrival are, the **BLACK-CAP** (*motacilla atricapilla*), and the **WHITE-THROAT** (*motacilla sylvia*). The former frequents orchards and gardens, creeping about the fruit-trees in search of insects, occasionally uttering a subdued piping sound. Its movements are incessant, and its song is desultory. But when the female bird is sitting, her partner often assumes a quiet attitude, and pours forth the fullness of his heart in modulations marked by their softness, gentleness, and affectionate tenderness, excelling, indeed, many of the *passeres* in melodious sweetness; presenting a striking contrast to the white-throat, whose song, heard on lonely commons and downs, and in deserted and obscure lanes, is anything but sweet and pleasing to the ear. On the contrary, the **LITTLE WILLOW-WREN** or **SEDGE-WARBLER** (*motacilla trochilus*), is a merry fellow; singing nearly all night long with a hurrying melody which seems, at times, to embrace the songs of several other birds. Little need be said of the **STONE-CURLEW** (*charadrius ædicnemus*); it dwells in the uplands and only visits a few of our counties: little also of the **GRASSHOPPER-LARK** (*alauda trivialis*), whose habits are extremely shy, and whose whispering notes are only heard when the bird is concealed. In the secluded woods, however, when all is calm and still around,—even the song of the **WOOD-WREN** (*sylvia sibilatrix*),—and neither the sound of footfall nor the croak of raven disturbs the mute serenity, the “coo” of the **TURTLE-DOVE** (*columba turtur*), is heard with peculiar pleasure, as the attention becomes enchaind in a crowd of delightful associations. In all ages and countries, the “coo” of the turtle-dove has been deemed the expression of innocence, affection, and faithfulness, as the birds themselves are represented as true emblems of those qualities. And who has failed to notice, particularly during the prevalence of night, the “crex—crex” of the **LANDRAIL** (*rallus crex*), which, issuing from the tall meadow grass or taller corn-fields, can be heard at an immense

distance,—a truly summer sound, and indicative of the calm and dewy summer night?—or at the decline of day, the clear and liquid call, the “wit-wi-wit” of the QUAIL (*perdix coturnix*), from similar localities?—or, as night approaches, can turn aside the attention from the incessant jarr of the GOATSUCKER or FERN-OWL (*caprimulgus europæus*), as it beats the margins of coppices and hedgerows, or around timber trees in search of its prey, the night insects? Nearly the last in the train of summer visitors is the REDSTART (*motacilla phænicurus*), not noted for the superiority of its song, but welcomed from its appearance and habits; building its nest near the habitations of man, in gardens and orchards, about greenhouses, vineries, and the like. The last comer of all is the FLY-CATCHER (*muscipapa grisola*). Almost mute, it delights not the ear with its song; but it gratifies the eye by its graceful evolutions on the wing, and is endeared by its familiarity with man. It forms its nest in climbing plants and vines in front of houses, and brings forth its young even in the presence of the inmates, with whom it becomes familiar. It subsists wholly upon insects, and takes its departure at an early period.

And is there not a high gratification in marking the habits and instincts of these several birds of passage? Knowledge is blended with delight, and health with both, as almost every description of locality and, consequently, every variety of scene, amid the pure air of the invigorating country, are embraced in the observation and the inquiry. Nor can the mind divest itself of higher considerations. While revolution, silent or turbulent, succeeds to revolution,—while we behold changes in forms of government and ways of fashion, in creeds of belief and modes of devotion,—the habits of these summer migratory visitors remain the same, and speak of the wisdom and goodness of their great Creator.

 TO THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR Star! I gaze on thee, and o'er my brow
 Plays the soft breeze of evening. Evermore
 The shrine of pure and holy thought be thou,
 Winning my soul from earth's dark dreams to soar.

I do remember me in childhood's hour,
 When first my spirit drank thy glorious light,
 Young fancy pictured an elysian bower,
 Unfading wreaths, and skies for ever bright,

Within thy glittering orb;—but ah! that dream,
 Like *other* dreams, hath faded fast away,
 And rarely Fancy casts its golden gleam
 Upon the storm-clouds of my wintry day.

Yet, Star of Evening! furnish hopeful thought,
 Thy trembling beams so soft and pure instil;
 And the sad breast, where earthly passions wrought,
 Peace from above with holiest calm shall fill!

H. B. K.

THE ADEPT.

BY DALTON.

“ And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust
 Conclusions most forbidden.”

Manfred.

“ Τὸ θαυμαστὸν ἦδύ. ”—ARIST.

In the parlour of a small inn situated in one of the dreariest districts of North Wales sat a young man of somewhat striking appearance ; his lofty forehead and clear eye seemed to betoken intellectual powers of no ordinary grade, while lips thin and compressed, added to a heaviness about the brow, gave his countenance an air of decision and severity not perhaps altogether prepossessing. A light walking costume of shepherd's plaid shewed to advantage his tall and active figure as he balanced himself restlessly upon a couple of mine host's rickety chairs ; a soiled newspaper was in his hand, from the perusal of which his glances wandered to the window with every symptom of impatience. At length the door of the apartment opened, and a short red-nosed individual, habited in dingy black, with a cravat which, by the effect of contrast, might pass for white, walked or rather shuffled in. Instantly rising and proffering a seat, the original occupant of the “Golden Goat” proceeded to apologize to his visitor for the liberty he had taken in summoning him thither :—

“ My object, sir,” continued the former, “ is, as stated in my note, to discover a gentleman sufficiently acquainted with this locality to inform me what faith may be put in this description of a neighbouring estate which is for sale.” So saying, and handing across the newspaper, he pointed to an advertisement wherein every figure of speech, and every variety of type seemed to be exhausted in the attempt to convey “ a very inadequate notion ” of this “ most unparalleled opportunity ; ”—the paragraph ran on as follows :—

“ This Estate, or rather Territorial Domain, embraces every attraction that can captivate the Artist, the Angler, the Poet, the Philosopher, the Man of Taste, and the Man of Business ; comprising excellences at once *unique* and unequalled, and affording every facility of restoring to the arms, or rather pocket, of its fortunate proprietor that

‘ Lost Pleiad, seen no more below.’

FIVE PER CENT ON CAPITAL !!

Plinlimmon, Cader Idris, and, above all, the Snowdonian Range, which, although inferior in altitude to

CHIMBORAZO AND MONT BLANC,

may yet be termed, if not ‘ The Monarch of Mountains,’ at least

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

is distinctly visible through a tolerable telescope ; while nearer home, the stupendous cataract of Pwlllydd Bwlch, the ancient and antique ruins of Llifdd, and the commodious market-town of Cyddwllwll, afford every variety of food for the imagination, and luxuries for the table. The enviable proprietor of this Paradise would probably erect, in place of the present more homely residence,

A CASTELLATED MANSION IN THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE,

Thus ensuring to himself the title of the

MAGNUS APOLLO LOCI !!

with every probability of eventually ranking among
 THE LEGISLATORS OF THE LAND,
 whenever this portion of the county shall return a Member to Parliament. In a
 word, Mr. Jobbins feels it his duty to state, that a possibility can never occur again
 of securing at one purchase so marvellous a combination of the
 NE PLUS ULTRA OF NATURE!

with the
 BEAU IDEAL OF INVESTMENT!!!

"Well, sir," observed the elder personage, whom we may introduce as Mr. Williams, the village curate. "In what particular planet this estate may lie, I cannot pretend to guess, but I do much doubt its existence in ours, and above all its connection with this neighbourhood."

"But surely," rejoined the other, "our figurative friend must have some site for his gorgeous scenery; there must be an estate to be sold."

"Most undeniably there is," said Mr. Williams, taking snuff, "a large tract of mountain and morass, affording pasturage for a few sheep and turf for those who tend them."

"And the cascade?"

"Some ten miles distant."

"The castle?"

"Periere etiam ruinae."

"The present homely residence?" pursued the inquirer.

"A dilapidated building, tenantless for years."

"And as touching the commodious market-town?"

"Circumspice," replied Mr. Williams.

"I need scarcely ask then," said the stranger, "if the spot be retired and undisturbed?"

"Retired in good truth, it is," returned his companion, with a sigh. "A parochial Patmos, sir, where human visits are as few and far between as those of angels were wont to be."

Within a couple of months from the date of this interview, the young stranger, under the name of Mervyn, was formally announced as the "enviable proprietor of —," and workmen were forthwith employed, not indeed to erect the Elizabethan mansion suggested by Mr. Jobbins, but to put the old house into a state of habitable repair. But although no more was done to the dwelling itself than what might seem to render it weatherproof, a large building was adjoined, which was fitted up with powerful furnaces, and the various machinery requisite for pursuing chemical experiments on an extensive scale,—a circumstance which gave rise to no trifling speculation among the good gossips of the vicinity.

Mr. Mervyn himself, although now completely settled in his new domicile, was rarely seen abroad. His days and (as the constant lights bore witness) his nights also, were spent within the walls of his laboratory, the tall chimney of which ever and anon gave forth its sparks and flames after the manner of a small volcano. In the "good old times" he had been inevitably arrested, and probably punished as a practiser of unholy arts, and even in this enlightened day, the cottagers began to regard him with some feelings of suspicion and alarm. For some time his only visitor was the curate, and as that gentleman perceived that his advances were met with a degree of coldness but just consistent with good breeding, he soon

thought fit to discontinue them ; not so Squire Penrose, whose Welsh hospitality was proof against every rebuff, and who, on calling, positively refused to quit his new neighbour without a promise from the latter to spend a few days with him at the hall. As a guest was evidently a *rara avis* in the land, and the Squire was obviously bent upon bagging the specimen, Mervyn resolved to accept the invitation, and with the best possible grace.

The party to which the young Englishman was introduced consisted of two maiden aunts, a young married couple, the Squire's only child, a lively girl of seventeen, handsome, witty, and coquettish, and his niece, a young woman some four years the senior, and in most respects the reverse of her cousin. There were besides one or two young men staying in the house and waiting with great impatience for the commencement of the shooting-season. Such society was not altogether suited to the taste of Mervyn, and at first the time hung heavily enough upon his hands. The Squire's attention was almost exclusively devoted to the "home-farm," the maiden aunts employed themselves with great resolution, and to the perpetual irritation of their very sensitive modesty, in watching the connubial endearments of the newly-married pair, who, on their part, seemed wrapt in happy oblivion of the existence not only of their censors, but of all the world beside ; while the young gentlemen contrived to pass away the day in smoking cigars, washing the dogs, and flirting with Miss Hermione. It was not unnatural, therefore, that our hero should find himself pretty frequently the companion of the elder of the young ladies, who being an orphan and a poor relation to boot, was honoured with but little notice from the rest of the family.

Gertrude Lloyd was, as we have intimated, neither handsome nor what the world would term accomplished ; but in lieu of these higher endowments she possessed the more insignificant qualities of a gentle nature, a kind heart, and a certain warmth and vividness of imagination which especially recommended her to Mervyn. But so little accustomed was she to kindness or consideration from any one, save the master of the house, that she received the attentions of her new acquaintance with a suspicious timidity that half amused and half annoyed him. Her reserve, however, becoming by degrees dispelled, she seemed to lighten as it were into a new existence, and, with a kindling eye and flushed cheek, she would sit for hours on some turfy bank listening to the impassioned eloquence of Mervyn as he spoke of poetry, or music, or those unseen and mysterious workings of nature which more especially formed the subject of his own thoughts and study. She too had her dreams to tell : brought up almost in solitude among those mountainous wilds, her mind had acquired a tinge of gloom, and a more than common share of that love of the marvellous with which we are all to some extent imbued.

It was a calm and cloudless evening, and they were looking forth on the broad sky, glittering with all its lustrous jewellery.

"And may we not hope," asked Gertrude, "that some one of those glorious worlds now so far beyond our ken may hereafter become our home and that of those we love?"

Mervyn smiled. "I should the rather think," he said, "that man's destiny is wrapt up in that of the planet which has given him

birth. This globe is manifestly in a state of transition and change ; with what particular link, indeed, of the great chain of development our present existence may be involved, we know not ; but it is one far removed from that state of perfection towards which we are advancing. It may be in after ages we shall tread again this very earth,—beings endowed with far nobler faculties, far higher intelligences than our feeble imagination at this time can conceive."

"A doubtful doctrine," said Gertrude musing.

"Doubtful, because unfamiliar," pursued her companion: "and yet not unsupported by analogy. The age of physical power has passed ; that of intellect, of which ours is but the dawn, approaches. As the Behemoth and Leviathan, the predecessors of our race, excelled us in corporeal strength, so may we look for future creations immeasurably our superiors in might of mind ; and we may well believe that our indestructible spirits, which have animated bygone generations may exist in those to come, fitted indeed with nobler and more numerous organs."

"And can you give serious credence," asked the lady, "to the idle tale of a previous existence?"

"Does not your own experience confirm that tale?" asked Mervyn in return ; "have you never known faint flashes of memory revealing dimly and by glimpses words spoken, things done, and places visited which have had no reality in this life? So distinct, indeed, is the existence of the soul from that of the body, that the former needs only a fresh and fitting supply of material apparatus to preserve its present share of existence and identity for ages or for ever: could man but penetrate *one* secret in the alchemy of nature, master *one* power with which he has even now commenced to grapple, life, so long as the framework of this globe shall endure, might be his portion."

Gertrude gazed on the excited countenance of the speaker as he gave utterance to these wild fancies with a surprise not unmingled with alarm. "Suppose, for example," pursued the latter vehemently, "that with the means of dissolving the union between soul and body, I could attain unto a further control, could arrest the fleeting spirit at the moment of departure, and transfer it, with all its consciousness and memory, its feelings and affections fresh and uneffaced, into some new tenement duly prepared for its reception."

At this point the approach of Miss Hermione, with two gentlemen in waiting, broke up the conversation, and Mervyn's departure being fixed for the morrow, no farther opportunity occurred for renewing it.

It was on his return from a similar visit to his new friends, between whom and himself a cordial intimacy sprung up, that Mervyn found a stranger awaiting his arrival. This personage was a stout and muscular man, of the middle height, possessing features deeply scarred by small-pox, sharp grey eyes, and a profusion of red hair, which hung in masses about his face and shoulders. An enormous dog, of a foreign breed, lay at his feet, resting his dark muzzle upon paws of marvellous size and whiteness.

"I did not think," exclaimed this individual, hardly returning Mervyn's salutation, "to find the great work stayed, and the master absent."

"Pardon me, good Steinberg," returned the latter, "the relaxation of the last few months, shall be atoned for by days and nights of unceasing toil."

"What can atone for time lost, energies enfeebled, and the continuity of thought and purpose broken?—and a girl the cause! fit object of adoration for him who aims at the sovereignty of nature! But enough: is all in train for the final operations?"

"All is prepared," answered Mervyn; "the apparatus has been fixed, and its powers approved; nothing is needed but the—"

"—They are here," interrupted the other with a meaning smile; and throwing open the lid of a large oblong box, he pointed to its contents. Mervyn gazed for a moment, and then turned abruptly from the sight.

From the period of this interview the two students, together with the dog, who never left them, shut themselves up within the walls of the old mansion. Again was the deep red glow of the furnaces visible on the hill side, and the throbbing of powerful machinery heard by those who ventured more nearly to approach the building. Many were the reports propagated as to the pursuits of its mysterious occupants: illicit distillery, coining, even magic was hinted at; till these, and other rumours equally improbable, reaching the ears of Mr. Penrose, that gentleman sallied forth for the purpose of informing Mervyn of their existence, and, at the same time, of satisfying his own curiosity on the subject.

Mervyn received him without embarrassment, and in some measure divining the object of his visit, ushered him at once into the laboratory, which was, as he asserted, solely the scene of chemical researches. As the squire gazed in helpless bewilderment on the confused mass of uncouth and complicated instruments that met his view, with the use of every one of which he was as perfectly and profoundly ignorant as any country gentleman need be; his conductor proceeded to explain that the immediate object of his present studies was the development of that mysterious and universal agency first examined by Galvani and Volta.

"Mighty—" said Mervyn, betraying the excitement which that theme invariably produced in him.—"Mighty as are the results hitherto brought about, the science is yet but in infancy; should it ever be the fortune of man to follow it to its maturity, we may well believe the great secrets of Creation would be unfolded, and the very elements themselves be made subject to his control! Where would be the limit to his knowledge or his power? the boast of Archimedes might in very fact be realized."

"Well, well, my dear Mervyn," said the old gentleman backing hastily out of the apartment. "I dare say you are perfectly right, but, for my part, I confess I am reasonably well satisfied with the established course of nature; and if you do think of introducing any serious alterations in the economy of the globe, I should take it as an especial favour if you would wait till I am fairly out of it."

Whereupon Mr. Penrose, mounting his horse, rode homewards, moralizing the while on the presumptuous vanity of the present generation, and full of wonderment as to what the world would come to next. After the lapse of some months, the student once more resumed his visits to the Hall with greater constancy than ever; and such were the nature and frequency of his *tête-à-têtes* with

Gertrude, that that young lady had occasion to display but little astonishment when, on the eve of departure, he made formal declaration of his love. It was finally arranged that, at the expiration of a year, during which Mervyn was anxious to visit certain of the foreign universities, he should return as the avowed suitor of Miss Lloyd; till then, he desired their engagement might remain undisclosed.

For some time Gertrude heard frequently from her lover; his passion appeared heightened by absence, and he spoke ardently and anxiously of the approaching end of his probation. Suddenly his communications became vague and incoherent; at length they altogether ceased. Weeks, months flew by; the period allotted for his absence expired, and still no news of Mervyn. Few, probably, are so favoured or so philosophical as to pass through life without experiencing, on some occasion, doubt of the love which they have stored up in their heart of hearts as the richest treasure to be possessed on earth; an apprehension which turns all joy to bitterness, and brings home with tenfold force the stern monition of the wise man, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." That Mervyn indeed was false Gertrude's guileless nature would not permit her to believe possible; and her fears turned rather upon his personal safety. The Squire, too, whose ideas of perils by travel were somewhat exaggerated, being derived for the most part from the misadventures of Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe contributed not a little to her distress by his alarming suggestions. Perhaps he had been skinned and roasted by the cannibals, and subsequently served up by way of cold joint upon a side-table; perhaps he had been buried by the side of some defunct princess, or carried away bodily by strange birds; perhaps—but there was no end to his suppositions. Conjecture, however, was cut short by the unannounced return of Mervyn himself, who, with his friend's dog, made his appearance late one evening at the hall.

The quick eye of Gertrude did not fail to detect a very considerable alteration both in the person and demeanour of her betrothed; his usually staid, yet graceful bearing seemed to have given place to a coarse and blustering air, which was in too good keeping with the altered tone of his conversation. The good-natured Squire, albeit somewhat surprised, thought that such might probably be the fashion most in vogue at foreign courts, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to its peculiarities. As for Gertrude, turning aside her head, and under cover of caressing the dog, she strove to conceal her anguish and disappointment. The noble animal, as if in sympathy with her sorrow, tended his huge paws, placed his head upon her knee, and looked up into her face with a plaintiveness beaming from his eyes that was almost startling. It was singular the affection which the brute exhibited towards one he had never seen before; and, indeed, his general manner and appearance seemed unlike and superior to that of creatures of the same species in this country; there was a variety of expression, and a seeming intelligence in his aspect, that might have furnished forth a fund of argument in support of the "untutored Indian's" simple creed.

But many circumstances far more momentous and inexplicable than that of the unlooked-for attachment of Rufus arose to distract poor Gertrude. Her lover showed himself not only uncouth but

cold ; he appeared to shun everything that might lead to a private interview, and conducted himself with very evident embarrassment when betrayed into one unawares ; and though, availing himself of the Squire's general invitation, he continued in the house, not a word ever fell from his lips respecting the redemption of his plighted troth. His attentions, indeed, seemed to have become transferred to her cousin Hermione ; who, partly from vanity, partly from happening to have no other flirtation on hand, seemed ready enough to encourage them. Gertrude's cheek grew day by day more wan, and her heart more cold, but not a look or word of reproach escaped her. Her's was, in truth, a gentle spirit, little fitted to battle with the crosses of the world, and she bowed her head to the stroke with a calmness and resignation founded on a surer hope. For hours she would sit brooding over her blighted love, and half-unconsciously bestowing her caresses upon Rufus, who seemed to have devoted himself entirely to her service, watching her steps by day, and at night stretching his enormous frame before her chamber door. There were even times when, to her heated imagination, the dog appeared to know and to be a partaker of her misery ; and the thought, fanciful as it was, inspired her with a warmer affection for the animal than she would have cared to admit perhaps even to herself.

One morning, when attended as usual by her four-footed companion, she was wandering along a green and narrow valley that meandered round the mountain's base, an abrupt turn brought her before a considerable encampment of gipsies. No one, however, was visible save some half-dozen ragged little urchins, who were rolling on the mossy bank, and a woman seated at some distance, and apparently engaged in preparing food for her absent friends. On the approach of Gertrude the former arose, and advancing, begged in the jargon of her tribe to be allowed to tell her fortune.

"Cross the poor gipsy's hand," she said, "with a piece of silver, and she will tell you of your lover and your husband, whether he shall be dark or fair, noble or simple, young or old, true or false, pretty lady ; what journeys are in store, what surprises are near, what happiness or sorrows shall befall you, pretty lady."

Yielding to the impulse of the moment, Gertrude placed a coin in the woman's hand, and extended her own. As the gipsy gazed upon it, her manner became gradually changed and perturbed ; she raised her eyes and looked with interest at the lady's face. "Yours is no common lot," she said at length, "but whate'er it be, it passes my skill to shew : there is a mystery therein and marvel beyond the power of palmistry to penetrate ; take back your gift, lady, I may receive none from a hand like thine." So saying, the baffled fortune-teller thrust back the piece of silver, and quickly disappeared beneath the drapery of her tent.

Spite of all her better reason could urge, Gertrude felt in a great measure awed and depressed by the woman's language ; and, with a slow step and heavy heart, she retraced her way towards the Hall, pondering as she went on the ominous response, and filled with a vague presentiment of approaching ill. She had scarcely passed the little wicket which admitted her into the flower-garden, when she perceived the whole establishment to be in commotion ;—servants were hurrying to and fro—dogs yelping—and high above the din was heard the Squire's voice calling loudly for his horse. Rushing

in without having been able to gather any clue to the disturbance from the distracted menials, she discovered the two maiden aunts in violent fits of hysterics, and a little pet spaniel with great presence of mind, availing himself of the confusion, by seizing on the neglected viands prepared for breakfast. The cause was at length explained, Hermione had fled from her father's roof, and Mervyn was her companion.

In a few minutes Mr. Penrose was in the saddle, and in hot pursuit. Accompanied by Rufus, who joined eagerly in the chase, the indignant father galloped at full speed to Caernarvon, where he learnt that the fugitives, who had evidently been delayed by unforeseen circumstances, had set out but ten minutes before in the direction of Chester.

Flinging himself upon a fresh horse the Squire dashed off in their track, ordering his servant, who had now come up, to collect assistance and follow forthwith. For some eight or ten miles Mr. Penrose held on at the best pace his steed could compass, till the poor brute in his staggering gait and labouring breath exhibited such tokens of distress that his rider was on the point of reining up, when a sudden turn of the road disclosed the object of pursuit surmounting a steep hill about half a mile in advance. Once more plying whip and spur with redoubled energy, the Squire pressed furiously forward, and on reaching the summit of the acclivity, discovered the carriage itself lying crushed by the side of the road; Hermione, was extended, pale and motionless, upon a green slope at a little distance, while Mervyn was busily assisting the postboys to extricate the floundering horses.

"Villain!" exclaimed the old man, throwing himself to the ground, and seizing his late guest by the collar: "my daughter! Give me back my daughter!"

"Stand off!" cried Mervyn fiercely. "I am in no mood for trifling; stand off, if you heed life."

So far from relaxing his grasp, Mr. Penrose charged the postboys, to whom he was well known, to assist him in securing his prisoner.

"Fool! madman!" said the latter, as he endeavoured to shake off his assailant. "The mischief, then, be on your own head!" So saying, with a powerful effort he hurled the old man violently from him. Mr. Penrose staggered for a moment, then fell backwards beneath the very hoofs of the still-plunging wheelers. Throwing a hurried glance upon his prostrate victim, Mervyn sprang upon the horse the former had but just relinquished, and followed by the dog, who at that instant reached the scene of action, galloped off across the country.

As soon as a fresh vehicle could be procured, the Squire, together with his daughter,—the former in a state of complete insensibility from the contusions he had received, the latter recovered from her swoon and frantic with grief at the calamity of which her folly had proved the cause, were conveyed home. Mr. Penrose's injuries were such as precluded the possibility of recovery, and having lingered nearly a week, he expired, bestowing his pardon and blessing upon the repentant Hermione. Meanwhile, notwithstanding all the exertions of the police, no trace could be discovered of the murderer; and after a fruitless search for some months, it was concluded that he must have made good his escape to the Continent.

Two years elapsed, and Gertrude, who had accepted an invitation to reside with a younger brother of the Squire, a London surgeon of eminence, was recovering something of her former calmness and contentment, when an event occurred which once more brought the past with fearful vividness before her. It was a bright spring morning, and anxious to enjoy the pure air ere it became clogged and clouded with the smoke of some million chimneys,—she was sauntering at an early hour towards one of the parks that lay at no great distance from her uncle's mansion. She had entered the gateway and returned the salutation of that "Green man and still" who sat sentinell thereby, when a person shabbily dressed, approached at a rapid pace from an opposite direction. His looks were turned constantly behind, as if under the apprehension of pursuit: and on Gertrude's attempting to give him way, by one of those simultaneous digressions which so perpetually occur under similar circumstances, he ran directly against her; their eyes met, and in that thin, worn, and squalid figure, she recognized Mervyn!

A dizziness seized her, her limbs trembled, and she would have fallen had not the former caught her in his arms, and supported her to a seat. As the faintness passed, she beheld her former lover gazing upon her face with a look of such intense, such unutterable woe as might have disarmed a far more vengeful spirit than possessed poor Gertrude.

For some time both remained speechless. "Thank heaven," said Mervyn at length, "for this blessing vouchsafed me at my need! O dear and injured Gertrude, how have I longed and prayed for a moment like this!"

"I am at a loss to guess," replied Gertrude, "for what purpose you can have desired to meet one whom,"—she paused.

"One who," continued her companion, "has been so deeply, foully sinned against. Spare me not, Gertrude; alas! you know not half my crime—half my misery, and yet as there is heaven above and earth beneath, I am not guilty of the deeds you deem me."

"I thank you, sir, for reminding me of the gulph between us—let me pass; further converse is impossible."

"Stay for one moment; hear me! Did you but know the mysterious nature of those dreadful transactions, how my soul abhors what my body was constrained to enact, you would pity me, Gertrude, and pardon me."

"This is madness; I am but a simple girl, sir, and pretend not to compass these contradictions; enough, we must part, and we must meet no more."

"No, no," returned Mervyn passionately; "my days are numbered, but ere I lay down the wearisome load of life, you must know all."

At this moment some sound seemed to strike upon his ear; as he turned his head, his arms fell by his side, his whole frame became rigid, and the dampness gathered visibly upon his brow.

"He is on my track—farewell, Gertrude. I am innocent of bloodshed; he—*he* is the murderer."

So saying, the wretched man darted off with the speed of lightning, and disappeared among the neighbouring trees. Gertrude was still standing startled and confused by the abrupt departure of her companion, when the deep baying of a dog caught her attention,

and in a few moments with bristles erect and muzzle bent low to the ground as if in the act of hunting, Rufus galloped up; the animal paused on approaching the agitated girl, but instead of soliciting her caresses, as had been his custom, he just disclosed his formidable fangs, uttered a deep growl, and made off, apparently following by scent the footsteps of his master.

Completely bewildered by Mervyn's extraordinary conduct, and the incoherence of his language, Gertrude hurried homeward. Vague shadowy thoughts would present themselves to her view, but of a nature so terrible and monstrous that she shuddered at contemplating them. Her ideas, however, soon took shapes more wandering and fantastic still, till her brain growing dizzy with the thick-coming fancies, she fell fainting on the floor. An attack of brain-fever succeeded, which left her at the expiration of a month shattered both in mind and body.

"What on earth can have become of your uncle?" said Mrs. Penrose, who was suffering from the combined effects of an over-done dinner and a dull newspaper,—“where can he be? Past nine, and no message. Ah! that odious profession! it 's enough to ruin the temper of every medical man's wife in the world,—not to mention their cook's. For my part, I think married men have no business to be doctors.”

Gertrude being too feeble, even had she been disposed, to undertake the defence of her uncle's calling, contented herself with the usual admission that “it was indeed very provoking.” Fortunately for the latter, further discussion was precluded by the appearance of the surgeon himself, before whom his wife was, for sufficient reasons, commonly silent on the demerits of the aforesaid “odious profession.” Merely, therefore, hinting at the deferred dinner, and the consequent soddenness of boiled, and aridity of roast, she affectionately inquired if anything of peculiar importance had detained him.

“A most singular case has occupied me,” replied Mr. Penrose, “one of hydrophobia, and a most extraordinary specimen of a most extraordinary class. The patient, to whom I was summoned by an old pupil, was severely lacerated in the throat some few weeks past, in an encounter with a ferocious dog; he, it seems, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in destroying the animal, in whom, by the way, no traces of the disease were discoverable upon examination. Symptoms of *rabies*, however, soon developed themselves in the man, among the most remarkable of which was a delirium, or rather monomania, for on all other points his mind appeared perfectly sane, which never left him, and the particulars of which he was anxious to communicate to some person of scientific eminence.

He commenced by stating, that in early life he had applied himself to the study of the more abstruse departments of chemistry, and more particularly to the examination of electrical and magnetic phenomena; that, assisted by a friend possessed of similar taste, he had so far penetrated the arcana of Nature, as to be enabled, by means of galvanic agency, to detach at will the spirit from its tenement, and even to transfer it, with every attribute of identity, into another corporeal frame.

He went on to say that ere long an opportunity occurred of bringing this discovery to bear upon the person of his friend who had

fallen mortally wounded in a duel abroad, and with whom a solemn engagement had been contracted, that at the approaching decease of either, the resources of their art should be called forth to perpetuate his existence in some other shape.—Here his narrative became wild and incoherent in the extreme ; but, from what I could learn, he seemed to fancy that the body of the animal who had fallen by his hand had been by turns, according to the provisions of this strange compact, the recipient of both,—

At this moment a piercing scream from Gertrude interrupted the narrative : she had fallen back upon the sofa in a state of hysterical convulsion. This attack unhappily proved but the prelude to a relapse of her terrible malady ; and although her physical health was in some measure restored by a return to her native hills, her mind never recovered its tone. For some few years she lingered on,

“Sunk—deep sunk in second childhood’s night.”

Then came the closing scene, the passing-bell, and the narrow bed.

WHY IS THE SKY SO BRIGHTLY BLUE ?

WHY is the sky so brightly blue ?
Sweet Mother ! tell me this I pray ;
While stars so gaily shining through,
Make night more beautiful than day.

Say ! are they spirits’ eyes, which gaze
With radiant lustre here below,
To lure us with their trembling rays
From earth-born scenes of guilt and woe ?

Or do the friends so long departed,
Within their lustrous orbits dwell,
And bend they o’er the broken-hearted,
Whose breasts with hopeless anguish swell ?

I love not much the noonday sun,
All glorious though his radiance be ;
But when his burning course is run,
Then night is beautiful to me.

The west-wind murmuring through the trees,
Strains of such silvery sweetness woke ;
That floating onward with the breeze,
Methought some gentle angel spoke.

The flowers breathe round their odours rare,
Heaven’s lamps in cloudless ether move ;
And the hush’d stillness of the air,
Allures the heart to peace and love.

Sweet Mother ! should thy gentle breast
Pillow my head when death is nigh ;
Oh ! weep not ! for eternal rest
Must needs be sweet in yonder sky.

H. B. K.

THE PENALTY AFTER DEATH.

It is "a pretty considerable" long time ago since a person of the name of Harpix lived in a small country town. He was a retail dealer, and although he had failed several times, contrived to have amassed a decent property. Many, by the bye, are of opinion, that bankruptcy is the only game at which a man loses nothing if he plays his cards well. One thing is certain, that in his case, he had reduced many poor devils to beggary, especially his brother Ulrich, who had entrusted him with all his inheritance. No one knew what had become of this Ulrich; some thought that he had been seen round about the country with a band of gypsies. His brother said, "It is, God knows, very possible; but I, for my part, neither care to know nor will know anything about him, and if he shows himself here—then—" And this time he did not lie, for when Ulrich, one evening, like the prodigal son, returned to him, and, with tears in his eyes, begged for pity, and promised to lead a new life, Mr. Harpix knew him not, shut the door in his face, turned his back upon him, and threatened to give him up to justice, should he be minded to come a second time.

John Pheiffer, the barber, a simple, good sort of man, who had carried on a snug little business with the buxom Louisa, the butcher's daughter, had also been reduced to want through Mr. Harpix, and was sadly put to it to make both ends meet with his barber-surgery, for people then wore longer beards, and did not require so much doctor's stuff as at the present day. As Louisa, however, continued to present a child to her husband every year, the poor barber was in great straits how to feed so many months with his razor, and had he not been a good Christian, he would soon have cut his throat with it.

Mr. Harpix was, notwithstanding, looked upon as an honourable man, and much prized as a jolly companion, for he was humble, sweet-spoken, modest in word and deed, flattered every one he conversed with, and agreed with them in all they said, and now and then gave some of them entertainments at his house, and besides playing the bankrupt, took a hand at ombre, whist, and piquet; he could smoke his pipe, talk politics, and drink drams; in short, he was a man *comme il faut*, after the prevailing taste of the country-town. Then what had others to do with his commercial transactions? The citizens of the town had then, as now, their own ways of thinking, and one was—"Don't trouble yourself with other people's affairs. Let every man answer for his own."

One evening Mr. Harpix and his old housekeeper were deeply engaged in conversation. A great fat hog, just slaughtered, lay in the outer room upon a table, covered with a cloth. Gertrude was the confidante of her master; she was seated opposite to him, and was moved to tears, for she was old and did not relish her food so much as she had done in former years. She riveted her eyes on her master, who with much greediness was swallowing tit-bit after tit-bit, and said, "I can't conceive, master, how you can sit there so quietly, and eat with such an appetite, when you have so many sins upon your conscience."

"What are you again chattering about?" exclaimed Mr. Harpix.

"Have done with your slip-slop. Did I not yesterday receive the sacrament; have I not made confession, and promised amendment?"

"Yes, but that generally does not last long," remarked Gertrude.

"How do you know *that*," answered Mr. Harpax. "Since yesterday I have not sinned, that is something; for if I pawned off upon Peter Gunther a couple of ells of cloth, the colours of which would not stand, that can't be reckoned among my misdeeds. There is a proverb, that says, 'when a fool cheapens, it puts money in the trader's purse.'"

"Yes, that is but a little *peccadillo*," replied Gertrude; "but your brother Ulrich, and poor John Pheiffer, they press upon my conscience."

"Well!" remarked Mr. Harpax. "If I can bear this Alp upon my shoulders, *they* may, I think—"

"But tell me," said Gertrude, "about your conscience. Do you believe in hell and the devil?"

"No. That is a stupid superstition," rejoined Harpax. "Our new sexton thinks that hell means a bad conscience, and as I have no bad conscience—"

"Have you a good one?" exclaimed Gertrude.

"Why," replied Mr. Harpax, "that I can't say; my conscience is neither good nor bad, but betwixt and between—equipoised in the scale, and that is the most reasonable of all consciences."

"But," said Gertrude, "if you to-day or to-morrow should be called before the dear Lord God?"

"Oh!" answered Mr. Harpax, with a frightful grin, "the dear Lord God calls me not." Thereupon he became black-blue, sat motionless as a pillar, and uttered not another word.

"We can, however, get the hog," said the now no longer buxom, but thin and faded, Louisa to her husband, the barber, as she sat with him at a deal table, where a bit of cheese, a loaf of black bread, and a bottle of stale beer formed all their supper, whilst six half-naked children slept beside them on straw.

"No, Louisa!" exclaimed John Pheiffer; "in Heaven's name. No."

"Eh! What?" she replied; "has not the old rogue stolen all my dowry?"

"That is true enough," said the barber; "but because he is a villain shall we be like him?"

"We shall never have done with this tittle-tattle," said Louisa. "He has robbed me of all the means of supporting these poor babes. He stuffs himself, in his armchair, with fat pork till he chokes. He has just killed a great hog, and with that we could, for at least eight days, assuage the hunger of our little children. I know that the hog lies upon the table in the outhouse. Come, John Pheiffer! show that you are a man and a father. No one will see it done; the watchman is asleep."

"But God does not sleep," sighed John Pheiffer.

"God knows that I only take back a small part of my own property," exclaimed Louisa. "Follow me, if you are a man. I go with a quiet conscience, and will answer for my deed at the last judgment."

"You are a dear girl," said John Pheiffer, "and I am a good-natured easy fool, and must do as you bid. For once I will yield to you, if you promise me never again to carry off hogs, for Mr. Harpax has a great pigsty at home."

"Come time, come rhyme," said Louisa. "Follow me!"

With that they proceeded towards the house; that was at some distance, and, separated from the rest by garden walls and hedges, lay at the end of the street. The night was dark, and the watchman—Louisa was right—slept soundly.

Mr. Harpax had died of apoplexy. When Gertrude had long stared at her master, and he at her with wide-open, glassy eyes, without making any answer, she was suddenly seized with horror and affright, and exclaimed, "The devil has carried him off!" Whereupon she ran out to fetch the old servant Paul. They shook the dead man roughly. Paul stuck a bit of pork into his mouth, poured a glass of spirits down his throat—it was all of no avail, and they were soon fully convinced that Mr. Harpax was really no more.

Now they laid the hog on the floor, and placed the corpse on the table, and rolled it up in the cloth which had covered the animal. Gertrude hastened to the constable's, where she knew the parson and the sexton were merry-making, to announce the news. Paul's office was to watch the dead body.

Paul was an honest fellow, but he had one failing; he was too fond of looking to the bottom of his glass. That evening he had had a drinking-bout, so that his imagination began to work in that gloomy corpse-room, and haunted him with all sorts of grim visions. He had never heard of Dante's *Inferno*, nor seen the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo in the Vatican; but he localized both in his own way. Thus Beelzebub appeared to him with a long counsellor's wig, and in a black gown, with a roll of parchment under his arm, and a hammer in his hand. Him followed sundry imps, with horn lanterns, and pitchforks. Beelzebub sat himself down at a table, and began to set up at auction the members of the deceased. And now Paul saw, with astonishment, how one bought the belly, that was out of all measure enormous, and sold extravagantly dear; a second purchased the heart, that was extremely small, and very cheap. The lungs fetched the highest price of all, "for," said the devil, "they will make an excellent bellows below." Whenever a sale was effected, Beelzebub knocked with his hammer on the table, till the house trembled; and every time that an imp had paid for his member in hard dollars, he went up to the corpse, and stuck into it his pitchfork to take away his purchase. So they continued to do, one after another, till the brains were put up, which no one bid for, so that the devil was obliged to make them a present to the silliest of the fiends. As a finishing flourish, he struck so hard with his hammer on the table, that the light fell out of the candlestick, and was extinguished. It was pitch-dark in the room—an astonishing noise was heard, and a blue light flared up. Paul fell senseless on the ground, and saw two silent figures enter, who speedily lifted up the corpse, and carried it off.

The last part of this vision was no fancy; for John Pheiffer and his wife really entered, by the moonshine, into the room, at the very moment when the candlestick fell, and the light went out, and vanished with the corpse, under the idea that they had got possession of the slaughtered hog.

As soon as Paul was recovered from his swoon, he struck a light, and not finding Mr. Harpax any longer on the table, he said with resignation, "Yes, that is all right. The devil has got him." Thereupon, he betook himself to the next room, took the hog, and lifted it on the

table, where the auction was held, spread over it another cloth, set the light in a cup with water, so that it might do no injury, and said, "There is no use in watching over a hog," and went to bed.

Meanwhile Gertrude arrived at the constable's. He had, as has been said, a party. The pastor and the sexton were there. The sexton was called out, because he was most in her way, and knew how to ingratiate himself with people, and was besides not so rigid in his principles as the preacher. As soon as Gertrude had, with tearful eyes, related the mournful event, they were all much affected. They were seated round a punchbowl, and men half-seas-over are as ready to cry as to laugh. "He was a dear soul, however," said one. "We shan't so easily find his like again," said a second. "All the world counted him a devilish good fellow," said a third. "A right jovial companion, observed a fourth. "We have played many a game together," chimed in the first speaker. "We have emptied many a bottle together," said the sexton. All but the pastor were silent.

"Yes, our Herr pastor will have to make a funeral oration over him," said the constable.

"No! most certainly that I will not," answered the preacher, taking up his hat and stick. "I know nothing good to say of him, and it is too late to reproach a man with his sins when he is a corpse. If he was a sinner, let him answer now for his offences. God be merciful to his soul!" Therewith he wished them all good night, and went home.

Whilst he was on his way home, the rest made a circle round the sexton, and said, "He is a hard-hearted, unfeeling man, our Herr pastor. Listen to me. Brother sexton! Thou canst, to my mind, preach as well as he. What say'st thou? Shall we this night pay our late friend a visit in his death-chamber? I would that thou, *stante pede*, make a speech over him; for thou hast not drunken so much, but thou canst stand upon thy pins."

"Oh," answered the sexton, "as to that, I can never preach better than when I have had a good jollification, for then the spirit is in me."

"Thou shalt not go without thy fee," exclaimed the constable. "We will club together for thee. Thou hast long wished for a pair of black cloth breeches and a new hat. These thou shalt have."

"Well," said the sexton, "I feel myself now in a right cue for it." They went towards the dead-chamber.

Gertrude opened the door; they found the lamp burning in the cup. "Poor Paul," said she, "is gone to bed; he had not the courage to watch alone with the corpse: I see, however, that the lad has been sensible enough to take him out of the hog-trough and lay him on the table. That is much more proper. Will you take a peep at him gentlemen? He looks, indeed, shocking blue in the face, for he died, of an apoplectic fit."

"No! we will not look at him," called out the guests. It was midnight, the night air had somewhat sobered them on the way, and they felt all in a shiver.

The sexton walked, however, cheerfully up to the table where the dead man lay, cleared his husky throat, and spoke in the following manner:

"At this table, devout friends and brethren! we have many a time sat, and emptied many a good bottle of wine with the dear deceased,

who now lies there, and cocks up his nose. And yet he was the healthiest, fattest, and most jovial of us all, proving the truth of the old adage,—‘To-day red, to-morrow dead.’ As to the deceased’s corpse, or outer man, it must be owned that he was none of the handsomest; there are many, however, who are uglier. His small pigs’ eyes, indeed, twinkled somewhat in his head; he was, notwithstanding, thick behind the ears, and groped about, and stuck his snout into everything. His hair stuck up very bristly, because he was no dandy, and did not lose much time about his toilet. His belly gravitated down to his legs as low as if he had been a Lord Mayor. He was not a man of many words, and this people excused, because he had something grunting in his voice; and perhaps, also, he rather too often dealt in repetitions of his thoughts and opinions: still, he was a quiet, steady, thick-set man, without fine feelings or high-flown notions of any kind, patient and circumspect, who only screamed out when he felt the knife at his throat, which no one can blame him for. He was also enterprising, and was not ashamed often to pry into, and to get at, what would have caused any other than himself a hundred qualms and scruples of conscience. Therefore, he was blessed, and increased daily more and more; till at last, even by reason of his excessive health, he was fated to die a quick death without pain, from which Heaven defend us! Some think that he had something in him of the brute—those were his foes and calumniators, who did not appreciate him. Now that he is dead, and we can see through him, we find in his innermost being that he has much in common with the most celebrated characters that have ever lived. Fare thee well! my hearty good fellow! If thou canst look back from the kingdom of the dead, it will melt thine heart to see thine old pot-companions about thy remains, with folded hands, and tears in their eyes. They love thee very dearly, and have promised me a pair of cloth-breeches and a new hat, if I would preach a funeral oration over thee. And that I have now done, and hope that we are all satisfied with it. Amen!”

As he was thus speaking, the cloth, which had been loosely thrown over the corpse, fell down, and discovered to all present—the slaughtered hog! A monstrous laugh ensued, and they fell upon the poor sexton with a burst of mockery. He was now unable to restrain himself, and called out,

“I have not told a single lie: every word that I have said is applicable to the subject; I have deserved my new hat and blacks.”

“That hast thou,” they exclaimed in chorus; “for a hog he was, and thou hast made him one.” Therewith, they went away laughing and joking, without troubling themselves about the context of the matter, and left the perplexed Gertrude alone in the death-chamber.

While all this was passing, John Pheiffer and the daring Louisa reached home, without any adventure on the road, with their booty, and set down the corpse in the empty kitchen. Louisa took the axe, set up the chopping-block, and said to John, “Now, take up the hog, and lay it on the block, and I will cut the meat into joints, and salt it.” With these words, she tore off the cloth. Astonished as were the sexton and his suite when they found a hog in the place of Mr. Harpix, John and Louisa were still more so when they saw there Mr. Harpix in place of the hog. They could not speak for horror, for the corpse lay there in his green bedgown, with his nightcap on his head,

and slippers on his feet, black-blue in the face, and stared at them with wide-open glassy eyes.

As soon as they had collected themselves, Louisa said, "Here he cannot remain. Away with him! Quick! Where shall we drag him to?" "We will set him down at the door of the French peruke-maker," thought John Pheiffer; "he is no good friend to me; he is ever infringing on my privileges, and shaves people when he ought only to friz their hair." They now bestirred themselves, and dragged the corpse to the door of the perruquier's. John Pheiffer stuck Mr. Harpix bolt upright against the wall. Louisa returned home: John, however, who was, like all barbers, full of curiosity, hid himself at a little distance round the corner, to see the upshot of the affair.

The perruquier, Mons. Narcisse, had also been at a party that night, and had got a little tipsy. He was a haggard, dark-coloured, oldish Frenchman, who had served for many years as a soldier, and, after the peace, had set himself up in this town, where he carried on the wig-making business, and had married a young, pretty, well-conducted girl, who—but without reason—made her husband very jealous.

When now Mons. Narcisse, with his Spanish cane in his hand, as steadily as his inebriation admitted, had popped over the great stones of the bad pavement, in order not to splash his white stockings, and saw Mr. Harpix standing at his door, in *negligé*, he believed it to be a fortunate admirer of his wife, who had taken advantage of his absence to carry on an intrigue with her. His champagne-blood boiled in all his veins, and after some energetic expletives, which uneducated Frenchmen commonly use on such occasions, called out—"Ah, Suzanne! miserable creature! N'as tu pas plus de goût que de préférer un monstre à un homme comme il faut, que ton propre époux? Mais attends, vieux gaillard! Je te payerai le compte." And without allowing the gallant time for flight, he pounced upon him like a hawk upon a pigeon, and pummelled him till the corpse fell at his feet.

Scarcely had Mons. Narcisse discovered that the man was dead, when he became white as a sheet, for he thought that he had murdered him. He stood for some time irresolute; scratched his head with a comb, and repeatedly said—"Que faire!" As, however, like most Frenchmen, he possessed *présence d'esprit*, he suddenly lifted the corpse upon his back, and slipped it into the dead-house of the old gothic church, that lay a considerable distance off. Then he made all haste home, undressed himself, and laid himself down by the side of his wife, who was in a deep sleep.

Now it happened this very same night, that a band of gypsies, whom Ulrich, Mr. Harpix's brother, had joined, had taken up their night's quarters in a neighbouring wood. They had been all over Germany, Hungary, and Italy; but the desire to revisit the place of one's birth, acts even in the most depraved spirits; and what was a stronger inducement in this case to Ulrich, a longing to avenge himself on his hard-hearted brother. He was now become a perfect king of the gypsies, had had many occasions of showing his prudence and bravery, was blindly adored and obeyed by his people, and had for wives two of the handsomest girls of the horde.

The gypsies had caught some cats, which they had roasted, and washed down with sundry bottles of brandy. As soon as their mettle was up, Ulrich called out—"Be alive, comrades! now let us go to my brother's house, and knock loudly at his door, till he is black about the

eyes. Take with you a flint, steel, and tinder, and let the red cock, when the day breaks, be crowing on the old villain's roof!"

A general drunken "Hurra!" showed that all were delighted with their captain's proposition. Thereupon he crept with a select few into the town, and promised those who remained behind, that he would entertain them with a splendid firework.

As soon as they reached the church, and Ulrich's eyes fell on the red, lofty walls, and the golden cross that glittered in the moonlight on the top of the spire, he felt a tightening at his heart, and tears came into his eyes; but this tender emotion soon gave way to his thirst for vengeance. He entered the churchyard, and gazed upon the tombstones of his parents, that were in a sad state, and overgrown with grass and weeds. "Here they lie," he sobbed, "and the dog has not once had heart enough to keep in repair the last resting-place of our parents, and weed their graves."

As soon as the gypsies heard that the father and mother of their captain lay buried here, when all set to work. They pulled up the weeds, cleaned the stones, scratched with their nails the mould from out the letters, tore the flowers by the roots from the neighbouring graves, and planted them on that of his parents, and their monuments now stood in good and decent trim. Then Ulrich opened the church-door with a picklock, and entered in. He visited the font where he had been baptized, stood before the spot where the pastor had confirmed him, whilst tears coursed down his cheeks. "Here I had come and prayed like an honest man with my family about me,—happy, and with the happy," he exclaimed, "had it not been for that scoundrel. Revenge! revenge!"

Thus saying, he rushed out of the church, and called to his fellow-comrades to go with him, and set fire to his brother's house. He found them in the dead-house, full of surprise—encircling a corpse. He approached, bent down, at once recognized his brother, burst into a frightful laugh, and cried out—"By the just God, it is he! The devil has taken him! Now I am his heir. Bed-gown, night-cap, and slippers are mine; these will I carry in triumph to my Mirza and my Sale, but this body belongs to the gallows. This, whilst he was alive, he richly merited, and now that he is dead he shall pay the penalty of his good deeds. Why should that three-legged creature we passed outside the town, stand there without a rider? Bring him to the dead-house, and bind him with a rope under his belly, but so that he does not tumble down, for he was always a good climber but a bad rider!"

Scarcely was this said, when the gypsies despoiled Mr. Harpix of his night-cap, gown, and slippers, with which booty Ulrich hastened to his wives in the wood; whilst the rest hung up Mr. Harpix to the gallows outside the town. As soon as John Pheiffer, who had been an invisible spectator of the whole of these occurrences, had seen Mr. Harpix thus reach his proper place of destination, he slipped home, and related the whole story to his Louisa.

The gypsies broke up their encampment at day-break and vanished, and Mr. Harpix hung on the gallows. A singular circumstance now occurred.

A bosom-friend of Mr. Harpix, Mr. Tang, who lived five miles off, was that morning riding towards the town, meaning to celebrate his birthday with his intimate acquaintance. As he was riding on fast,

so as to arrive before the heat of the day, and saw a sinner rocking backwards and forwards in the wind on the gallows, he could not deny himself the innocent gratification of going up to it, in order to take a nearer view of the criminal, for such spectacles had a great attraction for him. He never went to the theatre to see a comedy, for he despised such raree-shows, as he called them; and as to tragedy, he said that one had misery and qualms of conscience enough at home, without having to pay money for seeing them represented on the stage. But he at the same time never missed an execution, and took with him his little children; for that hardens them, he said, and adds to their physiological acquirements.

The horse was wiser than his master, for he did not approve of such sights, shied, and made several side bounds, so that Mr. Tang was obliged to get off; he fastened him to a tree, and crossed on foot over the field. Think, reader, of his horror when he came to the foot of the gallows, and saw that honourable and respectable man, Mr. Harpax, his bosom friend, and accomplice in all his wordly transactions, dangling on the gallows!

"Woe is me! all is come to light!" he exclaimed, and tore his clothes, although he was no Jew. "Then I am at last sold and betrayed. Could not the chatterbox hold his tongue? He was a malicious old rascal, and if he was born to be hung it must have been his only comfort to think that I shall have to keep him company. Curses on him for corrupting my good heart to take a false oath, and to burn the old deed, that was so good a security without it. Now there will be a hue and cry against me for perjury and forgery. A gaol—a trial—torture—sentence of death await me. This is a fine way of celebrating one's birthday. Well, then, I will, in Heaven's name, make away with myself, rather than fall into the clutches of the law. Self-done is well-done!"

With these words he loosened the garter from his knee, made a slip-knot in it, and hanged himself in a weeping-willow-tree not far from the gallows, right opposite to his bosom friend.

No one in the town could conceive how or why all this took place, and how two such respectable men as Mr. Harpax and Mr. Tang, who had never been tried for any crime, should the one have been hanged, and the other have hanged himself.

"I would give a hundred dollars," said the rich old head of the police, the next morning, as John Pheiffer was shaving him, "if I knew the rights of this wonderful story."

"A word's a word—a man's a man," said John Pheiffer; "if your honour will give me the hundred dollars, and your word of honour not to betray me, then I will relate the whole of it to you. I am as innocent as a lamb!" He then recounted all the adventures of the past night.

The old magistrate wondered beyond measure, had pity on the poor barber, gave him the promised hundred dollars, and John Pheiffer joyfully hastened home with them to his wife.

Some time after, as soon as Mr. Harpax's property was sold, Louisa got back her dowry, and became as round and blooming as ever. The children no longer slept upon straw; they were seen every morning rosy-cheeked and merry, with their school-books strapped on their backs in a satchel, going out of the house to school.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE NEW MAGISTRATE.

"As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits."—SENECA.

My brief holiday being expired, I resumed with cheerfulness my prison duties. During my absence a new magistrate had been added by a cold seal to the commission—Mr. Worledge. From this gentleman much was expected. He was active, earnest, clear-sighted, and thoroughly independent of party. His after-career fulfilled, to a signal extent, the hopes of those who had entrusted him with the administration of justice. His political bias none could discover. He held that ALL men, *in office*, are subject to influences which out of place they would repudiate and disclaim; that none can be safely trusted with power. "I am the adherent," said he, "of neither Sir Robert nor Lord John. My politics are peace and good order." Some of his colleagues thought he shrank more than was advisable from the infliction of punishment. "Pooh! pooh!" was his answer—"We are to reconcile where we can, and to punish where we must. I have a favourable view of my kind; and find many instances of generosity, kindness, and good faith among my fellows."

Frequently when a petitioner for a summons has come before him—desperately angry—and determined to visit with the full rigour of the law some unhappy delinquent—the offence being one of a petty and pardonable nature—Mr. Worledge has quietly remarked—

"Well, my man! you shall have a summons if you desire it; but go—walk in my garden for twenty minutes—and then return to the subject." In more instances than one the result has been—"Well, sir, I'll try Tom, or Bob, or Jem (as the name might be) once more: I'll go home as I came. I'll take out no summons."

At other times a culprit has been brought before him in custody of the constable—heated and obstinate—smarting under the severity of some sentence which he avowed he wasn't "desarving of:"—"fully determined *not* to pay" some fine, or not to comply with some magisterial order imposed upon him. Hodge, clenching his hawthorn stick—his voice and manner alike betokening defiance, has vociferously declared—he "wouldn't submit;" he would "go to gaol first"—that "he would"—and "stop there—and die there;" he "didn't care what became" of him—not he; he "wouldn't pay—never—come what would of it."

"Very well! I understand you;" was Mr. Worledge's ready remark upon these occasions—"you need not give yourself the trouble to repeat your determination. Now, if I enter at all into this matter I must adjudicate upon it; and the consequences will be serious.

But before I do so—Constable, do you hear?—take this young lad, and walk him twice round the shrubbery field;—slowly—you understand me?—slowly, and then let me see him again.”

The issue—sufficiently often to justify the wisdom of the experiment—has been that Hodge, looking considerably cooler and quieter, and making his best bow on entering “the presence,” has said—“Please, sir, I’ve thought better of it! I’ll *pay* the money; and there’s an end on it.”

To some of his colleagues Mr. Worledge’s tactics were marvelously unpalatable. His line of conduct was said to shew “weakness;” “undue sympathy with the people;” “unnecessary and unbefitting condescension; and a “craving appetite for popularity.” Mr. Worledge pursued his course unmoved. “Nothing”—said he in reply to some moving representations from his brother magistrates—“nothing shall deter me from using every lawful expedient I can muster to keep a man out of gaol. He is ruined ever afterwards;—temper—habits—feelings—alike vitiated. It is the worst of schools, I’m persuaded.”

His ideas, too, relative to the remedies for crime were abominably simple. He repudiated all theories; would have shut up Miss Martineau among the incurables, and whistled when mention was made to him of the opinions and writings of Professor Pryme. His prescription comprised one word—“EMPLOYMENT.” He maintained that an idle population was necessarily a vicious population, and *vice versâ*. Of the labourers he spoke thus:—“Set them to work. Work, in every village and hamlet in the kingdom can be found them—*work that will well repay the cost of labour*—if landowners will but give themselves the trouble of seeking it out and setting it a-going. Low wages are preferable to no bread. If you desire your farmsteads to be free from the visits of the midnight marauder, the burglar, and the incendiary, find the labourer work.” On the subject of emigration Mr. Worledge’s views were still more offensive. He denounced it unceasingly. He declared it to be opposed to scriptural precept, common humanity, and common sense. He had the audacity to declare that by emigration we got rid of the middle class,—that class which is invaluable to a nation, and particularly to a commercial nation. He asserted that it is the middle class which gives employment to the poor, which projects and carries out schemes involving speculation, outlay, and enterprise. He maintained that the withdrawal of this class from our shores was an experiment which enriched other lands, but impoverished our own;—left us burdened with this legacy—a starving refuse of population—their employers and the means of employing them being withdrawn. He therefore denounced the fluent Lord A——, the philosophic Lord B——, and the classical Sir Thomas C——, as “emigration-mad.”

There never was such a heretic on the score of commonly-received opinions, as the plain-spoken and imperturbable Mr. Worledge!

And yet, humane as he was, there was nothing mawkish in his tone of sentiment. He ridiculed those declamatory personages who are vehement and noisy touching the sufferings of prisoners; and who would have gaols made comfortable. “Keep,” was his line of remark, “every human being out of a gaol as long as you are able. Let it be in every case a ‘*dernier ressort*.’ But, once there, let the party feel his position. Gaols are places of punishment—not of re-

laxation or amusement: and as places of punishment let gloom, and restraint, and correction, and privation characterize them." His sympathies might be, as was asserted of him, with the masses; but he never forgot the dignity or independence of his office. He acted, he remembered well, *judicially* between man and man: and never, at the termination of any controversy or difference held before him, and decided by him, appealed to either party for their approbation of his ruling. It is not always thus. Would it were!

But his religious creed was most open to remark; and, touching this a curious trait is extant respecting him. The vicar of his parish was non-resident: and his place was supplied by a curate, the Rev. Yarcombe Spinks.

Mr. Spinks had but one sermon for the whole fifty-two Sundays in the year. Festival, or fast-day, it was all the same to him. He never preached but one sermon, and that "on the iniquities of Popery." There was, 'tis true, a new head-piece and crupper. The text was changed, and the conclusion re-modelled. In other respects the dose was "the same as before!" Mr. Worledge listened with exemplary attention to this same sermon for eleven consecutive Sundays. On the twelfth his patience failed him; and he addressed a few words of expostulation to his minister.

"Are not the pains you are at present taking, Mr. Spinks, superfluous? There is not a single Roman Catholic in the parish, nor within nine miles of us. I am a Protestant. My tenants are all Protestants. The congregation to a man is Protestant. Your flock mainly consists of poor, unlettered, labouring men, passing their lives in the threshing-floor, at the plough-tail, or beside the wheat-stack. Ploughing, sowing, harrowing, and reaping, make up the daily routine of their unambitious lives. What care they to know what false doctrines are embodied in the "creed of Pope Pius IV.;" or what erroneous views may be found in 'Dr. Bonaventura's Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary?' Worthy Mr. Spinks, do eschew controversy, and give us a plain simple sermon on Christian practice."

So spoke Mr. Worledge: but his pastor replied,

"It is highly requisite that these poor people should know well the wickedness taught by Pope Pius IV., and perpetuated in his creed; and also what an improper and idolatrous psalter St. Bonaventura's psalter is. This truly reprehensible saint—"

"They will never be able to pronounce his name!" ejaculated Mr. Worledge with a sigh.

"Deserves every censure that can be cast upon him," continued Mr. Spinks, "and, for my own part, I shall never cease laying bare the iniquities of popery till it is rooted out of the land."

"My reverend friend!" exclaimed the Justice, "listen to me for one brief moment. During six days of the week I am compelled to hear and know much of strife, much of calumny, much of envy, much of unjust assertion and reckless conclusion: on the Sabbath I wish—is it unreasonable?—to be soothed by other and different topics. I desire to hear something inculcating reverence and obedience towards my Maker—charity and compassion towards my fellow creatures."

"Think of the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew!" cried Mr. Spinks, in sepulchral tones.

"It was a rash and barbarous act," remarked the Justice, "and no Roman Catholic that I ever met with defended it."

"Oh! but you're mistaken. They do defend it, and admire it, and applaud it. A medal is struck annually at Rome to commemorate the event."

"An act of very questionable prudence," said Mr. Worledge, quietly. "I gave the Pope's Cardinal Secretary credit for better taste. But enough of this. Hearing so much that is exciting, and distressing, and discordant, during six days of the week,—on the seventh, pray, pray allow me to listen to tidings of rest and peace."

"No peace with Rome," was Mr. Spink's solemn and inexorable response.

The Justice left his parish church, and assigned for so doing this extraordinary reason, that it gave him no pleasure to hear, every Sunday morning, that so many thousands of his fellow subjects were enveloped in a slough of error, superstition, and idolatry, which they would throw off only to wake in endless misery.

Such was the new magistrate.

"Once more amongst us, eh, Mr. Cleaver?" Thus his greeting ran on my return. "Your holiday has been short. I hope you have made the most of it. Mr. Osterly, your substitute, has been assiduous and very judicious. I have heard him repeatedly address the prisoners. His remarks were plain, simple, and short; no fanaticism and no flights of fancy in them; but intelligible, full of charity and common sense."

"Too moderate, far too moderate," interposed Mr. Watson Cumberstone from the opposite corner, with a very condemnatory shake of the head; "they want fire; there's no cayenne pepper in them!"

"I'm a plain man," observed the new magistrate, in his usual gentle tones, "and detest all high seasoning, in Divinity more especially."

CHAPTER LXV.

OLD SCRATCH.

"People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after."—GOLDSMITH.

THE addition of a new visiting magistrate to the list of those who "had the oversight" of us, was not the only change which had occurred in the prison during my absence. A new surgeon had been appointed. He with whom I had co-operated for so many years, professed himself weary of the continual change of rules and regulations which were sent down by successive Home Secretaries for the governance of the medical officers in all gaols and houses of correction within the realm. He declared his memory unequal to the task of remembering the conflicting codes which different political chiefs promulgated from the Home Office. What was right to-day became wrong to-morrow. He never knew whether praise or censure awaited him. No human being that he was acquainted with could steer a safe course amid such clashing and conflicting instructions. The "pressure from without" was too strong for him: he

yielded to its influence, and retired. His successor was Dr. Todrigg, better known as "Old Scratch." This latter cognomen was bestowed upon him from the closing incident of his matrimonial life. The Doctor held that, where tempers do not completely accord, brief communications are judicious. Acting upon this idea, during a temporary absence from home, he desired that he might be plagued by no letters, but that the newspaper might be forwarded with undeviating regularity: "a broad scratch on its cover," he added, "would apprise him that Mrs. T. was well." For eleven days the newspaper, duly scratched, reached him; on the twelfth and thirteenth day no scratch appeared. He wrote, angrily enough, to inquire why it was omitted. The reason was coolly given—"Mrs. Todrigg was dead!"

The deceased lady had peculiarities on her side. She was a widow, amply dowered, when the Doctor wooed her; and it was whispered that his overtures met with a ready and gracious hearing mainly in consequence of "a slight" which was offered the lady in the early days of her widowhood, and which her chafed spirit never surmounted. Mr. Daubuz, her first husband, had been gathered to his fathers about six weeks, and his wealthy relict, ponderous alike in purse and person, was stalking about in all the pomp and paraphernalia of comfortable woe, when it occurred to her that black-edged visiting-cards were proper for a person in her truly afflicted circumstances, and she betook herself to the counter of the principal bookseller of the little town in which she sojourned. The party was also a printer on a paltry scale, renowned for drink, and for the unfailing carelessness with which he conducted a declining business.

The widow sat down hastily, and rested where she could, and as soon as she could, her corpulent person; and the while talked and groaned, and alluded to the many virtues, excellences, and oddities of the late lamented Mr. Daubuz,—no oddity, by the way, appeared so totally indefensible to his surviving relatives as that of leaving to this uneducated woman his entire property,—and ever and anon applied a cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and looked as desolate, sad, and sorrow-stricken as her plump figure, rosy cheeks, and round laughing eyes would allow.

The purchase made, Mrs. Daubuz rose hastily from her seat, as if overcome by the topic, and sought, "with ponderous step and slow," her widowed home. As she proceeded onwards, she fancied those who overtook and passed her appeared extremely mirthful, and "had a very comical stare in their eye." Ere long she distinctly caught the words, "These very extensive premises to let. An early application is desirable."

"Where *can* these be?" murmured the widow. "Premises? I know of none vacant in Boddlebury."

And the wondering lady paused, and scanned the street inquisitively. No empty domicile met her eye, and once more she got under weigh. She had panted onwards a few yards, when she was once more brought up all standing by a burst of laughter from some parties behind her, and by the same perplexing declaration about "extensive premises" and "early application."

"I wish I was well out of this—that I do," was the stout lady's comment; "I'm always timersome when I walks abroad alone. And I've heerd afore now that people have been hustled as they've

trudged along in broad daylight. Mrs. Boby was in Birmingham, and she said a genteel cracksman—”

“Capital!” cried a voice behind her. “That’s an advertisement!—as good as *Robins’s*—shorter, but quite as pointed. Shall we stop her?”

“*Robbers!* I thought as much,” echoed the lady. “Oh! if I could but see one of the new police!—and, gracious! to think of a twenty-pound note in my purse, and a matter of seventeen shillings in my left-hand pocket! Given to me!—I say, given to me, if I saves ’em now. But I shan’t! Well, if I ever walks abroad again alone—”

“Madam,” said the youngest of the two springalds, accosting her, and endeavouring to command a grave expression, “permit me to make you acquainted with a circumstance—”

“I’ve too many acquaintance as it is,” responded the lady, mending her pace with every energy she could command.

“But really, ma’am, this circumstance is so unusual, that your knowledge of it is—”

“All’s one!” ejaculated the lady, keeping up her pace, under the full conviction that both herself and her purse were in imminent peril. “Let me go on my ways of sorrow. Lamentation and woe is before me. I haven’t a farthing in the world—not a farthing—I mean to spare. And my mourning weeds should protect me.—Burn the fellow!”—this was an aside—“one of Mrs. Boby’s cracksmen, I dare to say. Never saw a robber so genteelly dressed in my life!”

“You will regret, madam, not listening to our—”

“Shall I?” cried the delighted Mrs. Daubuz, as she hastily left the high road, and entered a small paddock. “Now, villains,”—and she faced round on her assailants,—“I’ve arrived at my own grounds; and, if you dares to mislest me, I’ll send for Bowser, the parish constable, and have you both taken to the round-house.”

A peal of laughter was the response,—a second and a third reached the heated lady’s ears.

“Them laughs as wins,” cried she exultingly. “I’m safe!—*puss*, bank-note, silver, and all!”

And in high good-humour the triumphant woman passed into her mansion. There her attendant toadee—wealthy widows are seldom without an animal of this description—came forward with a shriek.

“Oh! my blessed and lovely Mrs. Daubuz, where *have* you been, and what indignities have you suffered?”

“Indignities! I like that. No, my dear,—no indignities have fallen to my share. But I’ve defeated two of the swell-mob. They wanted to draw me—me!—into conversation, and then rob me. But I’ve not lived to bury two husbands for nothing. I’ve done ’em.”

And Mrs. Daubuz uttered a most complacent chuckle at the recollection of her late triumph.

“O my dearest friend!” shrieked Miss Fitch, “my gentle and ever-honoured Mrs. Daubuz, look here!” And the toadee pointed to an enormous placard pasted on the dress of her portly hostess, directing public attention to “capacious premises,” and suggesting the wisdom of an “early application.”

“Indeed!” cried the widow angrily. “And so I’ve been suffered to sit down on a posting-bill, larded with paste, and to carry it away with me,—ay, and to walk with it up and down the town for three quarters of an hour,—and none to undeceive me!”

Miss Fitch sobbed.

"Savenges!" resumed the widow, "worse nor savenges!"—and she tore the placard to fragments—"to permit me to stalk about in this fashion, to make myself a world's wonder! Well might the boobies I passed grin from ear to ear!"

"Infamous!" ejaculated toadee.

"I'll leave the town," continued the exasperated lady. "It has seen the last of my money: I abandon it. I'll seek another home."

She did so, and within six months found it under the roof of Dr. Todrigg.

Unhappy lady! it seemed as if a bookseller's shop was forbidden ground to her. Shortly after her nuptials with the doctor, it occurred to her that books were wanted in her new dwelling, and she betook herself to the head of a large firm in a neighbouring borough-town.

The principal partner, a somewhat formal and punctilious personage, was in the shop when she entered, and to him she addressed herself.

"I want a *libery*. I can't do without it. I must have one at once."

"Certainly, madam, by all means. What line of reading do you prefer?"

"How d'ye mean?"

"Scientific, religious; or do you incline to works of fiction, poetry, or history?"

"Oh, gammon! Don't beat the bush in that fashion," observed the lady. "Say your say, and have done with it."

"I mean, madam," observed the astonished bibliopole, "that, with regard to this intended purchase of books, you would be good enough to indicate the nature of their contents?"

"Burn their contents!" was the lady's rejoinder; "I mind their outsides. Give me books with good, gay, handsome *kivers*."

* * * * *

It never struck the ill-starred Dr. Todrigg that his lady, having all her property under her own control, and the power of willing it as she pleased, might perchance exercise the authority vested in her somewhat strangely and capriciously. It may be *she* was difficult to please,—it may be *he* was deficient in attention; at all events, the coolness with which he curtailed their correspondence rankled in her recollection. An hour or two before her strange career closed, she called for her will.

"I have left," said she, "to the doctor a legacy; but, as he has scrimped our correspondence to a scratch, I'll try the effect of one *here*."

So saying, she deliberately erased the bequest from the document.

"A scratch to some purpose!" was her comment, as she returned the paper to its hiding-place. It was a melancholy scratch for the Doctor; for it consigned him for life to the post of feeling the pulse and patching up the constitution of convicted felons.

The blow was unexpected, and caused him life-long vexation. More than this, it engendered a very indifferent opinion of the sex, which he never cared to conceal. He might have been a wealthy widower:—as it was—**POOR OLD SCRATCH!**

THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

AUTHOR OF "THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS."

[WITH A PORTRAIT FROM A DRAWING BY RICHARD LANE, A.R.A.]

WATCHING the clear sky on a summer's evening, and the bright stars which glitter on its face, and dart their radiance around, whilst the earth smiles in their presence, we fancy that we may rejoice in such enchantments for ever; but alas! in a few brief moments darkening clouds arise, and sweep across our firmament. One by one the beaming orbs disappear, and the horizon, sparkling no longer, is enveloped in a dreary expanse of cheerless gloom. So it is in the social system. For awhile the brilliant lights of its sphere shed their halo around, and all is glowing and dazzling where they shine. The gleams of imagination and the flashes of intellect illumine the scene, and we fondly hope that the fleet pleasure will be immortal; but the glories fade away, and the shadows of death gradually wrap the whole in oblivion. The stars will shine again from the heavens, and our own and other eyes will again and again behold them; but there is no returning for the friends we have loved and lost,—there is no rekindling of the luminaries, and sometimes the meteors, of our brief existence, who have cheered its thorniest paths, and adorned its very sterility with the lustre of their gladsome influence. The feast of reason is concluded, the flow of soul is o'er.

We cannot but reflect sorrowfully on the number of the distinguished ornaments of our age who have, within a few years, been taken from us, leaving no successors to fill their vacant chairs; for the hurried pursuits of Mammon seem to have absorbed the faculties of the rising generation, and produced a great change in society.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham, whose recent and premature death has made a deep gap in the society of a large circle of friends, has left a memory embalmed in genuine and permanent regret. Of him most truly might it be said, in the language of the great Roman lyricist,

"Cui pudor, et justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?"

Of his features and his talents the present number of this *Miscellany*, to which he has contributed so many admirable emanations of his wit and genius, preserves a record,—the characteristic resemblance of a man universally esteemed, and a poetic touch of that good feeling which won for him so eviable an share of reciprocal affection and general regard.

The father of Mr. Barham resided in the ancient cathedral city of Canterbury, where the subject of the present sketch was born, and in the neighbourhood of which the family had been for many years located. In person he was physically inclined to that corpulency which, in our English constitutions, is usually attributed to a contented disposition, a kindly heart, and the sunshine of good temper. Be that as it may, he unquestionably transmitted those amiable qualities—the even nature, the generous sympathy, and the playful humour—to his son. From his boyhood Mr. Barham was a humor-

ist ; in proof of which it may be mentioned, that he was chief leader, or president, of a school and juvenile association in his native place, who assumed to themselves the title of The Wig Club, and who, disguised in legal, clerical, and sporting wigs of every sort, from the judge's full-bottom to the pedagogue's scratch, besides other masquerade habits, were wont to meet in choice divan, and play such fantastic tricks as more frequently attend the inventions of the cleverest men, when seeking recreation from severe studies and toils, than could be expected from the sallies of youth. But here reigned whimsical debate and ludicrous fancy,—the microcosm of the future.

In these early years an accident, when leaning his arm out of a carriage window, seriously shattered his elbow, and partially crippled it for life. This had a considerable effect upon his future destination and the course of his studies ; for, as he was restrained from athletic exercises, and exposed to inconvenience, pain, and farther injury, he applied sedulously to reading, and in due time became a ripe scholar, with a mind richly stored with various literature.

His education was finished at Brazenoze College, Oxford, where he was by a few years the junior of Bishop Copleston ; and he subsequently attained to a friendship with that learned prelate (whose gratuitous almoner he in some measure became), which lasted to the close of his life. Of another eminent churchman, to whom in many respects he bore a singular similarity, he was also a very cordial friend. By strange coincidences of fortune, his college contemporary rose to be the head of St. Paul's cathedral, the facetious Sydney Smith to be Canon Residentiary, and he himself to be a Minor Canon, with the curious addition of being the Elder Cardinal (the Rev. Mr. Packe being the other),—a preferment the very name of which is little known beyond the precincts of that noble Protestant fane. It is, we believe, a form or relic of the elder church, with no duties attached to it, and but slight emolument. He occupied the canonry house in Amen Corner, attached to the canonry of the Rev. Sydney Smith, and, within a few months of the death of that very popular writer, there he died. Of the witty canon he was wont to tell the liveliest anecdotes, and repeat his *bonmots* with an unctuous pleasantry all his own ; so that it would have been difficult to determine whether the original jest or the embellished story was the more pungent and entertaining. Nor did his own *jeux d'esprit* fall far short of those of his popular coadjutor. His conversation was the happiest mixture of sound wisdom and playfulness ; and many of his lighter compositions, such as the "Song on the Queen's Coronation," abound in whimsicality of idea, enhanced by equal whimsicality of style.

In the Rev. Mr. Barham were finely blended the solid and the agreeable, the grave when occasion required it, and the mirthful when relaxing within the convivial circle of attached companions. These qualities endeared him to all who knew him and appreciated his value as a sagacious counsellor, and were familiar with the rich treat afforded by his moments of social converse. Among these literary associates might be named Theodore Hook, who largely benefited by his excellent and disinterested advice, and had much reason to be grateful for his services on many a trying occasion. This peculiar position, in relation to a great number of individuals, was the result of his admirable character ; for his gentleness of manners invited con-

fidence; indeed, we never met with a man so much referred to and consulted respecting the difficulties or disputes of others as the Rev. Mr. Barham. In affairs connected with literature, and in family and other transactions of the nicest delicacy,—in all questions of difference within the scope of his wide acquaintance, it was next to a certainty that he should be sought out to prescribe the remedy or heal the wound. He was indeed the conciliator and the peace-maker! To the honour of the gentleman he added the liberality of the Christian minister. Ever ready to smooth asperities, and to excuse venial faults or weaknesses, his countenance sternly turned from trickery, falsehood, and baseness; and if the just yet lenient Barham repudiated a fellow-creature, assuredly he was most undeserving even of pity.

As an author, he contributed much, and during many years, to several popular periodicals, — the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Literary Gazette* among the number; but his most popular series of papers were given to his *Miscellany*, under the title of "The Ingoldsby Legends."* Of these poetical pieces it is not too much to say, that for originality of design and diction, for quaint illustration and musical verse, they are not surpassed in the English language. "The Witches' Frolic" is second only to "Tam O'Shanter;" and the "Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story of the Execution" is as satirical a reproof of a vile morbid appetite as ever was couched in laughable measure. But why recapitulate the titles of either prose or verse,—the lays of dark ages belonging to the fables of St. Cuthbert, St. Aloys, St. Dunstan, St. Nicholas, St. Odille, or St. Gengulphus,—since they have been confessed by every judgment to be singularly rich in classic allusion and modern illustration. From the days of Hudibras to our time, the drollery invested in rhymes has never been so amply or felicitously exemplified; and if derision has been unsparingly applied, it has been to lash knavery and imposture.

Among the public institutions to which the Rev. Mr. Barham was attached we may mention the Literary Fund, in the distribution of whose benevolent funds he took an active interest.

For several months he endured, with calm resignation, a painful malady of the throat; and died, aged fifty-six, of an ulceration of the larynx, which defied all medical skill. He formerly held the living of St. Gregory by St. Paul, but two or three years ago was preferred to the benefice of St. Augustine and St. Faith. He was, as we have noticed, a Minor Canon and Cardinal of St. Paul's, and Priest of the Chapel Royal.

He married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, of the Royal Engineers, a union eminently congenial and happy; and by her had nine children, six of whom died before him, and near to whom he was buried in the rector's vault, under the altar of St. Gregory's Church. His widow survives him; and two daughters and a son, Richard Dalton, the inheritor of much of his father's talent. He is also in the Church, and rector of Lolworth, near Cambridge.

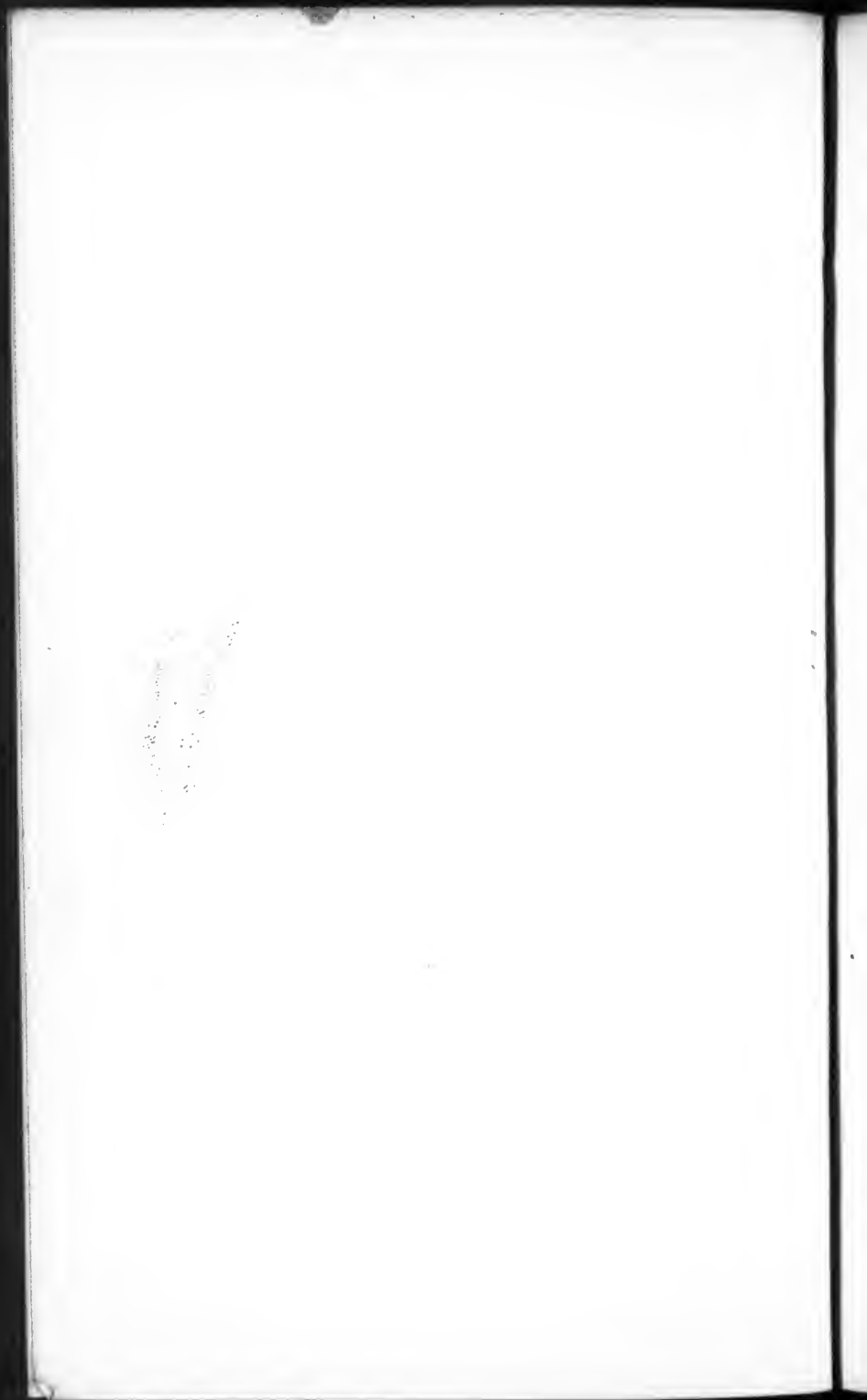
For the subjoined lines, the last production of Thomas Ingoldsby, a few days before his death, we are indebted to the kindness of his family.

* Since collected and published in 2 vols. 8vo. His popular novel, "My Cousin Nicolas," was also published by Mr. Bentley.



W. J. M. 1840

W. J. M. 1840



“AS I LAYE A THYNKYNGE.”

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

1.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynyng brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free, and gaye ;
 As I lay a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

2.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree ;
 There seem'd a crimson'd plain,
 Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
 And a steed with broken rein
 Ran free,
 As I laye a-thynkyng, most pityful to see.

3.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;
 A lovely Mayde came bye,
 And a gentil youth was nyghe,
 And he breathed manie a syghe
 And a vowe,
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

4.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;
 No more a Youth was there,
 But a Maiden rent her haire,
 And cried in sadde despaire,
 “ That I was borne ! ”
 As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

5.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
 There came a lovely childe,
 And his face was meek and mild,
 Yet joyously he smiled
 On his sire ;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

6.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
 That joyous smile was gone,
 And the face was white and wan
 As the downe upon the swan
 Doth appear,
 As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

7.

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast ;
 With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
 As to her nest ;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
 “ Follow, follow me away,
 It boots not to delay,”—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 “ HERE IS REST !”

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF
WESTPHALIA,

BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

KING JEROME was conducted with great pomp into a brightly-illuminated mine, where the captain of the mines, Von Moolen, pierced a shaft, on which he, as a pupil, precisely fifty years ago to a day, had commenced his calling; and thus the jubilant could have desired no more brilliant celebration of that day than what fell to his lot. The King was here, as on the whole route, good-humoured and condescending. When we renewed our journey, he rode along the top of the narrow hollow way, in which we marched two by two: and the common people, who really loved the King, were enchanted whenever he came in their way, though they indeed stopped short their joyous songs in order to evince their veneration by a profound stillness. Now this was exactly what Jerome cared not to have, but called out to them, in his gracious, engaging manner, "Eh bien, mes Allemands, chantez, fumez!" and he rapped delighted, as he spoke, upon his brown-topped boots with his riding-whip. The like rejoicings took place at Goslar, upon the King's entrance, and there our duty as escort was at an end; for his Majesty's equipages stood ready for him to pursue his journey through Brunswick to Hanover. I remained with the escort a short time in Goslar, and then pushed on to my regiment, which had marched to Hanover, where it continued some months, and then went back to Cassel.

Very bright recollections associate themselves with the *entrée* of Madame Letitia, the Empress-mother, who now came to visit her son for the first time as King. She traversed imperial realms and kingdoms, obeying the behests of her sons; and the most renowned and greatest among them had brought all these crowns into his family at the point of his sword, thus exalting it to the first place in astonished Europe. At William's-höhe, then styled Napoleon's-höhe, the mother was received by her children, and reposed there a few days, previously to making her solemn entrance into the capital. Great preparations were made for her reception; the whole garrison was drawn out in gala dress at the castle and *place d'armes*, the burgher-companies, in uniform, formed a line from the gate to the castle; the bells rang, and at intervals a salute of one hundred guns welcomed the mother of the King to his capital.

The houses in the streets through which the train passed were festively adorned with wreaths of flowers and tapestry hangings, the whole offering was a richly-ornamented and pompous spectacle. It might be eleven o'clock in the day when Madame Letitia appeared. She sat in a carriage gilded throughout, built in Paris expressly for this occasion, of an antique, noble form, the side-panels of which were entirely composed of panes of plate-glass, held together by golden rods. Fair pages, dressed in white, and blue, and gold, clustered upon the carriage wherever it was possible to cling. This magnificent equipage, preceded by twelve running footmen, with staves in their hands, was drawn by eight white horses, whose snowy manes and tails were interwoven with gold and purple ribbons, and each was led by a groom of the stables, who was also in gala dress.

The King, the generals, and ministers, as well as the *gardes du corps*, accompanied this brilliant train, which, however, attracted little attention; for all eyes were turned towards Madame Letitia, who bowed her mild, handsome matronly face in salutation to all surrounding her. The impression made by her manner has been so often and so fully described, that these fleeting lines will suffice for comprehending her part in the enthusiasm demonstrated on all sides for the reigning family. They who have had the happiness of beholding that highly-distinguished woman, alike remarkable in her fate and in her person, must preserve a recollection of her at once melancholy and ennobling, which can only be extinguished with life. Soon after entering the palace, she appeared at the balcony, leaning on the King's arm. The troops marched past; then followed a splendid drawing-room, the theatre and fire-works in the evening, with other such festivities.

This brilliant court-life was broken up in the year 1812 by rumours of war, which soon received confirmation in the news that the Emperor Napoleon had declared war against Russia, which we also, as his natural allies, would have to take part in. In the month of March I was promoted to a troop, as our army was brought together, and we shortly afterwards marched through the Lansiby, by Gross Glogan, to Warsaw, where the organisation of the great army was effected, which brought us under the command of General Vandamme, as eighth regiment. Our regiment was sent to Prague, and I was quartered in the house of a Polish lady, the wife of a staroste, or person in office, who occupied with her household a small pretty dwelling, and was a very kind, amiable hostess. In the fine spring evenings, I and many of my comrades used to assemble in her little garden, where we often found her; and then we conversed about our march, and farther destination, from which she expected but little good for us, and prophesied that we should meet our destruction in Russia,—a prediction which could hardly attain a worse fulfilment than it had. From Warsaw out we led a proper nomad life. We had not any quarters at all; for the few to be had were appropriated to the generals. The masses of troops were also so great, in comparison to the thinly-peopled territory, that we, with rare exceptions, were during seven weeks in bivouac. The subsistence also was very bad. Already in Warsaw the forage was consumed green; our horses, in consequence, were great sufferers, and from day to day some of them perished.

Upon the 24th of June we crossed the Niemen, and the want of sustenance and forage increased with every step of our progress into Russia; thence arose the system that every man should take care of himself,—the most prejudicial of all, whether to friend or enemy. Nearly every regiment detached a party in requisition of provisions, and I was almost always appointed leader of it for ours. However dangerous and toilsome this part of the service might be, still I led a pleasanter life than my comrades, who were marching in close columns. A specified number of men was allotted to such a party, and an open, duly-subscribed order, denoting the end and aim of the detachment, was committed to the officer. Maps were entirely wanting to us, guides were rare; we took, therefore, the first well-trodden bye-road which promised to lead to a village or farm; but it was always neces-

sary to draw near them with great precaution, because their inmates generally fled at our approach, and hid themselves in the forests. Our first endeavour, upon such occasions, was to procure carts and horses, since we did not take these with us, and then to make some of the party mount, and so form an advanced guard and patrol, while some of the others drove the carts. Were we then so lucky as to make a considerable gathering, it was essential to its safety that we should get in all speed to the regiment with it. Upon these excursions a little chimney-sweeper was of the most important service to me. In Poland he had run a long way after my carriage, imploring me to take him into my service, having made his escape, he said, from a very cruel master. I consented to hire him, in the next little town had him clothed as a servant, and his fidelity and devotedness to my person never allowed me to repent that compassionate action. The youth spoke Polish excellently, also a little Russ, which insured to me many advantages. He was always at my side, would permit no other to wait on me, and followed me not only to Moscow, but from thence. Most unfortunately he went astray from me in the retreat, and I never heard of him again.

In this manner the march went on to Orsza, the loss in men and horses continued, and the cavalry and artillery were more and more confounded together. A great number of ammunition-waggons were left here for want of horses, and the bulk of the army was so in want of provisions that horseflesh was already in use; there was the same deficiency in brandy. The battle of Wittepsk was, as is well known, gained by the Emperor in person; the army afterwards concentrated itself near Orsza, where it crossed the Nieper under the Emperor's directions, and then marched to Smolensko, which was bombarded on the 15th of August. The combat was lively and long undecided: after the upper town was taken there was a severe struggle for the possession of the lower town, lying on the other side of the Nieper, which was obstinately defended by the Russians. The upper town is surrounded by a stone wall, through which holes were broken to admit of cannon being pointed and fired against the lower town. I had to make a report to Davoust, and found the Marshal by one of those cannon as he stood, overlooking on one part the work of the French sappers below us constructing the pontoons, and also surveying the passage of the grenadiers over the same. These heroes, commanded to the storming party, presented an imposing appearance, as they pressed on with steady composure, musket in hand, as soon as the planks were laid on which they were to wend their way. The murderous fire of the Russian artillery thinned momentarily their foremost ranks; but over the bodies of their fallen comrades, precious and dear to them, they stepped in those instants without a wail—without even granting them a look—into the vacated place. They concealed their sorrow, as they did their exultation at being on advance to the enemy, and only the most unshaken gravity reigned in the features of these veterans of a hundred fights.

In consequence of the operations by our army on the opposite side of the river, the Russians delivered up the town; and to the assault upon Smolensko succeeded, on the 19th, the battle of that name, which was also won without any extraordinary efforts on the side of the allies. It was perceptible that the Russians did not lay much stress upon the maintenance of the place, as afterwards became still more evident.

We found as we marched along, that many of the inhabitants had fled, and that their dwellings were burned down, even the considerable towns of Viasmo, Doragabus, and Chyast were in flames: however, after getting possession of them, our soldiers, among whom at that time perfect discipline subsisted, always succeeded in mastering the fire, so that part of the houses could be occupied by us. The whole country was foraged: and what the reserve had spared was set on fire by our soldiers—thus preparing and consummating our eventual destruction.

And thus the army moved on against Russia's ancient capital. The Russians contended for their homes and hearths, we for our existence. A decisive battle was unavoidable; the destiny of two nations was at stake.

Among the numerous foraging and requisition parties appointed to me, which until now had been luckily accomplished, I will here mention one near Wiasma, five days before the battle of Mogaïsk. It exhibits the painful situation through which every particular division of the troops was constrained, as I have already said, to make expeditions for their mere subsistence, and in the most threatening danger, thereby weakening the whole, and always costing great sacrifices.

I received orders from the General of my division to go out with a party on requisition to levy contributions, and to take the left-hand road from Smolensko to Mojaïsk with seventy foot, collected among camp-followers and marauders in different regiments, and about twenty dragoons, so called, for they were taken from among the same fellows and mounted upon sorry farm-horses, with or without a saddle, since the country people either had arms, or, as I formerly mentioned, fled on the approach of our detachments. Twenty-five waggons were placed at my disposition,—that is to say, small one-horse carts, not much bigger than a wheelbarrow, and no drivers thereto; but the infantry had the whip in charge as well as their arms; they sat on the carts disencumbered of their havresacks and belts, with their loaded muskets beside them. With these weak forces I took my way under the usual precautionary regulations. Within a few miles nothing was to be found, the preceding corps as well as the advanced guard had cleared all away. If I would respond to the order given me I must go farther on, and that I determined to do, it being a point of honour with me to succeed and procure a feast-day for my necessitous comrades, many of whom envied me this commission. Going northwards we met evident tokens that those parts were not entirely stripped of their produce; we made good repasts, the horses were right well foddered, and we, though in constant anxiety, yet considered ourselves extremely well off after such long abstinence. On the evening of the second day, during which I had proceeded but slowly, with all the circumspection required by the nature of the ground, of intermingled forest, plain and heath, I reached the seat of the Russian Count P——.

This was a magnificent structure of quadrangular form, and composing properly four palaces, in whose interior court were a sumptuous chapel, and charming flower-garden. Undoubtedly nobody had expected such an irruption into this retired part of the country, for I found the steward, who was a German, in the highest state of surprise and alarm. The whole establishment evinced profound security, husbandry was uninterruptedly going on, rich furniture adorned the noble apartments, and even the plate had not been put aside. After I had garrisoned the place as well as my weak forces allowed, and ordered a

patrol between post and post, I made the steward acquainted with what I required, namely, as much provision as we could carry away, besides provender for our horses. Through the terror occasioned by so sudden an invasion, which had worked its due effect, all the farm produce was placed at my disposal, and I selected from its rich abundance only what the regiment stood most in need of.

The most essential part of my commission was inexecutable, that regarding horses: I found merely a few unserviceable beasts; the best had been taken away by the owner. I obtained all I required in other respects, flour, oats, brandy, and above all, after rather a careful investigation, an inappreciable treasure, which at that time was indeed among the most rare and precious objects, consisting of several hundreds of the choicest well-bodied wine. When our horses had been suitably attended to and foddered in their splendid stalls, I took care that nothing should be wanting to myself and my detachment. After so much abstinence we ate with double pleasure the well-flavoured dishes served up to us, and drank in like manner. The common soldiers were helped from my table; for in war, and particularly on urgent occasions, there is the greatest enjoyment in sharing with one's comrades, and whenever it is necessary, officer and soldier eat without any derogation of rank from the camp-kettle.

That I was on my guard, and notwithstanding our good living, and apparent confidence, did not neglect my duty, and thereby saving my own life and that of my subordinates, will appear from the following relation. To afford me assistance in conducting so mixed and irregularly-formed a detachment, Sergeant-major Lippe had been sent to me. This was a young, active, high-spirited man, who, were he in life, and if the same train of affairs had continued, would certainly now stand in an elevated position, since he already at that time had drawn upon himself the attention of his superiors by his bravery and usefulness.

This Lippe I sent out with some soldiers in the evening, on patrol. I was persuaded that he would do my bidding punctiliously and with circumspection. I had myself already reconnoitered the adjacent grounds, and was besides weary, for I had been two days and nights without rest, and could not make use of my horses for a while, since they were equally exhausted with fatigue. After making these arrangements I abandoned myself to rest and to sleep, out of which I was awakened by the steward, who came, as he said, to terminate his business with me. In the course of conversation I advised him to conceal all the valuable objects, particularly the costly silver plate, since in the present circumstances I could, though with the best intentions, only answer for myself, and not for my people. He thanked me in the name of his master, expressing also his own personal acknowledgments for the delicacy I had shewn; and his real gratitude was not slow in making its appearance.

About eleven o'clock, after I had enjoyed a transient slumber, came Lippe to me, with the report that there were suspicious movements and sounds in our neighbourhood. In the adjacent forest behind the hill were small troops of men; there was also heard the trampling of horses. As I was issuing forth, in order to arrange for the needful, my friend, the steward, made his appearance in a cautious and mysterious manner. First convincing himself that we were alone, and that he was therefore exposed to no danger of his communication being betrayed, he thus addressed me: "I come to put you on your guard, Captain. You are

my countryman, you have but done what it was your duty to do, and have avoided whatever that permitted you; I acknowledge it with the liveliest thankfulness, and therefore inform you, that the zeal of the dependants under my charge is preparing your destruction, and that of your followers. More I dare not say. Take this warning from your German countryman, but call to mind also that I eat Russian bread, and must not therefore say more." Instantly I patrolled with some of the infantry, and found Lippe's report confirmed, as well as the superintendent's warning. With a few men I slid along a brook grown over with bushes, and approached the forest. After watching a short time, I saw plainly a great troop of men, without, however, (what is always observable by the experienced soldier,) any gleaming of the firearms, from whence I inferred, what tranquillized me greatly for the moment, that our opponents might be armed with the to us already well-known pikes. As softly as I had come, so went I back; and I awakened quietly my other soldiers, and had the horses put to, for I had providentially caused the cars to be loaded over night.

Taking it now for granted that opposition would be made to our retreat, my grand object was to have as many disposable combatants as might be. To effect this the most active of the infantry must each conduct four carts, whilst they, sitting upon the first of the train, fastened the horses of the carts following to that preceding; by this means I strengthened considerably my sinews of war, and could if necessary bring into action three parts of the men guarding the convoy. I also pre-arranged the necessary equipment for a square inclosure formed by waggons or carts as in our case, and accomplished it in the following day during the march. This construction is too well known to need any description. Thus prepared, at about three o'clock, long before sunrise, I sent forward a proportionably strong advanced guard, to which I could only superficially indicate the direction of our retreat, since we had no guides, nor any exact knowledge of the country. My endeavour must accordingly be to reach as soon as possible the high road, where I might hope to find safety or a reinforcement. My strong rear-guard followed at a great distance, I with them, until day dawn; and, after our passage over the stream above mentioned, I had the bridge, which was from fifteen to twenty feet broad, broken down, in order to throw as many obstacles as possible in the way of our pursuers, and had the satisfaction of being unmolested during a league and a half.

Suddenly the scene changed. Our way lay through a village in the plain, and, as we approached it, my advanced guard was greeted by a volley of fire-arms out of the nearest houses: and in this premature attack was my good luck; for had the enemy allowed me to come with my column into the middle of the village, and then assailed me with the superior force, which I should only too late have been made aware of, it is certain that we must one and all have perished. But what was intended for our destruction served us as a warning. I quickly sent forwards some videttes to take the village in flank, and I myself, with the rest of the detachment, cut obliquely across the fields, clearing our way through the hedges, and so arrived in the plain on the other side, keeping as distant as possible from the town, and from the edge of the forest.





5

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
 THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
 A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.
 BY ALBERT SMITH.
 [WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XXV.

Marie has Louise in her power.—The last Carousal.

NOT a word was exchanged between Marie and Louise Gauthier during their journey from the Hôtel de Cluny to the Rue St. Paul. Once only was the silence broken, when the Marchioness desired the driver, with some impatience, to urge his horses onward with something more of speed than the leisure progression which then, as now, was the chief attribute of the *voitures de remise* of the good city of Paris. During this period she never removed the mask from her face, and Louise was not particularly anxious to know the station of her new acquaintance. It was sufficient cause for congratulating herself, to find that she was away from the trysting-place of Lauzun's debauched companions, and once more breathing the pure air of the streets, instead of the tainted atmosphere of the hôtel.

The Pont de la Tournelle was at that period the highest up the river, with respect to the stream, for crossing to the other side; now, the bridges of Austerlitz, Constantine, and Bercy span the Seine beyond this, which still exists. The carriage lumbered across the Ile St. Louis, and traversing the other arm of the river by the Pont Marie, passed along the quay, until it stopped at the Hôtel D'Aubray in the Rue St. Paul.

As they stopped at the *porte cochère*, the Marchioness looked out, and perceived, to her dismay, that it was open, and that the windows which opened into the court were lighted up, whilst forms could be seen passing and repassing, showing that there was a large company assembled within.

The vehicle had scarcely arrived at the foot of the staircase when Marie's own maid, Françoise Roussel, appeared at the entrance. The light of the carriage-lamp fell upon her face, which was ghastly pale, and, to all appearance, distorted with pain. She was breathing in agony, and could not speak for some seconds after she had opened the door.

"Heaven be praised that you are returned, Madame!" at length she said. "Your brothers have come back from Offemont this evening, with a party of gentlemen living near the château. Monsieur François inquired after you; but I told him you had retired."

"Something ails you, Françoise," observed the Marchioness. "Are you ill?"

"I have been in agony, Madame, the whole afternoon, as if I had swallowed some pins that were red-hot."

"You have taken something that has done you harm," continued Marie, as she descended from the carriage. "What have you eaten to-day?"

"Nothing, madame," replied her domestic, "but the confiture you gave me for breakfast; and that could not have hurt me."

"Oh no," answered Marie, as if she thought the subject too insignificant for further notice. But, after a moment or two, she added, "Besides, I partook of that myself, you know."

As she spoke, she turned a gaze of the most intense scrutiny upon Françoise's face; but no trace of any emotion would have been visible upon her own features, had she been unmasked. Then bidding Louise, who was reassured by the apparent respectability of the house, to follow her, they went up stairs, preceded by the panting girl, who could scarcely hold the light lamp she carried before them.

As she reached her chamber,—the one in which her interview with Sainte-Croix took place, after the scene at Theria's apartments, that in its sequel led to so much of crime and misery,—she took a small cabinet down from the top of a bureau, and opening it, discovered a row of little bottles. From one of these she let fall a few drops of some colourless fluid into a glass of water, and told Françoise to drink it, when she would, without doubt, experience immediate relief. The girl took the draught and swallowed it,—in the course of a minute or two declaring herself to be comparatively free from pain, as she poured forth expressions of gratitude to her mistress for this prompt remedy. She was then told that she might retire to bed, without any fear of a recurrence of her malady; and she accordingly withdrew.

No sooner had the door closed upon her than Marie took the mask from her face, and advancing towards Louise, who was standing close to the mantelpiece, where she had kept during the short conversation between Françoise and her mistress, seized her arm, and, looking full at her, exclaimed,

"Do you recollect me? We met before at Versailles."

"You are the Marchioness of Brinvilliers," replied the Languedocian, after a momentary start of surprise, in a tone the calmness of which astonished Marie. And she endeavoured to withdraw her arm.

"Stop," replied the Marchioness; "we do not part yet." And she dragged her companion after her towards the door, turning the heavy lock, and withdrawing the key. "There!" she continued, "see how useless it is for you to attempt to leave me—how completely you are in my power. Now, listen to me, and attend as you would to the exhortations of a priest upon your dying bed."

She threw the arm of Louise from her grasp, and regarded her for a few seconds with a look of the deadliest hate. The beauty of her features had disappeared in the contortions produced by the passions that were working within her; the terrible impassibility of her countenance gave way, and she gazed at Louise with an expression that was almost fiendish.

"I have you, then, at last," she continued, in a low, deep voice, which, in spite of all her efforts, betrayed her emotion by its quivering. "The only amulet that could charm away Sainte-Croix's affections is in my grasp. I can destroy it—with as little care as I would the paltry charm of a mountebank; and, when it is once disposed of, I can reign—alone—and queen of all his love. Do you understand me?"

"How have I interfered with you?" returned the Languedocian. "I never knew you until we met at Versailles, when I first learned by whom Gaudin's love—or rather the feeling which I took for love—had been estranged from me. I did not wish to cross your path again.

Heaven knows it was not my own doing that I met you this evening."

She spoke these words in a tone that the Marchioness had hardly looked for. But Louise, gentle and retiring as was her nature, felt in whose presence she now stood, and her spirit rose with the circumstances, until her eye kindled and her cheek flushed with the emotion of the interview. She was no longer the pale and trembling girl; she felt that Marie had crushed her, by weaning away Gaudin's affections, and she replied accordingly.

Marie was astonished at the manner in which she spoke. She went on:—

"You appear to forget in whose presence you now are, or you would not so address me."

"It is from feeling too keenly whom I thus address that I do so," replied Louise. "What would you have me say?"

"I would have you recollect the wide difference that exists between our positions," answered Marie. "I am the Marchioness of Brinvilliers."

"We ought to know no difference of rank," returned Louise; "a hapless attachment has placed us all on the same level. Whatever Gaudin's station is, or may have been, his love raised me to his own position—one which the Marchioness of Brinvilliers did not think beneath her. I thought she would have been above so petty a cause for quarrel."

"And from these set speeches," rejoined Marie, "which, doubtless, have been conned over until you got them by heart, to make an effect when they might be called for, you have lowered yourself. Sainte-Croix has long since forgotten you. Have you no spirit, thus to pursue a bygone lover who has discarded you?"

"Alas, madam! I have loved," said Louise, with a tone so tearful, so hopeless, but so firm, that the Marchioness paused, baffled in her plans of attack, but not knowing what new ground to take up. Louise continued, after a short silence,—“And if love with a great lady be what it is to me, a poor country girl, you would not ask me why, despite Gaudin's neglect, I still hang upon the memory, not of him, but of the love he first taught me to feel.”

As she spoke she sunk her face in her hands, and her tears flowed fast and freely.

The Marchioness paced impatiently up and down the room. At length, stopping before the seat on which Louise had fallen, she said abruptly,

"Will you root out this passion?"

"I cannot," replied the Languedocian through her tears.

"Then life and it must end together," said the Marchioness half interrogatively.

"It may be so," said Louise. But immediately, as if suddenly awakened to a new import in the words, shading her long hair from her face, she exclaimed,

"You would not kill me!"

A strange slow smile crept over Marie's face, which had by this time recovered its usual stony impassiveness, as she said,

"We are rivals!"

But as Louise's eyes were fixed on her with a look of wonderment, at that moment a sudden burst of laughter from the room on the oppo-

site side of the landing, in which François and Henri D'Aubray, with their companions, were carousing, arrested the attention of the Marchioness. She walked to the door, unclosed it, and listened. A voice was heard proposing the toast, "Success to your *début* as a creditor, and a long incarceration to Sainte-Croix!" Then followed the clink of glasses, and the *vivas* of the guests as they honoured the pledge.

The Marchioness turned pale, and clenched the handle of the door she held until the blood forsook her fingers; she appeared to forget the presence of Louise; and reclosing the door, when the noise had subsided, she walked to the bureau, and opening the box which we have before described, began, half mechanically, to arrange the small vials with which it was filled. All was now silence in the chamber, broken only by the measured ticking of the pendule on the chimney-piece. It might have lasted some five minutes, when Françoise Roussel entering the room cautiously by the *porte derobée*, whispered her mistress, who flushed at the tidings, and hastily closed the box. Then, opening the door which led to a small room contiguous to the apartment, she said to Louise,—

"In here: not a word—not a motion as you value life." Louise obeyed mechanically, and as the door closed upon her, Gaudin de Sainte-Croix entered.

Marie threw herself into his arms; all her jealousy for the moment vanished at finding herself once more at his side.

"You are free then?" she asked, after this passionate greeting.

"For the time, Marie," replied Gaudin. "I have appeased Desgrais with part of the money I raised on your carcanet. I did not find the Exempt so relentless as my new creditor, your brother François."

"François!" exclaimed the Marchioness. "He is here—in the next room!"

"I knew it," said Sainte-Croix, "or I should not have employed four thousand francs to grease the palm of the Exempt. I came to speak with him—to tell him to his teeth that he had disgraced the name of gentleman by that attempt to crush me."

As he spoke he stepped towards the door communicating with the landing-place, as if to carry his threat into execution. Marie laid her hand upon his arm.

"Do not go in, Gaudin," she said: "there will be bloodshed. He is surrounded by his friends and neighbours. You will be murdered!"

"I care not," exclaimed Sainte-Croix, "I shall not fall alone," and he pressed on towards the door.

"There is another way," said Marie, as she pointed to the casket which still stood on her table. "This."

Sainte-Croix gazed at her with a gloomy and meaning smile. "This time," he said, "the suggestion is yours. Be it so: there will be no blood spilled, at all events; and we may rid ourselves of one who, whilst he lives, must ever be a serpent in our path. Is Henri with him?"

"He is," answered Marie.

"There is enough for two," muttered Sainte-Croix who had taken a phial from its compartment, and was holding it up to the light of the candle.

"Must Henri die too?" said the Marchioness. "He is so young—so gay—has been so kind to me. We were almost playmates."

And a trace of emotion passed over her brow.

"Both or neither," replied Sainte-Croix: "decide at once. I shall await your determination."

And he seated himself at the table, coolly humming the burden of a *chanson à boire*.

There was a fearful struggle in Marie's mind. But the fiend triumphed, and no agitation was perceptible in her voice when, after a moment's reflection, she replied, "Both."

"Now for an agent in the work. You cannot trust any of your own domestics. I foresaw something like this, and have brought my instrument," said Gaudin. He rose, and drawing aside the curtain, beckoned from the window. The signal was answered by a cough from below, and followed by the appearance of Lachaussée, who had evidently expected the summons. He clumsily greeted the Marchioness, and dropping his hat, awaited Gaudin's orders.

"Let Françoise find a livery of your brother's people, and give it to this honest fellow, Marie," said Sainte-Croix.

Marie went to give the order, and Gaudin developed his plan briefly, but clearly, to Lachaussée. It was, to mix with the attendants at the carouse, furnished with the phial, which Sainte-Croix took from the box and gave him; then watching his opportunity, he was to mix a few drops of its contents with the wine of the brothers. Assuming the dress which Françoise soon brought, Lachaussée left the apartment, leaving Sainte-Croix and the Marchioness to await the result.

The room in which François and Henri D'Aubray with their country friends were assembled was large and handsome. Lights sparkled upon the table, and played brilliantly among the flasks, cups, and salvers which covered it, in all the rich profusion of one of those luxurious suppers, which, although not carried to perfection until the subsequent reign, were already admirably organized and most popular among the gay youth of the Parisian *noblesse*.

François d'Aubray was seated at the head of a long table; his stern and somewhat sullen features contrasting strongly with the boyish and regular face of his younger brother Henri, who sat on his right. The company consisted almost entirely of provincial aristocracy,—those whose estates joined that of D'Aubray at Offemont, in Compiègne. There was more of splendour than taste in their costumes: the wit was coarser, too, and the laughter louder than Parisian good-breeding would have sanctioned.

"And so you have run down your game at last," said the Marquis de Villeaume, one of the guests, to François.

"Yes,—thanks to Desgrais," was the reply. "Sainte-Croix is at this moment in the hands of the Lieutenant-civil, and, if I know aught of his affairs, he will not soon reappear to trouble the peace of our family."

"*Mon dieu!* François, you are too severe," gaily interrupted Henri. "Gaudin de Sainte-Croix is a *bon garçon*, after all; and I am half inclined to quarrel with you for tracking him down, as if he were a paltry *bourgeois*."

"Henri," said François, turning sharply towards him; "no more of this. Our sister's honour must not be lightly dealt with. Sainte-Croix is a villain, and deserves a villain's doom."

"A truce to family grievances!" roared a red-faced Baron, heavily booted and spurred; one of those Nimrods who were quite as ridiculous, and much more numerous in the France of Louis Quatorze, than their imitators of the "Jockey Club" of the present day. "Debtor-hunting is a bourgeois sport compared to stag-hunting, after all; the only amusement for young gentlemen."

"Where is Antoine Brinvilliers?" asked another guest of François. "He ought to be very grateful to you, for your care of Madame la Marquise's reputation."

"Once for all, messieurs," said François, who turned crimson at the implied taunt: "no more words of our sister, or our family concerns, or bad may come of it."

"A toast!" cried Henri, rising. "*Aux Amours!*"

"In Burgundy!" roared a chorus of voices. "And *les hanapes.*"

The large cups so called—heirlooms in the family of D'Aubray, were brought forward by the attendants. Lachaussée had entered the room whilst the conversation we have narrated was in progress; and, taking his place at the buffet, had silently and sedulously officiated amongst the other attendants, without exciting notice. Almost every guest had his servants there, and such was the confusion of liveries, that the presence of a strange valet, wearing the Brinvilliers' colours, was not likely to call forth remark. He it was, who, taking a bottle of Burgundy, now stationed himself behind the chair of François, who mechanically lifting his cup, did not observe that the hand which filled it held a phial, and that some drops of the contents mingled with the wine.

The number of *hanapes* was four, and they were passed from hand to hand. François, after drinking, handed his to Henri, who honoured his own toast like a hardy drinker. As he passed it to De Villeaume, Lachaussée, pretending to reach over him for something, contrived to knock the goblet from his hand and spill its contents. A storm of abuse for his awkwardness was the result, under which he managed to leave the room, with as little notice as he had caused by entering it.

Chafed by the wine they had drunk, the mirth of the party waxed wilder and louder. Songs were sung; games at tennis and ombre arranged; bets settled; *parties de chasses* organized. The revelry was at its highest pitch, when a series of loud and sudden shrieks was heard from the staircase. It was a woman's voice that uttered them; and a rush was directly made by the guests in the direction of the sound.

They found Louise Gauthier struggling in the hands of some of the valets on the landing-place. The room into which she had been hurried by the Marchioness had another exit, which was unlocked. This she had soon discovered on regaining her presence of mind; and in attempting to leave the hotel by it, she had been seen and rudely seized by the servants, who were amused by her terror. To D'Aubray's guests, flushed as they were with wine, the sight of a woman was a new incentive, and poor Louise would have fared worse at the hands of the masters than of the servants, had it not been for the interposition of François d'Aubray, who, pressing through the crowd that surrounded the frightened and fainting girl, bade all stand back in a tone that enforced obedience.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and what business brings you here?"

"I am a poor girl; brought here for what reason I know not, by Madame la Marquise, not an hour since," replied Louise, reassured by the calmness of his manner, which contrasted strangely with the wildness and recklessness of all around.

"*Mort de ma vie!* by Madame la Marquise!" cried Henri. "She is here, then?"

"We entered together," said Louise.

"Ha!" exclaimed François, with a savage ferocity, that made him fearful to look upon, "she is playing fast and loose with us. On your life, girl, is this the truth?"

"It is the truth," replied Louise.

"And where is the Marchioness?" he asked, thickly, and in a voice almost inarticulate from passion.

"In her apartment, when I left her," said the Languedocian.

"Alone?" asked François.

"Some one entered the room as I quitted it," was the answer.

François D'Aubray hardly awaited her reply. Springing like a tiger across the landing-place to the door of Marie's boudoir, he cried, "Stand by me, gentlemen, for the honour of Compiègne! De Villeaume! down into the court-yard, and see that no one leaves the hôtel by that way. You, Messieurs, guard the issues here. Henri! come you with me."

And he attempted to pass into his sister's apartment.

"Open!" he roared, rather than shouted,—“open! harlot! adulteress!—open!”

There was no reply. He shook the door, but it was locked within, and resisted his frantic efforts to break it open.

"By the ante-chamber!" said Henri, pointing to the open door by which Louise had arrived. François comprehended the direction, although rage had almost mastered his senses. Rapidly the brothers entered, and, passing through the apartment of Louise's captivity, found the entrance communicating with Marie's boudoir unfastened. Flinging it open, they rushed into the room.

Marie de Brinvilliers was standing by the fire-place, pale, but calm. By the secret door, which he held open, listening to the steps and voices in the court, stood Sainte-Croix, his sword drawn, his teeth set, —a desperate man at bay.

François D'Aubray strode across the room, and with his open hand struck his sister on the face, hissing through his clenched teeth, "Fiend!"

Marie uttered no cry, made no motion, though Gaudin, with a terrible oath, sprang forward, and would have run François through the body, had not a sign from the Marchioness restrained him.

"You—you—Sainte-Croix!" cried Henri, crossing swords immediately with the other, as his brother, stopping short in his progress towards him reeled, and stumbled against the chimney-piece.

"Look to your brother," said Sainte-Croix, as he put by the furious thrusts of Henri,—“and to yourself,” he muttered, as with a sudden expert wrench he disarmed him.

Marie crossed to Sainte-Croix. "It works!" she whispered.

"Henri!" gasped François, as the froth gathered round his leaden lips, and the cold sweat rose in thick beads upon his forehead, "what is this?—Give me some water."

He made a spring at a glass vase that stood on a bracket near him,

filled with water; but, as if blinded at the instant, missed his mark, and fell heavily on the floor. His brother raised his arm, and, on letting it go, sank passively by his side.

"He is dead!" exclaimed Henri, as a pallor, far beyond that which horror would have produced, overspread his own features.

"It is apoplexy!" said one of the bystanders. "In his passion he has ruptured a vessel of the brain."

The guests crowded round the body. Sainte-Croix and Marie looked at one another as they awaited the pangs of the other victim.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sainte-Croix discovers the great secret sooner than he expected.

A FEW weeks passed, and the terrible events of the last chapter were almost forgotten by the volatile people of Paris, and even by the provincials who had been present at the double tragedy, for Henri d'Aubray had followed his brother, although, from his robust health and strong constitution, he had battled more vigorously against the effects of the poison, his sufferings being prolonged in consequence. It is unnecessary to follow the horrid details of the effect of the Aqua Toffana, or to describe the last agonies, when "il se plaignait d'avoir un foyer brûlant dans la poitrine, et la flamme intérieure qui le devoit sembler sortir par les yeux, seule partie de son corps qui demeurât vivante encore, quand le reste n'était déjà plus qu'un cadavre." It will suffice to say that no suspicion, as yet, rested upon the murderers. The bodies were examined, in the presence of the first surgeons of Paris, as well as the usual medical attendants of the D'Aubray family; and, although, everywhere in the system traces of violent organic lesion were apparent, yet none could say whether these things had been produced by other than mere accidental morbid causes. Tests would, as in the present day, have soon detected the presence of the poisons—the more readily, as they were mostly mineral that were used, but the secret of these reagents remained almost in the sole possession of those who made them: and the subtlety of some of their toxicological preparations proves that the disciples of Spars were chemists of no mean order.* People wondered for a little while at the coincidence of the several deaths occurring in one family, and in a manner so similar, and then thought no more of the matter. The cemetery received the bodies of the victims: and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, now her own mistress, and the sole possessor of a magnificent income, shared it openly with Sainte-Croix, and the hôtel in the Rue St. Paul vied with the most celebrated of Paris, in the gorgeous luxury of its festivities. But the day of reckoning and heavy retribution was fast approaching.

We have before alluded to the Palais des Thermes—the remains of which ancient edifice may still be seen from the footway of the Rue

* Much has been written upon the Aqua Toffana, especially with respect to its alleged power of killing at any interval of time after it had been administered. No drug is now known that would thus exert any species of action. The only example that can be brought forward to support the possible truth of this statement is the poison from the bite of a mad dog, which will remain dormant in the system, it is well known, for several months.

de la Harpe, between the Rue du Foin and the Rue des Mathurins—as being the most important ruins marking the occupation of Paris by the Romans. The researches of various individuals from time to time, have shown that this palace was once of enormous extent, extending as far as the small stream of the Seine which flows beneath the Hôtel Dieu; and, indeed, in the cellars of many of the houses, between the present site of the large *salle* and the river, pillars and vaulted ways, precisely similar to those in the Rue de la Harpe, have been frequently discovered; added to which, before the demolition of the Petit-Châtelet, a small fortress at the bottom of the Rue St. Jacques, the remains of some ancient walls were visible running towards the Palais from the banks of the Seine.

There were *souterrains* stretching out in many other directions; the whole of the buildings adjoining were undermined by them, the entrance to the largest having been discovered, by accident, in the courtyard of the Convent des Mathurins, within a few months of the date of our romance. And these must not be confounded with the rough catacombs to which we have been already introduced, hewn in the gypsum as chance directed, but were regularly arched ways from ten to sixteen feet below the surface of the ground communicating with one another by doors, and supported by walls four feet thick.

The ruins of the Palais des Thermes and the adjoining vaults, although not open to the street as they are at present, had long been the resort of that class of wanderers about Paris now classified as "*Bohémiens*," until an edict drove them to the Catacombs of the Bièvre and the Cours des Miracles to establish their colonies. The shelter of the Palais "*favorisent les fréquentes défaites d'une pudeur chancelante*" was ordered to be abolished; and the entire place was, in a measure, enclosed and let, at some humble rate, as a storehouse or cellar for the tradesmen in the Rue de la Harpe.

The winter's evening was closing in, cold and dismal, as Gaudin de Sainte-Croix was traversing the streets between the Place Maubert and the Rue de la Harpe, a short time after the events we have described. The front of the Palais des Thermes was at this period concealed from the street by an old dwelling-house, but the *porte-cochère* was always open, and he passed across the court, unchallenged, to the entrance of the large hall that still exists. Here he rang a rusty bell, which had the effect of bringing a man to the wicket, who wore the dress of a mechanic. He appeared to know Sainte-Croix, as he admitted him directly, without anything more than a humble recognition; and then giving him a small end of lighted candle in a split lath, similar to those used in cellars, he left him to go on at his own will.

Gaudin crossed the large *salle*, the sides of which were covered by wine-casks piled one on the other, and entered a small archway at the extremity, which was at the top of a dozen steps. Descending, he went along a vaulted passage, and at last reached a species of cellar, which was fitted up as a laboratory. By the light of the fire alone, which was burning in the furnace, he discovered Exili.

"You have brought my money," said the physician, half interrogatively, as he turned his ghastly features towards Sainte-Croix. "Five thousand crowns is light payment for the services I have rendered you. It should have been here before."

"I regret that I have not yet got it," answered Gaudin. "The

greater part of the possessions which have fallen to Madame de Brinvilliers cannot yet be made available. I went this morning to the Jew who before aided me, on the Quai des Orfèvres, to get some money, but he was from home."

It is true that Sainte-Croix had been in that direction during the day, but it was with a far different object. To elude the payment of Exili's bond he had determined upon destroying him, running the risk of whatever might happen subsequently through the physician's knowledge of the murders. And he had, therefore, ordered a body of the Garde-Royale to attend at the Palais des Thermes that evening, when they would receive sufficient proof of the trade Exili was driving, in his capacity of alchemist.

"It must be paid, however," said Exili, "and by daybreak to-morrow morning. Look you, Monsieur de Sainte-Croix, I am not to be put off like your grovelling creditors have been, with your dull, ordinary debts. To-morrow I start for England, and I will have the money with me."

"I tell you I cannot procure it by that time," said Gaudin. "A day can be of no consequence to you."

"No more than it may be a matter of life or death,—a simple affair, I grant you, with either of us, but still worth caring for. Ha! what is this?"

He had purposely brushed his hand against Sainte-Croix's cloak, and in the pocket of it he felt some weighty substance. The chink assured him it was gold.

"You cannot have that," said Gaudin confusedly; "it is going with me to the gaming-table this evening. Chavagnac has promised me my revenge at De Lauzun's."

"You have rich jewels, too, about you," continued Exili, peering at him with a fearful expression. "The carcanet, I see, has been re-deemed, and becomes you well. That diamond clasp is a fortune in itself."

The gaze of the physician grew every moment more peculiar, as he gazed at Gaudin's rich attire.

"Beware!" cried Sainte-Croix: "if you touch one, I will hew you down as I would a dog. Not one of them is mine. They belong to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers."

"Nay," replied Exili, changing his tone, "I did but admire them. Come, then, a truce to this. Will you promise me the sum named in the bond, to-morrow?"

"To-morrow you shall have it," said Sainte-Croix.

"I am satisfied," said the physician. "I was annoyed at the moment, but it has passed."

And he turned round to the furnace to superintend the progress of some preparation that was evaporating over the fire.

"What have you there?" asked Gaudin, who appeared anxious to prolong the interview, and carry on the time as he best might.

"A venom more deadly than any we have yet known—that will kill like lightning, and leave no trace of its presence to the most subtle tests. I have been weeks preparing it, and it approaches perfection."

"You will give me the secret?" asked Gaudin.

"As soon as it is finished, and the time is coming on apace. You have arrived opportunely to assist me."

He took a mask with glass eyes from a shelf, and tied it round his face.

"Its very sublimation, now commencing, is deadly," continued Exili; "but there is a medicated veil in the nostrils of this mask to decompose its particles. If you would see the preparation completed you must wear one as well."

Another visor was at his side. Under pretence of re-arranging the string he broke it from the mask, and then fixed it back with some resinous compound that he used to cover the stoppers of his bottles, and render them air-tight. All this was so rapidly done that Sainte-Croix took no notice of it.

"Now, let me fix this on," said Exili, "and you need not dread the vapour. Besides, you can assist me. I have left some drugs with the porter which I must fetch," he continued, as he cautiously fixed the visor to Sainte-Croix's face.

"I will mind the furnace whilst you go," said Gaudin, as he heard an adjacent bell sound the hour at which he had appointed the guard to arrive. "There is no danger in this mask, you say?"

"None," said Exili. "You must watch the compound narrowly as soon as you see particles of its sublimation deposited in that glass bell which overhangs it. Then, when it turns colour, remove it from the furnace."

Anxious to become acquainted with the new poison, and in the hope that as soon as he acquired the secret of its manufacture, the guard would arrive, Gaudin promised compliance gladly. Exili, on some trifling excuse, left the apartment; but, as soon as his footfall was beyond Sainte-Croix's hearing, he returned, treading as stealthily as a tiger, and took up his place at the door, to watch his prey. Gaudin was still at the furnace, fanning the embers with the cover of a book, as he watched the deadly compound in the evaporating dish. At last, the small particles began to deposit themselves on the bell-glass above, as Exili had foretold, and Gaudin bent his head close to the preparation to watch for the change of colour. But in so doing, the heat of the furnace melted the resin with which the string had been fastened. It gave way, and the mask fell on the floor, whilst the vapour of the poison rose full in his face, almost before, in his eager attention, he was aware of the accident.

One terrible scream—a cry which once heard could never be forgotten—not that of agony, or terror, or surprise, but a shrill and violent indrawing of the breath, resembling rather the screech of some huge hoarse bird of prey, irritated to madness, than the sound of a human voice, was all that broke from Gaudin's lips. Every muscle of his face was at the instant contorted into the most frightful form: he remained for a second, and no more, wavering at the side of the furnace, and then fell heavily on the floor. He was dead!

Exili had expected this. His eagerness would hardly restrain him from rushing upon Sainte-Croix as he fell; and scarcely was he on the ground when the physician, dashing the rest of the poison from the furnace, darted on him like a beast of prey, and immediately drew forth the bag of money from his cloak, and transferred it to his own pouch. He next tore away every ornament of any value that adorned Gaudin's costly dress; finally taking the small gold heart which hung round his neck, inclosing the morsel of pink crystal, which had at-

tracted Exili's attention the first night of his sojourn in the Bastille. As he opened it to look at the beryl, he observed a thin slip of vellum folded under it within the case, on which were traced some faint characters. By the light which Sainte-Croix had brought with him, and which was burning faintly in the subterraneous atmosphere, he read the following words with difficulty:—

“Beatrice Spara to her child, on the eve of her execution. Rome, A.D. 1642. An amulet against an evil eye and poisons.”

A stifled exclamation of horror, yet intense to the most painful degree of mental anguish, escaped him as the meaning came upon him. For a few seconds his eyes were riveted on the crystal, as if they would start from his head; his lips were parted, and his breath suspended. Then another and another gasping cry followed; again he read the lines, as though he would have altered their import; but the simple words remained the same, and fearful was their revelation,—until, covering his face with his hands, he fell on his knees beside the body. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix—the unknown adventurer—the soldier of fortune, whom nobody had ever dared to question respecting his parentage was his own son!—the fruit of his intimacy with the Sicilian woman, from whom at Palermo he had learned the secrets of his hellish trade, in the first instance to remove those who were inimical to the *liaison*. The child was not above two years old when he himself had been compelled to fly from Italy; and he had imagined that, after her execution, the infant had perished, unknown and uncared for, in the streets of Rome.

For some minutes he remained completely stupified, but was aroused at last by a violent knocking at the door of the vault; and immediately afterwards the man who owned the house in the Rue de la Harpe rushed in, and announced the presence of the guard, who, not finding Sainte-Croix to meet them, as they expected, had made the cooper conduct them to Exili's laboratory. He had scarcely uttered the words when their bristling halberds, mingling with torches, appeared behind him.

“Back!” screamed Exili as he saw the guard,—“keep off! or I can slay you with myself, so that not one shall live to tell the tale.”

The officer in command told the men to enter; but one or two remembered the fate of those in the boat-mill whom the vapour had killed, and they hung back.

“Your lives are in my hands,” continued the physician, “and if you move one step they are forfeited. I am not yet captured.”

He darted through a doorway at the end of the room as he spoke, and disappeared. The guard directly pressed onward; but as Exili passed out at the arch, a mass of timber descended like a portcullis, and opposed their further progress. A loud and fiendish laugh sounded in the *souterrain*, which got fainter and fainter, until they heard it no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Matters become very serious for all parties.—The Discovery and the Flight.

"AH!" said Maître Picard, with a long expression of comfortable fatigue, and the same shudder of extreme enjoyment which he would have indulged in, had he just crept into a bed artificially warmed, "Ah! it is a great thing to enjoy yourself, having done your duty as a man and a Garde Bourgeoise!"

And he sank into an easy chair in which he would have been hidden but for his rotundity, and propping up his little legs with another seat, lighted a mighty pipe, the bowl whereof was fashioned like a dragon's head which vomited forth smoke from its nostrils in a manner terrible to behold.

It was a cold night. There were large logs of wood blazing and crackling up the chimney, from the iron dogs; and amongst the glowing embers that surrounded them various culinary utensils were imbedded, some of which sent forth fragrant odours of strong drinks or savoury extracts, whilst on a spit, formed of an old rapier, was impaled a pheasant, which the Gascon, Jean Blacquart, was industriously turning round as he sat upon the floor with his back against the chimney-projection, humming a student's song, to which he made the bird revolve, in proper measure.

Everything looked very comfortable. The cloth was laid for supper, and bright pewter vessels and horn mugs with silver rims caught the light from the fire, which likewise threw its warm glow upon the ceiling, and made the shadows dance and flicker on the walls. It was not so pleasant without. The frost was hard; the snow fell heavily; and the cold wind came roaring up the narrow streets, chasing all the cut-purses and evil company before it, much readier than all the guards of the night could have done, even at the points of their halberds.

"I think you might change your love-song for a sprightly dance, Jean," said Maître Picard. "Your tender pauses, during which the spit stops, do but scorch the breast of the bird, whilst the back profits not."

"It is an emblem of love, in general," replied the Gascon; "seeing that our breast is doubly warmed thereby, whilst our back comes off but badly, especially if our sweetheart is expensive, and requires of one the price of three doublets to make one robe."

"I was in love once," said Maître Picard, "but it is a long time ago. It wastes the substance of a portly man. Had I not eaten twice my ordinary allowance I should have fallen under the attack. The presents, too, which I offered to my lady were of great value, and none were ever returned."

"I never give presents," observed the Gascon, "for I have found in many hundred cases that my affection is considered above all price, and received as such."

"But suppose a rival of more pretensions comes to oppose you?" said Maître Picard.

"I never had a rival," said Blacquart grandly; "and I never shall. Admitting one was to presume and cross my path, he would find no ordinary antagonist. With this stalwart arm and a trusty blade, I would mince him before he knew where he was." And, in his enthu-

siasm, he caught hold of the handle of the rapier, which formed the spit, and brandished it about, perfectly forgetting the presence of the pleasant, and firmly convinced that his chivalric energies were really in action. He took no heed of the remonstrance of Maître Picard, until a sudden and violent knocking at the street door, so frightened him in the midst of his imaginary bravery that he let the rapier fall, and bird, spit, and all tumbled on the floor.

"*Cap de dis!* it made me jump," observed the Gascon. "What can it be, at this time of night?"

"You can find out if you go and see," replied Maître Picard from behind his pipe.

"Suppose it should be some wickedly-disposed students come again to vex us?" suggested Blacquart, "and they were to bind me hand and foot. What would become of you without my protection?—Ugh!"

The last exclamation was provoked by a repetition of the knocking more violent than ever.

"Go and open the door!" roared Maître Picard, until he looked quite apoplectic. "No one is out to-night for their own amusement, depend upon it."

With a great disinclination to stir away from the fire place, the Gascon advanced towards the door. But, before he opened it, he inquired with much assumption of courage,

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Philippe Glazer," said a well-known voice. "Are you dead or deaf, not to let me in? Open the door; quick!—quick!"

Reassured by the announcement, Blacquart soon unbarred the door, and Glazer hastened into the apartment. He was scarcely dressed, having evidently hurried from home in great precipitancy.

"Maître Picard!" he exclaimed, "you must come over with me directly to the Place Maubert. A terrible event has come about. M. Gaudin de Sainte-Croix—"

"Well, what of him?" asked the Bourgeois, aroused from his half-lethargy of comfort and tobacco by Glazer's haggard and anxious appearance.

"He is dead!" replied Philippe. "He lodged with us, or rather had a room to carry on his chemical experiments, and we have just heard that his body has been found lifeless, in the vaults of the Palais des Thermes."

"Murdered?" asked both the Gascon and Maître Picard at once.

"I know not," answered Glazer; "a hundred stories are already about, but we are too bewildered to attend to any. However, he has left nearly all his possessions in our keeping, and we must immediately seal them up until the pleasure of the authorities be known."

"It is the office of the Commissary of Police of the quartier," said Maître Picard.

"I know it," answered Glazer, impatiently. "But M. Artus is ill in bed, and he has deputed you to witness the process, as a man of good report in his jurisdiction. His clerk, Pierre Frater, has started to our house. I pray you come, without more loss of time."

It was a sad trial for Maître Picard to leave his intended banquet, especially to the mercies of the Gascon, whose appetite, in common with that pertaining to all weakened intellects, was enormous. But the urgency of the case, and Philippe Glazer's *empressement*, left him no chance of getting off the duty; and, hastily gathering together his

cloak, arms, and other marks of his authority, he turned out, not without much grumbling, to accompany Glazer to his father's house in the Place Maubert, which was not above ten minutes' walk from the Rue des Mathurins.

Late as it was, the news of Sainte-Croix's death had travelled over that part of Paris contiguous to the scene of the event: and when Philippe and the Bourgeois arrived the court was filled with people, who had collected, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, to gain some authentic intelligence connected with the catastrophe. The fact that Exili was, in some way or another, connected with the accident, had already given rise to the most marvellous stories, the principal one being that the devil had been seen perched on the northern tower of Notre Dame with the wretched physician in his grasp, preparatory to carrying him off to some fearful place of torment, the mention of which provoked more crossings and holy words than all the masses which the gossipers had attended for the last week.

Elbowing his way through the throng, Maître Picard assumed all his wonted importance, whilst he ordered Philippe to admit no one but the members of his household; and then, accompanied by Pierre Frater, the Commissary's clerk, he ascended to the room which Gaudin had occupied.

It teemed with that fearful interest which sudden death throws around the most unimportant objects connected with the existence of the victim. The pen lay upon the half-finished letters; a list of things to be attended to on the morrow was pinned to the wall; and the watch was ticking on its stand, although the hand that had put it in action was still and cold. On the table were some dice, at which their owner had evidently been working, to render their cast a certainty at the next game of hazard he engaged in. A flagon of wine, half emptied, a book marked for reference, a cloak drying before the expiring embers of the fire-place, each inanimate article spoke with terrible meaning.

"You have the seals, Maître Frater," said the Bourgeois; "we will secure everything until we have further orders."

The clerk of the Commissary produced the official seal, together with some long strips of parchment to bind them together; and, assisted by Philippe, they proceeded to attach them to everything of importance in the room. But whilst they were thus engaged, a confused murmur was heard in the court below, and Maître Picard, looking from the window, saw a carriage drive through the *porte cochère* as hastily as the snow would permit. A man sprang from it; closed the door after him, and the next minute came up the staircase hurriedly, and almost forced his way into the room.

"There is no admittance, monsieur," said the little Bourgeois presenting his halberd.

But the intruder was already in the centre of the chamber.

"I am the valet of M. de Sainte-Croix, and my name is Lachaussée," he said. "I oppose this proceeding of sealing up his effects."

"On what grounds?" asked the clerk, Frater.

"Because there is much that is my own property," replied Lachaussée. "You will find one hundred pistoles, and the same number of silver crowns in a canvas bag, in that bureau. My master gave them to me, and promised still further to transfer three hundred livres to me. You will, without doubt, find that he has done so; if he has

not, you may depend upon my word that everything is right which I have stated.*

"We do not doubt your word, monsieur," said the clerk; "but we cannot, at present, give up to you so much as a pin from this room. When the seals are broken by the authorities, whose servants we merely are, and under whose orders we now act, you may rest assured that the interests of no one will be overlooked."

"But this is such a trifle: you surely will not put me to such great inconvenience, for such it will be," answered Lachaussée, changing his tone.

"We regret it," answered Maître Picard with much grandeur, now he had heard from Pierre Frater what he was to say; "we regret it; but, at present, the law is peremptory."

"If I have no influence with you," said Lachaussée, "I will bring hither one who, possibly, may have some."

Before they had time to reply, he left the room, and in the course of a minute returned, bringing back with him, to the astonishment of every one present, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers.

Marie was pale as marble. Her beautiful hair, usually arranged with such careful taste, was hanging about her neck and shoulders in wild confusion: her eyes glistened, and her lips were blanched and quivering. She had evidently left home hurriedly, wrapping about her the first garments that came to hand, which she drew closely round her figure, from the inclemency of the weather. And yet, looking as she then did, the picture of agony and consternation, from time to time she made visible efforts to master her excitement, and with that habitual duplicity which had long become her nature, to deceive those with whom she was confronted, respecting the real state of her feelings.

She looked wildly at the assembled party as she entered, and at last her eye fell upon young Glazer, whom she was well acquainted with, as we have already seen. Glad to meet with any one who knew her, under such circumstances, she directly went towards him, and caught his arm for support, exclaiming, in a hollow and trembling voice—

"O Philippe!—you know all,—this is indeed terrible!"

Glazer addressed a few common-place words of consolation to her; but e'er she had finished, an access of violent hysterics placed the terrified woman beyond the comprehension of his words. He sup-

* This, and many of the incidents about to follow, the author has taken from some decayed and mouse-eaten pamphlets in his possession, bearing the date of the trial, which he was fortunate enough to find, some time back, at a book-shop in the neighbourhood of the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, Paris. By the similarity of the pages and references, they appear to be the same from time to time referred to by M. Alexandre Dumas, in the *Crimes Célèbres*; and two bear imprint, "A Paris. Chez Pierre Aubouin, Cour du Palais, et, chez Jacques Villery, rue Vieille Bouclerie." One is a memoir of this extraordinary "*procès*;" the second is a copy of the sentence, much dilapidated; and the third is the defence of M. Nivelles,—"*De l'imprimerie de Thomas Le Gentil*,"—in excellent preservation. They were all published before the *dénouement* of the terrible drama. The following extract from the end of the "*Mémoire*" is not without interest:—"Le Public en attend la décision avec la même impatience que chacun a pour ce qui doit contribuer à sa sûreté et à son repos. Il espère que MESSIEURS qui ont travaillé avec tant de précaution à pénétrer les circonstances d'une affaire aussi importante, en punissant la coupable par leur arrest, préviendront de pareils crimes, d'autant plus dangereux qu'ils sont secrets et inévitables."

ported her to a chair, and Frater, Picard, and their attendants gathered round her in silence, as they watched her convulsed form with feelings of real pity; for the attachment existing between Gaudin and herself was now no secret. The only one perfectly unmoved was Lachaussée, and he regarded her with an expression of unconcern, showing that he doubted the reality of the attack.

In a few minutes she recovered; and starting up from her seat, addressed herself to Pierre Frater, who, from his clerical look, her perception enabled her to tell was the chief person in authority.

"Monsieur," she said, "I know not what Lachaussée has sought to obtain; but there is a small box here belonging to me alone, which I presume there will be no objection to my carrying away with me. Philippe Glazer may divine the nature of the papers it contains. He will explain it to you."

"Madame," replied the Clerk, "it pains me to repeat the same answer to you which I gave to the valet of M. de Sainte-Croix; but nothing can be moved except with the consent of the Commissary, my master."

"Nothing of M. de Sainte-Croix's property, I am aware," replied the Marchioness: "but this is mine—my own,—do you understand? See! there it is!—you must give it to me,—indeed, indeed you must."

As she spoke she pointed to the small inlaid cabinet which has been before alluded to, and which was visible behind the glass-front of a secretary between the windows. She repeated her request with renewed energy. And well, indeed, she might; for it was that box which had furnished the most terrible poisons to her victims.

"Indeed, madame," answered Frater, firmly but respectfully, "you cannot have it at this moment."

"You must give it to me!" she exclaimed, seizing the Clerk by the hand. "It contains a matter of life and death, and you cannot tell whom it may affect. Give me the box; my position and influence will free you from any responsibility for so doing. You see, the seals have not yet been put on the bureau; it can be of no consequence to you in the discharge of your duty. Let me have it."

She let go his hand and went towards the bureau. But Frater stepped before her, as he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, madame; and do not oblige me to forget my gallantry, or that politeness which is due to a lady of your station, by forgetting your own proper sense. The cabinet can only be delivered up to you upon the authority of M. Artus."

"And where is he?" she inquired hurriedly.

"He is ill—at his house in the Rue des Noyers," answered the Clerk. "To-morrow he will, without doubt, give you every assistance."

"To-morrow will be too late!" exclaimed Marie. "I must see him now—this instant. *Au revoir*, messieurs; I shall hope in a few minutes to bring you his order that you may deliver me my cabinet."

And without any further salute she turned and left the room, requesting Lachaussée to await her return.

Her exceeding anxiety was placed to the score of her attachment to Sainte-Croix; and as she quitted the apartment the others went on with their duties in silence. Lachaussée seated himself in a recess of the chamber and watched their proceedings; and Philippe col-

lected a few things together which belonged to his father, and consisted principally of some chemical glasses and evaporating dishes, placing them in a box by themselves to be moved away as soon as it was permitted.

But scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere another carriage drove into the court, and Desgrais, the active Exempt of the *Maréchaussée*, came up stairs to the apartment, followed by one or two agents of the police. As he entered the room, he cast his eye over the different pieces of furniture, and perceiving that the judicial seal was already upon many of them, nodded his head in token of approval. Then turning to Philippe, he said,

"Monsieur Glazer, there will be no occasion to inconvenience you by detaining your own goods. Whatever you will describe as yours, shall be at once made over to you, on your signature."

"You are very good," replied Philippe; "but everything belonging to us, in the care of this poor gentleman, was of little consequence. There is, however, that little cabinet, which may be returned to its owner, who is most anxious to have it. It has been earnestly claimed by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers."

"The Marchioness of Brinvilliers!" exclaimed Desgrais with some emphasis. "And you say she was anxious to carry it away?"

"Just as I have told you: in fact, her solicitude was remarkable."

Desgrais was silent for a minute.

"Stop!" at length he said; "we will examine this cabinet that appears so precious. I have reasons for it."

By his directions Pierre Frater took down the inlaid box from its shelf, Maître Picard being too short, and placed it on the table. The others collected eagerly round, especially Lachaussée, who at the first mention of it had left his seat. Sainte-Croix's keys were discovered in one of the drawers of the table, and Desgrais selecting one of curiously-wrought steel, applied it to the lock. The lid instantly flew open.

"Here is a false top," said Desgrais, "with a written paper lying open upon it. Let us see what it says."

And taking the document, he read as follows:—

"I humbly ask of those into whose hands this cabinet may fall, whoever they may be, to deliver it to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, at present living in the Rue Neuve St. Paul; since its contents are of importance to her alone, and her welfare apart, cannot be of the slightest interest to any one in the world. Should she have died before me, let the cabinet be burnt, exactly as it is, without opening it, or disturbing its contents."

"The paper concludes," continued Desgrais, "with an appeal to God respecting the sincerity of this request, and a half-implied malediction upon those who may refuse to grant it."

"I presume, monsieur, now that your curiosity is satisfied thus far, I may take the box with me to Madame de Brinvilliers," said Lachaussée.

"Stop!" replied the Exempt, as the other stretched forth his hand, "here is another paper. It is a receipt for a sum of money delivered, on account of work performed, and signed 'Lachaussée.'"

As his name was pronounced, Lachaussée fell back from the table, and, muttering a few indistinct words, approached the door; but Desgrais cried out,

"You appear interested in this affair, monsieur, and cannot yet leave us. Guards, place yourselves at the doorway, and let no one pass but with my orders."

Two of the patrol who had entered with the Exempt, took up their station at the door, crossing their halberds before it. A dead silence reigned, and the curiosity of all was raised to the most painful intensity. Lachaussée leant back against the bureau, and, folding his arms, gazed steadily at the proceedings, but no visible token betrayed his emotion.

"This affair requires some little extra investigation," said Desgrais. "This false lid must open with a spring, as there is neither lock nor handle to it." He held the cabinet up, and turning it round, discovered one of the studs that ornamented it of a darker colour than the rest as if from constant handling. His experienced eye told him that this should be the one; he pressed it accordingly, and the partition turned up with a jerk against the side. A single and hurried expiration escaped his lips. He inverted the cabinet, and turned its contents on the table: they consisted of a number of little packets, boxes, and phials, mostly sealed up, and distinguished by various inscriptions.

"Sublimate! Vitriol! Opium!" exclaimed Desgrais, as he read each aloud. "*Mort bleu!* messieurs, we are about to make some strange discoveries!"

"Will you allow me to pass," said Philippe Glazer to Desgrais, "I think there is no one below, and I fancied I heard the bell sound."

"Of course," replied the exempt; "but return as soon as you conveniently may. We shall, perhaps, hereafter need you as a witness to these revelations."

Philippe hastily promised compliance, and then quitting the apartment, hastily flew down stairs to his father's shop. The old man had retired to rest early, but his man Panurge was fast asleep upon one of the tables so soundly, that it required no very gentle treatment from Philippe to waken him.

"Ho! Panurge!" cried his young master, in a sharp, but low voice, "awake, man, unless you wish every wretched bone in your miserable carcase broken. Do you hear me?"

"Hippocrates sayeth that erysipelas upon the baring of a bone is evil," muttered Panurge, who mixed up his sleeping studies with his waking faculties.

"Pshaw!" cried Philippe, "I will give you cause for it all over you if you do not attend. Rouse up, I tell you."

And he gave Panurge such a mighty shake that would have aroused him had he been in a trance. As it was, it immediately restored the assistant to the full exhibition of what faculties he possessed, and he awaited Glazer's further orders.

"You know the house of Monsieur Artus, the Commissary of police, in the Rue des Noyces?"

"I do," replied Panurge: "he hath been ill of a choleric gout, for which we gave him the juice of danewurt—"

"The pest on what you gave him!" said Philippe, "so long as you know where he is to be found. Now look you; go off there directly, and if you lose no time on the way you will probably find the Marchioness of Brinvilliers at his house. Give this note to her, and only to her as you value your useless life."

He hastily wrote on a scrap of paper:—

"The police have found some articles in a cabinet belonging to M. de Sainte-Croix, which may cause you much embarrassment from the publicity it will give to your acquaintance. Be careful how you proceed. P. G."

"Now, off!" said Philippe, hastily folding the note; and return here as soon as you leave this in her own hands. "Poor lady!" he continued, half speaking to himself; "it would be sorrow indeed, if mere gallantry should link her with the deeds of which her cavalier appears to have been the perpetrator."

Without another syllable Panurge set off, and Glazer was returning to the room when he met Desgrais descending the stairs, carrying the cabinet, and followed by two of the police, who had Lachaussée in custody between them. He addressed him:

"We shall require the services of your father and yourself to-morrow, M. Glazer, to analyze these different articles. I have put a seal upon them, and must hold you answerable for their safe keeping."

"I denounce my being kept a prisoner," exclaimed Lachaussée, "as informal and unjust. You have no right to detain me upon the mere circumstance of my name appearing on that piece of paper."

"I will make ample reparation for any wrong I may do you," answered Desgrais, coolly. Then, turning to the guards, he added:

"You will conduct this person to the Châtelet. And now, M. Frater, you can accompany me, with Maître Picard to the Rue des Noyers without loss of time. We shall, probably, there light upon the Marchioness de Brinvilliers."

Philippe's heart was in his throat as he heard the name pronounced. He immediately endeavoured to contrive some delay in Desgrais's departure, offering him refreshment, begging him to stop whilst the cressets of the watch were retrimmed, and pressing articles of outer wear upon him, by reason of the cold, which he pretended he could not find. A few minutes were gained in this manner, and then the guard departed across the Place Maubert, Philippe's only hope being that Panurge had already got there.

Whilst this scene of fearful interest was being enacted at Glazer's, Marie had reached the house of the Commissary of Police. Some of the domestics were sitting up for further orders from Desgrais, and by them she was informed that M. Artus could not be disturbed. By dint, however, of heavy bribes, giving them all the money she had about her, which was no inconsiderable sum, she was ushered into the apartment of the Commissary, and, to him, in a few hurried words, she made known the object of her visit. But her earnestness was so strange, that M. Artus requested she would wait until the next day, when he should have received the report of the proceedings from his agents. Had she shewn less anxiety, he would doubtless have granted what she so urgently desired.

Finding there was no chance of assistance from this quarter, she left the room in an agony of terror, and, scarcely knowing what course to pursue, was about to return to the Place Maubert, when Panurge arrived with Glazer's note. She hastily read it, and the contents struck her like a thunderbolt. "Then all is over!" she exclaimed; and, without exchanging another word with the assistant, or any of the officials, she flew through the streets, half clad as she was, with the snow deep on the ground, and the thoroughfares wrapped in the obscurity of a winter night, in the direction of her hôtel in the Rue St. Paul.

A CURVET OR TWO IN THE CAREER OF TOM WILKINS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

“NOUGHT but a thorough reformation of manners in every particular,—nothing less than an infusion of new life into my moral economy, through all its ramifications, will avail to meet the exigency of the case, and suffice to make me a respectable man. I am now two-and-thirty. I have been a sad dog in my time. I have neglected several excellent opportunities, and thrown away many good chances. If I disgust Whibley, I lose my last friend. I will—I must pull up.”

This soliloquy escaped me as I re-folded Whibley’s letter, and returned it to its envelope. Whibley was my late father’s partner. He was an old bachelor, with many of the peculiarities that attach to such as prefer a celibate existence; but, although too regular, methodical, chronometrical, he was a worthy old creature; for I really believe his many written exhortations to me would have been accounted admirable, even had they not been folded over the ten-pound notes that accompanied them. But I had greatly disgusted him for some time past by certain proceedings not conformable to the rigid exactions of propriety and reason; and his advice, or rather reproof, had of late been delivered plainly and orally, seeking to derive no zest or emphasis from the old lady of Threadneedle Street, but relying for its effect simply upon its own unadorned merits of sense and diction.

His letter came to acquaint me that he had spoken in my favour to an East India Director, who had all but promised to procure me an appointment; and the writer requested to see me at eleven o’clock precisely on the following morning.

The perusal of this letter, as I have more than indicated, operated upon me as a moral stimulus. A vision of what might be done (prudence preceding me, and paving the way) with two or three hundred a-year filled every creek and cranny of my brain. A small, but elegantly-furnished house, rose like an exhalation at my bidding. An amiable and interesting wife, such an one as would make Whibley himself curse his forty years’ obstinate apathy, walked into it at once, and presided over domestic affairs; and in a minute or two, chubby and well-favoured children, with strenuous persistence, climbed up my shins, and settled themselves upon my knee-pans. The two or three hundred expanded betimes into two thousand. Thomas Wilkins, Esq., Secretary to the East India Company, received the thanks of the Directors in a gold snuff-box, inlaid with diamonds, and returned his acknowledgments, after a ten-guinea dinner at the Albion.

Diligence, sobriety, continence of speech, gravity of aspect, virtues I had hitherto little—nay, not at all,—cultivated, these must be brought into play, must be enlisted in my service, ere I could hope to procure this preferment, or to acquire these blessings. But how to fortify myself against a barely possible relapse into my old irregular courses? Wisely conscious of the weakness of human nature in general, I was aware of my own share of it in particular. I seized a pen and a sheet of foolscap, and proceeded to take measures that my good resolutions should not vanish as quickly as they had come. “*Carpe diem*,”

"Procrastination is the thief of time;" "*Tempus fugit*;" "Time and tide wait for no man;"—several thrifty maxims, wise axioms, and moral reflections, the whole interspersed with sundry more familiar and encouraging exhortations, such as, "Go it, lad,"—"At 'em again, my boy,"—"Keep moving, Tom Wilkins"—these I committed to paper in my best hand; and, as a painstaking shaver never omits to whet his razor upon a strop, so I intended to draw my manuscript from my desk diurnally at matins, to the end that my worthy resolves should always bear a keen edge.

Having completed this round-text transcript, all at once came into my mind that admirable speech of Ulysses to the son of Peleus, in Troilus and Cressida, wherein the sagacious counsellor impresses upon Achilles the necessity of a kind of perpetual-motion perseverance. "What human being, unless he be a wretch rusted to the very core by sloth, could resist the eloquence of such reasoning?" I exclaimed, after referring to and reading the speech in question; but, as I found it rather long, I forbore copying it, as I had designed, and contented myself with transferring the salt of it to my memory.

"Franklin! wisest, or if not wisest, worldliest of men, you were right when, inspired by the muse, you struck off that fine couplet,

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

When a fellow gets up betimes, he has the day before him: he can take Time by the fore-lock, and give it such a plaguy pull as to make the old rascal believe that you want to have him all to yourself. Health, wealth, wisdom, and Wilkins for ever!"

In a word, having all day long fortified the mental part of me by every instigation to prudence that memory could recal or ingenuity create, towards evening I stimulated the physical portion of my duplex being with two glasses of grog (I had gone to the cupboard for the purpose of shivering my spirit-bottles); and about half-past eight I stepped into bed with a kind of Socratic magnanimity, not unmingled with a placid scorn of my more fallible fellow-creatures.

I passed a restless and perturbed night, and was just about to sink into a sweet and refreshing slumber, when the clock of St. Martin's striking the self-appointed hour of five, caused me to open my recently-closed eyes, and my admonitory manuscript, which I had pinned to the bed-curtain, stared me in the face. Then ensued such a wrestling-match between duty and inclination,—such a contest between the bedstead and the clothes-horse,—as kept my dubious hand in mid-air, and held it suspended over the tassel of my night-cap. Habit, familiar toad! squatted upon my pillow, and poured a leperous distilment of poppies into mine ear, suggesting in this wise:—"Don't make a fool of yourself, Wilkins, by any manner of means. Be wise: take your nap out. 'Sleep while you may,' as the song says. Throughout the length and breadth of the land not a lark has yet pulled his head from under his pinion. If you get up, you'll assuredly catch rheumatism, lumbago, or a catarrh, that'll stick to you during your mortal sojourn. What! you *will* make such an ass of yourself, will you? You've no business to get up these four hours. Go to sleep, you over-virtuous puppy."

Despising and defying these base suggestions, I sprang from my couch, washed myself as quickly as alternate yawning and sneezing

would let me, and, having completed my toilet, stole down stairs in silence, and issued into the cool and bracing air. It was a lovely summer morning; the sun had risen a considerable height, and was bathing the chimney-pots with his own particular splendour, and giving homely bricks and mortar a touch of the sublime. I surveyed the beauty of the scene as I walked along, and, casting my eye upon the blinded windows on the second floors, mourned over the wicked sluggishness of mankind.

"Now," cried I, with a new-born zeal which elicited my own commendation, "if the nasal grindery, the snores at this moment in course of unconscious escape, could be aggregated, could be formed into one mighty volume, it were a sound to tear hell's concave.

'Falsely luxurious! will not man arise?'" &c.

I repeated that fine passage of Thomson several times, to keep my energies in due propulsion, and at length found myself at Paddington.

And here, arrived at this suburb, I could not but acknowledge that this so early pedestrian discipline (being inwardly unprepared) was rather trying to man, considered as a locomotive machine.

"It is true," said I, resting myself on a milestone, "and it may be altogether natural, that I feel a strong present bias towards hot rolls, and recognise within me a monstrous yearning after the coffeepot. Respiration, I confess, has become a difficult process; my joints have lost their wonted oleaginous lubricity, and the calves of my legs are as hard as the nether millstone. But on—on. Practice makes perfect. I have at least two hours and a half good. Hygeia beckons me along the Edgeware Road, and if I can but reach Kilburn—"

There is a road-side public-house not very far down the pleasing entrance to our vast metropolis which I have just mentioned. I drew up before it. The scene instructed me to pause. It was one that Morland was well skilled to paint. Three loads of hay, and their attendant carters seated on the bench in front of the house,—two young, one of the middle age. As I was calmly taking in the rustic scene, my eye alighted on one of the outside shutters of the parlour-window, whereon was painted "Fine Roman Purl."

"Fine Roman Purl!" quoth I, with that sagacious intonation wherewith your dry humourists are apt to bring forth "Your most obedient" to an unreasonable proposition; "Fine Roman Purl! I have heard of this same beverage. It's an undoubted fact that the Romans held possession of this our isle of Britain during a hundred years, more or less. What so likely as that the mixture may have been transmitted from the Romans down to us? Perhaps this very drink found favour with the legions of Julius Cæsar, and was passed from hand to hand by the cohorts of Germanicus. And now I remember to have heard that this same good stuff is an excellent stomachic, and gives tone and vigour to our hard-working, early-rising artizans. I might do a worse thing than take a pull at the transalpine preparation."

So saying, and with a corresponding intent, I entered the house, ordered a pint to be compounded for me, and took my seat on the bench between the youthful Damon and Corydon and the middle-aged Damætas.

I had not long been in possession of my liquid, which I discovered to be of singularly seductive flavour, before the generosity of my na-

ture was mutely appealed to by the elderly swain, whom I have called Damætas, who, drawing the back of his hand over his mouth, and peering eagerly into my measure, in this unsophisticated manner gave me to understand that tee-total medals had been struck in vain for himself and his companions. I "explained his asking eye," and returned no churlish refusal, but, giving him largess to the amount of a quart, I bade him issue directions that my smaller measure should be replenished. This matter pleasantly adjusted, I became yoked in temporary fellowship with these courteous yokels, who, I found, were men of no small amount of information upon points on which I was greatly deficient. It is astonishing how, as my second pint began to ebb, my interest in agricultural affairs gradually heightened, and how the expression of that interest became animated, emphatic, and intense.

"And so the wheat looks pretty fairish, does it? And no blight? And how of oats? And barley, what of *it*? Potatoes plentiful, but raporrys rather scanty? Onions—you never saw anything like 'em, you say?"

These questions and inquiries I put at least twenty times, and had them duly answered, making hyperbolical ejaculations when the replies happened to give satisfaction. At length the three patient respondents were furnished with duplicates, each of his own proper person; the horse-trough became two; the loads of hay multiplied; and immediately after I had made a final application to my pewter vessel, that I might soberly examine into these magical inconsistencies, the whole began to whirl round with alarming rapidity, and my faculties were for a while suspended.

When I came to myself, and opened my eyes, the first thing the visual rays did, was to ascend a perpendicular hay-fork; and, while I was yet marvelling at this strange and useless expenditure of the ocular functions, a huge face, "round as the moon," overhung mine, and hid the welkin from my view.

"Bist better, mister?" shouted an ill-regulated voice into my ear, which vibrated cruelly upon my sensorium. "You told us you wurt going back to London. Where dost live?"

I satisfied the querist on this head as well as I could, and was not sorry to hear that he and his companions would pass the end of the street in which I resided, on their way to the Haymarket, and that he would take care to *stand* me down at the corner.

Having given this assurance, the philanthropic clown vanished over the wheels, and presently the waggon was put in motion. In due time my slumbers were broken in upon by my attentive friend, who requested me to allow myself to be handed down to his auxiliaries below. My descent safely accomplished, the jolly triumvirate bade me good morning, and shook me by the hand, and I made the worst of my way (between kerb and area railings) to my own lodging.

My knock at the door was heard by my landlady, who came out into the area to see who could have made so palsied an application for admittance, with a face such as a diligent housewife commonly wears when she is suddenly withdrawn from the wash-tub to answer the tax-gatherer, and who now beheld me waving about on the door-step like a willow of Babylon, muttering in what might have passed for a Babylonish dialect.

"If it isn't that Wilkins, all mops and brooms, may I never—"

She was gone, but made an instant presentation of herself at the open street-door.

"Well, what on earth *have* you been doing with yourself, Mr. Wilkins?" said she, "and at this time o'morning, and after the lecture on temperance you gave me last night before you went to bed? What in the world have you been about? Don't come anear me—don't. If you don't smell for all the world like Mrs. Jarvis's new sofy, as she *will* have is all horsehair. Here 's a bit o' clover sticking in your ear. Stand still now—do."

With this she turned me about, and divested me of my adherent agrarian produce. Having so done, she looked me earnestly in the face, and made that almost indescribable and utterly unwriteable cluck, intended to signify, "Lor a mercy! what a sad pity!" and then clasping her hands, and throwing them into her lap, burst into a violent fit of laughter.

My gravity, however, was unmoved. "Goodman," said I, in a sort of grindingly emphatic voice, taking her by the cap-strings, "brandy, soda-water, green tea, haddock. Must be to my time. Won't be too late. Can't keep Whibley waiting."

"Not you, indeed," said Mrs. Goodman, making me acquainted with the staircase,—“not you, indeed—I should think not. There, go along up, and lay down for a few minutes. I'll set you to rights. I wasn't the wife of an exciseman twenty-three years, and not to know what'll set a man upon his legs in less than no time."

And she did set me upon my legs, by the aid of a mixture more conducive to corporeal stability than any gauging stick ever leaned upon by sophisticated exciseman.

Thus physically restored, and with so much skill and facility, I resolved, nevertheless, to eschew such prolonged peregrinations for the time to come, and to avoid purl as I would a pestilence, and taking another survey of my code of morals, which pleased me well, I underwent a final inspection from my careful landlady, got into a cab, and was driven into the city.

Now, I had no particular wish to draw up before Whibley's house, for your honest, striving applicants generally travel on foot, having nothing further to do with cabs than to be splashed by them. Accordingly, I got out in the Poultry, and paid the fare, and was about to dive down Bucklersbury, when a walking-stick in my ribs arrested my progress, and my friend Stalker stood before me.

"Ha! Tom," said he, "how d'ye do? What's the matter? Why, your phiz looks as long as an Irish debate, and as white as the purity of a railway committee. Been visited by the apparition of a man in black, with a cane under his nose?"

"Oh no, Lord bless you! never better in my life. Anxious—a little anxious. Going to pull up, Stalker,—turn over a new leaf,—*have* begun to wash the blackamoor white,—got off the outer coat of sable,—have indeed."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Stalker, nearly sending his head through the pastrycook's window.

"Don't detain me now, that's a good fellow!" said I; "must keep my appointment with old Whibley—twelve o'clock precisely."

"An appointment with old Whibley!" returned Stalker derisively, —as though he knew old Whibley well, and was perfectly aware that to keep an appointment with him was of the slightest consequence in

life. "See!" pointing with his stick to the clock of Bow Church, "it wants twenty minutes. If you'd told me you were going to keep an appointment with the manager of a cemetery I might have believed you. Have an anchovy sandwich and a glass of sherry. It'll do you good."

"Well, I don't know. It *does* want twenty minutes. No—no, I can't. You'll let me go within the twenty, will you?"

"Honour!"

"And so you're going to pull up, are you?" remarked Stalker, when we were comfortably seated in the coffee-room, with a pint of sherry before us.

"Yes; I've passed my Reform Bill, and put all my vices in Schedule A. Wilkins new revived. I began this morning."

"Very well. Ha! Began this morning? How's that? What are you staring at? Anything the matter with my face? What?"

"In confidence, Stalker,—implicit confidence."

And I told him all without reserve. I could not help it. My code of morals, my early purl, my return to town on the load of hay—all."

How Stalker laughed when he had done staring! He shrieked again. They only who have been to the Tower to see the wild beasts, can form a conception of it. He wanted his merriment to have a horizontal movement; but the waiter came in just as he was going to throw himself upon the floor.

"Wilkins," said he, when the pain in his side had somewhat abated, "you're the greatest fool I ever honoured with my acquaintance. Don't you know, there's no one requires humouring so much as a man's own self? You can't come the old saint over him, take my word for it. I'll tell you a story. I was once proceeding down a bye-street, when, behold! there was my friend Jones walking a little way before me. Nobody in sight, feeling skittish, and knowing the milky nature of the man, what do I do, but go quietly behind him, and jump upon his back? *His back!* 'tis past blushing to think of. If you could but have seen how sneakingly I slid down that man's vertebræ when an angry, astonished, and *strange* face over the shoulder glared into mine, you'd have pitied me. Now, that's what you sudden reformers do. You mistake a stranger for an old acquaintance, make yourselves too familiar, and suffer an ignominious defeat."

There was reason in what Stalker had said. I began to feel I had no right to expect to be better than my neighbours all of a sudden. I was thoroughly ashamed of my own virtue, and hanging the head, was so completely abashed that I could put no detaining hand upon Stalker's arm when he lifted his stick, and fixing its hook in the pendant handle of the bell-pull, summoned the waiter, and ordered another pint of sherry.

"And what's your business with Mr. What's-his-name?" resumed Stalker, pouring me out another glass of wine, for he saw I needed it. "Has he any interest with the Missionary Society, or can he recommend you as teacher to a Sunday-school?"

"Now, Stalker, don't be too hard upon me," said I, deprecating ridicule. "I'll never do so any more, I assure you. I won't make myself respectable,—I won't, indeed. No—Whibley's going to get me into the India House."

"The India House!" said Stalker, with momentary animation.

"Yes,—a good thing; won't it be?"

"I don't know that," returned Stalker. "Wound up for a certain number of hours, go through your round, and stop again, for one or two hundred a year."

"It's a permanence, Stalker."

"A permanence!" echoed he, in a tone as though instability, or a temporary condition of things, were far preferable. "A permanence! You wouldn't find it so. You'd never be to your time. Past twelve before your head would ever be under the shade of the portico."

"Past twelve!" I recollected myself. "By-the-bye, what's o'clock? It must be over one."

"Never mind,—sit down," said Stalker, pulling me on to my seat.

"Why don't you do as I do? Dabble in shares."

"In shares! what shares?"

"Railroad shares, to be sure. Everybody's making his fortune by 'em every day, as easy as lying. Why, I expect to clear a thousand by the Imperial Himalayans."

"You do?"

"Ay. I'll put you up to it. Write for shares,—watch the market,—sell at a premium,—pocket the tin. Meet me here at four. We'll have a steak, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I will. You expect to clear a thousand by the Himalayans! And no trouble?"

"None in the least. India House!—pshaw!—hang the long-stooled asthmatic life. You'll be back to your time?"

I hurried out. And yet it occurred to me, once more in the bland, sunshiny air, with my mystified eyes "as though they loved whatever they looked upon," what need of haste, since it was past two? And to meet old Whibley, one of the most monstrous bores that ever took the vital spirits out of an exhausted listener! I proceeded to his house at a very sedate pace.

"I won't see him!" exclaimed Whibley to the servant, who announced my arrival. "Didn't I tell you to shut the door in his face when he came?"

"My dear Mr. Whibley, a thousand pardons," said I, entering abruptly, like the gentleman in a farce. "But, my dear sir, what's the matter?"

Whibley was grinning horribly over his great toe, which, wrapped in flannels, was elevated on a footstool.

"Ah, Whibley! Whibley!" said I, shaking my head comically,—
"the gout again! This would never be but for the port, the claret, the—"

"Hold your tongue, you worthless rascal! Be off!" cried Whibley.

"Well—I beg pardon—I went too far there," said I, balancing myself with the back of a chair, into which I contrived somehow to seat myself. "You, like me, I know, are no great drinker. But you really should take more exercise. In a dry, warm day, like this, for instance. You'll never be better till you do. Consider,—suppose it should fly up into your stomach. But I hope not,—no,—I do hope not."

Whibley made a hideous face at me before he spoke.

"When Satan tempted Job," said he, "how did he hope to succeed with him?"

"Why, you know, my dear Whibley," said I,—"Job! ah! to be sure, by the afflictions he put upon him."

"And what were they?" asked Whibley.

"Why, you know, the afflictions were—"

"His comforters!" roared Whibley. "And now, Master Wilkins, a word with you. You won't do for me. I can't recommend such a fellow as you. It's past two, and I said eleven. I cry off. I've written to my friend, the director, and here's the letter," and he shook it at me *in terrorem*. You're irreclaimable. You never *will* sow your wild oats, Master Wilkins."

"'Zounds, Whibley!" said I, "I'm always sowing 'em; but they grow so fast, and yield such abundant crops, that if I don't start a Pegasus, or get a good thorough-going nightmare, my moral granary won't contain 'em."

"Did ever any one hear such a beast!" cried Whibley. "Be off! I'll interest myself for you no more. What's the matter with you? What a face! Have you got the erysipelas? You've been drinking."

I made a motion as of one deeply shocked and offended, and managed to slide one or two more peppermint-drops into my mouth.

"Why weren't you here at eleven?" said Whibley, a little mollified.

"The truth is," I replied, "I was unavoidably detained. I knew when you got the appointment for me I must make an appearance, and was most anxious not again to tax your generosity. My agent had promised to dispose of my few Himalayan Imperials—"

"And you really have been trying to do something for yourself?" cried Whibley, brightening up, — who would gladly have seen me engaged at a street-crossing rather than doing nothing. "Now, Tom, I have hopes of you."

We now talked over the matter of the appointment, and I almost brought him round,—a circumstance that so elated my spirits that I could scarce contain myself. Dry, heavy discourse soon wearies me. In an evil moment he pointed to the mantelpiece, and said,—

"Give me that bottle, Tom."

I arose for that purpose, and took up the bottle.

"'Jenkins's Ad Eternitatem Tincture,'" said I, reading the label.

"What on earth, my dear sir, is this?"

"For my gout," replied Whibley,—"Jenkins's own recipe. He was the fellow who lived seventeen years longer than Parr."

"Oh, I remember now," said I, "it's vile stuff. I've heard of it. A decoction, no more, of southern-wood, commonly called 'old man.'"

"You don't mean that, Tom Wilkins? Now, gently,—no nonsense."

"It's notorious," said I, thinking to make him laugh (but *I* never had the gout,)—"you might as well think of curing the ague by an infusion of aspen-leaves. Now, if you would take—night and morning, mind,—a tablespoonful of 'Wandering Jew's Julep,' and rub the part affected three times a day with 'Last Man's Lotion'—"

"Tom!—Tom Wilkins!"

But I must needs go on. "I have heard a high eulogium of the virtues of 'Methuselah's Mixture'; but—"

Here Whibley dealt me with his crutch such a crack upon my bump of ideality as caused the organ of caution to start into unnatural prominence.

"Be off!" roared Whibley, partially rising, and attempting to refresh my memory with a second application,—"if ever I think of you, speak to you, see you again, may my right hand forget its cunning."

"If you should, I hope it will, especially with that confounded

crutch," thought I, as he brandished and bellowed me out of the room.

A fig for Whibley! an intemperate and furious old vagabond, against whom articles of the peace ought in strict justice to have been exhibited. I would disdain to have recourse to him again, or to take anything at his intercession. I returned to my friend, Stalker. He cheered me with hopes of share-built prosperity, and we made a night of it. I remember getting up in the night, lighting my candle with a lucifer, and burning my code of morals.

But I discovered, after a few month's anxious and torturing suspense, that poor Stalker had not only deceived me but himself. Not a share was to be had for love, however many might have been got for money. Meanwhile, Whibley took unto himself a young wife; and I was made acquainted with the secret, when I ventured a penitent application, that *she* was now his right hand, and that she was never likely to forget *her* cunning.

When I last saw Stalker, he was looking ruefully at a machine containing baked potatoes. He remarked that the vending of the vegetable was, doubtless, a profitable employment during the winter months. As to shares, he whispered in my ear something about "lobby the best share-market," and hazarded a mysterious allusion to the "Railway Department of the Board of Trade." We sighed and parted.

"Nothing," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his usual double-derive moral power,—“nothing will compensate for the want of prudence; and negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.” The reader will see that I am a living instance of the truth of our gigantic sage's position; and that negligence and irregularity bear no more relation to prudence than a Pennsylvanian bond to an intention of payment. Vain and empty babbling,—jesting at wrong times and seasons,—never being true to his time,—these affect a man's interests most injuriously; while, on the other hand, a discreet tongue, a demure face, and, above all, his presence projected at the minute,—these virtues lead a man on to fortune; for, as an ingenious friend of mine was wont once to observe, “the clock at the Horse Guards is not far from the Treasury.”

VOLTAIRE TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

A LITTLE truth will always modify
 The flattering import of the greater lie:
 Last night, for instance, as in dreams I lay,
 Led in imagination's fitful way,
 To kingly rank, methought my lot was changed,
 And sudden joy o'er all my senses ranged;
 Methought, too, that I loved, and dared t' impart
 To you, Elmire, the secret of my heart!
 Waking, the fiction of my dream to prove,
 I find I've lost my kingdom,—not my love.

G. T. F.

OTHRYADES.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

[A dispute having arisen between the Spartans and Athenians about some lands, three hundred men of each nation were chosen to decide the matter by combat. Only two Athenians survived, both of whom ran away; and the sole remaining Spartan, OTHRYADES by name, unwilling to survive his countrymen, wrote upon his target "VICI," and then slew himself.]

THE summer day is well-nigh done,
 Swiftly the chariot of the sun
 Descends towards the glowing west,
 In mingled gold and ruby drest;
 No leaf moves on the forest-tree,
 Scarcely a wavelet curls the sea,
 The birds sit silent in the bowers,
 And Nature, hush'd in deep repose,
 So beautiful and tranquil shows,
 That hallow'd seems the peaceful hour.
 Amid the long grass blossoms spring,
 With various colours glistening,—
 Purple, and white, and crimson sheen,
 Surrounded by the emerald green;
 While others rival in their dye
 The azure of the cloudless sky.
 But, though serene all nature be,
 On mount and vale, on shore and sea,
 And though the scene itself is fair,
 There lack not fearful tokens there:—
 The grass hath caught a sanguine hue,
 The flowers are wet, but not with dew,
 And crush'd have been their petals sweet
 By hasty tread of heavy feet;
 And broken arms lie scatter'd round
 In wild disorder o'er the ground;
 Bucklers which fatal darts have bored,
 And shatter'd helm, and shiver'd sword;
 And bright the western sunbeams glance
 On tatter'd plume and gory lance;
 But, saddest sight of all, the slain
 Cumber in heaps the bloody plain,
 With mangled brow, and frozen limb,
 And ghastly eyeballs staring dim,
 Teeth which the last pang firmer clench'd,
 Locks in their own red heart-stream drench'd,
 Hands which so fast the falchion clasp,
 Ye scarce can wrench it from their grasp;
 Grim features stamp'd with pride and hate,
 That fearless dared approaching fate;

And warriors young, and veterans old,
Alike indomitably bold,
Now stark, and stiff, and void of breath,
The hideous forms of various death.

But why such scene of carnage? Say,
What feud has caused this bloody day?
Did ravish'd Beauty's pillaged charms
Call the fierce combatants to arms,
As Helen once all Greece inspired
With vengeance, until Troy was fired?
Did lucre tempt them to the fight?
Warr'd they to win a nation's right?
Or did opposing princes wake
The conflict for ambition's sake,—
The mighty conflict which should wear
A crown, that glitt'ring pledge of care?

Two rival cities claim had laid
To acres broad of fertile glade,
And long to words confined their strife,
Reluctant each to draw the knife.
Not that they fear'd: Fear had no claim
To Athens, or to Sparta's name;—
But months roll'd on, and either state,
Grown weary of the long debate,
Resolved at last to trust the cause,
That baffled thus their skill and laws,
To the stern test of battle's tide,
And let strong hearts and arms decide.
With this intent, each city chose
A band to combat with its foes,—
Three hundred men on either side,
Stoutly array'd in martial pride.
They met,—they battled,—and they died!
Morn saw the glitt'ring falchions bare—
When noontide parch'd the sultry air,
Still raged the contest on the plain,
Amid the dying and the slain;—
When evening over hill and dale
Began to draw her shadowy veil,
Of that six hundred brave and fair
Three only breathed the vital air.
Two turn'd and fled—ONE warrior stood,
Sole victor of the day of blood.

Alone he stood—his beaming eye
Flash'd with the light of triumph high;
And, as around the field he gazed,
His cheek with deeper crimson blazed.
Alone he stood—along his soul
What visions in that moment roll!
His task at least was nobly done,
And Sparta had the victory won.

But where were they who by his side
 March'd gaily forth at morning tide,
 In manhood's prime, the brother band
 With whom he swore to fall or stand?
 Look o'er the valley, and behold
 Their breathless corsers stiff and cold;
 Gored is each breast, yet every hand
 Firmly retains its trusty brand.
 With all those gallant heroes gone,
 To Sparta must he wend alone,
 And none beside declare the tale
 Of slaughter in that charnel vale?
 Awhile he look'd on earth and sky,
 Then proudly turned, resolved to die.

“ Yes, coldly are ye sleeping round,
 Where your best life-blood stains the ground;
 Like mountain stream, 'twas plenteous shed,
 Gladly for Sparta's right ye bled;
 And now where cloudless summer smiles
 Around the Heroes' radiant isles,
 From weary toil and labour free,
 Your bright abodes of bliss shall be.
 Green wreaths to hang upon your shrine
 Shall Lacedæmon's virgins twine,
 And many a solemn lyric tell
 How in our country's cause ye fell.
 And shall I, your companion sworn,
 A lonely victor home return,
 The only Spartan who to-day
 Scatheless escaped the sanguine fray?
 No,—upon some fraternal breast,
 With you I also sink to rest—
 Our mingled gore the turf shall stain,
 Scarce parted ere we meet again.
 Nor need I doubt, the conflict won,
 That Sparta will applaud her son,
 And all Laconia's joint acclaim
 Transmit to future years my name!”

One word upon his shield he wrote—
 That little word the story told—
 Traced in triumphant characters,
 The magic syllables behold:
 “VICI!” With an unfalt'ring hand
 He grasp'd once more his glitt'ring brand,
 Plunged the bright weapon in his side,
 And 'mid his slaughter'd brethren died.

EARLY YEARS OF A VETERAN OF THE ARMY OF
WESTPHALIA,

BETWEEN 1805 AND 1814.

I WAS now enabled to assemble my whole division, and placed the carts in such a position that a square could instantaneously be formed by them, and I then allowed a little repose to men and horses. As we were again putting ourselves in motion, after a brief halt, I was, through a new apparition, put completely out of doubt as to the danger of our situation. Out of the left-side woody headland came trotting towards us between sixty and seventy regular dragoons. That they were regular troops was proved by their manœuvres. From all quarters, as if growing out of the earth, bearded Russians appeared, armed with pikes; and exactly opposite to me I perceived a handsome man in the Russian national costume, who, judging him by his dress and deportment, must be the leader of our adversaries. This man was extraordinarily well mounted, and surrounded by a swarm of irregular cossacks, who, at his command, halted within musket-shot of us. Upon this, he pranced forwards somewhat, and spoke to us first in French, and then fluently in our own language, on learning that we were Germans. He required us to lay down our arms, promised us good treatment, as we were Germans, and added, that he knew right well how we had only by constraint turned our arms against the Russians, and much more to the same purpose. This seductive invitation, in the face of such apparent danger of defeat, was of the greatest assistance to my enterprise. I remarked that many of my soldiers wavered, although I gave them my word that the moment of their passing over to the enemy would be that of their death, since I only too well knew that pardon from the Russian *levée en masse* was out of the question. It was no matter to them whether an enemy were German or French. Every foreign soldier they called a "Franzuz," and to such death was irrevocably sworn.

To the above requisition followed, on my side, the declaration that I was firmly resolved not to surrender. Nevertheless, the enemy granted us a quarter of an hour for consideration, which I used in calling upon my men to exert every effort for their liberty, expressing my firm conviction to them that our destruction was inevitable if we had the misfortune of falling into the hands of the Russians, and that we had better one and all fight even to the very last man, and die with our arms in our hands. Besides, we had no infantry opposed to us; and against cavalry, if my soldiers held out, I could defend myself.

A horrid circumstance now took place to increase our perplexity, and spoke more eloquently for the truth of my assertion than I could do. A serjeant of infantry, named Koch, well known, as I learned afterwards, for a coward, had crept clandestinely under a car, and run over to the Russians. To his misfortune, he fell in with the *levée en masse*; and at the very instant of our remarking his flight, he was pierced with pikes and struck with the knout.

This occurred before our eyes. I needed no more to insure me the best endeavours of my subordinates; I received from all sides the loud unanimous assurances that they would stand by me unflinchingly, and

obey my orders implicitly. The short remaining time I used so to post my infantry within the waggon-square, that they, while under shelter themselves, could fire on all sides freely. The reserve were placed in the middle, and the dismounted cavalry in the usual manner. My measures thus taken, I sent round some bottles of wine by way of stimulus, which had a marvellous effect, and were not spared. When our opponents saw that, instead of surrender, we were preparing for defence, the command was sounded for attack. First, the irregular cossacks swarmed around us; but some musket-shots were sufficient to keep those cowards at a proper distance. The foot *levée en masse* hardly ventured to approach, having an equal deference for regular infantry fire; only the dragoons kept a firm front to us, besides making several attacks in a body upon us.

Many of my soldiers, and among them my poor Lippe, were wounded by carbine shots. Our loss, however, bore no proportion to that of the enemy; they suffered considerably, which raised to the highest pitch the fury of their leader, who endeavoured more and more to excite his retreating soldiers to make another attack. My situation was becoming more critical, and, after a painful conflict with myself, I resorted to my last resource, and held out the inducement of some pieces of gold to the soldier who should shoot the enemy's leader from his horse, persuaded that on his fall the vehemence of the assault would abate; and this calculation was only too just. Two minutes sufficed: the well directed-shots performed their office; the handsome Russian and his horse came down together. Scarcely did his party perceive him wounded, when they all flocked round him, and endeavoured to hasten with him into the forest. That moment was made good use of, — a sharp fire from the riflemen and the reserve into this disorderly assemblage took effect: it dispersed in precipitation, and the dragoons also retreated into the forest. I broke up immediately. All depended upon our finding a secure position for the approaching night. With a few soldiers I rode on at a little distance from the rest to a gentle eminence; and there, since evening had already set in, had again an inclosure constructed. Our thirst was quenched in haste from a brook, our camp-kettle filled, and at all the angles of our fortification a double guard appointed, who lay upon the earth; in short, every measure having been taken for our security, we must abide the event. It would have been madness to send out patrols; they would have been but a useless sacrifice, since, according to all probability, I was not only watched, but must expect to be again attacked. Neither would I permit any fire to be made, since that would not only have betrayed our position, but have made us a secure mark for the enemy's shots. I left one-third part of my men to repose at a time, the others stood continually in a posture of defence. However, I soon became aware that only very few fell asleep; the anxiety was too great; repose fled from us. As to myself, answerable for the lives of so many persons, I was besides kept awake by the continual reports, and obliged to enquire into them. My poor Lippe could be in that respect of no use to me, for he lay wounded, as I said, in a cart, suffering much from a ball that had passed through his leg. I had need enough of his assistance; for now at this post, now at that, a suspicious movement was remarked. Midnight was long passed, and, contrary to my expectation, I had not been attacked; but the, to us, well-known system of the Russians at that time, never to carry on warlike operations at night,

was also here observed; only just before dawn was an attack to be expected with any great probability. At all events, the fall of the leader must have frustrated any regularly concerted plan, or it would have been otherwise inexplicable to me how I could have been permitted to pass the night so peaceably in such an unfavourable locality. The rude multitude also was scared away by their disinclination to fight against fire-arms. This explains itself easily: the country people being serfs, dare not carry any weapons of the kind; and thus the usage of them was strange to, and even unknown by them, which accounts for their panic.

In support of this assertion, I will here relate an authentic anecdote. A hantboy of the French *grande armée* had been belated during the retreat in a retired village, and was, though in bright daylight, attempting to reach the army, which was in progress on the high road, when he was suddenly assaulted by four or five Cossacks of the *levée en masse*. With great *sang froid* he broke off short the monthpiece of his instrument (a bassoon), took shelter in a ditch, and aimed at the enemy, who instantly turned about, and our hantboy luckily reached the high road in safety.

At three o'clock in the morning, having sent a patrol in the direction we were to take, and not receiving any unfavourable report, I broke up as quietly as possible, always expecting to stumble upon the enemy, and, in this presumption, increasing my attention with the advancing day. We had proceeded nearly a league, and nothing suspicious had shown itself: I began to breathe more freely, when I received a report from the advanced guard, that in a village just before us there was a commotion, which undoubtedly indicated military movements. I could but believe that during the night our retreat had been cut off by the enemy. Under these circumstances, it was impossible to avoid a *reconnaissance*. I went on, therefore, with my cavalry and half my infantry, leaving with a non-commissioned officer exact instructions with regard to the convoy, as well as the necessary signals. In all stillness I came, at the head of my detachment, close to the village, and here ended my anxieties as well as my little adventure; for with indescribable joy I knew, by the challenges and expressions which in the Italian language penetrated my ears, that we had allies in front of us, instead of enemies. I rode forwards with a small escort, which occasioned no slight alarm in the Italian detachment, since they also were in apprehension of a surprise. We were mutually undeceived in the most agreeable manner: and, as the division was also going out for contributions, I had only time to wish its leader good luck, and to give him part of my provisions, after which I hastened on with my detachment, and towards evening was able to report my good success to the general. He expressed his satisfaction to me; for we had really brought a good supply, which had been but little encroached upon, except as regards the wine.

As I drew near to the bivouac of my regiment I heard the roaring of cannon, which ceased, however, before we reached it; and I learned, on my arrival, that two Russian redoubts had been carried. Another piece of news also awaited me: Napoleon had, by proclamation, announced the battle for the 7th; and, as it was on the evening of the 5th that I returned to my regiment, I found enough to do in making the requisite preparations.

The evening before the battle, many of my comrades met at my

quarters to partake of a very frugal supper, which was eaten with many a joke upon the simplicity of our table, in the firm expectation that we were soon to exchange it, in conquered Moscow, for that of Lucullus. My friend Poblitzki, of the 7th infantry, of whom mention has been already made, when arrested with me at Munster, was one of us, as often happened; for he was a good-tempered, lively companion, and was always a welcome guest to our officers. Upon this evening, however, he was thoroughly gloomy and taciturn, which soon struck us, and gave rise to many inquiries on our side. Then he told me that, in spite of every mental effort, he could not overcome a dark foreboding that the approaching day would be his last. Although we used every effort to divert him from this idea, and each of us in particular tried to enliven him, we did not succeed; he held by his notion, and soon took leave, begging of me at his departure "to fill up for the last time his field-canteen." Alas! his presentiment did not deceive him; for, as I was riding on the morning of the 8th to receive orders for the day, upon my inquiry who had fallen of the 7th regiment, Poblitzki was the first officer named. A cannon-ball had taken off his thigh close to the trunk, but not killed him immediately; for he had torn his shirt, in order, if possible to stop the bleeding; but then, apparently in the belief that all was useless, he resorted to his canteen, that he might stupefy himself into insensibility of the dreadful pain. In this condition he was found by his friend, Lieutenant Von Walmoden (whose extraordinary history I will also presently relate), who immediately put him on a horse to convey him to the field-surgery; but, after a step or two, the struggle was over, and his spirit had fled. I rode with Walmoden to the spot where my poor friend lay, and, having found him, had a grave dug, in which we interred him, and erected a small wooden cross upon the mound, for which his poor mother, who was a zealous Catholic, afterwards warmly thanked me.

For the purpose of relating Walmoden's remarkable adventure, I must leave the course of my narrative for a while, and refer to a later period in which it occurred, when Walmoden was lying sick in a Jew's house at Witepsk. It was in the month of January, in the most frightfully cold weather; the houses were thronged with sick, and Death demanded many offerings, — so many, that the carts which made the tour of the streets every morning, to be laden with the dead bodies, could hardly suffice to contain them. After a few days' sickness, Walmoden also was ejected as one of the unfortunate dead, and was tossed like a bundle of straw upon a cart, which moved with its dismal burthen towards the Dnieper, the great grave of those pitiable objects. Major Stockhausen and Lieutenant Krause, of the Westphalian army, were accidentally behind this waggon, in which the various dead lay one over the other; one attracted their attention, who, with his head and arms hanging down, touched the ground. They looked more narrowly, thought they recognised Walmoden, and, upon a still closer inspection, ascertained that it was he. They were both acquainted with his family, and therefore required the body to be transmitted to them from the cart, intending to procure for him at least a private grave; and, while pursuing their way with it, they met the regimental surgeon, Starkloff, who accompanied them to their quarters, and there used means to ascertain whether Walmoden was indeed a dead man. The consequence was, that the latter

came to life again, and, with good nursing, got quite well in a short time. He often jocularly said to me afterwards, "Well, you see the man that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

After this episode, I return to my narration of affairs in general. The progress of the battle of Mojaïsk has been so much spoken of, that I will say but little of it. Our victory was complete. However, the Russian army turned back towards Moscow in great order. We followed at their heels, firmly believing that there must yet be a hot engagement, and advancing therefore with great precaution. Our advanced guard was incessantly engaged with the rear-guard of the Russians; but it never came to a serious fight, for the latter continuously retreated; and at length even this conflict ceased, as the Russians, instead of falling back upon Moscow itself, abandoned the city to the enemy, and took a southern direction. The fatigues and difficulties which we had struggled through on the march were now, as we were so near to Moscow, to be no more thought of. The glad expectation of finding all things there, steeled our courage and our strength; and if either relaxed, we did but call out to each other the name of the so ardently desired city, which produced an almost magical effect upon us.

At length, when we had crossed the woody eminence named the Holy Hill, which lies close to Moscow, the great majestic city stood before us bright in the morning sunshine. We looked down into it as into a new world;—a loud cry of exultation ran through our ranks—we pressed each other's hands—we congratulated each other—the tumult of joy was all-pervading. Even the Emperor from his exalted point of view surveyed with indubitable joy the city lying before us, with her countless cupolas and towers, which extending, after the manner of the Chinese, in wide, extravagant divisions, were connected together by chains, presenting to us an entirely novel and strange appearance.

Asia and Europe seemed here to meet,—a new quarter of the world opened to us,—and our breasts beat high in joy and pride on having at length attained this goal of our vast exertions and hardships.

The army halted, the advanced guard entered the city, while the guards pitched their tents before the gates; and the Emperor anticipated that next day the magistrates would make their appearance, to deliver up the keys of the place. Since that, however, did not happen, the guards occupied the city, and the troops of the line followed the retiring enemy along the road to Taratino. How great was our amazement when we, as if threading a city of the dead, found it completely emptied of human beings!—thus making an impressive contrast with the condition in which we discovered everything within it. The shops, the dwellings, the places of general resort were as well arranged and well filled as is the case in other great towns, presenting everything that can charm the sight or induce cupidity. There was also a great quantity of provisions, particularly of colonial produce; but since there were no peculiar regulations in the army in this respect, they fell into the hands of a few individuals, who established victualling stores themselves, and carried gluttony to the highest excess, whilst the soldiers at the gates, destitute of all things, were feeding on horse-flesh. They had, however, an incredible superabundance of gandy, useless objects; and precious articles, such as Persian shawls, magnificent furs, gold and silver vessels, all dragged away by

the soldiers, lay in confused heaps together, and were offered with urgency for a morsel of bread. Handsome sofas and chairs were to be seen in the open streets (upon which the reeling soldiers threw themselves in their soiled uniforms), shoved against casks of wine, rum, and brandy. I had quartered myself with many of my companions in an empty palace, which we soon furnished with the necessaries of life, partly through some lucky chances, partly by means of money, which we had more of than we wanted, and thus had established, as we then believed, our first preparatory arrangements for the winter season, when suddenly fire broke out in many quarters of the city at once. We believed at first that it had been caused by the carelessness of our soldiers, which alarmed us exceedingly, the Emperor having given strict orders to preserve the city as much as possible. However, after the most careful examination by officers appointed to inquire, they ascertained that the army was entirely innocent of the misfortune,—nay, that at the very outset fire had been observed to issue from a house until then closed up; some also insisted upon having seen wild-looking Russians with long iron rakes stirring up the fire, and endeavouring to spread it.

We were in great consternation, although it seemed as if by our united efforts we should master the fire; and certainly on the 15th of September there was an evident diminution of it, so that Marshal Mortier reported to the Emperor that it was extinguished; but it broke out again in the night with renewed vigour, and attained to such a height on the following day, that it enveloped the Kremlin on all sides in an ocean of flames. Then only, as is well known, Napoleon quitted that antique (to the Russian's sacred) structure, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, a league distant from the city. The fire raged three days with indescribable fierceness in unhappy Moscow, decreased on the 19th, and was extinguished on the 20th. Scarcely one third part of the town was left uninjured by the raging flames. Through the efforts of the guard, however, the Kremlin was safe, to which the Emperor returned on the 20th. What a scene offered itself to his eyes! Every species of discipline and of obedience had ceased; pillage, which earlier had been carried on only here and there, and as it were underhand, was now openly practised, and spread like an overwhelming torrent over the whole city, while no description can give a true idea of the hurry and confusion among the heavily-laden soldiers. One saw the most highly-prized productions of Europe and Asia scattered about, or lying around in heaped-up masses, mingled with rolls of lead from the demolished roofs of houses. The streets were filled, the thoroughfares stopped up. The Emperor evinced deep depression at the desolation which presented itself on his entrance; his attendants remarked a restlessness and an irritation in him such as they had never before seen,—such as suited so little with the severe decision of his character, and the impress of his exterior. Moreover, there was the uncertainty of what was to be the end of all this. It is known how artfully at that time the negotiations between the Emperor and Alexander were impeded, or broken off by the Russian generals, and in particular how well they were able to cajole Murat, that man so open to flattery, by demonstrations of astonishment and respect, so that the grand object of obtaining favourable conditions from Russia was lost sight of entirely.

It is not my aim to write a political history of those times, but only

so far to mention it as may serve for a clue to the important, extraordinary events of one individual life ; and I therefore may return to my own experiences during the conflagration, the fearful picture of which and its dread accessories, so far as I witnessed them, can never be effaced from my memory.

Thus were we, on the night of the 14th of September, driven out of our above-mentioned palace by the fire, which, on our awakening, encompassed us on all sides, and flying to the German suburb, a quarter till then uninjured, the guards, who were quartered there, received us in a comrade-like manner. Here we endeavoured to keep the soldiers of the regiment as much as possible together ; but, as I have before pointed out, every trace of discipline had disappeared, and each man followed his own will, and his own peculiar gratification. When the fire relaxed, we looked about in the city for a new dwelling-place, and discovered one in the cellars of a burned-down palace, near one of the public promenades. We found, to our great surprise, the place inhabited, and truly by an old long-bearded Russian, whom we did not chase away, but considered him as our landlord, and left him undisturbed. Here, with the ready indifference of soldiers in the field, we settled ourselves comfortably, agreeably even ; for we were speedily supplied with all that was useful towards housekeeping. What we were soon the most in want of was tobacco, and I commissioned my sergeant Lippe, now quite cured of his wound, to procure me some. After a long, useless search, he discovered, also in a cellar, an old Russian, to whom he held out a five-franc piece, repeating the word, tobacco. At first the old Scythian shook his head with great indifference, and then stood like an inanimate guardian before an arched cellar, provided with an iron grate. At the sight of a second five-franc piece life returned to him ; he traversed the vault, carefully closing the grate behind him, and came back with a good handful of long Turkey tobacco. It was now Lippe's turn to shake his head, and intimate to the old man that he must have more. At length, after the bargain was struck, my sergeant saw himself in possession of a whole cask of that glorious weed, which he brought to me in triumph, and a part of which was one day to do me signal service.

As I said, our housekeeping was on an excellent footing ; our people knew how to get at everything which could best serve our table in that desolated city ; and, while they roasted and boiled, we surveyed the defaced, dilapidated Moscow, as likewise the rescued Kremlin, without any forebodings of our terrific future, and safe, as it appeared to us, under the particular protection, and in the immediate vicinity of the Emperor.

On the 18th of October I received orders to bring back a detachment of the 8th regiment, to which I belonged, and which had remained behind at Mojaisk. I therefore left Moscow, and undertook to conduct with me a German family who had been residing there, but who now wished to return to Germany. This family consisted of a mother, two children, and a waiting maid. They sat in a large, handsome travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses, and laden with all the property the lady had been enabled to save, on which account the poor woman was in no small anxiety as to the progress of her journey.

This carriage was followed by my own, a magnificent English state-

carriage, containing, besides my other property, the most beautiful and costly furs, which I had bought for a song. This carriage was out of one of the first repositories in Moscow. Even in that abandoned miserable city everything could yet be had for gold, which was often exchanged for articles having a thousand times its value.

This carriage I had with me a long time; it was even conveyed over the Beresina, which might be accounted a fable. It was a sick-waggon for our wounded; and at length I only left it behind at Wilna, because the horses, staggering with hunger, were no longer able to drag it along.

We arrived without accident at Mojaisk, where, after a cordial separation from my *protégée*, I reported myself to the commander of the division, Lieutenant-General Schulz, with whom I was personally acquainted, and by him most kindly received. I had much to relate, also much to hear, of the immeasurable distress which began to predominate everywhere, Mojaisk as yet forming an exception; for, through the arrangements made by General Allix, the harvest had been saved and housed; our soldiers threshed, ground, and baked excellent bread. General Schulz himself was on the footing of a prince. To the sumptuousness of a palace he had added all the movable luxuries which can be thought of. We hoped to spend the whole winter here in safety and quiet, and, after our great privations, agreeably too, in the full comfort of our earlier lives. But what perils, what woes had we not soon afterwards to encounter!—woes such as, since that period, have never been encountered in such full measure, many of them never even singly experienced. Calamity, need, and disquietudes never indeed vanish entirely out of human life, but show themselves, now here, now there, under various forms; however, in times like the present, they are necessarily more transient, since hardly can all those circumstances again concur which made our sufferings at that time not only fearful in themselves, but also of such long duration.

BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Who loves thee not, Agnes!—sweet maiden, whose brow
Is pure as the sunbeam, that shines over it now,
That reflects back thy beauty, and doth but enhance
The smile of thy features, the light of thy glance!
What craven could wound thee with thoughts of thine ill?
Or false one distress thee, with words that would chill?
Too lovely for either, take, take thy repose,
Though the thorn bloom beside it, still fair blooms the rose!
Who loves thee not, Agnes!

Who loves thee not, Agnes! so gentle and good!
Thy spirit could soften e'en man's darkest mood.
Thou art like the rainbow, whose arch set on high,
Subdues the wild tempest, and lightens the sky!
How cheerless and sad, would this wilderness be,
If earth were bereft of such dear ones as thee!
The tones of whose voice can gladness impart,
But whose virtue, like angels', is *freshness of heart*!
Who loves thee not, Agnes!

ENNOBLED ACTRESSES.

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

"In comedies, the duties of the various situations of life are held out to view, and, as it were, reflected from a mirror. The office of parents and the proper conduct of children are faithfully delineated, and, what to young men may be advantageous, the vices of profligate characters exhibited in their true colours. . . . No Christian need be deterred from attending them."—LUTHER.

"What entertainment, what pleasure so rational as that afforded by a well-written and well-acted play,—whence the mind may receive at once its fill of improvement and delight?"—DR. JOHNSON.

BIOGRAPHY, when honest, is like what Coleridge said of *nine*: "it *invents* nothing, it only *tattles*."

In the progress of women of unquestioned lives, those whose early steps have been evenly and well directed, and their onward paths those of pleasantness and peace, there are no "moving accidents," which can furnish forth a narrative calculated to amuse the wonder-seeking public. Indeed, it is the privilege, as it should be the pride, of the gentler sex, for the most part to glide noiselessly through the world, in silent prosecution of their appointed duties, their virtues appreciated—but not proclaimed—by those to whose well-being and happiness they contribute. In the story of such lives, the narrator, inapt to "*invent*," finds it extremely difficult to "*tattle*." Thus many amiable, excellent beings, both in public and private life, leave no memorial, but are perished as "though they ne'er had been," while, happily, there be some few that have left a name behind them that their praises may be reported. In the latter portion must be ranked the

COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

MISS LOUISA BRUNTON, daughter of a respected gentleman, for many years proprietor of the Norwich Theatre, was not, we believe, originally intended for the stage, although her uncommon graces of person, exceeding loveliness of countenance, with many polite acquirements, eminently qualified her for a profession where extraordinary beauty of form and face are deemed essential,—indeed, can only be dispensed with in the case of extraordinary talent, though homeliness is still a drawback. The cause of Miss Brunton's coming upon the stage may be explained in the following manner.

When Mrs. Siddons, in her early career, took leave of the Bath theatre for a metropolitan engagement, she alleged *three existing reasons* for withdrawing from the patrons and friends she then had for a more lucrative position, and, in imitation of the virtuous matron Cornelia, who when asked to produce her jewels, exhibited her *children*, Mrs. Siddons drew forward her little gems, (a son and two daughters,) before her admiring audience, who generously and feelingly acknowledged the excellence and sufficiency of this threefold plea. Mr. Brunton might, in like manner, have adduced *many*

more such *family reasons* for introducing into public life his *sixth* daughter.*

The subject of our present notice made her first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre on the 25th of October, 1803, in the character of *Lady Townly* in "The Provoked Husband," which, novice as she was, she sustained with superior elegance and judgment. Miss Brunton next appeared in *Beatrice*, in which representation she confirmed the favourable opinion previously formed of her powers. Thenceforward keeping the even tenor of her way—she for four succeeding seasons sustained a variety of characters in tragedy as well as in comedy, in either of which she proved an acknowledged ornament.

At the above-mentioned period we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Brunton in familiar society, at the table of our early and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, when she was

"Adorned
With what all earth and heaven could bestow
To make her amiable."

There is always something indelicate even in just praise, when the subject of it is in a manner present; but in a truth-telling page even such records become a popular right.

Truly, then, Miss Brunton was one of the personally gifted few; upon whose beauty there were no dissentients. It was of that serene, unexact quality which engages even female hearts; her youthful vivacity was so femininely gentle, so tempered by delicate discretion, and she was withal so outwardly unconscious of her surpassing loveliness, that envy itself must have been pleased to acknowledge it.

Thus liberally endowed by Nature, her youth guarded by tenaciously-honourable and honoured parents, in a well-loved home, Miss Brunton knew neither cares nor vicissitudes. She might, indeed, be said to have been "born under a midday sun, there were no shadows in her path;" and she had neither adventures nor misadventures to disturb her serenity. In this enviable state of life the Earl of Craven saw, and seeing, loved her. His devotion, early in its beginning, and publicly understood, silenced and put to flight many incipient *aspirants* to the heart and hand of this favourite of Nature. The first of these she had obviously bestowed upon him who duly claimed the latter. Briefly, for little remains to be told: Miss Brunton at the beginning of December, 1807, with characteristic modesty, made her final curtsey on the stage, without the formality of *leave-taking*; and on the 30th of the same month, as the public journals announced, "Miss Brunton, of Covent Garden Theatre, was married to the Earl of Craven at seven in the evening, at Craven House, and the following day the happy pair set off for Coombe Abbey."

The Earl was in his 37th year, and his lovely bride in her 25th.

The Countess of Craven's first appearance at court was one of the

* Miss Louisa Brunton was a younger sister of the celebrated actress, who married Mr. Merry (the poet *Della Crusca*), and of Mr. John Brunton, many years an actor at Covent Garden Theatre, father of the present popular actress, Mrs. Yates, a lady whose talents, amiable disposition, and unblemished character render her an honour to any relationship.

most striking imaginable. Her exceeding beauty was universally felt. Those who had only beheld her at stage distance, were hardly prepared for the real, day-light loveliness which was so charmingly blended with the first of feminine graces—modesty, for which her public deportment had at all times been distinguished; and whatever amount of loss might be said to be sustained by the stage in the withdrawal of one of its purest ornaments, was more than indemnified by the honour it acquired by the cause of her secession; whilst the dignity of the peerage suffered no deterioration or diminution by the exaltation of that “paragon of animals”—an elegant and chaste woman.

It may be assumed the Lady Craven's first grief was that of a widow—for she outlived her noble husband; since whose death,—“for sorrow ends not when it seemeth done,”—she has passed her time in comparative retirement, beloved by her children, and esteemed by all who know her.

By the marriage of the present Earl, who is her son, she is now the *Dowager* Countess of Craven.

LADY THURLOW.

“An actress!—well, I own 'tis true;
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blush for *Polly*?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life or birth
Is arrant pride and folly.

A *Polly* in a former age
Resigned the *Captain** and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess;
Derby and *Craven* since have shown
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

She who is artless, chaste, refined,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within
Which kings can neither give nor win,—
Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer;
You dignify yourself, not her,
By honourable passion;
And if your noble friends should stare,
Go bid them show a happier pair
Among the fools of *fashion*.”

HORACE in *London*.

MISS MARY CATHERINE BOLTON was the eldest of five children, whose parents were of high respectability. Her father, to whom our heroine was affectionately devoted, had quitted his original pro-

* *Captain Mucheath*.

fession of the law, and engaged in pursuits which had proved unfortunate, and left him ultimately in great difficulty. Miss Bolton had early manifested a decision of character, which few females reveal even at a maturer age; and although her conduct and deportment were essentially feminine, she had no affectation of sentimentality,—but her manners were what may be termed *reserved*. Perhaps the circumstances in which she found herself at the early age of seventeen, called upon, as she was, to exert herself by a public display of those talents and acquirements, cultivated originally for private life, for the support of her family, were such as to draw forth a gravity of reflection and demeanour not quite natural at such a period of life. Happily, however, the constitution of Miss Bolton's mind was too elastic to be utterly depressed by cares, enough to “stamp wrinkles on the brow of youth.” Still the weight of her domestic burthen had the visible effect of rendering her at seventeen and eighteen more circumspect, staid, and womanly, than young ladies under other circumstances are apt to be, especially amid the excitement and triumph of popular admiration; but vanity formed no part of Miss Bolton's sensible and considerate character. Amongst other accomplishments, she was a good musician; and she had received much vocal instruction from Mr. Lanza, through whose medium she was afterwards introduced into public life.

As soon as it became apparent that Miss Bolton's individual exertions must thenceforth supply the loss of other means, and be the chief dependence of her parents and family (three sisters and an infant brother),* Mr. Lanza brought her out at the Hanover Square Rooms as a concert-singer, where (and afterwards at Willis's Rooms), the young and interesting *débutante's* reception was most flattering. In the same year, 1806, Mr. Lanza received an invitation to introduce his pupil to Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre; and immediately after, arrangements were entered into for Miss Bolton's first appearance on the stage, which took place at the above theatre in the autumn of 1806, in the character of *Polly*, in “The Beggars' Opera.”†

As it too often happens with the talented and unwary, who, hoping and believing all things, confidingly enter upon a compact with the calculating and cool-headed,—the favourable reception of Miss Bolton proved more profitable to the proprietors than to herself. She had been engaged for a definite term at a rising salary of six, seven, and eight pounds per week, determinable at the end of the *first* season in the event of her not succeeding. Her success, however, was so positive—indeed, so great—that she repeated the part of *Polly* seventeen times; and performed *Rosetta*, in “Love in a Village,” six or seven times,—no inconsiderable indications of her particular attraction, when two hackneyed operas without other adventitious aid were found beneficial and sufficient to the treasury so often in one season. No new opera was deemed requisite to uphold her, and Miss Bolton had therefore nothing to rely on but her own powers of

* One of her sisters, Miss E. Bolton, married Mr. Bingham, the barrister, and police magistrate.

† It is remarkable that this character has led to the peerage three of its fortunate representatives,—namely, Miss Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton), Miss Bolton (afterwards Baroness Thurlow), and, though *last*, not *least* in our dear love, Miss Stephens (afterwards, and still, though now a *dowager*, Countess of Essex).

pleasing in these almost worn-out pieces, which without some extraordinary individual attraction, the managers could not have performed probably a second night in the same season without the certainty of a half-empty house.

Having thus achieved the success upon which hung the conditions of her prolonged engagement, what was Miss Bolton's amazement when, during the succeeding vacation, she received a communication from an agent of the proprietary, informing her that *her success had not been such as to entitle her to the terms originally proposed, namely, six, seven, and eight pounds, but, that if she chose to accept four pounds a-week, her name would be retained on the list of performers!** Dismayed by this something like a thunderstroke, the recipient was heart-struck by it at the time; but her native energy revived by the necessity for new exertion, and in the cruel and trying position in which this unhandsome offer placed her, she consulted a friend of some experience in theatrical and other business, to whom this admirable young woman declared herself quite prepared to sacrifice every feeling of personal pride, if by such sacrifice she could secure a solid, permanent good to her family. That judicious friend at once advised her to put pride out of the question, to persevere even under this unfair discouragement, or any that the future might throw in her way, and prove to the public and to her employers, who had treated her so unfairly, that her talents and merits were of too sterling a quality not to outlive the mere gloss of novelty. Miss Bolton, unlike the generality of people who ask advice, took this counsel, the wisdom of which was satisfactorily manifested by the steadfast hold which she obtained upon public favour to the end of her dramatic career; while the management had reason to feel its injustice, as Miss Bolton rapidly became of real importance to its interests, not only as an operatic performer, but by occasionally supporting (elevating) such characters in comedy as *Lady Grace* in "The Provoked Husband," and others of a similar description, the impersonation of which peculiarly suited her delicate figure, lady-like deportment, and gentle cast of countenance, which had in it an expression of candour and innocence truly engaging.

The greatest, as it proved the most memorable, of her *later* professional triumphs was achieved in the character of *Ariel*, in "The Tempest," to which her natural endowments, personal and vocal, combined to give a superior charm. She was in effect *the* "delicate *Ariel*" of Shakspeare, "*Ariel* in all his quality"—an embodied piece of poetry; and so thought one of the distinguished spectators, whom *the gods had made poetical*, and whom "*Destiny*, that hath to instrument this lower world and what is in't," had led to be present on this revived representation of the bard who was "for all time."

* The truth was, that the then administration of Covent Garden Theatre (from any share of which, except stage direction, Mr. Kemble, although a proprietor, was by express stipulation excluded) was aware that, after the novelty of a first season, few actresses individual attraction would continue to fill a theatre, and therefore, although Covent Garden had reaped a harvest from Miss Bolton's success sufficient to furnish the treasury for the time being, and put the proprietors in pocket for the rest of her engagement, even had they fulfilled it to its purposed close, they resorted to one of those acts of ungenerous policy, too frequent with a short-sighted management, by speculating upon the necessitous state of the young actress's family, which would urge her to yield her talents at little more than half the value they had been practically proved to possess.

This nobleman's favourite pursuits were literary;* he admired the drama, and, guided by his refined taste, sought out whatever was excellent in it. On his lordship's first visit on this occasion to "The Tempest," he was powerfully impressed by the modest gracefulness of the *Ariel* of the night; again and again he repeated his visits, when this play was performed, and still on every repetition found "marvellous sweet music" in her voice who performed her spiring so gently; and it so fell out, that, as *Bolton's* "*Polly*," by her interesting figure and mellifluous notes first engaged the heart of her future lord, so "*Polly*" *Bolton*† riveted the affections of Lord Thurlow.‡

Pending the earlier devotion of this nobleman to our interesting heroine, one of the accomplished authors of "The Rejected Addresses" § published, in a popular series, the lines quoted at the head of this brief memoir; but the noble lover, to whom they pointed, needed no such stimulating suggestions; his honourable feelings and superior understanding had "talked with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love," than to allow him to harbour a vulgar prejudice. Neither could sordid considerations find entrance to a mind of such refinement, which had not to learn that

"In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life."

Previously to this great epoch in Miss Bolton's life, she had amongst her many admirers several earnest suitors; but it seemed reserved for Lord Thurlow to win the prize they sought; the heart of the young actress, while "the secret look of her eye was his," promptly responded to his passion when declared, although she had too much maidenly pride to let it appear that she could *unsought* be *won*.

It followed, that having first taken leave of the green-room, Miss Bolton, on the 13th of November, 1813, became the joyful bride of Lord Thurlow, carrying into a higher sphere the affectionate good wishes of all those whom she had left to fret and strut *their* hour upon the stage.

With marriage—except upon the stage—the interest of life's drama does not necessarily end; but the habits of Lord and Lady Thurlow were so wisely retired and so amiably domestic, that little remains to relate, but what the Peerage has registered. It will there be seen that the wedded happiness of this noble pair was increased by the birth of three sons (all of whom still live), namely

Edward Thomas Howel Thurlow, the present Lord, born November, 1814. A nobleman who adds grace to his title by superior attainments;—Thomas Hugh, born May, 1816;—and John Edmund, born July, 1817; both in the army.

Miss Bolton had, as we have said, a delicate figure; she was tall

* His Lordship had published a volume of poems.

† So called by her admirers, from the celebrity she acquired by her performance of *Gay's* heroine, and in double allusion to the coincidences of christian and surnames.

‡ Edward Howel Thurlow, the second Baron, born 10th of June, 1781, succeeded his uncle, Lord Chancellor Thurlow (the first Baron), on the 12th of September, 1806.

§ Horatio Smith.

and slender, her complexion blonde, with "locks of gentle lustre." From her earliest years, her fair cheek exhibited a fitful hectic upon occasions of excitement, which gave indication to those who rightly interpreted it, of a consumptive tendency in her constitution; this incipient disease in after years manifested itself by more decisive symptoms, gradually and visibly preying upon her fragile frame, and sapping her vital powers. After the death of Lord Thurlow,* on whom it would seem "*her* life was grafted," alarming effects were elicited, and her malady found a fatal termination in the following year.†

Thus was her family and the world deprived of one of the most amiable of human beings,—leaving by her fair example an additional proof that an unblemished fame is not, as some pretend, incompatible with a theatrical life.

Lord and Lady Thurlow may be said to have died at an age when life and intellect are generally in full vigour; yet not *untimely* was their death, if we consider the numerous ills that extended life is heir to.

"Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard; their memory will be honoured, the young tear shall fall. But the aged wither away by degrees; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgot; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear."

HAPPY ARE THEY WHO DIE IN YOUTH!

* Which took place on the 4th of June, 1829.

† Lady Thurlow expired on the 28th of September, 1830.

I AM NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.

I am not always happy,—no!
 My heart is often sad,
 And chides the smile upon my brow,
 When others think me glad!
 It may be that I join the laugh,
 And share the merry jest;
 For why o'ershadow with a frown
 The yet unstricken breast?

I am not always happy,—no!
 Time was when mirth could win
 My ev'ry feeling into song,
 For all was bright within,
 And life, without one dark'ning shade,
 Appear'd a heav'n of bliss;
 But I have learnt to dream of lands
 More sorrowless than this.

I am not always happy,—no!
 For every fragile thing
 I trusted to in former days,
 And where my hopes would cling,
 Hath droop'd, and wither'd fast away,
 While ev'ry fallen leaf,
 Embalm'd in unforgetting love,
 Is consecrate to grief!

I am not always happy,—no!
 The summer skies may shine,
 And bless in glory other hearts;
 But winter reigns in mine!
 For cheerless is the hearth, when those
 Who cluster'd round are gone;
 And, beautiful though all may seem,
 I feel myself alone!

A PRESS-GANG HERO.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

ON a cold, raw day, characteristic of January rather than June, with a wind coming from the eastward surcharged with a drizzling, clammy rain, I found myself about mid-day mounting one of the bluff headlands on the Dorset coast. My path lay across a heathy moor, desolate and dreary; the only sign of life amid the wild was the solitary sheep-track I had followed for miles, trodden occasionally by a rude pedestrian.

Throughout the morning the propriety of halting at the first convenient place of shelter had frequently suggested itself, but neither hedge nor hovel had been passed,—nothing was visible but round undulating downs, covered with the short, compact, thymy sward, peculiar to this part of the coast,—there was no screening oneself from the searching east wind and rain.

Trusting to fortune for the future, I held on my way until I came to a spot where my hitherto solitary path divided itself in twain, one diverging out of the other,—not at right angles, or in a decided, abrupt, honest sort of way, as though it had a business of its own, and led the weary traveller to a place of rest,—but in that peculiar, sly, slanting manner, which induces him to imagine it a matter of slight moment which path he follows, so parallel they seem to run together; anon they separate, and again they appear to close, until in the distance the mind is bewildered with their turnings and windings. But let the traveller pause before he puts his feet or his faith upon the devious track, for imperceptibly the paths separate, and he soon puts a wide space between him and his former road, which may cost him much loss of time and sinew to regain.

Pausing therefore at the junction of the forked path, and cogitating which to choose,—now determining to adhere to the one I had followed from the dawn, and anon resolving to try the new one,—novelty ever being with me a forcible loadstone, I was suddenly roused out of my partial reverie by a voice close behind me saying—“Lost your way, sir?”

Starting at the sudden interruption, and turning round, I saw an old man, who, aided by the soft, spongy turf, had walked close upon me before I was aware of his approach.

“Lost your way, sir?” again repeated the old man, perceiving that I made him no reply; and indeed the sudden and unexpected manner of his appearance had momentarily deprived me of the power of speech. I felt his presence a kind of insult upon my vigilance; however, recovering from my brief surprise, I told him I had lost my way, at the same time requesting him to point out the road to a place of shelter.

Accepting his guidance, on we went together. My new acquaintance was in a green old age, though crippled in his gait. His dress bespoke him a mariner of the old school; a few grizzly hairs were scattered round an open, broad, honest countenance, which constant

exposure had deeply bronzed ; and, perched on the top of his head, he wore a small glazed hat, round which was coiled a piece of crape.

A few moments' conversation assured me I had stumbled against one of England's old defenders, and I most unhesitatingly assert it to be an impossibility to pass an hour in the company of one of these old seamen without talking of the sea,—the old wars,—and the brave fights in which they bore away the palm from all nations. These ancient mariners of the Nelson school are passing fast away from the earth, and when we accidentally cross the path of one of them, we linger round him and listen to his tales of desperate bravery, yard-arm and yard-arm with Spanish Dons and blustering Frenchmen, and wonder if the exigencies of any future war will rouse up a similar race of men to emulate their bold example.

On our way to a place of shelter, he rapidly sketched out his life's history, first premising that an hour previous to our meeting he had been the sole mourner of a cherished friend ; the last link that bound him to earth had that morning been buried in a neighbouring village churchyard, and from whose funeral he was returning to his lonely home on the sea-beach, an hour's walk from our place of meeting.

Historically speaking, it may be said of some persons that they are born men, namely, such whose birth and youth we have no account of, and accordingly, we must be content to find the veteran fully grown, and just returned from an eastern voyage, having escaped the dangers of climate, the perils of the sea, and the vigilance of the enemy's cruisers, to be kidnapped by those of his own country.

England was at that time blockading the whole of France, and to put a girdle of men-of-war round her extensive coast, required more seamen than could be raised by ordinary means ; consequently, a hot press, with all its tyranny, was raging, and the homeward-bound mariner found it impossible to escape from this torrid zone of persecution.

There is no necessity to dwell upon the particulars of the violence and the wrong inflicted upon him ; it is enough to say, he was forced into a frigate with many others, their crime consisting in being young and hardy. Permission to land upon their native soil was denied them after their protracted voyage, nor, were they permitted to communicate with their relations : in vain they urged the hardship of their case, a deaf ear was turned to their complaints,—the necessities of the times were urged as the plea in support of the tyranny, and backed by the press-warrant, were too powerful to be resisted ; and as the frigate was ready for sea, further remonstrance was rendered useless, for they were soon standing down Channel, bound for the Mediterranean.

"It was surprising," continued the old man, "what may be done by example. Many of the pressed men growled very much at first, but they were soon either flogged or starved into submission, and finding that resistance only increased their troubles, in the course of time they appeared reconciled to their situation, and insensibly fell into the routine of the frigate's duty : the new hands were improved in all warlike exercises—art doubling their strength by teaching them the use of it ; so that by the time we arrived in the Medi-

terranean, we were fit to be drafted into those ships which were weak-handed, and capable of supplying the deficiencies caused by the climate or the shot of the enemy."

The old seaman was ordered into the *Swallow*, where we propose to follow him.

This sloop, together with the *America* of 74 guns, and the *Curaçoa* frigate, were cruising in company, when the *Swallow*, owing to the circumstance of her drawing less water, was ordered by signal to stand in towards the French coast to reconnoitre. The news flew round the decks like wildfire, and was obeyed with alacrity. Any event was hailed with pleasure that broke the dull monotony of a blockade. There was excitement, too, in the uncertainty of what might be the result of their peeping into the Frenchman's ports, which stimulated them to action; "for of course," quaintly remarked my companion, "our education had not been so far neglected as to allow us to be ignorant of the fact, that Frenchmen were our natural enemies, and that it was our duty to destroy them by every means in our power."

After nearing the land, they discovered what afterwards proved to be a French brig-corvette, mounting fourteen guns—twenty-four-pounder carronades, a large schooner, and a shoal of gun-boats conveying fourteen vessels of various sizes laden with warlike stores for Toulon; but having seen the English squadron, had run under the island of St. Marguerite, and anchored.

The *Swallow* remained in-shore all night, watching the movements of the French vessels, and at day-break perceived they were getting under weigh; when the brig, schooner, and gun-boats, observing her to be unprotected by the British fleet, stood out to sea, trusting to their overwhelming force, and favoured by a leading breeze. The English ship, however, stood her ground against the unequal match, much to the astonishment of her opponents, who, apparently unable to comprehend the cool audacity of the English in thus offering battle to such a superior force, contented themselves with a few showy manœuvres, after which they hauled their wind, and made sail for the neighbouring bay of Frejus.

The *Swallow*'s crew, seeing the Frenchmen decline the combat, had faint hopes of bringing on an action, and were preparing to join the *America* and *Curaçoa* in the offing, when about noon the breeze freshening, the French brig, schooner, and the shoal of gun-boats once more stood out to sea upon the starboard tack.

It appeared that in the harbour of Frejus they had received a number of volunteers and a detachment of soldiers on board their different vessels, and, thus strengthened, had plucked up courage, once more determined to capture the English sloop.

Against these accumulated odds, the British tars refused to fly, or even attempt an escape; but, standing in on the larboard tack, they advanced to meet their numerous opponents, sounding all the way, the leadsman calling out without the least shake in his voice, although the enemy numbered at least four to one. Finding that they neared the leading French vessel fast, and also that they could weather her, the *Swallow* closed, and, in passing, gave and received a broadside: "we then," continued the old man, "wore close under the brig's stern, hoping by that manœuvre to keep her head off-shore; but we found it impossible, as our head-braces were shot

away ; our opponent consequently got round upon our larboard side, and in that position we furiously cannonaded her to leeward."

In the mean time the schooner was not idle ; she had taken up an annoying position out of the reach of the Swallow's guns, and it was only occasionally they could hit her. "As you may imagine," continued the old mariner, "from the size and number of our opponents, we did not have it all our own way ; and after sustaining the unequal fight for about an hour, and repulsing the desperate attempts made by the enemy to board us, we at last were compelled to slacken our fire, after being almost blown to pieces.

"This silence of our guns cheered up the French,—and those who know anything about them, know that no men fight a winning battle better ; but if they meet with a determined check, or the day appears to go against them, off they go, like butter on the coast of Guinea : they are all noise and nonsense, or else they despair and die.

"Our fire having slackened, they made sure we were beaten, and steering close alongside, hailed us to surrender ; to which unusual summons we answered with a hearty cheer and a broadside, given as well as our crippled state would permit ; and exasperated at our obstinate defence, they threatened to blow us out of the water ; but" continued the old seaman, "the worst and coldest fur-coat is that which is to be made of a bear's skin which has yet to be killed."

Nevertheless the Swallow's position was very critical ; surrounded by her numerous foes, she was sustaining a murderous cannonade from every direction ; and about this period of the action a most affecting incident occurred, forcibly illustrating the horrors of a naval fight.

On board the Swallow there was a seaman of the name of Phelan ; he was captain of the fore-castle, foremost in every danger, whether in the battle or the breeze, and for his known courage and good conduct was an universal favourite with his superiors. His wife was the counterpart of himself, and, as often happens in ships of war, was allowed to live on board with him. She was stationed with some other women, as is usual in time of battle, to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded.

From the close manner in which the Swallow had engaged the enemy, yard-arm to yard-arm, the wounded men were brought below very fast, and with the rest a messmate of her husband's, and consequently her own, was placed under her care. He had received a musket-ball in his side, and she used her exertions to console the wounded sailor, who was in great agonies, and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard that her husband lay wounded and bleeding on deck.

As before stated, it was at this period of the combat that the Swallow's guns became partially silenced, owing to her great loss of men ; and the Frenchmen's energies being doubled thereby, they poured in their langrage, grape, and canister, and in the midst of this iron rain, the poor woman, already overpowered by anxiety, could not be restrained, but rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms.

"Courage, Jack !" she cried, "all will yet be well ; where are you hurt ?"

The poor fellow faintly raised his head to kiss her, when she burst into a flood of tears, impelled thereto by the mangled and helpless state of her husband ; but rallying again, her consoling

voice bade him be of good heart and cheer up, and she would assist him down below, and place him under the surgeon's care. The words had barely left her faithful lips, when an ill-directed shot tore her head from her body. The wounded tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, gazed wildly for an instant upon his headless wife, and in that short glance drank in sufficient horror to make him close them again for ever.

What rendered the circumstance doubly affecting was, the poor woman had only three weeks before been delivered of a fine boy, who was in a moment deprived of a father and a mother.

"By this time," resumed the old mariner, "the affair was getting very serious, and our success, like the sea on which we fought, ebbed and flowed; and, owing to the short distance we were from the land, which was bristling with batteries, our Captain thought it advisable to haul off from the unequal fight, and join the Commodore in the offing; but in attempting to put this plan into operation, the French brig made a bold dash to fling her troops on board of us, but after a hard struggle they were driven back, and being baffled in the attempt, they gave up the contest as hopeless, and standing away under all her canvas, she, as well as the schooner and the gun-boats, were soon at anchor in the Bay of Gruinard, quite contented with the mauling they had given us.

As soon as the action subsided, and the passions of the sailors cooled down, nature resumed her course, and the events just narrated left no impression on the gently heaving sea. A thick heavy smoke was packed about the crippled sloop, hanging round her in sombre masses, like a huge pall; in other respects, all was quiet and serene as a lovely summer's day, and the sunny hours pursued their everlasting course in the quiet order prescribed by the powerful will that set them in motion. A groan, or a smothered shriek, at intervals issued from the deep recesses of the Swallow's decks, as some wounded or dying mariner writhed in his agony, affording fearful evidence of the violence with which man had madly contested with his fellow-man.

The feelings of the Swallow's crew needed no unnecessary excitement to stimulate them; they soon became interested for poor Tommy, for so was the child of Phelan called. Many said and all feared he must die: they all agreed he should have a hundred fathers; but at sea what could be a substitute for a nurse and a mother? But the ready ingenuity of the tars was shown on this occasion in a manner as remarkable for its humanity as its novelty.

One of them recollected there was a Maltese goat on board, belonging to the officers, which gave an abundance of milk; and, for want of a better nurse, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the poor child, who, singular enough, thrived well upon his new mother; and so tractable did his nurse become, that when one of Tommy's hundred fathers brought him to be suckled by her, she would lie down and yield her milk to him immediately.

The following day, poor Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and it is needless to say, as the sea received them, were buried in one grave.

Strife followed strife rapidly at this period of the war; and soon after the affair of the Swallow and her numerous foes, the old mariner was drafted into the Minstrel of twenty guns, and while sail-

ing in company with the *Philomel* of eighteen guns, surprised three French privateers; but as they had the small port of *Blendom* near *Alicant* under their lee, they ran in there, and took shelter under the guns of the fort.

The British ships, although baffled and disappointed at the escape of the French privateers, did not abandon the hope of ultimately taking possession of them; and standing off and on upon an easy bowline across the mouth of the port, they kept a strict look-out upon the motions of the enemy. A strong castle, mounting twenty-four guns, commanded the entrance to the harbour, and presented an obstacle too difficult for their means to surmount; and as an additional security against their attacks, the Frenchmen had hauled upon the beach two of the privateers, and formed a battery with six of the guns, which battery was manned with their united crews, amounting to eighty men, chiefly Genoese.

"You see," resumed the old mariner, "this was our position: high and dry upon the beach lay two out of three of the privateers, protected by the castle and the battery formed of their own guns. In the offing the *Minstrel* and the *Philomel* were prowling up and down like a couple of gloomy-looking giants, baffled of their prey, and ready to seize anything that should leave the port; while at night a boat well manned and armed was sent close in shore from one or the other of the ships, to keep a closer watch under cover of the darkness.

"This sort of duty had been followed some days, the ships watching by day and the boat at night, and the Frenchmen grinning at us in their fancied security, neither party knowing which would tire out first; but of course the Frenchmen would have remained on the beach till they bleached their bones there, before they would have ventured to sea in the teeth of the English men-of-war.

"As you may imagine, the duty in the boat at night was not very pleasant; the men wished it was over; in short, all hands were getting tired of the harassing, monotonous work, and any scheme likely to put an end to it was listened to with pleasure; for we all felt assured, unless some attempt was made on our parts to carry the privateers, the business was likely to be of long duration.

"At length it came to the turn of a young midshipman to take command of the boat which was to row night-guard near the shore; he was one of those hot spirits who quickly hatch words into blows, and shoving off from the *Minstrel*, away he went with his boat's crew, consisting of seven men, one of whom was myself," quietly remarked the veteran.

"It was a lovely night; the sea was as smooth as grease, and glistened like a widow's eye where in patches it was partially illuminated by a glimmer from the moon, as she broke through the openings in the clouds; not a sound broke the hushed silence which everywhere reigned around, save the measured strokes of the oars of our boat as she stole along the water to her appointed post.

"After rowing guard for some time, we thought we heard in the distance the sound of oars, coming in a direction from the land; and as that was somewhat an unusual circumstance, we lay prepared and armed to meet the intruder. The sounds soon became more distinct, and as the object approached, it turned out to be a Spanish

boat which had put off from the town. She afforded us, however, an opportunity of learning some tidings about the privateers, the cause of our harassing night watches.

"We learnt from the Spaniard that the battery on the beach was manned with only thirty men, the rest of the privateers' crews having taken up their quarters in the town, deeming the battery sufficiently strong with that number to resist any attack we could make. He, however, added, that the castle was manned with twenty men, whose assistance, in case of a surprise, would be available; and after repeatedly assuring us the French had retired from the quarter, we allowed him to depart without further molestation."

"And did you dare to attack these odds with your boat's crew of seven men?" I ventured to remark.

"Wait a little," said the old mariner, his quiet manner strongly contrasting with the daring action he was relating. "As soon as the Spanish boat left us and was fairly out of sight, we held a council of war, and we *did* agree to attempt the battery on the beach by surprise, and if successful, either to carry off the privateers or burn them, and so end the boat duty.

"Well, having once resolved upon the attack, we did not allow our resolutions time to cool, but set about putting our plan in execution immediately; and relying upon the tried courage and steadiness of the boat's crew, our daring young midshipman, about 10 o'clock at night ran the boat ashore, and landed our little band at a place about three miles to the westward of the town.

"Leaving the boat upon the beach, we pushed on eagerly, but we were soon brought up, all standing, by a challenge from a French sentinel. We thought we were fairly trapped, and that the Spaniard had deceived us; but the presence of mind of the midshipman saved us: he instantly replied to the challenge, in Spanish, that we were peasants returning to the town. Now if the French soldier had advanced a dozen yards further towards us, we should have been discovered; but the readiness with which the answer was given was so natural, that it excited no suspicion; moreover, it was an answer which he received almost every hour of his watch, as the peasantry were constantly passing to and fro. But perhaps the very last event likely to enter his mind at that moment was the very one actually taking place; for it is barely possible to imagine an act of greater rashness than seven men and a young stripling of a midshipman attempting to carry a battery mounting six guns, and manned by at least thirty men. Our rashness, therefore, may be said, up to this time, to have been the cause of our safety; and so, favoured by these circumstances and the indistinct light of the night, we were without further hindrance allowed to advance.

"Keeping the sea-shore in view, we proceeded cautiously to the battery, and arrived there in about an hour; and reconnoitring for a few minutes, we found that the Spaniard had told the truth. It was evident the crews of the privateers fancied themselves secure from harm, and hugging this belief, became careless, as many points of the battery were left undefended; and, after adjusting our arms for the attack, we unexpectedly rushed upon them from different directions, and surprised by the suddenness of our assault, and ignorant of our numbers, they soon left the battery in our possession.

"We were allowed to retain it but a short time; for the noise of our firing drew down upon us the attention of a party of two hundred French soldiers, who soon surrounded us, but as they had no information of our numbers, except the imperfect report of the runaway garrison, they acted with a caution in their approaches that raised a smile upon the face of the young midshipman, who was giving his orders to repel them.

"However, the French soldiers soon set upon us, and their overwhelming numbers gave them great advantage: we were but few opposed to many—faint to fresh, and of course unable to make any forcible resistance; but our wills were good, and so our arms being too weak for our hearts, we may be said to have been subdued rather than conquered. After holding the battery against the troops for an hour, it was not until one of our party was killed, the gallant midshipman shot through the eye, and all our ammunition expended, that the French were able to put a foot within the outworks; but the moment our firing ceased, they rushed upon us with their bayonets, and being too weak to stand a hand-to-hand fight against such numbers, we were obliged, after the midshipman had been stabbed in seventeen places, and every man severely wounded, to give up possession of the battery.

"As soon as the commander of the soldiers found he had been held at bay for upwards of an hour by seven men and a boy, it would have been difficult to detect whether he was more pleased than vexed—for vexed he certainly was—at the trouble we had given him; but he was a man of a generous, noble disposition, and our conduct soon called from him the most unbounded praise, and by his orders the greatest care was shown to the wounded, assisting with his own hands to relieve our sufferings; and on the following morning he made his reports to General Goudin, the French officer who held the command in that quarter, and from him, as well as all the officers under him, we received the same benevolent treatment; and, not content with mere words, but wishing to show the high esteem in which he held our conduct, he sent a flag of truce to Captain Peyton of the *Minstrel*, inviting him to visit him on shore, and receive in person the congratulations of himself and the other French officers, on having such men under his command."

"And did your Captain accept the courtesy of the gallant Frenchman?" I asked.

"He did," replied the old man; "on the following day he dined with General Goudin and all his officers, and was received on landing with full military honours; and after the dinner the General gave him back his midshipman, and six out of his seven men, making a speech fitting for the occasion. We were then carried by French troops in our wounded state through lines of French soldiers down to the boat on the beach, the soldiers presenting arms in honour to us as we passed; and thus, I may say," said the old tar, with some tinge of bitterness in his voice, "I received more sympathy and honourable treatment from the hands of the enemy than I did from my country,—for, as soon as my wounds were healed I was discharged as unfit for farther duty."

The remnant of the old mariner's tale is soon told; it consisted of one unvarying struggle with poverty. We have seen his country claim his services when he was young and active, and that he nobly

sustained the part assigned to him, in whose service he becomes a broken man, deprived of the inheritance he had received from God—health and strength. With these helpmates he might have toiled his way to comfort in his declining days; but at the peace he was thrust out upon the world with a stung heart and disabled body, to live or die as he best could, the paltry pittance which in its magnanimity the country gave him being about equivalent to a pauper's dole; yet, with a stout heart he fought against the ills of neglect and poverty, that proved him no common hero.

The war ended, he had to begin the world anew, to form new preferences, and, with blighted prospects, he became a fisherman in the neighbourhood of the place of our meeting. In this way he supported himself and the child of poor Phelan, who in its helplessness found a father in the old tar. How true it is, but for the poor the poor would perish! With scarcely a crust of his own, he taxed himself with finding nourishment for the child, to guard it from want, and to shield its infancy from the unnerving scrutiny of observation; and so it grew up in strength and vigour, until in its turn the child became the support of the man, the sole prop of the declining days of the benevolent mariner.

With varying success they toiled on together in their hazardous trade, the old man reaping the reward of his humanity in the protection given him by his adopted son, whose strength betokened an ability, and whose gratitude evinced a disposition to sustain him in his declining days. Their gains were attained by honest industry, and though small in bulk, were great in blessing, a divine benediction being always invisibly breathed on pains-taking and lawful diligence. All went well for a time, and the latter days of the old seaman, like unto Job's, promised to be happier than the first.

But fate had not yet done with him; by one of those accidents common to seafaring men, his adopted son was drowned while fishing. This last blow deprived him of his last stay and support; but he bore the loss meekly, and without complaint. "It is not the creaking spoke in the wheel which bears the greatest burden," said he, and his muffled sorrow was more affecting than the choicest words. I felt that the world had borne hard upon the old man. However, his lot is the common lot of thousands; for it rarely happens that men in command fall short of their share of honour and rewards. Where many are compounded together in warlike undertakings, the leading figure makes ciphers of all the rest. Independent of this mode of classification there is also a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked before another, another filed before him. A nobility that owns no herald's college; and, endued with this spirit, the old mariner maintained erected resolutions, counting upon death as a good bargain, where he could not lose, but gain, by laying out his life to advantage; and thus he put on the boldest appearance in the lowest declination of his fortunes. Peace be with him in his dark hour! for he suffered greatly in the defence of the land.

A word to the "Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease." You cannot be ignorant that powerful rivals are striving to overmatch you on that clement you fondly call your own. Think you

not there are many more old seamen along your coast who have similar tales of neglect and wrong to recount to younger mariners? Know you not there are thousands; and their warning voices perchance has influenced them to adopt a service in every respect opposed to your's, and may affect the manning of your ships at the present hour. Let the truth be told. Seamen will not enter the navy; they shirk it; it takes months in these times of peace, with a luxury of sailors, to man a ship of war. They prefer the American to the British marine; and why? because the pay is better, and the service made more palatable. This is not a flattering exponent of the spirit which your mariners bear towards the navy. Be wise in time; and remember that one decisive victory over a British fleet would be more destructive to you than the loss of a score of Waterloos; nay, your seamen have been so used to victory, that a drawn battle, ship for ship, and gun for gun, would be a triumph to your foe, and a defeat to you. You cannot afford to lower the *prestige* of your flag; if your seamen are not invincible, the world must not know it. There is policy in making the fox's skin piece out the lion's hide.

You have lieutenants sufficient to man a stout fleet of line-of-battle ships on your half-pay list, and admirals and captains enough to officer all the navies in the world. Ships—noble ships you have in profusion; but seamen—the muscles and bones to put all these vast resources in motion—are not to be found. The inference is plain. Jack feels himself neglected, and seeks employment where he is better treated. Be assured the seaman of the last war is an altered man; he is changed with the times; the thoughtless beings who fought so valiantly for you in the last war will not readily be found again. The days of frying watches and eating bank-notes between slices of bread and butter are gone, and are only remembered now as so much *yarn*.

Endeavour to make the service popular by increased pay, and comfort to the seaman; let him feel he is protected, and he will protect you; he will be, as he always has been, the van of your vanguard. Be wise in time, then, gentlemen of England, or peradventure the hazards of some future war may make it a difficult matter for you to live at home at *ease*.

TO JANET,

ON QUITTING THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Why should I linger here with thee,
And, day by day, so idly fond,
Pulse by each stream, beneath each tree,
Unmindful of the world beyond?

What life is this I dare to lead,
A life of sunshine and delight,—
Forgetting woes that must succeed,
And all the future's gloomy night!

This heart was form'd for care alone,
Although such moments well might
please;

But all the pleasure I have known
Has been in snatches, such as these.

Yet we, who thus so lately met,
Drawn by our stars, at once were
dear,

Though mine is hastening to its set,
And thine is rising bright and clear.

Why should I lull this sinking heart,
And bid it cease to dream of pain?

'Tis better that I should depart,
Before it yield to hope—in vain.

Farewell!—thy genius and thy song
Shall cherish'd in my mem'ry be;

But, lest regret should last too long,
I may not linger here with thee!

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE GOOD-NATURED WOMAN.



THERE is not perhaps on earth a more simple woman than my aunt. She is one of those creatures who is born without guile, and who believes all the world is good, and made upon the square, like a pack of cards, and that the game of life is played with all trumps, holding it unkind to call any Jack a knave, and innocently reverencing kings and queens as so many honours. She is single, and single-hearted, with a snug little property, in which anybody with an ounce of brains might go partners, if it were not for her solicitor,— a house-dog who barks the wolves from her door. He, I believe, is the only one in whom she has not full faith; but she finds continual excuses for him, he being in the law, and forced to seize for rents, arrest people, and do other reprehensible acts.

Her good nature prompts her to believe that every woman with whom she is thrown into companionship is the sweetest of creatures, and every man under the same circumstances, as she expresses it, "a duck of diamonds." With the greatest stranger on the high road of life she makes acquaintance in a moment, by some innocent manœuvre, such as pointing out an untied shoe-string or boot-lace, or asking the way home that she had trodden for years. Her most legitimate way of scraping acquaintance is through children; she looks upon them as cherubs, opening hearts locked up by selfishness and mistrust. With what perseverance have I known her walk behind an impracticable mother, who was positively repellent to any

familiarity ! Still she would coo and chatter with the infant who hung smiling over her shoulder, until, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, it had deluded her far from her intended route.

Little, indeed, is she altered since the days of my childhood ; for her heart is so young, that Time passes by her, forgetting either to wrinkle her forehead or to take the light from her eyes : they only seek objects of charity, and are blind to the faults of her friends.

Her simple-mindedness, though charming, leads to many curious *contretemps* ; for she believes religiously that no persons ought to have anything to hide ; and that if false appearances, and attempting things above the means, were abandoned, the world would be much happier ; or, as she says, " If people were less fond of setting out their best tea-things, there would be more true friendship ;" and she actually severely lectured a young couple, who were rash enough to dazzle her with a borrowed silver tea-pot, which she recognised as the lawful property of one of her richer friends.

A young medical man, whom, as a child, she had stuffed with cakes, and to whom she had been a mother in the hooping-cough, and other infantine troubles, and who had rashly taken a little wife, and bought a less practice, was horror-struck, at one of her little visits, to hear her describe her conversation which she had had in the coach with an entire stranger, whom she designated as " a most gentlemanly man." " I said to him," said she, " that I had known you before you were born, and all through your little complaints, in which he seemed much interested ; and what troubles you 'd had, and how praiseworthy it was of you to be so economical on a little ; and that it was a world's wonder how you held your ground under the disheartening appearance of your business and increasing family." The gentleman replied, It was. " I forget his name, though — by the bye, I don't think he told it me. Why, dear ! dear ! there he goes !" said she, pointing down the rural road opposite. What was the young medico's horror to discover that the kind gentlemanly depository of his family affairs was the village-postman.

She is a perfect paragon at the needle, of which her young marrying and married friends don't fail to remind her. At no time, visiting or otherwise, is she without what she calls her reticule (not a bad size for a travelling-bag), stuffed with a mass of work, kindly supplied to her by her numerous friends.

Busy as a bee does she rush with her needle and experience, and dash in with a master-hand to the assistance of a young wife, who is puzzled with a first attempt upon the mysteries of minute shirts and caps, &c. From the multiplicity of her commissions, she sometimes stitches the body of one dress on to the skirt of another.

A young *protegé* of hers, who commenced his matrimonial voyage with a very small freight, and to whom she was caudle, mixture, and monthly nurse, having now risen into the excess of French polish, and started a diminutive tiger, forgetting that he had once fetched his own beer, and cleaned his own boots, invited her to his seventh christening. She went, all smiles and congratulations, to join the stylish throng of friends, who declared the baby to be " the finest they had ever seen," and drank its health and prosperity in champagne.

" Ah !" said my kind aunt, looking round with tears of joy in her eyes, with a complete sunlight of benevolence in her spectacles,

"how much you have to be thankful for, Bobby! and how differently can you now welcome this little stranger to what you could the first, when you had but one room! And do you recollect how we laughed over our clever arrangements, when making a little bed behind the screen for you, and called it your cubby-house? Well, well, you were very happy then, God bless you; although I rejoice to see your success, which, heaven knows, you deserve."

The object of her eloquence would at this moment, though it is uncharitable to say so, have been pleased to see his dear sympathising friend at the bottom of the nearest well, or at home with the rheumatism, since she was innocently stripping all the brilliancy from his chandelier, the gold-lace from his tiger, and the flavour from his champagne; yet had she only spoken thus, that others might rejoice with her in the success of her friends.

The kind old creature revels in children, where her purity of heart places her more on a par. She is a perfect fairy to them; the wonders of her pocket are alone a mystery, out of which she conjures treasures innumerable, cakes, sweets, fruit, toys, and the "marvellous book." The simplicity with which she descends to the level of a child, as she pours into its listening ear the secrets of the wonderful book, always pointed with some moral, is truly astonishing. She is a perfect holiday to all children; there is a complete storm of rejoicing when her old-fashioned bonnet and smiling face turn towards any house of her acquaintance. She is really only happy where her busy mind can find employment in advising the inexperienced, assisting the struggling, or smoothing the pillow of sickness. She is the true "sister of charity," wearing no badge of her charitableness but her heart, which is unseen by the world, except in its acts of love and affection.

Of pride, it is almost needless to say, she has none. She is a great torment to her richer relations, by her perpetual *nonchalance* in throwing overboard all forms of etiquette. When the anniversaries occur, at which it is absolutely necessary to invite her, they absolutely fear and tremble, lest she should rake up some story not altogether congenial to the feelings of her guests, or expose some darn, hidden by them with much ingenuity. Many a time have I heard a mischievous young spark start a subject, to torture by slow degrees some upstart in the company, upon which he well knew her brain was fertile. She immediately responded, giving the most minute particulars, and working out miraculously by her narration the roguery of her prompter.

Well do I remember, when quite a child, being included with her in an invitation to visit the Lioness Aunt of our family, who, like Briareus, had her arms stuck about everywhere, and had the genealogical tree worked on her fire-screens, proving William the Conqueror was a distant relation, and that her former branches were most respectable thieves, who robbed in iron suits and kept a domestic blacksmith instead of a tailor.

She lived at what in the country is called the "great house," and was looked upon by us children with great awe; for she was a large and massive woman, with a masculine voice, and an eternal turban, and looked very like a Tartar in petticoats. Her husband I remember very little of, except that he was a very little man, with his hair pulled all off the front part of his head to make a pig-tail behind,

wearing top-boots—being a squire—as in duty bound. My aunt, I believe, married him merely because he was the last remaining branch, or rather twig, of a great family, but never allowed him a voice in the house, at which he didn't seem much to regret, as he continually followed the hounds, and used it up out of doors.



Before we started for this dreaded mansion, which I looked upon as an ogre's castle, my aunt was by a more worldly sister overburthened with cautionings and warnings as to her behaviour upon her arrival at the "great house;" as how she was to call at Tobins' cottage in the lane, and get him to carry her bandbox up to the house, where the coach was to set us down; and, being relations, we were to be very particular about knocking loudly, as the house swarmed with visitors. All this she promised to do as certain as the day. We started, but not without many misgivings on my part, as I was old enough to know the simplicity of one aunt, and the savageness and pride of the other. As soon as we were seated on the coach, she enveloped me in a large red comforter, worked by her own hands, which, after two turns round my neck, and giving a clerical cock to the back of my hat, reached to the toes of my lace-up boots. When this was done, she carefully covered her black silk bonnet with a large bandana, to preserve it from the dust, and began her usually entertaining chat, which so absorbed my mind, that we had actually passed the cottage of the labourer who was to be our porter.

We alighted as I reminded my aunt of the strict injunctions she had received about Tobins, and the bandbox, umbrella, &c. "Never mind, child," said she; "we've only got two fields to cross, so we'll go through the Linkin Hatch, and pop in by the servants' door, to



avoid the front of the house. The great people will then be none the wiser." I trembled in my little boots at the idea of sneaking in through the kitchen.

We walked on, and she soon became full of her legends, and recounted to me how two wicked brothers met on the beach-close, and fought with savage fury for a lady's love, and were both found stiff and stark in the early morning by the keeper and his dogs. Wileing the time away thus, we unconsciously trod our way straight to the front-door, over a broad lawn that afforded no cover. I nearly tumbled down with fright as I beheld a number of ladies and gentlemen, who, much amused by our curious figures, were looking through the windows of the hall at us. My aunt at the same moment discovered her mistake, and tried to swing her handbox behind her, and tear off the bandana, but in vain. We rushed to the front-door, and made a bungling knock. It opened, and we stood face to face with the enraged lioness. She seized me by the collar, and tumbled me over my comforter, and then turned round with iinflamed face and starting eyes, to vent her rage upon her timid sister for disgracing her before the great folk; to all which my good-natured aunt, who could not see the extent of her fault, merely replied, "Well, Lucy, dear, if we are not welcome, we can go back, and come some other time; for we don't care about your fine people. I'd much rather come when you want me to nurse you with the toothache, or John with the gout."

This simple reproach calmed the great woman's rage, and she bade us go up stairs and brush the dust from our clothes in a milder voice. I myself thought we should never have been forgiven for being the innocent cause of exposing her to ridicule before the people she courted on account of their escutcheons. We were soon, however, reconciled to our fate; for we were left to do pretty much

as we liked. I spent more of my time in the fields than the drawing-room; and my aunt either crept away from the ceremonies to consult with her sister's housekeeper upon the mysteries of preserves, &c., or was closeted with her female servants, instructing them in the art of knitting or netting.

All either in trouble or difficulty rushed by instinct to her, and found a never-failing sympathy.

Poor old Aunt Betty! she had the softest voice, and, where the weakness or misery of others was concerned, the finest feelings, notwithstanding her ignorance of the conventionalities of the world. She is dead, alas! but her epitaph is written upon the hearts of her friends, the only place worthy of it.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

DEATH! death! amidst the beautiful, the gentle, and the meek—
O mother! hush thine agony above that infant's sleep,
Nor gaze thus wildly on the brow the smile hath scarcely left,—
Calm thee, and bless the Hand that gave, the Will that hath bereft.

Yes! in the eyes submissive raised amidst conflicting tears,
The trustfulness that never fail'd through long and painful years,
The hands entwined, the pallid lips, that move in silent pray'r,—
Thine heart, sad mother, tried by Heaven, still rests unfalt'ring there.

That child!—how passively he lies, so lovely and serene,
More like a marble semblance than a form where breath hath been.
It seems as though some angel's voice had lull'd it to repose,
And with a dream of Paradise that young life met its close!

The last-born, too, that little one! the weakest of the fold!
No marvel that his birthright was a wealth of love untold,
That she, now mourning heavily, would fain have died to save
The tendril of her household stem from darkness and the grave.

So winsome in his artlessness, such sunshine in his joy,
Earth seem'd to welcome with a smile the presence of the boy,
And all was bright,—one moment more, the dream had pass'd away.
'Twas well that he should seek a home unsullied by decay!

Why marvel that the flow'r should fade, with no congenial sky
To bring its budding glory forth, or warm its summer dye?—
That sweet birds droop, when wintry winds despoil them of their nest?
Oh! where but in a shadeless land shall innocence find rest?

And blessed are the memories they leave upon the heart,
That wither not, but grow with age, and tenderness impart;
That soothe us when affliction steals upon our gentler mood,
And sanctifies with hopeful thoughts our days of solitude!

Let the young sleeper rest in peace! The spirit is with Him
Who call'd him hence, before one tear those eyes of blue could dim.
Let him depart—'twere better thus, while pure and undefiled,—
And in the better land above, O mother, seek thy child!

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE FIFTH.

Power—His going to the Cape, &c.—His qualifications for the stage—Contrast between him and Johnstone—His literary talents, and humorous description of English Theatricals in Paris—His claims to be considered an Irishman—Anecdote illustrative of these.

IN 1822 I was introduced to Tyrone Power, with whom I became extremely intimate.

This admirable comedian and highly talented man was then working his way into notice. He had been some years on the stage. In the earlier part of his career he proceeded to the Cape with the intention of settling there, and sending for his family. His journal contains some amusing accounts of the state of society in the colony, together with much curious information concerning the Caffres, among whom Power appears to have passed some time, and mixed familiarly. Circumstances not warranting his remaining in the colony, he returned to England, and resumed his profession. His success induced him to try the metropolitan boards. Accordingly he made his *début* at Drury Lane in the part of *Tristram Fickle*, but without attracting any notice. His prospects at this period were so unpromising that he made up his mind to abandon the stage, and accept a situation which had been offered him at Cape Coast. He was actually on his way to secure this miserable appointment, when, fortunately for himself, his family, and the public, he met Miss S. Booth. "My dear Power," exclaimed this lively little actress, "you are the very person I wished to meet. Go to the Olympic. They want you. And mind you ask good terms; you'll be sure to get them." Power took the hint, and made his first metropolitan engagement. "From this moment," to use his own words to Mr. Watkin Burroughs, "he never looked behind him."

Power possessed every attribute of his art in perfection, if we except his voice. This, though of excellent quality, was weak—particularly at the time I speak of. I attribute his failure at Drury Lane entirely to the weakness of this organ, and the want of breadth in his acting. Even in so small a theatre as the Olympic he was imperfectly heard. Practice remedied this defect in a great degree; but at no time did Power possess voice sufficient to fill the vast area of our winter theatres, in which no actor without the lungs of a steam-engine, has a chance of being heard. Though of middle height, Power was remarkably well-knit, and so strong that I have seen him whip Bartley up like a child, and carry him off the stage—no easy feat, when we consider this gentleman plays *Falstaff* without stuffing. I never saw the triumph of *expression* more strongly exemplified than in Power. His face was seamed and scarred all over by the small-pox, yet you couldn't help being pleased with it. "Why, I thought Mr. Power was plain!" I have heard more than one lady exclaim, after being in his company, "but I think him

handsome—positively handsome!" and handsome he certainly was, if beauty consists in *expression*. To be sure, a remarkably fine head of hair; teeth small, white, and regular; high animal spirits, and "a deuced handsome leg," as he used jocularly to term that limb, were powerful adjuncts, and these nobody could deny Tyrone Power.

This admirable actor, in his peculiar line, has never been equalled. This is a bold word, when so many now living remember the *Dennis Brulgruddery* and *Looney Mactwolter* of Johnstone. But with more whim, more imagination, and, at least, equal humour, Power enjoyed greater facilities than Johnstone. The low Irish were better understood in Power's day. Banim, Morgan, Edgeworth, and above all, Carleton, had laid open their peculiarities, which Lover, Buckstone, and other clever dramatists, including Power himself, transferred to the stage; hence, a low Irishman was no longer distinguished, as in Johnstone's time, merely by his blundering and his phraseology, but exhibited a faithful transcript of what he now morally, socially, and politically is,—at least, so far as the licenser's dictum will permit. Besides, natural as Johnstone's impersonations were, in Power the *vraisemblance* was more perfect. Power was more in earnest; he threw himself with more *abandon* on the character. He was more rollicksome—more frolicsome—wore his rags with greater unction, and flourished his alpine with greater *gusto*. In a word, he went deeper into the character than Johnstone—gave a greater rein to his humour, and threw a greater variety into his performances altogether. His *Colonel* in "The White Horse of the Peppers:" *Rory O'More*, *Tim Moore*, with fifty others, attest the truth of this. I remember nothing of Johnstone's so whimsical, or so irresistibly laughable, as Power's *Tim Moore*—particularly his first scene. It was the climax of comicality, and wholly *per se*. Yet, strange to say, it was with the greatest difficulty Power could be persuaded to venture on the part. There was one species of Irish character, however, which was fully understood in Johnstone's time, and in which it must be confessed, he far surpassed Power. Johnstone certainly looked the *Knight of Tarra* every inch, and played him to the life. There was a polish, a refinement, an air of dignity about him in parts of this description, Power could never attain. I once saw the latter play *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* to the *Captain Absolute* of Charles Kemble, and Jack Reeves' *Acres*, and the effect was ludicrous. Power looked like a great schoolboy thrust on for the part. But if he wanted weight for the *O'Flahertys* and fire-eating baronets, he was fully at home in adventurers of a more juvenile cast. There was an audacity—an *insouciance* about Power, admirably in accordance with such characters. He was the smartest of cornets—the nattiest of corporals. His very appearance in a village or country-town would have set half the girls by the ears. You could have sworn he was just come from mess, or from going his stable-rounds. He wore his spurs as if he was used to them, nor could the strictest of martinets have found fault with the set of his sabretash, or the angle at which he wore his foraging-cap—points in which, it must be confessed, most performers are lamentably ignorant. But Power, like Scott, had a strong military bias. He delighted in military society, and never felt happier than when he was in a barrack-room, or on the ground at a field-day or inspection. Had circumstances thrown Power into

the army, which he often regretted was not the case, I have no doubt he would have made a very smart soldier. *Certes*, he had the make of one in him. Johnstone, from having originally led in opera, excelled as a vocalist, but, considering this qualification merely as it applied to Irish parts, I doubt if it gave him any superiority. If Johnstone sang with more science, Power sang with more spirit. But as a singer of Irish songs Webb surpassed them both, though far inferior as an actor to either.

Power possessed considerable literary talent, but his education had been neglected. His "Impressions of America" contains some good descriptions, but the work is too evidently written to propitiate the people. As a book of reference it has no value whatever. The Americans themselves are fully sensible of this. Strong as Jonathan's stomach is, he couldn't swallow the dose. "We laugh at Power's 'Impressions,'" said a gentleman of New York to me, "though, as a bit of the blarney, the work is clever." His novels are better. "The Lost Heir" attained considerable popularity, and "The King's Secret," though verbose, boasts scenes that would not have discredited Scott. But Power's best work is "Lo Zingaro." This little tale is dashed off with great spirit, and displays great fertility of imagination, with strong descriptive powers. "Lo Zingaro" was originally inserted in a periodical of the same name, edited by Power, who also contributed two letters, giving a most amusing account of the English performances at The Odeon, at which he himself assisted, as these are little known, I subjoin the following extracts from them.

Rue de la Paix, Dec., 1827.

* * * *

The house was crammed on the first night. Every heart beat high, and more than one bet was made that we did not get through the first act ("The Rivals"). At length the prompter's bell sounded the alarm, and off we dashed. Nothing could surpass the kindness of our reception—nothing could equal the breathless attention with which we were heard. We were encouraged, and evidently regarded with good will, and actors and audience seemed equally pleased with each other; and, indeed, except that the stage waited now and then, there being no regular call-boy to summon us to our posts, with the occasional appearance of a chamber for a street, and a palace for King's Mead Fields, things went off tidily enough for a *coup d'essai*.

December 6th, 1827.

Our second comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," went off flatly. Liston's humour is not understood here, and the stars, to our fancy, began to wane. Fortunately, we miscalculated—curiosity, in fact, was scarce roused. Kemble's *Hamlet* was announced, and in three hours every place was taken. Not a seat could be procured for love or money.

Our rehearsals on this important occasion were attended with the usual inconvenience. We kept possession of the stage as long as possible, and then adjourned to that refuge for the destitute—*le foyer*, or saloon.

* * * *

Crowds of students from the different colleges attended, Shakespeare in hand. A literal translation of "Hamlet," completed in

thirty hours by M. Valisè and his daughter, was sold in vast numbers; so was the adaptation, or rather, *murderation* of Ducis; which latter the purchasers must have found an excellent guide!

A peep behind the scenes, and *more miseries!* As I approached M—'s dressing-room, a scene of unspeakable confusion was enacting in the passage. A crowd of actors surrounded Monsieur Sanson; the wardrobe-keeper. One furiously demanded his *go-lotz* (*culottes*) for the tragedy, and not the buckskin inexpressibles which had been given him for the farce. Another called aloud for his *roba* (*manteau*), while a third had no boots: the ignorance of the applicants of the French language rendering this "confusion worse confounded." M. Sanson gravely bowed "*Ah! oui!*" to one; smiled "*sans doute!*" to another; cried "*à l'instant!*" to a third, and hurried away, not comprehending one word they uttered. I was pressed to explain. They were, indeed, in a sad plight. One had his *body* brought for the tragedy, with the inexpressibles he was to wear in the farce. Another had his nether man cased in the costume of *Fontinbras*, with a modern coat by way of *manteau*,—the curtain, too, expected to go up every moment.

Fresh *miseries* on entering the dressing-room! In rushed the *peruquier*, followed by a brace of enraged tragedians, one with a bob wig, highly powdered, the other extending in horror a carrotty scratch! "This rascal!" cried one, "took our wigs, and now swears he hasn't got them, but brings me this, which I wore in the comedy last night!"—"oui—oui," nodded the *peruquier*, with an assenting smile, "*pour la comédie—pour la comédie.*"—"The devil fly away with the comedy!" roared the other; "I tell you I want my black wig for the tragedy!"—"And my drop-curls!—my drop-curls," vociferated the first. "Gracious Heavens! I begin the play, and the last music has been called twice!" The *peruquier* could stand this no longer, but turning to me observed, "I shall say no more to *dese barbarians*. You are a proper man, and to you I shall explain." It appeared there were two *coiffeurs*—one dressed wigs for tragedy, the other for comedy and farce, and these heroes of the sock had applied to the wrong *friseur*.

At last, all difficulties were adjusted, and the play commenced. Kemble looked admirably, and was received on his *entrée* with acclamation. His fine person and gracious bearing at once struck the assemblage. Besides "the king's name was a tower of strength;" for John, our drama's monarch's fame was well-known in Paris. Of this Charles seemed to be aware, and fully prepared to support the honours of his name. The first point that hit them *hard* was the appeal to his father's spirit. Long and loud were the plaudits that followed this admirably-delivered passage. The earnestness of his look, the passionate, yet tremulous and tender tones in which he invoked the shade, were all true to holy nature, and needed not a close knowledge of the text to find a corresponding chord in every bosom. But the climax of his success was the play-scene. The interest here excited was intense.

Miss Smithson on this night laid the basis of that fame which has since filled the ears of France, and established *la belle Irelandoise* as one of the first favourites of the most critical and polished capital of Europe. This young lady was with difficulty prevailed upon to undertake *Ophelia*, on account of her not singing. But this objec-

tion being overruled, she, most fortunately for herself and the audience, made the attempt; and in her scenes of madness, completed the triumph of the night, and fairly divided the applause with Kemble. All proceeded on roses until the slaying commenced; and when we remember the strong prejudices we had to encounter, *four murders and a ghost* in one evening were a fearful account to reckon on! This had been foreseen, and the *pros* and *cons* taken on both sides, when, unhappily, it was decided that the *King* and *Queen*, after receiving their quietus, should slip off, and do their agonies behind the scenes. "What dire mishaps from small beginnings spring!" Alas! the *Page*, who bore about the wine, was a simple fellow, and instead of the small modest cup intended for the purpose, laid his unlucky hands upon a huge vase which would have held an imperial gallon! When the *King*, after taking a pull, handed this mighty mug to her *Majesty*, a titter arose in the *parterre*, and when she, in turn, passed it to her son, "*Ma foi, c'est une véritable carrouse Anglaise!*" whispered a wag, and the titter rose into a laugh.

The foiling followed. Now came the fun royal. The poor *Queen*, feeling the effects of the poison, claps her right hand on the part most likely to be affected by the "damned drug," and supporting her train with the left, staggers off attended by her weeping maidens. The *King* is stabbed, but unluckily too closely imitates the impressive action of his agonized better-half. Doubling himself up like a hard-hit yokel, off he rolls on one side, as *Laertes* is borne out to expire on the other. This was too much. A long and hearty laugh eased the labouring *parterre*, and after one or two witty remarks, order was restored for *Hamlet's* dying throes, which, singular to say, were observed with as much attention, and followed by as loud approbation, as if no mishap had occurred to excite the risibility of the audience. The same tragedy was announced for Kemble's second night amid the most enthusiastic applause.

Ever yours, ———.

Power's birthplace has been much disputed; but whether Wales or Connaught can claim that honour, it is certain he had all the characteristics of an Irishman, and was Irish by extraction—at least on his mother's side. *Madame sa mère* I have seen, and a remarkably fine woman she was—very proud of Tyrone, and very unsparing in her criticisms on his performances. Power liberally contributed to her support. I have often heard him talk, too, of his uncle, Major Power of the Seventh Dragoon Guards, who was also an Irishman. But the following incident, which occurred at the Newport Theatre, removes all doubt in my mind to which nation this celebrated actor's nativity ought to be assigned. Being annoyed by the criticisms of a big, burley fellow called *Billy Barlow*, who was seated in the pit, Power actually sprang over the orchestra, and collaring the bully, who was twice his size, indignantly demanded what he meant by such insolence! Barlow himself declared to the gentleman from whom I had this anecdote, that he never felt frightened before, and was glad to get out of the theatre with a whole skin, after apologizing for his conduct. Now, none but

"A blood relation of my Lord Donoughmore"

would have done this.

LIBATION THE SIXTH.

Power's *penchant* for nobility and Irish servants—Simplicity and blundering of the latter.—Society in King Street.—The Handsome Dragoon—Adventure at his lodgings.—Captain D———His liberalism—Hoax played off upon him—His behaviour on the hustings.

AT Newport, Power had the good fortune to contract an union with a lady whose great personal attractions constituted her least merit. This connection, no doubt, exercised a wholesome influence over his future fortunes. It augmented his respectability, and procured him admittance into society, from which his position would otherwise have excluded him,—no slight advantage to an aspiring young man like Power, who eagerly sought admittance into the best circles, and was never so happy as when he was in company with his superiors. Like *Sir John English*, he had

—“a wonderful veneration for a squire o' the body, a knight gave him great joy, but he was ravish'd with a LORD!”

And, indeed, latterly lords *did*

“All his time engross.”

or very nearly so. With a few exceptions, and those chiefly men distinguished for their talents and *savoir faire*, Power principally associated with the aristocracy; nor did noblemen of the very highest rank disdain to eat their mutton and quaff their Falernian in the comparatively humble *ménage* of their friend Tyrone. To be sure, these visitations somewhat discomposed Mrs. P., who, in deference to her husband, generally kept Irish servants,—often raw consignments from Connemarra,—whose ignorance and blundering tried her temper not a little on these occasions. One day the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Normanby, Count D'Orsay, with two or three other noblemen, dined in Albion Street.

“Plaize, what will I do for the soup, ma'am?” inquired the cook, thrusting her head into the drawing-room about five minutes before the guests arrived.

“The soup!” echoed Mrs. Power in astonishment.

“Yes, ma'am, the soup. I suppose you'll be for having some. Is it mock-turtle or raal turtle, ma'am, I'll be sending James for?”

“Why, you must be mad, Nora! How can you ask such a question? You know you made the soup yesterday. You put it into the great white basin, and—”

“Was that the soup, ma'am, in the great white basin?”

“You know it was, child!”

“Bad luck to me, if I haven't thrown it down the sink, thin! I thought it was dirty water!”

One night the housemaid, who had never been to a theatre, was sent to see her master play *Teddy the Tiler*.

“Well, how did you like the play, Katty?” inquired her mistress next morning.

“Och! ma'am, it was beautiful!—the finest sight ever I see!—Many thanks to you, ma'am, for trating me to that same.”

"Did you see your master, Katty?"

"Indeed, and I did, ma'am."

"And how did he look?"

"Och! like a raal gentleman every inch, when he got out of his working cloathes."

"And how did he act, Katty?"

"Why, truth be told, ma'am, I can't say much for his acting. Pat Rooney, or Tim Flannigan, or any other tiler, would have done just as he did. No offence, ma'am; but, if I hadn't known it was the master, I shouldn't have taken it for acting."

"But didn't he make you laugh, Katty?"

"Indeed, and he didn't, ma'am. My heart was too heavy for that."

"Too heavy!"

"Troth was it, ma'am!"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Och! och! don't ax, ma'am, don't ax."

"Not ask!"

"You'd better not, ma'am — you'd better not — you won't, if you're wise — och! och! such a handsome — such a good-natured — such a virtuous lady as you are, too — och! och!"

"I insist upon knowing what you mean this instant, Katty."

"Och! och!"

"Nay, I—"

"Then, if I must speak, ma'am, the master's conduct was shameful!"

"Shameful!"

"Och! scandalous, ma'am! scandalous! *May I die if he didn't kiss every lady he came near, without mentioning the lap-dog!*"

Of course, a rising actor like Power was continually increasing his acquaintance. This necessarily included persons of all ranks and all professions, with a far greater proportion of literary men and men of talent than is to be found in ordinary circles. Hence the society at Power's was more varied and more *spirituel* than is usual. It was an *olla podrida*, more or less piquant, according to the ingredients of which it happened to be composed, but always above the average. I will endeavour to give the reader presently some idea of these *réunions*. But first a word of the *personæ*.

Among these I well remember a bold dragoon, distinguished by his great good nature, and the superior elegance of his figure, who often used to call in his cab for Power, who then lived in King Street. Jack was at this time the *Landskoi* of a certain fascinating warbler, but had lodgings of his own in St. James's, next door to the beautiful Mrs. C—, then under the protection of the Earl of —. One night Jack gave a party at his lodgings, which were on the first floor. The air was sultry, the windows open, the party flushed with wine. Suddenly the silvery voice of Mrs. C— stole on the ears of the revellers from the adjoining drawing-room, the balcony of which communicated with Jack's.

"By heaven! that woman's voice would draw a man through a stone wall!" exclaimed P—, starting up. "Lads! I vote for going into her. I'll engage she'd give us coffee."

"Hear! hear! hear!" cried M— and D—, following P—'s example.

"*Allons donc!*" said the latter; and they all three rushed into the balcony.

"Hollo!—call a halt there!" cried Jack. "That cock won't fight, I promise you!"

"How do you know?" inquired P——, coming up to the table.

"Have you ever tried her, Jack?" pursued D——.

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I haven't," returned Jack carelessly. "I never kiss and tell. But this you may rely upon, she'll not admit you, lads, and—"

"Five to four she does," interrupted P——; "five to four, she not only admits us, Jack, but presses us to pass the evening with her."

"I'll not take your bet," rejoined the other carelessly, "because it would be robbing you. Depend upon it, she'll give you all in charge if you attempt it. But grant she doesn't—grant she admits you, it's running the devil's own risk. The governor's plaguy smokey, I can tell you. He generally comes as soon as the house is up, and if he catches you—"

"Oh! choak the governor!" cried P——.

"Oh! choak the governor!" echoed the others.

"Sure, we can easily get back without his seeing us," pursued P——; "besides, the more danger, the more honour, you know—ha! ha! ha! So come along, lads, come along; and if Jack won't go with us, why, he must stay away, that's all. Hurru!"

And with this the trio again rushed into the balcony.

"They're booked for the watchhouse!" quoth Jack; "she'll never stand it. How unfortunate she didn't know I'd a party! She'll be deucedly disappointed. No matter—It can't be helped. Things must take their course." And seizing his hat, Jack hurried off to join his *Dulcinea*.

The servant, hearing the street-door slam, concluded the whole party had left the house; so going up into Jack's room, she fastened the windows, drew down the blinds, put out the lights, and went to bed, where the rest of the family had gone before her.

Meanwhile the triumvirate, creeping into the adjoining balcony, arrived at the window near which the beautiful songstress was sitting. P—— stumbled over a japonica.

"How can you be so awkward, Jack?" whispered the lady. "The Jones's will hear you."

"It's not *Jack*," my dear ma'am," said P——, entering, followed by the rest of the party; "though *Jack's* a sly dog, I see. But, though *Jack's* not come himself, my dear ma'am, I *beg* you'll not make yourself at all uneasy. We're *Jack's* friends, and—"

"I care not who or what you are," interrupted Mrs. C——, recovering her self-possession, "you have no right to intrude yourselves on me. Begone!—return the way you came! If you don't go this instant—"

"Hush! hush! my dear ma'am!" said P——; "don't speak so loud, or the Joneses will hear you. Come, come, let us talk this little affair over coolly now. I do assure you, my dear ma'am, neither Captain D—— here, nor his nephew, any more than myself, mean the slightest disrespect, or have the least intention of intruding our company upon you one single instant longer than it's agreeable

Indeed, you must pardon me if I say our being here at all is entirely your own fault, my dear ma'am."

"My own fault, sir?"

"Ay, truth is it, ma'am."

"Dare you insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing. But if ladies *will* sing with their windows open, especially when they sing so divinely as you do, my dear ma'am, they must not complain if gentlemen within ear-shot are unable to resist the attraction. You may as well set cream before a cat, and punish her for drinking it. If I'd been to be shot for it, my dear ma'am," continued P—— warmly, "I couldn't help coming here."

"No more could I," said M——.

"No more could I," re-echoed his uncle. "Indeed, we're all so passionately fond of music, that—"

"That we're dying to hear another song, my dear ma'am," said P——, again taking up the ball, "and hope you'll favour us; and that's what we came for—so now the murder's out. If you insist upon it, we'll stand in the balcony,—though it certainly does look like rain, and *the Joneses* might see us. Ah! sure now, you can't refuse us? On our knees, my dear ma'am—" And down they all flopped.

"This is excessively ridiculous," said the lady, biting her lip. "However, I insist on your going, though, the moment the song is concluded.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute!—an hour hence the whole party sat down to "champagne and chicken."

On a sudden, rap-rap-rap—ring-ring-ring.

"His Lordship!" said Mrs. C——, starting up.

"The devil it is!" exclaimed P——.

"Run! run!" cried the lady, bundling the plates and dishes under the sofa.

In an instant the trio were in Jack's balcony. It rained pitchforks. There was no verandah.

"D—n it, we're shut out!" whispered P——, trying the windows.

"The deuce we are!" said D——, spreading his handkerchief over his head.

"Jack! Jack!" cried M——, tapping gently against the glass.

"Man alive! can't you let us in?" said P——, applying his mouth to the window-frame.

"He's not there!—he's gone to the theatre!" groaned D—— despairingly.

"Oh! we can never stand this, you know," cried M——, getting from under the water-spout; "we might as well be under the falls of Niagara! I'm wet through already, and—"

"So am I," said D——, wringing his pocket-handkerchief; "it's all running down my back-bone! What shall we do? We can't stay here all night. I vote for rousing the family."

"No, no!" cried P——, who enjoyed their agonies; "we shall compromise the lady. Just take it coolly now—have a little patience, and—"

"Patience!"

"Zounds!"—

"Hollo! vot are you all arter there?" bawled the watchman, overhearing them. "My eyes! here 's a pretty—Thieves! thieves! thieves!" and he sprang his rattle.

"Where? where? where?" cried his Lordship, shooting into Mrs. C——'s balcony.

"Where? where? where?" echoed a hundred voices from the adjoining houses.

"Where? where? where?" screamed Jack's landlady, in a portentous night-cap, at the second-floor window.

"In your balcony, mum!" shouted the watchman, labouring away at the knocker. "If you looks down, mum, you'll see um. But you only jist let us up, and we'll soon secure the warmin."

"Here!—John!—Thomas!" cried the Earl; and in a trice the trio found themselves in the custody of his Lordship's servants and a whole posse of watchmen.

"You'd better take them to the watchhouse at once," said the Earl, as they all adjourned into Jack's drawing-room.

"Ay! come along!—away with um!" chorussed all the Charleys.

"Stop! stop!" vociferated D—— struggling. "There's no occasion to be in such a d——d hurry. I'll trouble you to take your knuckles out of my stock, sir. It's a mistake—it is, upon my soul! We're no thieves, but gentlemen, and—"

"I do assure you we're gentlemen, my Lord," said M——, appealing to the Earl.

"Where's the servant?" shouted P——. "Here! Polly! Sally!—she—"

"Come! none of this 'ere!" said the Charley *en chef*. "We can't stand talking here all night. You can say vot you've got to say when ve has you hup in the morning afore Sir Richard. Howsomer, if you're gen'elmen, I should jist like for to know vot brought you hall hout into this 'ere 'spectable lady's balcony at this 'ere time o' night, in the rain, without no hats on?"

"Ay! how came you into my balcony?" demanded the landlady, who had never seen them before.

"Ay! explain THAT!" emphasized the Earl.

This being one of those numerous questions which are more easily asked than answered, the *détenus* were silent.

"The servant knows who we are," muttered M—— at length.

"Why, Sally, and be hanged to you!" shouted P——.

"Sal-*lii*!" bawled the landlady, going out on the landing-place.

But Sally, who had double-locked her door, was afraid to make her appearance.

"You must detain them," said the Earl. "This matter can't stop here."

"In coorse it can't," said the watchman, touching his hat. "We must do vot 's riglar, my Lord. You can call vot vittnesses you like in the morning; but you must go to the vatchhus vith hus now, my covies. So come along—stir your stumps, and—"

"Huzza!" shouted P——, kicking the lanthorn out of the nearest watchman's hand.

"Huzza!" echoed M——, following P——'s example. A scuffle ensued in which the remaining light was extinguished. In the confusion P—— and M—— managed to escape. D——, less fortunate, was secured and lodged in the watchhouse, where he remained

grumbling and growling till P—— sent Jack to procure his release, which, however, he didn't obtain until he had paid a swingeing sum for the broken heads and broken lanthorns of the Charleys. Apprehensive the repose of his fair friend might be again disturbed,—or, for some other reason,—his lordship removed her to Bolton Street.

D——, if I mistake not, had formerly held a troop in Jack's regiment. He piqued himself on his knowledge of the classics, and obtained some celebrity as an amateur at B——, where he performed several of Shakspeare's characters. Latterly he took to politics, and played a conspicuous part at the elections at W——. On one occasion it was feared the Tories would walk over the course. The day previous to the nomination had arrived, and no liberal candidate! The Reform Club had been written to. What did they mean by not sending down some one? It was shameful—scandalous!—D—— had been all day in a fever. He had rode, and written, and fumed, and fretted, and run up the town, and down the town, and been in and out of the committee-room, until he was quite exhausted and hadn't a leg to stand on. He had retired to rest at last, quite overcome with the anxiety, fatigue, and disappointment he had undergone. About midnight he was aroused by a loud knocking.

"Who's there?" cried D——, throwing up the window.

"Please, be this Captain D——'s," inquired a countryman, mounted on a nag, which was all in a foam.

"Yes, I am Captain D——," replied the latter, yawning.

"Please, then, you mun coom down. I ha' gotten a letter here vor you, which I wur to be zure to put into your own hands, and which you be to 'tend to immediately."

"Who's it from?" demanded D——, slipping on his nether integuments.

"A great Lunnon gentleman, zur, who be just coom down to zet oop as Parliament man."

"A London gentleman!"

"Ees, zure, zur! He be now waiting at "the White Hart," at F——, where I bees under-ostler. But you mun make haste, zur, if you please. I ha' gotten another letter here, to—"

Down hurried D——. The man thrust the letter into his hand, and galloped off. D——'s eye sparkled as it glanced over the contents.

"Yes! B—— himself, by Jupiter!" exclaimed he joyfully; "couldn't have had a better man! *Now*, Mr. Mayor!—*Now*, my gentlemen of the Corporation! we have you. There's an end to your jobbing. Yes—yes, we shall get B—— in to a certainty. But I must order a postchaise. I must rattle over to him instantly. He has acted right—oh! quite right—in waiting at F——, and sending for me."

About two hours after a postchaise dashed furiously up to the principal inn at F——. Out sprang D——.

"How odd nobody is here to receive me!" thought he, as he worked away at the knocker.

At length a slip-shod waiter, half asleep, obeyed the summons.

"Why didn't you come before?" said D——, looking at his watch. "Didn't you hear me drive up? But, shew me in—shew me in. It's past two already; there's not an instant to be lost."

The waiter shewed him into a room, set a chair, and inquired if he should order a bed to be got ready.

"Oh God! no!" cried D——, throwing his hat and gloves on the table; "no bed for me to-night—I've too much to do. We must be wide awake—have our eyes open—or those cursed Tories will be too much for us. Let me see," continued he, seating himself, and rubbing his eyes; "in the first place, I must have some strong coffee—d—d strong, sir, d'ye hear? with lots of cold spring water. But, above all, have horses ready—ready to start at a moment's notice, now. That's important."

"Then your going on, sir?" said the waiter, yawning.

"Going on!" repeated D——, staring. "What should I go on for? D'ye suppose I'm going to London?"

"I—I didn't know, sir—I thought—"

"Thought!" echoed D——, erecting himself in the chair. "Why, don't you know me? I'm Captain D——! Captain D——, from W——, man."

"Oh! indeed, sir—are you, sir?" said the Ganymede with another yawn.

"Why, of course I am!" cried D——, starting up. "Who else should be?" continued he angrily. "But, where's Mr. B——? Is this his room? He's not gone to bed, of course. Go, tell him I'm here; my compliments—Captain D——'s compliments, and I'm waiting—go! run now—there's not a moment to be lost. Why the devil don't you go, sir?"

"Mr. *Who!* did you say, sir?" inquired the waiter, looking particularly puzzled.

"Oh! you're a pretty fellow to be head waiter in such an establishment as this!" said D——, suppressing his passion, "I said Mr. B——, ye blockhead!—of course I did. Don't I tell you I'm Captain D—— from W——?—Of course I've particular business with him,—you know I have; so don't stand staring there, like a dead cod-fish in a fishmonger's stall, but tell him I'm waiting—jump now."

"Is the gentleman a bagman, sir?" said the waiter, still hesitating.

"A WHAT?" bawled D——, as soon as he could speak. "A bagman!"

"Yes, sir, a—commercial gentleman—a—a—"

"Oh! it's no use to be in a passion with this fellow!" thought D——, "he's drunk—he's muddled. He doesn't understand a word I say. I must call his master."

This latter, who had been roused by the knocking, now entered.

"Oh! I'm glad you're come!" said D——. "I was just going to call you. This drunken rascal here—"

"Drunk!" interrupted the waiter, indignantly, "I'm no more drunk than you are. For my part—"

"Silence James!" said his master: then, turning to D——, he inquired his pleasure.

"I must see Mr. B—— instantly—instantly. I'm Captain D—— from W——; and I'll thank you either to let him know I'm here, or show me to his apartment immediately."

"Is there any such gentleman in the house, James?" said the landlord.

"Not as I know of, sir. I never heard his name before."

"Why, you lying rascal," exclaimed D——, "you've been bribed

by the Tories to prevent my seeing him. You know as well as I do that Mr. B—— arrived here about four hours ago, and sent me this letter by your under ostler. You see, it appoints me to meet him here, and—”

“Do you know anything of this, James?” inquired his master.

“Not a syllable, sir! I’ll be shot if ever I heard of the letter, or the gentleman before. It’s impossible Mr. B—— could be in the house without my knowing it.”

“Call Jem!” said the landlord. “Oh! Jem,” (addressing the under-ostler, who now joined them) “did you take this letter over to W—— to this gentleman?”

“Ay! Didn’t you put it into my hands, my man, about two hours ago?” demanded D—— eagerly.

Jem turned the letter over—yawned—scratched his head, and returned it, saying, “Noa—never seed un afore—’Twant me!”

It was plain D—— HAD BEEN HOAXED!!!

The letter was

“Some weak invention of the enemy!”

and he had had his ride for nothing!

“That diabolical Mayor!” cried D——, as he ordered post-horses to return. “He’s at the bottom of all this.”

The next morning a liberal candidate arrived. D—— came forward to second the nomination. The Mayor, the supposed author of the letter, stood on his right hand. Every time his eye glanced on this functionary his blood boiled, until at length it *boiled over*, when, unable any longer to control his indignation, he pulled out the letter, and thrusting it into the Mayor’s face, vociferated, “*Oh! you d—d rascal! this is all your doing.*”

POWERSCOURT.

A BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

By Dargle’s woodlands lone I stray’d,
When summer skies were beaming,
And through each copse and briar’d glade
I wander’d—sweetly dreaming!
I pictured there the radiant shore
That trustful ones are waiting,
Where Sorrow cannot shadow o’er
The joys of Hope’s creating!

Fair was the scene! a saintly charm
Seem’d there to have its dwelling;
Around—unbroken was the calm—
My heart alone was swelling!

So beautiful, it woke within
The chords that had been sleeping,
And eyes that tearless long had been
Now droop’d in pensive weeping!

The birds’ low warble echoed round,
The streamlet’s splash replying;
The evening winds, with gentle sound,
Through forest-trees were sighing!
And thus it seem’d like Heav’n’s intent,
Such loveliness displaying,
To show how earth so richly bleat
Its glory was pourtraying!

JOHN GALT.

A LITERARY RETROSPECT BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

WHO remembers reading a strange, flighty production, published some five-and-twenty years ago, and enjoyed only by a few peculiar minds, called "The Majolo?" It was the unread work of John Galt, the afterwards popular author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Entail," and "The Provost,"—(the last book was an especial favourite of George the Fourth.)

L. E. L. said truly and wittily of Galt, "that he was, like Antæus, never strong, except when he touched his mother earth:" I remember the saying being repeated to Galt, and I think I see his countenance, and hear his dry, incredulous attempt at a laugh. But L. E. L. was right; and, indeed, as a critic she was generally right. Galt was never in his element out of Scotland, no, nor even out of the Lowlands of Scotland: the homely, saving ways; the intense humour, the simple pathos, of which there are abundant specimens in middle Scottish life, to him were natural and habitual. The essential character of his literary powers was fidelity; he dreamed he had imagination, whilst he possessed little more than a power of close observation.

"The Majolo" is a desultory, ill-written composition, the weedling of a powerful mind. Crude philosophy and Scotch superstition appear in many of its passages; there are, however, touches in it worthy of the masterly hand which afterwards effected so much, and achieved for its owner so just a fame. On looking at Galt one could never connect him with "The Majolo," the travelled and accomplished man of mystery and romance; nor even, when in the full vigour of health, could an observer read in his countenance any of the varying characteristics which afterwards peeped forth in "The Annals of the Parish." There never was a being for whom illness did so much in the way of personal improvement as Galt. When in the prime of manhood and the vigour of health he was an ungainly man: of height above the common, with a common-place, though somewhat handsome cast of features; a very strong Scottish accent, a great lumbering figure, a hardness of aspect altogether; and there was nothing of that quiet dignity and gentle deference to others that softened the sterner attributes of Allan Cunningham, and which afterwards pleased in the later years of Galt.

At the time when I thought him least agreeable, Galt was living in Lindesay Row, Chelsea;—now for a puzzle to my readers—how many in a hundred may chance to know Lindesay Row, Chelsea? I should not like to venture a wager even upon one. Look out, gentle reader, to the right, as you pass over Battersea Bridge, and you will see, facing the river, a row of good, even stately houses, all white, terminating abruptly, as if it had been at one time proposed to form a terrace of considerable extent, and that the scheme had been prematurely abandoned—that is Lindesay Row; and some very goodly houses are in that unfashionable row,—houses with spacious drawing-rooms, adorned with rich cornices; houses with wide entrances and fine staircases, and a view of the river

from their balconies, enough to tempt one to that delicious sort of idleness which takes natural objects for its excuse.

Beyond Lindesay Row, which, I have no hesitation in affirming, contains houses fit for noblemen, are seen willows laving themselves in the river's brink, and a green slope, and chimney-tops rising between a mantling grove, and the delicious grounds of Lord Cremorne are pointed out to you. Now, they are trampled down by crowds, and profaned by noise, and the hurry and exertion to which we English people give the name of amusement. The "much for our money," the extensive bill of fare which we expect when we pay our dirty shillings, and resolve to get through so much of the business of diversion on a fixed day. Cremorne House once stood secluded and peaceful in its dewy meads. It was a memento of the days of Ranelagh, its neighbour on the other side of the Bridge. It reminded one of more peaceful, perhaps more elegant, times, when the heavy barge, towed along, or the light summer boat, had possession of the river-gods, and moved in their security, not expecting to be borne down by yon rude steamboat, that I see (in my mind's eye) now, as I stand (in thought) on Battersea Bridge, and turn (by a figure of speech) towards the new Pier at Chelsea Reach—insolent little structure, which vulgarizes that picturesque row of houses, many of them lighted with plate-glass windows, and other features of importance, that never were built to look out upon such craft as now plies near it, and bids its tranquillity depart.

At right angles with Lindesay Row stands Beaufort Row, and it was in one of the small tenements in Beaufort Row that I used to meet Galt. We talk of literary *coteries*,—what a singular theme would be the various literary coteries, past and present, of this metropolis—the men who toiled together, and fed each other's minds by the inevitable communication of thought—the authors and the authors' friends—the strange companionships—the long life associations which what we call chance produces, and has produced,—the tea-tables of the departed. For, in most instances, the literary part of the community could afford little more than tea-tables,—and they were to be envied. Restore to me the tea-table, and I will give up to any one who hungers for it the costly eight o'clock dinner,—yes, even the party more numerous than the Graces, and fewer than the Muses. I will give up the *déjeûner*, and the *déjeûner dansante*, and the *matinée musicale*, and the *soirée musicale*, and all the musicales that ever drove one crazy—give me but the tea-table, but give it me such as I knew it of yore.

But to return to the strange companionships which fate forms for us. Galt's intimate associate at that time was a literary receptacle of knowledge, a man brimful of acquirement, rich in quality as the finest champagne, but bottled, and celled up with as much care. He was a specimen of the pure literary man of the olden time. His occupation, indeed, was that of a clerk in the Record Office; added to which, he had the onerous office of eking out the powers of a certain nobleman's brains to do their work. He was, in short, a private secretary. In that capacity he perhaps acquired the great talent for silence which he possessed, and which made him such a good listener to the long stories of Galt.

For Galt seemed to me to be by nature a male Scherazaide. He had the gift of narrative, so rare, so fine, so seemingly simple, but

so inexplicably difficult; repartee is nothing to it: the power of relating a story, without affectation, or weariness to your listener, is one above all price. Women excel in it more than men: but then they are aided by the varying countenance, the soft voice, the quick apprehension of an auditor's feelings. They are, it is true, apt to hurry; and hurry is fatal to a narrative. Coleridge had it: at his friend Mr. Gilman's, at Highgate, what heads were bowed down to listen to his half-dissertations, half-narratives; his eye mildly glistening all the while, his white hair falling about his neck, his accents trilling in the ear of young and old, gay and grave. Moore has it, but in a very different mode: his stories are short and pithy, without the thoughtful moral of Coleridge, or the strong situations which Galt delighted to depict. For Galt was melodramatic in his tales; there was always a surprise, a mystery, an anomaly, at all events, at the end of them. He spoke in a low, monotonous voice, with much of the Greenock accent marring its sweetness but adding to its effect; and he bent his high forehead down, and his eyes, long, narrow, and deep-sunk, were fixed steadily upon those of him to whom he addressed himself; and he went on, on, stopping at intervals to catch an exclamation from his listener, and to return it with his own dry laugh. His narrative was simple, succinct, unambitious in phrase, and had the charm of seeming to be thoroughly enjoyed by him who spoke it, as it usually was by those to whom it was spoken.

Our friend of the Record Office heard all Galt's stories with a philosophic incredulity, never expressed, but pictured in a face to which nature had lent no charm. Evening after evening such converse went on. After sunset—I think I see him as I write—in came the secretary, retiring to his drawing-room after an evening stroll. He was the last wearer of the willow hat; a blessed, but not a becoming invention: on the same principle a gambroon coat was assumed in summer. He neither smoked, nor talked, nor played at cards, so that the copious talk of Galt seemed to be designed by his good angel on purpose for his amusement. Then in came Galt; his proud stature looking prouder in the little drawing-room, beneath the door of which he was almost forced to stoop. He was then in the vigour of intellect, and full of hope—that hope which circumstances so cruelly quenched. He was full of schemes—the Canada Company was then his theme; and he had schemes without end. All these he unfolded to his silent friend, who rarely grunted an approval, yet was too canny to differ openly. Galt was just discovering the *saleability* of his own powers; he was penning "The Ayrshire Legatees." "I can write a sheet a night," he said, addressing his friend. I remember the cold "humph!" which sounded to me very much like "the more's the pity." Our secretary did not approve of rapid composition.

Mr. Galt was at that time a married man, his lady being a daughter of Mr. Tilloch, formerly editor of the *Star* newspaper; one of the papers of my grandmother's class, dull and proper, and suited to elderly country gentlemen, who looked for it by the post as eagerly as for their pipe and spectacles.

His wife and three sons formed the domestic circle of Mr. Galt. His occupation had been that of a merchant; but he was, at this period of his life, full of the Canada Company. His mind was eager,

energetic, and sanguine; his habits, without being exactly extravagant, were those of a man who abhors small calculations, whilst he is planning great schemes; his whole mind seemed absorbed by those plans which produced to their framer nothing more profitable than "Lawrie Todd," and brought infinite vexation, and a perplexity and trouble which destroyed him.

I dined with Galt once when he was in this place of projects. He had then left Lindesay Row; and the slow companionship of his taciturn friend of the Record Office was exchanged for the bustling intercourse of men of the world,—men conversant with the money market, directors of this company, secretaries to institutions, stockbrokers, and the like. What an uncongenial sphere for the writer of "The Entail!" yet Galt managed to play his part ably. He had a vast share of good-humour; he had a ready reply, a business-like precision, and the true Scotch hospitality characterized him as a landlord. He then lived in a house in Tavistock Place, next the chapel: it consisted of two floors only; and the study, dining-room, drawing-room, were all *en suite*. I was struck by the versatility with which the novelist, who has touched the finest chords of the heart in his "Windy Yule," the masterpiece of "The Provost," could adapt himself to the actual business of life. After his company were gone, he sat down, I am told, to his literary labours. There never was a greater discrepancy between any man's actual inclinations and positive pursuits than those of Galt at this period. Happy had it been for him had he followed the bid-dings of Nature, and brandished his pen only as the novelist or biographer! It served him in little stead when applied to the job-bings of a company.

There is a period in every man's life when he is what his kind friends, and especially his old friends, who have been stationary in life, call "set up." Heaven knows, I write not this in any bitterness, neither do I mean to apply it to Galt. He was sanguine; he enjoyed the eminence to which he had raised himself: but his was not the insolence of success, although it might be esteemed the elation of prosperity. His disposition was kind and cordial, and he appeared to feel a perfect reliance on the good-will of those around him.

But the aspirations of this sanguine spirit were not realized. He went to Canada and one heard of him and thought of him with about the same interest as one gazes upon yon far-off planet, whose orb, as I close my study window-curtains, shines above the dark tips of those fir-trees. When I remembered Galt (to carry out my simile), it was to think of him as one whose radiance illumined another sphere, and probably never more would shine on mine. I mixed him up in my mind with furs, and Washington Irvine, and the "Rough Notes" of Sir George Head—and the Canada Company was to me a mystery and a puzzle that I could never make out.

Galt came home—that atrocious Canada Company!—but I won't be personal: he came back, and was located in Brompton. I went to see him.

Now, Brompton is the grave of London. Its two syllables speak of illness too severe to admit of further removal, and which takes the middle course of going out of London, but not getting into the

country. Its familiar two syllables represent the assemblage of the half sick, and the half ruined, and the half respectable, and the half broken-hearted, who people its squares, and utter their plaints in its groves—for Brompton is a pastoral place. It has its St. Michael's Grove, its Brompton Grove, its Hermitage; an exquisite poem by L. E. L. has been written upon the single grave of its churchyard. It is altogether a place very poetical to hear of—very, very prosaic when seen.

Barnes Cottage, where poor Mr. Galt lived until his final removal to Scotland, stands close upon the broiling, dusty, sunny road, called Old Brompton Lane: it is a cottage in a consumption; for the symptoms of decay strike you forcibly, even whilst you admit the existence of something pleasant, and even comely, in the object presented to you.

You enter a porch, and come at once into a low, but not very small parlour—one on either side of the door. A passage intersects the house, and a glass-door at the end shows you a gravel walk, and a spacious, sunny garden, all garnished with gay flowers,—roses more especially,—and furnished with fruit-trees. It is a refreshing little spot; and you come upon it instantaneously from the dusty road; and you seem to be, comparatively speaking, emerging into the country from the hackneyed road out of town.

I visited poor Galt here,—yes, he was *poor* Galt; for the world had dealt with him much in the same manner as it usually deals with the sensitive and the uncalculating. That Canada Company!—but I abstain from invective, and forbear the language of party.

The room was, I will not say indifferently furnished—it was “*ready furnished*,” the phrase speaks for itself. Everything was complete, but dingy, dark green, and manifesting the transient character of our sublunary state. But the windows looked upon that gay, hot garden; and wall-fruit, of which the hospitable tenants of the cottage made you partake, hung upon the walls; and sweet-peas bloomed, and mignonette grew in broad patches, and scented the very chamber in which you were shown.

Mr. Galt was seated in a chair as I went in. He did not rise. He looked older; he was stouter; there was no indication of ill health: but he gave me his left hand, and pointing to his right, said with a little quickness, “Perhaps you heard of my attack? It has fallen upon my limbs; my head is clear.”

I sat down, and we ran over the events of the few years which had intervened since I saw him last. To me they had been but little varied by what the world calls adversity; however—but why touch upon themes with which the stranger intermeddleth not? To Galt they had been a season of severe struggling, hard business, irritation, oppression, injustice; so he said—and I never inquired. I was content to pity. I was certain there was nothing to condemn. I was sure—and was afterwards assured that my conviction was right—that Mr. Galt had consulted his own interests far too little, and that of his employers too much. That he had been disinterested and indefatigable; and, as the disinterested generally are, had been treated with a severity and illiberality, which, being the work of a company, could not be visited upon any one individual. Such are my impressions: they may be erroneous, for the evidence on which they are based is *ex parte*, and is extracted from a pamphlet circu-

lated by Galt among the few sterling friends whose constancy and affection remained to him in this most desolate and trying period of his life.

It was truly to be so described, for it was *not* a period of certainty, but one of harassing suspense. Day after day might his tall, bent form be seen, aided by servants, entering the city omnibus, as it stood in that hot, dusty road by Barnes Cottage. On he went, to argue, and wrangle, and press his claims with hard-headed men, and to return disappointed and irritated to his easy chair, and to the unmeasured sympathy of the best of women and of wives. His elder sons, meantime, had gone as settlers in that very country the prosperity of which their father had foreseen. One only remained at home. Where is he now—the bashful, blooming boy, with an eye just like his gifted father's, and a head full of poetic fancies? Is he too a settler on those cold plains? Has not the name of Galt one representative in Old England?—Alas!

I spoke of the few friends who tried to cheer the breaking heart of the poet in his retirement at Barnes Cottage. Among these was one whose kindness contributed much to soothe the wounded spirit, and to appease the cravings of that which merited not the name of morrified vanity, but which might be termed a consciousness of unjust desertion from the world. *She* came—I dare not pen her name—still beautiful, always gifted, better than all, ever kind, in all her loveliness of delicate apparel, in all her gems and splendour. *She* sat by the sick man's easy chair, the soft air blowing about her costly veil and other appurtenances, as she stooped; whilst in the lane stood her gay coach at the door, its proud steeds pawing the ground, its five balls and coroneted panel attracting the surprise of many a passer-by, as he contrasted the lowly entrance with the sumptuous vehicle. She came pitying and sorrowing, and ever and anon leaving behind her something to solace the dark hours which succeeded the return in the omnibus from the foul city. She knew, gay and gorgeous as was her attire, she too knew how the world's censures eat into the heart. Kind, beautiful, yet erring being! The world casts you from it—in some moments of reflection, for come they *will*, when the heart challenges the memory, and regret and sorrow bedew your eyes with tears, know that you comforted the infirm man in his infirmity—that you left him soothed and thankful—that *you*, of all the gay dames who were wont to smile upon his happier hours, forsook not his decline.

In the decay of his fortunes, Mr. Galt, whilst pressing what he believed to be just claims on the Canada Company, applied for, and, I believe, was promised a pension, which was never paid—perhaps it was never granted—day after day his health declined, and repeated strokes of palsy took from him first the use of one limb, then of another—then the mind shewed slight symptoms of weakness. Fearful and inexplicable change! With what solicitude did the faithful partner of his fortunes watch over his shattered frame. How she sought to persuade herself, even while his speech faltered, his memory betrayed him, that the limbs only partook of the general failure. How self-deceiving is affection! And she, humble, religious, self-distrustful, how important had she become to the sick man in his hour of trial.

He bore it manfully. The disease, which produces such irritation of nerves and temper, was combated in *that*, its worst form, by *him*. He never complained; though in the vigour of life, when, not much more than fifty years of age, his strength was prostrated. There were moments of intense anxiety when he sorrowed for *her*—when he thought of his sons, and hoped they would fare better than himself. There were moments of despair; but the general tenor of his journey, as it neared the valley of the shadow of death, was resignation and fortitude.

The last time I saw him he called upon me alone. Yes, he came, even in his low and feeble state, and got out of the cab which brought him, and entered the house leaning upon the arm of my servant. He could scarcely walk. I never shall forget the face of horror of a friend of mine, who whispered to me as he entered, "Who is *that*?—I have seen him elsewhere." I answered by re-introducing him; it was, indeed, requisite. Yet, when seated, Galt retained little appearance of disease. His complexion was clear, his articulation was then restored, his eyes sparkled; it was when he arose and walked that one saw that the axe had been laid to the root of the tree. He got out again with difficulty, my servant supporting him even until he was seated in the cab. It drove away, and I never beheld him again! I called at Barnes Cottage—a large board "to let furnished" warned me that I had called too late. I stopped, nevertheless, some time in the house, opened to me by one of that crew who "take care of houses," and take care that they shall not be let either. I stood for a few moments before the easy chair which Mr. Galt used, and heard the story that he and his had gone to live (that is to die) at Greenock, where Mr. Galt's sister resided. I strolled into the garden, into which I had sometimes supported him with my arm. I could remember the very tale he had told me when last we had sat in yon arbour, now overgrown with the clematis which had been heretofore subjected to discipline. I sat down and sorrowed for him beneath the branches of a large mulberry tree. It was unlikely that I should see him more. In prosperity he had been nothing to me; but the adversity of the last year had established a claim upon my feelings.

As I returned through Old Brompton, and gazed up at the house where Canning had lived and died, and passed the substantial house in which Faith, visiting the earth, had appeared in the form of Samuel Wilberforce,—as I looked upon the small house with a garden, in St. Michael's Grove, in which Letitia Landon had bowled her hoop in one hand, and created verses at the same time; when I thought of the fate of all these bright meteors, I came to the conclusion that the history of the gifted is a mournful history, and that its moral is not taught to the heart, but wrung from it.

Think of Canning, the high-toned instrument which the rude touch might in one instant put out of tune, the delicate fabric of his nerves so susceptible that those who beheld him on the eve of some great exertion could see him tremble as he tried to join in ordinary converse! "I never in my whole experience," observed Sir James Mackintosh once, "saw a man endowed with such overabundant sensibility as Canning." His agitation, on a first introduction to any person of whom he had a high notion, was that of a timid woman.

When one remembers this bright and sensitive being oppressed with responsibility, badgered by a party, sinking under the weight of incipient disease, expiring, whilst a nation looked on and mourned, one is fain to confess that the annals of genius have their pages of sorrow—more touching than one likes to confess; that there are martyrs to the world as well as to religion or patriotism.

The decline of Wilberforce was less harrowing than the brief and awful illness of Canning. Yet Wilberforce had his sorrows; his were the sorrows of a philanthropist grieving for the bad, mourning the prevalence of evil. His own private affairs, irretrievably injured as they were by his sacrifice to Abolition and to principle, seemed like an episode in a life all given up to public weal, and to the advancement of immutable principles of justice and mercy. To descend to a far humbler theme: who knows what were the throbbings of the overcharged heart that ceased to beat on Afric's shore when L. E. L. expired? Who can tell what was its last pang—what the final impression of anguish or of terror?

To return to Mr. Galt. A sister offered him a home, and he retired to Greenock. He lived a year after his return to Scotland. I almost fear to say how many shocks of palsy I heard that he had received; they were reported to be so numerous. Meantime he felt acutely the dependence, never remembered by the kind and generous being who sheltered him from care, as she had hoped, in her house—and his letters breathed the anguish of his mind. A friend, his physician, obtained for him from the Literary Fund the sum of 50*l.* all the public assistance ever given to one whose works had delighted thousands: thousands, who knew not that the hand that penned those volumes was shrivelled and powerless, and that the intellect whence they emanated was gradually becoming benighted. Much, however, was in mercy spared of that once powerful mind, to respond to kindness, and to console her who now mourns the lost and the gifted, amid the forests of Canada. A long interval of helplessness, increased feebleness, a mournful conviction that medicine could do no more, prepared the sorrow-stricken man for the peace of eternity. A kinder, a less complaining spirit never sank to rest. His sons are thriving in Canada—his wife has followed them there. His works alone remain behind him. Few, perhaps, now read "The Provost," and "The Entail," and "The Ayrshire Legatees." As novels they are defective, but they contain scenes and passages, as unparalleled in their truth and pathos, as the works of Morland and of Hogarth in painting. I should like to see a book entitled "The Beauties of Galt"—selections from his works—choice morsels in which the hand of a great master may be seen, his weaknesses being kept out of sight. Alas! how few modern writers there are whose works may be preserved as a whole. How many who have left passages of extreme beauty—isolated *morceaux*.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

"It is certain," philosophises Falstaff, "that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another." Hence the French polish, if we may be allowed the expression, which an Englishman sometimes acquires by a residence in Paris; and hence, too, the knack of gesticulating and making grimaces which he very frequently contracts at the same time. A protracted rustication is apt to beget rusticity; and we cannot partake of the "pleasures of the plains," and fraternise with their inhabitants for any length of time, without picking up some of the peculiarities of the "nymphs and swains" in question. The air of Edinburgh may be bracing to the chest; but it has a very undesirable influence on the windpipe, which it converts into a reed truly Doric, to judge from the modulations with which it affects the voice. We cannot, however, say that the English atmosphere has a converse operation on the Scottish organ, which, like Bass's pale ale, may be warranted to keep in any climate.

It would seem likewise that, in some cases, the contagion of language and deportment is capable of being communicated from one person to another through books,—as the plague has been known to be carried in a pair of slippers. The ambition of authors is, generally, to influence the mind of other people; but they sometimes involuntarily produce a personal effect upon them, and find that they have not only set a fashion, but propagated an oddity.

Now there is Thwaites, the dear friend of a dear friend of ours. Thwaites is a man of reading; he delights especially in biography, history, plays, poems, and novels; he is intimate with a great variety of authors on paper, and the consequence is, that he has acquired as many of their singularities as he could have done by personal intercourse with them; besides which, he has amalgamated with his own a great many characters of fiction. He is a very good-tempered fellow, without a care or trouble to annoy him; he also enjoys excellent health, including a perfect freedom from corns, bunions, callosities, and all other minor ills that the feet are heirs to,—to say nothing of gout or rheumatism. But, after reading Lord Byron, he was observed for a considerable time to walk lame, and also to go about with turned-down collars, and looks meant for melancholy, but which generally obtained the epithet of hang-dog. A course of Walter Scott gave him a fit of chivalry, and wonderfully altered his conversation and bearing. At one time he would express himself in the language, and assume the style of Rob Roy; at another, he seemed to mistake himself for Baillie Nicol Jarvie, whose attributes again he would exchange for those of Dirk Hatteraick; and the next day, perhaps, he would "come out" as Dominic Sampson. Scott also taught him to swear by his right hand and his halidome. Just in the same manner is he affected by the plays of Shakspeare, after the perusal of one of which he is observed for some days literally to act as if he believed himself to be the hero in it. He has a snarl, a scowl, and a shrug of the shoulders, indubitably the original property of Richard the Third; he cries "Ha!" in a style clearly borrowed from the Eighth Henry; and is accustomed

at times to talk Elizabethan in general, in which dialect he will ask to be helped at dinner, or desire his neighbour at table to hand him vegetables or condiments. He will say, for instance, "In faith, good sir, I will be thy beadsman for another slice,"—"Marry, sweet mistress, may I crave thy aidance to a potato?"—or, "Master mine, I would fain trouble thee for the salt." So, if he has lately been reading history, he is sure to enact the part of some renowned personage whose peculiarities have been transmitted to posterity in its pages; and hence it is generally possible to know the epoch to which his recent studies have related. For instance, by his use of scriptural phraseology, it is easy to tell that he has been reading about Cromwell; and if he often cries "Odds fish!" one may be sure that he is fresh from Charles the Second. By similar tokens, those conversant with biography may conjecture whose life he has last perused. He has all at once, for some days, exhibited a propensity to rhyme and make puns, and it has turned out that he has been engaged upon that of Dean Swift. He has suddenly adopted a habit of taking snuff with peculiar vehemence, and of walking about with his hands behind him, eccentricities which have been suggested to him by a memoir of Napoleon. Having read some stories about Abernethy, he has taken to the custom of putting his hands in his pockets; and he has been known, instead of changing his linen, to put one shirt over another, until he had three on at a time, apparently because this piece of slovenliness is ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy.

There are, however, certain pet characters which it seems the peculiar fancy of Thwaites to play, and of which he will sometimes sustain one for a considerable period. It is to be observed that he behaves in this way only among his intimate acquaintances, his manners and conversation in the society of strangers being remarkable only for great propriety; hence, when he has arrived at a certain pitch of familiarity with people,—perhaps that which, according to the text-hand aphorism, doth breed contempt,—his sudden transformations excite great astonishment, not unaccompanied by doubts respecting his sanity.

Thwaites had been for some little time acquainted with a family of the name of Lawson, by which he had come to be considered simply as a nice young man, not merely for a small tea-party, but for any party, small or large; so that now and then he was invited to their house to dinner, until by degrees he became on terms with them of a nature bordering on the free and easy. The Lawsons lately, on the occasion of the birth-day of one of them, had a rather considerable number of friends, one of whom was Thwaites, to dine with them. Thwaites, on all previous occasions of the kind, had invariably displayed great neatness in his attire, and the extreme of politeness in his deportment; but now, to the amazement of his entertainers, he made his appearance in a shabby snuff-coloured old coat, and, instead of feeding himself, as he usually did, with all the studied graces of the diner-out, he bent his head close down over his plate, so as absolutely to become red in the face, and gobbled up his dinner with a loud noise, and the appearance of excessive voracity. This was most unaccountable conduct on the part of Thwaites, who used to be always quoting, and, to all appearance, endeavouring to carry out, the precepts of Lord Chesterfield. What had happened to him? Nobody could make him out.

Having finished, in the manner above described, and in surly silence, a large basin of soup, Thwaites threw himself back in his chair,

put one arm over the back of it, half-closed one eye, blinked with the other, and exhaled a huge puff of air, like a person who has just made some strong exertion.

"Thwaites," said Mr. Lawson, staring at him a little, "shall I send you a little more soup?"

"No, sir!" answered Mr. Thwaites with great pomposity.

"One more spoonful?" urged the host.

"Sir," replied Thwaites, "the man who would suffer himself to be helped twice to soup would also desire to be helped four times to mutton."

This dogma, delivered *ex cathedra*, with profound solemnity, drew all eyes on Thwaites, and caused Mr. Lawson to open his eyes rather wider. He merely, however, asked his guest if he would take some fish.

"Yes, sir," simply answered Thwaites.

"Would you prefer brill, Mr. Thwaites," said Mrs. Lawson, "or mackerel?"

"Madam," he responded, "I prefer mackerel. Brill, madam, is a poor fish. Madam, brill would be turbot if it could."

The reader, doubtless, has met with a similar remark to this before, but it so happened that the Lawsons and company had not; wherefore they laughed at it as rather a smart saying, and began to regard Mr. Thwaites as an original who was now beginning to manifest himself in his real character. Accordingly, some of them felt desirous of trotting him out; with which view, perhaps, a young lady present, somewhat *à propos* of nothing, asked him if he had seen the great *pas de quatre* at the Opera? Thwaites, without replying to this question, continuing to eat, she repeated it, when, swallowing with an effort, and sternly knitting his brows at her, he roared out,

"Miss, do you not know that it is rude to address any one who is eating? You saw, miss, that I had my mouth full. Miss, nobody but a ploughman would speak with his mouth full."

"Might not a cabman?" demanded the hostess, amused, with the rest, at what they supposed his eccentricity.

"Yes, madam, perhaps a cabman might. But stay, madam. To speak with his mouth full, a cabman must have something to eat. Not every cabman has something to eat. But, madam, a ploughman would be less likely to have something to eat than a cabman."

The frequent use and peculiar pronunciation of the word *madam*, which he rendered a distinct dissyllable, was something quite new on the part of Thwaites. Mrs. Lawson could not understand what he meant by it, unless to create a laugh, which at least was the effect it produced.

Mr. Thwaites on this occasion ate enormously; and it was supposed that a tremendous appetite was one of those peculiarities that he had suppressed. At length he laid down his knife and fork, and wiped his mouth with the table-cloth. On Lawson's asking him if he should help him again, he said, "Sir, no more I thank you." His host repeated the invitation, saying "Just one slice more."

"Sir," answered Thwaites, "I have said I would take no more. Sir, he who presses a man to eat more than he cares for, incommodes him. It is troublesome, sir, to invent speeches in which to decline with civility that which we should accept with repugnance."

Having delivered himself of this long sentence, Mr. Thwaites began

to puff and blow as if out of breath; to the great diversion of his audience, including Mr. Lawson himself, who jovially asked him to take wine with him, to which proposal his guest acceded, by saying very gravely, "Sir, I will take a glass of wine with you with great pleasure. Sir, I wish you a very good health."

After dinner, Mr. Thwaites, relinquishing the taciturnity which he had displayed before it, began to talk copiously on various subjects, expressing himself to the amusement, if not to the edification, of his hearers, in aphorisms strongly didactic. His opinion, in the course of conversation, was inquired respecting an eminent nobleman of liberal principles; when he astonished everybody by crying out, "Sir, he's a rascal!"

"A rascal, Mr. Thwaites!" said the querist. "Why, his character is well known to be most unblemished."

"Sir, he is a whig," was the reply of Mr. Thwaites. "Sir, no whig can be an honest man. Sir, whiggery and roguery are convertible terms."

Now, as Thwaites had always professed opinions bordering on radicalism, these very strong assertions on the opposite side of the question seemed, at least, extremely unaccountable. So, likewise, was a defence of duelling, which he made on a late affair of honour being canvassed. "Sir," he contended, "if nations decide their differences with cannons, individuals may settle theirs with pistols."

It happened that there was at table a half-pay officer, who was a marked exception to the generality of the company in not seeming at all to relish the singularities of Thwaites. This gentleman's ideas of social intercourse were formed entirely on the model of a regimental mess, his literary acquirements were very limited, and he had no relish whatever for humour. On the other hand, he was remarkably tenacious of his consequence, sensitive to anything that savoured of rudeness, and withal very irascible: possessing a somewhat dull intellectual, and a highly inflammatory moral, diathesis. He at last contrived to become engaged in an altercation with Mr. Thwaites, whom he had, all along, been regarding with evident dislike and indignation. Their difference related to claret, of which wine the Captain was the panegyrist, whilst Thwaites denounced it as vapid trash, finally declaring that no man would ever drink claret when he could get port, but a blockhead."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said the son of Mars. "Do you mean to insinuate that I am a blockhead?"

"Sir," returned Thwaites, amid general manifestations of uneasiness, "I scorn insinuation. Sir, I did not insinuate that you were a blockhead."

"What, then, was your meaning, sir?" demanded the other.

"Sir, I am not bound to tell you my meaning. Sir, I do not choose to tell you my meaning. Sir, if I am to supply you with language, I am not obliged to supply you with comprehension. Sir, he who asserts that I am bound to tell you my meaning, lies."

The infuriated officer, amid the general confusion of the table, started up, and with a visage scarlet with rage, briefly excusing himself to the Lawsons, quitted the room. A dead silence ensued.

"Good Heaven, Thwaites!" said Mr. Lawson, "do you know what you have done?"

"What's the matter?" stammered Thwaites, turning very pale,

and entirely changing his tone and manner. "What—what have I said?—I am sure I meant no offence."

"No offence!" repeated Lawson. "Why, you have as much as given Captain Popham the lie. He will call you out as sure as fate."

"My goodness!" said poor Thwaites, "I did not intend that. I only meant to say that the assertion I alluded to would be incorrect. Otherwise I should have said that he lied, and knew that he lied."

"Why, what is the difference?"

"Every difference," said Thwaites. "Don't you know what Johnson used to say? If he meant that a man was simply incorrect in a statement, he said that he lied; if that he told a wilful falsehood, he added that he knew he lied. I had no idea of telling the Captain that."

"Where did you learn this?" inquired Lawson.

"In Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' which I have just been reading. Dear me! I would not have offended the Captain for the world."

"Tom," said Mr. Lawson to a friend who was present, "run, like a good fellow, after Captain Popham, and explain, if you can, that Thwaites had no intention to insult him. This really is a very awkward business. But come, let us hope it will be arranged."

All the mirth of the party had, by this untoward event, been altogether spoiled; and they sat, maintaining a painful silence, Thwaites abashed, discomforted, and looking the very picture of confusion. At length the mediator returned without having found the Captain, and Thwaites, hardly knowing what he was about, was fain to withdraw, in a state of mind which we must leave to be imagined.

The next day, as Mr. Lawson had predicted, a message demanding satisfaction was despatched by Captain Popham to Mr. Thwaites, and the latter was under the necessity of putting the affair into the hands of a friend. We are happy, however, to be able to state, that this very ugly business was, after all, settled without bloodshed, through the good sense of the seconds, who with some difficulty persuaded the Captain to accept an explanation, accompanied by the expression of regret, on the part of Thwaites, for his incautious language.

Let us hope that from the range of characters which Mr. Thwaites may in future enact, that of Dr Johnson will at any rate be excluded,—or, at least, that he will be a little more cautious in his performance."

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

'Tis a pleasant spot, that old farm-house

That stands by the lone wayside,

Where the sweet woodbine and the eglantine

The rents in its old wall hide!

And the porch, it seems as though 'twould greet

Each wanderer for its guest,

And lead him where there is hearty cheer,

And a home of tranquil rest!

How joyous once was the old farm-house,

In times that have pass'd away,

When the yeomen took, in the ingle nook,

Their place at the close of day!

And still doth the merry husbandman

The mirthful hours beguile;

And many a tale, as there they regale,

Belongs to that olden pile!

THE OPAL SET.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

EVERYBODY who was anybody in the year 1814, will easily remember what a flood-tide of dissipation and delight rushed in upon us with the news of the Capitulation of Paris, and the expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns. England, that had battled to the last with the stern energy of a bull-dog, was now disposed to freak and gambol with the wanton liveliness of a pet puppy. The whole nation, oblivious of enormous taxes and war-prices, was agog for a kind of national merry-making, and grouped round an ideal transparency representing Britannia tossing away her trident and dancing, hands-four-round, with Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

As might be expected, the military were made a special object of popular enthusiasm. Real bronzed heroes who had "been through the Peninsula" were difficult to catch, and received more invitations to dances and soirées than by any possibility they had time to answer. *En attendant*, many a beardless ensign who had been at Waterloo, and taken his small share of that "day of enormous mistakes," became elevated into a sort of authority upon military matters, and was listened to deferentially while he explained the peculiarities of the Duke's position, and traced upon the table, with his finger dipped in claret, the exact spot where Grouchy debouched, or where the Imperial Guard made their last stand, and were supposed to have uttered that immortal apothegm* now happily classed among the myths of apocryphal history.

It was, however, for foreigners that the highest distinctions were reserved; upon foreigners were lavished the envy of the male sex, and the admiring glances of the fair. Then, as now, and probably ever since the days of the Norman invasion, the stranger received the lion's share of popular attention and regard. We have here no space to bestow beyond that of a passing remark upon the phenomenon that, with all our vaunted nationality, and John Bullishness, and such like undoubted characteristics, we always run madly after every semblance, shade, and shadow of "a foreigner," who may condescend to drink our wine, ride our horses, flirt with our daughters, and show us up in three volumes at the end of the season. Such is the fact. Let others philosophize upon it; we are content to blush over it, and to continue our narrative.

Among all the countless swarm that at this precise period alighted upon our coasts, none,—no, not a Baron, nor a Prince,—could compare with Count Alexis Obrenow, Cuirassier of the Imperial Guard, Knight Grand Cordon of the order of the Black Eagle, and last, but by no means least, C. d. s. m. I. L'E. d. t. l. R. These cabalistic signs, which might be discovered by the curious among the elaborate tracery of the Count's visiting-cards, imported that he held the rank of Chamberlain to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. If, in addition to these extrinsic qualifications, we add that the person of this distinguished Russian was unexceptionably ferocious, and that whether, judging from his hair, his head was placed above or below his chin, was

* "La garde meurt, et ne se rend pas."

a matter (among the ladies) of delicious doubt and uncertainty, we have said enough to account for his elevation to the topmost round of that giddy ladder which is supported by the fickle hand of Fashion.

Yet let us be just to Count Alexis Obrenow. If not exactly talented in its better sense, assuredly he possessed to an astonishing degree the talent of society—the small currency of saloons and clubs. He could dance a minuet gracefully, could sing a *chanson* admirably, had the art of anecdote in perfection, and, above all these minor gifts, the Count could assume a certain vein of dangerous sentimentality dashed by a sombre tone which rather inferred than alluded to a mystery whose depths had never yet been fathomed, though they possibly might be by those tender blue eyes which at the moment dissolved between pity and curiosity, as they gazed upon the sallow cheek of the handsome Cuirassier.

Thus gifted, thus doubly armed by the aspect of what he was, and the thought of what he might be, was it wonderful that the success of the Imperial Chamberlain was the theme of every tongue in London?

Just at this time, indeed, if London gossip was to be credited, the coping-stone of the Count's good fortune was about to be laid, by his intended marriage with the Lady Anne Callington, sole child and heiress of the wealthy Earl Durston, or De Urston, as it pleased the Earl to pronounce his very ancient family name. By what arts the Count had won the haughty peer's consent to this match, is to this day, among certain circles, a matter of marvel; for the head of the De Urstons, so far from sharing his countrymen's predilection for foreigners, held them all in undisguised and indiscriminate contempt, remarking that the last real Counts were the Foresters, or Counts of the Low Countries, and they became extinct when Philip of Burgundy placed himself at the head of the Seventeen Provinces. By what arts Count Alexis obtained the consent of the Lady Anne has never, we believe, been made the subject of marvel in any society whatsoever.

It was towards midnight when a ball given at De Urston House attained its height of superb festivity. Country-dance, and cotillon, and the newly-imported French country-dance, or quadrille, had been executed to repletion, when a few select couples stood up to exhibit, in a stately minuet, the perfection of dignity and ease so essential to this courtly measure. Most conspicuous in the group were Lady Anne and Count Alexis, and a murmur of applause forced itself on the ear as the distinguished foreigner and his stately partner alternately advanced and retired according to the exigencies of the figure. So absorbed, indeed, was the general attention, that the entrance of a considerable accession of guests, which would otherwise hardly have escaped remark, passed unnoticed. They consisted of a tall and very handsome man in the prime of life, apparently attended by five or six officers of high rank, and one or two civilians. Some announcement was about to take place when the chief personage of the party imposed silence by a sudden and somewhat haughty gesture, and, taking his station as a spectator of the dance, quietly surveyed the circle which surrounded the performers, while his attendants, at a slight distance, conversed among themselves.

The moment was decisive of that crisis in the dance where the slow and stately minuet blends, after a short introduction, with the livelier gavotte. The music had preluded a few quick bars, and the dancers stood motionless, but ready at the proper time to spring forward into

graceful action. Count Alexis drew himself up and prepared to eclipse his competitors, when his eye, wandering triumphantly round the circle, fell on the cold stern glance of the new-comer. We will not borrow a hackneyed phrase to express a situation always interesting, but sufficiently well known, when the eye suddenly and unexpectedly lights upon an object of dread, supposed to be far distant. Certainly, had the sickness pretended by Count Obrenow been real, it could not more effectually have blanched his cheek, and unnerved his frame. The music challenged him in vain. Without an effort to rally, at the very height of his exaltation, he staggered rather than withdrew from the circle, muttering some incoherent excuse, and leaving Lady Anne almost more mortified at the ridicule of her position than alarmed at the illness of her lover. But the crowd which opened for a moment to let them pass in opposite directions, as instantly closed up, and almost as easily forgot the incident under the exhilarating excitement of the dance which succeeded. Type of life! The greatest private calamity is as a stone in the whirlpool; a bubble on the surface its memorial, and then no trace of its descent.

From whatever motive, Lady Anne, on quitting the dance, did not seek the cause of her lover's indisposition. Without pausing to inquire of the bystanders, she threaded her way through the crowd to a distant room where the Earl was enjoying his eleventh rubber with two Cabinet Ministers and the Russian Ambassador. Silently seating herself on an ottoman in an obscure corner, the wayward beauty found a strange amusement in the utter neglect to which she was self-condemned, and in the contrast her will could bring about between the light and glare and noise of the ball-rooms, and the monotonous hum which pervaded an apartment only lighted by the wax-lights on the whist-table.

Meanwhile Alexis had mechanically sunk into the first vacant seat, where, covering his face with his hands, he cowered rather than sat, endeavouring to collect his wandering senses. Like all men similarly circumstanced, with the first recurring pulse of self-constraint, he was inclined to look upon the late incident as a delusion. Scarcely had he time to encourage this thought, when a low but singularly deep voice—the voice of some one seated at his side—inquired if “the Count Obrenow had recovered from his sudden attack of the nerves?”

The person who made this inquiry, though sitting on a level with the Count, was obliged to stoop considerably in order to place his mouth close to the ear of the latter. His singular height was not, however, by any means his only personal distinction. His form was well proportioned, his features were regular though severe, his complexion, clear rather than pale, indicated an Asiatic origin; but that which riveted attention, and stamped the whole man with the impress of power, was the full, stern, penetrating eye which never glanced at an object, but looked it through and through. There were none who had not quailed under that fixed regard, even when there were no secrets to excite apprehension. The most innocent under its withering influence would as little have resisted it as they would have banded looks with a tiger preparing for a spring.

Apparently the Count Obrenow entertained no such intention, for, without raising his eyes, and abandoning the attempt to recover his self-possession, he faltered out,

“It is in vain your Impe—”

"Hush!" interrupted his companion. "Recollect yourself; I am the Count Semowski—"

"The Count Se—"

"Exactly so: but I little thought of meeting you here, still less of hearing of the alliance, I understand, you contemplate. That can hardly take place."

"Not if your Imp—that is, if the Count Semowski forbids it."

"Count, I have other views for you—at least for the present; there is much to be settled between us: frankly, I will tell you at once there is but one condition on which you can remain here; and, by the way, have you heard from your father lately?"

"Count Semowski is aware the Governor of Tobolsk has strict orders to intercept my father's correspondence."

"Of course—of course; yet there are means, I have heard. Money will do much even in Siberia, and your father was certainly rich. *A propos*, Count, I congratulate you on the figure you are making here; your title, too, is well chosen, but *now* I fear you must drop the Chamberlainship. And this match—pray what sort of a person is Earl De Urston, and how came he to accept your pretensions?"

"If it please you—that is, the Count Semowski must understand the Earl, who hates all foreigners, is persuaded I am a lineal descendant of some Irish chieftain, called O'Bryan or O'Brienne, or something of the sort, and—and his daughter, the Lady Anne—"

"Is persuaded you are all you choose to affirm yourself, of course. Ah! this is an excellent romance, and I am sorry to be obliged to interfere. Yet, perhaps," here the Count Semowski mused an instant; then suddenly turning his eyes full on his companion, he added, "by the way, you know the Jew Lazarus; Count, you must introduce me."

The gallant Alexis who had lately recovered a portion of his usual audacity, at the mention of this name, and the significant manner in which it was made, relapsed into his former servility, and mechanically answered, "Yes your—the Count Semowski is right. I have seen the Jew Lazarus. I know him—a little—"

"Then I was right; and, probably, am not wrong in supposing you know him more than a little. Count, I repeat you must introduce me, and then I will relieve you of a discreditable acquaintance. Harkye, sir," added the Count Semowski rising, but speaking in a low, stern voice, "to-morrow at noon expect me, and we will visit M. Lazarus together. Do not stir out till I come, and cherish no foolish hope of escaping me. A person of your consequence must expect, at least for the present, some *surveillance*. *Au revoir* Count Alexis Obrenov."

At this moment the gavotte ceased; the circle broke up into a crowd that filled the rooms with conflicting tides, but high and conspicuous above Dukes, and Generals, and Ministers, the noble form of the Count Semowski might be seen advancing towards the boudoir where still sat the Lady Anne, her eyes closed, apparently in sleep, but ever and anon betraying by a pettish movement of the beautiful foot, that the mind was active, and the thoughts were uneasy.

The next morning the following paragraph appeared among the "Fashionable Intelligence" of the *Morning Post*.

"Considerable sensation was excited last night among the brilliant circle assembled at De Urston House, by the intelligence transpiring of the sudden arrival in London of a very exalted Foreign Personage. It was even rumoured that the individual in question

honoured the noble Earl with his presence *incognito*, and was observed to pay marked attention to his fascinating daughter. When we further state that the individual alluded to held a long and animated conversation with the newly-arrived Russian Minister, and was seen playfully to address the Count Alexis Obrenow (the intended son-in-law of the noble Earl) our readers will appreciate the delicacy which imposes upon us a certain reserve upon this subject.

We trust that we shall be acquitted of any considerable failure in the matter of "delicacy" if we precede the "individual alluded to" on the morning succeeding the ball at De Urston House, to No. 15, Chesterfield Street, May Fair, the first floor of which very pleasant abode was tenanted by our friend the Count Alexis.

It was nearly midday of a sultry July morning, and the blinds, carefully closed while they excluded the sickening glare of the sun, shut out also any breath of air that might have been tempted to wander among the exquisite exotics which bloomed in a small conservatory attached to the back drawing-room. Every object betokened the utmost luxury, and not a little taste; while the profusion of mirrors and porcelain clocks betokened the semi-Asiatic fancy for display so common among wealthy Russians. The Count, negligently reclining on an ottoman, was no bad representative of the class.

Under a desperate attempt at a careless and easy demeanour, however, it was not difficult to note some hidden dread entirely subduing the usually gay Alexis. His eye wandered rapidly round the pictures and busts, the mirrors and *bijouterie*, that adorned his room; especially from time to time he listened, almost gasping, to the rolling of carriages, rare at that early hour, and more than once started from his seat as a knock at some neighbouring door resounded through the house. Like all persons under strong mental excitement, his clenched hands and up-turned glance seemed the accompanying action to some muttered fragments of a speech, so disjointed and incomplete as to convey no information to a bystander. Soliloquies are very rare off the stage, and require a master's touch to be tolerable even there.

Scarcely had the hands of the numerous timepieces in the room passed the hour of midday, when a gentle, unassuming knock at the street-door announced a visitor. A few words were heard to be exchanged between the valet of the Count and the stranger, and then the latter with measured step ascended the stairs and entered the apartment where Count Alexis in nervous anxiety awaited him. It was the Count Semowski, who bowed slightly and somewhat disdainfully to the young Russian, then deliberately seating himself with his back to the light, so as to face Alexis, he paid him the compliments of the morning in a tone which plainly showed he felt secure or careless of his reception.

"I—I expected you, sire—" gasped out Obrenow.

"And I am punctual," replied the mysterious visitor. "Last night I told you we would visit the Jew Lazarus together. I also hinted that on certain conditions I might be tempted to let you play out the comedy you have sketched out here; though, as a man of honour, Count," (this was spoken with marked irony,) "you will hardly pursue it further. You know, of course, why I wish to make the acquaintance of M. Lazarus, and your penetration will doubtless furnish you with the conditions I allude to."

The Count Obrenow bowed his head, but he did not speak.

"By the way," continued Semowski, "your intended, the Lady Anne, is a fine girl,—a very fine girl for an Englishwoman, and well-dressed. She has good taste in jewels, I remarked. What very fine diamonds she wore last night round that magnificent opal! You did not observe them? Opals, I think, are not common in England?"

"I do not know, Sire: that is, I believe not."

"That opal strangely reminds me of a set I once saw at St. Petersburg, I think: there were just twenty-one, all of equal size and value, and (odd enough) about the size and value of the one I saw last night. Am I right, Count?"

This question was abruptly put, and the dreaded eyes were fixed with steady glare upon the pale and cowering Alexis.

For a minute there was no answer, though the lips of Olrenow appeared to move. At length a very faint "Yes" was heard, as if that monosyllable was the result of some painful efforts at articulation.

"Yes—I thought so: I was sure it was so: and the remainder?"

At this moment the door was flung open and M. Lazarus was announced by the servant. So slight had been the knock of the newcomer, and so absorbed were the faculties of Alexis, that the sound had passed unheeded. The Count Semowski smiled with the air of a man who expected the announcement; then, drawing himself up to his full height he confronted M. Lazarus, who started at finding Alexis was not alone, and made a movement to the door.

"Not so, sir," said Count Semowski; "I have first a few words with you. Let me begin with thanking you for attending my summons."

"Your summons, Sire!" said M. Lazarus. "I thought it was the Count here who sent for me. I was not aware your Majesty was in London."

"My Majesty is not yet in London—there you are right. My Majesty will not appear in London, thanks to the Prince Regent's indisposition, for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile I have time to attend to my private affairs. You are speaking to the Count Semowski, you will observe, sir; it will save some form, and therefore time, which presses. Suppose, now, M. Lazarus, it *had* been the Count here who sent for you instead of myself; be so good as to transact your business in my presence,—in fact, as if I was not here. I know why you supposed the Count sent for you,—Do I not, Count? I know all, do I not?"

Alexis had no need to speak. His friend read in his whole appearance how far the Count Semowski was in his confidence.

"If that be the case, Sire," said the Jew, (who, after his first surprise, manifested far less emotion than his companion,) "my bargain is naught, I suppose; but let me say for myself, that my whole object in interfering in the business was to restore these jewels, and so, perhaps, obtain some little favour in the sight of your Majesty—I should say from your Countship—for my unhappy relatives who got into trouble last year."

"I remember,—they cheated a rich young Englishman out of the price of an estate in the Chersonese, and gave him title-deeds to an imaginary property. They are in the mines of Podolia, M. Lazarus."

"It was a mistake—all a mistake, your High—your Countship.

My relatives were willing to return the money paid, when there arose a question about the property."

"You mean, sirrah, when the officers of justice had hold of them. Just as much would you have restored a single stone on their account. *A propos*, speaking of restitution, to which of you two am I to look in this matter. Settle it between you; I will not unnecessarily hurry you; but General Palikoff with a friend or two is below, and possibly their time may be valuable."

These few last words, uttered with the greatest *nonchalance*, had a singular effect upon Obrenow and Lazarus. It may be sufficient here to mention, that General Palikoff was the usual agent employed by the "illustrious individual" to carry into execution sentences of more than usual rigour. He always attended his master, and was possessed (it was supposed) of the most extensive information relating to every noble family in Russia.

"General Palikoff!" exclaimed Lazarus;—"General Palikoff!" muttered Alexis; and leaving the room hastily, returned almost immediately with a plain morocco case in his hands, which he placed before the Count Semowski, adding merely the words,

"They are all there but one, Sire."

The personage whom he addressed nodded slightly, placed the case in an inner pocket, then, after a moment's consideration, said with emphasis,

"The set must be completed. Not, you will understand me, sir, that the value of the gewgaws weighs with me, or that I grudge the lady her ornament. But there might be some scandal hereafter. The missing one must be replaced by to-morrow at this hour, and I will spare General Palikoff a journey in your society to Siberia. As to your match, I shall not meddle in that, though I counsel you to break it off."

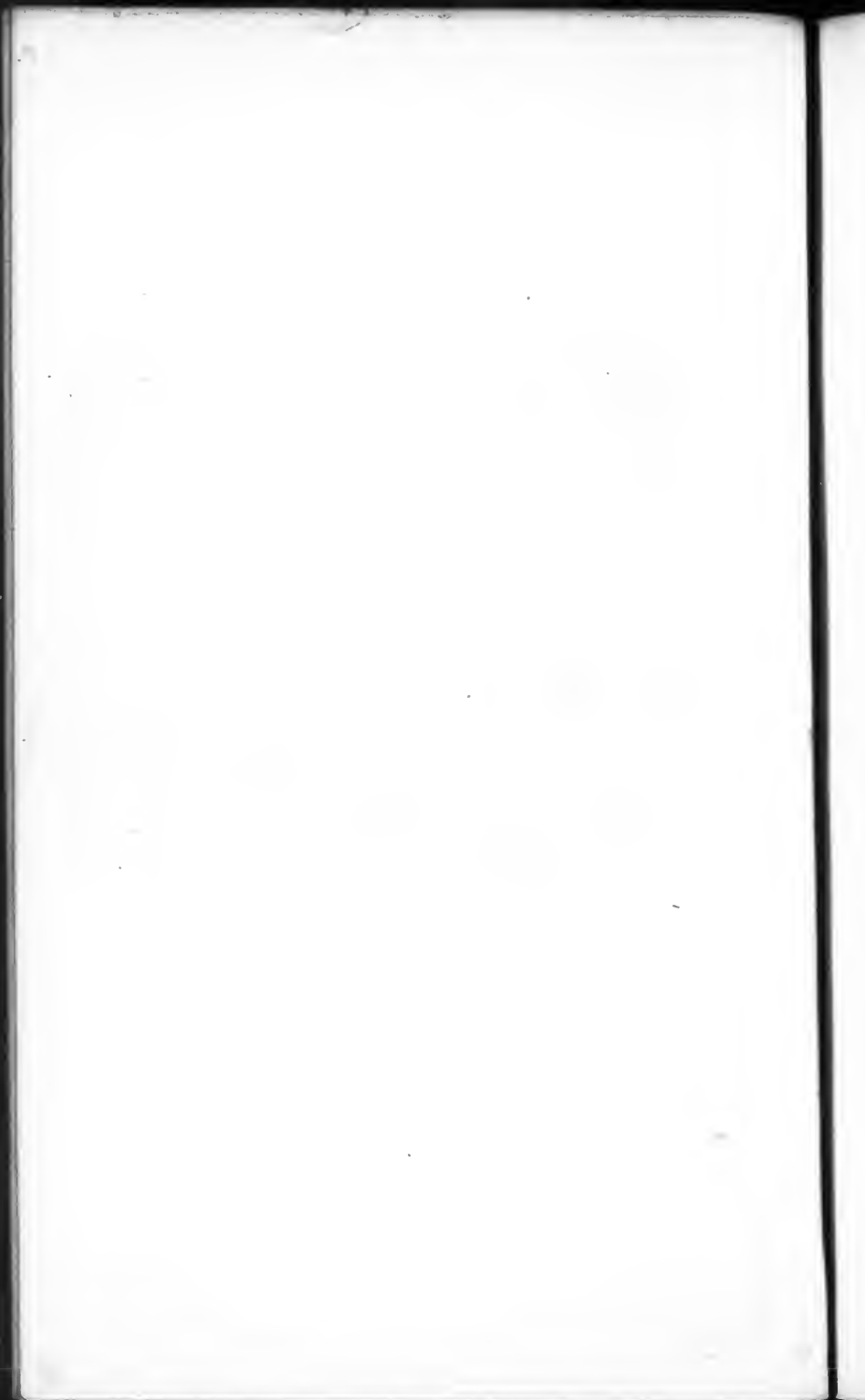
"And my father, Sire?" imploringly uttered the young man.

"Your father, sir, as court jeweller, ought to have kept a better watch over the imperial jewels entrusted to his care. Nevertheless, when I return I will reconsider his sentence.—M. Lazarus—"

The Jew started, and at first endeavoured to assume the effrontery natural to his character. When, however, his eye being gradually raised met the searching gaze of Count Semowski, his show of courage deserted him, and he stood like a criminal who after trial awaits his sentence.

"M. Lazarus," said the calm voice of the Count, "I have prevented here a great misfortune to you. It would have been hard to have lost your money as well as your character,—I mean, of course, with the world. Palikoff has had his eye on you for some time; in fact, he knew you intimately in my father's lifetime, when you did business in St. Petersburg. From him I have long learnt to appreciate you as you deserve. You will be pleased not to return to my capital; your property there is confiscated, and Palikoff will not lose sight of such of your relatives as I have still the honour to number among my subjects. You think your sentence hard compared with the apparent leniency I show to your associate. You are mistaken, sir. Look at that young man, and recognize your error. Tempted, he yielded, and fled to avoid the consequences of his crime. It was supposed he was in America. Even Palikoff thought so. His father in Siberia, meanwhile, paid part of his penalty. In Russia his family is ruined,





disgraced, annihilated. Here he was about to achieve a new position ; more than that, he loves his intended bride. My unexpected arrival, and some revelations made by Palikoff at Paris, altered all this. There he stands—a detected felon, bound even, not more for his life's sake than for the sake of appearances, which may yet be saved here, to rob his intended wife. Judge if he can think of pursuing his scheme. Judge if the life and liberty I leave him are boons. You, M. Lazarus, will easily console yourself for our cold climate and the rigorous laws of the country. Your money, if you have advanced any, you will shortly replace ; your relations must look to themselves. I repeat, your sentence is incomparably the most lenient, and on reflection you will confess as much. Farewell to you both!—we shall not meet again. You, sir, will be so good as to send the missing opal to my hotel by twelve tomorrow morning. I would spare you the torture of another meeting.”

The Count Semowski leisurely replaced his hat on his head, as he finished speaking, and with a slight inclination, slowly left the room, and the house. The General and some other officers followed him, but at such a distance as not to render their attendance remarkable.

“And now, Count,—for I would not advise you to drop the title,” said the philosophic M. Lazarus, when alone with Alexis, “we are checkmated, and, so far as this game is concerned, have nothing to do but to close the board. Might I ask what are your plans for the future? You will appreciate my delicacy in not touching on the past, though—”

“Though I owe you fifty thousand roubles, sir. Is it not so?”

“Let me see—yes, that is somewhere about the sum, Count, between us, lent you on these baubles, which to-day were to have passed entirely into my hands, but for this unforeseen little accident.”

“They were, sir. You wish, of course, to know how I am now to repay you the large sum you mention. Will you do me the favour to pass this way at this hour precisely to-morrow, and we will clear scores?”

“Count, you are a young man of extraordinary good sense. At one o'clock to-morrow—exactly so. Till then, Count, I have the honour to wish you a good morning. I see it rains: I will take the liberty of borrowing an umbrella from your servant. *Au revoir.*”

Count Alexis was alone, if he can be said to be alone in whose busy brain a thousand conflicting ideas confound all steady thought, and overthrow every definite feeling, save only that of rigid despair. In twenty-four hours, it seemed, an age of misery and disgrace was to be lived through ; and then—but that was beyond even a passing thought—the future must provide for itself—at present, action, horrible as it was. The opal *must* be recovered. Count Alexis dressed himself with unusual care, and was about to order his carriage, when a note was put into his hands. It was from Earl De Urston, in the following words:—

“MY DEAR COUNT,

“The new Russian Ambassador dines with me to-day, and is anxious to make your acquaintance, as he says he remembers your brave father, the late general. I shall expect you at half-past seven, punctual.

Yours faithfully,

“DE URSTON.”

“Tell the servant I will bring an answer to his master,” said Count

Obrenew to his valet. "I shall be at De Urston House as soon as himself."

The Count was as good as his word; within twenty minutes his cabriolet dashed into the court-yard of the Lord De Urston's hotel.

"First," muttered he, "for my bride.—Is the Lady Anne within?"

"She is, sir, and will see you."

"So! one more interview, and the last. It shall be brief."

Lady Anne was reading when her lover entered the room; but at the sound of his approaching step she looked up, and offered her hand with a smile.

"Alexis, forgive me: last night I was pettish, absurd. I hate to be made the heroine of a scene; but I have been punished enough by my fears that you were really ill. You do not look well, but you smile; so I suppose I am forgiven."

"Ah, Lady Anne! it is for me to ask pardon,—not for my sudden faintness, but for not having warned you I was subject to a feeling of giddiness, a kind of confusion in my head, owing, I have heard, to some hereditary predisposition to attacks of this nature. If the papers say true, though, you did not pass so very lonely an evening."

"That reminds me of a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with some agreeable foreigner, a countryman of yours, introduced by papa as the Count Semowski. But what have the papers to say to it? I never see them. Papa says they are not fit for me to read."

"Never mind—nothing. *A propos* of my countrymen—do you know the Earl has asked me to dine here to-day, to meet *our* minister; and conceive my vexation, I am engaged to *your* minister,—I mean Lord Liverpool,—and they say that is like a royal command. But you will be at the opera afterwards, and directly I can get away—"

"Thank you," said the haughty beauty; "pray don't hurry yourself. I dare say I shall do very well. Count Semowski said he was very fond of our opera; and there is Lord Eaglestone, just returned from Paris, quite mad on music—"

"Lady Anne, you are hasty,—now, as you were last night."

"I am, Alexis, and unjust too. There is my hand. How very, very ill you look! I really ought not to tease you. Come, what shall I grant you in return for my bad conduct?"

"One slight favour, dearest Lady Anne. Deign to wear to-night the same ornaments you wore last night,—I mean particularly one slight trifle I was permitted to present you."

"The opal set in diamonds. How fond you Russians are of opals! Well, that is not much of a favour, and I will grant it. And now go to papa with your excuses; for I know he is going down to the House early to oppose a turnpike bill, or something,—or vote for the Catholics, or against them, I forget which,—but whatever it is people do in their Lordships' House. Adieu, Alexis! Recover your looks—don't be late, and—there, that will do. I promise to be a good girl to-night."

Five minutes sufficed to acquaint the Earl of De Urston that it was impossible his intended son-in-law could have the honour of meeting his distinguished countryman.

"Well," said his lordship, "of course you can't, if you dine with the Premier. Charming man Baron Podziwil—great friend of your father's—thinks he remembers you. You think not, eh? Can I set you down? Good morning, then. Lady Anne will expect you at our box to-night."

And to these amiable nothings, and others like them, from his friends of the *beau monde*, was the miserable young man compelled to listen, till the dinner-hour of his "world" arrived, when he retired to his lodgings, *not* to dress for the Earl of Liverpool's (where he was not invited), but to arrange his plans,—to regulate the concluding scenes of that fearful drama, the life of an adventurer.

Strange as it may seem, the Count Alexis did not make his appearance that night at the opera. The Lady Anne, in spite of the admiration she excited, and the high spirits it was her pleasure to assume, retired early. The night was stormy, and the carriage could nowhere be found; Lord Eaglestone ran one way, and a host of Russians another. Only one cavalier remained in attendance on the beauty: it was the Count Semowski, whose *incognito*, about to expire, scarcely preserved him from the deference due to his real rank. It was a whim of the Lady Anne to be profoundly ignorant of what she had heard whispered at least a dozen times that evening.

"What a beautiful opal is that you are wearing, Lady Anne! I do not think I ever saw so large a stone,—or, at least, only once."

"Do you admire it, Count? It came from your country."

"Ah! I conceive. But I hear the carriage. Palikoff, hold the umbrella, while I assist the Lady Anne. Stupid! you have allowed the wind to blow it inside out—just what I might have expected. Thank you, sir, for extricating us."

This was addressed to some bystander, who volunteered into the rain from under the arcade, and was particularly assiduous in disengaging the unruly umbrella from the hood of the Lady Anne. Having performed this service, he was again lost in the crowd before the carriage containing the De Urstons was whirled out of the Haymarket.

When a sealed packet was put into the hands of the Emperor of Russia the following morning, as he was preparing for an audience with the Prince Regent, that august personage was observed to smile, and General Palikoff distinctly heard him mutter, "By St. Paul! I thought as much. It was a lucky *coup de vent*."

Eleven o'clock—twelve—one—for those three hours Count Alexis had sat at a table in his apartments, resting his head on his hands, without changing his position. And he was not wearied: the mind in him quelled and controlled the body. He could have sat so the live-long day, and not been sensible of the irksomeness of the posture. Precisely at five minutes past one, a knock was heard at the door, and M. Lazarus was announced.

"Ha!" said Alexis at last, "why are you so late?"

"Punctual, my dear Count, as an executioner,—excuse the simile. Your West End clocks are too fast. Everything is too fast at the West End."

"Too fast!" said Alexis with a dull stare: "I find time too slow. But let us not waste it. You are come to clear scores with me. Sit down, if you please: there, opposite me."

The Jew did as he was requested, and took a seat with a show of alacrity. There was something in the manner of the pale young man opposite to him not exactly business-like, though his words were unexceptionable. After all, what was manner? It was nothing to M. Lazarus. The (so-called) Count might be annoyed at the total ruin of his prospects, or he might have a headache; he might contemplate suicide, or soda-water. What did it signify to M. Lazarus? So he

plunged his hand into a very deep pocket and produced an account-book. As he did so, Alexis rose very slowly and locked the door. "You are right," said the Jew, "to be on the safe side." M. Lazarus thought it best to say this; but, on the whole, he would have been just as pleased to have finished his business without this preliminary.

"There, I believe that is the proper balance-sheet. I drew it out carefully last night," continued the Jew in an easy, cheerful tone, selecting a paper from the rest. "Now, how do you propose to arrange it? Do you know, I am not given to curiosity; in fact I have no time for it: but, for the life of me, I cannot think how you propose to pay me 49,000 some odd roubles: not 50,000, as you said yesterday."

"Nothing easier," said Alexis; "it is so easy that I have prepared here a stamped receipt." He threw it over to M. Lazarus. "Be so good as to sign that."

"Certainly," said the Jew, "when I touch the money."

"Hark you, M. Lazarus! You were here yesterday when *he*, too truly, depicted my condition and prospects. They are, briefly, infamy—death. But the one well managed may conceal the other. Meanwhile, I hold much to dying out of debt. If you sign that paper I shall do so, and you will continue to enjoy life. If you refuse, I shall still do so, but in that case it can only be by our dying together. Here are two pistols;" the Count opened a drawer in the table as he spoke, and produced them. "Vowed to death as I am, desperate as you see me, you cannot doubt that I shall keep my word. Decide. Am I to pull two triggers, or only one?"

"For God's sake, Count!" exclaimed the Jew; "at least, don't point them this way. They are hair triggers, and your hand is far from steady. Give me the inkstand. There—but, now as a last favour; I have a right to ask one, for you have half ruined me; don't, there's a good, kind Count, don't shoot yourself—till I'm round the corner."

"M. Lazarus, you are right: it might produce a scandal, and my object might be defeated if your name were at all mixed up in this. In return for your receipt I grant your favour. I regret to have been forced to act so harshly towards you; but my father must not be weighed down when he comes back—I had almost said home, but he has no home now—from Siberia, by my extravagance here. Farewell. Try the path of honesty. You say I have half ruined you, and you see what I am. Farewell, Sir."

M. Lazarus was in such a hurry to be gone before the twitching fingers of Alexis should close mechanically on a hair trigger, that his adieux were considerably abridged. His respiration was easier, and his step more assured, when he had cleared the corner of Chesterfield Street, without hearing any report whatever.

Late that afternoon the following note was put into the hands of the Lady Anne:—

"DEAREST LADY ANNE,

"Sudden intelligence of a most distressing family calamity hurries me away without even taking leave of you. I fear a fortnight must elapse before I can return from Hamburg, where I am to meet my brother. All angels guard you! Respects to the Earl.

"Thine ever,

"ALEXIS.

"When I got to the Opera last night, you were gone."

The fortnight passed, and many a succeeding week, without the return of Alexis to De Urston House—without any news from him. Meanwhile, the cheek of the Lady Anne grew pale, and her eye was vacant but restless. Nothing was ever heard at the West End of Obrenow, and the family was too proud to make public inquiries on the subject. But those who, unlike the Lady Anne, read the morning papers, carelessly glanced over the following paragraph, which appeared just three days after the last visit of M. Lazarus to Chesterfield Street :

“The inhabitants of Welljohn Street, Poplar, were alarmed last night by the sudden explosion of a pistol, which proved to have been caused by the suicide of a foreigner, apparently a Pole. The person in question had only occupied the lodgings for the two previous days. Nothing was found or elicited to identify the body, which will be buried to-morrow night without a funeral service, the worthy Coroner remarking that a clearer case of ‘felo-de-se’ never came before him.”

Excellent Coroner! was it because “the body was not identified,” and “apparently” belonged to some obscure “Pole,” that “the clearness of the case” so forcibly struck you?

And you, thoughtless readers, do you think this a melo-dramatic sketch? On our honour it is a page out of that sealed book of all imaginary catastrophes,—Real Life.

THE WIDOW TO HER SON.

OH! fairest of earth's jewels, as I gaze upon thee now,
With the smile upon thy dimpled cheek, and thy clear and open brow,
All the weariness that I have felt for thee hath left my breast,
And thy mother clasps thee to her heart, and sings thee to thy rest!

Bright image of thy sainted sire! thou hast his noble air,
The kindling glance of his blue eyes, the features small and fair,
The same light laugh and playful smile that never left his face—
Oh! it glads the widow's heart in thee her early love to trace!

But yet a shade doth come across the fulness of my joy,
When I think of what thou soon must be, a friendless orphan boy;
When the hand now cluster'd midst thy locks hath fallen to decay,
And the voice that sings to thee, my own! in death hath pass'd away!

And thou wilt weep to see me borne to my cold and shrouded bed,
And thou wilt mourn—ay, deeply mourn, the parent that hath fled.
Thou 'lt call on me: the moaning winds will answer, “She is gone!”
And thou wilt feel amidst the world all desolate and lone!

'Tis then that I will come to thee, and whisper in thy ear,
And sweetly calm will be thy grief, and dry each starting tear!
I 'll guard thee in the midnight hour, and watch thy broken sleep,
And when sad thoughts come over thee, together we will weep!

Oh! could I see thee flourishing like yonder stately pine,
That spreads its branches out afar, what joy would then be mine!
To see thee rising proudly 'midst the sons of wealth and fame,
And shedding lustre on thy birth, and on thy father's name!

My little one! they 'll bid thee then forget what thou hast been,
And show thee fairer spots than those thine infancy hath seen;
But ever, 'midst the changes that await thy pathway here,
Remember still the light of home, and those who bless'd thee there!

And when thy spirit lingers on the threshold of this life,
And plumes its wings for freedom from a world of care and strife,
I 'll bear thee with an angel's power unto that holy spot,
Where father, mother, son shall rest, where sorrow cometh not!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE LADY THIEF.

"Whence comes it to pass that we have so much patience with those who are maimed in body, and so little with those who are defective in mind?"—PASCAL.

AMONG the *ocracies* there is one to which singular and undeviating homage is paid in Britain—the Plutocracy. It attracts all; ensnares many; blinds not a few; and is even potent upon occasion to defeat the ends of justice. An instance occurs to my recollection.

The Bayldons, a wealthy family, lived within a stone-throw of the Gaol. The old people were a cheerful, open-handed, hospitable couple; the juniors in the household—there were no sons—clever, intelligent, sharpwitted girls. They sang; they danced; they sketched from nature; rode well; were fair billiard-players; thoroughly free from affectation, and always cheerful and amusing. The voice of the multitude was heard and prevailed. The Bayldons were pronounced "an acquisition to the neighbourhood."

Now, where there is music, and money, and a dog cook, and a fair cellar, there the idle, and the listless, and the light-hearted, and the adventurous will congregate; and of good Mr. Bayldon, who delighted to see a table thickly covered with viands, and duly furnished with guests, care was taken that he should rarely complain of solitude.

His hospitality, though it defied imitation, demanded and received from various quarters a return; and the daughters of his house—the old gentleman himself rarely stirred abroad—were cordially welcomed among the county families. After a while that fertile topic of female lamentation, the degeneracy of household servants, became alarmingly rife in the district; and a general outcry was raised touching the increasing dishonesty of domestics "even in the best-regulated families." Knickknacs and *bijouterie* vanished almost before the eyes of the owners. Old coins again became current, and disappeared most vexatiously from their resting-place on the high and antique chimney-piece. A gold snuff-box, elaborately chased, strayed most unaccountably from the cabinet of its distracted owner: and last of all, a small silver snuffer-tray, which had belonged to Queen Anne, and which was regarded as an heirloom by the courtly family which treasured it, was pronounced to be missing.

The extent to which these untoward incidents unsettled the various families in which they occurred was amusing. Butler after butler was removed, and housemaid after housemaid, and still doubts existed whether grievous wrong in these sudden dismissals had not been inflicted; since no trace of the missing property

could be found, and suspicion was all the aggrieved parties had to rest upon.

In the meanwhile, one or more of the ejected menials, smarting under the imputation of dishonesty, consulted "a cunning woman" in the neighbourhood; and this cunning woman, more perplexing than any mystic oracle of old, gave out this ambiguous response:—

"Neither coin, gem, nor trinket is lost or mislaid. All have been taken knowingly and wilfully; but not for want. Others rob besides servants; and the real thief has never yet been suspected."

I heard all this gossip and was amused by it. Time was when I myself some forty years ago had consulted "a cunning woman," treasured up her replies, and relied firmly on their fulfilment.

Homeward as I trudged from Gaol one wintry morning, one of the wealthiest of the neighbouring tradesmen rode up and begged I would allow him to have ten minutes' conversation with me,—he wished to take my opinion on a matter in which I could greatly assist him.

"Was I likely to be disengaged in half an hour?"

"Yes: and would see him."

He came, and told me, after much circumlocution and many entreaties for unbroken secrecy while the lady lived, that he had long suspected a party connected with one of the principal families in the neighbourhood of carrying away from his counter more than she paid for; that lace, gloves, ribbon, had been missed after her visits; that he had in consequence made a point of serving her himself; and had that very morning detected her marvellous sleight-of-hand. He added, that on this occasion he was no loser; for he had followed her to her father's house, insisted on a private interview, and, after many tears and protestations, had regained possession of the stolen property. Thinking that I must, from my position, hear and know much of such transactions, he came to me for "a word of friendly counsel." What was my opinion? would I give it him? Was it right, because a *lady-thief*, that Miss Bayldon should escape? Was there not, in his circumstances, a positive duty to be performed to the community? Should he allow his respect for the family generally, and his pity for the aged parents specially, to deter him from exposing the daughter? Would I advise him? My reply was tantamount to this—that I thought his solicitor the proper party to advise him; but that as he had asked my opinion, and seemed to attach importance to it, it should not be withheld. It was this,—that he was bound in justice to others to take care that the career of such a dishonest person was checked. He assented by gesture to this conclusion; and added, such was his own conviction, and he should act upon it forthwith.

He thanked me and left me.

A week, a fortnight, a month elapsed, and no syllable reached my ear injurious to the fame of Miss Bayldon, or perilous to her personal liberty. She rode, drove, danced, and sang as usual. Business then took me into the neighbouring market-town, and there I encountered the draper. He coloured and looked foolish when he saw me. I passed on. He was the best judge, methought, of his own position. My opinion had been sought; was frankly given; and the tale on which it was founded had never by me

been repeated. What concern of mine were his ulterior proceedings? I might have, and had, my own private opinion on his decision of character: *au reste*, I coldly returned his salutation, mentally taking a final leave of him and his "determinations." Alas! it was not his will that I should thus escape him; he accosted me with sickening servility, and entered forthwith upon a series of explanations and apologies. It was in vain I reminded him that he was not accountable to me for any change of purpose; that I had no right or intention to catechise him; that he was a free agent; that he had, doubtless, rules for his own governance with which it became not a stranger to intermeddle; and that I had nearly forgotten the whole transaction.

"Yes; but," continued he perseveringly, "you must have condemned my conduct as strangely wanting in resolution and firmness?"

I made no reply.

"I had nothing to gain from exposure," was the strange assertion with which he renewed the conversation, "but much to lose. All the members of her family were customers,—indifferent as to price—prompt in their mode of payment. A connexion is not lightly to be sacrificed, Mr. Cleaver; it is too valuable to a man in business,—far too valuable. Moreover, I had an interview with her father—her grey-headed, exemplary, venerable father. His grief moved me—it was truly touching! Why should I agonize and degrade an entire family? Malignant and revengeful!—quite unchristian, and not to be thought of! Certain explanations were given, and certain inducements held out; and my lips are sealed, Mr. Cleaver, wholly and irrevocably sealed. I was no loser; but others were. What a turn out her drawers afforded! A repository—nothing less! Might have started in business on her own account! Something of all sorts, and rare articles many of them. But my motto is silence. I hold the Christian's creed—forget and forgive."

"True; but you transported, eight months ago, that poor unhappy girl who stole fifty shillings' worth of eatables from your premises, and from want—from positive and undeniable want."

"To be sure I did! A low, wretched creature! What business had she to steal? A parish apprentice, brought up in the work-house,—how dared she appropriate what wasn't her own! Who can compassionate beings of that stamp?"

"I understand you clearly. I see for whom you have sympathy."

"I look at my connexion, sir. Endure anything, submit to anything, be blind to anything, before you sacrifice your connexion."

"And *your conscience*," I added, turned on my heel, and left him.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE JEW WITH REFERENCE TO SOCIETY.

"I wouldn't swap ideas with any man. I make my own opinions, as I used to do my own clocks; and I find they are truer than other men's. The Turks are so cussed heavy, they have people to dance for 'em; the English are wus, for they hire people to think for 'em."—*Sam Slick*; or, *The Attaché*.

IN looking back upon the past, it has occurred to me how rarely a Jew has come under my professional surveillance,—a result which,

to my mind, is the more remarkable, from the degraded position which he occupies in society. In this country there seems to be amongst them no middle class. The very rich and the very poor, the latter largely preponderating, make up the community. To the privations endured by the lower orders among the Jews, to the abject penury to which many of them are reduced, those only who have studied the habits and sufferings of "the fallen people" can do full justice. But still, we never find the Jew in the ranks of the factious and disaffected, a "mover of sedition," or desirous to overthrow the constitution of the country under the protection of whose laws he lives. The race to which he belongs is essentially peaceful; and the Jew, alien and outcast though he be, is in the land where he sojourns a quiet and submissive citizen. Furthermore, in scrutinizing the annals of crime, we shall at rare intervals find a Jew charged with any atrocious offence. Deeds of violence and blood seem abhorrent to his nature. Their misdemeanours chiefly refer to that predilection cherished, more or less cordially, by every member of the community,—a predilection for "spoiling the Egyptians." The only Jewish transgressor I recollect to have come under my official cognizance was a little fatherless boy, charged with uttering base money, knowing it to be counterfeit. The accusation excited no common interest in the synagogue; for the youth was well descended, and the blood of those who had been famed in Jewish story flowed in his veins. His mother felt his peril keenly; and the untiring earnestness with which, week after week, she struggled to collect the means necessary for his defence, and arranged the evidence which told in his favour, did honour to her sense of duty. In her first object she was aided by the wealthy Jews, and, unless memory is strangely treacherous, by the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild. How faulty and defective soever the Hebrew's creed may be,—and, alas! in one point it is woefully so,—the duty of almsgiving is not forgotten. In no community do the wealthier members more readily recognise the wants of the poorer, or afford them more generous and instant relief, than in the Jewish. This is a noble feature in the Hebrew brotherhood. In this particular instance, however, the sympathy of the opulent Israelite had well-nigh proved abortive, through the villany of the attorney intrusted with the defence. Misled by injudicious advice, or induced by the expectation of procuring *cheap* counsel, the Jewish mother sought the guidance of some fourth-rate practitioner in that profession, which holds out so many temptations to an unprincipled man. Lawyer Oxborrow—the latter name I give him—had in some one transaction of his life been overreached by an Israelite; and, with a spirit incapable of forgiveness, cherished a secret and enduring spite against the whole race. The danger of young Lousada was delightful. He "hoped most devoutly"—so he was overheard to express himself—"that the Jewish imp would be transported. Had his offence been capital, he should have been better pleased. However, the hulks, if not banishment, were before him."

So befriended, it was no matter of marvel that, on the day fixed for trial, the mother had the agony of finding that the brief for the defence had been but that morning delivered to counsel; that two witnesses only, and those the most unimportant, had been subpoenaed; that it was not intended to call any as to character; in a word, that

her child was viewed and treated as guilty by him whose office and duty it was to prove him innocent ;—in a word, that Eli Lousada was marked out for punishment and infamy.

But Esther Lousada was not a woman whose spirit quailed before approaching difficulties, or whose love for her offspring official dignity could awe into inaction. When her son's case came under the cognizance of the judge, Esther rose in court, and beseeching, in tones too earnest to be silenced, his Lordship's attention for a brief moment, exposed clearly and cleverly enough the gross negligence of the attorney she had employed, and pointed out the calamitous consequences which might thence accrue to her son. The judge listened, at first coldly and distrustfully. He had, apparently, a strong suspicion that, in the statement then submitted to him, there was a considerable mixture of *ban*. This impression gradually gave way beneath the frank and pertinent answers which the mother returned to his searching questions. From that moment his Lordship became, in the most availing sense, counsel for the prisoner. The truth was elicited, after considerable difficulty, and various elaborate attempts at mystification. But he undertook a somewhat difficult task who essayed to bamboozle Judge Littledale. Eli Lousada was acquitted, to the satisfaction of a crowded court. His escape from transportation was hairbreadth ; and for much of his peril he was indebted to his own folly. His history seemed to run thus. He was necessitous, and he was ignorant, and became, unwittingly, the tool of some infamous and most unscrupulous parties, who had all but effected his ruin. His acquittal pronounced, the judge cautioned him strongly as to his future associates and course of life ; and then, dextrously alluding to the recreant attorney, commented on that worthy's conduct in terms which, had one lingering spark of proper feeling remained, must have shamed him into seclusion for the remainder of his days. One result was remarkable : from that hour his practice rapidly declined ; and, despite of acknowledged talents, considerable legal acuteness, and an unrivalled professional memory, he died in indigence and obscurity. The multitude declared that the truth and severity of Judge Littledale's rebuke had settled him. There were those who thought otherwise. An opinion was cherished by a few, myself among the number, that the lawyer's scheme to ruin an innocent party, and that party a Jew, had been overruled by a *resistless INFLUENCE* to his own destruction. The conviction may be absurd, or it may be just ; it may be that of a bigot, a fanatic, or a visionary ; it is, however, sincerely entertained, and based on attentive observation. Cowar as the Jew may under the just displeasure of Heaven,—bear about with him as he may the marks of that displeasure,—without country, altar, army, king,—still he boasts an Invisible Protector,—still does he belong to the *once-favoured* and fondly-cherished race ; and to him, amid all his degradation, an exile and a wanderer, does that unqualified assurance of protection still apply,—“Cursed is he that curseth thee, and blessed is he that blesseth thee.”

Isolated, however, as he is, there are times and seasons when he fancies he has a duty to perform to society ; and the readiness with which he dovetails the discharge of this duty into some project for his own immediate profit, affords matter for curious observation.

Apropos of this, there are some yet living who will instance Mr. Lamech Lazarus, and the "celebrated" Dr. Baillie.

Lamech was a sojourner, towards the close of the late war, in one of the alleys leading to the Barbican, at Plymouth. His calling it would be rather difficult to define with precision. He had various avocations—all more or less profitable; but he styled himself a Navy Prize Agent.

Many a Jack Tar had ample cause for remembering his adroitness in figuring. He fattened upon extortion: and wrung his wealth from the sinews of those brave but thoughtless fellows—prodigal of life and limb in their country's cause—whose shore follies are their ruin. The enemies "Jack" has to dread he meets on *terra firma*—not on the ocean. Why does not England, who owes so deep a debt to her marine, save the careless sailor from the fangs of the Jewish sloop-seller—the Jewish crimp—and the Jewish usurer? Mr. Lazarus was all three; and, unless report belied him, a smuggler to boot. But his business was carried on upon a grand scale, and with an appearance of candour and good faith which were worth cent. per cent. to him. To his varied monetary successes there was one drawback—declining health: and, availing himself of an interview on *other matters*, he contrived to seek and obtain the opinion of Mr. Delunty, the well-known surgeon to the Naval Hospital, Stonehouse.

This off-hand functionary was a clever man, who had studied his profession thoroughly; was famed for the precision with which he discriminated between conflicting symptoms, and the soundness of his conclusions as to the seat of a disorder. He told the Jew at once that his case was critical; that he must abjure spirits; submit to an active course of medical treatment; and abide by a strict regimen in point of diet. All this to Mr. Lazarus was truly unpalatable. He was somewhat of a *bon vivant*. He "couldn't exist without grog." He "never relished simple food." As for "slops—that is to say, *cook's slops*," he "abhorred them."

"Order your coffin!" was Mr. Delunty's blunt rejoinder.

The Jew made a wry face. He did not supply coffins. They were not among his stores. On shipboard they were not required. He did not "house" them. Moreover, the word itself called up anything but agreeable associations. It implied a separation from his discounts, and his prize lists, and his time bargains, and his interest table, his savoury meats, and his brandy-bottle.

"You've settled your affairs, of course?" continued his adviser, coolly. "I ask the question simply because from present appearances I don't think you've many weeks to live."

The Jew moved uneasily in his chair. His den in the Barbican was dear to him. Loth would he be to part with it. Moreover, there were half-a-dozen dead seamen whose pay and prize-money he was on the point of nabbing. His account was heavy with more than one ship's company. War was at its height, and the end, apparently distant. These considerations moved him. He blurted out in a truly dolorous tone—

"I yield, Doctor, I yield; I will abide by a strict regimen, and renounce grog."

"And submit forthwith to a course of medical treatment?"

"No! no!" cried the Jew piteously; "I said not that. Medical

treatment! That will cost money—much money—ready money; medical treatment is expensive is it not?”

“And rightly,” returned Delunty; “doctors must live. Would you have them starve, *Extortioner*, while saving characters like yourself from GEHENNA?”

“Don’t use such fearful words,” said Lazarus, in accents of unfeigned alarm; “speak mildly to me, for I require comfort and consolation. And oh! be generous. Worthy Mr. Delunty—” here his voice assumed the tone of the most whining intreaty—“are there not a few drugs you could give me—*give me*—as proper for my case?”

“And are you such an adept in villany, Lamech Lazarus,” said the other, sternly regarding him, “as to imagine any entreaties of yours could induce me to connive at theft? Every drug in this place belongs to the Crown. Nothing is mine. Nor have I the right of using the minutest portion of any medical preparation under my charge, for any parties other than those within the hospital. Am I now to turn dishonest, and for *you*? Lazarus, I never thought you over virtuous; but you’ve more of the devil’s cunning and craft about you than I imagined any living man in a *cold region* was allowed to possess—and all his impudence. Begone, sir!”

“Worthy doctor, hear me—one word—but one word—”

“No! I’ve heard far too many from you this morning for your own honour and credit. Go! you have my verbal directions, and can abide by them. Go!”

“One word, sir, if you please.”

“No! go and repent;—and, I say, be quick about it; for you’re likely to join your forefathers in a jiffy.”

“A ripe and well-matured rascal that!” soliloquised the doctor, as the Jew shuffled down the steps, and turned the corner towards Union Street. “If Commissioner Creyke had heard Lamech’s proposal, a precious wiggling I should have got from him! And yet his lady thinks well of the Jews, and subscribes to a society for converting them! I wish they’d convert old Lazarus! They should have my annual guinea to a certainty. Egad! they would have dearly earned it. Convert old Lazarus! Ha! ha! ha! I’ll mention him to Mrs. Creyke to-morrow as a very proper subject for immediate religious effort.”

SONG.

COME down in the deep with me,
Where waits thee a coral bower;
My home is the wide, wide sea,
And rich is the fairy’s dower!
I’ll weave thee a diadem,
That the stars can scarce outshine,
Of pearls, and the rarest gem
That grows in the crystal mine!

Come down to the deep with me,
Where the sea-nymphs shall obey
The wishes that come to thee,
And bow to thy sov’ reign sway!
Sweet strains from the waves above
Shall charm with their song thy breast;
And the fairy’s wings of love
Shall waft thee unto thy rest!





THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Flight of Marie to Liège.—Paris.—The Gibbet of Montfaucon.

MIDNIGHT was sounded upon the heavy bell of the Bastille by the sentinel on guard but a few minutes before the Marchioness of Brinvilliers—terrified, breathless, and, in spite of her hurry, shivering in her light dress beneath the intense cold,—arrived at the Hôtel D'Aubray. There were no signs of life in that quarter of Paris, for the inhabitants had long retired to rest: a faint light, gleaming from the front windows of Marie's residence upon the snow that covered the thoroughfare, alone served to guide her to the door. The drowsy *concierge* admitted her, and she hurried across the inner court, and up stairs to her own apartment.

Françoise Roussel, her servant, was waiting up for her. Her mistress had left in such an extreme of anxiety, and half-undressed, that Françoise saw at once an affair of great moment had disturbed her; and now, as Marie returned, the girl was frightened by her almost ghastly look. As she entered the room she fell panting on one of the *causeuses*, and then her servant perceived that she had lost one of her shoes, and had been walking, perhaps nearly the whole distance from the Place Maubert, with her small naked foot upon the snow, without discovering it. In her hurried toilet, she had merely arisen from her bed, and drawn her shoes on, without anything else; and throwing a heavy loose robe about her, had thus hurried with Lachaussée to Glazer's house; for from Gaudin's accomplice she had learned the first tidings of his death, and the dangerous position in which she stood. And now, scarcely knowing in the terror and agony of the moment what course to adopt, she remained for some minutes pressing her hands to her forehead, as if to seize and render available some of the confused and distracting thoughts which were hurrying through her almost bewildered brain. A few offers of assistance on the part of her domestic were met with short and angry refusals; and Françoise, almost as frightened as the Marchioness herself, remained gazing at her, not knowing what measures she ought next to adopt.

Meanwhile Desgrais, with the important casket, and accompanied by the clerk Frater, and Maître Picard, had reached the house of M. Artus, the commissary of police in the Rue des Noyers, arriving there not two minutes after Marie had quitted it to regain her own abode. Philippe Glazer had accompanied them, partly from being in a measure an implicated party in the affair, but chiefly out of anxiety for the position of the Marchioness, in whose guilt he had not the slightest belief. He was aware of her connexion with Sainte-Croix; but this was a matter of simple gallantry, and in the time of Louis Quatorze much

more likely to enlist the sympathies of the many on the side of the erring party, than to excite their indignation.

"I suppose you have no further occasion for me?" observed Maître Picard, as he stood at the foot of M. Artus's bed, after having awaited the conclusion of Desgrais's account of the discovery; "because, if you have not, I would fain go home."

The little bourgeois was thinking of the roast pheasant which he had abandoned to the voracity of the Gascon. He had a wild hope that it might be yet untouched.

"Stop, *mon brave*," said Desgrais. "You cannot leave me until we have found Madame de Brinvilliers. I have only missed her by a few seconds. You must come on with me to her house, where she most likely is by this time."

"I suppose there is no necessity for me to remain here longer," said Philippe Glazer.

"None whatever, monsieur," replied the Exempt. "You will take care of M. de Sainte-Croix's property; and we may call upon you to-morrow to analyse the contents of this casket."

Philippe bowed, and left the room. The moment he was clear of the house, having borrowed a lighted lantern from one of the guard, who was at the door, he set off as fast as his legs would carry him towards the Rue St. Paul, having heard enough to convince him that the Marchioness was in danger of being arrested. Upon reaching the Hôtel D'Aubray he clamoured loudly for admission. At the sound of the first knock he perceived a form, which he directly recognised to be that of Marie, peep from behind the edge of the curtain and immediately disappear. Some little delay took place before his summons was answered; and then the *concierge*, peering through the half-opening of the door, told him that Madame de Brinvilliers was not within. Pushing the menial on one side, with a hurried expression of disbelief, Philippe forced his way into the court, and perceived, as he entered, the figure of the Marchioness hurrying up stairs. He bounded after her, and stood by her side upon the landing.

"Philippe!" exclaimed Marie, as she recognised his features. "I was afraid it was Desgrais; and I had gone down to give orders that no one might be admitted."

"You have not an instant to lose," replied young Glazer hurriedly, "and must leave the house in reality. I have just now left them with M. Artus, about to come on and arrest you. You must fly—instantly."

"Fly! by what means?" asked Marie; "my horses are at Offemont, except the one at—at *his* house in the Rue des Bernardins. O Philippe!" she continued, "tell me what to do in this fearful extremity. I know not how to act—I am nearly dead."

All her self-possession—all her duplicity gave way beneath the crushing agony of the moment. She burst into tears, and would have fallen to the ground had not Philippe caught her in his arms.

"Is there nothing in the stables that we can depart with?" asked he of Françoise, who had been watching this short scene with trembling attention. "It will not do to hire a carriage, as that would give a certain clue to our route."

"A man brought a tumbrel here this afternoon, with some things from the country. He has left it, with the horse, in the stables: and sleeps himself at the *Croix d'Or*, in the Rue St. Antoine."

"Bring this light with you, and shew me the way," said Philippe, as he placed the Marchioness in a *fauteuil*, and hurried down stairs, followed by the *femme de chambre*.

As soon as the girl had indicated the spot, Glazer told her to return to her mistress, and bid her prepare as quickly as she could to leave Paris, taking with her only such few things as were immediately necessary. Next, pulling the drowsy horse from his stall, he proceeded to harness him, as well as his acquaintance with such matters allowed him to do, to the rude country vehicle which Françoise had spoken about. All this was not the work of five minutes; and he then returned to Marie's apartment.

But, brief as the interval had been, Marie had, in the time, recovered her wonted firmness, and, aided by her servant, had rapidly made her toilet, wrapping herself in her warmest garments for protection against the inclemency of the weather. When Philippe entered, he found Françoise occupied in making up a small parcel, half unconscious, however, of what she was doing, from flurry at the evident emergency of the circumstances; and Marie was standing before the fire, watching the destruction of a large packet of letters and other papers, which were blazing on the hearth.

"I am ready, madam," said Philippe: "do not delay your departure an instant longer, or you cannot tell into what perplexities you may fall. Every moment is of untold value."

"Where do you propose to take me?" asked the Marchioness earnestly.

"I see no better refuge for the instant than your *château* at Offemont."

"Offemont!" exclaimed Marie; "it is twenty leagues from Paris; and in this dreadful weather we should perish on the route."

"It must be attempted," said Philippe: you say your horses are there; and if we can once reach them, your means of getting to the frontier will be comparatively easy. We must brave everything. Your enemies I know to be numerous in Paris, and you cannot tell what charges they might bring against you when in their power, which it would be next to impossible to refute. Come, come!"

He took her by the hand, and led her to the door, the servant following them closely, and receiving from the Marchioness a number of hurried directions and commissions, which it was next to impossible she could remember. As he quitted the room, with some forethought Philippe blew out the candles, and collected the pieces; for the night would be long and dark: there were seven or eight hours of obscurity yet before them. When they got to the court where the horse and tumbrel were, the former evidently in no hurry to depart, young Glazer fastened the lantern he had borrowed from the guard to the side of the vehicle, and then assisted the Marchioness to mount, and take her seat upon some straw.

"It is a rude carriage, madam," he said; "but the journey would be less pleasant, if it was going to the *Place de Grève*."

Marie shuddered as he spoke; but it was unobserved in the obscurity. As soon as she was seated, Philippe drew a coarse awning over some bent sticks which spanned the interior; and, making this tight all round, prepared to start.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it will be as well to see all clear before us."

And he advanced to the *porte cochère* that opened into the street, when to his dismay he perceived the lighted cressets of the Guet Royal coming down the Rue Neuve St. Paul. In an instant he closed the door, and barred it; and, turning to Françoise, exclaimed,

"Go up to the window of your mistress's room, which looks into the road; and when the guard comes, say she is from home."

"There is a court which leads from the stables to the Rue St. Antoine," said the Marchioness from the vehicle. "You can get out that way."

"It is lucky," said Philippe, "or we should otherwise have been trapped. Françoise! up—up, and detain them every instant that you can. I will prevent the *concierge* from replying."

He took his handkerchief and hurriedly tied it round the clapper of the bell, which hung within his reach over the porter's lodge. Then, turning round the cart, he led the horse through the inner court and stabling to the passage indicated by the Marchioness. Fortunately the snow was on the ground, and there was little noise made beyond the creaking of the vehicle, which in half a minute emerged into the Rue St. Antoine, and Philippe closed the gate behind him.

The thoroughfare was dark and silent; but the snow was falling heavily, as its twinkling by the side of the lantern proved. This was so far lucky, because it would cover up the traces of their route almost as soon as they were made. The fugitives could plainly hear the sound of voices and the clatter of arms in the Rue Neuve St. Paul; and, aware that the delay could only last for a few minutes, Philippe urged on the animal as well as he could, and turned up a small street which ran in a northerly direction from the Rue St. Antoine.

"You are passing the gate," said Marie, who all along had been looking anxiously from the vehicle, as she pointed towards the Bastille, where one or two lights could be seen, apparently suspended in the air, from the windows of the officials and the guard-room.

"I know it, madame," replied Philippe. "It would not be safe for us to leave the city by that barrier. It is the nearest to your house; and if they suspect or discover that you have left Paris, they will directly conclude it is by the Porte St. Antoine there, and follow you. Besides, we might be challenged by the sentinels."

"You are right," said the Marchioness; "the Porte du Temple will be better."

And, shrouding herself in her cloak, she withdrew under the rough shelter of the tilt; whilst Philippe kept on, still leading the horse, through a labyrinth of small narrow streets, which would have been cut by a line drawn from the Bastille to the Temple. At last he emerged upon the new road formed by the destruction of the fortifications, which we now know as the Boulevards, and reached the gate in question, which he passed through unquestioned by the *gardien*, who merely regarded the little party as belonging to one of the markets. Had he been entering the city instead, he would have been challenged; but, as the authorities did not care what any one took out of it, he was allowed to go on his way, amidst a few houses immediately beyond the barrier, forming the commencement of the Faubourg, until he came into the more open country. Here the reflected light from the white ground in some measure diminished the obscurity. The snow, too, had drifted into the hollows, leaving the road pretty clear; and Philippe clambered on to the front of the tumbrel, taking the reins in his hand, and drove on as he best might towards the *grande route*. Not a word

was exchanged between these two solitary travellers. Marie kept in a corner of the vehicle, closely enveloped in her mantle; and her companion had enough to do to watch the line they were taking, and keep his hearing on the stretch to discover the first sounds of pursuit.

"*Peste!*" exclaimed Philippe at length, as one of the wheels jolted into a deep rut, and the lantern was jerked off, and its light extinguished; "this is unlucky. We did not see too well with it, and I don't know how we shall fare now."

He jumped down as he spoke, and tried to rekindle the light with his breath; but it was of no use: he entirely extinguished the only spark remaining. In this dilemma he looked around him, to see if there was a chance of assistance. Marie also was aroused from her silence by the accident, and gazed earnestly from the cart with the same purpose. At last, almost at the same instant, they perceived a thin line of light, as though it shone through an ill-closed shutter, but a little way ahead of them; and the stars, which had been slowly coming out, now faintly showed the outline of a high and broken ground upon their right. At the top of this some masonry and broken pillars were just observable, supporting cross-beams, from which, at certain distances, depended dark, irregularly-shaped objects. It was a gloomy locality, and Philippe knew it well, as he made out the crumbling remains of the gibbet at Montfaucon.

"I should have taken this as a bad omen," said he, half joking, "if the *fourche* had been still in use. It would have looked as though the beam was meant for our destination."

As they approached the small cabin from which the light came, Philippe shouted to awaken the attention of those within; but no answer being returned, he jumped down, and knocked furiously at the door. He heard some whispers for a minute or two, and then a woman's voice demanded, "Who is there?"

"A traveller, who wants a light," cried Philippe, "to guide him safely to Bourget. For pity, madam, don't keep me here much longer, or I must be ungallant, and kick in the door."

There was evidently another conference within, and then the door was cautiously opened. Philippe entered, and his eyes directly fell upon Exili, whilst the female proved to be a woman who was practising fortune-telling in Paris,—it was supposed as a cloak for darker matters,—and was known to some of the people, and to the whole of the police, as La Voisin. The physician and the student recognised each other immediately, for they had often met on the Carrefours, and each uttered a hurried exclamation of surprise at the rencontre.

"Monsieur Glazer," said Exili, as Philippe took a light from the fire, "you have seen me here, and possibly are acquainted with what has taken place in the Quartier Latin this evening."

"I know everything," replied Glazer.

"Then I must ask you, on your faith, to keep my secret," said Exili. "You have discovered me in coming here to serve yourself; but this refuge is to me an affair of life and death. You will not betray me?"

"You may trust me," said Philippe carelessly; "and in return, madam," he continued, turning to La Voisin, "if any others should come up, let your story be that you have seen no one this night. Mine also is a case of emergency, and a lady—high-born, rich, and beautiful—is concerned in it."

The woman assured Philippe he might depend upon her secrecy ; and he was about to depart with his lantern, when Exili stopped him.

"Stay !" he exclaimed earnestly. "Who is it you have with you ?" And as he spoke, the strange fire kindled in his falcon eyes that always bespoke the workings of some terrible passions within.

"It cannot concern you," replied Philippe. "I have got my light, and our interview is concluded."

"Not yet," answered Exili quickly. "A woman—rich, high-born, and beautiful. It is the Marchioness of Brinvilliers !"

And before Philippe could stop him, he rushed forward, and threw open the covering of the cart, discovering Marie still crouching in the corner of the vehicle.

"I have you, then, at last," he cried, in a voice choking with rage, as he recognised her. "Descend !—fiend ! demon ! murderess of my son ! Descend ! for you are mine—mine !"

He was about to climb up the vehicle, when Marie, to whom part of the speech was entirely incomprehensible, shrank to the other side of the tumbrel, and called upon Philippe to defend her. But this was not needed. The young student had clutched the physician by the neck, and pulled him back on to the ground.

"What do you mean by this outrage, Monsieur ?" he asked.

"She is a murderess, I tell you !" he continued hoarsely. "Her damned arts drove my son—him they called Sainte-Croix—to death ! She killed him, body and soul, and she belongs to me. I will denounce her to the *Chambre Ardente*."

"Keep back !" cried Philippe: "you are mad ! What has the Marchioness of Brinvilliers in common with yourself ?"

"You shall see," answered Exili. "Look there—in the Faubourg—the guard is coming. They have tracked you."

And indeed the lights were visible from the cressets carried by the *Guet Royal* at the extreme end of the route. Philippe sprung upon the tumbrel as Exili spoke, and tried to proceed ; but the other seized the horse's head, and endeavoured to arrest his progress.

"Stand away !" exclaimed young Glazer, "or you are a dead man !"

"I shall not move," was Exili's reply. "I shall be doomed myself, but I will drag her with me to the scaffold. See ! they are coming—she is mine !"

His further speech was cut short by Philippe, who, raising his heavy country whip, struck the physician with all his force with the butt-end upon the temple. Exili staggered back, and then the student, lashing his horse furiously, drove from the hovel with tolerable speed, placing the lantern under the covering, that it might not be seen ; whilst Marie, without speaking a word, gazed anxiously behind upon the advancing patrol. In a minute, however, a turn of the road shut them from her sight, and the travellers found themselves approaching the Faubourg of La Villette, upon the high road, without the *Porte St. Martin*.

It was, as Exili had said, a party of the guard who were in pursuit, mounted, and headed by Desgrais. The active Exempt had gone to the *Hôtel D'Aubray*, as we have seen, and, being at last admitted by Françoise, had seen some traces of a departure on the snow, which had drifted into the sheltered parts of the court. But in the street the fall had covered up the wheel-tracks ; and, as the fugitives had con-

ceived, he went directly to the Porte St. Antoine. The sentinel, however, told him that no one had passed the barrier; and he then rode briskly along the Boulevards to the next gate, near the Temple. Here he learned a tumbrel had gone out of the city but a few minutes before his arrival; upon which he divided his troop into two parties, sending one along the road to La Courtille, whilst with the other he took the same line that Philippe had chosen, these being the only two practicable routes for vehicles without the barrier, and, accompanied by the latter escort, he soon arrived at the foot of Montfaucon.

Exili had been stunned for a few seconds by the heavy blow which Philippe Glazer had dealt to him; but, recovering himself before the guard came up, he darted back into the hovel, and, seizing a piece of lighted wood from the hearth, told La Voisin to save herself as she best might, and then scrambled with singular agility up the steep mound at the back of the house, until he reached the stone-work of the gibbet. This was crumbling, and afforded many foot-places by which he could ascend, until he stood between two of the pillars that still supported the cross-pieces, above the hollow way along which Desgrais and his troop were progressing.

The Exempt knew the physician directly, as his gaunt form appeared in the lurid light of the cressets, and the rude torch that he himself carried; and he would have ordered the guard immediately to capture him, had not Exili arrested the command by speaking.

"You seek the Marchioness of Brinvilliers," he cried. "She was here not an instant back; and you will find her, if you care to hurry, on the *grande route*."

"I call upon you to surrender yourself my prisoner," said Desgrais, speaking from below; "you may then guide us on the track."

"If I had meant to give myself up," said Exili, "I should have remained below. I have put you on the scent, and that was all I wanted. Farewell!"

He waved his hand to the officers, and disappeared behind the foundation of the masonry. On seeing this, Desgrais sprang from his horse, and, seizing a cresset from the guard, told one or two of the others to follow him, as he rapidly ascended the mound. He was active, his limbs were well-knit, and a few seconds sufficed to bring him to the spot from whence Exili had spoken; but, as he looked over the area of masonry, not a trace of the physician was visible, except the smouldering brand which he had flung down upon the ground.

The others had arrived at the platform, and, by the additional light from their cressets, Desgrais perceived an opening in the stone-work, conducting below by ragged jutting angles of masonry, and down this he boldly proceeded to venture. It conducted to a terrible spot,—the cemetery of those unfortunates who had perished on the gibbet, into which the bodies were thrown in former times, to make room for fresh victims on the *fourche*. But now the dry bones were all that remained, crushing and rattling beneath the feet of the Exempt as he proceeded; for nearly a century had elapsed since the last execution,—that of the wise and just Coligni, during the fiendish massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the place had been undisturbed, time alone having altered its features; the only intruders upon its dreary loneliness being the dogs, and the sorcerers, who came thither for materials to give a horrid interest to their calling, and frighten the vulgar who came to consult them.

By the flaring light of the cressets Desgrais beheld Exili cowering at the end of the vault. His object had evidently been to betray the Marchioness, whilst he eluded capture himself; but he had underrated the keen vigilance of the Exempt. He had been taken in a trap; and as one or two of the Guet Royal followed Desgrais, he saw that further resistance was useless. He held up his hand to prevent the threatened attack which the others seemed inclined to make; and then, advancing to the Exempt, muttered,

"I am your prisoner: take me where you please. The game is up at last."

The party retraced their steps, and descended once more to the by-way of the Faubourgs. Bidding two of the patrol watch Exili, Desgrais next went into the hovel, and ordered the woman to come forth. She immediately obeyed, and made a haughty reverence to the authorities.

"Madame Catherine Deshayes," said Desgrais, "by your name of *La Voisin* you are already under the *surveillance* of the police. You will please to accompany them at present, until your connexion with the Signor Exili can be explained."

Some of the patrol directly took their places on either side of the woman, and then Desgrais turned to Exili.

"You will stay for to-night," he said, "in the Châtelet: to-morrow other arrangements will be made for your sojourn until the opening of the next chamber at the Arsenal. Two of you," he continued, addressing the guard, "will take charge of the prisoner to Paris."

"Then you will not want me to follow Madame de Brinvilliers?" said Exili.

"We do not now require your aid," was the reply. "Messieurs,—*en route!*"

The guard prepared to mount, when one of them rode, apparently in a great feeling of insecurity, through the little knot of patrol, and approached Desgrais. The lights revealed the form and features of Maître Picard.

"Monsieur," said the little bourgeois, "I fear my horse is tired. I will therefore form one of the escort to take the prisoner to the Châtelet."

"I fear we cannot spare you just yet, *mon brave*," said Desgrais. "You are the only member of the Garde Bourgeois with us, and we may need your authority after mine. You must come on at present."

Maître Picard groaned as he turned his horse's bridle back again. He was evidently ill at ease in the saddle. He could just touch the stirrups—the leathers of which were much too long for him—with the tips of his toes; and as he had not crossed a horse since his grand progress to Versailles, he complained that the action of the present steed was somewhat too vigorous for him. But he was obliged to obey the orders of the Exempt, and fell into the rear accordingly.

"A country cart, drawn by one horse, and covered with a tilt, is the object of our chase," said Desgrais. "It cannot be ten minutes before us. Forward!"

The majority of the guard set off at a smart trot along the hollow way, whilst those who remained placed their prisoners between them, and prepared to return by the Porte du Temple to Paris

CHAPTER XXIX.

Philippe avails himself of Maitre Picard's horse for the Marchioness.

PHILIPPE GLAZER made the best use of the time taken up in the enactment of this hurried scene. Urging the horse on, he had already left the scattered houses of La Villette behind them, and was now in the open country, hastening as fast as the snow would permit towards Le Bourget, at which village he had an acquaintance who would give him and his companion temporary shelter, and lend him a fresh horse, if requisite. The road was long and straight, and any light could be seen at a great distance. As they proceeded, still in silence, Marie kept watching from the back of the tumbrel, to give the student the first alarm of any indications of pursuit.

"Philippe," at length she exclaimed in a low voice, as though she thought it would be heard in the extreme distance, "they are coming! I can see the lights at La Villette moving. Exili has betrayed us:—what must be done?"

Her conductor jumped down to the ground as she spoke, and looked towards the hamlet, where the cressets were indeed visible. Every moment of advance was now most precious. He applied the lash with renewed activity to the flanks and legs of the horse, but with little effect. The animal was tired when he started; and the snow was now clogging round the wheels, rendering any material progress beyond his strength. At last, on coming to a deep drift, after a few attempts to drag the tumbrel through, he stopped altogether.

"Malediction!" muttered Philippe through his teeth; "everything is against us."

"They appear to be coming on at a fast trot," exclaimed Marie, as she hastily descended from the vehicle, and stood at the side of the student. "We cannot possibly escape them."

"I am not foiled yet," replied Philippe. "We cannot outrun them, so we must try stratagem."

Fortunately there was a small bye-road running into a species of copse at the way-side, upon which was stored large stacks of firewood. Giving the Marchioness his whip, he directed her to flog the horse, whilst he himself with all his power turned one of the wheels. Marie complied—it was no time to hesitate; and by their united efforts they urged the animal forward, turning him off the road towards the copse, behind one of whose wood piles the vehicle was soon concealed.

"Now," he said, "if they do not see us, we are safe."

A few minutes of terrible anxiety supervened as the patrol came on at a rapid pace, their arms clanking and shining in the light of the cressets which one or two of them still carried, blazing brightly as the quick passage through the air fanned up their flames. Sure of the object of their pursuit, as they imagined, they did not pause to examine any of the tracks upon the ground, but were pushing hastily forward towards Le Bourget, where they either expected to come up with the fugitive, or receive information that would speedily place her in their hands. They came on, and were close to the spot where the others had turned off the road. Marie held her breath, and clasped Philippe's arm convulsively; but neither uttered a syllable as they heard them pass, and could distinctly recognise Desgrais's voice.

"They have gone on!" exclaimed the Marchioness as the sounds diminished.

"Stop!" said Philippe drawing her back, for she had advanced beyond their concealment to look after the patrol; "do not move; there are more to come."

As he spoke a horseman came slowly up, who appeared to be lagging behind the rest as a sentinel. The starlight was sufficient to show Philippe that he was alone; and in the stillness the student could hear the rider muttering words of displeasure, and abusing the horse, as he rolled uneasily about on his saddle. He stopped exactly opposite the copse, and for a moment Philippe imagined they were discovered. But he was soon undeceived. The patrol, after vainly endeavouring to tighten his saddle-girths as he sat on the horse attempted to dismount; but, being short and round in figure, he could not well reach the ground from the stirrup, and the consequence was, he rolled down, and over and over in the snow, like a ball.

"*Mort bleu!*" he exclaimed, as under the weight of his accoutrements he with difficulty scrambled on to his legs. "*Pouf!* every bone in my body is broken. *Sacristie!*—miserable beast! how shall I get on you again?"

And he very angrily, but in great fear withal, proceeded to lift up the horse's hoofs, and pick the snow out of them with his halberd, one after another; having accomplished which, he tried to tighten the girths.

"I know the voice," said Philippe; "it is Maître Picard. I shall take his horse."

Pulling his student's cap over his eyes, and disguising his voice, Philippe left the hiding-place, and advanced towards the hapless little bourgeois,—for it was the *chapelier* of the Rue de la Harpe. Maître Picard had laid his halberd on the snow; and Philippe, seizing it before the other was aware of his approach, demanded his money, in the usual tone of a road-marauder."

The bourgeois's first exclamation was one of surprise at the unexpected apparition; but immediately after he began to shout,—

"*Aux voleurs!*—help!—murder!—guard!"

"Speak another word, and you shall swallow this halberd," said Philippe. "Give me your arms."

With wonderful celerity Maître Picard proceeded to dispossess himself of all his accoutrements, begging earnestly that his life might be spared, for the sake of his wife and family.

"You are a miserable liar," said Philippe gruffly, "and I have a mind to pin you to a tree." And collecting the arms, he added, "Now stay here an instant. Move at your peril until I return."

He ran back to the cart, and bringing out the lantern, put it in Maître Picard's hand.

"There! take this, and return to Paris. I shall watch you along the road, to see that you are not loitering to watch me. Be off!"

"But the honour of a *garde bourgeois*—" commenced Maître Picard, somewhat vaguely.

"Ha!" shouted Philippe, raising the halberd as though to strike. Maître Picard made no other attempt to remonstrate. He turned away, and was directly progressing towards Paris as fast as his little legs and rotund body would allow him.

As soon as Philippe saw he was beyond eye-shot, he gathered up the arms, and then returned to Marie.

"We have a fresh and powerful horse, Madame," he said; "some good arms, and a clear way, at present. We will abandon this tumble, and use our new prize."

The Marchioness acceded to everything; — in fact, since they had started she had appeared completely passive, trusting entirely to the student. Philippe took the small bundle from the cart, and slung it to the holster. He then placed Marie upon the croup of the horse, having turned back part of the sheepskin trappings to form a seat, and got up before her. The whole affair from Maître Picard's first coming up did not occupy four minutes.

"Now, grasp me tightly," he said. "Are you ready? then '*en route!*'"

He struck the horse as he spoke, and the animal sprang forward, apparently insensible of the double load he was carrying. Philippe's object was at all hazard to press on as far as was possible towards Compiègne, knowing that at Offemont carriages and horses, with everything the Marchioness needed for her flight, were at her disposal; but the high road between Paris and Senlis was one long straight line, with few bye-ways branching off from it, but those which went completely out of the way; and even along these the journey would have been hazardous, as the snow lay over the open country in one unbroken sheet, alike covering up the ground and the dykes to the same level.

Desgrais and his party had evidently pushed on with speed; for although Philippe was now riding at the rate of ten miles an hour, they saw no signs of them ahead. The church-clock of Le Bourget* struck two as they entered the village; the snow had ceased to fall, and the stars shone somewhat more brightly; but beyond this everything was wrapped in obscurity, except at the end of the village, where a faint light was gleaming from one of the houses. The place consisted of one long street, and it was necessary to pass along this. Philippe reined up the horse, and proceeded, at a slow noiseless walk, in the direction of the light.

"The snow comes aptly enough," he said; "or the ring of this beast's shoes upon the clear frozen ground would soon have betrayed us. We must use a little caution now. I expect they have halted at the post-house."

"What do you mean to do?" said Marie: "there will be danger in passing them."

"It must be tried, however. If they arrive before us at Senlis the game is up. You have courage to make the attempt, Madame?"

"I will dare anything," replied the Marchioness; "so that my bodily energy will but keep up to my determinations."

"Then we will try it," said Philippe. "Now, keep a tight hold, a sure seat, and a good heart; and leave the rest to me."

He continued walking the horse along the street until he was close upon the post-house — a wretched cabaret enough, — about which the troop had collected, having dismounted, and knocked up the master for refreshment, and what tidings they could collect. Knowing that, in all probability, the horse they rode would be called upon to exert

* At this little village of Le Bourget, on the 20th of June, 1815, Napoleon, returning from Waterloo, stopped for two hours, that he might not enter Paris until nightfall, and thus diminish in some measure the sensation which his flight from Belgium would produce.

all his power, Philippe paused for a few minutes to allow the animal to draw his breath; and then creeping in the obscurity as near the *Poste* as he could safely, he struck the sharp and heavy stirrups into the sides of the horse, in lieu of spurs, and dashed hurriedly by.

The alarm was instantaneous. One of the guard perceived them, and called the others from the interior of the *auberge*. Headed by Desgrais, they rushed out and prepared to mount. The arrangements of their trappings took a minute or two, and then they started after the fugitives.

Meantime the horse which bore the student and the Marchioness flew on like the wind, with almost quivering rapidity. Philippe knew, however, that this velocity could not be sustained for any very long time, more especially under the extra burden; and he therefore again taxed his invention to produce some fresh scheme by which to deceive the others. He was aware that, somewhat further on, the road divided into two routes, one running through Mortefontaine, and the other by La Chapelle, and this decided him what plan to adopt. Still keeping his horse at his full speed, which the party of Desgrais had not yet been able to come up with, he pressed onward, and in another quarter of an hour had arrived at the bifurcation of the route in question. Taking the right-hand road without allowing his horse to relax his speed, before long they entered the beginning of the street of Mortefontaine.

Philippe pulled up the horse for a few seconds, finding that Desgrais's party were not yet upon them; and then briefly explained to Marie his intentions. It chanced that an old professor of medicine at the *Hôtel Dieu*,—one Docteur Chapelet, who had in no small degree annoyed Philippe by his exercise of authority over the students generally during his pupilage, had come to settle as apothecary at Mortefontaine. Young Glazer knew the house, which was situated within a court and *porte cochère* in the middle of the village; and towards this he now rode, choosing those parts of the uneven road where the snow was deepest, to leave the most vivid marks behind him. Coming close to the *porte cochère*, he immediately backed the horse into a small water-course running at the side of the road, and then followed its direction until he came to a part of the road where the wind had blown the snow, as it fell, into the hollows. By this means not a trace of his progress was visible, after the gateway; and crossing the road at this point, he once more put the horse into a gallop across the bare open country, until he regained the *grande route* which led direct to Senlis.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Stratagem at Mortefontaine—Senlis.—The Accident.

THE alarm which had been so hurriedly given by the sentinel as the Marchioness passed the post-house at Le Bourget, called the guard together immediately; and after the short delay alluded to, they replenished their lights, and pricked on at a smart pace along the high road, leaving directions with the *aubergiste* to inform Maître Picard of their route, should he come up. Arriving at the fork, they halted awhile until they saw the traces of their objects, which they at once followed; for the surface of the snow on the left-hand road was perfectly undisturbed; and these marks, keenly picked out by the quick

eye of Desgrais, brought the whole party up to the *porte cochère* of the Docteur Chapelet, but a very short time after Marie and Philippe had quitted it. Here the impressions of the horse's shoes suddenly ceased, and here of course they decided that the fugitives had taken shelter.

The Exempt rode up to the bell-handle, and gave a mighty pull, sufficient to have alarmed the whole village, had it not been so profoundly wrapped in sleep. As it was, it awoke the Doctor immediately, for his ears were ever sensitive to the slightest tingle of a summons; and he forthwith struck a light, and projected his head, enveloped in a marvellous mass of wrappings, on account of the cold, from the window of the room which overlooked the road at the end of one of the wings.

"*Dieu de Dieux!*" exclaimed the Doctor, as he saw the cavalcade below his window. "What is the matter? Who is hurt? Who are you?"

"Admit me directly," said Desgrais, without deigning to answer the Doctor's questions; and in such a tone of authority that the Professor, imagining nothing less than that he had been sent for by Louis Quatorze himself, or at the least Madame de Montespan, hurried on his clothes, and tumbled down stairs into the court-yard, to which the Exempt and his force were soon admitted.

"*Eh bien, monsieur!*" said Desgrais; "you will now have the kindness to give up the Marchioness of Brinvilliers and an accomplice, whom you have sheltered in your house."

The Professor regarded the Exempt with an air of man who is asked a question before he is thoroughly awake.

"Every instant of delay compromises your own security," continued Desgrais. "Where are they?"

"On my word of honour as a member of my learned profession, I know not what you mean, monsieur," at length gasped out the Doctor. "There is no one within but Madame Chapelet and the servant."

"Sir," cried Desgrais in a voice of thunder, "if you do not immediately produce the fugitives, we will give you the question of the cord from the top of your own gateway."

"Will anybody tell me what I am expected to do," cried the Professor in an agony of bewilderment. "Sir, captain,—"

"I am no captain, monsieur," interrupted Desgrais; "but an Exempt of the Marechaussée. We have traced the fugitives to your door; and now demand them of you.—Gentlemen," he continued, to the guard, "dismount, and proceed to tie up the Doctor, and search his house."

"I tell you there is no one here," screamed the unfortunate Professor, as some of the guard proceeded to lay hands on him; or if there is, it is without my knowledge. You can search my house from top to bottom. I will conduct you everywhere."

This was said with such frantic anxiety that Desgrais placed the confusion of the Doctor rather to the score of undisguised fright than unbelieved truth. He directly stationed sentinels round the house, and, accompanied by Chapelet, and the rest of his men, commenced a searching investigation, scaring the servant—a rosy, drowsy Normande—from her tranquillity; and even breaking the slumbers of Madame Chapelet, whose appearance, in her provincial night-gear, attracted less the attention of the *Guet Royal*. Not a corner of the abode was left unvisited. Desgrais sounded the panels, and even broke in the

side of one of the fire-places, which he thought was a masked recess. He crept up into the lofts, and down into the cellars, but, of course, without success: until, having visited the stable, and found but one horse therein,—a sorry animal, whose appearance betrayed not the least token of recent exercise,—he confessed himself fairly at a loss to know what to do next.

“She is a deep one, that Marchioness!” he said, “and has fairly tricked us. We are sorry, monsieur,” he added, addressing the Professor, “to have annoyed you in such an untimely manner; but you have our best wishes that the remainder of your night’s rest will be undisturbed.”

The Professor made a grimace, and an attempt at a bow.

Desgrais continued:—

“Gentlemen,—we must be again on our way. One thing is certain,—the fugitives will not return to Paris, but, without doubt, are still on the road, although this *ruse*—for such it is—is inexplicable. We must go on to Senlis.”

The guard did not obey this order with their usual alacrity. They were put out of heart by the escape of their intended prisoners when they thought them in their grasp. Their horses, too, were fatigued; and between Mortefontaine and Senlis there were still eight or nine good miles of ground to be got over. But Desgrais’s orders were peremptory; and, although grumbling quietly to one another, they remounted, and were again on their pursuit.

But the delay thus brought about had answered Philippe’s purpose, who still kept bravely on with his companion, until at last they came to the faubourgs of Senlis, and the horse’s hoofs clattered over the pavement of the narrow streets, with the topography of which the student was very well acquainted. The pace had, however, materially diminished; and Philippe was not sorry when they at last stopped at the *poste*—the *Hôtel du Grand-Cerf*. Luckily the inn was open, and the people were up; for a public conveyance running from Valenciennes to Paris was expected within an hour, either sooner or later,—its arrival being a matter of great uncertainty, depending alike on the roads, the weather, and the thieves.

Philippe was on the ground the instant they reached the door; and, assisting Marie to dismount, supported her into the inn, whilst one of the *écuyers* took the horse. As the student reached the *salle-à-manger*, where a bright fire was burning, Marie could bear up no longer. She strove to utter a few words, and then, her voice failing, went into a violent fit of hysterics that appeared tearing her to pieces.

Philippe was a clever fellow in his profession, and could have prescribed fitly for a patient; but he scarcely knew how to act upon the present occasion. His natural readiness, however, never deserted him; so he sent for the mistress of the hôtel, and, commencing by ordering a chaise and four to be immediately in waiting, that he might command more attention, said to the hostess,

“We must make a *confidante* of you, madame. As a woman, you will assist us. In a word, I am in love with this lady, and we have eloped together to avoid a forced marriage on her part. Will you attend to her kindly, whilst I hurry the stable-people?”

And without waiting for a reply Philippe left the convulsed form of the Marchioness to the care of the landlady, whilst he went into the inn-yard to urge on the putting-to of the horses. The hostess did not

disbelieve his story. We have before spoken of the singularly youthful appearance of Marie's features; and, as Philippe Glazer was a handsome young man, about the same age, she took it all for granted, and directly entered into the trouble of "the poor young couple," as she imagined them to be. The prospect of good payment might, at the same time, have increased her sympathy.

When the carriage was ready Philippe returned, and then Marie was slightly recovered, and was sipping some warm wine, poured from one of a number of bright little pewter vessels which were ranged amongst the glowing embers of the fire-place. She was, however, pale and anxious, and earnestly inquired of Philippe if he was ready to start.

"The horses are waiting," he replied, as Marie, turning to the landlady, inquired, "How many others have you in the stable at present?"

"There are six," replied the hostess; "four of which are going on with the Valenciennes express."

"Are the roads safe?" asked the Marchioness.

"But tolerably so, ma'amselle. They usually travel armed who go by night, or with an escort."

"I will have two of your people," she added, "to ride by our side. Let them mount immediately."

"There is little to apprehend from the robbers," said Philippe, as the landlady hurried out of the room.

"But a great deal from Desgrais, if he gets fresh horses," replied Marie. "I would take them all on if I could."

Philippe immediately saw her object. The mistress returned in two minutes, and informed them that all was ready; when, hurriedly paying the account, they entered the lumbering but comfortable vehicle that stood at the door, guarded by two rough-looking *écuyers*, who, in some old postilion's trappings, had been suddenly raised to the dignity of an escort.

"And now to Offemont, by Compiègne," cried Philippe to the riders. "A treble *pour boire* if you get there under three hours, and without a change! Allons!"

"*Allume! hi donc! hue! hue! ir-r-r-r!*" The traces, long enough for eight horses, tightened; the postilions shouted and cracked their whips; the animals left off whinnying and fighting, and then started swiftly off; their feet clattering and the bridle-bells jingling through the empty streets of Senlis. They did not, however, put out their full speed until they left the town; but then, urged on by Philippe every minute, they dashed on like lightning. But a short way from the gates they met the Valenciennes express, with the lamp over the driver's head gleaming upon the white road along which they were toiling; and after this the way was clear. On, on they went, as the bare and spectral trees that bordered the route appeared to be flying past them; their very speed counteracting, by its excitement, the depression and fear caused by the journey. Villeneuve-sur-Verberie! they had passed over three leagues. There was a short halt at the *poste* to change the riders of the horses, and thus divide the work, and they were again on the road, which now passed through forests, and along straight avenues of trees with snow-laden branches overhanging the way. Then came more villages, in which no signs of life were visible; again they were hurrying over the open country, or traversing the wood. But still the same rattling pace was kept up, until they

again stopped, for as long a rest and as good a bait as the impatience of Marie and Philippe would allow, at La Croix-Saint-Ouen; at the post-house of which village they left their escort, fully satisfied that their horses could be of no further service to any one, for that night at least.

Desgrais had lost too much time at Mortefontaine to get to the inn at Senlis until half an hour after the Marchioness had left. It did not take him long, however, when he got there, to undeceive the landlady as to the real position of affairs. Here fresh annoyances awaited him. The horses, as we have seen, had all been bespoken; those of his own troop were too tired to proceed, and the Exempt therefore determined to use those waiting for the Valenciennes express, which arrived a minute or two after he reached the *Grand Cerf*. This of course led to a violent uproar between the passengers and the guards; but the former could not well help themselves. Desgrais asserted his royal authority for so doing, against which there was no appeal; and the travellers accordingly were obliged to remain at the hotel, whilst the Exempt, and three picked followers, took the horses, and were again on their journey, leaving the scared hostess to recount to her customers, against their will, the deception which had been practised on her.

Nothing befel the party as they rode on to Villeneuve-sur-Verberie, where a relay of fresh horses was obtained at the post, with fresh intelligence of their intended prisoner. At La Croix-Saint-Ouen they fell in with the two stable fellows left behind by Philippe, and from them Desgrais learned that it was the intention of the fugitives to go to Offemont. Knowing that the establishment of the Marchioness at this place was large, and that several horses were at her disposal, the active Exempt foresaw there was yet necessity for the utmost speed; but his companions were completely knocked up; they had ridden in heavy accoutrements from Paris, and although they did not dare to refuse, Desgrais perceived the pursuit would be a sorry business; he therefore determined to go on alone, and mounting a fresh horse, slung a flask of brandy over his shoulders, and started by himself for Compiègne. He was a man of unflinching purpose and iron nerve, and he resolved not to return to Paris until Marie was in his power.

It was between five and six in the morning when he entered a little village adjoining Compiègne, and still dark; but the Exempt found the hamlet in some commotion: lights were flitting about the street, and people talking simultaneously, at the top of their voices, in the manner of their countrymen at the present day, as they gathered round some object in the middle of the road. Desgrais pushed forward, and asked the cause of the tumult at such an unwonted hour.

"The wheels of a post-carriage have taken fire, monsieur," replied a bystander, "and one is quite destroyed."

"And the travellers?" eagerly demanded the Exempt.

"Have gone on to Compiègne in a market-cart, not ten minutes ago."

Desgrais put spurs to his horse, and galloped off without saying another word.

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS :

A REFLECTIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, AND ANECDOTAL ACCOUNT OF
PLAY, HOUSES OF PLAY, AND PLAY-MEN.

"You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir."

"Sir, I confess both ; they are both the varnish of a complete man."

SHAKSPEARE.

Assuming that Shakspeare spoke the opinions, and faithfully described the manners of the times in which he lived, we must take it, on such high and indisputable authority, that in the merry, frolicsome, and semi-chivalric days of Queen Bess, gaming was considered a quality essential to the perfectability of a gentleman—an ingredient in the lustrous compound that gave the finishing touch to the man of fashion. To claim distinction as a gentleman without exhibiting something of the adventurous, reckless quality of the gamester was to be a dullard content with the monotony of life, and unfitted for the gay, roystering, and extravagant spirit of the age,—to lack the one thing indispensable—the brilliancy and polish of the world—the true Day-and-Martin distinction of fashionable life, or in the comprehensive terms of Shakspeare, "the varnish of the complete man." Succeeding times have done honour to the received opinions of the Elizabethan period, and, as far as the particular ingredient of gaming may be necessary to the orthodox qualification of gentility, have progressed towards its more perfect attainment. The reign of the Merry Monarch did much to heighten and improve the varnish, by the additional lustre of royal patronage. The palace had then its regular and exclusive apartment for gaming, and appurtenant thereto the office or appointment of groom-porter to direct and superintend the proceedings of the hazard-table ; and this appointment is said to have been one of most lucrative character, owing to large gratuities emanating from successful players. The office of groom-porter is still, or was until within very few years, to be found in the Court Kalendar, amongst the appointments of the royal household ; it must be assumed however that the original duties of the situation have long since passed from it, for those of more wholesome character, but in the times alluded to, hazard was a favourite and frequent pastime of the Monarch and his courtiers, on which account it received the dignified appellation of "The Royal Game," and was entered into with right royal and determined spirit. The room appropriated to this amusement is said to have been of so high a temperature and occasionally so intolerable under the additional heat and excitement of play, that Rochester, in his elaborate conception, distinguished it as, and invariably called it, "Hell," and it is doubtless to such an origin that similar title and distinction attach to every modern gaming-house. When the King felt disposed and it was his pleasure to play, it was the etiquette and custom to announce to the company that "*His Majesty was out*," on which intimation all court ceremony and restraint were put aside, and the sport commenced ; and when the Royal Gamester had been beaten to his heart's content, or as modern phraseology terms it, "*cleuned out*," or when, on the contrary, he had sufficiently increased his means, or otherwise satisfied or surfeited his kingly appetite, notice of the royal pleasure to discontinue the game

was with like formality announced by intimation that "*His Majesty was at home,*" whereupon play forthwith ceased, the etiquette and ceremony of the palace were resumed, and "*Majesty was itself again.*" Modern recreations, though boasting not royal patronage, have lost nothing of the spirit which distinguished the amusements of by-gone periods, which, on the contrary, appears to have gained strength with years. Gaming, however, is no longer, as formerly, a mere recreative pastime with the noble and wealthy, it is now become a part of their daily business and pursuit, while the influence of example (which is endless in its duration and extent) has infected all classes of men from the courtier to the costermonger, and that without the slightest distinctive shade of principle; for the desire of gain which is the motive prompting the peer to throw a main at Crockford's for £100, is the same incentive that induces the potboy to toss head or tail for a pint of beer. It has been said that this same desire of gain is an inherent principle in man—that it is the impulse to venture of every kind, and consequently the main spring of all honourable and successful enterprise; and upon such general proposition it has been absurdly argued that all distinction is lost between the professed gamester and the more qualified and legitimate speculator; the reasoning, however, is false and inconclusive; the characters are as distinct as day from night, as pure from counterfeit coin; the desire of gain in the one is a praiseworthy and commendable principle prompting to useful and beneficial enterprise by honourable means and for purposes advantageous to the general interests of society; in the other it is an exclusively selfish and unworthy passion, seeking its own sole and immediate benefit at the total sacrifice of another's welfare, working no practical good to any, and frequently leading to the most dire and distressing results. The man of estate has no right to game, for by so doing he misappropriates the gifts of fortune, and perverts the stream of his wealth from its wholesome and legitimate course into channels where its just influence cannot be felt. The man of moderate means has no justification for gaming, for by it he wantonly endangers his envied position of independence and the respect it ensures, and shamefully risks the happiness of domestic ties, and abandons the duties of social life to the base and ruinous pursuit. While the gamester-merchant or trader is a double dealer of the worst kind; he obtains credit upon a false pledge and estimate of his character, and dishonestly risks a capital not his own, but entrusted to him for the sole and special purpose of fair and honourable traffic. It has been wisely said that gamesters are either fools or knaves; fools, if having sufficient means, they endanger the possession thereof by play; and knaves, if having none, they seek by false pretences, to defraud others of that which belongs to them. Who can deny the truth of the predicate? Yet such is the extent to which the two great systems of folly and knavery are carried, and so great the prevailing propensity for play, particularly amongst the higher classes, that it may not be inappropriately asked, in the terms of the Roman satirist, as translated by Dryden,

“When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
 The well-fill'd fob's not emptied now alone,
 But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
 The steward brings the deed that must convey
 The lost estate; what more than madness reigns,
 When one short sitting many hundreds drains,

And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages or his footman's livery?"

The conceptions of the Poet embody some pungent and lamentable truths. Whole patrimonies have indeed disappeared under the influence of dice, the *powers* and *uses* of which never came within the learned Sugden's knowledge and experience, or he would have admitted their efficacy to bar an expectancy, and sever possession of an estate beyond every other mode of conveyance. Not less true is it that men of fortune have been so reckless in their play as to have reached the extreme point of inability described, namely, the lack of means to pay their tradesmens' bills or servants' wages.

It may be said of gaming, as of every other vicious propensity, that it is of most ancient origin, and, in its practice, of high example and authority. Dice in particular are said to have been the invention of Palamedes at the siege of Troy. There were two sorts of games amongst the Greeks and Romans, the *ludus talorum* and the *ludus tesserarum*; the *tali* had but four sides marked with four opposite numbers, 4 and 3, and 6 and 1; the *tesseræ* resembled modern dice, and presented six faces, numbered respectively 1 to 6. The upper and lower numbers both in the *tali* and *tesseræ* invariably made 7. The game was different in its principle from hazard, it was played with three *tesseræ* or dice, the best throw being the three sixes, which was termed *basilicus*, signifying a princely or royal throw; the worst cast was *ames ace*, which was termed *canis* and carried with it total loss. Persius, in his satires, particularly alludes to these matters, and speaks moreover of the practice of cheating or cogging the dice, which was resorted to in those days, and indeed appears to have been co-existent with the game itself. The passage, in Dryden's translation, runs thus:

"But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky *sice*,
To shun *ames ace*, that swept my stakes away,
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in my play."

The peculiar study alluded to is notoriously characteristic of the school of modern practitioners, and it were wise for all who indulge in the royal and extravagant amusements of dice to take the hint of Persius, and be observant of boxes and bones, as they pass from one hand to another in the revolutionary course of the hazard table.

The Emperor Claudius is said to have been so passionately fond of gaming, that he practised it as he rode about in his chariot. It is handed down also, that so great was his experience in respect to dice, that he composed a work on the subject. Seneca, in his sarcastic account of the Emperor's apotheosis, when, after many adventures, he has at last brought him to hell, makes the infernal judges condemn him (in proper punishment for his offences) to play continually at dice with a box that had the bottom out, by which he was always kept in hope, but balked in expectation.

"For whensoever he shook the box to cast,
The rattling dice delude his eager haste;
And if he tried again, the waggish bone
Insensibly was through his fingers gone;
Still he was throwing, yet he ne'er had thrown!"

It will admit of a doubt whether modern professors of the art

would consider this mode of torture, as conceived by Seneca, to amount to a punishment, or even to a task of inconvenience, for if their skill be correctly reported, and the exposition of the Northern Wizard, as to their dexterous methods of *securing the dice*, be not all moonshine, these same modern artists can play as effectually with a bottomless box as with one of more perfect description; so that if in their state of purgatory hereafter, they should chance to encounter the shade of Claudius, or others of the ancient but less qualified school of Dicers, they may practically turn their superior ability to account. Cato the censor (who is said to have applied himself to the acquirement of the Greek language at the age of eighty) was an inveterate gamester, and as appears on the authority of Cicero, would willingly have assented to the abolition of all games and festivities so that there were left to him the diversions and amusements of dice. This has led to doubt amongst professed gamesters, who are ever pleased to justify their practices upon high and classical example, whether it was not to proficiency in *Greek-ing* (sharpening) rather than to the attainment of the Greek tongue, that the old Roman devoted his great energies. Certain it is that from the earliest periods of historical record to the present day, all nations, kingdoms, and people have been addicted to play; the passion or propensity has influenced alike the savage and the civilized; monarchs, statesmen, generals, philosophers and divines, have been alike subject to its control, and this, in spite of all the swinging laws and biting statutes that have from age to age and from period to period been framed for its suppression. Law-makers have been ever peculiarly distinguished as law-breakers, and individual practice has ever been opposed to collective and legislative theory and enactment.

Referring to the laws and usages of the ancients in regard to gaming, many of which appear to be worthy of modern adoption, and calculated to check in particular the destructive evil of fraudulent play, it will be found, that amongst the Jews, a gamester was excluded magisterial appointment, and rendered incapable of high and honourable office, nor could he be admitted a witness in any court of justice until (the consummation of a somewhat hopeless task in a confirmed gamester) perfect reformation. Were such disqualification to attach generally at the present day to the vice, it is suspected that the magisterial roll would be considerably thinned, and that extraordinary havoc would be made amongst the Government officials, from the cabinet downwards—a result perhaps beneficial to the community rather than productive of any serious public inconvenience.

By the laws of the ancient Egyptians, a convicted gambler (whom any person might accuse) was condemned to servitude in the quarries. Substituting the treadmill for the quarries, this law had resemblance to our own, excepting that in the construction of law, a convicted gambler is held to signify only a convicted gaming-house-keeper. Had a more extensive signification in law attached to the term, and convicted gambler been taken in its general sense as applicable to all persons, whatever their degree or position in life, who should be convicted of the act and offence of gaming, there would, it is thought, have long since been some right noble and distinguished company engaged in the impulsive operations of the mill, or in the useful national occupation of picking oakum.

The Roman Ediles were authorised to punish gaming, excepting during the Saturnalia, when a licence was given to general mirth

and licentiousness, without the penalties ordinarily attaching thereto. The Roman law, in its statutes against gaming, excepted from its penalties wrestling and pugilism. We have now something of similar reservation under our parliamentary enactments, occasioned by *qui tam* actions having been brought by common informers against certain noblemen and gentlemen, members of the Jockey Club, and others, before whom the legislature most compassionately threw its protecting shield to save them from the heavy penalties which, under the then existing law, they had incurred by winning large sums of money on events of horse-racing. By the new act, horse-racing, and a long list of what are therein described as manly sports, are now excepted from penal consequence, and the law now somewhat partially stands that betting or gaming on turf events, which doubtless exceed all others in their crafty principle and fraudulent character, may be carried on to any extent with impunity, while betting and gaming at dice, which under due and vigilant observance on the part of the player afford chance of fair calculated result, subject every person so indulging to be most unceremoniously taken, like a felon, from the scene of play, to be incarcerated all night in a filthy and unwholesome cell, and if he be recognised only as a player, and not in any way concerned in, or connected with, the house of play as a proprietor, to be fined only in a small amount, or imprisoned with hard labour, for a certain number of days, as the magistrate shall direct. The inequality of this law is somewhat inconsistent with the principle, and indeed precludes all notion, of justice, which awards its pains and penalties with more equitable decree, regarding the offence, without consideration of the rank, wealth, or connection of the offender.

The highest sum permitted to be played for by the Roman law was a *solidus*, or about twelve shillings value of English money. Rigid punishment was enforced not only against keepers of gaming-tables, but against all who countenanced them by their patronage and presence either as players or observers of play; all were punishable, without distinction. The laws of Justinian drew a most just and wholesome degree of offence between the clergy and laity in respect to gaming, and attached to the misconduct of the clergy a deeper stigma, on account of their sacred profession imposing a more strict and exemplary observance of moral rule. The laws also of the Franks and Germans in respect to gaming were, in more recent times, particularly directed against the clergy, who were punished by excommunication and privation. In other respects the Roman law, with little variation in substance, approximated to our own. Money lost at play could not be legally recovered by the winner, and money paid by the loser might be by him recovered from the person who had won and received the same; but the remedy of recovery had greater latitude of time for its practical enforcement than with us. The maxim of English law, "*Actio personalis moritur cum persona*," does not appear to have fallen within the recognition of the Roman principle; for if the loser neglected his claim for money lost, or died while prosecuting the same, his heir might sue for it, or on his default, it might be recovered for the use of the public treasury, or service of the state, *within fifty years!* a most healthful and conservative enactment, and not undeserving the attention of Sir Robert Peel, as affording no mean source of increase to the treasury coffers. A title of the excessive sums lost at Crockford's and other clubs and gaming-houses, and by means of fraudulent conspiracy

on the turf, during the last quarter of a century, would have materially increased the public receipt, and have afforded opportunity for proportionate reduction of taxation.

According to Paulus, a master or father had remedy under the Justinian code against any person inducing a son or servant to play; and by the same code, a rather awkward enactment prevailed, to the great personal risk and inconvenience of gaming-table keepers, who had no remedy whatever, by action or otherwise, against any one who should beat or maltreat them at home or abroad; so that a man losing his money to a gaming-house keeper might not only have immediate summary vengeance on the offender, but he might repeat the punishment, to the full measure of his wrath, whenever and wherever he might encounter the delinquent, whose home, it appears, was not even sacred from intrusion. If the keepers of gaming-tables were detected with false dice in their houses, the house wherein such discovery was made was forfeited to the state, if it belonged to the offender, and equally so if it belonged to any other person cognizant of the offence, or if the house was used for gaming. Stringent as were such consequences, they exceeded not the penalty due to the nature of the fraudulent offence, for no enactment can be too severe against so infamous a system of plunder. Excuse may perhaps be found for the mere offence of occasional indulgence in play upon a fair and straightforward principle of equality, for the majority of mankind have all more or less of the inclination; but, to seek to effect the object of gain by the base, dishonest, and disgraceful means of false dice, or other implements of play, brands the practitioner a scoundrel, and merits the severest punishment the law can inflict. Frauds and robberies on the turf come fairly within the same class of criminal offence, and ought not to escape the like severe consequence. Had the Roman law of confiscation been some years since engrafted on the English code, it may be a matter of curious and speculative opinion how many of our metropolitan club-houses would have passed into possession of the state; and had the system of forfeiture been further acted on in respect to race-horses constituting the immediate cause and subject of such frauds, it may be doubted whether the state-stud would not have surpassed all others both in number and quality.

It will be seen, then, that gaming in its disqualified sense and immoral signification, has in all ages been denounced, and with good cause, as a great social evil; and, as we gather from the history and codes of nations, has formed a leading and important subject for legislation: but it will equally appear that all laws, prohibitions, and penalties have been ineffectual to suppress it, and equally insufficient to check its growth or counteract its demoralising influence. That gaming is an evil of the most pernicious character in society no man can have the hardihood or effrontery to deny; but a doubt may be entertained whether the passion or propensity be not too strong to be controlled by statute, and too human for any legislative enactment free from the bias which

“Compounds for sins we are inclined for,
By damning those we have no mind for.”

It requires more than human wisdom and effort to subdue the ruling and inherent passion of universal man. If public gaming is ever to be successfully suppressed by law, it must be by enactments falling

with equal weight, and operating with just severity on all promoters and practitioners of the principle which it is the object of the law, in its great object and consideration for social good, to discountenance; not by partial measures, protective of one class of offenders, and punitive of another; not by giving privilege to the high and mighty knaves of society to practice with impunity that which in the humbler classes and lower grades of men is to be deemed crime, and visited by legal penalty; but, putting down the whole system of gaming as far as law and legislation can effect so moral an object, upon one great principle, letting law go hand in hand with justice in the work, so that it err not in the principle of its enactment, or in the equity of its administration. The wisdom of the legislature has been hitherto but imperfectly directed to such a desirable end; it overlooks offence in those who from their elevated position in life should give example, and whose wealth can ill excuse their folly and avarice; and, doubting its own power to deal with the higher class of offenders, the members of clubs, has chiefly directed its practical vengeance against minor houses of play, and the evanescent tribe of gaming-table keepers connected with them; men who, if they possess no very great powers of reasoning, have yet an instinctive mode of jumping to a pretty correct common sense conclusion of the injustice of such a law. To their plain notion of things the shake of a dice-box, or the turn of a roulette-wheel, must amount to an equal offence whether practised at a club or in a booth at a fair, nor can they arrive at any satisfactory conclusion why the doors of Crockford's gaming-house in St. James's Street are to be opened to an exclusively privileged class of persons, who, under the management of a committee partly composed of law-makers, are permitted to violate the law with impunity, while minor houses are subject to open attack by the police, and to be put down in the most summary manner by the strong arm of power. Equally at a loss are they to understand why the frequenters of Crockford's, and other clubs, are altogether to escape the penalties of offence, while persons of no less intrinsic respectability, and less frequent offenders, perhaps, but not specially protected as members of a club, are to meet the law's most rigorous visitation. Such palpable distinctions in the construction and application of the law, where the law itself contemplates no shade of difference in the offence, is at variance with all its boasted impartiality, and require to be swept away ere the full mead of respect can be paid to the law or to those who administer it. In reference to this subject, a second report from the Parliamentary Committee on gaming, after assigning most special, but not altogether convincing reasons for protecting turf sports, and for the law's non-interference with betting (however enormous), as connected with such sports, proceeds to the immediate matter of gaming-houses, and observes, "that they (the Committee) do not think it necessary to call the particular attention of the House to the subject, as they have learnt that since the commencement of their inquiries the law in its present state has been found effectual for *putting down most of the houses*, and *they trust* that the zeal and vigilance of the police will not be confined to places resorted to by the middle and lower classes, but that the law will be equally enforced against all houses, whatever their denomination, or whatever the class of persons resorting to them, where illegal gaming is known to be carried on." This is at once an avowal both of the partiality and of the insufficiency of the law in respect to gaming-houses.

The report contains no expression of opinion that the law *absolutely is* of sufficient power effectually to put down the *whole nuisance*, and that therefore no fresh enactment is required to give it additional strength. It states only that the law in its present state *has been found effectual to put down most of the houses* (the real signification of which would seem to be—"the unprivileged houses,") and then, instead of recommending that the zeal and vigilance of the police *SHOULD BE forthwith* directed absolutely to enforce the law against higher places and more distinguished parties, it mildly and considerately trusts only that the exertions of the police *will not be confined* to places frequented by the *middle and lower classes*, but that the law will be enforced against all houses and persons without distinction. There is a tone of justice, at least, in the wind-up of the paragraph; but, can the Committee really rely on the zeal and vigilance of the police to act thus impartially? Is it to be credited for a moment that the police force will, under the authority of the law, make forcible entry, and break open the doors, and smash the state drawing-room windows of the Pandemonium in St. James's Street, and there hook the great fish who flounder about in the sea of illegal amusement, in the same unceremonious manner that they have demolished other places, and there netted the smaller fry of offenders? If the Committee are really so credulous, public opinion is not. So long as doubt shall exist whether clubs where illegal gaming is known to be carried on come within the disqualifying term of common gaming-houses, so long will illegal gaming continue to be practised at such privileged places, — so long will right-honourables and honourables continue to violate the law with impunity, and so long will the force of their example influence others to the like offence. Who can doubt for a moment that illegal play is carried on, and known to be carried on nightly at Crockford's? and, such being the fact, what just reason can be assigned for its exception from legal penalty? If gaming-houses are to be abolished, let them be swept away without distinction, under the most stringent and prohibitory enactments against their re-establishment. Then arises a question, how far will the moral condition of society be really benefited by the measure? Will it tend to check the evil of gaming, or afford any greater degree of security to the public? Opinion is conflicting; but there is an extensively prevailing notion that the results of private play are much more to be dreaded in their ruinous and fatal consequences than the evils arising from speculations at a public gaming-table, where (supposing that the players are not all hireling scoundrels assembled for the purposes of confederacy with the proprietors of the table, to plunder one or two *bonâ fide* players,) all may reasonably be concluded to be fair in operation, in order to secure to the bankers the recognised and conventional per centage of the game.

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES AND TOWNS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

DERBY.

THE capital of that interesting portion of the county called Derbyshire, abounding in picturesque sites and full of historical recollections, has lost much of its antique aspect by gaining in improvement and commodiousness. Since the period when the first silk-mill disturbed the full waters of the Derwent, great has been the change in the town: old churches have disappeared to give place to modern institutions, and monasteries have sunk into the earth, to be replaced by gardens, and the beautiful *arboretum* which now adorns one of the suburbs.

The "Man of Ross" of Derby appears to be Mr. Strutt, the great cotton-manufacturer, whose loss the inhabitants have recently had to deplore; he seemed never weary of contributing to the advantage of his native town, and numerous are the benevolent institutions which are owing to his bounty. Not the least is the delightful promenade outside the town, which, formerly a piece of neglected ground, is now

"As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

converted into a retreat filled with flowering shrubs of singular beauty and rarity, and adorned with bowers and alcoves, groves and parterres, all arranged with consummate skill, and forming a healthy and delicious walk for the townspeople of Derby, who, as they stroll on spring and summer evenings along its pleasing paths, cannot but think with gratitude of the amiable man who dedicated ten thousand of the pounds he gained by his industry and ingenuity to the good of his fellow-townsmen.

The stranger looks on the fine mansion of Mr. Strutt in the heart of Derby with feelings of enthusiasm when he hears of all his efforts for the good and pleasure of others, and listens anxiously for accounts of similar acts performed by other great merchants who owe as much to the streams and rills of gold-producing Derbyshire. Works of all kinds abound in Derby, and the great manufactories do not add to the graceful appearance of the town, but the streets are in general wide, and not ill-built. At every tenth window glitter the many-coloured spars of the teeming hills of Castleton, and the eye becomes bewildered with the riches of the mines, here compelled to take forms such as the genii of the secret caverns could not have attempted to model, skilful as they are known to be in moulding silver, iron, and gold with their tiny hammers. Whether any of these subterranean workmen have been secured to assist the lace-makers here, is not ascertained, but certain it is, that "a wonder-working engine," guided by unseen hands, contrives to produce every week uncounted yards of the most delicate net, which female fingers snatch from iron meshes and send forth to the world transparent and pure as the ethereal veils woven by the gossamer.

A humbler, but as useful contribution of commerce, and one which has showered gold into the coffers of the wealthy of Derby, is the

manufacture of hose—ribbed hose—as famous in their way as the hose which Malvolio enhanced by adorning them with cross-garters.

At the bottom of the street called Bridge-gate runs the river Derwent, not pure and sparkling as in the wilder scenes through which its current runs, but dark and dim, its waters deeply coloured with the tints left by heaps of silk which workmen in boats are seen busily engaged in plunging into the stream. From the centre of this bridge the view is singularly picturesque, but not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Huge silk-mills filled with windows, rise towering from the darkened river, throwing a broad shade from its banks: one bridge after the other starts into view, and the spectator seems to stand in a little Venice of canals, amongst the spanning arches which fly across the intersecting streams and brooks that diversify the face of the town: once there were no less than ten, but now five have, by judicious distribution, been found sufficient. The chief of these, though modern, has yet an ancient feature attached to it in the remnant of the structure it displaces, which was once a chapel dedicated to St Mary, and is all that is left of a crowd of buildings, formerly grouped together, peering into the river from side to side. This must have been at a period when "Nun's Green" knew nothing of the streets and lanes and thoroughfares which now conceal all but the name of a spot where the holy sisterhood once paced solemnly beneath the "shade of melancholy boughs," unmarked but by the eye of their ever-watchful patron saint and the demure lady abbess.

The silk-trade is not so flourishing now as in the days when a fortunate discovery made Derby another Lyons. When King John held the sceptre of Britain, doubtless "for a consideration," he granted to the burghers of Derby the exclusive privilege of dyeing cloth; and fulling-mills were rife here in Queen Mary's time, but at a much later period the introduction of mills for silk superseded all others.

From one of the bridges the eye is attracted to a huge pile of building standing on a low island in the centre of the river; it is now somewhat dilapidated and tells of decay and the falling off of its prosperity, but this was, less than a century and a half ago, the famous silk-mill of Sir Thomas Lombe, Alderman of London, the fortunes of whose brother, Sir John, the proprietor of the first mill, were romantic and various in the extreme.

Until the year 1717, Italy possessed exclusively the "art of silk-throwing," and kept its supremacy over all other nations, much to the regret of envying merchants who were obliged to depend on the proud Italians for any share in this branch of commerce. Several aspiring and ingenious persons in England strove to establish manufactories which might vie with those abroad, but none succeeded. An individual at Derby ventured to erect a mill on the Derwent, and allowed his hopes to blossom there in vain; all went on well in theory, but the machinery was defective, and the practice failed. Amongst those who looked on and regretted, who thought and planned, was a young mechanic named John Lombe; he saw the cause of the failure of what had promised so well, and felt convinced that success might yet be attained. Having bent all the energies of his mind towards this one object, he set out on a journey to Italy, where, after many hardships, having arrived, he lost no time in carrying his schemes into execution. He found that to obtain permission to enter the workshops where the silk was perfected was hopeless; he therefore had recourse to stratagem, and becoming

acquainted with some of the workmen, by persuasions and bribery he at length induced them to admit him within the secret precincts. There concealed, he was enabled to make drawings of the machinery, and, for one of his intelligence, the slight sketches he had time to execute were sufficient for his purpose. He had fortunately rendered himself master of his subject, when by some accident his furtive visits were discovered by the proprietors.

The knowledge he had become possessed of was thought of such vital importance to the interests of Italy, that the most severe punishment was resolved on for the offender. His life was not worth an hour's purchase from the moment his temerity was found out, and but for the timely warning of some of his friends he must have fallen a victim to the roused vengeance of the enraged merchants.

He concealed himself as long as he could, and at last contrived to reach an English vessel, where he was received and hidden from the active search of the officers sent in pursuit of him. The two workmen who had introduced him into the mills were equally the objects of fury, and they found that to remain longer in their own country was to expose themselves to certain death; they too followed the example of Lombe, and were equally successful in escaping to the English ship, which sailed away from the coast of Italy freighted with a treasure whose value was then little suspected.

The three friends arrived safely in England, and, together, they took their way to Derby, where the enterprising young man, who had dared so much to attain knowledge, communicated to the Corporation the fact of his having every prospect of success, and, sharing in his enthusiasm, as far as it coincided with their own interest, they agreed to abandon to him an island or swamp in the river, five hundred feet long and fifty-two feet wide, in consideration of a rent of about eight pounds per annum. While the mill, which he afterwards established, was in the course of construction on this island, he caused machinery to be perfected according to his Italian models, and had it erected in the Town-hall and other places in Derby. He thus, in a short time reduced the price of silk far below that of the Italians, and was enabled to proceed with his greater undertaking, though the expenses were no less than thirty thousand pounds.

The year after his return he procured a patent to enable him to secure the profits arising from his ingenuity and industry for fourteen years. So far all had been sunshine and good fortune, and he saw before him a brilliant future, with wealth, renown, and triumph all his own.

But the fame of his success had reached the shores of the sunny South; nor was it merely the credit which he had obtained which rankled in their hearts; they found a strange decrease in their commerce, and the demand for the produce of their once unrivalled looms dwindled to a startling amount. Though the clever Englishman had escaped their vengeance before, it was resolved that their power should yet reach him even in the

“ Inviolable island of the sage and free ;”

and a

“ Jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting,”

was dispatched to execute the deed which they felt called upon to commit as a peace-offering to their offended commerce.

The two Italians, who had accompanied Lombe to Derby, were suddenly surprised by the arrival of a female relative of one of them, who declared that she had experienced great persecution since his departure, and found it impossible any longer to remain in Italy. She had, she said, resolved to follow them, and was ready to contribute her assistance in carrying on the works in which they were employed. Her services were joyfully accepted, and her presence was hailed by the unsuspecting Lombe. She had now gained her object, and proceeded with the secret work for which she had been selected.

From the time of her joining the friends a change came over their minds; she persuaded them that their valuable knowledge was not sufficiently appreciated or their labour repaid by their employer; and, having sown the seeds of jealousy in a ready soil, she by degrees communicated her plans, offering them a large remuneration, according to her instructions, if they would assist her to get rid of the man who stood between them and fortune.

Not more than two or three years had passed since Lombe had established his great undertaking, when his health, hitherto robust, began sensibly to decline, and in the midst of a full tide of prosperity he languished, grew weaker and weaker, and, a victim to slow but certain poison, the unfortunate young man expired. He was at the period when treachery thus put an end to his useful career, the pride and boast of his native town, and had had the title of knight conferred on him. The funeral of Sir John Lombe was celebrated with great magnificence, and the regrets of all his fellow-townsmen attended him to the grave.

His murderess escaped, as no positive proof existed of her having poisoned him, and her chief confederate fled with her from the country; the other Italian, named Gartrevalli, removed to Cheshire, where he worked at another silk mill, but died in destitution a few years afterwards.

It appears that his brother succeeded Sir John Lombe in the silk trade, and was equally eminent for ability. He became an alderman of London, and is known as Sir Thomas Lombe, whose extensive establishment long flourished in a manner which would have gladdened the heart of his ill-starred brother.

Cotton has now, however, gained the supremacy over silk in Derbyshire. The talent and good luck of the man who afterwards became Sir Thomas Arkwright, established those marvellous cotton mills all over the county, which overwhelmed him and his descendants with wealth, and have deformed every beautiful stream and rushing torrent which nature once possessed in solitary and awful exclusiveness amidst her rocks and once untrodden valleys.

Derby, like its rival Lyons, is exposed to floods, owing to numerous streams which intersect it and its vicinity to the Peak, which sometimes sends down upon the town its melted snows, and raises its brooks and rivers to a dangerous height, on one occasion to six feet above the usual average.

There are many churches in Derby, but most of them have been repaired and restored till their original character is lost. The most remarkable is All Saints, or, as it is still sometimes called, All Hallows. The tower of this fine building is extremely beautiful and commanding; its height is one hundred and eighty feet, exclusive of the four pinnacles and vanes which adorn it, which add thirty-six feet

more to its elevation. All over the surface the tower is richly adorned with delicate tracery, and an inscription exists about half way up, which had occasioned much curious speculation. The mystical words which appear amidst the stone-work are these:—

“ Young men and maidens.”—

No more remains, if more has ever been, but this is enough for ingenuity to dwell upon and form conjectures as to the meaning intended. Some say the beautiful tower was erected by the contribution of certain youths and maids of Derby, who were piously disposed, and certain it is, that formerly, when a “ pretty girl of Derby, oh !” was married, the bachelors alone had the privilege of ringing the bells for her wedding. Grave persons, who take little delight in romance or mystery, have asserted that the words had no particular reference to the swains or nymphs of Derby, but were simply applied from the Psalms. “ Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise ye the Lord.”

The body of the church does not agree with its fine tower, and is only distinguished by its vastness. Within are several elaborate and remarkable monuments of the Cavendish family, the most interesting of which is that of the famous Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury by her fourth marriage, who lies here under a tomb of coloured marbles, with a pompous inscription. Her effigy, gilded and painted,

“ In her habit as she lived,”

lies beneath a magnificent canopy, and numerous pillars rise around her in solemn grandeur. She superintended the making of her own tomb, and thus secured a superb resting-place, which perhaps her quarrelsome kindred would have denied her had she left it to them to execute. As the visitor to All Hallows stands beside this tomb the thought of the many years of misery and mortification which that proud woman, who thus glorified herself, caused the unfortunate Queen of Scots to suffer, rises bitterly in the heart, and makes even her fondness for her grandchild, the equally unhappy Arabella Stuart, forgotten, in the ambition which induced her to sacrifice the interest of the one to the other.

The effigy of this remarkable woman is strikingly like her pictures in the great gallery of Hardwick Hall, that most interesting relic of her times, whose lace-work turrets invite the wanderer to stop the train at Chesterfield, and visit its venerable walls, sacred to the memories of Mary, Arabella, and the stern jailor Countess, Elizabeth. When Mary Stuart, dragged from prison to prison, entered her roof at Chatsworth, ambition tempted her to play a double game with her namesake and second self, the Queen of England, but afterwards, when her daughter married Lenox, the brother of Darnley, a surer interest, as she thought, guided her, and in the infant Arabella she saw the future sovereign of England, whose right was more secure than that of Catholic Mary. Could she have

“ looked into the seeds of time,
And seen which grain would grow, and which would not,”

she would have acted another part, but, as it was, the ambitious Countess grasped all her life long at an imaginary sceptre, not destined for any of her lineage.

The portrait of Arabella Stuart, the victim of King James, hangs still in Hardwick: it represents her at about the age of two years, with a sweet infantine expression, holding in her arms a doll, dressed, as she is herself, in the elaborate fashion of the day. The picture might well suggest such thoughts as these:—

“ Young, and innocent, and fair,
With no cloud upon thy brow,
Cherish'd with the watchful care
Which ambition's hopes bestow ;
Trifling, toying, sporting still,
Smiling in thy childish play,
Not a shade of coming ill
Dims the sunshine of thy May !

She who gazes on thy face
Sees her daughter's form in thine,
And, though harsh,—thy infant grace
Makes her glance awhile benign :
Visions mighty, daring, high,
Crowns and sceptres, thrones and power.
Flit before her eager eye,
Phantoms of her musing hour :—

‘ Great Elizabeth is now
Aged, worn,—extinct her line ;
On my Arabella's brow
England's diadem may shine.
Kings will press her hand to gain,
Nations tremble at her sign,—
And the race that hence shall reign,
Great and mighty, shall be *mine* !

I have seen my rival fall :
Sharp the axe—it served me well !
Foes and friends have vanish'd all,
Save this treasure—my *Arbelle* ! *
—Ha ! vain dreamer ! seest thou not,
Hov'ring near, an awful wreath,
Shadows of that infant's lot,—
Dungeons, madness, chains, and death ! ”

The Countess of Shrewsbury did not neglect the capital of her county, but established there alms-houses in Derby, which her descendants keep up. The ancient building has been lately removed, and is replaced by one in the same style; the pensioners still wear the silver badge of “ E. S.,” those letters which the Countess took care should appear wherever her jurisdiction extended. Never were two letters so frequently repeated in stone, in wood, in painting, gilding, and embroidery ! The “ E. S.” is conspicuous at Hardwick Hall and elsewhere, although Shrewsbury was not her favourite name, for her affections directed her alone to Cavendish, the father of her children, and the husband of her choice.

There are other alms-houses in Derby; one founded by the family of Wilmot of Chaddesden, called “ The Black,” probably from having replaced a convent of Black friars, and another for the widows of clergymen, at the top of the street, still called Friar Gate. A free school is also the remains of an institution once connected with the Abbey of Darley, in the neighbourhood.

St. Alkmund's is the most ancient church in Derby; it dates from

* The Countess thus writes her grandchild's name in most of her letters.

the ninth century, and, though much altered, still retains great marks of antiquity. It formerly belonged, as did the old church of St. Peter's, to Darley Abbey. St. Michael's has a venerable appearance, and that St. Werburgh, on Markeaton brook, has a tower of much beauty similar to that of All Saints in architecture though of much more modern date. The original foundation of St. Werburgh was before the Conquest, but, being so near the brook, it suffered much from floods, and on one occasion its foundations were sapped, and the original tower fell to the ground. This church also belonged to the powerful abbey of Darley, of which nothing now remains. A host of convents and abbeys once raised their towers and spires in and round Derby, but scarcely a trace is left of any, and even the streets, except in a few instances, have now lost the memory they kept awhile in the names they formerly retained.

Where stood the house of the Cluniac Monks? once a cell to that of Bermondsey in Southwark, whose fame slept for centuries till Pugin lately made a toy to replace that of old days, and the pope filled it with Sisters of Mercy. Where are the Benedictines, the Augustins, the Dominicans—

“White, black, and grey?”

Where is the hospitals for lepers? and the retreat of the friars Eremites? On their sites now tower the mills of Derby, and the riches of the monks have passed into the hands of the Strutts and Arkwrights of cotton-celebrity. Derby, however, is not alone celebrated for its commerce: it has some poetical fame, and its poet is the author of “The Loves of the Plants,” which, trifling and pompous as it is in general, yet possesses more real beauty than it usually gains credit for. Darwin wrote many of his works in Derby, and other learned men have not disdained the town. Wright, the painter, lived here, and performed some of his curious and clever pictures on the spot; and the great Chantrey was born at a village not far off. The steps of our sweetest of all poets, Moore, must have been frequently directed to the town of Derby from his romantic retreat at Ashbourne, where his cottage is still shown with pride, and where he thought and sang so melodiously—

“If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here.”

A large house is pointed out in Derby where the ill-fated Charles Edward, in the fatal 45, resided for two days, at the moment when his star seemed rising with greater lustre than usual, and the hopes of his followers were springing anew, only to be crushed for ever. After this brief ray of sunshine all his sky became one cloud, and flight and terror prevailed; some of his followers escaped to mourn and regret their losses; others were taken to renew the sad tragedy in which the heroic Earl of Derby played so sad a part at Bolton le Moors.

“For serving loyally his king,
His king most rightfully.”

At Derby the scaffold was not idle in the time of

“Party's hateful strife,”

which led so many noble spirits astray, and the beautiful ballad of

Shenstone, on the fate of Jemmy Dawson, may serve as a monody for many

“ Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in that fatal dress was found,
And now he must that death endure
That gives the brave the keenest wound.”

Sir Walter Scott has placed the affecting scene of Hector M'Ivor and Evan Dhu's death at Derby, with all the sad pageant of his immortal novel, an o'er true picture of what really occurred at the period which he so strikingly describes.

Richardson, the great rival of the later novelist, was born at Derby, and wrote some of his works here ; and numerous are the eminent men which this favoured town and county have produced.

Amongst the few ancient houses which the stranger observes, is one situated in the principal street, in the broad space on the way towards the *arboretum*, which, on a late visit I made to the town, particularly struck me. It is a very large well-built mansion, belonging, I believe, to the family of Wilmot, and, as it was to let, curiosity induced me to enter the iron gates and mount the steps from the court-yard to the open carved street door. After endeavouring to make myself heard, and ask permission to see the house in vain, I entered the hall. All was silent and gloomy ; the panelling of the walls was of dark oak, very delicately carved, and the staircase was adorned in the same manner. I entered several rooms, and, finding all untenanted and unfurnished, began to think I had arrived at some enchanted castle, when the sudden fall of a large picture, which I had displaced by pushing a door, roused some being into life. A pretty little girl appeared suddenly from the end of a passage and timidly approached, apparently not certain whether or not she beheld a fairy. I inquired if there were no inmates, when she vanished, and presently a door opened, and an artist disclosed himself pallet and brushes in hand, and invited me in. He told me, that, as the house was untenanted, the rooms large, and the light good, he had obtained permission to paint in one of the unoccupied rooms, and was so engaged in his pursuit that he had not been roused by my calls, and had only become aware of the invasion of the premises by the sound of the fallen picture, which echoed through the deserted chambers loudly and gloomily, and had no doubt scared his little attendant.

This artist appeared well suited to the solitary retreat he had chosen, for he was a visionary, with a very wild expression of countenance, and a tone of voice of peculiar mournfulness. He showed me several of his portraits, and on one he dwelt with peculiar delight ; it was beautifully painted, and really deserved the comparison I ventured to make with the inimitable Gevartius of Vandyck. It represented an old lady in black, so benevolent, so amiable-looking, and so life-like in his delineation that it was positively startling. He told me she was his guardian genius, and the friend of the poor and industrious of all classes, a lady well known at Birmingham, and a model of goodness and charity. His portrait and her good deeds are enough to make her immortal.

I asked next who was the original of a beautiful portrait representing a young girl of fourteen with long thick dark ringlets and a face of remarkable intelligence. He shaded his face with his hand, as he answered in a low voice, that the picture was his sole comfort in this

world, except the thoughts which the contemplation of it inspired. I hardly dared to inquire further, but after a time, he said, "She was my daughter, and if an angel could descend to earth, she was one then, as she is now. All my joy on earth is that portrait, and all the good I have ever had awakened in my heart she is the origin of."

He conducted us over the curious old house, into numerous rooms, nooks, and corners, all in excellent order, with carved walls and ceilings; a complete specimen of the buildings two centuries back, and a most excellent dwelling-house for a modern family. Probably, when first erected, it stood alone in gardens in a park, but now it is surrounded by houses, chiefly small and new, and possessing no character in common with it.

The neighbourhood of Derby is singularly rich in picturesque objects, castles, ruined abbeys, fine seats, and charming scenery.

The train from Derby in the short space of ten minutes transports the curious traveller to the Willington station, from whence a short walk takes him to the seat of one of the last of those "fine old English gentlemen" who are rapidly disappearing from the country which they honoured. The friends and neighbours of the late beloved proprietor of Foremark, the celebrated Sir Francis Burdett, may now look sadly on the more than ever deserted hall of his ancestors, which stands on the pleasant banks of Trent. The house was built about a century since by his grandfather, and at one time he frequently resided there with his family. A magnificent avenue of venerable trees was his favourite retreat, where he often sat reading, or walked with one of those daughters to whom he was so tenderly attached, and he delighted in the beautiful rides in the vicinity of his park. His presence was always a happiness and a holiday to all his tenants: his kind heart, and noble generous feeling, being shown in every action of his life; but the delicate health of Lady Burdett prevented his visiting his Derbyshire property as often as his inclination would have led him to do. The pretty flower-garden, and the magnificent pinery, alone are left, as relics of the taste of one of the most amiable, gentle, refined, and benevolent of women, who bore a life of suffering with unexampled meekness, and whose loss, after an union of fifty years, broke the heart of her devoted husband. The deaths little more than a twelvemonth since, of Sir Francis and his lady within eleven days of each other, cannot but be remembered by most readers—too freshly, alas! by all those friends who had the happiness of knowing them intimately.

Foremark is in a most delightful position, with fine oak woods and spreading plantations round it: the country cheerful, and the air healthy. The architecture of the house is bold and grand, and it is a model of propriety as the residence of a country gentleman of fortune. The hall is very handsome, and all the apartments large and lofty. I never saw any abode which seemed to speak so plainly of the master, and told that his fine dwelling,

"Though vast, was little to his ampler heart."

There are many very curious and interesting family pictures; one in particular, of a large group of parents and children in the elaborate dress of the early part of James the First's reign, is kept within its frame by a golden chain, which the whole party of sons and daughters hold in their hands. There are remarkable traditions attached to some of the pictures, and all are in excellent preservation, having been

carefully restored and repaired under the direction of the late lady, who rescued many of them from oblivion.

Some romantic rocks, which take the form of a ruined castle, rise in the grounds near the river, and are called Anchor Church, from a tradition that an anchorite made himself a home and a chapel amongst them in crusading days. This spot is a favourite resort of gipsy-parties from Derby and the neighbourhood; and not far off is another retreat, as much frequented, called "The Knowle Hill," where once stood an ancient mansion, said and believed in its time to be haunted, perhaps by some of the ancestors of the old family of Burdett, who first became possessors of Foremark in the time of the Norman Conqueror.

Repton is a short drive from Foremark, and an interesting old village, full of monastic reminiscences. The spire of the ancient church is a landmark for a great distance, and is one of peculiar beauty. There is a fine old stone cross in the churchyard, and a pointed-arched gateway leads to the venerable-looking schoolhouse; but the most remarkable feature in Repton church is its crypt beneath the chancel, one of the most entire in the kingdom, and of very elegant construction. It has not been many years discovered, and deserves to attract more attention from antiquarians than it appears to have done. The roof is supported by two rows of round Saxon wreathed pillars very gracefully worked, and quite perfect: there are passages from this subterranean church leading into that above, which is apparently of much more recent date, for this is supposed to be of the same period as that beneath St. Peter's in the East, at Oxford, thought to have been built in Alfred's reign.

The schoolhouse is the refectory of the ancient priory established originally as early as the fourth or fifth century, and several times re-edified, and remains of the extensive religious building are scattered about over a large tract of ground in the neighbourhood. The effigy of a Mercian king was found in good preservation not very long since, and has excited the learned speculations of not a few village antiquaries; one of whom assured me it was of an almost incredible age, "at least as ancient as the time of Henry the Eighth," which monastery-destroying monarch appears to be

"The Lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing,"

in the minds of the *savans* of Repton.

At Melbourne, an ancient village near Derby, are now but few crumbling stones covered with weeds and grass, where once stood a royal castle of great strength and pride, famous, as tradition has it, for having held within its walls the two illustrious prisoners of Henry the Fifth after the battle of Agincourt. It is said that this castle was the prison for nine years of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the poet-prince and prince of poets of his day, and John Duke of Bourbon, both of the blood-royal of France. Here, then, perhaps, might Charles have composed some of those beautiful poems which for twenty-five years beguiled the sorrows of his captivity, hurried as he was, like the unfortunate Mary Stuart, to whom Derbyshire afforded many a prison also, from castle to castle, by the jealous fears of his captor, who on his deathbed still entreated that he should never be liberated if the interests of England were dear to his subjects.

Amongst the Cotton MSS. is one in Henry the Fifth's own hand,

concerning the detention of the unfortunate prince at Pontefract which has this passage:—

“Furthermore, I wold that ye comend with my brother with the chancellor, &c., and that ye set a gode ordinance for my north marches, and specially for the Duc of Orlans, &c. I wolle that the Duc of Orlans be kept still within the castle of Pontfret, with oute going to Robertis place, or to any other disport, for it is better he tak his disport than we were disceyved. Of all the remanant of my prisoners of France do as ye thinketh.”

Henry said, on his marriage with Katherine of France, to his chancellor. “If the prisoners of Agincourt, and, above all, if Charles of Orleans were to escape, it would be the most unfortunate event that could possibly happen.”

Great care was therefore taken of this illustrious prisoner, and we trace him from Groombridge House, near Tonbridge Wells, to Melbourne, Pontefract, and to the Tower of London, where the magnificent, illuminated manuscript of his poems in the British Museum represents him receiving the news of his release from his long thralldom, and riding joyfully out of the fatal gates, to take his happy voyage to his native France, which he thus feelingly apostrophizes:—

“En regardant vers le pays de France.”

“I stood upon the wild sea-shore,
And mark'd the wide expanse,
My straining eyes were turn'd once more
To long-loved, distant France!
I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue;
I saw her wheel amidst the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue,
Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee!
O that her wing were mine to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more!
O heaven! it were enough to die
In my own, my native home,—
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come!”

Though the prison-fortress of Charles of Orleans is no longer to be seen, except by the eye of fancy, that of Mary Stuart at South Wingfield still rears its embattled walls, and may be clearly seen from the railroad at a short distance from Derby. It is one of the most picturesque and beautiful ruins I ever beheld, and its remains tell of great magnificence. It dates from the time Henry the Sixth, and must have been a stately dwelling-place. One or two delicate window-frames, full of stone tracery, appear amidst their drapery of ivy and flowering-shrubs, and graceful pillars and sculptured walls attest its original elegance and strength. The great hall is seventy-two feet long by thirty-six, and beneath this chamber is another of the same size, with a double row of pillars running along the centre: this was probably the kitchen. But the part which creates most interest is that turret where the ill-fated Mary was confined: the form of the rooms is very remarkable, being almost triangular, and they could not choose but be peculiarly inconvenient: not one of the suite could have been of moderate size;

and this is only one of many proofs of the tender mercies shown by Elizabeth to her fair foe. It was in 1569 that the Queen of Scots was brought to Wingfield, and here she shed many of those tears which dimmed the brightest eyes in Europe. From her turret-window, which commanded an extensive view of the country, and the steep road which led to the hill on which the castle or manor-house stands, she could see her friend, Leonard Dacre; and, it is said, was able to make signals to him, fatally discovered by her enemies, who warned her jailers that a plot was on foot for her liberation, and orders were promptly despatched that the persecuted Queen should be once more removed, and placed under the care of a more vigilant or more severe guardian than the sick and wearied Earl of Shrewsbury.

In Chatsworth Park is still seen a tower in the midst of a lake, the only remnant of ancient building existing at the time when Mary pined within the walls of that now stately, but then gloomy and desolate mansion, where the high hills of the Peak kept all hope from her, and the icy winds from their summits chilled her limbs, and benumbed her heart. The tardy pity of England permitted the unhappy victim to visit the baths of Buxton, where a cavern is still shown which bears her name, as she is supposed to have penetrated to some distance into the sparry depths of Poole's Cave, and to have reached a pillar called after her, beyond which it is dangerous to explore. A room is shown in the principal inn, which was occupied by her when she came to the healing-springs which gave her temporary relief, and on the window of which she wrote two well-known lines, expressive of her despondency or of her hope.

Derby, although uninviting in itself, has the advantage of being near, and by its railroad close, to some of the most beautiful scenery of England. Hardwick Hall is reached, by Chesterfield, in a few hours; Bakewell, with its enchanting sites, its Gothic church, and the unrivalled mansion in its vicinity, the far-famed Haddon Hall, rich in oriel windows, and carved panels and ceilings without end; hanging terraces, secluded turrets, lofty towers, and deep recesses: Haddon, rife with the memory of the fair fugitive, Dorothy Vernon, who, another Jessica,

"On such a night,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise,"

stole from her father's mansion with the happy Manners, and proved that

"She, of all mankind, could love but him alone,"

as Prior has sung of her, the original of his "nut-brown maid."

From Derby may be made excursions to those beautiful vales, famous in description, and a continual variety of charming objects are within the traveller's reach who makes the town his head-quarters.

THE BLACK PROPHET.

I WAS quartered at Berhampore, in the —th native infantry, in the year 18—; the King's —th foot made up the garrison. A better set of men and officers were never collected together. The greatest harmony existed between us; the many feuds which arise between her Majesty's troops and those of the Company were unknown amongst us. The grand objects of our society seemed to amuse, and be amused. In India the evenings always pass pleasantly enough, but the mornings often hang heavily on our hands. Racket and billiards are the only pastimes for idle persons. These, however interesting at first, become dull by frequent repetition; and, as we have no books, as in Europe, to fly to, no power of walking or of riding out under the broiling sun, the hours between breakfast and dinner time often seem so wearisome, as to force the person fond of excitement to seek out new sources of enjoyment.

I was lolling on my cane couch smoking my hookah, alternately glancing at the *punkah* (an object about the size and form of the leaf of an English screen, which, being suspended to the ceiling by ropes, is swung to and fro by an attendant, in order to create an artificial breeze) over my head, and the often-read pages of an old "Gentleman's Magazine," when my head bearer walked in, and requested leave to absent himself for an hour.

In England such a demand would not have surprised me; but in Bengal such a solicitation was so novel, I could not help asking the man his reasons for wishing to go out, especially at an hour when he might be required to attend my palanquin.

"It is to go to the bazaar, *sahib*," replied the man.

"You wish to make purchases there; if so, why not wait till a later hour?"

"Such is not my wish. I do not go there to buy anything, *sahib*."

"To see your family, then?"

"No, *sahib*; I have no family there. My surviving relatives are at Moorsheadabad."

"What do you, then, go to seek?"

The man hesitated a moment ere he replied,

"I wish to consult the Brahmin Jesserie Poore."

"And who is this Jesserie?"

"The great soothsayer, *sahib*. He who knows and foretels the destiny of every disciple of Vishnou."

"And you believe in his power?"

"*Sahib*?" replied he interrogatively, as if doubting the possibility of the question I had put.

"Can he also predict the fate of Europeans?"

"No, *sahib*; nor will he ever hold converse with them. He is forbidden to do so by a vow."

"Still I should like to go and see him."

"Impossible."

A thought suddenly struck me. I ordered my palanquin, which in a few minutes stood ready in my verandah.

"Take me to Jesserie's," said I, as I jumped in.

My head bearer approached, and bowing his head, he lowly muttered, "I have already said to my master that the Brahmin will not receive the white stranger."

"I know it; so hark ye, take me to the door of the place where this Jesserie lives, where I can see all that passes. On your way undo some of your *cumberbands* (livery sashes) and turbans, close the doors of the palanquin, and set it down carelessly, as if it were empty; and, if asked, say you have left me at the racket court, and on your way home you have stopped to learn your future fortune. Nay—not a word. There is a rupee for you; and mind, make him tell you your fate, and let me be near enough to hear it." And so saying, to stop all further remonstrance, I closed the doors, and crying out, "*Geldi*" (go on), was soon *en route* for the bazaar.

According to my orders, I was soon set down at the open entrance of the mud hovel in which the "wise man" sat, squatted on his calves, with half a dozen natives smoking their *hubble bubbles* (the lowest grade of hookah) round him. By peeping through the Venetian blinds in the panel of my palanquin, I was enabled to see and hear all that passed; so, peering out, I began eagerly to glance around me.

The Brahmin (or "holy man," for he was not, I believe, a regular priest) sat perfectly silent in the centre of the floor, with his eyes firmly fixed on an opening in the roof, as if mentally piercing the sky which was perceptible through the aperture. His right arm was fixed straight up, and the finger-nails of his doubled fist had grown through the back of it. This, I am aware, may appear improbable to a European; but there are few who have been in India that have not seen similar self-inflicted tortures, the consequence of early religious vows. The man before me had held up his arm probably from his very earliest youth; it had now *grown* in that position. Unless it were broken, nothing could again bring it down. His clenched hand had probably been cotemporary with the other distortion; for he seemed to feel no pain, though, as I said before, the nails had grown actually through the flesh, and come out at the back of his hand. His cheeks showed the scars of many self-inflicted gashes. He was perfectly naked from head to foot, but wore a strange-looking necklace and armlet, with a very large rough turquoise round his neck. He was evidently very tall, though, in his present posture, I could not accurately tell his height. His age was about sixty.

When my sedar-bearer approached and made known his wishes, the holy man, ere he replied to him, muttered several prayers; then taking a small earthenware pot of water, he dipped his fingers in it, and sprinkled some on the ground, and some on the foreknowledge-seeker; then throwing some yellow powder into a few hot ashes which stood beside him, he began muttering extremely fast a number of adjurations, which were of course unintelligible to me, rolling his eyes about all the time like a furious maniac. The incantations complete, the following was about the substance of his queries and prognostics:—

"You are unhappy?"

"I am."

"You have lost your children?"

"I have."

"Your wife is sick—your mind is sore—no riches accumulate beneath your roof."

"None."

"Yet your master is kind, and your own health good."

"Yes."

"What is your desire with me? I tell you the present—would you know more?"

"I would."

"What seek you to know?"

"The cause and remedy of those evils which beset me."

Here he dropped the rupee I had given him close to the Brahmin, who affected not to notice it, but began again muttering his incantations, and throwing his yellow powder around him. Suddenly he started up, twisting quickly round and round; at length he stopped with his face towards the east, and, after a few apparently painful convulsions, desired the sedar to propound such questions as he thought fit.

"How long have I to live?"

"Seven days," unhesitatingly replied the sage.

"What cause shall occasion my death?"

"Vengeance for the wrongs you now suffer."

"By whom are those wrongs brought?"

"The evil eye of a stranger."

"A native of Bengal?"

"No; a white man."

"And when shall these persecutions cease?"

"Only when the evil eye is closed for ever."

"And how shall I recognize that eye?"

"'Tis the eye of the first white man you behold to-morrow after *tope duggar* (gun-fire)—I think it is a soldier's. Beware of it, and begone."

And the soothsayer fell flat on his face, and began quickly uttering a string of prayers.

In a few moments my servant appeared, plunged in profound meditation, as if arguing within his own mind the probability or improbability of the Brahmin's assertions; then suddenly turning round, he beckoned to his companions, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was again at home, puffing away at my hookah.

I spent a short time vainly endeavouring to point out to my sedar the folly of believing in a palpable impostor, the danger of giving ear to such folly and nonsense. He only shrugged his shoulders, bowed low, and held his tongue. I could elicit no answer from him; and I evidently perceived the words of the fortuneteller had taken deep root in his mind.

At mess that day I told the story to several of my brother officers, who agreed on a future day to accompany me, and to try to induce the holy man to foretell our fate.

The next morning I was startled from my sleep by hearing the heavy volleys of infantry, caused by the troops, who on this day were to fire a *feu de joie* in honour of the royal birthday. Now, as I ought to have been present on the occasion, this loud notice that I was fully half an hour too late was anything but agreeable; so I started up in my bed, and began roaring loudly (for we have no bells in officers' bungalows) for my sedar, whose duty it was to

awake me, with the kind intention of introducing my English horse-whip to his Bengalee shoulders. After shouting at least a dozen times, my *kidmutgur* entered.

"Where is the sedar-bearer?"

"I know not, *sahib*."

"Desire him to come here directly."

The man went out, and returned in a short time afterwards.

"*Sahib*, the sedar is nowhere to be found. I have vainly sought him everywhere: he has not been seen this morning."

"Well, then, assist me to dress as quickly as you can. But mark me well,—by the waters of the Ganges, and the hundred arms of Vishnou, I'll *chawbuck* (horsewhip) him, as an example to all idle, bad servants."

My toilet completed, I called for my sash and sword, which in this hot climate we were allowed to wear with a white jacket and foraging-cap. The first was brought to me, but the second could nowhere be found; the belt and the scabbard were in their regular places, but the sword itself was missing. This was indeed most strange; but, fancying that some one had played me a trick, I borrowed that of my next neighbour, who was on the sick list, and hastened off to make the best excuses I could to our commandant, who, being a good-natured man, not only forgave me, but invited me to breakfast.

The colonel had a pretty daughter and an English billiard-table, so I amused myself till late in the afternoon; when, just as I was leaving his house, I was horrified by the report being brought in of the murder of a European soldier,—a circumstance almost unprecedented. The body had not been rifled: it could not have, therefore, been committed with any idea of robbery; and, as the deceased was known to be a most quiet, peaceable soldier, it was out of the question that the assassination could have arisen out of any quarrel or previous ill will. It seemed, from the account given, that the poor fellow must have been quietly walking along the road to Moorshe-dabad, when some miscreant had come behind him, and stabbed him to death.

The colonel desired me to accompany him to the spot where the barbarous act had taken place, in order to inquire into it; we therefore mounted our horses, and galloped off.

We had scarcely proceeded half a mile when we met a party of the —th, bearing the body of their murdered comrade on a rough bier made of the branches of trees. The dead man had received several stabs in the back. A tear might be seen in the eye of more than one present, as we examined the corpse. A low murmured threat of vengeance, if the assassin was ever found, was fervently muttered by the bystanders.

We again remounted our horses, and went on, desirous of seeing the spot where the murder had been committed. Before we reached it, however, we perceived a crowd of English and natives. One of them, seeing us approach, ran forward to meet us. He told us that they had found and seized the assassin still armed with the weapon of destruction, and were now bringing him into the cantonments.

The next person who came up to us brought with him the death-dealing blade. Imagine, readers, if you can, my horror on beholding the very sword I had lost in the morning,—a loss I had related

at breakfast to the colonel, to whom I now turned to tell the fact of the identity of the weapon before us, when, to my additional grief and amazement, I saw in the prisoner before me my long-tried and attached sedar-bearer!—his cumberband, his turban, still smeared with the blood of his victim. My once valued and trusted servant stood before me a self-convicted and confessed murderer!

"You did this dreadful deed?" cried I, rushing up to him, unwilling to believe in the possibility of such an occurrence.

"Ay, *sahib*."

"And why?"

"You know, *sahib*."

I recoiled with surprise. The bystanders looked on me, as if demanding an explanation. The criminal saw my astonishment; he continued:—

"You alone were present when the holy Jesserie told me of the evil eye. The soldier I slew was the first white person I beheld after gun-fire this morning. I had fled from your quarters, that the lot might not fall on you, my dear master. I took with me your sword, and, feeling convinced that the soldier I first met possessed the evil eye, which Jesserie told me was the cause of all my woes, I slew him. My family may now rest quiet, and in happiness: the spell is removed. As to me, I know my fate,—I wish not to avoid it. The holy man foretold it: you heard him, *sahib*."

I confess the man's calmness filled me with superstitious awe, and made me for a moment *almost* believe in the tenets of predestination.

The soothsayer's predictions were literally fulfilled. My unfortunate sedar-bearer was hanged on a gibbet near Berhampore, on the seventh day from that on which his fate had been foretold by the Black Prophet!

THE MERMAID'S HOME.

'Twas not in the depths of the bright blue sea,
All along by the coral isles,
That the ocean-maid appear'd to me,
With golden locks and witching smiles.

No syren voice like a silver bell
Cried, "Come and dwell with me, my love!
Our home shall be a coral cell,
Our sky the deep blue sea above."

No—'twas within a case of glass,
In the depths of a sixpenny caravan,
Where with the sea-nymph there was shown
A six-legg'd calf and a spotted man.

And harsh and gruff the voice that cried,
"A genuine mermaid to be shown—
Walk in, ladies and gentlemen!—
The honly specimen hever known!"

Deceivers both! for a watery grave
Was his who believed the mermaid's gammon;
And this was a regular hoax, made up
Of the head of a monkey and tail of a salmon.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE COURT PHYSICIAN.

“To raise a fortune, and especially a great fortune, a man must have a kind of wit; but it is neither the good nor the fine, the great nor the sublime, the strong nor the delicate. I am at a loss to explain which it is; but they who have experienced it may probably help me out.”—BRUYERE.

Old Lazarus, in the meantime, felt extremely ill at ease as he pondered over the interview just concluded. It was clear Mr. Delhanty thought unfavourably of his case: and it was equally clear he should not get his medicines *gratis*. As for a Plymouth medical attendant, the expense of such an appendage would ruin him. In an unsettled and melancholy mood he took up to divert his thoughts a London paper. An advertisement caught his eye, stating that the celebrated Dr. M. Baillie saw patients every day at No. 2, Great George Street, Montagu Square, from nine o'clock till twelve; that he had been invariably successful in dyspeptic cases; and that his fee was only half a guinea. The name struck the Jew forcibly. It was, he well-remembered, that of the distinguished man to whose care the life of the sovereign was entrusted; and who was from time to time in attendance on the various members of the royal family. Who so qualified to give an opinion on his case? And then—the last, but by no means the least, attractive feature in the affair—the moderate fee! Without giving himself further time for reflection, Mr. Lazarus hastened up to London, and on the very morning of his arrival proceeded to No. 2, Great George Street. The house was small, but respectable in appearance. He was received by a male attendant, who demanded his name, and then with considerable form ushered him into a waiting-room, where several feeble and ghastly-looking beings were seated impatiently expecting their turn of audience. Lamech's name was called at last. He was shown up stairs, and introduced into the presence of an elderly and grave-looking personage, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and assured his patient he would attend to *him*—but that he was much pressed for time, and had only a few seconds to spare. Lamech commenced his catalogue of symptoms; the doctor listened only to a few; and then telling him that his case was serious; that it was a fortunate circumstance he (Mr. Lazarus) had fallen into his (Dr. Baillie's) hands; that had any further delay taken place he would not have answered for the result; that he happily had a medicine by him which would precisely meet the peculiar symptoms of Mr. Lazarus' complaint, consigned the submissive Jew to the custody of his private secretary, who, he remarked, “would receive the fee, and hand over to him his medicine.” The doctor then bowed himself off with the cursory observation that he must “hasten to his appointment with the Duke of Devonshire, and then

proceed onwards to Kew Palace to prescribe for the Princess Augusta." The Jew, with exemplary patience, waited further orders for three-quarters of an hour, when the private secretary appeared bearing three very small packages, which he presented with great courtesy to Lamech, requested his close attention to the directions written on the labels, and hinted he was Dr. Baillie's debtor for two pounds twelve and sixpence.

Mr. Lazarus jumped upon his legs and roared at the top of his voice that the advertisement stated the fee to be neither more nor less than a half-guinea. The secretary bowed, pointed expressively to the three little mysterious packages, and deigned only to repeat,—

"Two pounds twelve and sixpence!"

"I'll never pay it!" cried the Jew frantically—"never! nothing shall make me."

This determination, so unequivocally expressed, brought other parties into the consulting-room. The dispenser, a stout, burly, pugilistic-looking personage ran in, followed by James the door-keeper, both eager to maintain their absent master's rights.

"Most ungentlemanly conduct!" said one.

"We are accustomed to no such scenes in *this* house!" cried another.

"Such attention as Dr. Baillie has given to the case!" observed the dispenser; "and then to raise a squabble about the fee!"

And thus the changes were rung in Lamech's ears. "Ingratitude!"—"Niggardliness!"—"Premature death!"—"Heaven's first blessing—health!"—"Dr. Baillie's skill!"—"Her Majesty Queen Charlotte!" In a word, the secretary, dispenser, and footman carried their point. The Jew was bullied out of his money.

As soon as he reached the street, somewhat out of breath and uncommonly chagrined, he began to suspect that he had been hoaxed; and this suspicion deepened into certainty, when on his reaching a first-rate chemist, to whom he was personally known, in Piccadilly, he asked if he could put him in the way of seeing Dr. Matthew Baillie.

"The great Dr. Baillie you mean?" The Jew nodded. "The Court physician?" another gesture of assent. "He is attending some foreigner of distinction at Escudier's Hotel; and generally visits him about four o'clock. If time is not an object to you, and you can wait till that hour, you will be sure to see him. He generally leaves his carriage at the top of Dover Street, and walks to the hotel opposite. I will point him out to you: as to his appearance you will be disappointed; there is nothing striking in his person, gait, or manner."

"I have my reasons for wishing to see him, if only for five seconds," was Lamech's ready reply. He ground his teeth for vexation while he made it.

The hour drew on, was completed, passed away without bringing before the Jew's aching eyes the distinguished *Médecin* whom they sought. At length a dark-green chariot, handsomely appointed, rattled up. The chemist glanced towards it, and was satisfied.

"Follow me!" cried he to the worn-out Lazarus, "and quickly. The steps at Escudier's will enable us to command a view of both the inmates of that carriage: press on, for doctors drive rapidly."

Panting, and heated alike from vexation and overspeed, the Jew mounted the steps of the hotel but slowly, yet in time to gain a thorough survey of both gentlemen, who, having alighted from their carriage, passed with dignified and deliberate step through the door which led to more than one suite of private apartments connected with the building. The first was in person tall and thin, with a countenance bearing slight impress of mind, but extreme suavity. He replied to some observation of his companion as they ascended the steps together; and his air, his smile, his bow, one and all gave you the idea of a person whose demeanour, uniformly, was characterized by the most polished urbanity.

"Ho! ho!" cried the chemist, whose knowledge of all matters appertaining to the medical world seemed intuitive—"a consultation, eh? The peril, then, is imminent. Humph! and here comes our sedative friend from Spring-Gardens. That is Dr. Maton, the Queen's physician. So much for tact and manner! He owes his introduction into the Court circle to the Princess Elizabeth's love of plants and his own knowledge of botany. Her Royal Highness was forming an *herbarium*, and he was able to forward her a perfect specimen of some rare lichen, for which she had been long and vainly searching. This happy hit "led on to fortune." With Queen Charlotte he is an especial favourite; plays quadrille with the *poverty-stricken* old lady; and—*always loses!* Her Majesty is partial to a pool at quadrille, and is particular about having at her table only first-rate players. Dr. Maton is one. And yet he always manages when the Queen is his antagonist to lose, and heavily. Capital isn't it? Nothing like tact! With nineteen people out of twenty it will usurp the honours of talent. Now stare your best: this to the left is the cautious, grave, and money-making Scotchman," continued he, as Dr. Baillie slowly moved on his way. He was denouncing some party's want of punctuality which had deranged all his appointments for the morning. He spoke with a strong Scotch accent—marvellously strong, when there is taken into account the period which had elapsed since he quitted Scotland, and the circle of society in which he moved,—"I keep na mon waiting: time is siller."

"That Dr. Baillie!" cried Lazarus, as the grave, thoughtful *douce-looking* man "went his ways."

"The great medical authority in this country," responded the other.

"Dr. Matthew Baillie, I mean," persisted the Jew, pettishly; "the King's physician; the leader among the faculty?"

"There he ambles," was the chemist's cool rejoinder.

"Duped—grossly duped!" groaned the Jew: and then he relieved his over-burdened spirit by detailing to his knowing acquaintance his adventure of the morning. Peals of laughter succeeded the avowal. His companion enjoyed his discomfiture.

"Rare fun!" exclaimed he, during one of the intervals of his mirth. "What! dupe *you*, Mr. Lazarus? Mystify the most knowing head in Plymouth? Capital! The rarity of being *cheated* must make this occurrence doubly agreeable to you. And so the sham Simon Pure prescribed for you? And valued his opinion on your case at no less than two pounds twelve and sixpence! We Londoners imagined that the George Street bubble had burst long

since. Months ago the whole affair was blown upon. But that *you* should swell the list of victims is comical. Ha! ha! ha! Two pounds twelve and sixpence! why you 'll never survive the loss?"

"I'm not quite clear that it *is* a loss," said Lamech, sullenly. The banter of his chemical friend had irritated him, and he slunk moodily away, but not to rest. A thousand schemes presented themselves as he tossed on his uneasy pillow. One he selected as unexceptionable and safe; and having resolved on his line of revenge, dozed uneasily till daybreak. At an early hour the Jew was stirring; and before eight had taken up his post of observation in Great George Street. About nine some dismal, parti-coloured, bilious beings might be seen crawling up the steps of No. 2. That they required medical aid none could scan their variegated visage and gainsay; that this aid should be afforded by the *pseudo* Dr. Baillie, Lazarus was bent on preventing. Deeming an introduction wholly superfluous, he boldly accosted each invalid as he or she paused at the door of No. 2; explained the farce going on within; dwelt on the extortion practised; related how he had been subsidized, for a single interview, to the tune of two pounds twelve and sixpence—a bitter and ever recurring topic!—warned each party of the folly of believing that he or she was about to consult the celebrated and skilful Dr. Baillie, physician to George the Third; repeated loudly and positively that the whole affair was a mockery—a cheat,—an imposture; and that the man who assumed the deservedly eminent name of Baillie was neither more nor less than some shameless empiric.

With many these representations were successful; but not with all. Some there were whose bitter prejudices against his race indisposed them to listen, for a moment, to any statement from Lamech's lips; others, who took exception at the gesticulations, earnestness, and asseverations of the enraged Israelite: not a few who had a predilection for being duped—a decided vocation and call that way;—all these pressed on, and were admitted. But nearly a dozen did Lamech deter from entering. Their suspicions were roused: they eyed the door-plate doubtfully; scanned with dissatisfied air the mean exterior of the dwelling; and after a pause decided on "deferring their visit till they had made further inquiry."

Meanwhile the Jew's proceedings had excited evident uneasiness and alarm within. Doors were slammed: windows rattled: eyes were seen peering over the blinds, and looking with a very anxious expression into the street. The garrison of No. 2 was manifestly ill at ease, and either meditating or expecting some hostile demonstration.

The former was decided on: for about eleven the scarecrow porter came out, and, affecting great *nonchalance* of manner, ordered Lamech "about his business."

"What would you have? I *am* about my business, and hotly engaged in it—the exposure of the humbug that's going on within."

"A Bow-street runner is sent for," continued the janitor.

"Good!" was Lamech's comment.

"You will be in custody in a few moments, and the magistrate will deal with you according to your deservings."

This last threat—as the porter delivered it—came out with a very

dolorous quaver. The idea of Bow Street did not seem associated in the speaker's own mind with the most agreeable recollections. Lamech it roused instantly.

"Take me," cried he, "to Bow Street, by all means; I desire no better errand. Give me but an opportunity of facing a magistrate, he shall soon be put up to your roguery. Come! we lose time. The office will be closed. Lead the way. Where's the runner?"

The perplexed menial was cudgelling his brains for a rejoinder, when the door opened for the exit of a tall, thin, very erect, middle-aged lady. She was a faithful type of an ex-governess of "undeniable qualifications and unblemished character," who had "conducted herself with uniform propriety," and had retired from active duties upon a satisfactory life-annuity. She held, with firm grasp, a large bottle-green umbrella, on the brass handle of which was engraved in conspicuous characters, MISS KNIFE, and in much smaller letters below, *to be returned*,—a remark which, considering the material, size and cut, of the said umbrella—the length of service it had evidently seen—the honourable scars in the shape of divers rents, duly patched, which it bore, did seem a somewhat superfluous injunction. He must have cherished, to an alarming degree, "a felonious intent" who would hesitate about "returning" Miss Knipe's umbrella! Its owner, in departing, glanced at the house with a rueful and suspicious air. Lazarus noted it with delight. He had warned the lady on her arrival; but, with dignified gesture, she waved him from her presence, and passed on with the air of a princess. As she descended, the Jew made her a low bow—another still more deferential—a third; but his civilities failed—not a syllable in the shape of comment escaped her. Was it likely? Could a maiden lady of considerable experience be justified by any circumstances in addressing a bystander? But as she slowly walked away the Jew's heart was cheered by hearing the murmured soliloquy:—"Duped, I fear! Most confused interview! No two statements coincided! Can account for it only on one supposition. And yet that a Physician to the Royal Family should be 'muddy' before mid-day seems rather staggering!" And, supporting herself by her umbrella, Miss Knipe sailed away.

Meanwhile the Jew kept diligent watch and ward. Till the hour for seeing patients had long passed, and the last victim, duly plundered, had left Dr. Baillie's presence, did Mr. Lazarus parade before No. 2. At length the dispenser gently unclosed the door, and, beckoning to his peripatetic tormentor, invited him to enter.

"No!" cried the wary Israelite; "I've been there once too often."

"Our intentions are purely amicable," insinuated the dispenser.

"So you said when you fleeced me out of two pounds, twelve, and sixpence," was the reply.

"We have matters of personal interest to submit to you."

"Oh! that alters the appearance of affairs somewhat," remarked the Jew, softening.

"We have that to propose which we are sure will be agreeable to you."

"Name it; now, and here."

"In one word, then, why should we be enemies? What may you want?"

"My own!" roared the Jew. "Am I to be robbed wholesale without making a single wry face at the operation? Hand over my two pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence."

"I purpose doing so," returned the other, "if you will speak in a lower key, and hear reason."

"I listen," remarked Mr. Lazarus, *sotto voce*—"I listen attentively;" and, with an eager grin, he extended his yellow shrunken palm.

"There," exclaimed the other, "is the sum we received from you: now go,—leave us to ourselves: you cannot complain of injury when we restore to you the entire fee obtained from you. Go: pray go; and let us pursue our respective avocations in peace."

"Ah!" said the Jew. His grasp closed mechanically on the sum tendered him; and, without a syllable of acknowledgment or acquiescence, he strode away.

The medical firm at No. 2 held high festival. Dr. Baillie was mightily relieved. The foe, he imagined, had raised the siege; no further hostility from him was to be expected. A long and golden career was yet before him. Alas for human anticipations! the first object which met the Doctor's eye on the morrow was the restless Mr. Lazarus, loitering about the door, bent on following up his frightful purpose of intercepting patients. Once more the medical staff was panic-stricken; and once more the pale and pappy-faced dispenser—he looked as if he lived on nothing but pills!—sounded a parley.

"You are not true to your agreement, friend," said the go-between, drawing Lazarus aside, and addressing him in his most dulcet tones: "we concluded, after our arrangement of yesterday, that we should see no more of you."

"What arrangement?" inquired Lamech cunningly. "We returned you the fee which you deemed so exorbitant; and—"

"I accepted it, and said, 'Ah:!' " added the Jew coolly.

The dispenser now looked aghast in his turn.

"I was a party to no agreement," continued Mr. Lazarus, sturdily; "made no promise; gave no pledge; purposed nothing of the kind. *I know the duty I owe to society.*"

"Of what nature?"

"This—to warn my fellow-creatures against fraud and dishonesty. *This man owes to man in all countries.*"

The dispenser looked into the Jew's eyes long and steadily. There was an insincere twinkle in them which prompted the go-between's inquiry—

"What was the duty to which you were alluding?"

"The duty which every Hebrew gentleman (!) owes to society: that duty I mean to discharge."

"What inducement would tempt you to forego it?"

"The proper discharge of the duty *I owe to myself.*"

"Terms?" said the other bluntly.

"My travelling expenses from Plymouth to town, and back," began the Jew in an easy, business-like tone—"a ten-pound note might possibly cover. Then come my tavern charges for three days, at one pound per day;—and then I must make a claim for 'loss of time and hinderance in business;' for this I can say nothing under two pounds—not a farthing; so that taking a disinterested (!) view

of matters," continued Mr. Lazarus with enviable *nonchalance*, "nothing under fifteen pounds will make me forget my way to George Street."

"And supposing this sum to be tendered to you," said the dispenser in a hesitating tone, "what then?"

"Run your course at will," replied the accommodating Mr. Lazarus; "I visit you no more."

Dr. Baillie's negotiator smiled distrustingly. He doubted much and seriously the sincerity of his opponent.

"You may depend on me," resumed Lamech, interpreting his glance. "My promise once given, I abide by it. Accede to my terms, and you have seen the last of me."

"To insure that result—to insure it, mark me," repeated the dispenser emphatically, "the stipulated sum shall be forthcoming, unfairly earned though it be."

"The best bargain you ever made," interposed Lamech roughly.

"A truce to comment," cried the other; "let *that* give place to action. Leave, I beseech you, this street, and let our friends have free access to our residence. The first turning on the right will take you into the square; there in a few moments I will join you, with notes for the amount."

"I will wait your leisure, sir," said Mr. Lazarus complaisantly.

In a shorter period than the Jew thought it possible for any messenger, however nimble, to traverse the distance, the dispenser stood again by his side, with bank-paper in his hand.

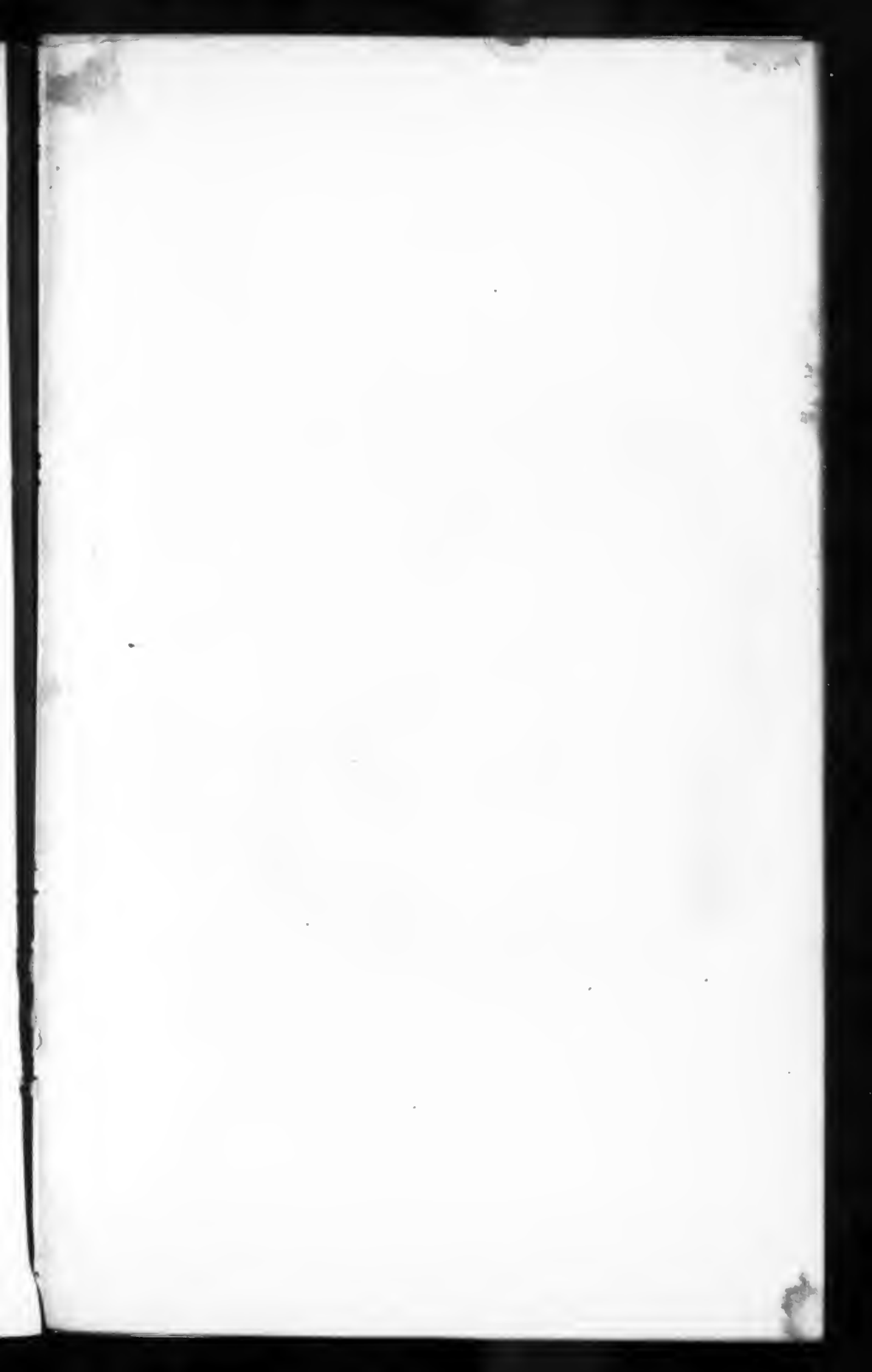
"I thus fulfil my part of the compact," said the whey-faced gentleman.

"And I mine!" exclaimed Lamech, toddling eastward with a will.

Mr. Lazarus characterized this scene as "abounding in true patriotism." It was the last in which he played a leading part. His predilection for cordial compounds speedily consigned him to his narrow home. But his adventures in Great George street formed a favourite topic to the last. He spoke with triumph of the "care" he had taken of "the interests of society;" of the distinction which he had endeavoured to lay down between truth and falsehood; of the many whom he had warned against the sham Dr. Baillie; and of the laborious effort which he had made to unmask him.

"It is in doing your duty to the public," contended Mr. Lazarus most heroically, "that true patriotism consists. He does 'the state service' who looks to the general interests of society." But he seldom alluded to—and then but incidentally and briefly—the hard cash which, in looking after the *general* interests of society, he had taken care to pick up and apply specially to his *own*.

But let Mr. Lazarus be spoken of with all imaginable respect. He cherished no fanciful or impracticable creed; he belonged to a party, and that by no means a small one; for there are gentlemen, both within and without the walls of a Reformed Parliament, who, without adopting Mr. L.'s religious tenets, are PRACTICALLY much of his way of thinking with respect to the "general interests of society" and—their own.





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THE LITTLE VELVET SHOES.

BY F. P. PALMER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

WHEN I was but a school-child, I resided for a certain period upon the Welsh Border, with my father, who was an invalid. He had retired awhile from the fatigue and anxieties of a professional life, to a small farm which he possessed there, and we remained for many weeks, with the humble people of the district, until his health was recruited. Owen Salisbury, the surgeon, was very kind to my father, and to him we became indebted for our fishing, archery, and other recreations. He was a portly, aristocratic personage, at the head of his profession in that country, and half as much in vogue for his skill in horse-flesh and his acumen at whist as for more grave knowledge of the ailments of the bodily structures. He had two daughters of less beauty than intelligence and amiability, and these were reared in elegance, and endowed with all such accomplishments as could be provided for them. Long years afterwards, being engaged in matters of property, near to that earlier home of hospitality, I made earnest inquiries about the family, and received in return the communication, the substance of which is here rehearsed.

Soon after we had left that retirement, Owen Salisbury was found dead in his bed, the morning after the celebration of a borough festivity. When his affairs were scrutinized subsequently to the funeral, it was discovered that he died in embarrassed circumstances, and that he had squandered the means plentifully at his disposal in upholding himself in a too forward position with the gentry, who were so infinitely his superiors in point of worldly circumstance. The girls, who had lost their mother many years before the father's decease, were left orphans, and the fate of the *unprovided-for* awaited at their cheerless threshold. Horses and equipage, furniture and tenement, were speedily disposed of at the will of cool executors, a trifling annuity derived from the mother was rendered to them, and in a secluded suburb, they concealed themselves from the open slights and ungrateful oblivion; hereditary to those who become "fallen in estate." In common parlance they were termed "*the doctor's girls*." Ellen, the younger of the two, was about eighteen years of age when she lost her father, the other sister was upwards of thirty. They were the youngest and the eldest of a large family of sons and daughters, gathered to the grave. The two poor retired ladies felt their altered situation: at first bitterly, but afterwards, with time and tranquil thought, they surrendered themselves to a placid resignation. A kindly interest with all unfortunate persons, and the pursuit of certain philosophical occupations to which they were addicted, gave cheerfulness to their monotonous existence, and made sunshine in the wintery void around them. A few good, old-fashioned people occasionally called upon them, and, in holiday time, there would be a neat and bashful array of young masters and misses at their garden-gate, attending, by customary invitation, to pore with flushed cheeks over the trays of minerals, and gems, and carved ivories, which belonged to Miss Ellen, and to chatter and gaze on tiptoes over the insects and stuffed birds, the oriental ornaments, and the volumes of history, and superb Gothic illustration which old

Doctor Salisbury had left to the learned Miss Barbara! With such little people they sometimes would be seen promenading in the evenings of the summer time, by the rude stone relics of the ancient castle, once appertaining to the *Lords Marchers*, upon the "Bailly Hill," or by the graves of the French prisoners in the old church-cemetery, or near to the brink of the legendary well, named after the brave Saint Oswald. That apology might not be wanting for neglect and indifference at the hands of former associates, they were nicknamed "queer folk," and "blue stockings;" all which desertion and malicious feeling they endured, as if it had been otherwise, seeking but one purpose, which was to be in peace, and to be unremembered by worthless acquaintances of other days. This even tenour of their way was destined to be broken, and the two sisters were separated by an event which occurred suddenly and most unexpectedly.

Often whilst Barbara was sitting in her lonesome bower, musing over the vivid pages of the worthy old chroniclers, Ellen was far afield sketching the antiquities of the interesting neighbourhood, and gleanings from rude tongues the legends handed down to unsentimental times. It was an occupation in which she had immense gratification, and so, on a rainy day, when there was dangerous lightning in the atmosphere, and loud thunder, and waterfall upon waterfall of rain, for the long hours of a dismal afternoon, it was her chance to be sheltering, with one of the like occupation as herself, in a poor turf cottage. There, by a romantic introduction, she became first known to a young artist, who was sketching the castles of the Welsh Border, and he was assiduous in his attention to her, called next day at her own residence, where, in spite of the fears and prudences of her sad and gentle sister, he became her accepted lover, her instructor, and her daily guide. He was a thing made up of speculations and artifices; he won the affectionate lady, and the new love, natural and strong as the link which had bound her to her sister, prevailed. She was married, and retired with her plausible bridegroom to his home in London. She left solitude and tears, too soon to be the partaker of repentance and grief. She had been wretchedly deceived. Her so called husband was a man devoid of common principle. He had a first wife living in France, whom he had deserted. In due time he plundered and forsook poor Ellen Salisbury. So deeply was he implicated with villains of base degree, that she was glad when he ceased to frown upon her and curse her in his unmitigated phrenzies of passion. Soon she was reconducted by her careful sister, from scenes of agony, to her former home and habitation. What calumny and vituperation accompanied the unfortunate lady's return, may best be conceived by those who are intimate with the fastidiousness of some who are self-named the spotless and the blameless of a wicked world! Ellen Talbot, who had discarded her false husband's name, died after having given to the same censorious world, and to the care of its aunt Barbara, a male child, which even in the dawn of existence bore a remarkable likeness to its dying mother. This hasty and unfortunate marriage occurred just seven years after old Owen Salisbury's decease. From the very moment that the awful stillness of death rested upon the pale features of his pitiful child, a fierce love and a fresh soul came to full life in Barbara Salisbury's bosom. Not for the loss of her father had she nurtured sorrow; it was Heaven's dispensation which removed him from his family, and she had blessed that power daily

which was the source of the infliction. Not for altered circumstances had she pined or gathered store of sorrowful sentiment, for the early instructions of her conscientious mother had made her proof against such ordinary embarrassment; that her sister's vile husband was away and unheard of, was subject of exultation to her, because he had deceived both by claim of merit and smooth words, and he was too despicable even for the giving of a single hope for his ultimate repentance, or any proffer of satisfaction. There was something seeming merciful, in her beloved sister's departure, for death had taken her from much of woe, and of the contempt of human kind. Poor Ellen, too, had lived and died in innocence and purity of intention, and tranquillity dwelt with dove-like repose upon her humble grave, and a perpetual bright hope illuminated her memory. It was none of such feelings that moved the change in Barbara. She was ever intensely fond of all young creatures, especially of tender children, and this legacy, so dear, so romantic, and so tearfully bewildering, became the focus of her earthly love. Her secluded soul at once ventured forth, with all its maternal affections, to the wailing supplicant for her aid. With the care of old Molly, her faithful Welsh servant, the baby thrived and grew strong, and in due time became the sweet singing-bird and joy of the sequestered habitation. Happily, too, all its best kisses and endearments were for aunt Barbara, whom it knew only as a mother, and weeping or laughing, in its waking hours, the child followed her with rapture, and the cadence of its quick footsteps, was ever in her vigilant ears. Well, the child grew up into its active boyhood, and then the vicacities of its intellect were the perpetual admiration of the diligent foster-parent. Certainly she thought there never was such a child born,—so comely, so graceful, so eager for knowledge! So far as fairy lore and fable were food for the brains, the child attended its lesson assiduously; and under the tuition of ancient Molly, it became proficient in melody, singing all her guttural Welsh ditties, with exceeding gusto—"Sir Watkins's Delight," "The March of the Men of Harlech," and other such combinations of merriment or melancholy, popular in the Border Ground. For the rest, it never could hear too much of battle and violence, and the few curious weapons which belonged to the antiquarian collection, were in turn suspended from its juvenile girdle, much to the destruction of the first-fruits of the garden, and of the sweet willows and hollyoaks in the overgrown plot before the dwelling. Young Owen grew up a forward and reckless youth.

He was sent to a neighbouring school. He became rude and unmanageable. Boys of quiet habit he spurned from his companionship with open contempt. The bold vagabond of rags and oaths was his selection. It was a dreadful mortification to the aunt to observe this, and to be informed of his trespasses and rebellious conduct; more so was she concerned when, as the standing rule, he adopted towards herself an insolent and tyrannical bearing. He was ever truant from the threshold, and the only punishments which he suffered at school seemed to harden him in all vicious determinations. She, poor creature, lamented that he was under female jurisdiction at all, for verily, she accused herself, that she had misunderstood him, and had curbed some *natural spirit*, which, in proper direction, would have been the making of him. The rector of the place held consultation with her, and was imperative that the boy should be placed under stricter care. She had ever submitted to his superior counsel, and a change was

agreed upon. In fact, he had become a nuisance in the vicinity, for he was foreman in all juvenile delinquencies. An old friend of her father's kept an academy upon the western coast, and the boy was equipped and sent to a boarding-school. In less than half a year he ran away in the tramping society of the rogues he had met with in his wanderings. For many months it was never known to what quarter he had betaken himself, only to old Molly and to the aunt, who, shuddering at his communications, and half broken-hearted, supplied him with frequent money and the contribution of necessaries he required. In the town it was well suspected that she was maintaining him in idleness, to her own ruin, for she made frequent journeys from home, which seemed to injure her health and spirits. And then she had retrenched in her small way of housekeeping, and in her own attire, so that the occasion of all this was frequently debated upon.

At last, one winter time, a tall, thin vagrant waited, shivering and bleeding with cold, at Barbary Salisbury's door, and it was rumoured that her nephew Owen had returned to her protection. Wounded, and discarded, he sought once again the early threshold, lest he should die in some hospital or infirmary, and be hurried to an untimely burial. Medical aid was required instantly. He remained upon the bed of sickness for several months. The rector visited him: his conscience was touched; he appeared of altered dispositions; and for long after his recovery he remained quiet, and with some tokens of repentance, with his fond and attentive relation.

The rector had a friend, a ship-master, in Liverpool; a situation was procured for the nephew, and another equipment was forthcoming. The poor aunt was again destined to feel sorrow, and to weep over her prodigal child. He never presented his introduction, but disposed of his equipments, and again buried himself in haunts of evil and dissolute persons. It would be painful to trace the intermediate stations of his guilt and profligacy. The last money she sent to him — it was raised by sale of her few curiosities and books, which had long furnished supplementary aid to his importunate demands — he was a recruit on board a steam-vessel bound for Lisbon, with men for the service of Doña Maria, in the Pedroite and Miguelite struggles of that disturbed country. He acknowledged the remittance; and for three years afterwards, buried in inconsolable grief, the poor lady, by all the efforts within her power, was unable to receive intelligence of the irreclaimable child.

Ellen Salisbury had been dead just nineteen years. Swift is the passage of time, swifter than the pen which is hurried to complete the catastrophe of the narration. Such a recluse had Barbara made of herself, that she was forgotten almost as much as the rest of her family, who were peacefully in the oblivion of the sepulchre. The lease of the house in which she resided terminated; the tenement was in ruins; she removed to a short distance from the town, and occupied a blank-looking cottage-dwelling, standing all alone, near to the central embankment of an old Roman camp in the vicinity. It was a weird situation, a broken flat, with clusters of gorse and fern in the foreground, flanked by irregular copse, with an ugly hollow scooped out of an elevated sand-stone rock in the back-ground, where was a profusion of brushwood, and the gaping perforations of the rabbit and the sand-martin. It was winter-time when Barbara entered upon the new residence, when the dark stones of the rudely-enclosed ground

peeped through the lingering snow, and the bare arms of the dismal poplar were restless in the stormy winds of the comfortless eventide.

Christmas passed away without one hour of smiles or festivity. Molly took the tone of melancholy from the lonesome lady of that wilderness, and "old Morgan the mole-catcher," to whom they had permitted a kitchen-residence and a bed-room in the out-building for himself and his dog, as fee for his nightly guardianship, was a creature full of omens and prophecies, which fancy he had derived from sire and grandsire in the Fay-lands of Powiss Country.

The spring-time came and disappeared, but no tidings of Master Owen reached the silent cottage. The birds built in the clustered trees, and, summoned by the sweet lark in the brightest of all blue skies, poured forth their music of love and gay emotion without influencing with a sympathetic thrill one heart of the human beings within the solitary edifice so near to them. Barbara spent the greater part of her time in her bed-chamber, much in prayer, frequently in meditation, and frequently in tears. The bed-room was curiously arranged; by especial direction, each article of furniture was placed in the exact position it had relatively occupied in the chamber of the former residence. By the window-place was a small recess; near to this, and towards the foot of the bed, against the wall opposite, was an *escritoire*, covered with a fall of curious tapestry. Upon the top of this was upraised, upon the support of an ancient clasped volume, a remarkable inlaid cabinet, the folding doors of which were ornamented in dim mosaic. If blinking old Molly the housekeeper, who was as imperturbable in her old age as a frozen snake, ever knew what wonder might be, it was in connexion with that singular cabinet. For several years all but the very necessaries of housekeeping had disappeared,—instruments of music, books, plate, and the small museum which the sisters had collected in the father's lifetime. The inlaid cabinet was diligently preserved.

When Owen returned to his aunt in the deplorable state we mentioned, she nursed him in a small room adjoining to her own sleeping-apartment, that she might never be absent from his call for aid in his miserable affliction. When he had recovered, in a conversation with the queer old housekeeper, who loved him as dearly as her own soul, he questioned her as to the service and contents of the cabinet in his aunt's chamber, because he had seen her so frequently bending over it by midnight, when she had risen from a restless pillow, and he had heard her speak with a full heart and suppressed voice to something which was hidden in that strange depository. He never could gain anything from the withered dame but a trembling sigh, uplifted hands, and a slow repetition of these words in an impressive whisper, "It is a treasure, boy! It is a treasure!" and those words burnt into the very depth of his imagination. Like him, Molly knew nothing more than she had stealthily witnessed a hundred times by night and day. She had seen her lady for hours before the unfolded doors of the cabinet; she had heard her prayers, and bitter grief. All beside was mystery.

A miniature of Ellen Salisbury in her girlish day hung over the ark of the secret, and the superstitious Welshwoman, in her private faith, conceived that by some whispered spell or jewelled talisman the surviving sister corresponded with the one who had wasted in the grave, and in her earthly form and earthly tongue, though invisible to every

one beside. Moreover, she steadfastly believed there was treasure of gold there reserved for some particular purposes. Thereupon, we will rest from a continuation, and take up the finale of the story.

In the latter part of the month of July, when the meadows were shorn of their lengthened verdure, and tempting fruit hung upon the slender boughs of the garden, Owen Salisbury returned from the wars in Portugal a beggar and an invalid. Hither and thither he roamed, a prowling, unprepossessing vagabond. One evening he met a companion of former dissolute times at a western sea-port, and, inflamed with ardent liquors, the thought of the old cabinet in his aunt's bedchamber came to mind; for treasure was there—treasure which, craftily obtained, might give luxuries to his need, for a length of time measured only by his hot and greedy imagination. Parting from the evil spirit that had ministered to his criminal intention, he set forward alone, and with good speed, for his native borough again.

In the darkness of a stormy night he reconnoitred the dilapidated habitation, and found it was tenantless and void. With the twilight of the following morning he plunged into the wild and wooded vicinity, lest his foreign garb and strange countenance should lead to a recognition, or to troublesome observation. There, whilst he straggled from rock to rock over the gnarled stems and gushing brooks, he heard an untuneful voice droning out the broken measure of a pensive lament popular in that border-country: and looking down from the precipitous point upon which he was stationed towards the more level ground wrinkled with the indistinct circles of Roman fortification, he perceived near the outbuildings the stooping figure of a decrepid woman.

It was old Molly trimming up the wicker prison of her favourite magpie; and he knew her at once by form, and by the song, which had been a lullaby to his infancy; and presently, from the porch in the ivied walls of the garden enclosure, he saw the tall and stately person of his Aunt Barbara, hooded, as was her custom, and with a volume pressed by one white hand to her troubled bosom. There was such a clear light upon the whole scene that it looked like some vivid picture held at proper distance from the eye of the beholder,—the white stone house reflecting the sunshine,—the wooden bridges over the surrounding trench,—the female forms,—the picturesque variations of the soil, and the crisp and waving foliage of the orchard-trees. Speedily he gathered in the whole of the landscape, with a rush of bitter thoughts, and then he hastened to the shadowy grove, where he remained unobserved till the sunset of the evening.

Barbara was wasted as the wreathed cloud which faded gradually in the faint blue of the eastern sky. She was seated at the chamber-window in the front of the mansion, and around the window spread the dark and withered branches of a lifeless tree. Sometimes she gazed steadily upon the high heaven and its sunset hues; ever and anon she cast a melancholy look upon the dense woodland, and the few quiet residences upon the skirt of the adjacent town. The sad-coloured tower of the venerable Friary church arose from the edge of the sun-lit habitations, and uplifted its turret of legendary fame, called the "*Giant's Chair*," into the transparent atmosphere. The glorious gradation of clouds in the west gave place to lines of broken fall-cloud, and soon all upon the earth was bosomed beneath the indistinct grey. Here and there the twinkling stars proclaimed the coming of the dull-footed spirits of the night. There was a delicious stillness everywhere;

and the poor faint lady thought of her sister's child, her own dear castaway. The cool breeze upon her lips brought remembrance of his playful kisses in childhood. Happy were the hours when he leaned to her knees to hear of the eloquent *talking-birds* of eastern romance, and to listen to the wild and sportive melodies sung and cherished by the brave and gentle princes of ancient Britain. She drew down the casement, and summoned the decrepid servant to her chamber.

Old Morgan, the mole-catcher, who had means of entrance to his own apartments, dined that day with his "Society of North Britons," at a village eight miles distant, and was not expected home until a later hour. The servant retired to rest, and then the lady. The latter carefully searched the dwelling, and then prayed a long time before she unvested herself, spending the usual time at the mysterious cabinet! Indeed, she lingered there an *unusual* time (even to the darkness of night) upon that solemn occasion. It was Ellen's birthday! and her son, with evil thoughts, was at the threshold.

Poor Aunt Barbara lay upon her bed, and a quick hour told upon the dial, which was almost the only thing in that chamber which reflected a gleam of light. She had not slept, but she had *seemed* to sleep; for, whilst her thoughts were divided with the land of dreams, she became sensible that the window of her apartment had been opened, and that a strange person was in the room, stealing along gently near to the foot of the bed. She maintained a breathless silence. The intruder did the same. She tried to speak; a fire burnt upon her brain, and she could not whisper the smallest word. She became, as it were the shadow of herself. Here eyes alone had intense appreciation of form, and she saw an arm, and the upper portion of a man's body, slowly rising as from the floor to the sacred cabinet; then rose a second arm, and the cabinet was cautiously removed from the summit of the piece of furniture on which it rested, and withdrawn gently towards the ground. An ice-like death pervaded her limbs, and then a glow, as with a delirious fever. She leaped at once to the floor, and found herself in the grasp of a savage miscreant. As he loosed for a moment the prize he had found to enfold her in his dreadful arms, she looked closely and surely into his face, and saw his glistening eyes; and in that instant horror and amazement stilled every pulsating fibre of her frame. She recognised the child that had lain in her bosom. As one would hurl a bundle of withered leaves, or straw, he flung her with a slight exertion against the wall of the chamber; and when he saw that she moved not, nor breathed, after the fall, struck with remorse, he descended by the bare arms of the tree from the casement to the ground. At the same second of time the old housekeeper was screaming terribly from her window for aid; and Morgan, with his fierce dog, were ascending a ridge of the intrenchment in sight of the habitation. Rapidly the villain turned to the woodland; the dog pursued. Morgan, who was more than half intoxicated with festival drinks, was unable to join in the chase; however, as soon as he learned from Molly at the open window that Miss Barbara *was murdered*, he left dog and rascal to their several chances, and ran, steadied by the excitement, to the nearest family dwelling. The clownish people were soon afoot; one went for aid to a second farm; one to the next town spread the alarm.

Miss Barbara was *not* dead, but her senses were gone for ever. When the doctor arrived, with others to whom the express had been de-

livered, he found neither wound nor bruise upon her person. She afterwards recovered feeling and motion; but insanity had fixed a terrible seal of testimony upon the brain. It was declared to be fear and horror which had so disturbed the fountain of her thought. The constables, and the parties who had been aroused, pursued the search for the criminal. They hemmed in the woodlands, and made assiduous scrutiny of the covers and rugged sheltering-places. At last the surgeon, who had preceded with those on horseback, who carried torches, came up with his company to the entrance of a cavern since known as *Salisbury's Cave*, and there, suspended by a handkerchief to the lower branch of a wyitch-elm, hung a youth of singular appearance. Upon his head was a torn cloth cap, circled with lace, such as is worn by the military in undress; his grey trousers, banded with red cloth, were in tattered condition. In spite of his sallow complexion and lengthened hair, moustachoid lip, and pointed beard, he was at once recognised as that returned vagabond, Owen Salisbury.

Near to the foot of the tree was Morgan's favourite dog, bleeding to death from a wound in the throat, which had evidently been inflicted by a clasp-knife, which lay upon the dewy grass. Within the opening of the cave, upon the gravelled floor, where, from the impression that was made in the sand, the villain had some while been seated to rummage the spoil he had taken, was found the *mosaic cabinet*, identified by the tearful mole-catcher. The contents were emptied, and by the side of it lay a little pair of embroidered velvet shoes! They were the work of his poor Aunt Barbara, worn in the days of his innocence, and her only *treasure*, and had been watered daily with the tears of her affection.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

THE ancient church of my childhood's days!
 A charm still breathes on its hallowing praise;
 The winds are teeming now with its chime,
 But it sounds to me as the knell of Time!
 I heard it oft when a simple child,
 'Midst the summer gale, or the tempest wild;
 But never till now could the swell impart
 A tone so soft as to melt the heart!
 I love the spot where my fathers rest,
 And dear is the pile their voices blest!

Oft have I stol'n at the twilight's close
 Where the knight and his ladye-love repose;
 And there, as the evening shades grew dim,
 Would tune my thoughts to a vesper hymn!
 Years have pass'd, and I tread again
 With a faltering step that ancient fane;
 But all seems changed, though I trace not where,
 'Till I press my brow, and I find 'tis there!
 I love the spot where my fathers rest,
 And dear is the pile their voices blest!

ODE TO LOVE.

STROPHE.

COME, stripling god, select thy keenest shaft,
 With tighten'd cordage be thy bow compress,
 Deep in my soul the feathery barb engraft,
 And with th' adored one's image fill my breast ;
 Flush me with transport warm and wild,
 Inspire the tide of numbers bold and fair,
 Now rolling foamy proud, now rippling mild,
 Thy lineage, birth, and actions to declare :
 When Venus yielded to the god of war,
 And panted in th' armipotent's embrace,
 Thy birth was hail'd by every rolling star ;
 With smiles Hyperion ran his blazing race ;
 Time leaned impatient from his dusky car,
 And urged his fire-eyed coursers on their pace.

ANTISTROPHE.

The laughing dame, with silent tread,
 Traversed the wild wood's deepest gloom,
 Where groves of myrrh their dropping fragrance shed,
 And spikenard thickets welter'd rich perfume.
 She sought her bower of amaranthine woof,—
 Her bower, where thornless roses paved the ground,
 And honeysuckles, arching to a roof,
 With odorous myrtles, wreathed the walls around.
 Her snowy bosom fell and rose,
 Her fluttering heart heaved fast with anxious joy ;
 There, with soft tumults and celestial throes,
 On flow'rs the goddess bore her lovely boy.
 Him Truth received upon her stedfast knee,—
 The fairest nymph that roam'd th' Arcadian bowers,
 Whom Jove, her sire eternal, joy'd to see,
 And raised her golden throne amid th' immortal powers.
 Her meek unsullied vesture white,
 Bound with a cincture of cerulean dye,
 Floated in folds so lucid and so light,
 That scarce one charm escaped the curious eye.

STROPHE.

Nature rejoiced, for Love on earth was born ;
 Zephyrus gently stirr'd the glades ;
 The tall trees bent their head like sedgy corn,
 The nodding palms commixed their amorous shades ;
 Astraea, with her spotless train,
 From morn till evening made the valleys ring ;
 Each Sylvan's pipe accorded to the strain ;
 Erato, kindling, swept her heav'nly string.
 And, when led forth by Truth, his guardian sweet,
 The dimpling cherub first impress'd the dew,
 The green earth glow'd beneath his tiny feet ;
 The heaven above him flamed a purer blue ;
 Their swelling throats with harmony replete,
 The winged warblers chaunted as they flew ;
 Each water-nymph her waves before him roll'd,
 Murmuring against their banks with music wild ;
 The Dryads strew'd his path with flow'rs untold ;
 The Graces, when they met him, sigh'd and smiled,
 Smooth'd back his flaxen curls, and kiss'd the rosy child.

ANTISTROPHE.

His infant years o'erpast with glee,
 Unaided to the fields he sprung ;
 A sheaf of arrows, burning to be free,
 Between his gold-fledged pinions hung.
 With these above the clouds he soar'd
 To old Olympus' hoary height,
 There drew his silver-twisted cord,
 And fill'd th' immortals with a strange delight.
 The sire of gods, who gives the lightning's gleam,
 With endless youth t'invest his forehead high,
 Nodded his sanction, and the sign supreme
 Shook the pale pillars of the vaulted sky.—
 Then realms terrestrial yielded to his search—
 His bars, assailing first the plumy throng,
 Smote the pounced eagle on his rocky perch,
 And check'd the laverock in her morning song.
 Roving, with bow still bended at his breast,
 The plain, the mountain, and the mazy bower,
 Wide as the earth extends her emerald vest,
 The hairy savages confess'd his power;
 The wild boar's horrid bristles fell,
 The crouching tiger kiss'd the plain,
 And softly sunk in many a curling swell
 The shaggy terrors of the lion's mane.

STROPHE.

Nor less inflamed with rapture high,
 The unpolish'd Sylvans felt his force,
 And roused t' unwonted melody
 Their oaten pipes and tabrets hoarse.
 Swift to the green-hair'd forest-maids,
 With rude devotion, press'd the honest Fauns,
 Plaiting them garlands in the woodland shades,
 Or dancing for their sport along the lawns,
 The ravish'd cocoa's milky juice
 They brought, with bloomy grapes like purple gems,
 From husky prison set the filbert loose,
 And tore the wild red apples from their stems.
 Each to the nymph he loved his spoilage took :
 Th' approving nymphs no more their sight forbear,
 But gaze upon their sports with smiling look,
 And bid them in the honeyed banquet share,
 Echo their songs from hillock, maze, or brook,
 And pour fresh floods of sound along the whispering air.

ANTISTROPHE.

But chief within the gen'rous breast of man
 He proved, exulting, his superior might,
 And strew'd the race his mortal footsteps ran
 With softening herbs and flow'rs of rich delight.
 When, resting on his crook, the shepherd swain
 Beholds the meek-eyed virgin in the grove,
 Deep in his breast he feels the pleasing pain.
 Chasing her shade, his raptured glances move ;
 Th' enamour'd youth forgets each rustic strain,
 And tunes his mellow'd pipe to nought but love.
 To win her praise his manly nerves he strung,
 And, Danger of his vizard grim despoil'd,
 To desperate deeds and bold achievements sprung,
 From which his unimpassion'd heart recoiled.
 He tamed the forest-tiger's pride,
 Outran the antelope and ibex fleet,
 Robb'd the strong panther of his brindled hide,
 And laid their sleeky treasures at her feet.

With mutual hands they kindle Hymen's torch,
 Then sheltering roofs above the rafters close ;
 Bright flames the hearth within their oaken porch—
 And thus domestic happiness arose.

STROPHE.

Ages on ages rolling still succeed,
 Empires alternately ascend and fall,
 The brazen throats of war bid nations bleed,
 And nations sink, yet Love survives them all.
 Fresh at his steps the joys of life increase,
 His smile can soften man's severest woes,
 And still he prunes the olive-branch of peace,
 And twines the myrtle round the thorny rose.
 He, generous power ! first taught my heart to beat,
 He fired my bosom with a lasting flame,
 And turn'd, impulsively, my wayward feet
 From Dissipation's devious route of shame.

ANTISTROPHE.

Within those wilds my tent shall ne'er be cast,
 Where Bacchanals their roystering orgies sing,
 And Anteros, the hydra-serpent vast,
 In scales of gold conceals his mortal sting.
 These would I shun, and equally avoid
 The haunts where Fashion spreads her gaudy lure,
 Where dubious Faction struts, and pompous Pride,
 With hypercritical aspect demure ;
 There, link'd with Discord in a massy chain,
 Stalks foul Suspicion with her hundred arms,
 And Adulation's soft obsequious train
 Heap on the shrine of Wealth their proffer'd charms.
 In borrow'd splendour moves the glittering throng,—
 Profane or trifling objects all engage.
 Hark ! how unwearying Scandal wags her tongue,
 And purblind Prejudice exalts his rage !
 Let mad Ambition grasp his lacquer'd gains,
 Let Vanity still centre on himself,
 Let Sloth ignoble hug her leaden chains,
 And doating Avarice heap the drossy pelf !

STROPHE.

My breast shall glow with more exalted fires,
 At nobler aims my heart shall learn to bound ;
 Philosophy shall bridle vain desires,
 And calm contentment sprinkle sweets around :
 Though huntress Diligence still wind her coil,
 Bidding me early quit the couch of Rest,
 Through the long day to speed with honest Toil,
 And blithe Activity with hairy breast.
 Grey-mantled Eve shall bring her stores of joy,
 And healthy Temperance solace Thirst with bliss,
 And Gratitude the plenteous meal employ,
 And mild Affection print her artless kiss ;
 Then Fancy shall her glistening robes unfold,
 T' invest each image by Reflection made ;
 And Mirth her nimble-flashing torch uphold,
 To lighten Melancholy's passing shade :—
 Love shall the clouding cares of life subdue.
 And Virtue, glorious guide ! behind her cast
 The broad enticing gate, and still pursue
 The straiten'd road that tends to Heav'n at last.

W. V. B.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE SEVENTH.

Power and the poker.—Hint to biographers.—Sir Richard Birnie.—Stoddart and the bushrangers.—Weston's loyalty.—Sharpe.—The two Smiths, &c.—Warde—*Ruse* played off upon him.—Betty.—His going the rounds with Power.—Rencontre in the cabaret.—Newgate.—First appearance on the scaffold.—Bob C——.—Advantageous investment.—*Soirée* at Power's.—Members of the Burlington.—Stanfield.—Abbott.—Paul Bedford, &c.—Monster punch-bowl.—Persiflage.—Improvising.

ON entering the drawing-room in King Street one morning, I found Power fighting the air furiously with the poker. Dubious of his sanity, I paused on the threshold.

"Oh! come in," cried he, laughing. "Don't be afraid. I'm only rehearsing."

"Rehearsing?"

"Yes; a little part I expect to be called on to play in the course of the morning. There's a fellow going about—some reptile, belonging to a periodical just started, who's engaged to write our biographies. He called on C—— yesterday for hush-money, and I've no doubt he'll be at *me*. If I find he means to *attempt my life*, I mean to return the compliment; so I'm just getting my hand in a little—ha! ha! ha! That's all."

It appeared that C—— was at breakfast when a stranger was announced.

"Mr. C——," said the latter, "I'm engaged to write your life in the forthcoming number of *The* —— . Now, there are two ways of doing this. I can either write you *up*, or—"

"Or write me *down*, I suppose," said C——.

The stranger smiled, drew his chair closer, and whispered something into C——'s ear.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed C——, turning pale, "you wouldn't tell *that*! If it got into print just now I should be ruined—I should never be allowed to appear on the London boards again!"

Now, C—— was, is, and always has been, a highly respectable man. But—

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

There are passages in every man's life which, on the principle of *the three crowns*, may be represented to his prejudice. The stranger's whisper referred to some youthful peccadillo, venial enough in itself, but which C—— saw, properly vamped up and peppered, might ruin him in the present state of public feeling, which, owing to circumstances, happened, just at that precise period, to run strongly against the stage and its professors.

"I've no wish to injure you, or hurt your feelings," resumed the stranger; "but my duty to the public—"

"What's your price?" interrupted C——, who saw the necessity of propitiating him. "How much an I to give you to suppress it?"

"Two hundred pounds!" returned the other, encouraged by C——'s fears.

The amount startled C——. It recalled him to his better self. He did now what he ought to have done the moment he comprehended the motive of the man's visit—ordered him out of the house, and refused to give him one farthing.

C—— mentioned the matter next morning to Sir Richard Birnie, adding, "I'd a great mind, Sir Richard, to have kicked the rascal out."

"Why didn't you?" exclaimed the indignant magistrate; "he'd have got no redress if he'd come to me."

One day I dined at Power's with Sharpe, the artist, and Mr. Stoddart, of Sidney. Stoddart, who had formerly been a bookseller in the Strand, gave us a very interesting account of his being robbed and detained by the bushrangers. While proceeding to a farm he possessed up the country, a voice hailed him from the bush. Bending on his saddle, he put spurs to his horse, when a bullet whistled over his head. Convinced, from the wretched state of the road, that he had no chance of escaping, he deemed it most prudent to pull up. Four ruffians now rushed from the bush and seized his bridle.

"You did right to pull up, Mr. Stoddart," said the ringleader, addressing him by his name. "The next shot must have floored you. I'll trouble you for what money you have about you. You've nothing to fear," continued he, when Stoddart had complied with this requisition. "We can't let you go yet, but we'll treat you civilly. And with this they led him a considerable distance through the bush to their bivouac, where they shared with him what provisions they had, besides giving him a glass of grog and a cigar.

These "minions of the moon" freely discussed their plans before Stoddart. They mentioned, without the least reserve, their intention of robbing *this* settler, burning out *that*, &c. &c. Nay, they even commissioned Stoddart to tell a neighbour of his, who had made himself particularly obnoxious to these miscreants, "that he was booked, and would get his gruel the first opportunity."

"We know we shall all be hanged, Mr. Stoddart," said the ringleader, at parting, "but we're resolved to lead a merry life, and enjoy ourselves while we can. But let those who meddle with or resist us, look to themselves. Good night!"

Sharpe mentioned Margate. He asked Power how his friend Weston was.

"Oh! what the King's tailor!" said Power, laughing. "Ay! you remember I used often to have a chat with him on the pier. Ha! ha! ha! Weston's veneration for George the Fourth was certainly most amusing—ha! ha! ha!—the oddest species of loyalty. 'Talk of the Duke of York!' he used to say, 'Phoo! what's the Duke of York, sir?—What's there in managing an army?—Any man may manage an army—there's nothing in that. But put a pair of shears into his hand, sir—just put a pair of shears into his hand, and let us see what he can do *then!* But the King, sir! The King, Mr. Power! There's a man! Ah! the King's got some *nouse* in him!—*he's* a genius!—*he* understands it!—*he* knows what's what, sir! Just put a pair of shears into *his* hand!—Just see *him* cut a wrinkle out! Why, he understands it, ay, almost as well as I do. Oh! the King's a genius, sir!—a very great genius! Why, now, if any misfortune

was to happen to that man, Mr. Power, if he was obliged to work for his bread, I'd give him five, ay, *six* guineas a-week only to cut out for me!"

Sharpe painted humorous subjects with great ability. He liked good living, and his rubber; accompanied himself on the piano to comic songs of his own composition, and possessed an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and ghost-stories, which latter he retailed with all the *gusto* of a true believer, to the inexpressible dismay of all the young ladies of his acquaintance.

One day Elliston with the two Smiths dined with Sharpe. His cellar waxed low, but his guests liked their wine. Sharpe scrawled with his pencil on a card, "*Send for some port to the public-house—quick!*" and slipping it into the servant's hand, whispered him to give it his mistress, who immediately dispatched the man for half-a-dozen of port, which arrived just as a fresh bottle was wanted.

"Now, fortune send they've drunk too much to find out the difference!" prayed Sharpe to himself, as he passed the bottle. "Of course it's regular black-strap. I'll not touch it myself if I can help it."

His guests drank—smacked their lips—drank again—and replaced their glasses. Sharpe's ears tingled—he sat upon thorns—he wished himself at the Antipodes! "They've found it out," thought Sharpe. "I shall never get over it—what a shabby dog they'll think me."

"Sharpe, you're a capital fellow!" exclaimed Elliston. "You ought to have your statue erected. Where did you get that wine? It's without exception the best of it's kind I ever tasted."

"I was just going to make the same remark," said Horace Smith, holding up his glass to the light. "Did you import it yourself, Sharpe, or did you get it from Durrant?"

"Hope you've a full bin of it," pursued his brother James, after draining his glass; "ha! ha! ha! Any bin but the *has been*, you know. Eh, Sharpe! especially where such wine as this is concerned."

"Yes! I knew I should catch it—I knew I should get precious badgered about it," cried poor Sharpe, "but, the fact is—"

"Pshaw! toss off your wine, man, and pass the bottle," interrupted Elliston, impatiently. "I want another glass."

Sharpe obeyed, but, to his infinite surprise, found the black-strap *most excellent claret!*

Next morning he went to the public-house.

"Ah! I know what your come about, Mr. Sharpe," said the landlord as soon as he saw him; "you've come to scold me for sending you that sour port. But it wasn't my fault—it wasn't, indeed, sir. It was the only port I had, and I told your servant it wasn't fit for gentlemen to drink, but he said he must have it, sir, and so I gave it him."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Sharpe.

"At a sale, sir, I bought six dozen of it. But it's so plaguy thin and sour that none of my customers will drink it."

"Have you much left?" said Sharpe, carelessly.

"Nearly the whole lot, sir—I don't suppose I've used half-a-dozen bottles. It only does to make negus of. I only wish I could get

somebody to take it off my hands, I know. He should have it a bargain."

"Well, I don't care if *I* take it," said Sharpe.

"You sir!"

"Yes, the fact is, that sort of light wine agrees with me."

In half-an-hour the whole batch was snug in Sharpe's cellar.

One night Sharpe was playing at loo with his brother Henry. He won every trick.

"Now, sing your song of triumph over me," said Henry, peevishly.

"I will," returned Sharpe, laughing, "I'll sing *Hal-I-loo-you!*"

I sometimes met Warde in King Street. Warde was a Bath man. His real name was Prescott. He was originally in the artillery; but his success as an amateur induced him to turn his sword into a truncheon, and adopt the stage as a profession, in which, with common prudence, he might have realized an independence. Warde was at the head of second class tragedians. Though his features were *petits*, and his action somewhat formal, his person, on the whole, was good, and he declaimed finely. I thought his *Faulkland* excellent. With the exception of Young, I never saw any actor play that wayward personage better.

Practical jokes were sometimes played off upon Warde. One day he went down with Power and a large party to eat white bait at Greenwich. He had scarcely seated himself, when a gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, requested Warde would change places with him, as the light from the window hurt his eyes. Warde had no sooner complied with this requisition, than another gentleman from the bottom of the room, begged he might be permitted to sit next to his brother, who was on Warde's right, upon which our tragedian again shifted his seat.

"Warde!" shouted Power, who was in the chair, "you mustn't sit there; you're in the draught, man! Here, come up here; we can easily make room for you!" and Warde, who dreaded catching cold, eagerly obeyed the summons.

Here, it was discovered that the sun must annoy him, and notwithstanding he declared he rather liked it than otherwise, he was once more forced to vacate his seat, and move to the opposite side of the table.

"My dear Warde," exclaimed G——, starting up, "I can't permit you to help that dish; you'll get no dinner. Allow me to take the trouble off your hands; I insist upon it."

In vain Warde assured him the trouble was a pleasure; in vain he protested he liked carving above all things, and was tired of changing his chair; move he must. G—— was inexorable—he made a point of it. The whole company seconded him, the president decided in his favour; and, in a word, under one pretext or other, these Don Pedro Positives obliged poor Warde to make the entire *giro* of the table before he could swallow a morsel.

Betty, the *ci-devant* Young Roscius,* paid great deference to Power, who exercised a beneficial influence over him. The Falstaff face and bulky figure of this gentleman, made it difficult to believe he had

* Father of the present tragedian.

once been that youthful phenomenon, whose extraordinary personal and intellectual graces had intoxicated a kingdom; for whose presence peeresses contended; whose slightest indisposition made managers tremble; while all ranks, yea, the very princes of the blood, rushed, with feverish impatience, to consult the daily bulletins issued by his physicians; I never saw Betty without feeling inclined to exclaim with Job Thornberry, "La! were *you* that pretty boy? How you are altered!" But there was one thing in Betty which time had *not* altered—a kind and benevolent heart; and that most assuredly he still possesses.

Betty's failure as a tragedian in his riper years is a curious fact. Notwithstanding the excellence of his tutelage, there is no reason to doubt that in boyhood he displayed a capacity far beyond his years. Did the strain upon this thus early, prevent its ripening? Metaphysicians, decide!

One night Power and Betty, after supping together, agreed to go the rounds, and investigate those mysteries which Modern Babylon, during the darker hours, offers to the speculative and the curious. About four o'clock in the morning, these two philosophers found themselves at the door of one of those early public-houses, which open at daybreak for the accommodation of those, whose callings, lawful or unlawful, render such resorts necessary. Here, the thief, the prostitute, and the ancient charley met, at the close of their professional labours, on neutral ground, and solaced themselves, after the fatigues of the night, with hot mulled wine, strongly spiced, before they turned in to sleep like owls through day, in which the majority of them delighted not.

"Shall we go in?" quoth Betty.

"Ay, push on," said Power. "Let us see all we can, Harry."

So in they went.

The place was crowded with wretched remnants of humanity, poor done-up creatures, alike hopeless and reckless, the off-scourings of the community, all eagerly clamouring for that liquid lethe which was to afford them a temporary oblivion, but which apparently was not forthcoming quite so soon as their cravings for this indispensable stimulus required. "Curses deep *and* loud" resounded through the pandemonium.

"Why don't they bring the hot stuff," muttered in a hoarse voice a dirty-looking drab, who had seated her quaggy carcass on the counter, and was swinging her mill-post legs to and fro. "Do they think," continued this amiable personage with an oath, "we ha'v'n't money to pay for it?"

Here her eye caught Betty's.

"Why, it's Betty!" exclaimed she with another oath, after staring at him for a moment. Then springing from the counter, she threw her arms around the astounded object of her scrutiny, and honoured him with a salute. *Alas! there was a time when Betty would have esteemed this an honour.*

"Why, don't you know me?—have you forgotten me," continued she, as Betty, half stifled, disengaged himself from her embrace; "I'm Harriet B——!" Then rapping out another oath, she added, "You needn't look so shy at me! Many a glass of champagne you've had at my table."

This was too true. In the bloated, brutalized object now scowling

on him, Betty, with difficulty, recognised the once graceful and elegant Ninon, whose smiles senators coveted, and whom, only two little years before, he remembered at the head of a handsome establishment, revelling in all the luxuries of the town. *Surely more, much more, might be done for these unfortunates! Few women are naturally vicious. Yet many fall, and when they fall, they fall for ever! Is this just? Is it politic?*

Dropping a sovereign into the hand of this unfortunate, our philosophers proceeded to the Old Bailey, where two murderers were to be executed. Betty, who happened to know the sheriff, sent in his card, on which they were admitted into the interior of the prison. Here, while exploring a long dark passage, a large bell suddenly boomed above their heads. Anxious to escape this dismal knell, they rushed up a flight of steps, and found themselves—*on the scaffold!*

"Here they are, Bill!" exclaimed a voice among the crowd, who immediately rang the welkin with their execrations.

Well do I remember Power's describing the horror he felt at thus unexpectedly making his *début* on such a stage, and experiencing such a reception!

Honest Bob C——! Who that visited in King-street, has forgotten thee? Bob was an excellent companion, for he preferred listening to talking; and would sit for hours, no matter where, provided he had his tippie. I shall never forget going to see Power play in the City,—*where*, Heaven knows, for I'm sure I don't; but the theatre had been a chapel, and Power's dressing-room was a sort of rhomboid under a staircase, in which every angle in the building seemed assembled in general congress. Power, dressed for *Dr. O'Toole*, sat wedged into a niche, with his hands on his knees, and his head held forward for fear of damaging his wig; a posture more convenient than elegant.

"Bob! hand Canter the porter," said Power.

"Bob!" echoed I, hitting my head against the ceiling. "Is Bob with you?"

And there, sure enough, in the angle formed by the stairs with the floor, Bob had ensconced himself, with a huge porter-pot between his legs. Ay, and there, too, he would have remained till doomsday, always providing the aforesaid pot had been regularly replenished.*

Bob had a legacy left him. The executor inquired what he intended doing with it. Bob didn't know—supposed he must purchase consols.

"I've a capital spec in view," said the executor, lolling against the chimney-piece. "Capital—I shall net fifty—ay, if I said *seventy* per cent. by it, I dare say I should speak within the mark."

"Deuce, you would?" grunted Bob.

"You'll only get three per cent. in the funds," resumed the executor, after a pause; "only three."

"Only three," said Bob; "that's all."

"Mr. C——!" said the merchant, suddenly erecting himself, and seizing Bob's hand, "I've a regard for you, a very great regard indeed; and, to prove it, I'll do for you what I wouldn't do for my

* Porter is a favourite beverage among *artistes*, particularly foreigners. Many must recollect with what *gusto* Pasta seized the porter-pot after her grand *scena* in "Semiramide."

own brother ; if you like to leave this money with me, you shall have a share in this speculation."

"You don't mean it?" said Bob, squeezing the merchant's hand in return.

"I do though—I'm quite serious," returned the latter warmly. "The fact is, Bob, you're a capital good fellow, and I'm glad in the opportunity of serving you ; so say no more, say no more, my good sir. We'll consider the matter settled. Here, Mr. Allen! Show Mr. C—— out, ha, ha, ha! good morning—business, you know ;" and away went Bob, overjoyed with his investment.

A year—eighteen months—two years passed—and not a word of his venture. Bob thought he might as well inquire about it. Accordingly he repaired to Austin Friars, and asked if Mr. D. was in.

"He is, sir," replied the clerk, with a smirk ; "but he's engaged at present. Can I do your business for you, Mr. C——?"

"Why, I called about that speculation, which —"

"Ah! I see," interrupted the clerk : "that South American business — yes, yes, I understand. Allow me—a word, Mr. C—— ;" and taking Bob out into the passage, he whispered in his ear, "Take my advice; and cut as fast as you can."

"Cut!" echoed the astonished Bob.

"Ay, and be sure you don't come again! The thing turned out a dead failure; and if you stir in the business, you'll have to cash up. Good morning!" And this was all Bob ever heard of his two thousand pounds.

Mrs. Hoffland, Linton, the Carews, with many others connected with the arts and the press,* visited in King Street, where, with the reader's permission, we will now pass an evening.

Enter we two moderately-sized drawing-rooms, conveniently rather than elegantly furnished, communicating with each other. That door leads into a small third room, dignified with the name of "Library," where Power does his writing ; but it is carefully closed, you see, only a favoured few being admitted. There is some mystery in this. Those two full-lengths in the principal apartment are by Frazer ; that on the left represents Power as *Captain Cleaveland* in "The Pirate;" the other, his lady — which is all we shall see of her, more 's the pity — for this is a gentleman's party, about five and forty of whom, you see, are already assembled. Those three *merveilleux* on the sofa are members of "The Burlington," discussing the merits of the favourite, and the advantages of Melton. These are *la crème de la crème*,—the flower of the party! Observe what marked attention Power pays them; how he exults in their presence! how happy it makes him! That handsome man with the ebony cane is D—sb—we. His family, for more than half a century, have held situations about the court. M—S—, who is seated next to him, will be a peer of the realm. His father, poor man, much against his inclination, has just been banished into the Upper House. B—r to whom Power is now speaking, is descended from a great legal functionary, and is to follow the law himself—let us hope, as successfully.

But how noisy that group is, standing before the fire! how they wrangle! how they laugh! how they scatter the puns about! — ha,

* To be noticed when I come to "The Widow's."

ha, ha!—You are right. These are lawyers too, Templars, Lincoln's Inn men,—sharp dogs, merry fellows, gentlemen to the back-bone, the best and most intelligent companions in the world. There is the making of a chancellor among those wild slips.—But the door opens; some one enters. Who can this tall gentlemanly man in black be? As you observe, there is a modesty, a propriety in his demeanour which prepossesses you. Here 's Power! I'll ask who he is. Ah, Stanfield! Indeed, I could have sworn he was somebody—

But hush! who runs through the chords in that masterly manner? 'Tis little Major; and little Major, let me tell you, if you are fond of music, is worth listening to. Ah, he is going to accompany Poer, I see, the best amateur singer in England, except Mrs. Arkwright, poor Stephen Kemble's daughter. Ah! bravo! bravissimo! what execution! what splendid bass notes! Did you ever hear *Nou piu andrai* sung better? Deuce take it! what *can* they be about in that little study there? Saw you not how cautiously Power closed the door when he came out just now? * * * Ah! Abbott, Stansbury, and Paul Bedford! Then the theatres are over; and see, they are setting out the supper—not a formal affair of temples and waterfalls, with a dish of sweetened soapsuds in the centre, but crabs, lobsters, scallops, anchovies, devils! a glorious army of STIMULANTS and PROVOCATIVES! served in profusion, and scattered hither and thither, as best suits the convenience and disposition of the company.

Let us join Stanfield and Paul Bedford at that little round table in the corner there! Lord! how droll Paul is! how adroitly he manages to catch the servant's eye! how kindly he caters for us! Stanfield is rallying him on his figure. He calls him a slip, a lath, a hobbledehoy. Paul heeds it not; Paul is too busy; he sticks to his scallop with the devotion of a pilgrim; he quaffs his ale like a holy father! And why for no?—why for no? After taking care of others, it is but fair Paul should take care of himself. Besides, he has been delighting the public, he has been singing in "Massaniello;" and singing and acting, let me tell you, my friend, are dry work.

What a forest of glasses! what hecatombs of havannahs they are placing on the table!—and see! see! the door of the little study opens, and—ha, ha, ha! ho! ho! ho! what be these, my masters? What merry and diverting spectacle is this? As I live, a pageant! a right Bacchanalian pageant! So, so, so! It was for *this*, then, was it, we were so carefully excluded? Really, B—r's jolly god is not amiss.

'Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his rose-pink'd face.'

A foil, his Thyrsis; Dr. O'Toole's wig, his chaplet; and Abbott—ha, ha, ha! only look at Abbott! How ludicrously he bounds onward, twanging that guitar to Handel's grand chorus, which Paul and Stansbury are burlesquing so gloriously; while Power brings up the rear with Stanfield, groaning beneath the weight of that huge vase, that seething cauldron which—may I die if it isn't filled with brandy punch! Oh! I'll swear it's brandy punch by the perfume it sends forth. They may well sing "The conquering hero!" Oh! if we're to drink all *that*, you know! why, it contains three gallons, at the very least, my good sir!

This monster-bowl being deposited on the table amid the cheers of the company, Abbott was installed in the chair.

"Gentlemen!" said Power, as soon as the glasses were charged, "permit me to give you a toast, which, I am sure, you will drink with pleasure. I have known William Abbott long— (*hear, hear!*)

Abbott.—Yes; and I hope you 'll know William Abbott a little longer, especially if you brew such good punch as this." (*a laugh.*)

Power.—Look at the man! (*Everybody stares at Abbott, who tries to appear interesting.*) Look at the man, I say!

Abbott.—Well, they are all looking at me. (*Sips his punch.*)

Power.—I repeat, I have known him long, and can conscientiously declare that he is, without any exception—(*hear, hear!*) without any exception, gentlemen—(*hear, hear, hear!*)—THE GREATEST VILLAIN UNHUNG!—(*Roars.*)

Abbott.—Oh, oh! what a shame! what a shame! I, really—

Power.—Gentlemen, the turpitude of that man's conduct is shameful—oh! shameful! no words could do justice to it!—(*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)—The mischief he does is incalculable. Count the sands of the sea, the crimes of a Cataline, the potatoes in Covent Garden Market, but hope not, trust not, seek not, gentlemen, to estimate the wickedness of William Abbott there!—(*Cheers and Bravo!*) Under these circumstances, gentlemen, as well-wishers to the community, gentlemen; as Christian brethren, gentlemen—(*hear, hear, hear!*)—as fellow-subjects, actuated by those feelings of justice and philanthropy which reign within this heart here—

Abbott.—That 's the wrong side!—(*A laugh.*)

Power.—I beg your pardon; *nous avons changé tout cela*. I feel convinced you will all most cordially join me in drinking "*Confusion to WILLIAM ABBOTT, and the sooner he is HANGED the better!*"—(*Roars, and cries of Bravo!*)

All.—Confusion to William Abbott, &c. Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Air—*The night before Larry was stretched.*—POER.

Abbott (*rising*).—Gentlemen! for the honour you have done me—(*roars*)—after the eulogium that has been pronounced upon me—(*roars, and cries of Ho, ho!*) EULOGIUM, gentlemen! I repeat it! for when a man lives, as Tyrone Power does, "*by the badness of his character,*"—(*roars, and hear, hear!*)—when every word, every syllable he utters, gentlemen, is the converse of truth—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—abuse becomes the highest PANEGRIC!—(*cheers and bravo!*)—the highest PANEGRIC, gentlemen!—(*Cheers and Bravo again.*)—Actors are proverbially modest—(*a laugh*)—and really, gentlemen, when I sit and hear myself made out such

'an olio
Of perfection in folio,'

such a conglomeration of

'Sugar and spice,
And all that 's nice,'

as the old song says, great as I am aware my merits are, I feel quite—(*takes out his pocket-handkerchief*)—


Power.—Can any gentleman accommodate him with a smelling-bottle?—(*Roars, and cries of Order, order!*)

Abbott.—Gentlemen, I will not trespass on your attention any further. I shall content myself with reciprocating your good wishes—(*roars*)—and conclude with the hope that that monster, that miscreant there—(*pointing to Power*)—may speak as ill of you all as he has of me, gentlemen!—(*Cheers and laughter.*) *

After a glee, admirably sung by Poer, Stansbury, and Paul Bedford, Power proposed that we should all sing an extempore verse, commencing with the chairman, under the penalty of drinking a tumbler of punch, which, to the consternation of those whom "the gods" had not "made poetical," was agreed to.

Abbott had strenuously opposed this. Cunning rogue! he was all the time, I suspect, concocting his couplets, which ran as follows:—

"I am averse to make a verse,
Because, d' ye see, I can't;
But if I could, I'm sure I would,
But as I can't, I shan't."

 Hock and soda water in great request next morning!

* This species of persiflage was much in vogue at Power's, Don Truebs's, &c.

THE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

THE poor man hath a lonely lot,
To misery allied;
His very being is forgot
Among the sons of pride.
He rises with the morning light,
And labours through the weary night,
A scanty meal to gain;
Then lays his wearied head to rest,
But anxious cares disturb his breast,—
To slumber is in vain!

The cold neglect, the with'ring scorn,
That meet him on his way,—
The spirit bow'd, and sinews worn
By premature decay,—
A brow o'ershadow'd by despair,
The trembling gait produced by care,
The constant dread of ill:—
These mingle with his ev'ry dream,
And Hope hath no consoling gleam
To pleasant thoughts instil!

Alas! to him the changeful earth
Hath features ever sad;
For when the summer wakes its mirth,
He only is not glad.
For what to him is Nature's smile,
That may another's heart beguile,
But cannot pierce the shed
Where he is wasting life away,
Unheedful of the night or day,
So long it brings him bread!

God's blessing on the verdant fields,
When sunshine dwelleth there!
And ev'ry flow'r that fragrance yields
Becomes more sweetly fair!
In truth 'tis beautiful to view!
But rip'ning corn and violet's hue
Are hidden from the poor!
They cannot watch the season's change,
To them all blithesome scenes are
strange:—

Their sense of joy is o'er!

Within a close and fœtid room,
Through sickness and in age,
They labour on, and pass in gloom
Their life's declining stage,—
The slaves of want!—while those who
have,
And from the depths of woe could save,
Evade their haggard mien,
Nor mark the signet death hath placed,
Where many a sorrow could be traced,
And painful years be seen!

The poor! oh, mock not those who weep,
The wretched and the lone!
For Heav'n doth surely record keep,
When earthly aid is gone;—
And at the Bridal Feast the guest
May be the mortal leastwise blest
Among his fellows here.
Then cheer the poor man's solitude,
And smooth the briars on his road
To kindlier lands elsewhere!

THE RAILWAY QUEEN.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

"HAVE you got any Spitzbergen and Patagonia?"

"I am sorry to say that I have."

"Why so?—they are at two premium."

"But I bought at three-and-a-half."

"Don't be afraid: hold on."

"Hold on! I can't help myself. There is actually no business doing in them."

"The surest sign that they are to have a sudden and tremendous rise."

"When?"

"At the proper time. Hold on!"

This hint was given to me by a woman—one of consideration,—with a look and tone that would indicate a knowledge of things behind the curtain. I hope that she knows a move or two in the chequered game: if not, as far as I am concerned, it will not be of much consequence. I shall pay for my lesson; and that's all. Small men ought to stick to their trade of basket-making. And I shall profit by my lesson, you may depend on it. "Une fois philosophe; deux fois joueur déterminé."

Perhaps the men think they have the game all to themselves; that they alone are railroad mad. If they do, they are grievously mistaken. What is it that makes London by far less dull just now than it usually is during the autumn? Numbers of the *beau sexe* have remained behind to look after the main point, for emphatically is railroad speculation considered the main point amongst, I am sorry to say, too many of them at this moment. Paris, for the same reason, has been scarcely more gay at any season of the year than the present. A certain fashionable and fascinating marchioness (an Englishwoman too), a resident of the gay capital of delights, won twenty-five thousand pounds there a few weeks back in one *belle* swoop. You would like to know how she did it. A brilliant company were assembled at the hotel of a Russian nobleman in the Faubourg St. Honoré; and between one of the pauses of the *danse*, a distinguished singer of the opera was entertaining the guests with a favourite air from "Norma,"—it might be from "Il Barbiere" or "Don Giovanni,"—or it might not. All was breathless attention, and intense delight. No! not all. The young and lovely Marchioness of — occupied a *fauteuil* in a corner of the *salon*. The air was beautiful—

She heard it, but she heeded not—her eyes
Were with her heart, and that was far away,

very far away—in the share-market! for even into such a gentle bosom, and amidst such a scene, the ruling passion of the age,—call it avarice, gambling, what you will,—could enter and assert its empire.

"I have got a better song for your Ladyship than even Mario's song," said a young and gallant cavalier, approaching her softly, and seating himself on an unoccupied couch beside her.

"What is it?" said the Marchioness hastily.

"Within the last hour the King has expressed to the minister his approval of the Great Northern Line. Hush! don't speak or appear agitated; we may be observed."

"Was R—— there?"

"Yes!—closeted for two hours with you know whom: and he left the palace about a minute or two before me with a joy in his face that I shall never forget. It spoke millions. You must see him to-morrow early; for the news will be over the town before the evening, and the applications will be innumerable."

"To-morrow!—to-night!" And in a few moments, her Ladyship's carriage having been ordered, she left for the house of the great financier.

It was in vain that porter and portress, valet and butler, major-domo and secretary, opposed the *entrée* of the fair besieger. Stop a woman, indeed, when she *will* go a-head!—stop a house on fire with a single bucket of water! She made her way to the sanctum sanctorum—the bureau of bureaux. It was not her first time. Plutus was not petrified: he knew the goddess well. He knew, too, that she must be obeyed; so, to save time, every moment of which was worth a diamond to him that night, he obeyed the commands of his fair tyrant. She arranged for a pretty considerable transaction, and departed to sleep happily on her pillow.

From the titled dame to the actress, even to the grisette, all the women are playing the railroad game in Paris. In London, if things are not going on *pari passu*, at the same mail-train pace, amongst the female speculators, they are going on fast enough, Heaven knows! considering the curves and inclines.

I called on a lady in St. John's Wood the other day. She was reading a morning newspaper. "Nothing in that, certainly," you'll say; but wait till you hear what part of it she was reading. Not the deaths, births, and marriages; not the court-circular; not the fashions of the month; not the column of advertisements, in which broken-hearted lovers address each other in monosyllables, and romantic runaways are told to come home directly to indignant and respectable fathers and virtuous and disconsolate mothers; nor was she diving into the delicate columns of law and police reports; nor discussing the moralities of the quacks; nor laughing at the quotations from Punch; no, not on any of these features of the daily romance of the world was my lady's attention fixed; but on the city article and the railway share list!!! Upon my conscience I'm not joking; and to make matters worse, she is one of the finest young women in England, although nearer to thirty than five-and-twenty. She has refused scores of good offers, fancying that her accumulating fortune will secure her some old marquis or duke at last.

"Namur and Liège—what's the news—Louvaine and Jemappe—how are they?" said she to me, the other day, as I called upon her towards the afternoon, and all this in the same breath as her "How d'you do?"

"Namur and Liège—Love—and Jem!" exclaimed I in broken accents, and looking as stumped as a bee in a fallow.

"Do you know nothing about them?" said she sharply.

"Why, nothing particularly," I answered, "but that they are respectable places enough with regard to the picturesque and the population."

"No, no, that's not what I want to know,—how are the Belgians?" said she with a fidgety laugh that I did not relish.

"Is it how are the Belgians?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Oh, bravely; *horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ*," said I, plucking up, "which means—"

"Nonsense," said Arabella; and she read the share list in the *Globe*, indulging in a running comment as she went along—"Direct Manchester—capital! South Midland—up again! Cambridge and Oxford—oh confound them! London and York—oh that abominable Hudson! London, Manchester, the Potteries and London—a good idea that about cheap crockery—three and a half premium—bravissimo! Northampton, Banbury, and—still going up—more sugar on the Banbury cakes—how nice! And let me see, here's another new line just out to connect the eastern and western coasts—what do they want to connect the coasts for, I wonder? but that's not my affair. Everybody and everything will be all connected together soon. I must write to Moonshine and Crash to purchase me a hundred of the Cut-ahead-right-across-direct-eastern-and-westerns—one and a half premium to-morrow—two and a half next day—sell them—"

"A cool hundred that, Madam," I ventured to observe.

"Cool!" said she; "to be sure—in and out like a cold bath!—that's the new spirit of the age. It's only changing about the circulating medium more quickly after, all, as the nursery rhyme has it,

"Here we go up, up, up!
Here we go down, down, down, oh!"

"And perhaps," I observed "too many will have to chime in with

"Directors, and brokers, and scrip,
We're all done brown, brown, brown, oh!"

"Oh, not at all—none are to be done but the green. Are you not doing something in the railroad world yourself, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" inquired the lovely speculatrix.

I answered, "A little."

"In foreign railroads?"

"No, thank you—I don't like spending one's capital out of the country." (I did not even whisper a word about the Spitzbergen and Patagonia.)

"But you get it back again three fold and more; even I as a woman am a better political economist. You sell at a premium—"

"Or I don't."

"Well, then, what are you doing in shares?"

"Looking on—"

"Looking on; why *women* are not content to look on now-a-days," she observed contemptuously.

"So I perceive," said I, sending back the shuttlecock in the direction from whence it came.

"If I were a man," said Arabella with emphasis, "I should be secretary to a new railroad before a fortnight. I wish I were a man."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, rather surprised.

"Yes; and should you like to know how I would set about it?"

"The secretaryship you mean?" said I.

"The company," said she: "you must get up the company before

you can be secretary. Who is going to give you such a berth unless you prove your patent of invention?"

"That may be very true."

"Buy a map of England," said she; "or, better still, a map of Ireland."

"First catch your hare," was not an unnatural observation on my part.

"First catch your grandmother!" (how sordid pursuits make the most refined forget themselves!)—"run your finger up and down, and across through the length and breadth of the land. Hit upon some obscure uninitiated district, as yet not cut up."

"Rather a difficult matter to find that," said I.

"By no means," she replied; "you'll find an opening somewhere."

"Talking of running your finger up and down a map, the French monarch, wishing to find fault with Marshal Turenne, put his finger on a line that marked a river, and said, 'Why did you not cross here?'—'Because your majesty's finger was not the bridge,' answered the marshal."

"Ah, but," said Arabella, "Marshal Turenne did not live in a railroad age. Nothing is impossible to steam."

"Well, say that I have hit upon an opening, what next?"

"Point your guns."

"Point my guns?"

"Yes, and then shot them to the muzzle."

"Guns and shot—muzzles—really—"

"Well, then issue your prospectuses."

"Cramming them well with promises of public advantage is what you mean by shooting the guns?" said I, getting a slight glimpse of land.

"Exactly so. I shall make something of you at last. If the district be agricultural, talk about increasing its produce and population, about running up to the cattle-show in Baker Street, with a tup, or an ox, or an ass, or a newly-invented plough, in an hour or two. If the district be a manufacturing one—"

"Say we are on the map of Ireland."

"Well, be it so. Would you cut through one of your Irish bogs? Talk of it in *El Dorado* terms, praise its picturesque beauty and fertility, and the vast quantity of unexplored riches in the bowels of the earth. But perhaps you are chary of railroad speculation?"

I confessed that I was not over-enthusiastic.

"Well, try something else in the national line for Ireland. Irish improvement according to English notions will be all the rage when our 'own commissioner' returns from Ireland. You have seen what he has written about Lough Erne being only four miles from the sea, and that there is no outlet to it in that direction. Why not cut a canal through, and make Enniskillen a rival to Cork? Or, better still, for it will require more money, and consequently give rise to more speculation—drain it."

"Drain it!"

"Yes. A good board of directors ought to be able to lay a plan to drain anything. Talk about Holland, the drainage of the Fens, and Whittlesea Mere in your prospectus."

"I am afraid that we have had already one or two too many of those sort of companies connected with Ireland," I observed. "They

were *drainage* companies in reality, which drained off more than the water,—to wit, the investments of the only moneyed persons connected with the undertaking. I know one in particular, which went to work on the Irish plan of ‘leap before you look.’ They drained off all the water; and, instead of the rich alluvial soil which was promised beneath, and over which the golden gifts of Ceres were to flourish in future years, they found a *sandy bottom*.”

“Ah! it’s just the way,” said she; “whenever a new thing is started, there are plenty of growlers and grumblers like you, Mr. O’Shaughnessy, to bore us with your ponderous platitudes about the ancient ways and the slow coaches. The only part of the railroads with which you sympathise are the *sleepers*.”

“And, what’s the odds?”

“Ten to one against your getting on, unless you purchase into the Dublin and Galway.”

“At five premium—eh?”

“Well, you might do worse.”

“You have not heard the new song, then, about the throwing out of the bill?” I inquired.

“No,” said she, “I have not. It’s not difficult to guess its author. You can amuse one, at all events; and, to do you justice, you are always willing. The instrument is open.”

On which hint I turned round to the ivories, and gave the fair gambler

A HOWL FOR THE DUBLIN AND GALWAY.

“Ochone! Father Dan, did you hear the report,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
When the Dublin and Galway was kick’d out of court?
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Lero! lero! lillibullero! lillibullero! bullen-a-la!
Lillibullero! lillibullero! lillibullero! bullen-a-la!
Ha! by my sowl, it was Brougham and Vaux;
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
He don’t like our shares like the London and Yorks,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Misther Fitzstephen French said the bill would succeed;
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
But they swore they were stags sign’d their names to the deed,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
’Twas the Sassenach hunted us down, I ’ll go bail;
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Clanricarde cried out it would help the Repayle,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Och! didn’t their witnesses take a big swear,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
That our Company’s funds were the divil knows where,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Bowld French in the Commons call’d Brougham blackga-ard;
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Sure every one read it, though nobody ha-ard!
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
There was an ould prophecy found in a bog,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
That ‘the line’ would be cross’d by an ass and a dog.
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!

Now, the ould prophecy is come to pass ?
 Lillibullero, bullen-a-la !
 For Lord Harry 's the dog, and Paddy 's the ass ?
 Lillibullero, bullen-a-la !"

"Lord Harry is a compound of both,* sir," said the lady, with no small degree of warmth ; "for, in spite of your sneering and his hostility, the Dublin and Galway is one of the greatest favourites in the market,"

"Well, I am rejoiced to hear as much, if you, madam, have your affections centred in it," said I, resuming my gossamer, and my little bit of timber, and bidding Miss Arabella a very good afternoon.

"Good evening!" said she, waving her hand ; "you 'll be a dreamer all your life!"

As I went down the stairs, an odd-looking fellow with a jaunty air, and his clothes built in spread-eagle fashion, passed up, three steps at a time, humming

"Yankee Doodle borrows cash,
 Yankee Doodle spends it,
 And then he snaps his fingers at
 The jolly flat that lends it."

"Could she have been mad enough to buy Pennsylvanians?" thought I to myself. I dare say she did ; for the next day the news arrived that the drab-coloured people no longer repudiated, but were going to pay: although at a long date. Yes! they at length promised to pay. Now, if I had invested amongst them, not a penny should I, or any of the other creditors have got, although we lived a hundred years, and as long as we liked afterwards.

Whereupon, moralizing on the uncertainty of all things here below, and the folly of most of them, I rambled into the woods and fields.

"You 'll be a dreamer all your life!" said the railway queen to me. Well, I 'd rather be a dreamer or a lotos-eater, — ay, a "mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eater," — and have easy days and nights of it in the wilderness of "a *dissolute* island," as Paddy called Robin Crusoe's territory, than be obliged to lay my head upon a restless pillow stuffed with tormenting arithmetic, and turbid visions floating about me of Mammon and bankruptcy.

"Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence, ripen, fall, and cease.
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease
 How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

-
- * "People. And what punishment
 Will you inflict upon the Magabæan
 Who acted thus ?
Black-pudding-seller. Nothing that 's very harsh,
 Except that he shall exercise my trade,
 And be the only person that 's allow'd
 To sell black puddings at the city-gates."
 ARISTOPHANES, *The Knights*; DAN WALSHE'S Translation.

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech,
 Eating the lotos day by day;
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
 To muse, and brood, and live again in memory
 With those old faces of our infancy,
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!"

I had scarcely repeated the appropriate and beautiful passage from my favourite Tennyson, when up jumped one of the jolliest little fellows on earth from a bunch of rushes near the bank where I was reclining, and, having taken a big drink from the running stream, he croaked out lustily for his wives. Whenever I see anything good-humoured in nature, I am inspired with good-humour myself, and my voice will break forth:

<p>"I think the frog" A jolly dog, He lushes away all day; He never need think Where to go for his drink, And has never a chalk to pay. The summer night long He sings his hoarse song,† By the side of the streamlet blue; And he pipes his bassoon To the lady moon, And drinks her health in dew. Drink to the frog, The jolly dog, Who lushes away all day; He never need think Where to go for his drink; And has never a chalk to pay. The skies they drink, ‡ And the meadows drink, And every flower and tree; And the frog he drinks,</p>	<p>For 'tis jolly, he thinks, To drink in good company. When the earth's a-dry In the lake hard by, He dives to his rushy den; There he drinks for hours, Till the steaming showers Come down from the heavens again. Drink to the frog, &c. The fish may swim, And the wild bird skim The earth, the sea, and the air; And the hound pursue, So swift and true, The game to the forest lair. Toil, prey, and strife! What boots such life? I like the frog's the best; The summer through He has nothing to do, And in winter he takes his rest. Drink to the frog, &c."</p>
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You may well say, in the spirit of the mountain and the mouse, that there was an Autumnal swell in the lakes, and forth came—a frog! How d'ye like him?

"Not at all!" I hear you exclaim; "his *laissez aller* philosophy won't do for the present times."

Very well; let him go with the spirit of the age. You know what his fate was when he would be a politician, and prevailed upon Jupiter to change his king. You are aware, also, of the melancholy result of his ambitious efforts to swell himself out to the size of the bull. You have heard of the fatal misfortune which happened to him

* Εὐκτὸς ὁ τῷ βατράχῳ, παῖδες, βίος, οὐ μελεδαίνει
 Τὸν τὸ πίνει ἐγχοῦντα, παρεσι γὰρ ἀφθονον αὐτῷ.

THEOCRITUS, *Idyll X.*

† Βρεκεκεκέξ κοῦξ κοῦξ.

ARISTOPHANES *RANÆ.*

‡ Ἡ γῆ μελαινα πίνει
 Πίνει δε δενδρὲ αὐτήν.

ANACREON, *Ode IX.*

when he would "a-woosing go." Perhaps he may do better in the share-market, and come to something at last. *Nous verrons!* As to capital, character, and head-piece, I'll back my speckled hero against some of the best of the lucky ones: I mean, when they started. Now they are wise, good, noble,* handsome, anything you like, because they have been so far successful; although at first it was only a question of six ace or six deuce, heads or tails, the throw of a die, or the toss-up of a sixpence.

"The frog he would a-stagging go,
Heigho! says Reilly,
The frog he would a-stagging go,
Whether he'd got enough money or no,
Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

Off he went with his scrip in his hat,
Heigho! says Reilly;
Off he went with his scrip in his hat;
(He gave an address,—he might easy
do that.)

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

He soon arrived at the broker's hall,
Heigho! says Reilly,

He soon arrived at the broker's hall:
'Sell out,' says the frog, before the first
call,

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

Froggy went on a-speculating,

Heigho! says Reilly,
Froggy went on a-speculating,
Slap-dash, like a hero, at all in the ring,

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

But soon a panic came over the town,
Heigho! says Reilly,
Soon a panic came over the town,
And the small men were done most ex-
cessively brown,

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

This put frog's affairs into such a sad
plight,

Heigho! says Reilly,

This put frog's affairs into such a sad
plight,

'I must hold on,' says he, 'or be ruin'd
outright.'

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly.

But the calls came on fast,—all his
shares he must pop,

Heigho! says Reilly,

The calls came on fast,—all his shares
he must pop,

And a little black Jew came and gobbled
him up,—

Wily, slily, gammon and bubble!
Heigho! says Mither Reilly."

* "Et genus et formam pecunia donat."—HORACE, *Epist. VI. Lib. I.*

BALLAD.

MY Jamie! thou wert kind to me,
When we were bairns together;
An' 'tis but right this hand should be
Thine ain, and that for ever!
But while 'tis press'd upon thy lips,
Oh, think ye frae this hour,
That where the bee its honey sips
It leaves unbroke the flow'r!

Remember that I leave my all,
And trust me to thy keeping,
An', let whatever may befall,
I'm thine through joy and weeping!

Through weal or woe, whate'er betide,
The vow for aye I've taken,
That bids me ever to thy side,—
Then leave me not forsaken!

My sisters gather round me now,
Their tears for me are falling;
I can but kiss each saddening brow,
For, Jamie! thou art calling.
I leave my happy home for thee,
The home we loved together;
For, Jamie, thou wert kind to me,
And I will love thee ever!

THE BRIDAL OF MANSTONE COURT.

A ROMANCE OF THE ISLE OF THANET.

BY HENRY CURLING.

THE Island of Thanet is a familiar spot to at least three parts of the excursionists of Great Britain. At a spot which lies some three miles from the town of Margate and one from St. Lawrence, and which is still called Manstone, is yet to be seen (albeit it is seldom visited by the tourist) a venerable mansion called Manstone Court. The outward appearance of this curious specimen will at once give the spectator a better idea of the style of dwelling used by our Kentish ancestors during the reign of the Plantagenets, than any building we happen to know of in the island.

The manor of Manstone was the residence (for many generations) of a family of the same name. During the reign of King John it pertained to one Ralph Manstone, a gentleman whose ancestor having accompanied William the Norman and assisted him in conquering England, had been rewarded by a grant of the estate.

Sir Ralph (for he had been knighted by King John for his services before Angiers) was a man of some sixty years of age. Tall, powerful, and gaunt-looking, he was a perfect specimen of a warrior of his day. A man whose right hand sought his cross-hilted sword on the slightest provocation; one who would strike sooner than speak, and who governed his household with an iron rule; whose word of mouth was law; and who, possessing power and influence at this period in Thanet, ruled the whole island, and made the laws of the land almost subservient to his own purposes, during this distracted reign.

Sir Ralph Manstone had married (in early life) a lady of Saxon descent and great beauty, who, dying soon after the birth of her second child, bequeathed her husband the care and education of a son and daughter.

The son, who had accompanied the host led by Richard the First to Palestine, had helped by his bones to whiten the shores of the Dead Sea. The daughter (who in outward favour took after her Saxon ancestry, and was indeed lineally descended from the Kings of Kent) was a peerless specimen of excellent nature. To the form of a Grecian statue was added the peculiarly noble and exquisitely-moulded features of the high-born Saxon of a former day.

Bertha de Manstone at the present time resided an unhappy inmate of her father's halls, where indeed she might be said to spend her dull hours under the strictest surveillance, and in almost solitary confinement; the exigences of the times rendering it necessary for the fiery knight, her sire, to be so constantly in the saddle, and an absentee from home, that of late (for months at a time) he had scarcely resided at Manstone at all.

In early youth this young lady had been betrothed to the son of a neighbouring knight, Sir Hugo Dentdelion (the turrets of whose castle are still visible from Manstone Court), but who having lately returned from the East a broken man, Sir Ralph Manstone had thought fit to

dissolve the engagement, transferring his consent to a richer suitor. The affection, however, which the lady Bertha felt for the young Dentdelion was not so easily to be transferred. Marriage she considered a matter of more worth than to be thus dealt in by attorneyship, and during the frequent absence of her sire, the young knight had passed many an hour, whispering a soft tale, in the pleasure of Manstone Court. The consequence of this was a deadly hatred between the houses of Manstone and Dentdelion, and the imprisonment of the lady Bertha in her own apartments.

The times at this juncture were wild. Contention, dismay, and distrust pervaded the country. No man could promise himself, as he lay down at night, that his windpipe would be whole and sound when morning dawned. Hordes of armed ruffians infested the woods and fastnesses; the whole land was under an interdict, and "without benefit of clergy." The dead lay unburied; pestilence raged in the air; an invading army was hourly expected to land upon some part of the coast; every day the nobles of the country were revolting from their allegiance; and all England was one scene of discord, horror, and misrule.

The King himself meanwhile was confounded; his barons were leaving him, and wild amazement hurrying up and down the little number of his doubtful friends.

Thanet in particular at this crisis was even more distraught than any other part of England. The whole island from the town of Stonar* to the villa of Bradstow† was filled with fears and factions incident to the dreadful occasion. Upon the devoted shores of Thanet would the invaders, most probably, first swoop, and bring fire and sword over its fat abbey-lands and fertile pastures.

Some few places of strength in the island had drawn their resources together, and resolved to keep loyal to the crown. Others were a sort of "*waiters upon Providence*," ready to join the strongest, and cry "Long life to the conqueror!" whilst others, again, emboldened by the near approach of the revolted barons, made no scruple of declaring for the Dauphin and his power. Amongst the former of these stood Manstone Court, now filled with retainers, and its massive gates rammed up against all comers not of the party of the hated John.

Although, however, the times' abuse, and distracted state of the kingdom in general, and of the isle of Thanet in particular, might have been reasonably expected quite sufficient to occupy the whole thoughts of Sir Ralph, it will yet be presently seen that his own particular interests and worldly ambition more perturbed his spirit at this crisis, than the thousands of invaders who were perhaps enraptured upon his native soil, ready to fall upon its inhabitants, and give to the edge of the sword his whole kith, kin, and acquaintance.

At the present period of our story we take leave to introduce the reader to the principal apartment of Manstone Court,—a long, low-roofed, thick-walled room, with the huge log glowing upon the ample hearth, several large hounds dreaming before its blaze, the heavy rain beating in fitful gusts against the grated casement at the further ex-

* Stonar no longer exists. Its very foundation can hardly be traced upon the sea-beach near Sandwich. It was a Norman town, and often stood sack and siege at this time. It was at last totally ruined, burnt, and deserted.

† The villa of Bradstow, now Broadstairs.

tremity, and the ruddy glow of the flames from the fire-place reflected by the fragments of armour which hung upon the walls, or lay cumbering the stone floor.

The human occupants of this apartment were two in number. One of these was the knightly owner of the mansion, whose tall and soldier-like form, cased in armour of proof, as he paced the hall, showed in strong contrast to the withered and distorted figure of a youth who occupied a settle beside the hearth. This latter personage was a gentleman of some five and thirty years of age, and good gifts in the county of Kent, one Geoffrey Curbspine, of Malvoisin Castle, and who, despite the horror Bertha Manstone felt at the bare idea of such a bridegroom, her stern sire intended, "force per force," should wed the fair maiden on that very night.

Anything more hideous in human shape than Geoffrey Curbspine, it would be difficult to imagine. Anything more devilish in disposition, it would perhaps be as hard to find. Like most deformed persons, his features were an index to the crookedness of his mind, which seemed a consequence of his distorted figure. His very glance proclaimed that his ideas were devilish; and as he sat in the hall of Manstone Court, with one diminutive and shrivelled leg supported upon the knee of its fellow, and as he watched the stalwart form of Sir Ralph Manstone, he chuckled at the idea of the deep revenge this intended father-in-law was about to afford him against a hated foe and rival,—a revenge rendered doubly grateful, since it transferred the hand of the beautiful Bertha from him she really loved, and, in favour of his large possessions, gave her to himself.

The spirits of Sir Ralph were at this moment somewhat more perturbed than usual; and, as his eye glanced upon his companion, his beetle brows were drawn into the form of a horseshoe. One moment he felt inclined to kick the deformed Curbspine amongst the glowing embers, before which he sat grinning like a jackanapes simpering at a chesnut. The next minute, as he strode through the apartment, he stretched forth his hand to clutch the bags of hoarded gold the near completion of his daughter's marriage seemed already to have almost placed within his grasp, and saved the lands of Manstone from passing into other hands. Meanwhile, although midnight had been fixed for the hour at which the lovely Bertha was to be coerced into becoming Lady Curbspine, there still appeared some difficulty in the way of completion of the ceremony, from the circumstance of no officiating minister having been found to perform it.

In order to explain this difficulty, we must remind our readers that the thunders of the Vatican had been hurled upon the murderous and cowardly John at this period, and who by the legate of the pope had been pronounced degraded from his regal dignity, his posterity for ever excluded from the throne, and that hand most eligible for canonization which would most readily rid him of his hateful life.

Under these circumstances (to add to the discomforts of *merry England*) the consolations of religion being denied to the inhabitants, the jolly monks, withdrawing themselves within their principal abbeys, left the new-made heretics to get sufficing penance and complete absolution how they could; the monks of Minster, of Monkton, of Salmestone Grange, Ozengell, (and half a dozen other religious establishments besides,) with bell, book, and candle, committing the said island of Thanet to the devil.

It was under the difficulties thus encountered by Sir Ralph Manstone (who had searched church, chapel, and hermitage without being able to procure even a hedge priest to officiate) that the evil mind of Curbspine conceived a diabolical project, which the devil who served him (except under cover of the excommunication of the Pope) could hardly have thrown in his way. He had that morning himself volunteered to procure the assistance of a churchman, who, he affirmed, had formerly been confessor to his family, and returning home, dressed up one of his own rascal followers in canonicals, desiring him not to make his appearance at Manstone Court until the very last moment of the expected ceremony. By this means he hoped to obtain the fair Saxon by a trick as villanous as it was dangerous.

Whilst there, the lord of Manstone paced his hall, as we have before described; and the crookback was chuckling in the chimney-corner, and hugging himself in the probable success of his device. Word being brought that the churchman was arrived, and in readiness for the ceremony, Sir Ralph Manstone, ordering his daughter to be instantly summoned, bade Curbspine follow, and took his way to the adjoining chapel.

The chapel of Manstone* was an erection of much earlier date than any other part of the building. It was one of those rudely-constructed edifices whose massive walls were entirely composed of bolders and coarse mortar, and which took its date from the earliest Saxon times. It was a dark, melancholy-looking building, the few and narrow windows hardly serving to make its gloomy recesses visible during the daytime. At the present moment, as Sir Ralph strode into it, followed by his intended son-in-law, a single lamp placed on the altar was the only light by which it was illumined. As the lovely Bertha, however, was conducted along the aisle, an attendant, completely armed from head to heel, followed, bearing a torch in his hand. Completely veiled, and accompanied by her female attendants, the lady Bertha advanced with a firm pace to her sire, as he stood with arms folded beside the altar, and thus addressed him:—

“It is, sir, I fear, vain for your hapless child to reiterate her abhorrence of the nuptials you are about to force upon her. Once more, however, I entreat of you to pause ere you compel me to wed one so vile in disposition and character as Sir Geoffrey Curbspine. You have, indeed, dragged me to the altar, but my lips will scarce utter other vows than those of horror and detestation of the bridegroom you have provided for me.”

As the lady finished her address she shrank back beside her attendants, and the knight, her sire, drawing himself up to his full height, with flashing eye, uttered his stern rejoinder:—

“My firm resolve I have,” he said, “already pronounced in this matter. My reasons for such resolve you well know. They are of sufficient weight, I should have thought, to have prompted you to obedience. Enough! the child who has no proper feeling towards her parent, and who seeks to herd with his bitterest foes, deserves not that father should sacrifice his dearest interest at her caprice. Proceed, Sir Priest,” he continued, stamping his armed heel upon the pavement, “proceed, I say, the parties are ready; the bridegroom waits!”

“Nay, then,” said the lady, casting herself upon her knees before

* This chapel still remains.

the monk who was to officiate, "of this holy man I implore pity. Perform not this hateful ceremony, holy father, as you yourself hope for mercy hereafter."

The monk, who had remained standing somewhat within the gloom of the chapel, as yet had not removed the cowl from his face, which was so closely drawn before his features that not a particle of his countenance could be seen, except his piercing eye, which had been immovably fixed upon the villain Curbspine from the moment of his entrance.

"Arise, minion!" said Sir Ralph, in stern tones to his daughter, "base and degenerate as thou art. And you, Sir Monk, do as I bid ye. Proceed with the ceremony you have come hither to perform. Time presses, and with morning's dawn I must to horse towards Dover Castle; the spirit of the times must teach us speed."

The monk had not looked upon the lady as she knelt before him. As the knight finished speaking he started, and assisted her to arise.

"Upon your head, father," said the lady, "be the dreadful consequences of this hateful marriage, if you persist in commanding it."

Anything more perfect than the beauty of the sorrowful maiden you might have searched sea and land without being able perhaps to find, and her pallid features, as she withdrew her veil, and looked around her, bore so exclusively the Saxon character in their expression as to leave no trace of the Norman blood which flowed in her veins. She looked a worthy specimen of her mother's royal lineage; whilst the frightful appearance of Curbspine, with mouth grinning, lips quivering, and his shrivelled limbs fidgeting with anxiety for the performance of the ceremony, gave him the semblance of some demon, who had been sent on earth to torment his angelic victim before her time.

"Beware," said the monk, for the first time coming near the light upon the altar, and confronting the Lord of Manstone Court; "beware, Sir Ralph Manstone, what you do; I am here upon a solemn promise given to Sir Geoffrey Curbspine to perform this marriage, and upon your behest I am bound to fulfil my part of the contract. Our abbey will be greatly enriched by his liberality if I do so; but I knew not that the bride was an unwilling party. The wrath of Heaven may fall upon those who—"

"Patter your priestcraft elsewhere," impatiently interrupted the knight; "proceed with the ceremony at once, or dread my anger."

"I am the minister of One mightier than the Lord of Manstone Court," returned the monk contemptuously. "I have already said I will perform this ceremony, but the lady has hinted at consequences likely to follow being thus coerced into a marriage distasteful to her. Before therefore I undertake to join the parties in holy wedlock, I demand five minutes' conversation with the bride. Let all avoid the chapel, and for that space leave me alone with her."

"How mean ye by that, villain?" said Curbspine, gliding close up to the monk, and speaking in a whisper; "what new freak possesses you?"

"Remain quiet," returned the monk, in a low voice. "As yet all goes well; thwart me in my proceedings, and I betray your plot. Bethink ye (an I do so), your own and my life's blood will crimson this altar where we stand."

"The scruples of the priest are natural, Sir Geoffrey," returned the Lord of Manstone, after conferring with one of his attendants; "we grant him the five minutes he desires; and may he have the tongue of

persuasion to induce this undutiful girl to yield to the wishes of her only parent. Remember, monk, a hundred marks, besides Sir Geoffrey Curbspine's donation, awaits your abbey on completion of this business."

So saying, the knight left the chapel, followed by his attendants and the females who had accompanied the lady Bertha. Meanwhile Sir Geoffrey Curbspine, whose cunning surmised some cheat upon the cheater, taking advantage of the gloom of the dimly-lighted chapel, instead of passing out of the door, stepped a pace or two aside, and throwing his deformed body upon a flat marble tomb which stood behind one of the Saxon pillars of the aisle, (himself unseen and unsuspected,) quietly awaited the communication which the counterfeit monk was about to make to his intended bride.

He was not long suffered to remain in suspense. Soon as the receding footsteps of the knight and his followers proclaimed that they had left the chapel, and a distant door was heard to close upon them, the monk for an instant took the single lamp by which the gloomy chapel was lighted, and holding it aloft, gave a rapid glance around. His eye for a moment crossed the prostrate figure of Curbspine, as he lay motionless upon the marble tomb,—but so still did he remain, that he took him for some effigy of the Manstones,—and returning towards the altar, threw back his cowl, and casting himself upon one knee before the lady, seized her hand, and covered it with kisses.

The Lady Bertha at first recoiled with the surprise at this sudden outbreak of the officiating minister. The next moment, however, she found her lover was at her feet.

"Sir Hugo Dent de Lion!" she said, in still greater astonishment; "and here in the power of his bitterest foes? Unhappy youth! your life is spanned. Every part of this building is strictly guarded; every loophole watched with jealous care."

"We have indeed but little time for conference, lady," returned the youth; "scarce, perhaps, sufficient for me to explain the meaning of my appearance here, and the plans by which I hope, at least, to save you from the nuptials with which you are threatened, or to perish in the attempt. Suffice it, that I this morning became aware of a trick by which my rival intended to become possessed of your hand. In Manstone wood lies the body of a villain, who sacrilegiously profaning the cowl I now wear, was stabbed by me on his way hither to perform a mock bridal in your despite. Assuming the garments he wore, I am here by virtue of the same disguise. There is yet one only chance remaining for us. Suffer me to proceed with the ceremony; after which, retire to your chamber, and leave the issue of the business to my management. I have arranged the means of escape, if we can once lull the jealousy of your father's suspicions by a seeming acquiescence in his wishes. The ceremony performed, he starts instantly for Dover, when I will take a terrible revenge upon the villain Curbspine, and convey you where I have friends to protect us."

"How, Sir Hugo Dent de Lion?" returned the lady. "Thinkest thou I would for one hour become the leman of the demon Curbspine, and knowingly permit a mock wedding? No, I will instantly recall my father, and denounce the caitiff who would have thus dishonoured his house."

"Alas! lady," returned the youth, "you would but put off the evil

day, and procure either death or a dungeon for me, your faithful servant. Nay, weep not; but do as I advise. Believe me there is no other chance left us."

There was indeed but small time for the lady to deliberate upon the matter, as almost ere the youth could resume his cowl, the footsteps of the Lord of Manstone were heard in the passage leading to the chapel; and the next minute his clanking stride rang upon the pavement of the aisle.

As the party advanced up to the altar, Curbspine glided from his place of concealment, and joined them. Whatever part of the young knight's discourse he had heard, it appeared by his silence that he meant to avail himself of the services of his rival in regard to the ceremony; after which his fertile brain, no doubt, had conceived some project by which to defeat the scheme Dent de Lion had hinted at for the escape of himself and Bertha Manstone. The counterfeit monk, therefore, announced to her sire that the lady's scruples were in some sort removed by his exhortation, and that she consented to the performance of the ceremony. The fair Bertha had indeed but little choice in the matter, unless she preferred seeing her lover slaughtered where he stood; and she was soon, to all appearance, joined in the holy bands of matrimony with the hideous bridegroom of her father's choice.

As soon as the ceremony was performed, the Lady Bertha, shrinking from the touch of her mock spouse as from some venomous reptile, pleading indisposition, accompanied by her female attendants, was the first to leave the chapel; whilst her sire issued orders for a hasty repast, and desired his esquire to have all in readiness to mount at a moment's notice. The attention of Sir Geoffrey Curbspine, meanwhile, seemed transferred from all save the monk, watching his every motion, and looking the living portrait from which the cunning architects of the period had carved some of the ugly figures which ornamented the roof of the building.

The Lady Bertha (as soon as she gained her chamber) drew bolt and bar, in an agony of fear and apprehension as to what next was about to happen. That Sir Hugo Dent de Lion meditated some desperate deed by which to attempt averting her tormentor's schemes, and effecting her deliverance, she felt assured; but that he would be likely to fail in that attempt, and by his own destruction leave her in the power of Curbspine, she had also but too much reason to fear.

One moment she listened, in breathless expectation, for some signal or sound of what was transpiring below. The next she threw open her casement, and endeavoured to gain a sight of the apartment beneath. All was, however, dark and ominous. The distant sound of preparation for her father's departure alone met her ear, as the men-at-arms were mustered and paraded in the courtyard, and steeds were being quickly caparisoned and led from their stalls.

This state of suspense appeared even more dreadful than the certainty that her lover had been detected, when suddenly the great bell of the chapel rung violently. Soon afterwards dire yells were heard, and then a confusion of tongues in the passages below, accompanied by heavy blows. After listening in great agitation for some minutes, the Lady Bertha despatched one of her maidens to learn the meaning of these sounds. In order to explain them satisfactorily to the reader we must again return to the chapel, at the precise moment the lady had herself retired from it.

As Sir Ralph, with the remainder of the bridal-party, left the chapel, Curbspine laid his withering hand upon the monk, who was about to follow, and signed to him to remain behind. The monk started, but was fain to obey; and the hunchback, closing the chapel door as soon as they were alone, placed his back against it, and for a brief space seemed to enjoy the evident agitation of the counterfeit churchman.

"Your reverence," he said, with his shrill tones and bantering laugh, "has played your part in this deception to admiration. But that I know you for a low ruffian, I could swear you had been all your life educated in a cloister."

"You are, then, satisfied with my administration?" returned the counterfeit priest.

"Quite," returned the other; "I will even exceed the remuneration promised. Here," he continued, stepping towards the altar, "is the reward of your fidelity." As he was apparently about to produce his purse from the bosom of his furred tunic, he started in affected alarm, "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed, "do my eyes indeed deceive me? or has the dead returned to life? Behold, the figure so lately occupying that monument has left its resting-place, and stands behind you!"

The young crusader was not altogether without the superstitious fears so prevalent during that dark age. He started, and turning his head, beheld the tomb on which he had so lately observed what he conceived a monumental effigy was now without its occupant. Struck with dread, he seized the lamp from the altar, and glanced around the gloomy chapel. As he did so, the dagger of Curbspine leaped from its sheath, and was driven with so much force against his bosom that he was staggered, and almost struck down by the blow.

In his eagerness for revenge the cunning of Curbspine had for once deserted him; his rival wore a shirt of mail beneath his monkish habiliments, and the dagger, which would have been buried to the hilt in the young knight's heart, was shivered with the blow.

"Stain to thine order!" said Dent de Lion, as he recovered himself, and seized upon the hunchback; "that felon stroke has accelerated thy fate!"

With all his faults Curbspine possessed considerable bravery. He grappled with his more powerful foe; and, had not his weapon been broken, might even yet have made a decent fight of it. As it was, he managed to twist himself like an eel from his antagonist's gripe, and being well acquainted with the intricacies of the chapel, darted into the low entrance which led up to the tower, and fled up the winding stairs into the belfry, where, seizing upon a bell-rope, he commenced hauling at it with all his might, in order to alarm the household. In his eagerness, however, his foot became entangled in the rope, and the next moment he was drawn up with terrific force, and his skull fractured as he became jammed into the aperture through which the rope ascended to the wheel of the great bell of the chapel.

The sound of the bell in the tower of Manstone chapel struck ominously upon the ear of Sir Hugo Dent de Lion. In the present distracted state of the island it was seldom used, except in cases of alarm. Scarcely, however, had its chime tolled half-a-dozen sullen beats ere it was followed by a yell, and a dull, heavy blow.

The Dent de Lions of Thanet* (as the name would seem to imply)

* The ancient seat of the Dent de Lions (now called Dandelion) was near Margate. Some portion of its walls and a gate-house may yet be seen. Over the

were a fierce and haughty race. They bore upon their shield a lion's head, with the teeth displayed, and a label issuing from his mouth, on which was written, "We gripe hard." The present representative of the family, however, seemed more likely to feel the fangs of his enemy in his own flesh, than be able to gripe hard in this instance. He was alone in the midst of his deadly foes, who, rushing to the chapel, demanded the meaning of the summons. His religious garment, however, as in many other instances, served as a cloak to mask the real character of the wearer. His hand sought the cross-hilted weapon beneath his monkish habiliments, and commending himself to the patron saint of the chapel, he prepared to bide the brunt as best he might.

"How now, priest?" said Sir Ralph, confronting his tall form, as the counterfeit monk stood with his arms folded before the altar. What devil's matins are these you hold here; and where tarries Sir Geoffrey Curbspine?"

"The wrath of heaven," returned Dent de Lion, solemnly crossing himself, "is, I fear, manifesting itself upon the transactions of this night. May its forgiveness be extended to me for the part I have performed! Behold," he said, pointing towards the belfry. "The enemy of mankind is, I fear, in person within the holy edifice. For myself, I have wrestled with the evil fiend; and, lo! he hath fled and barred himself in yonder tower; where, I fear me, he is engaged in tearing the bridegroom to pieces. Hark to yonder sound! His groans are even yet to be heard in the belfry.

"Hence, impostor!" said the knight of Manstone, rushing at and endeavouring to force open the door of the tower. "What ho, there! bring hammer and lever, men! Some dire accident hath surely befallen Sir Geoffrey Curbspine."

The attendants were struck with dread at the words of the mysterious monk, and even Sir Ralph himself was horrified when, after smashing in the iron-studded door, he beheld the dreadful situation of his would-be son-in-law.

Sir Geoffrey was yet alive, as the trembling attendants attempted to extricate and draw him through the aperture in which he had been jammed; but died during the operation.

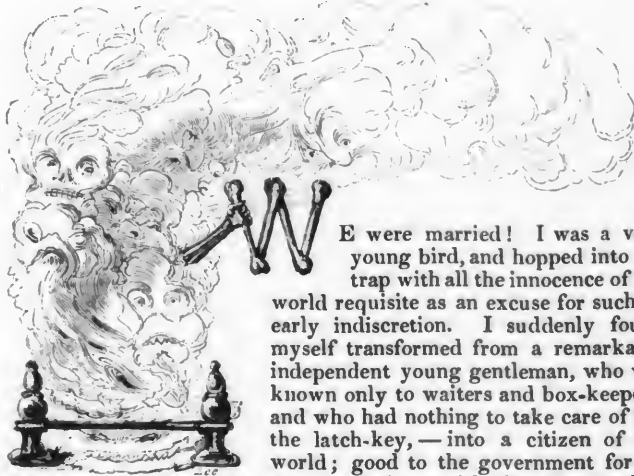
Meanwhile, the monk seized the moment, which, once neglected, never returns. He required no formal notice to quit, or even a second order by word of mouth; but during the excitement and confusion of the scene he quietly withdrew from the chapel, and meeting with the attendant of Bertha, desired to be instantly led to her chamber. Arrived there, it required but small persuasion on his part to induce the terrified maiden to make use of the present opportunity, and escape with him to Dent de Lion castle; from whence they crossed the seas to Calais, and were speedily joined in holy bands of matrimony.

larger arch are the arms of Daundelyon, sable, three lions rampant between two bars dancette argent. Above the small arch is a blank escutcheon, and to the left of that a demi-lion with a label in his mouth, on which is engraved, in old Saxon characters, the word "Daundelyon." Under the right side of the gateway a curious apartment was formerly discovered, large enough to contain ten persons, in which were found portions of lacrymatory urns of glass and earth; on the other side is a well-prison.

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE APPARITION.



WE were married! I was a very young bird, and hopped into the trap with all the innocence of the world requisite as an excuse for such an early indiscretion. I suddenly found myself transformed from a remarkably independent young gentleman, who was known only to waiters and box-keepers, and who had nothing to take care of but the latch-key, — into a citizen of the world; good to the government for all taxes; to the parish for all parochial rates, extra and otherwise; to the col-

lector of the water-rate, who won't call twice; to gas companies, whose lamps I had formerly broken; and to the church, for all sorts of registries, christening and burial fees, &c. &c. &c. I confess I was rather startled at first when I heard the rattle of my chains; but, like a young colt, I soon got used to my new harness. No young bachelors, of course, have any furniture, except a collapsed portmanteau, and an unlimited number of boots; so that my small capital began sensibly to ooze away under the frequent attacks made upon it for furnishing our little apartments. Every evening found us dangling round some broker's-shop, buying something which we *positively wanted*. After the first fortnight this became less frequent; but my experience has taught me that it is a chronic disorder, which appears stronger or weaker through a man's existence.

The honeymoon waned, at least the legitimate time allowed for it had arrived; but, as yet having no real troubles, and a few pounds left of our little fortunes, we still made very good moonlight of our own. My literary employment — I don't think I have before mentioned that I was an author — varied considerably; and as I had not been, as it is called by idle men, "i' the vein" during my honeymoon, and had lived a life of independence, the reference to our stock of current coin, prompted by the appearance of a forgotten tailor's bill, rather startled us, — "8l. 10s.!" We looked at each other, and saw

anything but reflected wisdom. We consulted; we canvassed over the names of friends or relations who we thought might be foolish enough to lend us some money until we could, as it is termed, "turn ourselves round." Almost all of them having warned us of our folly in marrying at all, there was a very strong pretext for their refusing to lend us the smallest assistance. My poor little wife, however, at last thought of our aunt, with whom she had resided when a child, and who she knew had money, but at the same time a strong objection to part with it. Notwithstanding which, she *would* venture. She wrote intimating our marriage, but saying nothing of our pecuniary difficulties, stating *our* wish to come down and embrace her, as she had often pressed my wife to come and reside with her. The word "husband" looked exceedingly droll written for the first time. We laughed like a giddy boy and girl, and I could see by my wife's glance she secretly wished my whiskers had grown to a more marital size; but, *nil desperandum*. We filed the tailor's bill, and waited anxiously to hear from our country relation.

Some days passed; during which time, being both anxious for the expected answer, we found out how many deliveries Her Majesty's post-office thought necessary per diem, and knew every one who had letters in the street; for no genuine postman's knock could by a possibility be perpetrated without its striking our ears. Magical positive rapid double knocks, never attempted by the most impudent without due authority. Any man who does it irreverently, or jokingly, deserves to be kicked; he does not know upon what chord of hope or fear he may strike. I am now grown sensitive to its importance! I remember hurriedly, in a drenching shower, loudly rapping the government tone on a friend's knocker. I certainly gained my end by having the door quickly opened; but, having plainly been the cause of much disappointment, I was not only coldly received, but deprived of a courteous invitation to dinner. I was lent an old cotton umbrella, and sent on my way a wiser man.

A real double-rap at last! the servant was at the door I believe first; but my wife and I were close upon her slip-shod heels. The servant possibly had an interest in the knock,—it might have been for her; so thought everybody in the house, for heads popped out of all the doors, from the parlour to the garret. It was for us!—post-mark all right!—we bore it off in triumph. With trembling hands and beating hearts we opened it.

"DEAR NIECE,—Your letter startled me. At best you have done an imprudent thing. I was thirty-five before I married your poor dear uncle. I am sorry to say he is fast failing; he will hardly know you, Come down, that I may see your husband, and consult how we can better a bad thing. Your affectionate aunt,

"DINAH."

"P.S.—My kind respects to your husband."

"My kind respects to your husband"—a rapid thought passed through my mind. I felt by anticipation what she would think of her niece's magnificent protector. The letter dropped upon the table, and released a light flutterer from its folds. "Hy. Haes and Co.—101." Genuine kind old soul! We were soon deep in the

mysteries of packing; at which my wife far surpassed me: my only practice hitherto having been getting as many things, with the aid of my foot, into a carpet-bag as possible.

The packing over, we trotted off to inspect railway-bills with all the delight and importance of young travellers, and as is mostly the case, found that the company would put us down in the middle of some field very far from where we wanted to go. However, we had no alternative, and were obliged quietly to travel by the railway, all the stage-coaches being "but things that were." Their melancholy memorials may any day be seen at the stage-coach cemetery near St. Martin's-le-Grand. We were to get to the train at an early hour in the morning; and had it been necessary to go much earlier we should have been ready, for we never during the whole night closed our eyes. The time at length arrived, and we got to the station considerably before the stated time; but, notwithstanding this, we were much alarmed on our way lest we should be too late, and the train go off without us. We felt what is usually felt by novices, great anxiety about our luggage; and, what with the rushing of steam and the demon whistle, we were completely bewildered. At last we were quietly resigned to the hands of an official, who locked us up in one of the carriages.

The journey was accompanied, like all railway journeys are,—as I have found by much experience — with screaming, hurrying, bumping through very damp tunnels, a shockingly smeared landscape, and execrable smells, as though some giant's candle were blown out. The end being almost the beginning, your journey is certainly soon over. We had now reached our destined place, and found ourselves in the midst of a pretty landscape, at a magnificent Gothic station, which appeared much too large for the red-headed young gentleman clerk, and the very green porter, who seemed the only occupants. Beside the embankment slept a young native in a wheelbarrow, who was soon wide-awake enough to seize upon our boxes, and guide us to the nearest village, from which our aunt's house was eleven miles.

We entered the village, which had the usual supply of very white-headed children, and old men leaning against walls. Our guide rattled his single wheel with a very imposing effect into the quadrangle of a magnificent inn; the grass grew over the stones, and the dog slept upon the door-step. He seemed just to half open his eyes, and look at the wheelbarrow, and close them with philosophical contempt, as though he thought it not worth while to disturb his master, the landlord, for guests so insignificant as us. Our guide thought differently, for he soon began to call about him, and brought the landlord and his wife from an opposite garden, where they were digging potatoes. The excitement became alarming,—a post-chaise wanted! The host pulled wildly at the hostler's bell, which, choked with the ivy, signally failed in its attempts to ring; but, however, it made sufficient noise to bring a decrepit old man in a white hat, long smock-frock, and boots, from the tap. This was the postboy. His boots were scrupulously clean, but patched beyond belief; the postboy guard was buckled over his right leg, as if he, as in the days of old, really expected his turn. He was too old to emigrate with the younger men, so remained at his post to pass away bit by bit with the only chaise and pair left upon the once popular road. The whole

village became busy; the brushings and rubbings were very entertaining to behold. Everybody *would* do something. The brass on the old whip gleamed under the hand of one old man, while another toddled off for his best white hat for his chum. The postboy's wife, who became at once somebody, was busied in nearly choking her husband with the mysterious tie of the handkerchief, only known to the craft. At last all was ready; the boxes corded; the door slammed. Crack went the whip! The boys cheered; and we rattled away from the throng.

The day drew rapidly to a close as we bumped along the unfrequented roads. The landscape became cold and blue, like the celebrated Chinese one on our dinner-plates. A dulness fell upon the spirits of both of us as we listened to the low moaning wind, and a nervousness, natural to our situation, crept gradually over us. The postboy pulled up on the summit of a hill, and pointed out to us in the distant valley the isolated house to which we were going,—its tall gables stood primly up in the evening sky, and its cold white face seemed to be staring at us from the distance. The dark firs made a solemn and unpleasant background to the old place, which seemed to promise but very little comfort to us poor wanderers. I shivered as I looked upon its unpromising aspect, and pressed my little wife to my side, whose spirits were more subdued the nearer we approached the house.

The old entrance gate was swinging back, and we bowled softly over the dried leaves which lay thickly over road, as we pulled up at the door; it was opened by an old servant woman, who, curtsying lowly, led us into a side-room, and went to seek her mistress. We exchanged looks, as well as the deepening twilight permitted us, which plainly said "Here we are!" The room was thickly panelled with dark oak, and contained a gaping fire-place and dog-irons, polished most brilliantly, upon which I believed no burning logs could have ever reflected; the chairs were all carefully covered and taped; their backs were alarmingly long and straight, but their legs equally short and bandy, with their toes turned out in the most priggish manner. One side of the room was occupied by one of those long-forgotten instruments called a spinet, in the shape of a magnified mutton chop, and the other by a table with a good many more legs than it could by any possibility want.

The minutes appeared hours; when a rustling of silk started our nerves and made our hearts beat a violent tattoo: the door opened—"Our aunt!" We rose as the tall, painfully upright figure approached us. She embraced my wife, who, as a matter of course, cried, whilst I stood still to be kissed upon the forehead,—which left an impression very like that which would be left after the application of the cold knob of a steel poker to the part. Her cold blue eyes wandered palpably over us both. I felt them creep from my boots to the crown of my head. I was positively mesmerised! She conducted us from the room into an adjoining chamber, where, beside a large log-fire, was seated a heavy-looking man, who only answered our greeting by a vacant stare; this was our uncle, at least all that was left of him, for he was quite imbecile; beside him sat a little grey-headed, pippin-faced man, dressed snugly in black; this was the curate of the adjoining village. He rose at our entrance and bowed solemnly. We placed our chairs round the

small tea-table, and took some refreshments, nearly in solemn silence, for a mutual embarrassment seemed to chill us all, and I felt myself completely under the influence of my aunt's eyes and



the continued stare of her poor husband, who was dreaming and puzzling in the corner over our appearance. The meal was soon ended, and my aunt retired with my wife to have a no very enviable cross-examination as to my rent-roll, &c.

The little parson, after arranging the flannel and footstool of my uncle, who appeared quite helpless, turned to an old bookcase, and brought forth a heavy-looking volume, which he commenced reading, after sundry rubbings of his little tortoise-shell spectacles. I presume my juvenile appearance promised but very little information to his erudite mind; everything in the house was done with a kind of cat-like quietness.

I followed the little parson's example, and was soon buried in the perusal of an old black-letter book, entitled "*The True Accounts, by the Eye-witnesses, of Apparitions, Warnings, &c., collected by a Debut Lady of Bristol.*"

After reading for some long time, I was disturbed in the midst of a harrowing tale by the entrance of the woman-servant, accompanied by a rustic serving-man, who wheeled my uncle in his chair out of the room preparatory to putting him to bed. As he made his curi-

ous exit, he kept his lustreless eyes upon me, as if some inward astonishment was going on at my appearance. I placed the book upon the table, not a whit the more comfortable for the perusal of it, and began to wonder at the prolonged absence of my wife, and the taciturnity of the clerical book-worm opposite, when, much to my relief, the door of the room opened, and she entered. She said it was quite time I retired for the night, and that the servant would presently show me to my room; but that her aunt had yet much to say to her, which would delay her for some time. This account I received with a very ill grace; for the whole evening had tended much to make me nervous and low-spirited, and I looked towards the little parson with a shrug of disapprobation, which my wife perceiving, smiled, and informed me that the little man was as deaf as a post.

She left me; and, the servant soon after entering the room, I nodded to my silent friend, and followed her to my chamber, which we gained after threading passages of the most eccentric ups-and-downs and sinuosities. She threw open the door, and showed me a large rambling-looking oak room, with a bed at the further end large enough for a respectable-sized family, which, with heavy draperies, looked very dark and solemn. I wished her good-night, and was alone.

Now, I was not a believer in ghosts. I had never seen one. I had a cousin who had; but he was given to drinking, and died of "delirium tremens," so too much faith could not be pinned upon his story. Besides, his ghost, after all, was of a very low comic order. The very curious variety introduced into ghost-stories has tended more to shake my faith than anything else; for we constantly hear of an immaterial ghost tapping with his knuckles against wainscots, or taking a gentleman's chair at a convivial meeting without invitation. Another old curmudgeon's ghost will dislodge every tenant by his disagreeable behaviour when he can no longer take the rents himself. Again, you will meet a ghost who is very particular about where his body lies, and will not be buried by his murderer in a field; but insists upon being decently interred, and having the parochial fees paid. And you constantly fall over your "breach-of-promise-of-marriage ghost," who pops in just in the nick of time, and nibbles the false and treacherous. But, notwithstanding all these discrepancies, there is always a lurking doubt creeps into a man's mind when he is in a state of loneliness. I certainly began to feel a doubt of my doubt, and a strong desire to look under the bed, but did not do it; and a great wish that the large dark doors of the wardrobe were wide open, that I might look full into the interior. I undressed very quickly, and leaped into the bed, which received me like the waves of the sea, and I was swallowed up in an ocean of down. I snuggled down with that congratulatory shudder that all timid people feel when they gain any imaginary security; but, alas! with me it lasted but a very short time, for my mind began to conjure up all kinds of imaginary horrors; and the whole of my evening's reading became as it were animated, and the mysterious *dramatis personæ* passed like a frightful phantasmagoria upon the dark curtains of the bed. If I closed my eyes, I thought of the death-hand that belonged to nobody, which tweaked the noses of the sleepers between its icy finger and thumb, so that it never recovered

its warmth ; or the skeleton lady, who stood beside your bed, and amused you by pulling herself to pieces, and counting her bones on the counterpane until she buried you beneath their weight. All this, and more, kept galloping through my brain, until every fibre of my body seemed to feel its own particular business to make me uncomfortable. How I did wish to hear the footfall of my wife, to dispel the illusion ; but she did not come. My ears grew larger and larger under the operation of listening. At last I listened to some purpose. I won't say what I felt!—it must be—it was a ticking! My heart beat thick and heavy ; it appeared to pulsate in the very bolster under me. The wind gave a prolonged moan ; then rushed wildly by the window. I determined to jump up and dress myself. One leg was out of the bed, when the candle gave two or three dancing blue flashes, as long as a walking-stick, and then expired, leaving me in total darkness. My leg was in bed again in what is understood by "no time," and I shrank up so small that I am sure I could have got into my own carpet-bag without rumpling myself.

In vain I struggled against the horror that was, with a slow, chilly hand, fast creeping over me ; my mind had no power over my body ; a supernatural influence seemed to completely chain my imagination and fetter my limbs—the mysterious snapping and ticking continued. The death watch ! A sigh seemed to be breathed close to my ear ! I listened, for I could not resist it, and my closed eyes seemed gifted with the power of sight even in the darkness, for myriads of jibbering figures floated by, of every fantastic form, distinct yet indistinct, like moats in a sunbeam.

A cracking sound, loud and distinct, rang through the chamber ; I cowered beneath the bed-clothes, and a cold bath of fear spread over my body. How I wished for the power to spring from the bed and rush from the room ; but the darkness around was filled by my imagination with a cordon of horrors which made it impossible : I expected every moment to feel the bed-clothes torn forcibly from my grasp by some horrible spectre.

My memory like an officious librarian opened and thrust before me all the volumes of horrible tales that I had read in my boyhood ; I seemed to have twenty memories, for the tormenting lines whirled past as if wound off on a reel. How extraordinary a quickener of the memory and thought is fear or imminent danger. In one moment you review a whole life, or think through a circulating library of horrors.

I endeavoured to force my mind to take another course ; I thought of my aunt—a complete failure ! for her stately figure was transformed, by my mischievous imagination, into a form three times as long and three times as stiff, and her blue eyes glanced upon me like the coloured bulbs in a doctor's shop-window ; the imbecile face of my uncle appeared to press itself close to mine. Fear has its courage in desperation ; mine had arrived at this pitch, for I started up, and seizing the curtains to pluck them asunder, was nearly paralysed by finding the darkness suddenly changed into a supernatural blaze of light which illuminated the whole chamber ; a momentary pause, and I recovered courage ; I tore the curtains asunder, determined to face the worst, and beheld, in the wide-mouthed gaping chimney a *blazing turf fire!!!* The ghosts all vanished as effectually as if it

had been cock-crow; the fire had been laid with a live turf and covered over to smoulder on until bed-time, as is the custom of the country; the cracking, hissing, and other sounds, clothed by my distempered brain and nervous temperament with supernatural attributes, were all accounted for. I remained for a time laughing actually at myself, when another light gladdened the chamber, carried by my wife, who started back with astonishment at my odd appearance. I was half-ashamed, but did confess that I had been alarmed, and in return I got heartily laughed at, but considerably cheered by the result of my wife's chat with her aunt, which entirely relieved us from anxiety for the future, and enabled me some few years after to write this nervous narrative in a very easy arm-chair. I should have made it much longer, but our eldest boy, who, by the bye, is spoilt by his aunt, has upset the inkstand.



THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

A REVERIE.

BY CHARLES KENNEY.

THERE is a certain branch of commerce limited entirely to large and populous towns which, although forming a perfectly distinct class, yet deals in a staple so varied and indefinable that it has never yet received a name. Who has not observed in passing through those narrow, dirty, yet wonderfully be-peopled thoroughfares, which lie in clusters, like capillary vessels, between the great arteries of London, and are seldom entered but by bold adventurers, who devote themselves enthusiastically to the discovery of wonderful north-west passages from the Strand to Oxford Street—who has not observed, we say, certain chaotic shops, that look as if the whole furniture and fittings-up of several houses had been violently shaken down into them, and had tumbled into a thousand fragments in the fall?—door-handles, rusty keys, queer old books, such as only find their parallels in out-of-the-way country inns; ancient chests of elaborate configuration, whilome the guardians of some miser's fondled treasure, about which the echoes of chinking gold seem still to linger; frames without pictures, pictures without frames; tools of every craft, and strange odds and ends of rusted iron,—for what earthly purpose designed or applicable, is beyond human suggestiveness to divine;—all are crowded and huddled together without link of parity or connection; and await, in mournful exile, the eye of the shrewd housewife or thrifty artisan to be singled out one by one, and rejoice once again the useful world.

Upon me these rattle-trap shops—I have ventured to give them a name—possess a most attractive influence, and more than once have I been lured to ponder over their wondrous contents, wrapt in a kind of mysterious awe at the mazy congregation of things that had once held a responsible situation in society—had been associated to households: silent witnesses and participators in their scenes of joy or grief, calm contentment or stagnant misery; things that had roughed it through the world, and were invested with an air of careworn experience that impressed one with an air of profound reverence. Every article seemed bursting to tell its tale. Had they spoken, and could I have noted down their words, what a book of human life would have resulted!—what an endless fund of original plots for farces, comedies, and domestic dramas, that would have made Jeffs and Delaporte shake in their shoes for the safety of their avocations! Here the grim visage of a door-knocker seemed grinning at the recollection of the “spree” when it was wrenched off by a crew of after-dinner revellers; there, a fine gold-headed cane seemed pregnant with its moral tale of vanity laid low in rags and repentance. But where is the Cuvier that could classify these organic remains of homesteads deriving their ruin from the volcanic fire of reckless extravagance, or the slow decay of penury and want, tracing the history of each disjointed fragment, and giving to each “a local habitation and a name?” Where there a mind endowed with such powers,

whose researches would lay bare the obscure depths of society, many a monstrous existence would be discovered at which the placid gazers on the surface would shudder or stare with half-incredulous wonder.

On one occasion, whilst I was standing before one of these depostories of the "flotsome and jetsome" of wrecked households, glancing from object to object, and pursuing our meditations in the above strain, my attention was fixed by a canvas of the half-length size. It was the unfinished picture of a female, evidently a portrait, and had that peculiar characteristic expression which makes us at once decide a picture to be a likeness, although we are unacquainted with the original. The features of the face lacked but a few finishing touches, but the bust and remainder of the figure were roughly brushed in, and the only background was an uniform shadow on the side nearest the light. The face, which was a narrow oval, was not strikingly handsome (of a pale complexion), but there was an odd mixture of languor and *espéglerie* about it that was extremely fascinating, and, as frequently occurs with portraits, the eyes, which were of a light, transparent grey, with an expanded pupil of brilliant black, seemed to be fixed stedfastly upon me, and reflected an intelligent sympathy with the gist of my speculations. So striking, in fact, was its effect upon me, that the very next second saw me with the picture tightly clutched under my arm and handing over the price of it to the owner of the shop.

I had retired to my chambers after dinner, and, with a cup of coffee before me and my meerschaum in my mouth, had nestled myself by the fire in a comfortable easy chair. The unfinished picture stood before me with the same mysterious intelligence of expression that had riveted me in the morning, only intensified by the cleaning and sponging process to which I had subjected it. Dreamily puffing the smoke from my pipe, I sat gazing on it as it emerged at intervals from the clouds which, ever and anon, slowly rolled before it. At every reappearance the countenance seemed to assume a more animated and intelligent look; and gradually, as my eyes peered into those of the picture, I found myself gliding into that sort of ineffable communion which establishes itself at a distance between a man and his mistress across a crowded ball-room or the area of a public theatre, and plunges both into a reverie in which all surrounding objects and influences are forgotten. As I continued in this mood my thoughts teemed with every possible circumstance of a painter's life that could have arrested the artist in the progress of his work—all the vicissitudes that beset the path of genius—its stormy struggles with the fiery and wayward temperament which is too often the condition of its existence—its daily, hourly humiliations before the niggardly exigences of this working-day world—fierce and bitter trials so frequently terminating only in obscure martyrdom, unrecorded and uncanonized. While almost bewildered by the suggestions of my imagination, I was suddenly relieved from further attempts by seeing the picture close its eyes slowly and deliberately, darkening the cheeks for a moment with their long sweeping lashes, then almost immediately re-opening them beaming with an intensity of intelligence almost supernatural, while the lips slightly parted with a light smile and yielded passage to a gentle, single-knock cough, such as is emitted by persons about to make a public speech.

"Ahem!" said the picture.

I confess I was a little startled at this demonstration on the part of the picture; but, unwilling to betray my astonishment, I pretended to take no notice, and continued puffing my pipe. My eyes, however, I had, from sheer nervousness, withdrawn from the picture, and fixed stedfastly on the bowl. After a short interval, thus very disagreeably spent on my part, another "Ahem!" escaped the picture, which betokened a feeling of impatience.

This time I mustered up courage, and, turning round face to face with the picture, said, with perfect coolness,

"I beg your pardon, but did you speak?"

"Not exactly," replied a voice from the lips of the portrait, at first resembling in tone the creaking accents of certain wax dolls, which, on moving their arms, are made to emit sounds bearing a more or less imaginary resemblance to the words "Pa-pa, Mam-ma;" but as it continued, apparently to the great satisfaction of the picture, whose abortive efforts at speech had at first brought a blush into its cheeks, the voice became clear, musical, and silvery. "Not exactly; I merely wished to engage your attention," was the reply. "You seem anxious to know something of my history."

"I confess the interest you have awakened in me is considerable."

The picture here smiled, and cast its eyes down with the modest expression of a young lady acknowledging a compliment.

"We pictures," it continued, recovering its normal appearance, "have the privilege of speaking to a class of mortals, whom we are enabled to recognise by a distinctive mark situated over the eyes."

"I am not aware of possessing any such mark as you allude to," said I.

"The perception of it," answered the picture, "belongs to a physiognomical art, which is not commonly possessed, and which indicates the hidden relations of certain individuals with a corresponding class of what you call inanimate objects."

I did not clearly understand the import of this speech, and indeed I had a slight suspicion that the picture was imposing upon me with a show of superior depth; not wishing, however, to raise a discussion, I remained silent.

"I was apprehensive at first," continued the picture, "that, not being in a complete state, I should be unable to use the privilege of communicating with you; and it is to that I attribute the difficulty of utterance you must have remarked on my commencing to address you. As my fears, however, were groundless, I shall have much pleasure in acquainting you with my history."

Making a profound bow, I replied, "Believe me, I feel the kindness of your offer: in the first place, will it be long? and secondly, is it interesting?"

"As to its length," said the picture, smiling, "I will endeavour to reduce it to moderate proportions; interest it certainly possesses, although the hero of a tale is apt to be too partial a judge."

"I must take your assurance for want of a better," said I; "allow me to fill another pipe, and then I shall be all attention."

"I hope you don't imagine," rejoined the picture, "that I wish to force upon you what you seem to consider a bore. I did it under the impression that the reverse was the case."

This was said in a sharp pettish tone, which, considerably nettled

me; and accordingly I replied in the same key, "Bless me! you forget your position. Remember that it is only this morning that I purchased you for ten shillings (a great deal more than you are worth, by the bye,) and that you are therefore addressing your lord and master."

Ere I had finished my speech, which I flattered myself was rather severe, a shrill peal of laughter broke forth from the picture, and it exclaimed: "Master! my master! Fool! know you not that the possession which is acquired by money is an empty mockery. The witless lordling who gives his thousands for a picture is its slave, while it becomes the conquest of the penniless student admitted to view it, who invades it with an army of kindred thoughts, and plants the standard of all-grasping genius upon its soil."

This was uttered with all the grandiloquent cadence of a public orator; the eyes of the picture rolled with fiery lustre in their orbits, and its whole appearance was that of an inspired Pythoness delivering an oracle. I was already seized with considerable alarm, for it was evident that the picture was decidedly cracked, and I wisely determined to temporise. Accordingly, with some difficulty bringing myself to meet its stern, indignant gaze, I said with an amiable smile, "My dear picture, I was but jesting. Do not believe for a moment that I was in earnest. I have too much respect for the fine arts, of which, indeed, I am reckoned no mean critic. My last article on the Suffolk-street Gallery excited general admiration."

"Among the exhibitors who had previously invited you to dinner," interposed the canvas, with triumphant sarcasm.

I winced under the hit, but proceeded with a galvanic laugh. "Ha! ha! a fair retort. I am delighted to have afforded you a revenge—very neat, ha! ha! But to proceed, I am delighted to be in the company of one who can so profoundly appreciate the grandeur and sublimity of genius, and express it with such eloquence."

The countenance of the picture rippled with smiles—my policy was successful. "To be candid with you," it replied, "the speech is not my own; I heard it in the *atelier* where I was painted; it was spoken by a young gentleman with a pale face smothered in hair, who smoked himself to death, leaving behind him sixteen brand new prepared canvases of all sizes, and one wretched unlikeness of a little milliner—his Fornarina."

I was not at all taken aback by this announcement, which would have floored a less determined courtier, but returned unabashed to the charge. "You are no less to be complimented, then, for having treasured up the fragrant exhalations of this crushed floweret, which else had died upon the careless wind."

"Wasted their sweetness on the desert air," said the picture, reminding me that I was plagiarising.

I swallowed the pill without a word; thinking to myself, however, that it was following up its advantage with ungenerous zeal. "Perhaps," said I, "now that our little difference is cleared up, you will be kind enough to recount your history."

"Willingly," was the reply. "Allow me to collect my thoughts, and you shall hear it in as few words as I can manage to confine it."

Here the picture closed its eyes, knit its brows, and remained in a state of abstraction for several minutes, which I filled up by re-

plenishing my pipe, and surrounding myself in volumes of fragrant clouds, from the midst of which I heard the picture speak as follows:

“ I was commenced one fine afternoon in the month of May last year. Three days before the few chalk lines which laid the foundation of my existence were drawn, Bryant Thurlston and Clara Seymour met for the first time. To the first I owe my humble origin, and of the second I may say, without conceit, that I am a tolerable resemblance. It was four o'clock in the morning, when Bryant Thurlston returned to his modest *chez soi* in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square, after a party at the elegant dwelling of Miss Seymour, where he had that night had what was generally considered the envious distinction of being introduced. Clara Seymour was the only daughter of an Indian Colonel. Her mother was one of those young ladies who, not being found to ‘go off’ very briskly at home, are unceremoniously shipped off to the Indian market, where the more rapid consumption of wives causes a more active demand. Soon after presenting her husband with a daughter, she died in accordance with the more common lot of such exports. Colonel Seymour bore the loss as such losses are borne in India, but did not, however, marry again. Shortly after the death of his wife, his sister-in-law came to reside with him; her husband, who had turned Mahommedan and entered the service of a native prince, having been assassinated for some treachery to his master,—an end she had long anticipated for her spouse, who was in the habit of changing religions and governments about once in a Hindoo year. To her Colonel Seymour entrusted the care of his child, and much of her education; for although a half-caste, Mrs. Charles Seymour’s accomplishments were of the highest order. On the death of her father, Miss Seymour inherited a very considerable fortune, and came to England, accompanied by her aunt, to whom she was fondly attached, and whose influence over her thoughts and actions was unbounded. Settling themselves in Park-lane, ere a few seasons had passed, the Indian ladies had acquired general renown for the *recherché* elegance and distinction of their *réunions*; on which occasions they were accustomed to attract around them all the reigning celebrities of fashion, literature, and the arts; and the praises of the blonde Indian and her dark relative, of their exquisite taste, luxurious refinement, and remarkable superiority of mind, were heard in all quarters, though comparatively few were those who could boast of having tested their truth.

“ It was from one of these assemblies that Bryant Thurlston returned, as I said, at about four in the morning, and it was at one of these that he had made almost his *début* into society. He had that year exhibited a picture which had attracted extraordinary notice, and he already stood as the rival of Etty. It was to this that he owed his presentation to Miss Seymour, at her own request, by M——, the Academician, with whom Thurlston was intimate. Any one who had seen Bryant Thurlston that morning enter his studio in the grey dawn, and seat himself with a lighted candle in his hand, his eye-brows raised to a perfect arch, and his eyes fixed straight before him, as if gazing at some distant prospect, would have taken him for a somnambulist, or a man under the influence of some spell. In point of fact, a spell there was indeed upon him; he had tasted that

night of two of the most intoxicating drafts that can approach man's lips—love and the flattery of society. All that he had experienced that night was entirely new to him, and seemed the result of enchantment,—the brilliancy and elegance of the apartments, where all the artistic refinements of French upholstery were strangely blended with the curious and grotesque objects of Eastern ornamental ingenuity,—the attention and courtship of so chosen an assembly,—but, towering above all, the absorbing fascination exercised over him by the mind and person of Miss Seymour, who had flatteringly accorded him the larger share of her attention. As he sat that morning in his studio, and recalled all the incidents of the night, the *tête-à-têtes* stolen between the intervals of the dance, which in a few words revealed the wondrous sympathy which existed in the minds of both,—and particularly that more prolonged one in the little boudoir at the further end of the suite of apartments, where, seated on a soft divan, surrounded by a thousand Eastern nicknackerics and curiosities, on which a richly-painted Chinese lantern threw a soft mellow light, and breathing a strange, faint perfume, hitherto new to his senses, he had heard her history, mingled with the romantic adventures of her relative, rapidly and vividly recounted, while her full lustrous grey eye, with its black pupil expanding in the half light, turned on him from time to time, and made his soul quiver with ecstacy,—as he recalled all this, his heart beat high, his brain mantled with a swarm of unspeakable thoughts, and he felt inspired with a divine mysterious power that enabled him at one glance to grasp the whole habitable globe. Looking out, then, on the sky, rosy with the approach of day, he hailed it as the dawn of a new existence."

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I to the picture, "but it strikes me your Mr. Thurlston must have drunk an unconscionable quantity of champagne at supper."

"I perceive you are a man of the world, sir," said the picture. I bowed at the compliment, and begged it to proceed.

"Clara Seymour had made an appointment to sit for her portrait to Bryant on the third day from that of the party. I need not say, that the artist did not retire to rest, as any other mortal would have done,—nor indeed did he belong to the material world at all until the eventful morning of the sitting. At last the day came, and long before, the room had been arranged for her reception, and his palette prepared for the work. When the carriage drove to the door, and Clara made her appearance with Mrs. Charles Seymour, Bryant Thurlston was in a tremour of agitation from head to foot; and when he addressed her, he did not say what he had planned in his mind before-hand, but something very stupid and unintelligible. Miss Seymour, on the other hand, was self-possession personified, smiling as she accepted the proffered seat, carefully arranging the folds of her gown, and making the usual common place complimentary remarks on the sketches which Bryant set before her, to fill up the time until his agitation should have sufficiently subsided not to betray itself during his work. Miss Seymour was then placed in a suitable light and attitude, and Bryant commenced his portrait. Much of the sitting was spent in perfect silence; the rest was occupied by a few remarks and observations of the most trivial kind. After an hour and a half had elapsed, Mrs. Charles Seymour looked

at her watch, announced the hour, glancing significantly at Clara. The hint escaped Bryant, who could have continued for hours at his task, and the ladies were obliged to express their regret that they had an appointment which obliged them to break up the sitting. Another day was named, and they retired, Clara exhibiting the same studied courtesy. When they were gone, Bryant Thurlston threw himself upon a sofa, and gave himself up to his meditations. They were unaccountably gloomy. The meeting he had looked forward to with such intense soul-thirstiness, had passed by without one single pleasurable emotion. The peculiar behaviour of Clara Seymour, so different from that which she had shown him on their first introduction, had not struck him in the flurry of his thoughts at her presence; but now she was gone, it returned to him in the keenest detail, and overwhelmed him with dissatisfaction. One of those minute observations, which seem childish to any but those in Thurlston's condition, was, that he had not seen her teeth—they were wonderful teeth—once that morning; and twenty times had her hearty laugh shown the brilliant array on the evening of the party. On further reflection, he attributed the change to some passing annoyance or preoccupation in Miss Seymour's mind, and built up sanguine hopes for the next sitting. They were not, however, realized. Sitting after sitting passed, but still Clara maintained the same distance, and Bryant failed to find in her any traces of the being which had at first so fascinated him. Never could he raise her, by all his efforts, from the dryest commonplace and the most worldly considerations. All he hazarded that made any approach to the ideal, was met with a cynical retort, or a smile of sarcasm. Once, and only once, when Miss Seymour came, accompanied by her lady's-maid, to the sitting, did she recall her former self; and then, on an allusion being made to their first conversation, Bryant saw beaming through her eyes that sympathetic expression which had led his soul captive. That day she shook hands on taking leave of him, and Bryant fancied he detected a slight pressure. He was another man, and his old bright dreams returned to him;—but the next sitting destroyed them all, and gloom and despondency settled upon him again."

At this part of the narrative I gradually began to catch only the sound of the picture's words, without the sense; and in a few seconds I was plunged in the most profound unconsciousness. How long it lasted, I cannot say; but I was startled from my sleep by the loud and animated tones into which the picture warmed up, for it had imperturbably continued with its story, either not noticing, or not caring for the absence of its audience.

"What!' were the first words I heard, 'do you know me, then?'

"Perfectly well,' said Larivière; 'and must compliment you on the lifelike resemblance of your portrait; but, from regard to you, I observe with pain, that it has evidently been painted *con amore*.'

"This was uttered in his usual dry, unmoved manner, while his eyes were piercingly fixed on Thurlston, who, turning suddenly pale and then crimson, stammered out—

"I really don't know what you mean!

"I mean,' replied his friend, slowly and impressively, 'that you are in love with Miss Seymour, and that, for your sake, I am sorry for it. I have known her both here and in India, and I have seen her,

on a deliberate plan, cause the misery—aye, and even the premature death of more than one, sir,—many more.”

“And as he spoke the last words, Larivière betrayed more emotion than Thurlston had ever known him to show.

“‘You speak,’ said the latter, ‘with the feeling of a sufferer.’

“‘No, sir,’ returned Larivière, resuming his accustomed sardonic coldness, ‘I am not a genius; and it is for the kingly eagle only that the toils of Miss Seymour, or rather, of Mrs. Charles Seymour, are laid. For it is that woman—I should say, that embodied fiend,—who is the source of Clara’s sins. Mrs. Seymour was born with an immense capacity for passion, and at the same time an unusual degree of intellect, which led her to venerate intensely great and daring minds. Chance threw her in contact with Charles Seymour, a man of remarkably fine person, brilliant mental faculties, bold, restless, and ambitious, but utterly without principle,—in fact, Milton’s Satan reduced to the scale of modern mortality. None could be more calculated to fascinate the mind and heart of the ardent girl. He eloped with, and married her. For two or three years Mrs. Seymour’s happiness was without interruption, without bounds. Soon, however, her husband’s capricious temperament cooled towards her, and he at last broke out into the most profligate and glaring infidelities to her. But Mrs. Seymour’s attachment resisted all, and she clung to him through every vicissitude, with unflinching devotion, to the end, descending, to preserve still a poor fragment of empire, to the most abject and slavish humiliations. At his death she did not shed a tear; the feelings of the woman died with him to whom they had been devoted, and her martyred soul became entirely possessed with a vague thirst for retribution. On being charged with the care of her brother-in-law’s child, she conceived and carried out, with the pertinacity of an evil spirit, a plan of vengeance on mankind, or, at least, that part of it which could rank by the higher qualities of mind with her husband. Winding herself like a snake round the innocent spirit of Clara, she instilled into it her poisonous doctrines of heartless coquetry and misanthropy, and by an influence which can only be compared to the wonders of mesmerism, she has converted her into the obedient minister of her fiendish lust for human suffering.’

“An interval of silence occurred, while Thurlston replaced the picture with its face against the wall, and paced the room in moody abstraction.

“‘Come,’ said Larivière, ‘I trust you are not so deeply fascinated but you may throw off your passion. Put yourself under my care, I have doctored a great many, and think of establishing myself as physician to the court of Love. I’ll prescribe at once. Come and dine with me—I have a party of friends; and then we will go to the opera.’

“Thurlston after a few moments accepted the invitation, and, Larivière, without betraying his intention, led Bryant Thurlston’s mind away from the object of its preoccupations, and gradually drew him into an animated conversation on every variety of topic. Bryant found Larivière’s friends remarkably entertaining, and Larivière himself, who had a remarkable talent for throwing ridicule over everything, poured forth an uninterrupted flow of witticisms, uttered with his dry, imperturbable gravity, which kept the table in a roar. At the opera his remarks on the proceedings on the stage, as

well as the different personages in the house whom he singled out for observation, were no less absurd, and succeeded in winning Bryant from any more serious reflections.

"If you know anything about these matters, you will easily imagine what sort of a waking was Thurlston's after his oblivious evening, when the old familiar thought of Miss Seymour recoiled upon him with doubled poignancy. The remembrance of Larivière's revelations flashed through his brain with the withering effects of lightning, and left his mind a black despondent wreck. Yet after a little time he imperceptibly began to doubt their truth; he could not believe that a nature, so strangely cold and ironical as it constantly showed itself, could be susceptible of the friendly motives he had professed. In a few hours Miss Seymour would be there for another sitting; and he determined to give a turn to the conversation which should enable him to detect the truth of Larivière's story; for, like most men, he thought himself infallible at cross-examination.

"Miss Seymour came, and our friend commenced his judicial investigation without delay. Circumstances favoured him; for Miss Seymour had not been long in the room before she broke out into an eulogium of Bryant's excellences as a painter. The artist seized the opportunity, and said, with an ill-assumed smile,

"I hope, Miss Seymour, you do not think me a genius?" fixing his eyes at the same time scrutinizingly on Clara, to observe the effects of what he considered a home-thrust. But, without betraying the slightest consciousness of any hidden meaning in the words, except that a sort of sarcastic smile evinced the suspicion that Bryant was fishing for a compliment, she replied,

"That is a word which, according to my sense of its value, we have seldom occasion to apply even once in a century."

"Thurlston was in a measure gratified by this result, but continued nevertheless a series of innendoes in the same strain, which were all met with the same total unconsciousness of his intention. At last, however, the name of Larivière was mentioned by his friend, and Miss Seymour's countenance visibly changed as she acknowledged her acquaintance with him, casting at the same time an anxious side-glance at Mrs. Seymour, who was apparently absorbed, in a volume of Tennyson's Poems. Thurlston's blood curdled in his veins as he noted her emotion; and he was about to continue his investigations, when Miss Seymour, suddenly pretending indisposition, requested he would excuse her from sitting any longer, and hurried away."

At this point the picture paused for a few seconds, and then said with pathetic solemnity,

"From that moment he never set eyes on her again."

"And I think he was perfectly right," said I, with flippant decision, wishing to convey my high sense of the dignity of my sex.

"Had it depended upon him," said the picture, "he would have seen her the very next day, for he called."

"More fool he," exclaimed I, "for his pains."

"Perhaps," replied the picture placidly, "you will allow me to go on with my story without further interruption."

"Oh! certainly."

"Day after day Thurlston called upon Miss Seymour, but was invariably informed that she was too ill to receive any visits. On one

occasion he had just left the house, when a handsome cab drove up to the door."

"I really beg your pardon," interrupted I; "but, do you mean one of Hansom's patents?"

"I mean no such thing," said the picture, darting an indignant look at me,—“I mean a handsome private cab.”

"Thank you. Pray go on."

"Actuated by a vague suspicion, Thurlston watched the event from a distance. He saw the tiger make an inquiry at the door, and return with the answer to his master, who immediately stepped out, and entered the house. Thurlston recognised in him his friend Larivière. A creeping chill came over him, as in his mind Larivière took the position of a favoured rival, and that discomfort and uneasiness, almost approaching to antipathy, which he had always felt in his intercourse with him, swelled at once into an intense and diabolical feeling of hatred. In this mood, his heart sickening with disappointment, and his brain teeming with projects of vengeance, he paced hurriedly up and down the street, torturing himself, at the same time, with an accurate addition of the minutes spent by Larivière in the society of Miss Seymour. After about three quarters of an hour Larivière dashed by in his cab, throwing a nod of recognition at Thurlston, who, in the fever of his mind, fancied, as it glanced by, that his friend's countenance was illuminated with a fiendish glare of triumph.

"On returning home he found a letter on his table, the direction of which was in the hand-writing of Miss Seymour; but the seal bore the crest of Larivière, and seemed to burn Bryant's eyes as he examined and recognised it. Tearing it open, he found the contents as follow:—

"Miss Seymour presents her compliments to Mr. Thurlston, and thanks him for his frequent kind inquiries after her health, which, she regrets to say, continues so bad as to oblige her to leave town immediately. As the picture is in so advanced a state, Miss Seymour begs that Mr. Thurlston will finish it in her absence, and encloses a blank cheque on her banker, which he will be kind enough to fill up to the amount of the value of his work."

"A blank cheque!" exclaimed I. "Well, that was handsome! How much did he fill it up for?"

Here the picture gave a deep sigh.

"Ah! I see," said I; "he did the indignant."

"Exactly," said the picture mournfully; "he tore it up, and trampled on the fragments."

"Well, that was one way of giving a stamp-receipt," said I, intending a pun; but apparently puns were not within the range of the picture's perceptions, for it took no notice, and proceeded.

"The tone of the letter, almost such as would be addressed to a tradesman, the enclosed cheque, and the connection of Larivière with it, which he traced through the seal, all tended to throw Thurlston into a paroxysm of fury, and he paced his room with the restlessness of a wild beast until it was quite dark. Putting on his hat then, with an expression of malignant resolution, he went out, and walked to his club. On entering the card-room his eyes wandered wildly from group to group, till they rested on Larivière, who was one of a knot of betters upon a couple of *écarté*-players. Thurl-

ston studiously mingled in every group of which, either for play or conversation, Larivière formed one, and took every opportunity of addressing such speeches to him as with another would have infallibly led to a quarrel; but Larivière always with the utmost coolness and dexterity, retorted with some witticism that raised a shout of laughter from all but Thurlston, or so framed his answer as completely to cover the *animus* with which Bryant spoke. At last, Larivière sat down at *écarté* with his supposed rival. Fortune, in causing Larivière to turn up the king several times at short intervals, favoured the design of Bryant, who exclaimed,

“By George! Larivière, you’re a clever fellow. I think you’d almost make as much money by giving a series of *soirées mystérieuses*.”

“Larivière paused for a moment, fixing his keen eye on Thurlston, while his lip quivered with an expression of fiendish scorn, then suddenly assuming an air of almost coxcombical *nonchalance*, and laying down the cards said,

“By the bye, as you are an amateur, there’s a clever pistol-trick that I do; and, as I am leaving town by an early train to-morrow, if you’ll meet me before eight o’clock with any friend, I shall be most happy to show it you.”

“This significant colloquy, created a sensation which was soon communicated to the whole room. In a few minutes the seconds were chosen, and the hour and place appointed. Thurlston then hastily quitted the club, pleased at the prospect of an encounter with one whom he now so heartily detested. Instead of returning home, he paced hurriedly and heedlessly through the streets, occasionally pausing from his agitated speculations to become the spectator of some night broil, in which he interested himself with so much earnest attention as if he had no other earthly concern than to become its accurate historian. At last, wearied with bodily and mental exercise, he turned his steps homeward. By the use of that bachelors’ *vade mecum*, a latch-key, he entered the passage of the house he inhabited; and, failing to find the usual candlestick and lucifers, cursed the carelessness of the servant, and groped his way, darkling, into his studio. On reaching the door, to his surprise he observed a light streaming from the chink beneath it, and, on opening it, still more to his surprise, he beheld Larivière seated before the easel, calmly contemplating the unfinished portrait of Miss Seymour. Not sure whether or not he was awake, he rubbed his eyes with both hands, and then walked up and stood before Larivière, who immediately rose and smiled blandly on the young painter.

“To what am I indebted,” said Thurlston, stiffly, and still staring with surprise, “for this nocturnal visit?”

“You are indebted,” replied Larivière, with the same smile though somewhat tinged with malice, “to my conscience.”

“As I am rather sleepy at present, and at best always slow at apprehending a joke, will you expound the present witticism?”

“First, then, let us be seated,” continued Thurlston’s visitor. “I am sure that you are labouring under some delusion. I felt this when I saw your intentions to-night, and avoided gratifying them to the last; but your last provocation was such that had I not noticed it I must have forfeited the convenience of a very comfortable and agreeable club. We have both been to the shooting-gallery together. You

know I am a d—d good shot, and I know you are a d—d bad one. I have no reputation to make for pluck, having unfortunately been out more than once, so I can very well afford to look this over, and my second will arrange it all if you will admit the whole thing to have been a joke got up between us for the sake of a little excitement in the club. Good friends as we have always been, and I trust always will be, no one will suspect for an instant but that it is so. Come, now, what do you say? By the way, I think you have not been quite happy in the mouth of Miss Seymour,' added Larivière, carelessly pointing to the picture on the easel.'

"Bryant Thurlston started up at the name of Miss Seymour, and walking up to the door, threw it wide open, as an invitation to Larivière to withdraw, saying at the same time, with ill-assumed composure,

"'Whether I am under a delusion or not is no part of your business. I have insulted you, and am willing to afford you the satisfaction which you must require, and are entitled to.'

"'Then I am d—d sorry for it,' said Larivière; 'but I have satisfied my conscience. *So au revoir.*'

"Larivière then withdrew, and, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, Bryant slammed the door. In a few seconds Larivière's voice was heard on the stairs.

"'Thurlston!—hollo, Thurlston!' Bryant re-opened the door. 'If you want to have a pop at me by and by,' continued the voice, 'for God's sake show a light, or I shall break my neck.'

"'Curse his impudent coolness!' said Bryant, as he returned from obeying Larivière's request. 'But no matter—I, too, will be cool,' continued he, pacing the room in an agitation very contradictory to the resolution. Then stopping in front of his easel—'This wretched offspring of a feverish dream,' said he, 'must not remain in its abortive state to witness against my folly. To-night it shall be finished, and then farewell Art—thou pompous title, invented but to gull fools, and gild the meanness of a poor handicraft!'

"So saying, he lit up a drawing-lamp, seized his palette and brushes, and prepared to work. Alas for poor Bryant's philosophy! no image presented itself to his mind's eye but the cold, hard, unruffled visage of Larivière. Vainly did he press his hand against his heated eye-balls, and strike his throbbing forehead to dissipate the vision; the effort only brought with it the host of faces that had impressed themselves on his mind during the scene in the club-room. At last, goaded to a crisis of despair by the fruitless struggle of his feverish brain, he threw himself headlong upon the ground. A chest that lay in the direction of his fall presented a sharp corner to his forehead, and cut it deeply. Stunned by the blow, he lay there senseless for a considerable time; and, just as returning animation was bringing back with it a cloud of hideous phantoms and confused imaginings, his door was opened by the young man whom he had selected as his second. His appearance succeeded in thoroughly rousing Bryant; and, raising himself, he stretched his stiffened limbs, still clammy with the cold sweat that had started on them during his stupor, and with a grinning smile wished his friend a good morning.

"To the questions of his friend, astonished to find him in such a

plight,—for, with the gory wound which blackened the very centre of his forehead, the disordered state of his hair, and general aspect, he looked very like a drunken Cyclops,—he replied, that he supposed that he must have met with a fall, by stumbling over something in the dark when he came home. After recommending him slightly to reform his toilet,—a recommendation immediately complied with,—Bryant's second offered his arm, and they drove off in the latter's cab to the place of meeting, their backs pressing during the journey against a pistol-case, which unnecessarily enough kept Bryant's mind on the ultimate object of their expedition. But his feelings were those of discomfort, produced by hurry and confusion of mind, rather than any awful sense of his situation.

“On reaching the ground, they found Larivière already there, in conversation with his second. Bryant no sooner set his eyes on him than the deep hatred which possessed his soul flashed up within, like the sudden kindling of a mass of embers. Nevertheless, as he passed him, he courteously raised his hat. Larivière immediately returned the politeness, adding at the same time in a loud tone of voice, as he observed the mark in the centre of Bryant's forehead, ‘Why, the man has made a target of himself!’ Thurlston bit his lips with agony as he heard the fiendish remark, and could have sprung upon Larivière with the ferocity of a tiger.

“The seconds having measured out the distance, and presented each with a pistol, the signal was given for the triggers to be pulled. Larivière raised his arm aloft, and obviously fired in the air; while, on the contrary, Thurlston's pistol was levelled firmly at his antagonist, but with an aim that sent the bullet far wide of its mark. The seconds then interposed, and were desirous the affair should stop here. Whereupon Larivière, turning to Thurlston, said, in an almost inviting tone,

“‘Are you for another shot, Mr. Thurlston?’

“‘By all means,’ said Bryant, endeavouring to emulate Larivière's self-possession. Fresh pistols were placed in their hands, and the signal was again given to fire. Both behaved precisely in the same manner as before, except that the result was a little more creditable to Bryant's dexterity, his ball passing through the collar of Larivière's coat, who bowed politely to Thurlston, as if to compliment him on his improvement as a marksman.

“‘Once more, if you please, gentlemen,’ said Bryant, turning to the seconds, after returning Larivière's bow; his face flushed, and his eyes gleaming with feverish excitement. The request was obeyed, the pistols reloaded, and again presented. Just before the signal was given, Larivière, in a loud and solemn voice, said,

“‘Bryant Thurlston, your blood be on your own head!’

“At that moment the word ‘Fire!’ was given and obeyed. Thurlston sprang in the air, and fell on his face—a corpse! Larivière's unerring aim had driven his ball exactly through the wound in the centre of Bryant's forehead, and which he had designated as a target.”

Here the Picture paused, a tear glistening in each eye, apparently overcome by the vivid remembrance of the strange tragedy. I, who had all along from my predilection in favour of poetical justice, anticipated a contrary *dénouement*, was no less affected, and

remained some time absorbed in reflection on the extraordinary incident thus strangely related. My musings led me at last to break out into the interrogative: "But who was Larivière? and why did he act in this diabolical manner?"

"My dear sir, you surely cannot have forgotten?" replied the picture.

It immediately occurred to me that the explanation I sought had probably been given during the interval when I had dropped asleep, and not wishing to wound the picture's feelings by an admission that its narrative had had that effect upon me, I replied:

"Oh! ah! true — to be sure — I remember perfectly well — yes, yes!"

And now, good reader, I remember nothing more of my colloquy with the picture, nor, indeed, whether any further dialogue took place or not; the next impression which I have to record being that of a loud knocking at my outer door, which awakened me from an apparently sound sleep in my arm-chair. I rose to obey the summons, and found my friend and schoolmate, Tom Middleton, whom I had invited to breakfast, about to depart, cursing my usual forgetfulness. After overwhelming me, according to his custom, with a flood of questions, beginning with "How are ye, old fellow?" without apparently the remotest desire for an answer, he fixed his eyes on the unfinished picture and said,

"Hollo! where did you get that copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Lady D——? it's a devilish good one!"

"Copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait!" said I, sneering at his faulty connoisseurship; "why, it's Clara Seymour, painted by poor Bryant Thurlston, that was shot in the middle of his forehead."

Middleton looked at me with a look of solicitous inquiry, that evidently questioned my sanity; and then, looking about the room and into the recess, where my bed was made up untouched, exclaimed,

"Why, stupid old fool! you have been sitting up again in your easy chair, smoking yourself to sleep, and dreaming a parcel of nonsense —"

"That I think I can make up into an article for 'Bentley;' and as you admire the picture, I make you a present of it," said I, — not wishing to keep an object that had so falsely enlisted my sympathies.

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER. XXXI.

Philippe Glazer throws Desgrais off the scent.

WITH all his energy to overtake the fugitives, the Exempt was again too late, although fate appeared almost to have thrown them into his hands. There were a train of market-carts coming into Compiègne on all sides from the suburbs; and Desgrais, after stopping one or two, in authoritative tones, to the temporary astonishment of the owners, became so confused with their numbers by the time he reached the Place, where they were all collecting, that he gave up any farther search, and resolved, after a little rest, to proceed to Offemont; for, as may be imagined, after his harassing journey, he was well nigh exhausted. The brandy he carried with him gave him a temporary power of endurance, and he now stood in need of more substantial nourishment; and feeling sure that the Marchioness would go at once to her château, not giving him credit for pursuing her so closely, he still reckoned upon seizing her before noon, and then, with the assistance of the municipal authorities of the town, taking her back to Paris.

In the meantime the humble conveyance which had taken up Marie and Philippe stopped with them at one of the principal inns, at the very time that the active agent of the Marechaussée was endeavouring to discover them in the streets. At Compiègne the Marchioness was well known. The firing of the wheels of the post-carriage accounted sufficiently for their arrival in the market-cart; and her worn, jaded appearance, was attributed to fright at the occurrence. Her character stood well, no less at Compiègne and the neighbourhood than at Paris, as an amiable and much-wronged lady; the wild career her husband had followed since their separation,—the embarrassment of her affairs,—his unbridled licentiousness,—all offered sufficient excuses for her attachment to Sainte-Croix: more especially in an age when gallantry was almost a virtue—at all events, a most venial transgression; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that the entire household of the hotel were anxious to do all they could to assist her at present, even to the point of becoming officious. A fresh carriage and horses to Offemont was all, however, that the Marchioness required, and these were immediately got ready.

“And now, Philippe,” said Marie, as they awaited the time to start in one of the rooms of the hotel, “I shall no longer require your help. You had better return to Paris as soon as you well may, and leave the rest of my destiny in my own hands. Here I am comparatively at home, and all are ready to assist me.”

“I would see you as far as your house at Offemont,” said the student.

"There is no necessity for your so doing," returned Marie. "On the contrary, it may involve you in some little trouble, more especially if I am overtaken before I am able to clear myself to the satisfaction of everybody."

"But it is only now a few miles to the château," said Philippe.

"And therefore is there the less occasion for you to accompany me, whichever way the venture turns. If I get there unobserved, your presence would be entirely superfluous; if I am overtaken, it would but involve another in this persecution. I have already been the cause of too much misery."

The deep-drawn, almost wailing, sigh of utter exhaustion and misery which followed these words carried with it such an expression of desolation, that many who had far less faith in her sincerity than Philippe would have been affected by it. And yet the depth and calculation of this extraordinary woman prompted everything. She knew that if Philippe Glazer was found with her, a fresh link would be added to the chain of circumstances that connected her with Sainte-Croix's affairs, and the revelations of the casket; and she was anxious that this should be annulled. Hitherto she had owed everything to his escort and invention; but, now that she was amongst her own people, and enabled to go on by herself, she foresaw that, in the event of their being overtaken, his presence would be considered anything but favourable to her position. And yet, through all this, she was not at the moment entirely devoid of feeling. We have said that the most schooled and lying natures have their gleams of candour and sincerity, and in an access of this kind she continued to the student,

"You have been very kind to me, Philippe: risking everything to save me, when, I doubt not, before long the whole world will have turned its back upon me. How can I return this devotion?"

"No more, Madame, I beseech you," replied her companion. "It would be a crime indeed not to have assisted you in this extremity, knowing all as I do."

"All!" half exclaimed the Marchioness, as she bent her eye upon Philippe's countenance; but nothing there indicated a meaning of any import. She continued,

"Let this cloud but blow over, and you shall not complain of my want of gratitude. But at present, take this clasp, and keep it as a *souvenir* of our journey. And promise me," she went on, as she unclasped a jewel from her dress, and placed it in Philippe's hand,— "and promise me that, come what may, you will see me again, under whatever circumstances it may be practicable to do so."

"I swear it," replied Philippe, as he put the gift in his pocket, "even if you were watching my journey to the scaffold!"

Again Marie regarded the student with an intensity, as though she would have probed his most hidden thoughts. It was not the first time that he had alluded to the Place de Grève upon their journey. Still there was an absence of any apparent intention in the speech; but the words caused a shiver to run through her frame, and she turned even paler than before, a slight quivering of her lip, in addition, betraying her emotion. At this moment the carriage which was to bear her to Offemont was announced; and pressing Philippe's hand warmly, she averted her face, and without another word hurriedly entered the vehicle. The word was then given to

start, the windows were drawn up to shut out the freezing morning air, and in another minute she was on the road to Offemont.

Philippe watched the carriage until it turned the street, and then returned to the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel. The intense excitement, and the hazards he had undergone, now left a reaction of extreme depression. The beauty of Marie de Brinvilliers, and her singular fascinations—her rank and acknowledged acquirements—no less than the romance which her very gallantries had given to her character, had half turned the student's head; and he began to question himself, as he had done a dozen times before during the night, when he felt her clinging to him on the horse, whether his chivalry was not turning into love: and lighting his pipe, he sat over the hearth ruminating upon her present situation, and the events of the last few hours, and what a great thing it was for a student to be in love with a Marchioness; and lastly he determined, in the event of her being taken, literally to go through fire and water to assist her, if such were requisite. And then he remembered that when Camille Theria had left Paris for Liège, he had spoken of some letters he had received from the Marchioness, which brought about a new train of thought, until his ideas became altogether confused, and he fell into a doze at the warm fireside.

He was aroused by the entrance of an individual in the costume of the Guet Royal, who marched clanking into the room with an important air, shouting loudly for the hostess. But the landlady was engaged at that minute; and, having restlessly walked up to the window and curled his mustachios, he returned to the fireplace, and gave a loud, gruff "hem!" which startled Philippe from his reverie.

"Have you been here long, *mon brave*?" he asked with a patronising air, having attracted his attention.

"About half an hour," said Philippe. "I came in early to the market."

"Then perhaps you can tell me whether any travellers have arrived or departed within that period."

Philippe's first impulse was to answer in the negative; but a sudden idea struck him that he might turn the reply to good account.

"A lady left here in a carriage about ten minutes ago," he said.

"*Peste!*" exclaimed the guard. "M. Desgrais, the Exempt of the *Marechausée*, has just arrived at the prefecture, with an order to arrest a Parisian lady, whom he has followed since last evening, and this must be her. He has sent messengers to every hotel in the town to stop her. Do you know which road she took?"

"The end of her journey was Beauvais," said Philippe, throwing the guard completely off the scent; "the horses were to go to Bois de Lihus."

"That is sufficient," said the other. "I am obliged to you."

And, having apparently got all the information he wanted, he returned to the prefecture, without seeing the landlady, who came to obey his summons within two minutes after he had left.

"So," thought Philippe, "they are got rid of for three leagues and a half at least. The seven, there and back, will give Madame plenty of time to steal a march upon them, which they will not readily make up. And now I had better look to myself."

There was nothing to settle at the inn, so Philippe lounged idly out of the *salle-à-manger* into the street, where the full bustle and

activity of the day's business was beginning to get into play. On arriving at the Place, he found many of the market-carts about to return into the country. Several were going back towards Senlis ; but not caring to travel the same route by which he had arrived at Compiègne, for many obvious reasons, he made a bargain with the owner of one of them to carry him to Joulzy, from whence he could easily get to Soissons, and return to Paris by an entirely different route.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Offemont to Liège.—An old acquaintance.—The sanctuary.

WITHIN an hour of leaving the *poste* at Compiègne the Marchioness had traversed a portion of the *Foret de l'Aigue*, and arrived at Offemont, at her château. Here no longer any difficulty existed in procuring the means of proceeding onward. The horses in the stable were fresh, and prepared for hard work ; the servants were attached to her, from her having resided so much with them, up to the death of M. D'Aubray ; and a change of dress, from her hurried costume to more suitable habiliments for the journey, somewhat refreshed her.

Still she was aware no time was to be lost ; and, knowing well—better than even Desgrais himself—the imminent peril she would be in if taken, she directly ordered her own carriage to be got ready, her determination being to reach the frontier of the Netherlands at the nearest point. Her anxiety created some little astonishment amongst the people ; but they had only to obey, and a very little time elapsed before the carriage was in the court, and all prepared for the fresh start.

It was a fine winter's morning. The sun was sparkling on the frozen snow, and the nostrils of the horses steamed in the sharp bracing air, which called a flush on Marie's cheek, and rendered her appearance less haggard, by the temporary glow, than the terrible adventures of the night had made it. And, now that she was entirely dependent upon her own energy for safety, her firmness rose with the danger. The first shock passed, all her wondrous determination came back to her assistance. In her utter, fearful heartlessness, she was almost beginning to look already upon the death of Gaudin as an accident by which some clog had been removed, and she had been left free and unfettered to follow her own will, as soon as her safety from her pursuers was secured.

A large package, apparently of clothes, was put in the carriage with her, and then the word was given to proceed at once to Laon, —a large town, some four-and-twenty miles off,—with such speed as the horses could make in the snow. Here she arrived towards the afternoon, and then with fresh horses went on towards Vervins, changing at the little village of Marle, and taking some slight refreshment. It will be unnecessary for us to follow the Marchioness with minuteness throughout her route ; for nothing beyond the ordinary adventures of the road occurred until she reached the frontier. Paying well at every post, the horses were urged, in spite of all disadvantages, far beyond the common rate of travelling, and her hopes increased with every hour that Desgrais had been put off the scent.

Reaching Vervins in the night, she went on to Rocroi, through Maubert, arriving at the former place some twenty hours after her departure from Offemont. Here she rested some little time, having need of refreshment beyond the few things she had, with some forethought, brought with her. At Fumay another delay was occasioned by the lack of horses; but this temporary hindrance was less annoying; for, since the previous evening, the frost had set in with such unparalleled severity, that, with every contrivance, the cold had become intense, even causing her to suffer acute pain. But at night she was enabled again to be on the road, and reached Givet, the frontier town on the French side of the river Meuse, early in the evening.

Although not above five o'clock, the streets of this picturesque place were almost deserted, in consequence of the cold; and the people at the inn were astonished to see a solitary female alight from the carriage, which now bore evidences of having come a long journey. But they carried the few effects that Marie had with her into the common room of the inn, and then heaped up the fire, and bustled about to serve her, impressed with some respect by the liberality with which she paid the posts, and the report carried on from one town to another, that such had been the case throughout the journey. Here all danger she imagined was over. The Meuse only separated her from another country, and to cross this was the work of half a minute. Hence she determined upon remaining at Givet for the night; for, with all her energy, her animal powers were now well nigh exhausted by reason of want of rest.

She was alone in the large and cheerless public room of the *L'Anc Doré*,—the hotel to which the postilions had brought her,—whilst the servants got another chamber warmed and ready to receive her. The hurry and confusion of the last two days and nights had left her but little time for reflection; but, now that the great risk was comparatively lessened, reaction took place, and a bitter depression stole over her feelings—crushing and desolate. All the terrible circumstances which had so lately occurred came back to her mind with fearful distinctness; the very shadows that danced upon the walls and ceiling appeared endowed with ghastly forms, that flickered and gibbered about her with an air of triumph. She could not close her eyes, and shut them out; for the mere notion that they were then still mocking her was more insupportable than absolutely fixing her open eyes upon them. Anon the warmth of the fire, coming after the biting cold of the open air, induced drowsiness; and in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, these fitful shadows changed from the indistinct shapes into which her imagination had transformed them to palpable and horrid objects. A crowd of pale and sheeted spectres, with wasted limbs and distorted faces, as though they had died after long-protracted agony, swept slowly before her, bearing the semblances of those who, by her hellish agency, had filled the *Salle des Cadavres* of the *Hôtel Dieu*. Her father, too, was there,—vivid and life-like, as he had seemed to her on that fatal evening at Offemont, when the first step of her diabolical career had been taken. Her brothers rose up as well, and denounced her as they moved their blackened lips; and lastly, she saw the form of Gaudin de Sainte-Croix advancing through the immaterial and hideous groups that surrounded him. He came towards

her, and, although the stamp of death was on his features, she felt his breath hot and stifling on her cheek as he advanced. She tried to move away, but some hideous sensation riveted her to the spot. He came still nearer, and stretched forth his hand to seize her, when with a cry of terror she awoke, and found herself still alone in the chamber; whilst a violent ringing of the bell in the court-yard recalled her at once to her senses.

She directly rushed to the window, her imagination picturing nothing less than the arrival of Desgrais. But to her relief she saw nothing beyond a small country vehicle, drawn by one horse, from which a man, apparently young, leapt down, and directed the fellow in attendance to take charge of it. He then entered the court; and immediately afterwards Marie heard him coming towards the room in which she was. She had barely time to throw a scarf over her head, and draw it together, so as in a measure to conceal her features, when the new-comer entered.

He started back for a moment as he perceived the room was occupied; and then, with some common-place salutation, to which Marie only replied with a bow, advanced towards the fire-place. The Marchioness perceived that he was scrutinizing her with sidelong glances, and again became somewhat alarmed; when the stranger divested himself of a travelling-cloak, and threw it on the table, previously to kicking the embers on the hearth carelessly together with his foot. As he did this the fire burnt up, and Marie caught a glimpse of his face. A subdued cry of surprise burst from her lips as she thought she recognized him; and she then exclaimed, half interrogating, half addressing him,—

“Camille Theria!”

“The same,” returned Theria,—for it was he. “The same; and at your service, madame, mademoiselle, or *ma belle*,—whichever title you choose to appropriate to yourself.”

“Have you forgotten me?” she asked, as she threw back the scarf, and shewed her face.

“Marie!” exclaimed Camille, as he started at the revelation. And he added, almost directly, but in an altered tone, as though he would have been better pleased had his companion been any one else: “*Mon Dieu!* how came you here, for us to meet thus?”

“You are annoyed, then, at meeting me,” replied Marie; for her keen perception detected the difference of his expression. And, as she assumed a tearful and appealing look, she added, “I am used to this, Camille; and ought to have expected it. The time was when I should have been too proud to have even replied to you; but persecution and misery have crushed my spirit. My heart is quite—quite broken.”

She bowed down her head, and covered her face with her hands. She meant Camille to believe that she was weeping. He did so, and was touched at her distress. Taking one of her hands in his own, he said in kinder accents,

“I was surprised at this sudden rencontre, Marie. I know not why, but I did not expect that we should ever meet again. It certainly was not my wish, although you will not give me credit for the cause.”

“And what is that?”

“I will tell you. You know I left Paris for Liège, my native

place, some time ago. I have since then followed my profession there; and am about to be married. My intended lives at Mezières, whence I am now returning from a visit."

"And you ought to forget me," replied Marie: "it is right to do so." Then she added, "Do you remember the last evening we met, Camille?"

"It would be difficult to forget it. I have the scar here on my arm from Monsieur de Sainte-Croix's sword. Where is he—at Paris still?"

"I know not," answered the Marchioness, with a violent effort to conceal her emotion; "it is long since we have met."

"He may be alive or dead, for aught I could say to the contrary," said Theria. "I never hear from Paris now."

"He knows nothing, then," thought the Marchioness.

"But how is it I find you here?" continued Theria; "so far from home, and alone?"

"Alas! Camille, it is a sad story, and some day you shall know everything. I have been compelled to fly from Paris—from my creditors—to avoid a prison. The separation from my husband and children drove me to seek any excitement that would drown my wretchedness. I played deeply, and I am ruined."

"Are you pursued?"

"I believe the authorities are close upon my track. I only left Paris the evening before last. Your old friend Philip Glazer came with me to Offemont, and from that place I have travelled alone."

"I think you might have chosen a better resting-place," said Theria. "This is the principal hotel, and the first to which the police would come. I shall wait here until my horse is rested, and then push on to-night, if possible, to Dinant; for I must be at Liège to-morrow. Will you accompany me?"

"Again upon the road!" murmured his companion in accents of despair. "My strength has nearly deserted me!"

"It will be safer for you, if things are as you state," replied Camille. "You will have passed the frontier, and be three leagues nearer the termination of your journey. We will sup together if you please, Marie, and talk it over: I shall not start for an hour yet. Mass! how the wind is shrieking along the market-place!"

"I will go with you," said Marie, after a little deliberation. "I could not bear to be left here now, wretched and utterly deserted as I am. The sight of you has recalled so many old feelings, that—"

"Understand me, Marie," interrupted Camille, "the past must be never again alluded to between us. I have told you my position; and if we meet, it can only be as friends."

"It shall be as you wish, Camille," replied the Marchioness with a sigh. "I will not give you cause for the lightest rebuke."

Some of the people of the inn appeared at that moment, and at Camille's orders laid out a table for supper. When they left the room he said,

"Have you no other dress? In my quiet vehicle your rich costume would at least excite curiosity; and the more unobserved we are, the safer."

"I have provided against any suspicion," said Marie; and taking up the bundle she had brought with her, she left the room,

returning within five minutes attired as a *paysanne* of the Foret de l'Aigue. Her hair, which she usually wore in showering ringlets about her neck and shoulders, was knotted and disordered by her journey; and she stood before a large mirror in the room, to put it up beneath a small country cap, first letting fall its entire flowing length, with a coquetry that was intended to produce its effect upon Theria. But Camille's affections were fixed at present rather on a brioche that adorned the table, and the effect was lost.

Whilst thus occupied, an unusual stir was heard in the street below the inn. Marie, alive to every sound, again rushed to the window, and, to her dismay, perceived that her worst fears were realized. A mounted escort of guards had surrounded a carriage, in which, by the lights they carried, she could plainly recognise Desgrais, and two other exempts. He had closely followed her, making up for the time lost in the wild-goose chase towards Beauvais by double speed, as soon as he found himself on the right track: and, as Camille had imagined, came first to the principal hotel.

"I am lost!" she exclaimed as she retreated from the window. "They have traced me!"

"Not yet," said Camille jumping up. "But you must be off directly. Where is your passport?"

A cry of terror broke from Marie's lips at the question. She had left home without one, forgetting that it would be demanded at the frontier.

"Never mind," cried Theria: "this way. We can get into the court before they enter by this staircase, and thence to some of the back streets. You must run every risk, if you wish to escape; though I should imagine, for a matter of debt, they would not be very hard upon you. Come—come!"

Little persuasion was needed to induce Marie to accompany her new guide. They flew down the small flight of stairs indicated by Theria, and were quickly in the street in the rear of the hotel, whence a few turns conducted them to the river side, where the Meuse was chafing amidst the huge blocks of ice which had floated down its stream, and were gathering into one solid mass.

"If you could but cross the river," he said, "we should be safe. But a boat could not make its way amidst the ice. We will try it, however, if you choose."

"I am ready," said Marie. "The chance is a desperate one either way."

"We must not be particular about what craft we take," said Theria, "so long as it remains undiscovered. Here is one I think will do."

A small boat had been hauled on to the bank, which Philippe directly launched through the brittle ice close to the shore; and then, assisting Marie to enter it, he got in himself, and pushed off with one of the stretchers. So rapidly had everything taken place, that before the Marchioness well understood what they were about, she found herself with Theria half across the river.

It was not very dark. One or two lights were gleaming and struggling with the wind along the edge of the river; and the frosty brightness of the stars was sufficient to enable them to discern surrounding objects. The huge blocks of ice kept floating about them, at times turning their boat completely round; and at last a conglom-

meration of these masses hemmed them in, threatening entirely to arrest their farther progress. Theria made a few strenuous efforts to set the boat free, but in vain. Another and another block joined the body, until the entire group, wedging itself in with some fixed groups that extended a third of the way across the river, became altogether immovable.

"*Pheuk!*" said Philippe, as, after a few laborious attempts to get the boat out of the mass, he threw down his piece of board, and saw the futility of his work. "What can we do now? We are fairly trapped."

"It is all over!" exclaimed Marie, as she gazed at the gloomy masses, about which the cold feathery spray of the river was dashing, terrible to look at in the obscurity. "We shall be kept here until daylight, and then be captured."

"If we are, I shall be mistaken," said Theria. "The ice ought to make a bridge, although a slippery one."

He tried to gain a footing upon one or two of the blocks; but they turned round as he touched them. At last he found one larger and firmer than the rest,—a conglomerate of several pieces, forming a perfect iceberg,—and this was frozen to some others that had been arrested in their progress by one or two piles just under water. It was extremely hazardous; but their only chance was to endeavour to reach the bank by this treacherous passage. Theria stepped carefully from the boat on to the block, which, somewhat depressed in the middle, offered a safer platform to stand upon than those of a more irregular shape. Then, assured of its stability, he gave his hand to the Marchioness, and bidding her to trust herself entirely to his guidance, assisted her on to the ice, moving with extreme caution, and sideways towards the bank. The least slip of the foot or overbalance of weight would at once have been fatal to both; but, fortunately, the severity of the frost had so bound the masses to each other, that in little more than a minute their perilous journey was accomplished, and they stood on the firm land of the other side of the river. The cold had kept all within doors, so that they were not observed by any passers by; and the darkness hid them from the view of the sentinels on the adjacent fortifications.

Camille directly led Marie to a small cabaret on the quay, and told her to await his return, whilst he went back to the hotel by the bridge,—having his passport *en règle*, and being, moreover, slightly known to the authorities. His absence had scarcely been noticed at the *Anc Doré* in the confusion, although they were eagerly seeking the Marchioness; so he ordered out his horse and little conveyance, and drove over the bridge to the spot where he had left Marie. Here she joined him, and they then set off together to Dinant, the first town in Belgium on crossing the frontier, where they arrived in two hours. Now Marie determined at all hazards to stop. She had meant to do so at Givet, had it been practicable, for her strength would hold out no longer; indeed, for the last ten miles of her journey, she had been in a complete state of stupefaction from want of rest, after the trials she had undergone. Theria went to another house to avoid any suspicion, recommending her to post onward in the morning, so as to reach Liège before Desgrais could get any order for her "extradition" from the Conseil des Soixante in that city. The chances were in favour of her security; for no one

had seen her leave Givet, nor would the passport books afford any information as to her route.

Meantime Desgrais had learned sufficient at the *Ane Doré* to convince him that the Marchioness had been there; and the discovery of the garments she had left at the hotel at once decided him. But she had again slipped through his hands, and this time without leaving a trace of her journey behind her. He immediately sent his archers round to the commissaries of police and the barriers; but no passport had been seen that night, nor were the guards aware that any one had crossed the bridge since dark, except Theria, whom they mentioned. But he knew that the Marchioness had the passage of the frontier for her object, and that Liège, as the nearest place of importance, would in all probability be the end of her journey; and, consequently, leaving a portion of his men at Givet, with orders to make the strictest investigation at all the hotels and small inns in the neighbourhood, he went on the same night to Dinant, actually sleeping in that town within two hundred yards of his object.

Marie was up as soon as there was daylight enough to proceed on her journey. Twenty leagues were now all that remained between her and Liège, and these she meant to traverse before night. The rest of some hours had refreshed her, bodily and mentally; and she was once more ready to encounter any difficulties her further progress might bring forth. The Exempt never heard of the departure, (which he immediately knew to be that of the Marchioness, until three or four hours after she had left Dinant;) and then, still at a loss to account for the manner in which she had contrived to elude the police authorities at Givet, he ordered out a carriage and horses, and started after her with all the speed his money and authority could command, leaving his archers behind,—with the exception of two who accompanied him,—with orders to follow him as hastily as their means would permit.

Empanne,—Havelange,—Nandrin,—all were passed without any circumstance occurring to obstruct Marie's flight; and the gloom of the winter's night was closing fast about her as the carriage came within the last mile of Liège. It was here, as she looked behind her through the small window at the back of the vehicle, to see if there were any signs of pursuit on the road,—which had been her sole occupation during the day,—that she first perceived two gleaming lights in the distance, evidently following her. She urged on the postilions, and a turn of the road hid them from her view. Then they were again visible, and apparently nearer; directly the brow of a hill, as she descended once more, shut them out; and the next minute she saw them gaining upon her during every interval of perfect darkness. Swiftly as she was flying along the road, it was evident that the other party was more than a match for her *attelage* in speed; and, perceiving from this that every effort was being made to come up with her, she concluded that it was Desgrais.

Lashed and goaded to madness, her horses flew on like the wind, as from the front of the carriage she promised an additional reward every instant to their riders, if they brought her to Liège before the other traveller. But Desgrais—for it was he—was equally on the alert. On the first intimation that a carriage was in sight on the road before them, he had left the interior, and, clinging to the front of the *voiture*, was urging his own people on as earnestly as the

Marchioness, until the uproar of cries and cracking whips were plainly audible to the terrified inmate of the first vehicle. Tearing up hill, until the breathless horses almost fell from being overtaken, —anon racing down, with a precipitancy that threatened annihilation every instant,—and then flying along the level road, so close together, that the steam from the animals in the carriage of the Marchioness was still visible in the gleam of the lamps belonging to Desgrais,—did the chase continue.

At last they entered Liège, and the pursuit now became doubly exciting from the cries of the postilions, as they traversed the glooming streets at a fearful pace, cracking their whips as they whirled them above their heads, and shouting in an unearthly manner to warn the passengers of their advent. A charette in the road offered a temporary check to Marie's carriage, and Desgrais the next instant was close up to her. But nearer he could not come; for the width of the thoroughfare would not allow the two vehicles to go abreast. They were, however, coming to a broader street, and then Marie knew he would pass her. To avoid this, and gain a minute of time,—for every second now was worth the price of her life,—she collected some straw from the interior of her coach, and tied it into a bundle with her handkerchief; then lighting it at the lamp of the carriage, she leaned out of window, and threw it, blazing, directly in front of the leaders of the other voiture. The horse on which the postilion was riding reared up in fright, and directly threw him; his fellow backed as well, and the wheelers coming over them, they were all thrown together in a terrible confusion before the carriage, which by its own impetus came partly on them. In an instant Desgrais leaped upon his feet,—for the shock had also thrown him upon the ground,—and clearing the rider from the stirrups, he cut the traces with his poniard, and getting the horse upon his legs, vaulted into the saddle, leaving the rest of his equipage to the care of the archers who were inside. The carriage of the Marchioness was not fifty yards ahead as it turned towards the convent she had indicated to the drivers. Once more everything depended on a few seconds; and Desgrais goaded the poor animal with the point of his weapon to spur it onwards; as the horses of his intended prisoner, equally urged, kept tearing on towards the goal. At last they stopped at the door of the convent; and, as its heavy bell sounded with a loud and violent peal, the Exempt came up to the carriage.

He sprang from his horse, and tore down, rather than opened, the door nearest the road, and seized the Marchioness by her mantle. At that instant the gate of the convent opened, as she jumped from the carriage, and entered the lodge, leaving the garment in the hand of the Exempt. Desgrais rushed through the vehicle, and was about to follow her, when she seized a cross from the porch, and held it towards him with a smile of triumph, that threw an expression of demoniac beauty over her features.

"You dare not touch me!" she cried; "or you are lost, body and soul!"

With an oath, Desgrais fell back before the sacred emblem. Marie had thrown herself upon the Church, and claimed a sanctuary. An impassable barrier was between them, and the whole of his toil to

arrest her had gone for nothing. The chance had been lost, in a pursuit of nearly one hundred leagues, by half a minute.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The end of Lachaussée.

WHILST all this turmoil had been going on, Paris was no less a scene of excitement; indeed, it was greater, inasmuch as it affected a larger number of persons. The awful death of Sainte-Croix, and the discoveries which had arisen from the unexpected revelation of the casket, furnished sufficient matter for conversation to all the gossips of the good city. Master Glazer's shop was more than ever besieged by the curious *bourgeoisée*, as he was supposed to be better acquainted than any one else, not even excepting the commissary of police, with the circumstances of the event. But it was remarked that Philippe preserved a perfect silence respecting the share which the Marchioness of Brinvilliers was known to have had in the transactions of the newly-discovered poisoners. He always avoided the most distant allusion to the catastrophe; and even when Maître Picard wished to push his questions very closely,—half in his capacity of public functionary, half as a private gossip,—the young student generally cut all his queries so very short, that Picard almost imagined he must have been one of the parties implicated.

"For, look you, Messieurs," the little *chapelier* would say, when he got out of Philippe's ear-shot, and was traversing the Place Maubert, "Madame de Brinvilliers had as many accomplices as our good King Louis—whom Montespán preserve!—has sweethearts. Else, whence came the powerful armed force which unhorsed me on the road to Le Bourget?"

"She had dealings with the sorcerers," observed a neighbour.

"I believe it," replied M. Picard. "I heard of her with Exili, who is about to suffer at the gibbet of Montfaucon, the night M. de Sainte-Croix died. And the Exempt's guards, who returned to Paris, have affirmed that she flew past them on a whirlwind whilst she halted at Le Bourget. She will never be taken—no: the devil would save her from the centre of the *chambre ardente* itself, even if M. La Reynie had the care of her. *Allons! buvons!* it is a wicked world!"

And then the little *bourgeois* and his neighbours turned into the nearest tavern, and, whatever might be the time of day at their entrance, never appeared until after curfew had sounded, when Maître Picard was usually conducted home to the Rue de la Harpe by the Gascon, Jean Blacquart, whose unwillingness to engage in personal encounter was scarcely sufficient to keep the *chapelier* from pot-valiantly embroiling himself with everybody unarmed that he chanced to meet. Our business is not, however, so much with these personages just at present; but with those of whom we have not heard for some little time.

Night was closing round the gloomy precincts of the Cimetière des Innocents,—mysterious, cold, cheerless. The snow lay upon the burial-ground, and clung to the decaying wreaths and garlands that

rotted on the iron crosses which started up from the earth. The solemn and dreary place was doubly desolate in the wintry trance of nature. In the centre of the cemetery a tall obelisk arose, and on the summit of this, some fifteen feet from the ground, was a large lantern, from which a pale light gleamed over the abodes of the dead, throwing its rays sufficiently far to reveal a ghastly procession of corpses, of all ages and professions, painted on the walls and covered charnels in which the wealthier classes were interred, who chose to carry their exclusiveness into the very grave. This *danse macabre*, or dance of death, was then rapidly becoming invisible at different stages of its march. At various parts of the enclosure small lamps struggled with the wind, as they hung before images of the Virgin placed in niches of the walls and tombs; and lights were visible in the higher windows of the crowded, and not unpicturesque, buildings that enclosed the cemetery; but elsewhere everything was dark, and the place was untenanted but by the dead.

One figure, however, might have been seen kneeling at a fresh grave for some time, in spite of the inclemency of the weather. And about this the snow had been cleared away: the chaplets on the small cross were fresh, and a few dark evergreens were planted at the head and foot. A scroll in the ironwork bore the inscription, "*Cy giste Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, qui trépassa, la vingt-neuvième année de son âge.*" It was the tomb of the guilty lover of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and the solitary mourner was Louise Gauthier.

Of all with whom Sainte-Croix had been on terms of intimacy, not one had cared to make inquiry after him, when the report of his death was first promulgated, but the Languedocian. But Louise, assisted by Benoit (with whom she had returned to live, since the evening at the Hôtel de Cluny, when she again fell in with him), had seen the body taken from the dismal vault below the Palais des Thermes, to his old abode in the Rue des Bernardins. She had been the solitary mourner when his body was rudely consigned to that part of the ground allotted to those for whom no consecrated rites were offered; and her own hands afterwards had adorned the grave—the only one thus distinguished in this division of the cemetery—with the humble tributes that were about it. All this she had done without one tear, or expression of the wretchedness that was breaking her heart; but when it was accomplished, she gave full vent to her pent-up feelings, and was accustomed to seek the cemetery every evening, weeping and praying in the terrible solitude of the burial-place, over the grave whose narrow limits comprised her world.

It was past the time of curfew; but the city of Paris had not the air of quietude which it usually wore at this period of the night. The murmur of a distant multitude could be heard mingling with the occasional solemn tolling of some hoarse and deep-mouthed bell, and now and then the roll of drums calling troops together. Louise had been some hours in the cemetery, when she was surprised by the appearance of Benoit and his wife, who had come to seek her, alarmed at her unusual stay from home, although they were aware of the locality in which she was most likely to be found. The honest couple had started off together to bring her back; and now, assisting her to rise, had persuaded her to return with them.

As they got into the Rue des Lombards, on their way towards the river, a sudden rush of people in great numbers separated them from one another, and they were obliged to fall in with the stream, which, increasing at every corner of a fresh thoroughfare, almost carried them off their legs. Louise addressed a few questions to some that she came in contact with, but no answer was returned; all appeared too anxious to hurry onward. Soon the crowd became more dense in the narrow streets, and the confusion and jostling was increased by the mounted guard who pressed on through the people, almost riding them down, amidst the screams of the women and curses of the men, who only received a few blows in return. She was now entirely borne onward by the multitude, and in the dense mass of people could scarcely look up to see in what direction she was being impelled, until she found herself close to the Grand Chatelet.

The whole of the Carrefour was lined with troops carrying cresets, so that it was light as day; and in the centre a scaffold was erected, on which one or two figures were standing. One of these was a priest, the others were masked, and held, what appeared in the distance to be long staves, in their hands. Louise's heart sickened as she foresaw that she was about to be present at an execution, and one of the most terrible kind. There was no headsman's block on the platform; but some apparatus could be seen upon the floor, but a few inches in height. A wretch was about to be broken on the wheel.

Suddenly the murmurs of the people ceased: lights moved in slow procession from the Chatelet, and the voices of monks could be heard chanting a requiem. They advanced between lines of troops towards the scaffold, and then the criminal could be distinctly seen. He was not walking, however, between them, nor was he dragged on a sledge, but borne on a species of bier, raised on the shoulders of some of the soldiery; from which the spectators knew that the question had been undergone, and the rack had left its victim crippled, with dislocated limbs. By the men in masks he was lifted on to the platform; and then a yell from the vast multitude assembled broke the silence that had just reigned. It was a terrible cry of ferocity and denunciation.

Louise could scarcely speak; but she asked a female who was close to her the name of the criminal.

"One of the poisoners," replied the woman; "his name is Lachaussée. He will make up for Sainte-Croix's cheating us out of his execution. And the Marchioness of Brinvilliers will follow, when she is caught. Oh! these are brave times! I should like to have seen Sainte-Croix broken. They say he was handsome: and that he would have held out to the last. Hist!"

The noise of the multitude ceased as the priest advanced to the edge of the scaffold and addressed them. His words could only be heard by the few around him; but they were carried from one to the other, and were to the effect that the criminal had refused to confess, after having undergone the question both ordinary and extraordinary; that his own guilt had been sufficiently proved; but that none of his accomplices had been named, except his master and instructor, Monsieur Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, upon whom a just retribution had fallen. The last judgment of the law would now be carried into effect; but the *coup de grace* would be withheld until

the criminal had confessed all that he was known to be acquainted with respecting his presumed accomplice, the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, now in sanctuary, as it was supposed, at a convent beyond the frontier.

There was an awful silence. The wretched man was seized by the other figures on the scaffold, and placed upon the wheel; and the next minute the staff in the hands of one of the executioners was raised. It descended with a dull, heavy sound, distinctly audible at every part of the square, as was the sharp cry of agony that burst from the lips of the culprit. The priest stooped down, and appeared to commune with him; but in a few seconds he rose again, and the blow was repeated, followed by the same scream, but less piercing than before. Another and another followed, and then a conversation of greater length took place between the criminal and his confessor. The monk advanced again to the front of the scaffold, and waving his hand, stopped the murmur that was rising from the crowd, as they commented on the proceedings.

"The criminal Lachaussée has confessed," he said. "He acknowledges his guilt, and also that of Madame Marie Magdalaine D'Aubray, Marchioness of Brinvilliers, hitherto suspected, from whom he owns to have received the poisons with which her two brothers were murdered. The *coup de grace* may now be given."

He held up a crucifix in sight of the writhing object of his speech, and directed the chief executioner to despatch his victim. The man again raised the bar, and it descended upon the breast of Lachaussée, crushing all before it. No cry followed the blow this time: the death of the wretched man was instantaneous.

The multitude remained silent for a few seconds, as if they were listening for another cry. But voices were at length heard, first one and then another, gradually spreading, until the murmur broke forth into one savage roar of exultation, when they knew that the criminal had ceased to exist. A clue had been found to the mystery in which the deaths by poison had long been involved; and now that one of the participators in the horrible deeds, that had so long baffled the keenest vigilance of the authorities, had expiated his offence before their eyes, their satisfaction knew no bounds. And, when they had thus vented their approval of the sight they had just witnessed, they turned away from the Carrefour, and began to leave the spot by the different outlets.

Louise, who had been scarcely able to sustain herself through the ghastly scene, was hurried on by the breaking up of the crowd, until she contrived to get within a *porte cochère*, meaning to let them pass. But she had not been there an instant before she was recognised by a man in the throng, who had been a servant of François D'Aubray.

"Ho!" cried the fellow as he saw her by the light of a cresset, "here is another of them. I saw her with Madame de Brinvilliers, the night that her brothers were murdered. She is an *empoisonneuse*. To prison with the witch!"

He advanced towards the poor girl as he spoke, whilst the crowd stopped in their passage. But, as he approached her, he was seized by a powerful arm, and, having been twisted round, was flung with some violence upon the ground.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The game is up.—The trap.—Marie returns with Desgrais to the Conciergerie.

ANY other officer than Desgrais would have given up further attempts to arrest the Marchioness, now that she was in the sanctuary of a convent,—in a town, too, where any invasion of the privileges belonging to a religious house would have been avenged with the most unrelenting severity. But the Exempt felt bitterly the manner in which he had been more than once duped upon the road, at times when his prey was completely within his grasp. He was exceedingly sensitive as regarded his position, and reputation as the most vigilant officer of the Marechaussée; and he determined not to enter Paris again until he could do so accompanied by the Marchioness.

To effect this, he took a lodging in a retired quarter of Liége, and remained there for a few weeks, dismissing his archers and guards, with orders to return to Givet, and be in readiness to join him at Liége upon the shortest notice. To the Marchioness he was personally unknown. She had not met him above once or twice, and then without particularly regarding him; and this decided him as to the course he would pursue. He was young and active; the very business in which he was constantly engaged had given him admission into all ranks of society; and he had tact and ready perception to profit by his observations, and adopt the manners of any particular class which he found it necessary to assume. He arranged his plans; and, when he imagined sufficient time had elapsed, proceeded to put them into execution.

To effect the capture, he disguised himself in the dress of an abbé, and presented himself one evening at the gates of the convent in which Marie had sought shelter, requesting to see her. The porter, after a slight hesitation, admitted him to the parlour, and in a few minutes the object of his venture appeared.

The Marchioness had entirely recovered from the fatigues of her journey. Those who had known her intimately would have remarked a few lines on her face, resulting from the agitation caused by recent events; but to others there was still the same girlish, confiding face,—still the same blue lustrous eyes, and smooth expansive forehead, and the rosy lips still half revealed the same beautiful teeth that had so dazzled the sight of the gallants, and raised the envy of the dames of the court at Versailles. She inclined gracefully to Desgrais as she entered the room; and then in her softest tones inquired “to what chance she was indebted for the honour of a visit from Monsieur l’Abbé?”

“I am a poor servant of the Church, Madame,” he replied, “and am returning from a pilgrimage to Rome with relics to be deposited at the Jacobins, in the Rue St. Honoré. Being detained at Liége upon matters of ecclesiastical interest, I heard that you were here, and came to offer my respects.”

“I have done little to deserve this attention, my holy father,” said Marie.

“You have suffered much undeserved misery, Madame,” answered

Desgrais. "You were a supporter of our Church,—a good and charitable lady, as all Paris can vouch; and I should have taken blame unto myself had I not paid this tribute to your goodness."

"Alas! *mon père!*" cried Marie; "would that the world could think of me as well as you do. Of what avail has been my past life? You will find, on your return to Paris, the blackest stories current against me. A woman, once fallen, has no hope; but every one—those who would have cringed to her the lowest when she was in her position being the foremost—will hurry to crush her more utterly, to beat her lower down. I am lost—for ever!"

"Yet you should hope that the consciousness of your own innocence will one day prevail," returned the Exempt.

"I have no hope, Monsieur. I am alone in this dreary place—alone, even in the midst of its inmates, as though I were shut out entirely from the world."

Desgrais paused for an instant. "She has not mentioned her comrades," he said to himself; "and she was certainly accompanied on the road. All accounts agree in this."

"You are mistaken, madame," he continued aloud. "Think. Is there no one on whom you think you might rely?"

"What mean you?" inquired Marie eagerly.

For a few seconds they continued gazing at one another, each waiting for the other to speak. Desgrais was waiting for some cue, from which his tact might enable him to proceed; and the Marchioness was fearful of committing herself by revealing more than the other knew. Two deep and artful natures were pitted against each other.

Desgrais was the first to speak. With an assumed expression of countenance, calculated to impress his companion with the idea that he understood everything then passing in her mind, and in a voice of deep meaning, he said,

"Is there no one, think you, who does not feel an interest in you? You can trust me. What communication have you held with the world since you have been in this retreat?"

"None, father,—on my soul, none."

"And have you expected to hear from no one?" continued Desgrais in the same tone.

"Camille!" exclaimed the Marchioness eagerly. And then, as if aware she had been indiscreet, she closed her lips forcibly together, and remained silent.

"Yes—Camille," replied Desgrais, quickly catching at the name. "Did you think he had deserted you?"

And he looked cautiously round the parlour, and then placed his finger on his mouth, as though he was fearful of being overheard.

"I did not know in what quarter of the town he lived," she answered.

"So," thought Desgrais, "he is in Liège, then."

"And, besides," she went on, "circumstances are changed. He cares no more for me."

"Would you see him?" asked Desgrais.

The vanity of the woman triumphed over her caution. Camille Theria, it was evident to Marie, had found his old attachment revive, as they had met again. He had forgotten his *fiancée*, and was anxious again to see her.

"Am I to believe you?" she asked.

"You may believe your eyes," replied the Exempt. "He will be at the tavern of the *Trois Rois* at curfew time to-night."

"Why will he not come here?"

"Would it be advisable? You need fear nothing. I will escort you from the convent, and return with you."

"It will compromise your position," said Marie.

"That will be my own affair, Madame," replied Desgrais. "The weather is unfavourable enough to drive the passengers from the streets, and the night is dark. No harm can arrive."

"What can he want with me?" said Marie, half speaking to herself, as she appeared undecided how to act.

"You will learn all," said Desgrais, not trusting himself to speak further on a subject of which he was so utterly ignorant. "But time presses, and the bells will soon ring out. Come, Madame, come."

Without any other covering than a cloak wrapped about her, and concealing as much as possible her head and face, Marie yielded to the persuasions of Desgrais, and taking his arm, left the convent unobserved, in the direction of the tavern he had mentioned. The perfect quietude she had enjoyed since her arrival at the convent had led her to believe that the French police had entirely given up their intentions of arresting her. Sainte-Croix, in her fearful heartlessness, had been already forgotten; and the prospect of a new conquest—a new victim to her treacherous passions—drew her on with irresistible attraction.

They traversed the steep and uneven streets of Liège, until they came to the door of the tavern, from whose windows the red fire-lights were streaming across the thoroughfare. Desgrais muttered a few words of excuse for the apparent humble appearance of the place, and then conducted Marie into the public room.

"One instant," he said. "I will ask if he is here."

He left the room, closing the door behind him, and Marie was a few moments alone in the apartment. With some slight mistrust, she listened for his return, and imagined she heard, for a few seconds, the clank of arms. But this subsided almost immediately, and Desgrais came back again.

"Is he not yet here?" she asked.

"He is not, Madame," said Desgrais in an altered tone; "nor is it likely that he will come."

"What do you imply?" exclaimed Marie, somewhat alarmed, and advancing towards the door.

"Pardon me, Madame," said Desgrais, "but you cannot pass."

"Insolent!" cried the Marchioness. "What does this outrage mean?"

"That you are my prisoner, Madame."

"Prisoner! And by whose orders?"

"By order of his Majesty Louis the Fourteenth, King of France," cried Desgrais loudly, as he threw aside his abbé's robes, and appeared in his under-clothing as Exempt of the guard.

The words had been the signal to those without, whom he had left the room to put upon their guard. As he pronounced them, they rushed into the room, and the Marchioness found herself surrounded by the archers of the royal guard.



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"Quia... non... per... me... et..."



In an instant Marie perceived the trap that had been laid for her. A cry of horror broke from her lips, but she almost immediately recovered her self-possession.

"Miscreant!" she cried, as she rushed at Desgrais in her rage. "You have not yet got your prey within your fangs. I am in a country in which your authority goes for naught. You cannot arrest me."

"Once more, you must pardon me, Madame la Marquise," replied Desgrais, as he drew a paper from his belt. "The council of this town has authorised your extradition, upon a letter from the King. You are as much our prisoner as though we had arrested you in your own hotel in Paris."

As quick as lightning, upon comprehending the meaning of the words, Marie drew a poniard from its sheath at the side of one of the guards, and endeavoured to plunge it into her breast. But her hand was arrested by another of the party, and the weapon wrested from her. Baffled in this intention, and in an agony of powerless rage, she endeavoured to speak, but her mouth refused utterance to the words, and, with a terrible cry, she fell senseless upon the ground.

Confiding her to the care of one of his men, and ordering the others to keep guard without, Desgrais now returned to the convent in search of further evidence, furnished with proper authority to bring away whatever he could find. But Marie had little with her. A small case of letters and papers was, however, discovered under her pillow, and of this Desgrais immediately took possession. It contained the most important evidence against her—no less than a confession of the past actions of her life.

In the meantime Marie gradually recovered; but it was some time before she came completely to herself, from a succession of fainting-fits supervening one upon another as the least degree of consciousness returned, and the dreadful reality of her position broke in upon her. The rough soldier with whom she had been left, unused to guard such prisoners, and somewhat struck with her beauty and evidently superior position in life, had been in great confusion of ideas as to what he ought to do, and had at last called one of the females attached to the establishment to the aid of the Marchioness. By some of those trifling remedies which women only appear to have at command for their own sex, in the like emergencies, Marie was gradually brought round, and then the female departed, and she was left alone with her guard—pale and trembling, resembling a corpse, but for the still bright eye, and the convulsive quivering of every nerve in her delicate frame. She uttered not a syllable, but remained in a corner of the room, on a rude settle to which she had been carried by the soldiers; and the sentinel's heavy tread as he paced backwards and forwards before the door of the apartment, was the only sound that broke the dreary stillness.

In less than an hour Desgrais returned. He came accompanied by a *voiture de poste*, having directly after the capture of his prisoner, ordered it to be in waiting, as well as despatched a courier with commands to have everything in readiness along the road for fresh relays. He now entered the room, and requested Marie to accompany him into the carriage.

"You have played a sorry part, Monsieur, in this drama," she said to him, "and you have triumphed: do not think I am stooping to you if I make one request: could you see how deeply I feel myself to be degraded in asking this favour, you—even you—might pity me and grant it. You have played with the name of a person this evening, and won your stake off it. Will you allow me to write to him?"

"Provided I see the letter, and you can write it in ten minutes," replied Desgrais. "We must reach Dinant to supper, where also you will rest the night."

"Half that time will be sufficient," said Marie. "Give me the means, and for a few minutes leave me to myself."

Desgrais produced his tablets, and tearing a few blank leaves from them gave them to the Marchioness, as well as a style he carried: then placing the sentinel again before the door, he withdrew.

As soon as he was gone Marie traced a few words upon the paper, and then spoke to the guard.

"What is your name?" she asked in a low, hurried tone.

"Antoine Barba," replied the man gruffly, "archer in his Majesty's service."

And he continued his march. In less than a minute she again addressed him.

"See!" she exclaimed, taking a massive jewelled ornament from her hair. "The sale of this will provide you with good cheer for many a long day, and I will give it to you if you will forward this letter for me to its address. There is nothing in this against your orders. See," she continued, adding the address. "'M. Camille Theria, à Liège;' he is an apothecary in the town. Will you do this for me?"

"Give it to me," said the man. "I will find some one when I am relieved who will pay attention to it."

"Take the wages, then, at the same time," added Marie.

"No," replied the archer, as he put the proffered gift on one side. "I do not want payment for this."

In a minute or two Desgrais came back to know if the letter was concluded, as the carriage was ready to start. Marie shrunk from him when he entered as though he had been a serpent—her horror of the Exempt was not feigned.

"I cannot write, monsieur," she said. "I am at your service. *Allons!*"

She put away the arm of the officer as he held it forward for her to take, and passed into the passage, which was lined with the archers. As she passed the sentinel who had kept guard over her in the inn, she whispered to him "Remember," and then entered the carriage without another word, throwing herself into a corner and muffling her face in her cloak.

Desgrais was about to follow, when Barbier slipped the note into his hand. He read—

"My dear Theria,—I have been taken by Desgrais, and am on my road to Paris: save me at all hazards. MARIE.

"Lose not an instant," cried the Exempt, as he entered the carriage. "On—on with your horses as fast as whip and spur can urge them!"

THE DREAM OF A FAMILY MAN.

METHOUGHT that through a hideous grove
 I trembling sought my road,
 Where stark, and glist'ning in the sun,
 The trees all leafless stood,
 Whose branches dripp'd with slimy film
 From many a serpent brood.

Entwined around their varnish'd trunks
 The pearl-eyed cobra clung,
 And dangling thickly from each branch,
 Or one with other strung,
 Viper, and seps, and tawny asp,—
 A baleful fruitage hung!

Or gliding through the tangled paths
 They won their stealthy way,
 While flaming eyes and dancing crests
 Look'd keenly forth for prey,
 And here and there, in curling steam,
 The gorgéd boa lay.

And, glancing swift from tree to tree,
 Bewildering troops were seen,
 Disporting 'neath the torrid glare,
 Their scales of rainbow sheen,
 And purple deep, and azure blend
 With crimson, gold, and green.

A maddening scene! In wild alarm
 My bristling hair arose:
 All spell-bound to the dismal trance,
 My eyes refused to close:
 I stood—a solitary man
 'Mid thousand deadly foes!

I turn'd to flee, but swarming crowds
 Forbade the sought retreat:
 On every side malignant orbs
 My fainting vision greet;
 And ah! they coldly twined my limbs,
 And fix'd my nerveless feet!

For aid I call'd—no answering sound,
 Save hissings far and near,
 Hoarse-rising from the serpent host,
 Disturb'd the sultry air:—
 The wails of woe from Hades' gates
 Had sooth'd the harrow'd ear!

Full oft to pierce its inmost depths
 With starting eye I strove ;
 Oft scann'd in vain for human shape
 Throughout the living grove ;
 And still my keen inquiring glance
 As oft did bootless prove.

One lingering, last despairing look
 Down vistas drear I threw,
 When lo ! a ruddy infant form
 Now issued to my view ;
 And as it near'd, in that same form
 My own pet boy I knew !

His arm held forth a small blue jug,
 O'er which an adder hung ;
 One tiny leg was half conceal'd
 The whip-snake's folds among,
 The other rested in the hole
 Where swelt'ring lay its young.

With outcry loud, and giant strength,
 I sprang my boy to save,
 When straight his little jug he raised,
 And sang in accents brave,
 " 'Tis eight o'clock, Papa ; I've brought
 Your water hot to shave !"

I woke,—and close beside my bed
 The self-same form I knew,—
 The self-same chubby arm upheld
 The self-same jug of blue,
 And in the self-same voice it cried,
 " Here's water hot for you !"

Forthwith a peal of laughter cheer'd
 My, erewhile frozen blood,
 And, squatting round my head, I spied,
 In sly, and merry mood,
 My own young mischief-loving fry,
 In place of serpent-brood !

Though calm'd my fears, I felt my hair,
 As stiff with terror, move,
 And heard low crisping sounds, which seem'd
 The hissings of the grove ;—
 The boys had screw'd their father's locks
En papillotes above.

I caught young Bobby by the leg,
 Who scream'd aloud with glee,
 And, toppling Joe o'er Tommy's head,
 I tickled well the three :—
 " You rogues," I said, " your merry sport
 Was dismal fun to me !"

Ιοσιφ Μαίεβ.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

LIBATION THE EIGHTH.

Harris's Library.—Adolphus.—Dr. C——.—Skeffington.—Kenneth's.—The Widow's, Neele, Nugent, &c.—The Coal Hole, Kean's Head, and Harp Tavern.—*Persiflage* practised at this latter exemplified.—Miseries of a strolling life.—Woolwich Theatre—Account of the company.

HARRIS's library in Bow Street was much frequented by the corps *dramatique*, who held high 'change there daily, to read the newspapers and discuss the politics of the green-room.

Harris harmonized well with the dusky tomes around him. He was a tall, thin, swarthy man, in a long shapeless surtout, which gave him very much the appearance of an eel with a man's head; and so *Lady Mary-Wortley-Montaguish*.

"Do you want to buy any soap, master?" inquired a vender of that unknown article, coming into the shop one morning.

Oh how we all laughed!

Adolphus, when retained in a Bow Street case, generally popped into Harris's to have a *cose* with the actors, in which he greatly delighted. Sometimes, too, might be seen in the darker recesses of the establishment, a certain reverend dramatist poring over a volume of Massinger in search of an incident. This gentleman now is one of the most popular preachers of the day. Sir Lumley Skeffington was also a frequent visitant.

"A retired beau," saith Stephen Montague, "is one of the most instructive spectacles in existence;" but a beau, aged and broken down, who still continues a beau, is a spectacle too anomalous to be instructive, because it baffles comprehension. To see a man in the decline of life, overwhelmed by poverty and misfortune, still making the cut of his coat and the tie of his neckcloth, the primary objects of his existence, is confessedly a puzzler, and I never saw Skeffington at Harris's without regarding him with the profoundest astonishment, which his literary talents only the more strongly riveted. Yes; there he was. The author of "The Sleeping Beauty!" habited in precisely the same *outré* style which, twenty years before, had made him so conspicuous. Like the Bourbons, he had forgotten nothing—learnt nothing. Though age had bowed his form, — extravagance wasted his means, — a prison been his abiding-place, he was still a beau, and a beau he was likely to remain to the end of the chapter. True, his gloves were soiled, — his linen was less white, — his coat somewhat *passé*, and he carried a bundle of old plays under his arm; yet there he was, essentially and in *animus* still the same.*

* Segur mentions a French officer who, during the Russian campaign, never failed to make *une grande toilette* whenever he could find an opportunity. This is perhaps the *most inveterate* dandy on record. Count Buhl, whom Wrazall describes as possessing a suit of clothes, with cane and snuff-box to match, for every day in the year, is the *most magnificent*.

Though contempt naturally mingled in the astonishment with which I regarded Skeffington, it was impossible not to feel some portion of respect for the patient endurance and unrepining serenity with which he bore his lot; nor was there any of that superciliousness or assumption about him, which was so offensive in Brummell.*

Kenneth's, at the corner of Russell Street, became a great lounging-place for actors and dangles. Kenneth, who had himself been on the stage, married a daughter of *Jerry Sneak* Russell's. He was — and I hope still is — a bustling, obliging little fellow, much esteemed by the *corps dramatique*, to whom he rendered great service.

The widow's in Little St. Martin's Lane, was also much resorted to by histrionics, gentlemen of the press, &c. This was a better sort of public-house, with a room at the back of the premises, lit by a skylight, and containing a pianoforte, into which no person was admitted without a special introduction. This was precisely one of those odd sort of nooks in which genius delights to nestle. Here Johnson might have enjoyed his chop; Burns, his "peek o' maut;" Dr. Parr, his pipe; Hogg, his toddy. And here, it is certain, Power, Neele, Nugent, John Reeve, the Carews, with divers others, often *did* enjoy all four, — with other things beside, not quite so harmless.

"Credit me, the baronet had a bloody tumble!"

quoted K — one morning at Harris's, glancing at T —, who had been cleaned out the previous night. But, as *Lady Townley* says, "That *whist* is an enticing devil!"

The widow herself was a neat, notable body, whose attractions the elder Mr. Weller would have found it difficult to resist. I forget her name now, — though I must have often heard it; but she was generally known and addressed by the *sobriquet* of "the Widow."

Poor Neele! The tears start as I record his name. There was nothing in Neele's appearance indicative of his genius. You would as soon have accused an Esquimaux of a sonnet. Like Moore, he was an ordinary little body, with chubby cheeks, and an ignoble nose; but, like Moore, it was impossible to be in Neele's company half an hour, without liking — yea, loving — him. Of course he was a great favourite with us all. The widow adored him. Poor — poor Neele!

Simple soul! he pretended to be an attorney. An attorney, good lack! Why, Tom Pinch would have made a better. Fancy Neele putting in a distress! He could as soon have paid the national debt! and, as for arresting any one, he would much rather have gone to prison himself. It was impossible to help smiling when the little man put on a

* I have no patience with this man, or those who succumbed to his insolence. How he escaped a daily kicking is surprising. To me, he appears every way contemptible. Foppery we may tolerate, — insolence, when witty, we may pardon, — but utter heartlessness, like the odour of the skunk, is unbearable. Nothing proves the demoralizing tendency of fashionable life more than the power Brummell was permitted to exercise. A duchess enjoins her daughter to propitiate this *Ari-starch-us*! — and why? Because his opinion may make or mar her, — the opinion of a fellow, ill-born and worse bred, — without feeling, and without principle! Bah! The writer of a very brilliant article in this *Miscellany* must forgive me if I express my surprise at his associating the name of Brummell with those of Walpole and Selwyn, — men as superior to Brummell as a racer is to a cart-horse. A parallel between Brummell and Skeffington had been nearer the mark, though even here the former must sink in the comparison.

business face as you entered his office in Blenheim Street, and began fumbling among the papers ostentatiously set out on his table, to conceal not the *deed*, but *stanza* he was engrossing; for Neele was a poet—heart and soul a poet—he *could* be nothing else. Alas!

“ ’Twas his vocation,”

And dearly he paid for following it. Poor—poor Neele!

“ The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
And be hallow’d the turf which pillows his head!”

Neele unquestionably stood at the head of the minor poets. A prettiness of idea, ingeniously turned, clothed in harmonious verse, characterized his productions.

Nugent, whom Mathews has immortalized in one of his songs as

“ A true gent,”

certainly boasted an exterior little in accordance with the character. He could not have travelled two *postes* with such a passport. In truth, a more ruffianly-looking little fellow never figured in Mrs. Radcliffe, or scowled through a melodrama. His long black locks enclosing a physiognomy of the most ferocious description, entailed upon him the epithet of *Sanguino*, by which he was known among his friends. The first time I saw Nugent was at Power’s. He came in about half-past twelve, with Haines and one or two brother reporters, quite “ pretty well, I thank ye!” as indeed he generally was. Power introduced him to me as “ a gentleman who had borne a pike in the last rebellion.”

“ Ay, and would again!” thundered Nugent, knitting his shaggy brows, and striking the table with his fist.

But this was all manner. In reality, Nugent was a warm-hearted, benevolent little fellow, ever ready to contribute his mite, and advocate the cause of the distressed. To considerable knowledge he added a ready pen, with strong reasoning powers, which made him the Dr. Johnson of our little microcosm. Even Sheridan Knowles was compelled to succumb to Nugent, who, at the time I speak of, wrote the theatrical notices in *The Times*, which were remarkable for the critical acumen and knowledge they displayed.

One night, after the opera, I dropped into the widow’s with Power to sup: Nugent sat smoking his pipe in one corner. Presently the widow came in, and told us there was a poor woman without, who would be glad to sing to us; adding that her vocal powers, for a street-singer, were extraordinary. Accordingly, she was permitted to station herself in the passage, where she vociferated *Jesse of Dumblane* in a style and tone that would have excruciated the heart of a broomstick—if broomsticks have hearts. When the song was over we sent her some money, which so much surpassed the poor creature’s expectations, that, in the excess of her gratitude, she offered to sing us another song.

“ No! no! let her go! let her go! we’ve had quite enough of it!” was the general cry. But Carew, with one or two more, for the joke’s sake, insisted on having their money’s worth—a point they maintained with so much pertinacity, that we were on the eve of yielding to their clamour, and submitting to a further infliction.

Nugent, who had hitherto sat silent, now started up, and dashing

his pipe on the floor, thundered out, "Gentlemen! this morning, at twelve o'clock, I went, in the execution of my duty, to the Apollonicon, after which I attended a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms; at half-past six I was obliged to go to Covent Garden Theatre to see the new *Mandane*, and then hurry off to hear Pasta's grand *scena* in 'Semiramide;' I have also survived *Jesse of Dumblane*, gentlemen, as you see. But I swear by the great hill of Howth, if that peacock in a hooping-cough there, is allowed to screech out another note, I'll never darken these doors again, so help me ——!"

A roar of laughter followed this announcement, and the nuisance was removed.

The number of Trinity and Maynooth men connected with the London press at this period was considerable. At least one-half of the reporters were Irishmen; so were many of the editors. Irishmen possess a quickness and facility of composition which peculiarly qualify them for this *métier*. Ireland also furnishes a large proportion of our artists, novelists, dramatists, poets, and actors; and it must be confessed she has no reason to be ashamed of her sons in any of these departments.

The Coal Hole, in the Strand; and The O.P. Tavern, in Russell Court, too, were *bien achalandés* by histrionics. Kean lent his countenance to both,—*literally*, indeed, to the latter, for he allowed Finch to place his portrait in *Richard* over his door, and call his house *The Kean's Head*. A theatrical dinner took place once a fortnight at Finch's, at which Blanchard, Tokely, and other respectable performers, in turn presided. Poor Tokely! His cockneys were excellent! I enjoyed few things more than seeing this actor in one of Jameson's three-act comedies at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

The Harp Tavern, in Russell Street, was another theatrical house. This was chiefly frequented by provincial and other actors, in want of engagements. Sims, the theatrical agent, occupied the front room on the first floor as an office, where files of play-bills from all parts of the kingdom were to be seen. Sims was in the habit of attending the performances at private theatres, and procuring amateurs, who proposed making the stage their profession, engagements. In the evening he acted as perpetual president in a back room on the ground floor, where practical jokes were frequently played off on strangers, and aspirants for dramatic fame.

Take the following as a sample—

A stranger enters, seats himself, and calls for refreshment.

Sims (after eyeing the stranger with great indignation).—"I'm surprised you've the impudence to show your face here, you scoundrel!"

Stranger (recovering his surprise at this unexpected address).—"What d'ye mean, sir? You're a scoundrel yourself! I've no more reason to be ashamed of showing my face here than you have! Perhaps not so much."

Sims.—"Come—come, sir, none of that! It won't do with me, I promise you! I can't allow you to stay here. If you don't leave the room instantly, I must kick you out."

Stranger (starting up).—"Kick me out! I should just like to see you!"

Sims.—"You'll have that pleasure, then, if you don't go immediately. Oh! don't be alarmed, gentlemen! Pray keep your seats. Leave me to—"

One of the company.—"He seems respectable! What has he done, Sims?"

Sims.—"Only picked my pocket about two months ago, for which Sir Richard gave him six weeks at Brixton. I suppose the rascal's just come out.—I suppose he thought I'd forgotten him."

Stranger (foaming with rage).—"You—you lie! You're a rascal and a pickpocket yourself! You never saw me before—you—you know you never did! (*throwing off his coat*). But, come on—come on. I'll soon serve you out! I'll soon show you I'm not to be insulted with impunity, you scoundrel!"

Company.—"Pray, gentlemen,—"

Sims (laying down his pipe deliberately, and beginning to unbutton his cuffs).—"Oh! pray don't trouble yourselves, gentlemen. There's not the least occasion for it—not the least! If the scamp won't go quietly, I'll soon rid you of the nuisance. I could thrash a dozen such fellows as that—ha! ha! ha!—thrash 'em with one hand."

Stranger (stripping off his waistcoat).—"Come on—come on, I say! or I'll knock you off the chair there!"

Sims (unbuttoning his waistcoat, and winking at the company).—"What a hurry the gentleman's in!—how anxious he is to get a thrashing! But wait awhile—just wait till I get my shirt off, for I always fight fairly; and then the coward shall see—"

Stranger.—"Coward!" (*tears off his shirt*).

The company, who have previously provided themselves with full pots of porter, now deluge the unfortunate stranger, which, of course, is the climax aimed at. In like manner, candidates for the stage were induced to favour the company with a specimen of their talents, during which practical jokes of a similar description were played off upon them. And happy—thrice happy the tyro whom such *persiflage* deters from following a profession which even Mathews and Elliston, at one time, abandoned in despair.

It is to be regretted that Dickens, when describing the habits, manners, and peculiar tone of thinking of provincial actors in "Nicholas Nickleby," did not go a step farther, and add another valuable lesson to those he has already given, by permitting his powerfully graphic pen to dwell on the *privations* and *distresses* these pariahs in the social scale must necessarily undergo. In the winter of 1818, I had an opportunity of witnessing enough of these to convince me that the accounts given by Riley and others, can scarcely be said to be exaggerated. Indeed, I almost doubt if they admit of exaggeration.

At the period I mention I happened to be staying at Woolwich, where Henry's company were then playing. The business, as is generally the case in country towns, was wretched; and my friend, Edward Dacres Baynes of the artillery, in the hope of serving Henry, presented him with a farce which he had adapted from one of the stories in "Boccaccio," which was to be read in the green-room the following morning. Baynes, knowing the interest I took in everything connected with the drama, proposed I should accompany him, and, in fact, assist him in seeing his piece properly rehearsed and *mise en scène*, an offer I joyfully accepted.

Unlike that "Heaven-born minister," who declined going behind the scenes on the plea that *he had been too much behind them already*, I had long panted to explore that *terra incognita* which lay beyond the *coulisses* of a London theatre, and above all, penetrate into the GREEN-

room!—that gorgeous temple!—that earthly Elysium!—the glories and fascinations of which I had read and heard so much of. Of course, I did not expect to witness all this at a provincial theatre; but, after making all reasonable deductions, enough remained to stimulate my curiosity, and interest my imagination.

Next morning we repaired to the theatre. It was a bitter cold day, and the snow lay upon the ground. Ascending some wooden steps at the back of the building, we found ourselves on the stage. Heaven knows the interior of a London theatre on a winter's morning when the thermometer is below freezing point, is not the most comfortable place in the world; but, compared to the wretched hole we now stood shivering in, 'twas paradise! The walls were bare, the sky was visible through the naked tiling, the wind penetrated through countless crannies, not a soul was to be seen, and what few appointments were scattered about, were miserable and shabby in the extreme. I confess a *coup d'œil* so dispiriting somewhat damped my enthusiasm, which, like *Bob Acres's* courage, began oozing away through the tips of my fingers, which were intolerably cold.

At length the apparition of the manager's head uprose in one corner of the stage.

"Oh! you are come, gentlemen!" said Mr. Henry. "Please to walk this way, and I'll show you the green-room."

So saying, he led us down a flight of dirty steps into a dismal-looking dungeon, about ten feet square, and six feet high, rather less uncomfortable than St. Martin's bone-house.

This, then, was the green-room; and certainly, the verdant hue the damps had given its mouldy walls entitled it to that appellation. The light struggling through the few dingy panes which had not been restored by the carpenter, discovered the initials of divers incipient Rosciuses traced with a tallow-candle on the ceiling. Empty shelves, styled on the *Barnecedian* principle, *The Wardrobe*, occupied one side of this miserable den, which was filled with smoke from a black, smouldering fire, too small to throw out the least heat, or neutralize the draughts which rushed through the rat-holes in the floor. A large chest, two or three cane-bottomed chairs used for scenic purposes, a couple of forms, a cracked looking-glass, a tin sconce covered with grease, a broken poker, a wooden coal-box, with a rickety deal-table excessively dirty, comprised the furniture. Around this latter article sat the performers concerned in the piece, and, it must be confessed, they harmonized well with the *locale*.

Notwithstanding the severity of the season, not one of them had a second coat on; and Falstaff's company, I suspect, was nearly as well provided with linen. God knows, I do not reproach them with this. The reproach might lie in other parties. Let us hope it did. Generally speaking, their visages were elongated and prematurely marked, while their complexions wore that dingy sallow hue the habitual use of paint almost invariably engenders. A tall, gaunt personage, in a shabby grey frock, whose hair constant collision with a hot iron had rendered as dry as a withered furze-bush, played the *Doricourts* and *Tristram Fickles*. This man, who ostentatiously displayed a silver pencil-case, proved intolerably overbearing and hypercritical; and gave the author great annoyance during the reading of the piece. As I expected, his talents turned to be in an inverse ratio to his pretensions. In short, he was a

d—d stick ! The rest of the performers expressed themselves satisfied with their parts, and appeared to relish the humour of the situations ; particularly a stout man, with lightish hair, and still florid countenance, closely buttoned up in a blue body-coat, which, like its master, had evidently seen better days. This actor, whose wretched and neglected appearance painfully contrasted with his intelligence and manners, smelt awfully of spirits—the clue, alas ! to his present degradation !

Then the rest of the company—what a hodge-podge !—what a collection of odds and ends ! — what an epitome of trades, callings, and professions, brought together by circumstances, with scarce one among the whole exercising the avocation he was designed for, or originally set out with ! — soldiers, sailors, clerks, merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, prototypes of the characters they represented, with manners, habits, and ideas as diversified as their numbers ; but by no means amalgamating into one harmonious whole. There was the gagger of thirty years, who had belonged to every strolling company in the kingdom ; hopeless, reckless, friendless, who

“ Knew no heaven beyond a porter pot,”

boon companion of any one who would discharge the reckoning, or lend him a sixpence. There was the youthful novice, full of professional ardour, and lofty aspirations, who dreamt of Kemble and Garrick, and whose purse was not yet exhausted.

There was the hard-featured, well-worn actress of fifty, jealous of her juniors, crafty from experience, with a sharp eye to her salary, and skilled in the all-mysteries of benefit-making. There was the star, too, long fallen, moody, and irritable, writhing beneath the agonies of self-reproach, yet unable to refrain from “ a hair of the dog that was killing him.” There were others, again, destined for better things.

Among these, I was much struck with a lively little girl of fifteen, who was chaperoned by her mother, a lady of thoughtful and enduring aspect, who watched over her little treasure as the only hope and stay of an existence more than usually chequered. This charming child has since expanded into a magnificent matron, whose regal bearing, sustained by strong talent, richly entitle her to that tragic sceptre she wields with so much credit to herself, and advantage to her audiences.

There was a youth, too, a mere stripling.—methinks I see him now, with those pale, interesting features,—that meek, resigned look, conning over his part by the miserable fire, in the miserable green-room, while his mother, who played the old woman, deposited the dresses worn the previous evening in the chest before-mentioned. Well do I remember this stripling’s exclaiming, “ I only wish I’d fifty pounds a year independent, mother ! I should be quite contented.” Now, if this youth and one of the most distinguished writers of the present day be one and the same person, as I have reason to believe they are, he has had ample opportunities of more than realizing this very moderate wish, which, for his own sake, I hope he has had the prudence to do.

Another tyro in the company afterwards became an excellent light comedian. Rouge wrought a magical change in this actor’s countenance, which, naturally mean and impassive, became, on the application of the hare’s foot, full of animation and expression.

Not so his brother novice, a young man of short stature and genteel address, who had quitted the army for the stage, and was engaged in the

Sisyphæan task of working his way in a profession for which, alas! he did not possess one single requisite. Poor fellow! when the few hundreds he had received for his commission had melted away, he had no resource but to enlist in any light infantry or rifle corps that would take him, — or starve. His wife, who was equally destitute of talent, likewise belonged to the company.

Then the principal tragedian—what a wreck!—what a shadow!—what an adumbration of his former self! Oh! that accursed wine-cup! His dark-speaking eye—his wasted, but still symmetrical form—the force with which he gave occasional passages—his graceful action—the sound judgment which regulated the whole—showed what this actor must have been before indulgence weakened his powers, and rendered him incapable of doing justice to his conceptions.

But I must not omit to mention the fate of my friend's farce, one of the principal characters in which happened to have a catch-word, or pet phrase, similar to "*That's your sort!*" "*Push on! Keep moving!*" &c. Now, this said catch-word, or pet-phrase, chanced to be "*That's all!*" which, of course, was constantly recurring, and being repeated in a variety of ways. A good deal was expected from this character, which was intrusted to the stout man—incomparably the best comedian in the company. But, as no reliance could be placed upon him, the manager undertook to take him home with him after the last rehearsal, and lock him up until it was time for him to go to the theatre to dress for the first piece, which happened to be "*The Irishman in London.*"

The farce, as we anticipated, brought a full house, and I stationed myself in one of the stage-boxes with the author to witness the performance. Presently the stout man made his *entrée* as *Murtoch Delany*. We looked—exchanged glances—looked again—rubbed our eyes, and, like the Congress at Vienna, when they heard of Napoleon's escape, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter! It was *too* ridiculous! Not a quarter of an hour before we had seen the stout man released from durance perfectly sober, and there he was, so muddled with liquor, that he could scarcely recollect his part. Of course we gave up the farce for lost.

At length the latter commenced, and all went on as smooth as milk of roses until the stout man came on. The fellow looked his part admirably, which only made the matter more provoking. The catch-word was all he could remember of his part, so after staring about him for some seconds with a stupified air, he uttered "*That's all!*" and marched off again. The audience laughed heartily and applauded him, for the thing was in itself excessively funny, and they thought he was only doing what was set down for him. But we who knew how much depended on what he ought to have said, were in agonies. Presently my gentleman came on again—and again, as on the previous occasion, he said "*That's all!*" and made his exit. This told even better the second time than the first. The audience were convulsed. They applauded him to the echo. But when this was repeated a third, a fourth, and a fifth time, they began to look grave, and thought they had had quite enough of it. At last, a butcher in the pit cried out, "Why, that man says nothing but '*That's all!*'—what stuff" and began hissing, on which a storm of disapprobation arose, which was only allayed by the manager's coming forward and explaining how matters really were. Next morning the part was given to another actor, and the farce, which was really very clever, did good service to the theatre; and for the present, gentle reader, "*That's all!*"

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

"Of course you'll not tell any one a word of all this."

"Oh, no, no,—of course not."

"Well, be careful that you don't; because, you know, I've told you all this about Lucy Hillary in the strictest confidence."

"To be sure; you may rely on me. Yet what a pity it is!—how pretty and true-hearted she looks!"

"I do rely on you and your honour, which I look on as pledged, not to repeat this; and mind, also, that you do not in any way show that you are aware of anything against her. There—we must not make our dialogue too conspicuous. A'nt you going to dance? They are playing a Polka. I am going to my husband in the card-room."

Mrs. Ombre, the lady-speaker of this last sentence, left the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and glided away from the angle of the room where they had been conversing, bearing in her eye that small, shy, puckered sparkle, which certain reptiles, and also certain bipeds exhibit when they have succeeded in doing something spiteful, and having also round her thin lips that compressed smile, by which the said bipeds show their satisfaction at having secured their own safety, and guarded against being called to account while regaling themselves with a slice of mischief.

Mrs. Ombre had certainly succeeded by her narration in making Philip Emerson, to whom it was addressed, look on Lucy Hillary with very different feelings to those with which he had regarded her in the earlier part of that evening, and during the whole of several former evenings and mornings.

Not that he was actually in love with the damsel,—he had not seen enough of her for that; and, besides, he was diligently cultivating at the same time the germs of five or six flirtations in other quarters. But he had liked her, and he took an interest in her. He had been pleased with the mild, quiet expression of her good looks (for, though not strikingly handsome, she was undeniably good-looking), and the clear gentle tone of her voice had fixed his attention. She walked well,—neither thrusting the soles of her shoes along the ground, nor jerking herself galvanically forward from the tips of her toes; and voice and gait formed two important elements in Philip Emerson's system of female valuations. He found that she decidedly had good sense, and he fancied that she had good temper; but he had met far too many tigresses in lamb's clothing not to make him suspend his judgment as to the article of temper in every fresh member of the smoother half of the human creation. Perhaps it was for points of negative merit that his liking for Lucy had principally grown up; and, after all, a woman's negative merits are almost her best. She never made the abuse of others the staple of her conversation, though she could speak her mind firmly and keenly enough. She told no fictions,—at least, he had not caught her out in any; and she was able to narrate an incident, or repeat an anecdote, without running into that extreme exaggeration which one hears so

often from pretty lips, and which makes one think that the fair speaker's education must have been exclusively devoted to the study of oriental hyperbole. As Emerson said of Lucy, she was almost the only talking woman he ever met who was able to keep clear of superlatives. He had seen her once or twice a little thwarted and disappointed, but had not heard her elevate her voice to that unpleasant shrill pitch, which grates on the ear like the false notes of a bad piano, indicating that a great deal of tuning will be required before much harmony can be expected either from the lady or the instrument. Lucy rode well on horseback, without being a she-groom; and, though she danced well, she displayed none of that vehement appetite for polking and waltzing, which makes some young ladies resemble human teetotums, perpetually ready to spin about, so long as they can find some man to take them up and start them. She did not worry him about the opera or John Parry; and she neither talked Puseyism, Liebig's chemistry, nor Tennyson's poetry. Altogether, he had never detected anything in her that jarred upon his theories of female amiability and propriety, during their numerous meetings in the course of the nearly concluded London season.

Philip Emerson decidedly liked her, and the expectation of finding her at Mrs. Aston's ball had caused him to be a little earlier than usual in his appearance there that evening. Before, however, he had any opportunity of speaking to Lucy, he encountered and went through the operation of a formal introduction to Mrs. Omber, a distant connection of his mother's family, to whom he thought himself genealogically bound to pay attention, as a matter of pedigree, if not as a matter of pastime. This lady, who had not altogether lost a showy sort of beauty, though considerably on the wane, gladly manœuvred him into conversation, and in the course of it indulged in a few commonplace spiteful remarks on the alleged queerness of the party, and paucity of pretty faces. Emerson, in controverting these criticisms, had pointed out Miss Hillary as a standing (or dancing) argument on the favourable side of the question. Piqued at this, Mrs. Omber had given an extra squeeze of the lemon and an extra dash of the cayenne to the elaborate little dish of scandal which she immediately set before him respecting Lucy, and at the conclusion of it made him give his honour not to repeat or allude to her communication, as has been already stated. Without going into the details of the narrative with which the lady, in her zeal for the diffusion of useful knowledge, enlightened his mind, and which was given in the genuine *Mrs. Candour* style, suffice it to state, that he learned that she had met Lucy during the preceding September at Scrubville, one of the watering-places on the Essex coast; and that, soon after Lucy's arrival there, a certain officer was observed prowling about the environs, evidently after no good, but evidently on Miss Hillary's account, and by her encouragement; for he never appeared in public, and none of the respectable company knew anything of him, but it was ascertained, on good authority, that he and Lucy used to take most improperly lonely walks together, in most suspiciously solitary places, at most reprehensibly late hours. Nay, on one occasion, when Mrs. Omber and some of her friends had been out on a fishing party, and had been obliged by a calm to go ashore in the evening, some way below the

town, and walk home along the bay, Mrs. Omber herself, on turning the corner of some rocks, had suddenly encountered Lucy, "with her martial youth around her,"—that is to say, with the officer's arm round her waist. All this, and much more,—how all the world talked about it, and how indignant all the world felt about it,—how Lucy and her warlike adorer simultaneously vanished,—did Mrs. Omber narrate with intense gratification, and Philip Emerson hear with intense annoyance, arising partly out of mortified vanity at finding himself wrong in his opinion of Lucy, and partly, to do him justice, out of honest regret at feeling himself obliged to think ill of one so pretty, and apparently so faultless.

Mrs. Omber, after making him renew his pledge not to repeat or allude to what she had said, left him in his rumination; and, after a short pause, he made an attempt to escape from his corner, and commenced a circuit close round by the walls, shrinking back every now and then to avoid the charge of some comet-like couple of Polkers, who came rushing eccentrically out of the usual dancing orbit, whirling an extremity of their constellation, coat-tailed or flounced as the case might be, against the daring circumnavigators of the ball-room.

At length he gained the cooler region of the landing-place, and, as he leaned in the doorway, looking in on the Terpsichorean round-about, he reflected on what he had just heard, and also on Lucy's demeanour, and the society in which he had met her, and then thought on the possibility of the whole tale being an invention of the narratrix. As he revolved the chances of this being the case, the idea occurred to him,—“I'll watch if Lucy and that woman meet, and see how Lucy looks. That will be a clear test of guilty or not guilty.”

Nor was he long without an opportunity of thus putting her on her trial. Mrs. Omber, who had returned into the dancing-room, was watching him, and probably guessed at what was passing in his mind. The dance was over, and the subsequent promenading was commenced, which always seems as if every one felt glad to resume the natural gait of a human being, when Mrs. Omber crossed the room, as if intending to speak to an ancient dame in bugles and a turban, who was sitting near the door; but suddenly stopping short, pretended to recognise Lucy unexpectedly as she came round in the cycle of promenaders, and exclaimed, in a well-pitched, dry, acid drawl,

“How do you do? Oh! Miss Hillary, I believe. Have you been on the Essex coast lately?”—and then, without waiting for an answer, passed on, leaving most of those who heard her surprised at the strangeness of her manner and interrogative.

Philip Emerson was close by; he saw that she and Lucy met, and recognised each other; he caught the last words, and saw that Miss Hillary coloured deeply, and looked exceedingly embarrassed. Lucy quickly glanced round, and saw that Emerson was intently watching herself and Mrs. Omber, who was standing at a little distance in a quiet ovation of malice. Lucy saw that he had been close enough to hear what had been said, and coloured again beneath the peculiar gaze which she encountered on meeting his eye. Philip turned away from the room, with his mind fully made up as to the truth of what he had been told. He left Mrs. Aston's soon after-

wards, and journeyed eastwards to Furnival's Inn, and then upwards along the three staircases which intervened between his dormitory and his mother-earth. He latch-keyed himself into the den that formed his habitation, while undergoing the process of becoming learned in the law; and the first object his lucifer showed him was a card stuck in the rim of the candlestick, with "C. Melville, Adelaide Hotel," pencilled on it. It was the name of his oldest and best friend, whom he had not seen for the last two years, and supposed to be still abroad. A short search on his desk brought to his sight a letter in his friend's handwriting, not post-marked, but evidently written in those very chambers that same evening. He forgot all about Lucy and Mrs. Omber in his joy at the prospect of soon shaking hands with his old comrade, eagerly opened the note, and read as follows:—

"DEAR EMERSON,

"I have just returned, sooner than I thought I should be able to do, from Hamburgh. I wish I had found you at home; however, your old woman, whom I found dusting out your domicile, tells me I am safe to catch you to-morrow morning; so I will victimize you for breakfast at half-past eight, unless I am obliged to leave by an early train; but, as there is a chance of that, I scribble these lines for you now.

"I am going to be married, and that, I hope, very shortly. I want you to be one of the trustees of the settlement, to come to church with me, and, in short, to do all for me that is usually done by a man's friends and relations; for, as you know, I have no near kith or kin left me in England; and, as for fetching any of my uncles or cousins over from India for the occasion, I do not suppose they would come; nor, if they were willing to pay such a nuptial visit, should I feel disposed to wait for their arrival, even in these days of overland celerity. When I tell you that the lady to whom I am engaged is very pretty, very amiable, and very sensible, you will of course look on it as merely what every engaged man thinks and says of his intended. But really and truly, Phil, when you see and know her, you will not only wish me happiness, but congratulate me on being sure of happiness. She is two years younger than I am, and half a head shorter; and if the richest light-brown hair that ever curled, the softest blue eyes that ever shone, the prettiest mouth that ever breathed, the fairest complexion that ever beamed, the most graceful figure that ever moved, and the neatest foot that ever tripped, help to make up beauty, she is most assuredly beautiful. We have been engaged for upwards of a year. You were out of England at the time when I was staying in Kent, where I met her, before I started for the Continent; and I will explain when we meet why I did not mention it in my letters. As to her family and fortune, suffice it for the present to say, that the first is unexceptionable (she is a Fair Maid of Kent), and the second is to me immaterial. Her permanent name is Lucy, her transitory name Hillary. God bless you, old fellow.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES MELVILLE."

The letter dropped from Emerson's hand as he read the concluding sentence.

“What! Charley Melville marry *that* Lucy Hillary? It can’t be—it shan’t be. I’ll go and knock that mischief on the head at once.” Thinking thus half out loud, he seized his hat, designing instantly to seek his friend at the Adelaide; but, as his hand was at the door, the thought flashed across his mind, “*I have pledged myself never to repeat what I heard about her.*” He staggered back, utterly beat and bewildered. The hope sprung up,—“The name is the same; but yet it may perhaps be a different person.” He took up the letter again, and re-read the description. Allowing for a lover’s exaggeration, every particular corresponded. He himself had heard her speak of Kent as her native county. He struggled in vain to get up a doubt of the identity of his friend’s intended bride with the girl upon whose character he had passed sentence of condemnation in his own mind, not two hours ago. “So gross a case, too!” thought he. “Why, at the very time when she was playing these tricks down in Essex, she was engaged to poor Charles. Last September—ay, that was while he was in Russia.” Yet what was he to do in the matter? He was scrupulously sensitive of the obligation which his plighted word imposes on a gentleman, and from the idea of doing, either directly or indirectly, that which he was bound in honour not to do he recoiled with horror. But was he to stand by and see his best friend ruin himself, without stretching an arm to save him,—without giving him one word of warning of the cruel, crushing disappointment, the probable disgrace and misery into which he was blindly rushing? Most bitterly did Emerson anathematise her who had told him the story, and then still more heartily did he devote his own head, like Decius,

“Dis infernis terræque parenti,”

for having been such a fool as to listen, and such a still worse fool as to give a retrospective pledge of secrecy. One chance alone seemed to remain,—a chance, indeed, simply of delay,—but that would be a reprieve. Melville said in his note that possibly he might be obliged to leave town by an early train; it was therefore not absolutely certain that the dreaded first conference would come on next morning: there might be time to imagine some plan to pacify conscience, and reconcile friendship and honour.

Partly with this hope, and partly on the “Victorine, or I’ll-sleep-on’t” principle, which a man so often has recourse to when he is bothered, Phil turned into bed, most fervently wishing that absent friends might continue *in statu quo* for some time to come.

He was still absorbed in a farrago of visions, when the sound of a clear manly voice in his outer room found its way to the senses of the sleeper; and, after a succession of winks and blinks, a few deep gasps, and partial elevations on the right elbow, openness was restored to his eyes. A loud pulsation with the knob of a walking-stick against the door of his dormitory helped to vivify him a little more. The door opened,—there was a clattering back of shutters, and throwing up of windows, and then by his side stood the undeniable Charles Melville, somewhat stouter and darker than when they had last met, but with the same frank hearty tone in his voice, the same warm, strong shake of the hand, the same merry sparkle of the eye as ever.

"Why, Phil, you've dropped your Cambridge habits of early-rising. You must go to Germany for a few months to learn them again there, my boy. What, dissipating, late, eh?"

"Yes, old fellow, I was at a hop. But go and plant yourself in the arm-chair in the room outside, and divert yourself with the *Times* for ten minutes, and I'll be with you;—or go and make the coffee. I'll have some benefit from your German education."

"Yes; and I'll leave your door ajar, so that we can talk while you dress. But look alive; for I have limited time, and an unlimited appetite."

The two friends set about their separate tasks in the separate apartments; but the coffee was ready long before the gentleman, and Melville could not wait for the appearance of his friend before he renewed the dialogue in the Pyramus and Thisbe fashion.

"Phil—I say, Phil, you've read my note?"

"Oh, yes—Oh! the devil!"

"What's the matter? What is there in my note to invoke *ter leufel* about?"

"Oh, nothing; but I was shaving as you spoke, and you made me start and cut myself."

"Well, never mind,—cut and come again, as they say at the eating-house. Phil, my boy, Lucy's in town—What! *have* you cut yourself again?"

"Ye-es—no—yes. But we can talk when I come out. I shall be ready directly."

"Well, be sharp in arraying your loveliness. It was because I was not sure she was in town that I thought I might have to start into Kent this morning. She is staying in Dorset Square. I have sent a note to say that I will call at eleven. I couldn't well go earlier, could I?"

"Of course not—decidedly not—very early, very early."

"It seems to me very late. But come, make haste. *Surge, age, nate ded.* Come forth, thou learned man!"

Very reluctantly did Emerson obey the repeated summons; but he was obliged to join Melville, and bustled about with unusual zeal among gridirons, pepper-cruets, and trivets, and whenever Melville began to talk, cut him short by expatiating on the manner in which men lived in chambers, its points of similitude and dissimilitude with a Cambridge life. By such topics, and a perpetual succession of hot chops, he strove to keep him from reverting to the dreaded subject of Lucy Hillary. However, his stratagems did not avail him long. Melville, who had been very silent for some minutes, suddenly now in turn interrupted him in the middle of an eloquent demonstration of the superiority of the neck over the loin, and in an earnest tone said,

"Yes, yes, old fellow, the breakfast is very good; but I want to speak seriously. Are you offended with me?"

"Offended with you, Charley? Good heavens! no. Why, what could make you think so?"

"Oh, nothing; but I half fancied that you were displeased at my not having told you sooner of my intended marriage. You seemed to avoid the topic. I don't want to bore you about it; but it is fair to myself that I should tell you why it has been kept a secret so long. You know what an odd-tempered man my grandfather

was, and how he wrote from India and insisted on making a merchant of me, when my poor father's death left me dependent on him, and how he desired that I should first spend a year in the northern sea-port towns. Some points of detail had, however, to be arranged before I started; and the interchange of letters between my grandfather in Calcutta and myself in England caused, of course, a considerable delay. I was not very well at this time,—you were on your tour in Greece. I was very dull and lonely in London, and I gladly accepted an invitation from Frank Hanson, of Corpus, to come and stay with him at his living in Kent. There I met Lucy Hillary. She was a great friend of Frank's wife; and you know how much people in a country place are thrown together. Hanson had some pupils with him, whom he was cramming for the university; as you recollect he shone more as a mathematician than as a classic; and I was able to be of some use to him in the latter department in training one or two of his pups, who were meant for Oxford. I stayed with him, while awaiting my grandfather's final sailing-orders, nearly three months. I don't mean to inflict a love-legend on you; but, what with botanizing, sketching, walking, riding, and boating together, Lucy and I got very fond of each other, and before I left Kent we were, and, thank heaven, are engaged. The difficulty was, what would my grandfather say to it. I knew him to be an odd-tempered, arbitrary man; he had sternly cautioned me, in a general letter of advice and instruction, against what he called the miserable madness of hasty wedlock. I was entirely dependent on him, and I felt it my duty, for Lucy's sake, not to run the chance of exasperating him, and exposing her to poverty and privations by marrying me, instead of my having a good home for her, and maintaining her in her proper station of society. It was quite certain that I was to go abroad for a year, and I thought that I should have a better chance of propitiating the old gentleman, and obtaining his consent to our union, or, at least, of procuring from him some certain permanent provision, if for the present I said nothing about the subject of matrimony; but went abroad, attended to commerce, and gained the good opinion of Pulley, Brown, and Co., his London correspondents. We therefore determined to keep our engagement a secret. Of course Hanson and his wife were aware of it, but we could trust them; and each of us promised the other not to mention it to any one. That promise is the reason, Phil, why you have not heard of this sooner; for a promise *is* a promise, and must be kept all the world over."

"Yes," sighed Emerson, "a promise *is* a promise, and must be kept; but it is sometimes rash enough to make them."

"I went abroad," continued Melville, "and worked hard at commerce for some time,—much harder than I ever could have done at toil so uncongenial as my new duties at first appeared, had it not been for the thought of Lucy, and the reflection that I was working for her sake. But my grandfather's death has now left me free to do what I like, and to leave undone what I dislike, and his will has made me very tolerably independent of working at all at anything. I don't mean to say that I am glad of my grandfather's death *per se*; but it would be mere affectation to pretend violent grief at the loss of a relation whom one has never seen, and who has been dead and buried three thousand miles away, three months before one receives

the letter announcing his decease. So here I am back in England safe and sound, and soon to be happy. I mean to settle half my property on Lucy; and of course I want some kind and judicious friend to act as trustee of the settlement. Phil, I'm right in reckoning upon you, am I not?"

"Melville, I will do for you all that is honourably and properly in my power."

"That's a good fellow: I knew you would. And now I must be off. I have some business calls to make in the city, and at eleven I shall join Lucy. Now, good-bye. If you do not see me this afternoon, I will send you a line, and we will meet again very soon."

Melville stepped cheerfully and fleetly down the stairs, and slowly and moodily did Emerson return to his arm-chair, more distressed and more embarrassed than ever. The sight of Melville, the cordial, trustful heartiness of his manner, had made the old friendship throb still more strongly. Emerson felt that there was no pain, no toil, no peril that he would not gladly encounter to help his friend. His heart warmed at Melville's opening prospects of wealth and station; it shuddered at the abyss of domestic misery which was yawning before him. And such a generous open nature as Melville's, how thoroughly did he evidently confide in the girl of his choice!—how noble, and free from any crafty calculation, any narrow suspicious precaution, was the affection which he bore towards her. That such a man should be wronged seemed a double sin. He had evidently, throughout their engagement, been true to Lucy; he had thought of her, hoped for her, and toiled for her. And how had she behaved towards him?—how had she shown the fidelity of fondness, the delicacy of affection which ought to characterise a woman's heart? No doubt the instance of her misbehaviour which he had heard last night was not a solitary case; but even if it was, what a shocking want of sincerity, propriety, and principle did it show in her? Of course the fellow, whoever he was, would reappear when she was married, and what sort of a home was poor Charles's likely to be? Without calculating on the very worst, without dwelling on the frightful probabilities that crowded upon his unwilling imagination, Emerson reflected on the blighting disappointment that must, sooner or later, come over the feelings of his friend, on discovering the true character of her whom he wedded. Many men marry as a mere matter of convenience, because matrimony is a badge of respectability in the station of life which they happen to fill, or because they want their domestic comforts looked after, and think a wife not much more costly, and rather more trustworthy than a housekeeper. Such men neither want nor deserve true, deep affection. As long as the conventional proprieties of connubial attention are preserved they are perfectly satisfied; they desire no more, and they do not appreciate any more if they get it. Deep ardent love is wasted on them: it runs off their hearts like water off a duck's back. Any woman who preserves the decorums of life is good enough—nay, is too good for them. But Melville was not one of these. Emerson remembered how, from boyhood upwards, his attachments had always been of the most earnest, uncompromising nature. What he liked he always liked with all his heart and soul; he was sure to love with the same fulness and enthusiasm of feeling; and never was a disposition more frank and free from petty

doubts and selfish reserves than his. Emerson recollected also how strong the domestic affections in his friend's bosom had been while he had a home; he knew by what he had seen and heard how bitterly Charles had felt the gradual loss of home, through his sisters' marrying and going abroad with their husbands; and, finally, through the death of his father. To the new home which he was about to make for himself, Charles would be sure to trust for all his pleasures and all his comforts; and what sort of a home was likely to be made for him by that Scrubville flirt, that mean, deceitful, cold-hearted being, to speak the least harshly of her conduct?

"And from all this," thought Emerson again, "and probably from worse,—from the public ignominy in which that most false-hearted girl is likely to involve his name,—from all this I have it in my power to save him by a few words, by a few lines; and yet I, his oldest and best friend,—I, on whom he is relying more than on any man living,—I stand inactive,—I am to see him ruin himself,—nay, I am to assist at the sacrifice!"

He strode, hour after hour, up and down the chambers, reflecting on what he had heard and on what he had promised, and the more he reflected the more painful did his own position seem to him, and the more inextricable the labyrinth in which he had suffered himself to become involved. His own pledge was branded in his memory,—"Not to repeat what he had heard, or in any way to show that he was aware of anything against Lucy Hillary." To this he had assented,—to this he had let himself become bound. By no effort of casuistical refinement could he bring himself to believe that his pledge was not binding on him, or that he could honourably forfeit his honour; he discarded as doubly vile all speculations upon anonymous letters, and similar stratagems. The only plan that occurred to him, was to seek out the person who had imposed on him the pledge of secrecy, and to get her to discharge him from it. There was, however, one little difficulty in the way of this saving scheme, which was, that he had not the least idea how or where he was to find Mrs. Omber, and procure the necessary conference with her. All he knew of her locality was, that she came from somewhere or other in Lancashire, and that he had met her the night before at Mrs. Aston's for the first time in his life. It was not a case for delay; it would not do to wait for the chance of meeting her somewhere else some other evening. The season was nearly over; people were leaving town: and, considering what hands Melville had fallen into, there was no telling how soon the marriage might not be hurried on. He resolved, therefore, to go to Mrs. Aston, and learn from her the means of finding the object of his search. Of course he could not say what he wanted with Mrs. Omber; but he was a very old friend of Mrs. Aston's, or rather an old young friend, for she had known and patronised him from his childhood. He thought, therefore, that he might venture on this voyage of discovery; but judged it prudent to wait till the usual visiting hours, as most likely to prove the "*mollia tempora fandi*."

Mrs. Aston was a very agreeable old lady, very fond of the society of young people, and delighting in bringing forward, counselling, and directing the promising youth of both sexes. She had seen a great deal of the world, and possessed considerable shrewdness. Indeed she was, like other shrewd people, sometimes apt to err on the

side of far-sightedness, and to detect intrigues and manœuvres which were almost or wholly imaginary. She received Emerson with her usual familiar kindness; but there were other visitors present, and, of course, he could not begin the topic he was anxious about before them. They went, but others came, and call succeeded call, like wave upon wave, while Emerson sat by in a state of rapidly increasing irritability, playing but a very indifferent part in the conversation, and fancying what people would think of his thus turning a visit into a visitation. At last all the callers had departed, and Mrs. Aston, who had noticed Philip's uneasy, constrained manner, and divined that there was some motive for his lingering, sat before him, looking quietly and fixedly at him, and evidently expecting him to state what he had called for.

He was thoroughly confused; he felt obliged to say something, and commenced with some stumbling commonplaces.

"You gave us a very pleasant party last night."

"I did so."

"I—I was sorry I could not stay it out. I left early."

"You did so."

"One always meets such very pleasant people at your house."

"You do so."

Philip was reduced to silence, fairly stumped for a fact to serve as a peg for further conversation. Mrs. Aston now assumed the interrogative.

"Pray, Philip, was it for the sake of making these very original observations that you have been waiting to talk to me? What is it that you want to know?"

Fairly driven to desperation, Philip bolted out his leading question. "I want to know where to find Mrs. Omber."

"You want to know where to find Mrs. Omber?" repeated the old lady, pausing on every word. "And pray, Philip, what do you want with Mrs. Omber?"

"I—I must not—I cannot say. But do you know where she is? Pray, pray tell me."

"Philip Emerson, are you mad?"

"Not quite at present; but I believe I shall be soon driven so."

"Philip," said the old lady with an air of great dignity, "I must speak seriously to you: you want advice and warning. Philip, you flirt too much. I have noticed it in you for some time, and I ought to have spoken to you about it before. Not that I object to flirting in moderation among young people; it animates them, and makes society amusing; but it must not be carried too far. And, Philip, Mrs. Omber is a married woman. She was thought pretty some years ago; but I really did not think that you could be so infatuated. Your *tête-à-tête* with her last night was remarkable, and I assure you it was very much remarked. There, now,—don't tell me that I am mistaken; it was impossible to mistake it. My eyes are old, but they can see as clearly as most people's. However, this can go no further, that is one comfort. All I shall tell you about Mrs. Omber is, that I know she and her husband were to start to-day for the Continent; so it is impossible that you should see her for a long time to come; and I am sure that a young man of your sense will soon have forgotten all about her. Now, don't pretend, Philip, that you had no such motives in asking me about her. What

others could you have? You see you cannot answer. You must not turn away like a peevish boy. I am your best friend and adviser, and so you will own, on a very little reflection. So now good bye; but I shall hope to see you here again soon as merry as ever; and you will always find in this house the truest welcome and the truest kindness."

Philip left the house almost savage at the increase of his embarrassments, and at the baffling series of misconceptions by which his efforts for the best only resulted in working worse confusion. As he walked sullenly along, with his eyes bent on the tips of his boots, in turning a corner he nearly ran against a party of pedestrians, and, on looking up to apologise, saw before him Charles Melville, with Lucy Hillary on his arm; and Mrs. Traill, Lucy's aunt, and a covey of Misses Traill, closely following. Lucy recognized, and bowed to him with the most perfect ease and self-possession, only a very, very slight smile of some significance was perceptible for an instant round the corners of her lips. Melville eagerly introduced him to the Traills, and he was eagerly pressed to return with them to Dorset Square, from which they were not very far distant, and to join their family dinner-circle. A messenger had been dispatched to Furnival's Inn with an invitation for him; there was no need of ceremony, or going back to alter his dress; they dined at six precisely, and it was already half-past five. Emerson accepted at random. He had worked his ill-humour up into a state of desperation, and between Mrs. Traill and the eldest Miss Traill he suffered himself to be led captive along, making very abrupt, incoherent answers to the elder lady's remarks, and not volunteering any of his own to the younger one. His eyes were fixed on the crown of Lucy's bonnet, which he thought covered the most artful hypocritical head that ever wore tortoiseshell and ringlets.

During part of the interval which elapsed between their reaching the house and dinner-time, Melville and Emerson became joint tenants of a dressing-room, and of course an opportunity was given for conversation between the two friends, which Emerson, if he had felt less thoroughly wretched, would probably have manœuvred to avoid; but he was in a state of dogged moroseness, and took no trouble to avoid anybody or anything.

"Why, Phil," said Melville, as soon as no third person was within earshot, "I find that you and Lucy Hillary know each other. When I said that I had been breakfasting with you, and spoke of you as my oldest and best friend, Lucy guessed whom I meant, and described you immediately. She says she has repeatedly met you during this season."

"Yes, I believe she may have."

"Well, it's odd that you did not say this morning that you knew her. Did not the name strike you?"

"Why, one meets so many people in town, after the lapse of a little time names are quickly forgotten."

"Yes; but Lucy tells me that she met you last night,—at a Mrs. Aston's I think the place was."

"Ay?—*did* Miss Hillary tell you that she met me last night at Mrs. Aston's?"

The peculiar tone in which this was spoken arrested Melville's attention. He turned and looked fixedly at his friend: Emerson was

standing near the window, looking the very picture of despondency and discomfort. Melville looked at him with painful interest. He recollected the oddness of Emerson's manner that morning when he first spoke of Lucy to him,—how he seemed to shrink from the subject,—he had noticed how low-spirited and dull he appeared when they met in the street,—he saw the fit of abstraction and dejection in which he was standing before him. It was evident that Philip had known Lucy for a considerable time, and it quickly appeared equally evident to Melville that Philip had fallen deeply in love with her himself, and that this was the secret of his strange conduct. That any one who saw much of Lucy should fall in love with her seemed of course to Melville, judging others by himself, not only possible, but exceedingly natural and probable.

"Poor fellow!" thought he, "he knew nothing of our engagement; and, now he hears of it, he finds his own affections hopelessly directed towards the same quarter. No wonder he seemed to shun the subject this morning,—no wonder he could not bear to mention Lucy's name,—no wonder he is absent and low-spirited now. It must be a sore trial for his friendship. I wish I had not brought him here."

While Melville was thus commiserating Emerson, Emerson was in his own mind still more deeply commiserating him. Each looked on the other as the victim of misplaced affections, each felt for the other's cruel position. Their eyes met—they shook their heads, and each sorrowfully pressed the other's hand, without either in the least suspecting that he himself was an object of pity in turn. They went down stairs, and soon the party proceeded to the dinner-table, and there, of course, Melville was placed on Mrs. Traill's right hand, and Miss Hillary on his own right, while Emerson sat opposite to them.

The dinner passed off heavily enough. Mrs. Traill's powers of conversation were limited. Only two of the Misses Traill had their hair turned up, and, of course, none but those two were allowed to speak in public. Flora, the eldest, was offended with Emerson for not having talked to her during their walk; and Laura, the second, was intently engaged in watching Lucy Hillary, and speculating how she herself should behave when similarly situated. The dullness of the party was no fault of the host's. Traill was an unaffected worthy old fellow, very fond of his niece, and thoroughly rejoiced at the prospect of her being so well married. He had welcomed Emerson heartily as Melville's friend, and, had the tone of the evening depended on him, it would have been joyous enough.

But the two young men were two perfect wet-blankets. Emerson sat staring on Lucy and Melville, thinking on their future misery, and considering his friend a martyr, and himself a still more decided one. Melville sat looking on Emerson, watching his uneasiness, imagining the conflict of love and friendship that was, as he supposed, going on in his mind, and not liking to triumph in his own happiness, when thus connected with his friend's misery. The most self-possessed member of the party was Lucy herself. She had been disconcerted by the unexpected attack of Mrs. Omber on the preceding night; but now, when she had had plenty of leisure to think things over, and determine on her line of conduct, she was perfectly collected and ready. There she sat opposite Emerson, and every

now and then he caught her eye on his, and saw the same quiet significant smile upon her lip which he had noticed when they met in their walk. This exasperated him more and more, and he felt more and more indignant at her shamelessness and perfidy, and more and more commiserative of poor Charles. Meanwhile "poor Charles" observed something of the way in which Lucy eyed Emerson, and began to get a little jealous—only a very, very little, but quite enough to sour the pleasantness of his society.

The dinner was at last over; the ladies left the room, nor did the gentlemen linger long behind them. Melville was, of course, anxious to rejoin his intended; and Traill, who had fancied from Emerson's manner that he was a conceited coxcomb, who wanted to play Captain Grand over his company, forebore to press an extra bottle with his usual hospitable zeal. On their reunion up stairs, matters looked at first as black as they had done down below; but there was one among the parties interested who had a keen observation, a cool judgment, a resolute will, and tact and perseverance in working out that will. This was Lucy Hillary. Lucy had a portfolio of prints before her, which she had been arranging in a particular order; Melville was sitting near her; two of the Misses Traill were fulminating on the piano, and creating that happy mask for earnest conversation which music always provides, and for which it indeed deserves the praise of all; for if we do not listen to it, we are enabled by it to listen to the sounds we love best. Emerson was leaning gloomily against the wall, in the true *Lara* fashion, when Miss Hillary turned to him and said,

"Mr. Emerson, I remember that at Lady Vellum's, last week, you were praising Turner's paintings: here are some very beautiful engravings from them."

Of course Emerson was obliged to approach the portfolio, Melville began to turn over the prints, and, after the first five or six they came to some prints of *Scenes on the Essex Coast*. Emerson looked at Lucy; Lucy looked first at him and then at Melville. Melville and Lucy smiled.

"Is this *much* like the rocks in the bay below Scrubville, Lucy?" said Melville. Lucy blushed a little, but still smiled. "I think, Lucy," said Melville, "that those rocks, near which we met that odious Mrs. Ombre looked more boldly upon the sea."

"What," interposed Emerson eagerly, "what, Charley, were you ever at Scrubville?"

"Yes," said Melville, "I was there in September, for a day or two. I knew that the Hansons were there, and that Lucy was with them; so I played truant over in a timber-ship, but was obliged to keep very much out of the way, for fear some of Pulley and Brown's people should recognise me, and report me to my grandfather."

"You need hardly have feared recognition," said Lucy, "in those absurd mustachios which you wore then, and which made the wise folks of Essex take you for a soldier."

Emerson drew a long deep breath,—a load was taken off his heart, and he felt like a bottle of champagne with its resin and wire knocked off. He received one quiet glance of intelligence and forgiveness from Lucy, which told him how thoroughly she had seen through his blunder, and made him, while he blamed himself for having suspected her so undeservedly, feel doubly rejoiced on his friend's

account in having gained such a wife. No further explanation was entered into, and Emerson saw and appreciated Lucy's instinctive knowledge of human nature in avoiding it; for Lucy rightly judged that, though she herself freely forgave Emerson for his mistake, and for his injurious thoughts respecting her, perhaps Melville, if he were made aware of them, might not find it equally easy to do so, and she might be the means of depriving her husband of the friendship which she knew he valued most. A total alteration in Philip's manner soon relieved Charles of the idea that he was his own friend's successful rival; or, at least, he thought, from the vehement flirtation which Emerson immediately began with the eldest Miss Trail, that his friend's heart could not have been very seriously wounded. The pretence of the sudden departure of a bad toothache, and an instant flow of lively, cheerful spirits, served with the rest to account for past deficiencies, and to place Philip high in favour. He long rejoiced in the happiness of Melville and Lucy; and he never forgot the lesson which he had learned,—not to let others volunteer their confidential communications, not to pledge his honour without reflection, and not to get again involved in

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE FLOWER OF THE FOLD.

THERE is some one abiding-place
On earth to which we cling;
There is, too, some remember'd face,—
Both blessings with them bring!
There is a hope that looks above,—
The reed to which we hold;
And is there not some heart we love,
Some flower of the fold?

Joy, joy upon the breeze doth come,
It ushers in the birth
Of one more link to "home, sweet
home,"
Another child of earth,
Affection swells within the breast
Of kindred, young and old,
To welcome in the little guest,
The flower of the fold!

A babe is on its mother's arm,
In quiet, dreamless sleep,
With infant brow as still and calm
As sunshine on the deep!
And merry children gather round,
With steps that love makes bold,
To watch in that sweet trance profound
The flower of the fold!

A little girl, with rosy mien,
And smiling as the morn,
Is bounding o'er the village green
As lively as a fawn.

She stoops to pick some weeds to braid
Within her locks of gold,
And laughingly trips on the maid,
The flower of the fold!

A few more years, that happy one
Has left the pleasant fields,
And to a distant school is gone,
Where joy to study yields.
But summer, with its festal train,
Brings home across the wold,
With spirits gay, and well-known strain,
The flower of the fold!

Two graceful forms are in a room:
A youth of noble air,—
A lovely maiden in the bloom
Of womanhood—most fair!
Their hands are clasp'd in fond embrace,
Their vows have just been told,
And who in that new guise can trace
The flower of the fold?

Alas! how beautiful in death
That marble brow appears!
A single day—her gentle breath
Is borne on high 'midst tears!
A holy sleep has closed her eyes,
Her youthful heart is cold,
And drooping low for ever lies
The flower of the fold!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A TRAIT OF SYDNEY SMITH.

"Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."—BURKE.

WHILE penning in my humble retreat these fleeting reminiscences of the past, tidings of the flight of a generous and disinterested spirit have made my heart heavy within me. The wit, the mirth, the kindly sympathy, and buoyant gaiety of Sydney Smith are extinguished amongst us.

The unsparing foe of cant, and humbug, and hollow pretension in high places, has been struck down. Those who quailed beneath the truth and vigour of his bold remonstrance may rejoice. The fearless and the plain-spoken is laid low.

Death has marvellously befriended that incomprehensible body, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Fearless of his comments, they can now expend £8000 on the purchase of Danbury Park for the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

Holding only the see of Rochester, the deanery of Worcester, the valuable vicarage of Bromsgrove, and the desirable rectory of Bishopsbourne, some curates there were who were silly enough to fancy that his lordship had more homes than one:—a palpable error! Poor man! he had none; and so the Ecclesiastical Commissioners kindly provided one.

Simple-minded and ignorant men imagined that the Commission was formed for the better distribution of Church revenues, and for the encouragement and aid of the working clergy. How such phantasies of the brain can be entertained by sane people is "wholly wonderful!"

None but those who knew the *man*—I am not now speaking of the brilliant essayist or the vigorous reasoner—can form an adequate idea of his hatred of injustice, of his ready sympathy with the suffering, of the promptitude with which he succoured the struggling and the deserving, and of the practical manner in which he carried out his principles. Take the point of patronage. As a writer, he always held that patronage was a trust of the most stringent nature, and to be exercised by churchmen in a manner the most disinterested. Now it by no means followed that because he, as a writer, contended for these opinions that, as a Church dignitary, he should carry them out into practice. Had he forgotten his creed when invested with professional rank and authority, there were those, and not a few, to keep him in countenance. The Whigs came into

power; their clever and consistent champion was not forgotten; and, as Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, the living of Edmonton—a valuable and desirable benefice—became at his disposal. It had previously been held by Mr. Tate, better known as “Tate of Richmond;” and the senior curate on the benefice was the Rev. Thos. Tate, the learned incumbent's son. Some short time after Canon Tate's demise, Mr. Smith called on the bereaved family. The meeting was painful, and the more because the visitor adverted, in feeling and appropriate terms, to the worth, both as a father and a friend, of him whose loss they one and all deplored.

“And the information I have now to communicate,” added Mr. Sydney Smith, “will, I fear, startle you,—painfully, perhaps. The living is given away!”

“No,” was the reply; “we feel no surprise at the circumstance. It is a living of too much consequence long to remain vacant.”

“I am glad,” was the rejoinder, “to hear you speak so calmly of a result that was inevitable.”

“For ourselves,” was the answer, “we had no hope. The income of the benefice,—the interest that would be made for it,—the many expectants which such a vacancy would create,—the personal claims upon individual members of the Chapter, which such a prize was sure to bring forward,—all these forbade *our* cherishing the slightest hope on the subject.”

“Well,” cried Sydney Smith, “the appointment has been made, and I believe it to be a good one.”

“No doubt of it,” was the acquiescent remark; “the character of the patrons guarantees it.”

“It is given,” continued the Canon quietly, “to a gentleman whose surname is the same as that of the last incumbent—Tate; and he is said to be at this moment staying somewhere in the neighbourhood of London.”

“An immaterial point to us,” was the reply. “He can be no relative of ours—we know nothing about him—nothing save this, that he is a fortunate man.”

“And curious enough,” continued the dignitary with unruffled gravity, “his Christian name is *Thomas*.”

“We have no knowledge of him,” was the reply,—“none whatever,—nor he, of course, of us.”

“Strange indeed, considering you are the party!” cried Sydney Smith, with a humorous but most benevolent smile. “You,” glancing at the son of his old friend, “you are the man—you, and no other—the vicar of Edmonton!”

Which was the happiest of the assembled group?—the party who so unexpectedly received so valuable a benefice, or the generous-hearted man who so delicately bestowed it?

I annex a letter, written not many months before his death. Though brief, it merits preservation, for it is characteristic of the writer. His allusion to his own career is interesting, and the caution which he gives to his young clerical correspondent full of wisdom and kindness. It is tantamount to this warning:—“Don't rashly adopt my principles. They are always perilous, and to a young churchman often ruinous. My professional success is the exception, not the rule.”

The passage alluded to is one—beautiful and apposite, by the

way, in no common degree—which closes the most forcible of Sydney Smith's *occasional* sermons. His clerical correspondent was anxious to use it on a public occasion of some pressing emergency. His aim was to render it subservient to those feelings of toleration, forbearance, and charity, which form the real secret of ruling well and wisely, and which the Premier is quietly adopting into his system of Irish policy. May they be blessed to the tranquillity and prosperity of a lovely land!

“56, Green Street, Grosvenor Square,
April 23, 1844.

“SIR,

“The story of Abraham and the wayfaring man was introduced by me into a sermon I preached at Bristol many years ago. It was taken from Heber's edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor,—I believe from the life of Taylor. I have no recollection of the words of the narrative, nor any copy of the sermon, or else I would send it to you.

“I am much flattered by your good opinion and very kind expressions; and am, Sir,

“Your very obedient servant, SYDNEY SMITH.

“If you can get the fable, allow me to exhort you to think a little before you introduce it. I have acted with uniform temerity through life; but it may not suit others as well as it happens to have suited me. “S. S.”

CHAPTER LXX.

THE RESISTLESS FOE.

“Each heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of being and decay, of life and death; the past, the present, and the future; the springs of health and engines of disease: here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate fluctuate; and toss the sullen and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever-restless waves.”—LAVATER.

In the anomalous state of society in which we live, again and again does the expression recur—always as commendatory—“What a daring spirit!” But may not this feeling be carried too far? May not occasions arise in which self-reliance will pass—first into presumption, and then into rebellion?

Does it not, if indulged, tempt the possessor to brave and defy THE INFINITE AND THE ETERNAL?

Near a village, in which I lived when a boy, there was a toll-gate kept by an old couple of the name of Ewens. It was placed on a high-road leading to a thriving market-town, and no inconsiderable stream of passengers daily went through it. Mercy Ewens and her aged partner Jasper—a cross-looking, alert, fierce-eyed man, much and deservedly dreaded by the neighbouring urchins—had the reputation of being a penurious couple, and rich withal. Certainly the keenness with which they carried on their calling, and their sparing participation in the common necessities of life, favoured the impression. Mercy, indeed, made no secret of her provident propensities.

"Do ye conceit," cried she, in answer to some sneer at her niggardly habits, "that I stand at a toll-gate for amusement—to take the air—or because I've naught else to do? By my troth 'tis a mighty pleasant pastime to be running out all hours of the night to unloek the gate for drunken travellers, and to get more curses than half-pence! Why do I stand and shiver at daybreak by the side of some besotted and blaspheming braggart waiting for the toll, which at last is flung at my head?—Why, that I may lay up *the wherewithal*—that I may have a roof to shelter me, and a fire to warm me, and a bed to rest me, when the power to work—but not the *will*—has left me. Now, jester, are your jibes answered?"

"Rarely, mother," continued her tormentor; "your power of reply is unrivalled; you would give the Old One himself a settler were he to bandy words with you."

"I should do nothing of the kind," returned she quietly; "but I should expect him, like any other gentleman, to pay the toll when he came to my gate."

"May I see the meeting," cried the roysterer with a laugh, and rode off.

Now, though Mrs. Ewens's qualifications were somewhat caricatured by her youthful tormentor, it must be admitted that she was well "up to her work." If to her rugged partner Jasper, pertained the manual strength which enabled him to "hold hard" against a refractory passenger, to Mercy belonged the flow of words and the retentive memory. Her recollection of every horse that passed her gate within twenty-four hours was enviably accurate. She could say whether—and about what time—during the current day, a bay mare or a grey gelding, a chesnut cob or a black pony, a switch-tailed galoway or a roan hackney, had passed her frontier, and could recognise each in the deepest "gloaming" of evening. Catch her at fault who could! To call her knowledge of turnpike law, and particularly of local acts, which were her Sabbath study—an undeniable heathen was Mercy Ewens!—"a smattering," would be a libel on her. To a second her clock was kept by that of the Town Hall, three miles distant. By it she rigorously abided; and woe to the unlucky wight who, returning from a distance a few minutes past twelve, refused to pay toll for "a fresh day." She would "speedily let him know before his betters what day of the week it was, and whether Turnpike Acts were cobwebs for rogues and knaves to break through!" Lord Brougham would have delighted in her. She would run a tilt at the dearest friend she had. Restrained by no respect of persons she would, when her blood was up, show her horns and butt all round. This propensity was unfortunate. The clearness with which she perceived her rights, and the vigour with which she and her husband jointly enforced them, rendered their frequent appearance before the magistrates, in petty sessions assembled, a matter of imperative necessity, and exposed them to the description of being "a troublesome couple who were eternally cutting out work for the magistrates to settle." One justice—a Mr. Rustwick—went even farther. He characterized Mercy as "a regular nuisance;" and added that "the sooner the district was rid of her the better!"

It was a remark pettishly made, but which sorely rankled in the breast of her at whom it was levelled. Could the thoughtless being who uttered it have anticipated events, it would have been carefully suppress-

ed. But Providence, in mercy to some—in *vengeance to others*—veils the future. Months rolled away, and with them, apparently, Mercy's recollection of Mr. Rustwick's sarcasm. *He* was a convivialist; sang well and readily; and it was frequently late before the bachelor parties, at which he was so desirable a guest, dispersed. It was his habit to ride home unattended; occasionally the worse for his potations, but invariably master of his own movements, and fully conscious of what was passing around him. On a piercing December evening, when a bitter east-wind blew, and the thermometer had fallen some degrees below freezing-point, the musical party, at which the gay bachelor had played and sang to admiration, broke up a few minutes before midnight. The aspect of affairs without was so discouraging, that Mr. Rustwick was urged by his host to forego his intention of returning home, and to remain where he was for the night. He declined; remarking that his people would expect him, and that he made a point invariably of "roosting at home, when he had expressed no previous intention to the contrary." He then called for his horse, mounted, and dashed gaily from the door. His manner struck the under-groom, who opened for him the avenue-gate. He was observed to shudder violently, raise his hand quickly to his head, and swerve in his saddle. He then recovered himself, and patting the favourite mare he rode, went off at a gallop. At a few minutes before one he pulled up at the Five Lanes Gate, and called lustily for old Ewens. Mercy made her appearance; and her he cursed, and paid. At two his servants were roused by hearing his mare dash madly into the stable-yard. There stood "Black Bess" with starting eyeballs, flanks quivering with fright, covered with foam, and without her rider. An alarm was given; immediate search was made; and, at four, Mr. Rustwick was found lying in the middle of the high-road, within thirty yards of the toll-house—dead!

The consternation caused by this event was deep and general. The suddenness with which Death had grasped his victim—the manner of his approach—his visit so unexpected—and, in the world's hollow phraseology, so ill-timed—the rapid transition from the gaiety, and mirth, and music of a festive party to the death-throe, untended and alone, at the midnight hour on a dreary road,—stunned for a passing moment into reflection the most careless and thoughtless of Mr. Rustwick's associates.

Nor was the idea of foul play wholly rejected by many. No marks of external violence were visible. The body seemed to lie in an easy, natural position. The clothes were, apparently, undisturbed. A hunting-watch, massive mourning-ring, and a gold eye-glass were found upon the person. A card-case, papers, and some loose memoranda were discovered in the pockets, but no money.

Now, it was an established fact that, a few hours before his death, Mr. Rustwick had received from one of his tenants a large sum, partly in gold and partly in bank-notes, which sum those most conversant with his habits maintained he had about him when death seized him.

"Into whose hands had this passed?—where was it secreted?—could it be traced?" were questions anxiously put by Mr. Rustwick's relatives, and vaguely answered. Clue there was none; and though heavy rewards were offered for information on this particular point, none was forthcoming. The inquest—unavoidable under such circumstances—was protracted and tedious, but elicited no fact of importance. The medical

evidence given, tended to one and the same conclusion—that Mr. Rustwick had fallen from his horse in a fit of apoplexy, a result attributable to his sudden transition from the heated atmosphere of a crowded room to a temperature some degrees below freezing-point—to the vinous excitement under which he laboured—to the rapid pace at which he rode—“all which circumstances predisposed the frame,” so ran their jargon, to attacks of this nature.

“Beyond all question,” the doctors continued, “the cause of death was apoplexy;” and the coroner suggested a verdict to that effect; but the jury declined adopting his conclusion, and insisted on this being recorded as the result of their deliberations—“Found dead: but whether the deceased came to his end by fair or foul means, the jury have no means of deciding.”

The faculty were furious. “Was their opinion, founded on a *post-mortem* examination, to go for nothing? Did the jury pretend to be better judges of the results of disease than themselves? Was their experience valueless? Were they, or were they not, acquainted with the maladies to which humanity is subject?”

“*Yow may herr*,” was the reply of a rebellious old jurymen, who headed the opposition, “*you may herr—you have herred* aforetime and may agin! Whar’s the blunt the *did* man had about ’un? *Shaw* me that agin, and I’ll retarn what vardick ye loike. They that took his blunt knaw best whether he war aloive or *did* when they found ’un! Wance more—whar’s the blunt?”

It was the pertinacity of this vivacious old gentleman which gave such infinite trouble to Mrs. Mercy Ewens. He had her examined, and cross-examined, and re-examined, for three mortal hours, to the amazement of the bystanders, and the unbounded indignation of the party herself. There was evidently a suspicion in the old man’s mind that the “pike” woman knew more than she chose to tell: and he repeatedly begged the “crowner” to “*sift*” Marcy Ewens, who was, as he shrewdly observed, the last woman who saw the “*did*” man “*alolive*!”

Annoyance at her loss of time and unavoidable absence from her lawful calling, seemed to exasperate Mercy far more than the suspicions entertained of her with reference to Mr. Rustwick.

“Many’s the shilling I shall lose this day!” cried she, rocking her body to and fro, and glancing furiously at the fumbling coroner, whose short-hand might have been German text from the premeditation with which it was written; “Jasper’s a big baby at the pike. He mind a gate? Hout! Any bully can daunt him with a few braggart words. Shillings, said I? It’s well if it’s not a sovereign. And all for yonder ranting, tearing scapegrace! What the plague possessed him to die so near my door?”

“You say, then, Mrs. Mercy Ewens,” said the drowsy coroner, rubbing his eyes and waking up from a doze, “you say that you saw this—this—unfortunate gentleman fall—fall—from his house?”

“Anan?” said Mercy, thoroughly bewildered.

“From his *horse*,” suggested the clerk, slyly and cleverly prompting his principal.

“Oh! ah! Exactly. You saw him fall from his horse, you say?”

“I saw nothing of the kind,” observed Mercy briskly, “and I said nothing of the kind.”

“Then, woman, what did you say?”

"Nothing like that!" observed she of the pike, loudly and stoutly; "and I'll plaster my words to please no one. This was what I said:—That runagate who's dead and gone passed my gate in the 'sma' hours.' I let him through. His greeting wasn't over creditable for a justice; for he cussed me as the gate fell back. Indeed, his language was never over *implementary*!—I must hold to that as 'tis truth. But, however, his dander was up. P'raps the cold had touched him. P'raps he might have waited an instant moment at the gate. I can't say. I don't find my shoes in the dark as quickly as I used to do. However, he cussed me, and that right heartily. I made him no reply—I disdained it."

"Did you observe anything remarkable in his appearance?"

"Anan?"

"How did he look?"

"Mad and bitter; sat bolt upright in his saddle; fretting and chafing as I hobbled up to the gate. Look, say you? He looked as if he thought old women dirt; and would ride at 'em and over 'em if they dared to crawl in his track. He was aye hard and scornful! So he looked *then*: how he may look *now* is another matter."

There was frightful exultation in the emphasis with which these concluding words were uttered.

"When did you see him again?" asked the old jurymen.

"Never—*alive*."

There was a peculiarity in her manner as she replied to this question. She paused slightly over it, as if weighing rapidly in her own mind the bearing her reply might have on the proceedings. This hesitation was caught by the professional man who watched the case on behalf of Mr. Rustwick's family. He instantly put the query—

"Did you ever see him (the deceased) again—alive or dead?"

The response was immediately and resolutely given—

"I never did see him again, alive or dead."

This was deemed satisfactory, and she was told she might withdraw.

Before, however, she could fight her way out of the crowded room, the succeeding witness made a statement which induced the coroner to order her to be detained.

Timothy Blowt, an "*out-lier*" on a neighbouring farm,—whose hours were very irregular, and who laboured under strong suspicion of poaching propensities,—declared on oath that "near two, or somewhere thereabouts," on that eventful morning, he saw Mrs. Ewens come out of the pike, and go through the foot-passenger's gate; how far down the road she went he didn't know; she wasn't gone more than three or four minutes; saw nothing in her hand when she returned; "Couldn't very well; it wor so uncommon dark and douly,"—*dismal* it is presumed was the young gentleman's meaning.

Mercy, when recalled by the coroner, admitted at once, and in the most off-hand manner the correctness of Blowt's testimony.

She had heard during the night, she said, "a crooning noise," for which she could not account, and she thought some one was trying to force the gate, and "get through roguishly." She was "up in no time:" found the gate all right: and then bethought her that the villains might be robbing her potatoe-pie, — as they had done more than once aforetime. She stepped into her garth to see. All was quiet and orderly there; and she quickly stepped back, glad at heart, into her bed. Had the gentlemen anything more to say to her? She was weary, hungry,

and very dry, and wanted to be by her gate again, where "all would be Noah's-ark fashion by that time."

From this statement no re-examination, cunningly as it was managed, could induce her to vary. She was proof against all legal artifice: and left the hall as self-possessed as she had entered it.

* * * * *

A costly tomb received the deceased magistrate. Numbers followed him to his grave. Gossips prated about the gorgeousness of the funeral paraphernalia. *The County Herald* maintained the loss of such a man irreparable to the shire, and to society: and in six weeks he was forgotten.

Mercy still ruled at the pike. It was observable, however, that she now never ventured abroad after twilight; and obliged Jasper, much against his will, to mind the gate, duly and truly, at all hours of the night. The change was too violent. He prophesied that it would kill him; and he was correct. He was attacked by an inflammatory cold; trifled with the symptoms, and died. To the amazement of those who knew her attachment to money, the widow immediately announced her intention of resigning the gate. "It had been let by the trustees," so she reasoned, "to her husband. His name, not her's, was over the bar, and in the parchments. His death voided all *'greements*. She knew that much of law, if she knew naught else. And having a little independency, no living man, because he'd a penny to pay, should stand by the gate, and cuss her more."

But what was that "little independency?"

Its amount staggered even those who were aware of Mercy's thrifty habits, and the diligence with which she had plied her unenviable calling. But, in reality, she possessed double the sum which she gave the world to understand was hers. Many tried to counsel, and more to cajole her: but she kept her own secret, and carried away her spoil in triumph.

"None of your banks for me!" was her cry. "I'll trust none on 'em after the smash of Morton and Rodick. Bethink ye of the Wellingborough bank! Because old Morton was a born miser, and seemed to grudge every penny he spent, folks thought his bank as safe as the Bank of England, and that nothing could move him. But their faith was somewhat shaken when he shut up about ten o'clock on the market-day morning, and never opened again. Ha! ha! ha! I've heerd, too, afore now, of bankers, the night before they broke, sitting up till cock-crow, and burning all their books,—ledger, cash-book, day-book,—all to balk their creditors. I've known, too, a clerk who managed a savings-bank run off with the money: wearisome enough for those who had, bit by bit, laid it by, and came at Christmas to claim it. And, as to money lent on promissory notes, how are ye to know whether he who borrows it is a man or a mouse? It's often all promise and no pay. Now I'll not be fooled. I'll have what neither man nor devil can take from me,—I'll have that which will neither burn, nor waste, nor melt away,—I'll have LAND!"

* * * * *

On the eastern coast, not far from the aguish but aspiring little watering-place of Walton on-the-Naze, stood a sunny homestead, built in the cumbrous and substantial fashion of former days,—to which some thirty

acres of capital land were annexed. Its owner had recently deceased; and in his will had subdivided his property into such minute portions that the disposal of this farm was indispensable. While it remained entire, to carry the provisions of the will into effect the executors found to be impracticable. Mercy bid for it. She had previously convinced herself, by actual inspection, of the value of the farmstead, of its ample accommodation, and excellent state of repair. Better grazing-land than that around it, she was told by experienced judges, Essex did not boast. The only drawback on its value was its proximity to the sea. But then it stood in a bay, sheltered on each side by projecting crags,—was screened from the inroads of old ocean by a strong sea-wall, and was deemed by those who lived near the spot thoroughly secure. That the German Ocean gained on each side of the estate,—towards Harwich on the one hand, and St. Osyth on the other,—was admitted: but Sunnyside Farm, it was averred, the tide never affected. In fifty years not five feet of soil had the waters removed from it. Still Mercy hesitated; pondered in silence over the nearness of the house to the cliff; remembered that the acres she was about to buy lay—none of them inland, but *skirted closely the expanse of ocean*; and seemed, on second thoughts, to shrink from completing her purchase. While hesitating she was offered a premium for her bargain. This decided her. "If it was a good spec for another, it was a good spec for her!" She at once professed herself ready to sign the agreement; and desired the deeds to be made out forthwith. The purchase-money was paid: Mrs. Ewens took possession of her antique home, and became a landed proprietor. Nothing could look more promising than her crops; or in a state of better culture than her land; and the smiling suns of August shone upon her a thriving and a prosperous woman. She reaped; and she laid up, and "gathered into barns;" and in the excess of her exultation declared she "dreaded no foe who on *this earth* could molest her:" she had "taken good care none *here* could harm her." The boast was premature. She was about to combat a foe who was resistless.

September drew on, rainy, fitful, and tempestuous. The equinoctial gales blew. Strong tides set in; each with greater vehemence than its predecessor; and one morning she was roused from sleep by a tremendous crash,—speedily explained by the unwelcome announcement that forty feet of cliff had given way in front of the farm-stead, which now stood on the very verge of the ocean. From that moment the current of the North Sea—so capricious and uncertain are the operations of the mighty element!—seemed changed. It ceased to tell upon the projecting crags which had hitherto sheltered Sunnyside: but seemed bent on enlarging the bay, and making a more decided sweep inland. The antique farmstead speedily disappeared. No sea-wall that Mercy had means or opportunity to raise stayed the progress of the advancing enemy; and in four years the little territory of the boastful woman had, bit by bit, crumbled away.

* * * * *

In the darkest corner of the day-room in the women's ward at Northampton workhouse there lingered on, not many years since, an aged person, whom her companions in misery all more or less feared, and were unanimous in describing as "a godless old body, whose thoughts and ways were far from canny."

She was irritable, restless, peevish, uneasy,—sorely burdened by de-

crepitude, and yet sadly averse to die. All allusion to the future seemed hateful. What remained to her of intellect reverted incessantly to the past. She would sit the livelong day, and murmur eagerly to herself, as if striving to silence by self-vindication some compunctious feelings which arose within her.

"No crime to rob the dead—none—none! False oath?—no!—no! never took one in my life! I said I never saw him again alive or dead. 'Twas truth—truth! He wasn't dead; for he was warm, and breathed. He wasn't *alive*; for he could neither speak nor move. Ha! ha! ha! Good! No lie?—none!—none! But he grasped his note-case tight—tight! Well, there was one beside him who wanted it more, and grasped it tighter. Ho! ho! 'twas a lucky chance. But where is it all now?—Down—deep down in the sea,—the cruel, restless, devouring sea!"

Whether these expressions had reference to any previous period of her life; whether they explained any gloomy mystery connected with the past; or whether—as the workhouse surgeon contended—they simply indicated the presence of mania in one of its many varied forms, those must decide who are enabled by previous study and long experience to distinguish accurately between the workings of conscience and the visitations of disease.

THE OLD ELM-TREE.

A SONG for the noble old elm-tree,
 That many an age hath seen,
 And still looks forth from its throne of earth,
 The pride of the village green!
 A host might bide 'neath its ample shade,
 And there in the days of old
 Our sires would rest, and merrily jest,
 As their youthful feats they told.
 Oh the old elm-tree!
 'Tis pleasant to me
 To list to the sound of its minstrelsie!

And still, when the sultry day is past,
 The villagers cluster round,
 And trip along to the jocund song,
 Till the tree gives back the sound!
 The feast is spread, and the forester,
 With a heart of mirth and glee,
 Drinks to his lass in a brimming glass,
 And then to the old elm-tree!
 The old elm-tree!
 'Tis pleasant to me
 To list to the sound of its minstrelsie!

BRIAN O'LINN ;
OR,
LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

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

CHAPTER I.

Ballyporeen.—Notice of myself.—The Yellow Gentleman.—His arrival, conversation, and departure.

"BARRING Bannagher,—and everybody knows that Bannagher bates the devil,—give me Ballyporeen!" observed an agreeable gentleman, who had roofed the royal mail in my company from the Irish capital. "If you would see the town in all its glory, choose the market-day, and should it be the Margymore,* why, all the better. For courting, I'll back Ballyporeen against the world; and if you have a fancy to try the temper of your twig upon a skull, and ascertain whether bone or blackthorn is the harder, take a tender steak at the 'Cat and Bagpipes,' with a couple of stiff tumblers afterwards to assist digestion, and then, if it's the heel of the evening, slip fair and aisy into the crowd. You'll not be long there—if you have any luck—until ye meet some pleasant personage trailing his *cotamore*† after him, and requesting anybody and everybody to tramp upon the same. Why, then, all you have to do is to put your toe delicately upon the hem of the garment,—and if one of you is not down before a dog could hear a whistle, why, never believe myself, Dan Delany, although I kissed calfskin to the same. And now, God bless you, if it's possible!"

Such was the valedictory observation of my fellow traveller, as on a beautiful morning in June, the royal mail, at seven A. M., rattled into the town of Ballyporeen, through a street composed of mud-walled cabins, and held in joint-tenancy by bipeds and quadrupeds,—men, women, and children,—pigs, ducks, and donkeys. For hours, I had been amused with the racy and natural wit then indigenous to an Irish coach-box—and occasionally laughed heartily at guard, driver, and outside, as they tilted good-humouredly with each other; and certainly the contrast forced upon me between "the leathern conveniency" I was perched upon, and the better-appointed English stage, was awfully against the latter. I have, in my wanderings, sat beside a "bacon-fed knave," held, in road *parlance*, to be a "spicy coachman." For sixty miles I never could extract from him aught more extensive than a monosyllable; and throughout the journey, the beer-swilling beast was niggard of speech, as if he had been a probationer from La Trappe.

Irish drivers are now defunct—and Pat Daly was almost an *ultimus Romanorum*. He, poor fellow, who could not bear a *go by* on the road of life, speedily followed his brethren, and "tooled" his last stage. He died in his vocation; for, having good-naturedly consented to the inside passengers' playing a game of blind-hookey for a round of tumblers, in a hurry to retrieve lost time, and *bothered* by thirteen *Johnnies*‡ and a foggy night, poor Pat slipped off the highway into a quarry, made *smithereens* of the royal mail, and broke his own neck into the bargain.

* The large market.

† *Anglice*, great-coat.

‡ Small glasses of whiskey.

The entrance to Ballyporeen is steep—and, though a wheel was locked, we came down the street at a spanking pace.

"Pat," said I, "from what this gentleman tells me, the Ballyporeen boys must be a pleasant set. Might I inquire, are the fair sex as agreeable?"

"Ah! then, upon my conscience," returned the driver, "there's some good-looking trouts in the same place. Would your honour wish to see a trifle of them?"

I graciously assented, and Mr. Daly continued,—

"As this is Sunday, they'll be preparin' to go to mass. Well—no matter—ye must take them as they come. They'll hardly wait to finish their toilette, as the ladies call it. Corney, jewel," he said, turning to the guard, "give us a tearin' blast of that ould tin trumpet."

The guard replied instantly by a "loud alarm"—while Mr. Daly in a voice of horror exclaimed, "Oh Jasus! the child! the child!"

It is almost unnecessary to observe that, in taking the census of an Irish cabin, the "two-year-oulds" may be fairly averaged at half a score, and, consequently, that the alarming outcry of Mr. Daly brought the whole establishments of the street to their respective doors, "in most admired disorder,"—each and every affectionate family being under an assurance, that some "young Astyanax" of their own had been immolated by the royal mail, as effectually as a faithful devotee is crushed by the car of Juggernaut. All flocked out in desperate haste—and several of the ladies in that classic costume, which painters assign to Diana and her nymphs, when the rash huntsman interrupted their ablutions. One unhappy matron trampled on a clutch of ducklings, then reposing on her threshold in false security; while her next-door neighbour bounded into the street with flushed cheek and bloody razor, to raise, as terror whispered, the mangled remains of a first pledge of love and heir-apparent to his property. All were in dire commotion—and yet no mutilated babe could be discovered, while a horse-laugh from the coach rendered it quite evident, that Mr. Daly had turned out a half-dressed community under false pretences.

Before, however, the irritated ladies could obtain a supply of paving-stones, Mr. Daly was out of range, while, in a sort of hurried duet, "Oh, bloody murder! my ducks!" and "Oh, holy Moses! my chin!" ended in a full choral burst of "May the devil smash ye'r neck, Pat Daly!—oh! ye ruffin of the world!" But on rolled the coach, and in a few minutes we pulled up at "The Cat and Bagpipes."

When I apprise the gracious reader that I am an Englishman by birth, and neither a tourist nor a bagman,—have no intention of carrying a railroad through Connemara,—am not a member of the Association, nor an envoy from Exeter Hall,—care not a brass button were Thresham Gregg seated in the stocks, and Tom Steel taking gentle exercise upon the treadmill,—he may very naturally inquire, what the devil brought me to Ballyporeen? A shrewd question, by the mass! and one which a short biography of myself will best resolve.

I was born on the English side of the border, and am descended from as stout a family as ever slipped twenty horsemen across the Tweed by moonlight, and transferred a Scottish herd to the pastures of Northumberland. I believe that half my forefathers fell in raid or battle; and I am pretty certain, by an authenticated record, that a couple were hanged on Harribee Hill, for a trifling infraction of *meum* and *tuum*. In a word, they were a busy and a thriving race; and,

while they prudently confined their operations to cattle-stealing, they prospered as they deserved—but, *suadente diabolo*, they began, forsooth, to dabble in politics. In “the fifteen” they joined, unluckily, the losing side; and in “the forty-five” they sustained a loss of half a dozen of the best sheep-farms from Norham to Netherby. Gradually the good old times wore away, and even the borderers, for lack of encouragement, became honest, and exchanged the spear for the sickle.

I was bred up, half sportsman and half sheep-farmer—and at one-and-twenty could send thirty yards of silk across the Tweed, kill a grouse *clean* at fifty paces, ride respectably over a country, and, in short, exhibited general accomplishments, which it would ill become me to enlarge upon.

My father farmed six hundred acres—the land was his own—and, as he had no rent to pay, he enjoyed rural comfort in its fullest extent. The succession being confined to me, my sire eschewed a lieutenancy in the Durham Militia, and, like the elder Norval,

“Kept myself, his only son, at home.”

It was late in October,—I had made a long excursion through the moorland, filled the game-bag amply, and reached home late on a fine clear frosty-feeling evening, when I was informed that a stranger had arrived a couple of hours before, and very unceremoniously had invited himself to supper. Had he been young and well-favoured, my sisters, two blooming borderers, would not have been particularly displeased at the intrusion; but, by general consent, he was described to be an antiquated dwarf, “as ugly as original sin, and by no means so agreeable.” My curiosity was raised—and, when I had exchanged my wet garments for dry clothes, I hurried to the supper-room, and there found the intruder seated with my father, and perfectly at home.

On a hasty examination, I decided that the young ladies' picture of the stranger was by no means over-coloured; for a plainer specimen of the lords of creation I never looked upon. He was a thin, shrivelled, bald-pated dwarf, scarcely five feet four, his diminutive proportions being encased rather in parchment than human skin. His cheeks were hollow, his complexion yellow as a kite's claw; his arms singularly long, fleshless, and sinewy; his face was nearly beardless, and his eyebrows turned the wrong way. In short, the *tout-ensemble* of his outer man was so extraordinary, and his attitude so grotesque as he sat confronting my father, with one long lean leg crossed upon the other knee, that I could scarcely restrain a burst of laughter. There was something also irresistibly comic in the perfect ease in which the little fellow seemed to feel himself, as, turning a superficial glance on me, he carelessly remarked,

“A son of yours, eh?”

My father bowed.

“I would have introduced you to each other,” replied the owner of the mansion, “did I but know by what name I should designate the gentleman who has honoured us this evening with his company.”

“Oh!” returned the saffron-faced stranger, “any you select will do. I would rather, however, it were not Brown, Smith, or Robinson—they're common, and I am rather particular.” And, taking a silver box from his coat-pocket as large as a traveller's dressing-case, he dipped his lean and bony fingers in, and refreshed himself with an extensive pinch of that pleasant and pungent preparation of the weed, to senti-

mental ears described as "high toast," and by the vulgar intitled "Irish blackguard."

I looked aside at my father, and my father looked aside at me, and the telegraphic communication on both sides made the simple inquiry, "Who the deuce can the little fellow be?" Need I observe, that the facility with which a question is asked is sometimes in correct ratio with its difficulty of solution—and on the present occasion the remark held good.

"The evening smacks of frost," observed our agreeable visitor, as he inserted the poker between the bars, "and your sea-coal fire is not amiss." Then after a hasty glance at an antiquated watch, he modestly insinuated a hope that "our supper hour was tolerably early."

This doubt was quickly solved. My sister Mary opened the door, advanced into the room, and announced that the evening meal was served. Instantly the stranger skipped briskly on his legs, and presented one of his long lean arms to the young lady. Courtesy obliged her to accept it—and the little gentleman moved jauntily from the apartment, with the prettiest girl on the border by his side, taller than himself by half a head, and her peach-like cheek contrasting awfully with a countenance which seemed to have committed larceny upon a lemon-box.

Touching the supper which our farm-yard and my gun had afforded, the stranger was graciously pleased to express his approbation—and, his bodily dimensions taken into account, his performance was most respectable. The cloth in due time was removed; the ladies as in duty bound retired; hot water and real Glenlivet which had managed to cross the Tweed, Border-fashion, without submitting to any impertinence from the exciseman, were paraded—and the old gentleman brewed a stoup of stiff toddy with a skill and dispatch which proved at once that he "eschewed thin potatoes," and was utterly unconnected with Father Mathew and the "Temperance Shop over the way."

There is not a better key to unlock the human heart than a tumbler of hot Glenlivet. The stranger felt and owned its influence—and after he had combined a second glass, and discussed the same, I fancied he did not look so like a man recently recovering from an attack of jaundice, as he did when we sat down to supper. In the *ensemble* of his ugliness a redeeming feature had been overlooked. His eyes were black, piercing, and intelligent—and I never saw so much expressive power as their searching glances occasionally gave to the little gentleman's remarks.

"Elliott is an old name in these parts," quoth the guest.

"Yes," returned my father; "and an honourable one, too."

"Humph!" observed the little man, "a definition of honour depends so much on taste, that it is difficult to understand the meaning of the word. The lawyer, who saves a criminal from the gallows by a quibble, is reputed a credit to the profession. An Irishman, who levants with a friend's wife, and shoots any kinsman or brother who may have the impertinence to express displeasure at the same, in the parlance of that peaceful and prosperous country, is reputed 'a broth of a boy.' Here, in olden time, when the eighth commandment was as much respected as a gauger's commission, the best cattle-lifter was consequently the best gentleman—and I presume, at that trick, the Elliotts were pretty handy."

My father coloured. To question the respectability of a lineage on

which, like most Borderers, he prided himself so much, was to offer a mortal affront; and it is doubtful whether the rights of hospitality would have shielded the unbidden guest from an indignant outburst, had not the host's eye made a hasty survey of the offender's outer man, and led to a conclusion that in one of the thews and sinews like his own, it would be *infra dignitatem*, to quarrel with a thing, which looked liker an anatomical preparation than substantial flesh and blood.

"It may, sir," he said, "be your good pleasure to undervalue the family from which I am sprung—but I think that good taste might have hinted that any place should have been selected but the roof-tree of an Elliott, to sneer at the ancestors he regards with reverence and pride. Yes, I am proud of the Border-blood that flows through these veins—and of a name with which brave deeds and true faith are associated. When did an Elliott desert a friend in his extremity? or when prove false to his King's summons, whether it were a George or James that demanded his good services? When my great-great-grandfather—"

"Never mind the story about Black Archibald, I know all the particulars. By the way, after "the fifteen" when they hanged him at Carlisle, they paid him a handsome compliment. They stuck honest Archie's head over the Scotch Gate—a favour seldom conferred on any but nobility."

"Well, sir," returned the host, "his father's fate did not deter his gallant son from declaring for the young Chevalier."

"And what did Dick Elliott gain by his loyalty?—A double operation upon the vertebræ of the neck by hemp and steel. After tucking him up at Tyburn, his countenance was transferred to London Bridge to strike terror into Jacobite delinquents."

My father and I interchanged looks. The yellow dwarf knew as much of the family history as ourselves.

"By the way, I take it that Dick's son was your father?" and the little gentleman coolly extracted his box from its pocket, and refreshed himself with a pinch of blackguard.

My father assented by a nod.

"He was a plain, easy-going personage,—never was accused of setting fire to the Tweed—and the amount of his information lay in the qualities of stots and gimmers. If my memory be correct, his sister Janet eloped with an Irish recruiting-sergeant, who passed himself upon her for a captain of dragoons."

Great was the mutual astonishment of my sire and myself. For two centuries the devil a man had been hanged in the family that this lemon-faced scoundrel was not as fully acquainted with the particulars as if he had attended the execution; and the only female *escapade* within recollection, was so perfectly at his finger-ends, that one might have supposed he had been a subscribing witness to the marriage certificate. To the remark, *anent* Aunt Janet and the cursed Irishman, my father answered by a broad stare—while the little fellow made a deep dip into tumbler *number two*, commended the Glenlivet, and continued his agreeable remarks.

"If my recollection holds, you had a couple of brothers older than yourself. The elder, who was a roving blade, broke his neck riding home, *Bacchi plenus*, from the tryst at Dryburgh. He! he! he!" and the dwarf indulged in an unearthly cacchination which he fancied was a laugh. "An Elliott's neck appears to have always been the most sensitive member of the body corporal."

My father looked at me—the purport of the inquiry was not to be mistaken—that look requested my opinion touching the propriety of ejecting the visitor from the window, and sending him to lodge with the larks. I disapproved, however, of summary proceedings—and the yellow rascal thus proceeded—

“If I may safely trust to memory—”

“Oh! d—n your memory!” murmured my father. I overheard the side-remark distinctly, but our pleasant visitor either did not or would not.

“They called him, I think, Dick—no doubt out of compliment to the gentleman who had been accommodated with a Tyburn tippet—and by all accounts, had Master Richard been permitted to reach maturity, he would have made a public departure from the world, or a voyage at the expense of the country. The simple summary of his history ran thus—correct me should I be in error—I like to be as accurate as possible—”

“Curse your accuracy!” was, *sotto voce*, ejaculated by my unhappy father.

“Well, Dick filled the parson’s pipe with gunpowder—grand and unexpected explosion—reverend nose damaged by the same—perpetrator flogged—in revenge, set fire to his father’s stack-yard—bolted from home—embarked at Berwick in a collier—vessel cast away, and the young imp drowned. Part of the story is incredible.”

“And pray may I inquire, as you seem to take a lively interest in the fate of the ill-conducted and unfortunate youth, what portion of the story do you consider not authentic?”

“My dear sir,” returned the dwarf, “the youth was no more drowned than I was—my faith in proverbs is unbounded—and rest assured that one predestined to pass through the hangman’s hands, could not be smothered by all the water in the Solway. But it grows late, and I think I’ll toddle to my bedroom. I hope you breakfast early. My general hour is eight—and I want to be on the move by times to-morrow.”

An attendant and a light were summoned—the little gentleman coolly bade us a good night—but when he reached the door-way, a sudden thought appeared to strike him.

“Young Swankey”—he said, addressing me, “cold grouse and turkey eggs are no bad preparations for a journey—you take the hint? Do let it be *sharp* eight. Hope the bed has been regularly slept in—damp would be the death of me!” and so saying he disappeared.

“I wish to heaven you were over the neck in water!” ejaculated my father as the door closed; “and if you could be drowned—a thing I doubt—I’ll give you choice of Till or Teviot. Now, Frank, who or what do you fancy this fellow is?”

“Upon my soul, my dear sir, your question is a puzzler. But as far as I can hazard a conjecture, he comes nearer to the general description of the devil, than any gentleman with whom I ever had the honour of sitting at a supper-table.”

“I would na exactly say that he’s the evil one himsel’,” observed our Lowland butler, who had entered the room, and taken part in the conversation. “I took a peep at his taes as he sat before the fire, wi’ one spider shank crooked upon the tither ane, and he’s no clooted that I could ken. But, gin he be na Satan himsel’, he’s like enough to be the foul fiend’s prime minister.”

“If he want hoofs, I can answer for it he has no horns, Archy,” re-

turned my father; "I looked sharply at the fellow's forehead, and he has not hair enough to conceal them."

While we were endeavouring to identify the stranger with the arch enemy of man, my honoured mother and sisters twain increased the number of the inquest.

"Dear John," inquired the dame, "do you really consider it prudent to retire to bed with such a being in the house?"

"And, as to thinking of sleeping," continued the younger of my sisters, "with that worricow in the next room, I would as soon expect to close my eyes in the kirkyard of Allenby."

"He's na sauncie," observed the butler; "and I would na feel much surprised after midnight, when he works a cantrip or two to gie murrian to the kine an' foot-rot to the sheep, if he would flee awa' up the chimley, and tak' his departure to the place from which he cam'."

"I rather fancy," I observed, "that you're pretty certain of his company in the morning. He has ordered breakfast at *sharp eight*."

"And modestly desired that there should be turkey-eggs and moor-fowl," rejoined my father. "Curse the assurance of the scoundrel! He has had the insolence to insinuate in the plainest terms that our family were common highwaymen, and treats me, in my own house, with no more respect than if I were the keeper of a whiskey-shop."

"Dinna thra him for a' that," observed the butler. "He's an unchancy cratur; and just let him get easily awa' in the mornin'. These warlock bodies have awfu' power to do mischief. If you vex them they can make the sheep scabbet in one night; and I knew a cousin of my ain,—ay, and she was one of the bonniest lassies in Annandale,—that gie some sort of umbrage to a deevil like him that's up the stairs,—wha kens that it was na the varra same? 'Ye think, I suppose,' says he, 'that a' the lads frae the laird to the loon are dyin' for love o' ye? Weel, weel, mind my words—the deevil a bridal-ring will ever crass your third knuckle, lassie!' Pure thing! she only laughed at him; but 'ere a twalmouth passed there she was, wi' a bairn in her arms, cockit on the cuttie-stool!"

"Heaven preserve us, Julia!" exclaimed one of the young ladies.

"What would become of us if he took offence?"

"Why you're safe, at all events, from the cuttie-stool,—there being no accommodation of that sort for sinner's use on this side the Tweed."

"Fye, Francis! don't speak so," observed my gracious mother, whose most decorous ears were shocked at any allusion to the dreaded apparatus, on which, in the good old times, delinquents were exhibited for the edification of the body politic, and the furtherance of good morals.

"Forgive me, madam," I replied. "But, still, if turkey-eggs are to be had within a circuit of ten miles, I would recommend the young ladies to have a supply laid in for the yellow gentleman up stairs."

"Yellow, or white," observed the lady of the mansion, "I shall keep my chamber until he's gone, and take especial care never to look upon his face again."

The words had scarcely passed her lips, when the door of the supper-room was softly opened, and in glided the dreaded guest. My mother turned pale; my younger sister fairly shrieked; Archy's jaws might have been mistaken for a pair of castanets; and my sire, as stout an Elliott as any of the name, who in "auld lang syne" had been made

shorter by the head, had still a Borderer's antipathy to bogles, and at the unexpected re-appearance of the saffron-faced visitor, he directed a glance at me, in which alarm and indignation were ludicrously blended. As for me, I laughed outright, to the horror of the old servitor; for mortal eye never before looked on such a figure.

The little gentleman had evidently been preparing for the pillow—for his customary habiliments had been exchanged for a *robe de chambre* of scarlet tartan—his bald pate encased in a Kilmarnock night-cap of brilliant blue; and on the opposite extremities of his person, he sported slippers which apparently had been dyed in brimstone. In his right hand he held a bedroom candlestick; and on making his second *entrée*, the addition which the company had received since he had abdicated, as all had hoped and expected for the night, did not in the slightest degree affect his composure. Some persons look better when critically dressed; others consider their attractions more seductive in a becoming *déshabille*. In full costume the dwarf appeared to me the most extraordinary specimen of Nature's workmanship which "this fair round globe" contained; but, to see him to advantage, candle-light, the Kilmarnock cap, and tartan dressing-gown were absolutely indispensable. On his second *début* my mother, by a side-step, *appuied* herself upon her liege lord's flank; my sisters retreated behind me; while Archy, under the cowardly pretext that the fire required his services, got fairly in the rear of all, muttering as he glided past me,

"Speak him fair—speak him fair, for the love of God! Dinna thra him!—dinna thra him! or he'll bring desolation upon us'."

Like another Paul Pry, the pleasant stranger modestly expressed a hope that he should not be considered an intruder. There was smoke in his apartment; and he opined that there was a crow's nest in the chimney. He was unfortunately asthmatic; and he might as well expect to sleep over a lime-kiln. He dared not venture to open a window to ventilate the chamber; and although, as a horse-jockey would say, his "bellows were bad," and peat reek inconvenient to his air-pipes, it appeared that the little man dreaded the admission of the night-wind,—for asthma was bad enough, but sciatica the devil!

"When you're clear away from the neighbourhood, I trust you may have a united attack of the two," muttered my father.

To brisk up the fire, and free the room of smoke, would require half an hour; and, after delivering himself of this Jeremiade, the little fellow modestly concluded by venturing his opinion that a tumbler of hot toddy would not be amiss, and expressed a hope that the ladies would honour the symposium with their presence. My mother looked to my father for advice; my sisters silently appealed to me.

"Dinna thra him!—dinna thra him!" muttered the butler.

In a low whisper I alluded obscurely to the cutty-stool. My sire made no opposition. The guest's request was complied with, and we sat down to a *dock-an-durris*,—while through Archy, orders were transmitted to the womankind of the establishment, to repair forthwith to the stranger's dormitory, and restore the atmospheric purity of the same.

The little gentleman was perfectly at his ease; he had assumed his comfortable corner beside the fire; and when he had fabricated a glass of toddy to his taste, he crossed his spindle-shanks for greater comfort, and seemed inclined to play the agreeable. His attitude gratified the ladies; the yellow slippers were clearly visible by the bright fire-light. The guest's feet were like other people's feet; and, if he generally

travelled upon cloots, out of compliment to the family, he had left them behind in Pandemonium. The tone of his conversation had undergone a change; it was light, amusing, and occasionally instructive. Family reminiscences were no longer recalled; not the least allusion was made to hemp; and Aunt Janet's name was never mentioned. My father became more at home; and, at last, emboldened by a fresh supply of diluted alcohol which he had swallowed in honour of his guest, he ventured to inquire of the little gentleman "whether business or pleasure had brought him to the Border—and if he were a trader or a tourist?"

"I have been both in my time," returned the dwarf. "I have sweltered under the line, and been frost-bitten in Kamschatka. There is but little of the surface of this world with which I am unacquainted."

"And I strongly suspect," I added in a whisper to my sister, "that he's tolerably intimate with the geography of the other one, and could travel below without a guide."

My mother timidly inquired, whether changes into climates whose temperatures were so opposite would not be injurious to the constitution?"

"They have had very little effect upon mine," returned the little gentleman. "I can stand cold tolerably; although I do not exactly fancy a residence in the immediate vicinity of an iceberg. Heat I prefer; and I never found a country too hot for me yet."

"Upon my conscience I believe every word he says," I murmured in my sister's ear.

"Well, my wanderings are nearly over—"

"I suppose, Julia, he had what military men call 'leave between returns,' and must head back to the old shop, where he'll find no scarcity of coals."

"And, had I two wants supplied—" he paused.

"A couple of sinners, no doubt, to present to Beelzebub on his return. Tell him, Julia, he shall have the cook, if he please,—and that she's at liberty to repair to the place she came from."

The little gentleman dipped once more into his *high toast*, took a refreshing pinch,—and thus proceeded:

"And yet, when I explain the articles I require, you would say there can be no difficulty in providing both in England without trouble or delay. My first want is a wife; my second an heir!" and the little man executed a singular cacchination, at the supposed facility with which his double wants would be obtained.

"I wonder to which of you he will propose," I whispered to my sisters, while my father stared in astonishment, and my mother's grave countenance plainly intimated, that however pardonable the disclosure of his matrimonial intentions might be, the second object of the little man's anxiety should not have been communicated in the presence of the fair sex.

The delicate announcement seemed a signal for the dame and her daughters to retire—the dwarf ceremoniously conducted them to the door, and doffed his blue Kilmarnock at their disappearance. Presently, one of our domestic spider-brushers announced that the sleeping room was free from smoke, and ready for his occupation. The little gentleman rose and resumed his candlestick; while my father, dreading, I suppose, a third visitation, directed me to accompany him, and see that everything was properly arranged for the accommodation of our distinguished guest.

If ease of manner be a certain test of good breeding, certainly the stranger had received a polite education, for never was a gentleman of

small dimensions more completely at home. He stuck the candlestick into my hand, and signalled me to precede him; and, while he shuffled up the staircase in his yellow slippers, I could not help smiling at my increase of dignity, in thus being promoted to be groom of the chamber to a personage who all admitted was a dwarf, and whom others averred to be the devil. On entering his dormitory, he looked about as if he felt anxious to discover something to find fault with—but in this he was unhappily disappointed, and after carefully depositing his person in an easy chair, he fell back upon past grievances. Archy, it appeared, had dropped a log of wood upon his toes—and the chambermaid, no doubt, intended and expected that he should have been found in the morning defunct from suffocation.

"If there be a thing I abominate above another," concluded the guest, "it is peat-smoke."

"Brimstone," I muttered to myself, "is a smell you are more familiar with."

"And now, you may be off," observed the little gentleman. "At *sharp eight* you'll see me at the breakfast-table."

"Egad! I would be better pleased to see you up to the chin in a bog-hole."

"Were you making any remark?" inquired yellow slippers, who had overheard my mutterings.

"Merely, expressing a wish which I should hope to see realized in the morning."

"And what might that be, youngster?"

"That your bed might be comfortable, and your slumbers most refreshing."

"Humph!" returned the little gentleman; "mere words of course. I suppose were I soused in the Tweed, it would be to you a matter of perfect indifference."

"Far from it, my old lad!" I ejaculated as I closed the door, "I would ride fifty miles, to see you in an element you're not much used to, if Archy may be credited."

The night passed—and, contrary to general expectation, the quiet of my father's mansion was undisturbed. If the dwarf employed himself in mystic rites, he discreetly dispensed with thunder and lightning in the operation; and even the housemaid admitted, that next morning she could not smell sulphur in the room. Punctual to promise, eight o'clock saw his lean legs under the mahogany of the breakfast-table. At nine, a post-chaise, previously ordered, drove to the door—and the dwarf and his traps were deposited in "the leathern conveyency." According to the little gentleman's report, his destination was Carlisle. Archy, however, held a different opinion—and intimated a belief that, wherever he might drive by day, to a dead certainty, he would pull up at night in Pandemonium.

Reader, I have been rather particular in thus introducing a nameless gentleman to your acquaintance. When a pleasant personage favours you with his auto-biography in a novel, his great object is to keep you in hot water through three volumes, and mystify matters to the very last; but, far from following this, the most approved plan of book-making, I will let you into the secret at the very start. My fortunes, and five thousand a-year, are dependent upon the lean little gentleman whose identity and destination are so doubtful,—and on the agency of a hair-brained Irishman, whom I shall present to you in the next chapter, if you will but take the trouble to read the same.

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS:

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

It is in evidence that false dice have been used by gaming-house keepers, for the infamous purpose of more certain and expeditious plunder of their victim; but this is conceived to be an exception to the general principle of public play, and practicable only on very rare occasions, and on the most inexperienced and unprotected persons; for it seems clear, almost to demonstration, that the more correct the principle observed by the bank in their operations of play, the more certain must be their regular advantage resulting therefrom; and, on the contrary, if any unfair or preponderating influence were observable in dice, or other implements of play, with a view to effect the more frequent occurrence of any particular event in the bank's favour, such circumstance might, and doubtless would, be taken advantage of by one or more experienced players, so as not only to defeat the fraudulent design, but to effect certain loss to the bankers.

Under supposition, therefore, of a fair number of *bonâ fide* players at a table, the only safe and advantageous course to be observed by a bank is that of fair and honourable proceeding, and to depend on the ever-resulting per centage of the game; for it must be recollected that every real player (as distinguished from the decoy-duck, or hireling animal ycleped a "bonnet") is interested in, and alike vigilant of, the operations of the game, and of the events decisive of respective loss or gain. Interests thus opposed afford mutual protection; added to which, every player at a public table has the means of security against fraud under his own control, which is by confining his speculations to his own operations of play, and to those of his immediate friends, and known persons of respectability. Such precaution, with minute examination of the dice, or instruments of play, under any doubt of their accuracy, cannot fail to protect from all practical imposition. These remarks apply only to houses where the principle of the game is allowed to operate fairly and freely, and can have no reference whatever to those dens of plunder termed "close houses,"—a term significant of their purpose to admit only the unwary and inexperienced, excepting always the bonnets and sharpers attached to the establishment, by whose handiwork the object of robbery of the privileged visitor and victim is speedily accomplished. Such dens as these ought to attract the special observance of the police, and be confiscated to the state; while the thieves who practise therein should, upon conviction, suffer the severest penalties the law can inflict.

Private play does not, in many respects, appear to offer the same protection, or to impose the same wholesome limit or restraint. Two or more parties may, for instance, be opposed, and unfair means may be resorted to by the skilful, experienced, and gentlemanly sharper to a most destructive extent; for if amongst persons moving in gentlemanly society, one suspect another of unfair practice in his play, the injured party is frequently restrained by dread

of consequences from charging his opponent with the disgraceful act, the only proof of which rests on the bare assertion of the party losing his money, whose veracity, under such circumstances, may not be always taken as free from doubt. The gentleman sharper is thus, in almost every instance secure in his roguery. But no such ceremonious silence is imposed at a public table. Bare suspicion would there rouse the ire of a player to a pretty free and indignant expression of his thoughts ; while absolute detection of fraud would probably lead to summary and severe chastisement of the delinquent, if not to the more serious consequence of legal prosecution. There is a limit also to loss at a public table, to which private play is not restricted. Gaming-house keepers of the present day ordinarily confine their business to ready-money transactions, or to a very narrow extent of credit or accommodation, by way of loan, and that only to persons of whose means of repayment they are pretty correctly informed. They consider that too great accommodation is impolitic,—that “loan oft loses both itself and friend,”—and that borrowing blunts the edge of appetite for play ; they therefore prudently limit their credit and advances to a moderate amount, giving fair chance of its return, and a continuance also of custom. But to what sad and ruinous extremes is the system of credit carried in transactions of private play ! in reference to which there is also a more strict observance of engagement to pay on the one side, and a more rigid enforcement of such engagement on the other. The position and character of a gentleman thus circumstanced impose on him the honourable discharge of his losses, or subject him perhaps to the alternative of answering a more imperative and fearful call. Many are the instances of such results, and not less notorious are the examples on record of the total ruin of individuals at one sitting of private play,—the loser rashly persisting in his ill fortune, and his more fortunate, and frequently more skilful adversary, following up his success with cool perseverance, and under courteous pretence, perhaps, of affording to his opponent the chance of recovery. Under impartial and unprejudiced views of the question, then, there does appear some reasonable doubt which of the two causes is productive of the greater amount of social evil ; and the subject is not unworthy legislative consideration.

There can be little doubt of the capability of Parliament to put down the nuisance of public gaming-houses, if it be sincere in its desire to effect such an object. The confiscatory principle of enactment would at once most effectually accomplish the end, and be far less objectionable in its course of proceeding than the present house-breaking method resorted to by the police, and frequently so on insufficient evidence of the disqualified character of the house attacked. The principle of forfeiture, while it would remove all cause of complaint of injustice, would give a death-blow to all gaming-house speculations ; for who on earth would be mad enough to let his property for the illegal purpose, under the ruinous consequence attaching to it ? Whether the result of such successful abolition of common gaming-houses would be to let loose a colony of sharpers to work their more dangerous system of fraudulent play in private, and at the same time give greater impetus to private play in general, is the question to be decided. All that is argued in reference to gaming is, that it should not be permitted, much less countenanced, in one

class of persons, and restricted and punished in another. The peer who shakes his elbow to the music of the box and dice at Crockford's should be no more exempt from consequences than the poorest punter that ever risked his penny at a copper hell.

Passing from the abstract consideration of gaming, it may not be uninteresting to take a glance at gaming houses as they have existed under sufferance in the metropolis during the last quarter of a century. The regal, episcopal, and aristocratic parish of St. James's has ever been, as it still is, the favoured locality of the speculative and enterprising gaming-house keeper. His Satanic Majesty, who is considered the great tutelary deity of the class, appears to have conferred marks of his especial preference for this peculiar district, having from time to time peopled it with importations of as busy, enterprising, and mischievous spirits as were ever let loose on society, to run riot and work destruction amongst the children of men. Whether the site was originally chosen from its advantageous proximity to the palace, its immediate contiguity to the episcopal mansion of the metropolitan prelate, or for its being the spot particularly favoured by the countenance of the aristocratic, wealthy, and indolent of the land, and therefore promising more favourable result to enterprise and industry, and the force of higher example to indulgence in vice and folly, is yet matter of conjecture; but it may fairly be ascribed to one or other of such influential causes, that the parish of St. James's, Westminster, has been almost exclusively *the great gaming district of the metropolis*. The beings who have from time to time composed this satanic colony, though of one and the same genus, have been much diversified in species, and of late years have somewhat degenerated from the aboriginal character and principle of their early predecessors. Within the last ten years the tribe has been composed of excommunicants, as it were, from all classes, grades, distinctions, and occupations,—from the man of family and fortune, who has squandered his patrimony, and become an outcast from his class, to the *family man* who has founded fame and fortune upon his dextrous art, and successful practice of public conveyancing,—*ci-devant* colonels, majors, and captains,—bankrupt merchants, discarded officials, and reduced professionals,—broken-down traders of all kinds,—tailors, butchers, pawnbrokers, fishmongers,—horse-chaunters, bailiffs, duffers, brothel-keepers,—smashers, or receivers of stolen goods,—bill-stealers, returned transports, and such like, have from time to time, within the period stated, peopled, and done enormous business within the Court district of St. James's, in their peculiar avocation of gaming-house keepers. The habits of the particular community have not been of very permanent or settled character. On the contrary, their energies appear to have been directed, without scruple, to manifold pursuits. Many have emigrated from the colony, under the kind and fostering solicitude of the Government, by whom they have been provided with more wholesome occupation in distant regions; some have changed the too salubrious air of St. James's for the more constitutional atmosphere of the Old Bailey: while the physical capacity of others has been occasionally applied to give impulse and revolutionary motion to the ingenious designs of Mr. Cubitt, in his patent method of grinding corn, and other substances, in the neighbourhood of Brixton and Cold Bath Fields. Very many of the tribe have

equal claims to the same distinguished favours of the Government, but, like other men of extraordinary merit, are yet waiting their desert.

The colony has during the past year been considerably reduced, owing to a panic, occasioned by a desire on the part of the Police Commissioners to become acquainted with the mysteries of the trade, and of divers unceremonious intrusions consequent thereon. The chief, or leviathan of the clan, has recently gone the way of all flesh, leaving behind him most substantial proofs of his successful trading. His palace of business still stands pre-eminently proud in the patronage bestowed upon it, and not less fortunate in its freedom from all magisterial interference.

The establishments which have distinguished the district of St. James's have been greatly diversified in style and character. Thirty years back gaming-houses were few in number, as compared with their vast increase in late years. They were also very superior in conduct and arrangement; the proprietors and officials (whatever might be the prejudice existing against their occupation) were ever courteous and respectful to their patron-visitors, and ever observant of that course of politic attention indicative of good sense, and favourable to their common interests. There was an apparent liberality also in their acts, which, whether proceeding from a principle of policy, or prompted by more generous motive, was more wise and approved in its practice than the mean, heartless, and contemptible avarice of modern gaming-house keepers, who, with some few exceptions, have distinguished themselves as a race of the most grasping, unfeeling, and insulting bullies, who would literally win from a man every farthing he possesses, but afford him not the loan of a sixpence to save him from starvation—fools, having exclusive and unscrupulous regard to their own selfish and avaricious ends, without the prudence or foresight to consider and measure the consequences likely to result from such condemnatory conduct.

The first house established in London for the game of *rouge et noir*,—then newly introduced from Paris,—was opened about the year 1815, in Pall Mall, under the auspices and direction of a person known as Paul Roubel, who having witnessed the operations and successes of the game in the French capital, determined to try a similar speculation in London; and for this purpose, in conjunction with a considerable capitalist, took a capacious mansion in the situation described, which he opened in the extravagant style of Parisian fashion. The arrangements of the establishment were of the most approved and attractive kind. Wines and refreshments of every kind were constantly and liberally supplied, and every possible study and attention paid to the convenience of the visitors. The times were favourable to the speculation: the cessation of hostilities with France and other powers had brought a great influx of foreigners to the British capital; and such persons, being somewhat accustomed to the excitement and indulgence of play, failed not to avail themselves of the opportunity, and became great patrons of, and contributors to, the establishment. The game soon became pretty generally known amongst the fashionables and idlers of the West End, and great play, and consequent profits, resulted to the proprietors.

Old Roubel was a man of extraordinary character, doatingly fond

of money, but most obsequious in manner, and polite in his personal attention to the frequenters of his table. He was a kind of *Sir Perlinax M'Sycophant*, who would bow himself into the very bowels of a rich patron; and he even carried his politeness to the doubtful extreme of congratulating such visitors on the event of their having won his money. The cunning old fellow would watch, and could tell the result of almost every man's play; and he would invariably place himself in the way of a fortunate adventurer about to make his exit from the scene of action, and, in the most supercilious terms of respect, express his great delight that his visitor had been so successful; but no sooner had the party departed from within hearing, than the avarice of the man changed the key-note of his expression, and he would emphatically give utterance to the very charitable wish that the fortunate party had broken his neck ere so successful a result should have attended him.

This establishment was very extensive in its arrangements, and attended with a heavy outlay and expenditure. It embraced the engagement of six or eight persons employed in the operations of the game, and the superintendence and inspection of the table, each of whom received a salary of five or six pounds per week, and a per-centage amongst them on the profits resulting to the proprietors. In addition to such officials, there were several waiters, porters, and other servants. Play commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued (frequently without intermission) until two or three on the following morning. The total outlay and expenditure of the house was estimated at £150 per week, or about £8000 per annum, over and above which a very large profit accrued to the bankers.

The success of old Roubel and his party soon brought other adventurers into the field. Several establishments were simultaneously opened in the immediate vicinity, each contending with the other in the costly style of its arrangements and accommodation, and with its display of tempting amount of capital. The principal houses were Fielder's, at the north-east corner of Bennett Street, St. James's; Taylor's, No. 57, Pall Mall; two establishments, kept by Bennett and Oldfield (of which one was situated No. 28, Bury Street, for morning, the other in Pall Mall, for evening play); Holdsworth's, No. 5, King Street, St. James's; and Davis's, No. 10 in the same street. There were two or three others also of inferior grade.

The first in public favour was Fielder's, which was distinguished for the liberality displayed in the suppers, wines, and refreshments nightly provided, and which, in conjunction with the handsome and commodious arrangements of the place, failed not to attract the *élite* of company. Fielder and his partners were men of liberal policy in their pursuits, and never backward in their accommodations of money to persons under loss; nor were they ever importunate in their demands for repayment: the return was left to the convenience of the borrower, and his own honourable feeling, under more favourable results. Fielder himself was a plain-spoken, but ordinarily well-behaved man, observant of all due respect to his visitors; but he laboured under the infirmity of a most irritable mind and hasty temper, which frequently led him into warm encounter with some one or other unfortunate player, giving sudden and impulsive expression to his mortification under loss, and having no very respective consideration for the house and its proprietors. The easily-

excited disposition of Fielder was ever ready to construe this into direct personal insult. He never could be reasoned into conviction that a man losing his money was privileged and allowed great latitude of observation under ill fortune; and his incapability to control his temper on such occasions often brought him into an unenviable position. Once in particular, a noble Marquis (who has since succeeded to his ancestral dukedom, and whose pride of birth and rank never at any time permitted him to be very condescending or complimentary to a person in Fielder's position), having lost his money, vented his mortification by oaths and epithets on the proprietors. Fielder's irascibility was not to be controlled; he broke out into pretty free terms of remonstrance with the Marquis, who thereupon most unceremoniously knocked him down. Recovering his position, he turned to at the noble, and fought manfully, but in vain. The Marquis was young, tall, and of athletic form; his opponent getting into years, too fleshy in body, and much too violent in temper for successful encounter. As may be supposed, therefore, he received some punishment; but the interposition of the company prevented any very serious consequences.

At this house very considerable sums of money were continually played for, the stakes being from a crown to a hundred pounds. Major A——y was one of the most constant visitors, and his speculations were of magnitude in amount. He was a devotee to the game of *rouge et noir*, and usually most calm and collected in his mode of play. His custom was to take his seat at the table, and in the first instance to take from a small silk note-case a certain number of five, ten, and twenty-pound notes, amounting to two or three hundred pounds. With these he would coolly commence his operations of play, seldom making an observation, or addressing himself to any person at the table. If fortune was against him, and he lost the amount of such capital, he very deliberately, and free from all excitement, had recourse to his pocket for a second supply, which was usually contained in a larger note-case of similar make, and consisted of notes of fifty and one hundred pounds value. This second capital he would risk in the same cool and collected manner, either to win or lose a very considerable sum. It not unfrequently happened that good fortune attended his first risk; and, on the other hand, it as frequently occurred that he lost the whole contents of his two note-cases,—from £1000 to £1500. Under either result, and independent of the consideration of loss or gain, he was an admirable customer to the bank, regard being had to the fact that, in the course of every three deals, or about eighty-seven coups, it is calculated that two events of *trente et un après* will occur, on each of which occasions the player forfeits to the bank one half of his stake, as the conventional per-centage or advantage of the game; so that every player absolutely pays to the bank every three deals a certain per-centage, equal to one clear stake of whatever amount he may be playing,—a basis on which may be formed a pretty clear estimate of the amount nightly paid by such a player as the gentleman alluded to, whose average stake could not be less than twenty pounds, and who would frequently continue his speculations for hours at a sitting.

Another remarkable player at Fielder's was Sir George C——, Bart., of ample fortune, and at that time an officer in the guards. He usually arrived in his carriage, on alighting from which his ser-

vant handed to him a very handsome dressing-case, which he took with him to the scene of play; then seating himself at the table, he would place it beside him, and take out cash, as he from time to time required it. The Baronet was by no means a rash or extravagant player. He appeared to take much pleasure in the game's variety, and in the endeavour to bring the occurrence of events within the rule of calculation; but, like many hundreds who before and since have wasted time and talent upon the delusive problem, he continually arrived at the opposite proof, and paid for the lesson. His eccentric and systematic habit excited for a time some attention at the table; but the novelty wore off in time, and the formality of the dressing-case was thought no more of than the appearance of a pocket-book.

Moore gives eloquent expression to the fact, that

"One clear idea waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest."

so, by recurrence to one or two examples of peculiar character, recollection is awakened to many strange instances and acts familiar to, and connected with, Fielder's establishment. Never can memory be dead to the extraordinary manner in which the gallant Captain H—, of the navy, was accustomed to give vent to his mortification under his losses. He would deliberately, and under little or no appearance of angry excitement, rise from the table, and walk up to the fire-place, over the handsome marble chimney-piece of which stood a magnificent glass. Opposite to this he would very frequently place himself, and with his shadowed portrait, as created by the reflective powers of the mirror, would he hold angry and emphatic converse and remonstrance, the substance reminding the shadow of the resolutions made before commencing play; and so excited would he often become in such conference with his other self, that he would sometimes assume the most menacing attitudes of pugilistic chastisement, and bestow on himself no very complimentary epithets, as due to his folly and imprudence. Strange as was such conduct, it was considered but as one of the many infirmities that so peculiarly exhibit themselves in individuals, under the trials and excitements of play. Ill-timed mirth would on such occasions lead most probably to serious results; independently of which, gentlemanly feeling would control any thoughtless outbreak. The gentleman referred to is of high standing in society, of amiable disposition and generous heart, and universally respected. He is still living, as the writer of this inoffensive anecdote can testify, and looking almost as young, certainly as well in health, as when, twenty-six years ago, his corporeal threatened his incorporeal, before the mirror in Bennett Street, with a broken head.

Equally vivid in recollection is the eccentricity of the gallant but infatuated Captain P—, of the navy, a relation of the distinguished admiral and hero of his name. The Captain was one of the most bold and desperate players of the day, and as frequently operated to the destruction of banks as the banks broke him, with the difference only that he would lose his whole capital at one sitting, without any reserve for another venture. Such was his imprudence, that his resources were almost invariably risked in their gross amount, and too frequently lost as soon as they came to hand; and though he

would occasionally, and not unfrequently, from small sums run into large amounts by daring and successful play, yet, lacking all prudence, he would recklessly venture the whole of such amount on a subsequent opportunity, and in the same rash and intemperate manner. One anecdote will serve at once to illustrate his occasional extraordinary good fortune, and his habitual imprudence at play:—the occurrence took place also at Fielder's. The Captain had lost a few pounds in the ordinary course of the game, and, having no further supply of cash at command, he sat for some time a mute observer of the proceedings. Having remained thus inactive for some time, he suddenly thrust his hands into the recesses of his waistcoat pockets, and drew thereout silver amounting to four shillings and sixpence (being sixpence only short of a crown), which he hastily staked on one of the colours. The event was successful, as were many succeeding ones, and the gallant Captain won very considerably on the deal. Finding himself thus most unexpectedly in funds again, he commenced the next deal in his usual bold style, and at the termination of it his capital had miraculously increased to an amount exceeding five hundred pounds. Not content, however, with what most men would have considered, and been satisfied with, as a most bountiful and especial mark of Fortune's favour, the Captain continued his speculations, and ultimately, from the small capital of four shillings and sixpence, absolutely realized between eleven and twelve hundred pounds, with which sum he was absolutely compelled to retire, the bank having closed its operations for the night, under a general run of ill fortune. The Captain was in high spirits; and, after taking supper, with the accompaniment of a bottle of claret, and liberally feeing the servants of the establishment, he made his way towards home. On the following night he returned to the attack, and, most unwisely, with one thousand pounds of the money he had won. Luck was decidedly against him, and he speedily lost every shilling. He was a man of most eccentric and impulsive character, and, under the disappointment and vexation of loss, would give utterance to the most extraordinary oaths and ludicrous observations that ever dropped on the ear of man. On the occasion alluded to, under the mortification of so severe a reverse, he, on the disappearance of his last stake of fifty pounds, let fly a broadside of the most incoherent nautical imprecations, and making one spring, jumped through the cane-work of the chair on which he had been sitting. There he stuck, to the irrepressible mirth of the company, who, although indisposed to laugh at the misfortunes of the gallant officer, found it impossible to restrain the risible impulse occasioned by the Captain's ludicrous position. Happily a good effect was produced by the event; for the Captain, finding himself in so droll and singular a state, immediately gave way to the full mirth of the moment, and half forgot his losses, which, it must be remarked, seldom preyed very heavily on his elastic spirits. He was indeed a noble, brave, and generous-hearted creature, and, but for his unfortunate and excessive love of play, would doubtless ere this have arrived at the highest honours of his profession; instead of which, he lost connections, friends, and the fairest expectations of fortune. The Captain was related to the late Mr. A—, of St. James's Square, a gentleman of great wealth, and who is said to have been most generous in his life-time to his

improvident kinsman ; but, knowing his fatal passion for play, and being convinced that any fortune bequeathed to him would be wasted in such fatal indulgence, he is said to have confined his bequest to an annuity sufficient to provide against absolute want. The Captain's errors are reported to have worked most favourably to the fortunes of a worthy Baronet, late in high Commission of the Peace (and formerly himself a little addicted to the amusements of the gaming-table), who stepped into a much larger property than he might have done, had the Captain been a more wise and prudent man.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

Thou hapless flower, that bids me stay,
And mourn for one whose summer's day
Hath closed in premature decay,

 And drooping low,—
Invites to thought the pensive mind,
That strength of wisdom fain would find,
Poor victim of the sullen wind,
 From out thee now !

I mark'd thee as my footsteps stray'd,
But late within this quiet glade,
And deem'd not thou so soon wouldst
 fade,

 Or yield to blight,—
I left thee then in lovely guise,
And spreading forth thy crimson dyes,
Exultant 'neath the cloudless skies,
 Enrobed in light.

But now the sun of yester-morn,
That smiled upon thy blushing dawn,
Looks down upon thee, rudely torn,

 A wither'd flow'r,—
A voiceless chronicler of death,
And type, alas ! of mortal breath,
That rises but to fall beneath
 The spoiler's pow'r !

In years bygone a bud I knew,
More beautiful than was thine hue,
Sweet rose, to whom the morning dew
 Still clings in love !

It was a bright and holy gem,
Though grafted on a weakly stem,
Fit jewel for night's diadem,
 In realms above !

I watch'd that plant with tenderness,
A being bless'd, and born to bless,
No shade of care could aught distress
 That happy child.
No twilight came, and sought in vain,
The smile that morning woke again,
Nor wafted not the pray'ful strain
 Of vespers mild !

That gentle creature ! marvel not
That age its loneliness forgot,
And strove to shield her after lot
 From earthly ill ;
But scarcely did my words begin,
I found that Heav'n had grav'd within
Such angel purity from sin,—
 My voice was still !

And I became a list'ner meek,
The wisdom hoar with years grew weak
Before the glory that would break
 From out her mind ;—

The grey old man hath bent him low,
As thoughts sublime with truth would
 flow,
And worshipp'd in that infant brow
 A saint enshrined !

Why tell the rest ? Sad flower, thou hast
A language that reveals the past ;
Like thee, her days were overcast
 In life's spring tide.

She linger'd not in slow decay,
But, like the sunset's parting ray,
Her spirit pass'd to bliss away,
 And thus she died !

My young lost love ! transplanted flower !
I have outlived thy little hour ;
But thou art where no cloud can lower,
 Or sky grow dim.

My fond heart, still eudearing, clings
To olden scenes thy memory brings,—
I hear thy voice again,—it sings
 Some well-known hymn !

Thou art not solitary, rose !
The first to flee away are those,
The dearest, best, who seek repose
 Within the tomb.
And better thus that they should sleep,
Than drink the cup of sorrow deep,
And live—o'er blighted hopes to weep,
 The prey of gloom !

DICK SPARROW'S EVENING "OUT."

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," &c.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

IT was with a perceptible amount of nervous excitement that Mr. Richard Sparrow stood in superintendence, while an old fellow—the private watchman of the neighbourhood—put up the shutters of the shop in which his father during so many years had carried on the business of a button-maker. This job done, the young gentleman hurriedly retreated to his own chamber, where he completed his evening toilet with as much expedition as is compatible with the nicest care, and whence he soon descended to the dining-room to receive that tribute of admiration from his aunt Reddish, who was arranging the "tea-things," which the good lady never failed to pay, when a new vest or a stock of novel sprig or tie exacted it.

Our young friend Dick accepted this homage with laudable moderation, only murmuring a few words to the effect, that an "air distingwy" was something that was not readily attainable by all classes of people; and then, changing the subject, begged his aunt to give him an instant cup of tea, as his father would not return from the "Woolpack" for half an hour at least, whither the old gentleman had gone, as was his use, to smoke his pipe.

"And so you're invited out to supper at Garton's?" remarked aunt Reddish. "Bless me, they live a great way off, don't they?"

"Delta Villas, Bellevue Road, somewhere between Camden Town and Islington," answered Dick. "I shall know the house by two great stone lions on each side of the door, that sit flanking the steps. But what do you think of old Garton inviting me to supper? Ain't I as fit as any one else—I believe you too, to drink champagne, and cry 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' Yes, and return thanks in a neat speech. I think I ought to stand a little higher in his estimation than cold meat and a glass of grog, now he's trying to hook me into marrying his daughter."

"True; but your father says she's a nice girl, and has a bag full of money," suggested Mrs. Reddish.

"Yes; but mind you, aunt, there are lots of nice girls, with lots o' tin, that go a-begging now-a-days," returned Dick. "Not but what," he added after a moment, "I deeply and truly love Maria Wilcocks Garton."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Reddish, into whose sentimental province Dick's remark had seemed to threaten an invasion, "when two young hearts are tightly and sincerely knit together,—when there's a harmony—"

"That reminds me," interrupted Dick, "of a capital thing I said yesterday. Prater looked in, and told me *he* was going to dine with Garton to-day, they're such old friends. 'But,' says he, 'you're not to suppose he gives this party because he's got into his new house. It's his wedding-day that he means to keep.'—'Now, if that ain't fulsome, Prater,' said I. 'A man keep his wedding-day who's got a daughter old enough to be escorted up to the hymeneal altar!'—'Ah, but,' says he, 'Mr. and Mrs. Garton have been a very happy

couple all their lives: they have, so help me Dunmow!' And he told me about the Dunmow fitch. You've heard of it, aunt, have you? 'Well,' says I,—for I was aggravated Prater should be asked to dinner, and I not,—'well, if the Dunmow fitch waited till they claimed it, it would be precious rusty. And,' I says, 'I'll lay a side o' Wiltshire to a rasher o' streaky, never a week passes but they're at it, hammer and tongs.'

"You were very wrong to talk in that manner to Mr. Prater, who is so particular a friend of the Gartons," observed Mrs. Reddish, shaking her head admonishingly, "especially now they're so likely to be related to you."

"D'ye think so?" answered Dick, laying down his tea-cup; "then I won't do so again."

Dick now drew his chair to the side of his aunt, and began expressively, but in haste, to stigmatize his father as an old screw, who would never let him have any tin; and as Mrs. Reddish officiated as the old gentleman's housekeeper, the topic was not disagreeable to her.

"Don't you think he's a most desperate and aggravating old citizen?" urged Dick. "Doesn't he try to keep me as much back as he can? And does he care a button for me, although he's less cause to set a value on buttons than most men?"

Having obtained satisfactory replies to these queries, Dick hinted at the phthisicy state of his exchequer, and in his most insinuating manner besought the loan of four sovereigns, and his late uncle Reddish's highly-admired ring,—the sovereigns merely to have about him, lest they should be required as counters if he sat down to cards, and the ring to flash conviction upon the eyes of the assembled guests that the wearer was an eligible partner for life of Miss Maria Wilcocks Garton.

Admiring the worldly wisdom of the youth, and perceiving nothing very unreasonable in his request, Mrs. Reddish suffered herself to be prevailed upon to accede to it. The boy was right. It was a crying shame that his father—who, by the bye, had recently permitted him to open an account with a tailor—should not long ago have suffered him to make a better appearance. Accordingly, she handed out the four sovereigns, with awful and almost terrifying injunctions that he should take the most painful care of them, and placed the ring on his finger with her own hands, shedding a few tears, as she did so, to the memory of its original wearer.

Dick, affected by these symptoms, made all needful promises and protestations, and was suffered to depart. He brightened wonderfully as he descended the stairs, and was all himself again at the street-door. The postman, as he sallied forth, was delivering on the opposite side of the way, and held up a letter to his nose, intimating that its destination was Sparrow's; but Dick waved his fingers gracefully, and directed his thumb backwards towards the first floor, thereby giving the public functionary to understand that epistolary matters would be duly attended to within, and so went on his way rejoicing.

Now, we have seemed to intimate, in what has gone before, that Dick Sparrow was in a hurry,—a circumstance likely to excite the surprise of the acute reader, seeing that Dick had just swallowed a cup of tea, and was invited to sup with a friend somewhere near

Islington. But the fact is, he had another and a previous appointment to keep. If the truth must be told, Dick Sparrow was, in the most innocent sense in which so discreditable an epithet may be applied, a "gay Lothario." However profound the depth, and however sincere the truth of his love for Maria Wilcocks Garton, his shallower and less constant predilections occasionally took random and vagrant rambles after other young ladies. It so happened that, about a week previously, his friend Frank Townsend had imparted to him the fact of his having made the acquaintance of two "nice girls," sisters, whose love of sight-seeing was so tremendous, and whose confidence in the efficiency of his protection was so unbounded, that they absorbed the whole of his spare time, during which each arm was constantly kept at right angles. He had appointed, therefore, Dick Sparrow to meet him this very evening at seven o'clock, under the portico of the Lyceum Theatre, that he might there and then be introduced, and be thenceforth duly qualified to take one of them—which of the two he pleased—off his hands, or rather his elbows; his friend Frank averring that they were the most delightful and ethereal beings extant, but cautiously withholding the fact, that when these sylph-like figures glided past a box-keeper, or honoured a stool in a pastry-cook's, they were, to all intents and purposes, a source of as grave expense as though they were the most corporeal couple that ever trudged into a theatre, or made ice-creams vanishing quantities.

"I'll just go and make my bow to the two young women," said Dick musingly, "because I promised Frank I would. If they want to go into the promenade concert, it's only two bob to my share, and I can easily get away. I mustn't do these things, though, when I'm once married. I wonder what Maria would say if she knew it. Wouldn't she go on at me, that's all!"

Thus paltering with fearful fancies, he turned into a familiar tobacconist's shop; for he suddenly remembered that Garton was an inveterate smoker, and that, by the time he arrived at his house, the vapour of cigars was likely to be in the ascendant.

The girl behind the counter did not at first know our young friend, so splendid was his appearance, and so "distingwy" was his air. When, however, she did recognise him, she asked, lifting the old accustomed little mahogany lid,

"A penny Pickwick, sir?"

Dick returned a sort of deaf look from a kind of unintelligent eye, which made the girl titter, and, quietly raising another lid, he selected half a dozen of the finest woodvilles, taking good care that the ring should flame amazement from his little finger the while, and, throwing down two shillings with the utmost apparent indifference, he received his small packet, and stalked with dignity out of the shop.

When he reached the portico of the Lyceum, behold there was no Frank Townsend with his fair charges awaiting him. What, then, was to be done but to place himself in an imposing attitude, one arm akimbo, the other outstretched, and supported gracefully on his cane, and give his friend the benefit of the difference of clocks? He did so; and, although somewhat molested by importunate applications that he should take a programme of the performances, he had his reward in attracting a very fair share of attention, considering

that the ladies who passed, and smiled upon him, were immediately bent upon recreating their ears inside the theatre, and not upon gratifying their eyes outside. From the crown of his gossamer to the lowest mother-of-pearl button on his elegant jean boots, he felt himself to be the complete thing,—a right-down-and-no-mistake smiter of the weaker vessels,—and he smiled.

But wherefore tarry thus, and here? He waxed impatient.

"I'll lay a guinea," said he at length, "Frank's gone in with his girls, and I shall see him as large as life gallivanting them round and round. I'll go in, however: it is but a bob."

Drawing a shilling forth manfully, he went and paid it down, and was admitted; but no Frank with his fair ones was to be seen, although Dick made a diligent search after them.

"It's low-water mark with Franky, I'm thinking," said Dick with a leer of superior scorn; "he won't show his nose here this night. He'll have to come the tea-garden and pint-of-ale move with his girls, I shouldn't wonder. Well, I'll just hear a tune or two, and cut. That's Monsieur Jullien—that's him. What a slap-up front and wrist-bands! He may well turn up his eyes in gratitude. A precious sight of bobs he'll collar to-night. They're going to strike up."

Refreshing to the vital principle encased in Dick's bosom were the "tunes" that greeted him, for he was "uncommon fond" of music. He had ejected a vexed and impatient "bother!" while the orchestra performed a growling overture; but when it gave out strains of Elysium,—strains "framed to make women *waltz*," his imagination was sent whirling and spinning about with young countesses; and, wrapt in dreams of aristocratic companionship, he stood in the most unsophisticated manner staring at the conductor with his mouth open.

The first part ended, Dick relapsed into his propinities of attitude and expression, and began to peer about after beauty's fascination. And there, sure enough, in a dress-box, between two elderly ladies of staid demeanour, sat one of Nature's paragons, a young creature of exceeding loveliness. She attracted Dick's attention on the instant.

"Hullo!" he murmured, "that's a nonpril, and no mistake. Maria's a fool to her. I wonder what sphere of life she moves about in! Maria can't come anear her."

With this, he himself drew so nigh, that if the young lady should chance to look down, her eyes must inevitably descend upon the upturned countenance of her admirer. And now his hand began to expatiate over his face. If the ring could but be brought to bear, it were as good as an introduction, and would, without question, establish his high respectability. He drummed upon his lips,—he scratched his cheek with the jewelled finger; he suddenly thought of something, and his hand went up to his forehead; he waved his hand in the air, intimating that what he had thought upon was idle, or not to the purpose; and all the while his gaze was fixed upon the girl, who, looking down, at length met the earnest glance of her admirer, and suddenly averted her head with a look of seeming displeasure.

"That's the way with 'em all," thought Dick; "as though every one doesn't know they like it, when a young fellow casts his goggles at 'em!"

And so he plied again and again, and the girl blushed redder and

redder, till at last, his heart knocking about the four sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket, he ventured upon a wink, and then straightway bestowed his attention upon his ring, thereby considerably giving the girl time to divine the full import of that telegraphic communication, and to return a suitable and sentimental reply.

But there was a slight commotion where the young lady sat; and when Dick once again raised his eyes, there was a black-haired, black-whiskered, black-bearded, tiger-eyed fellow, something like a captain of brigands in private clothes, leaning half over the box, and glaring about him, as suddenly projected as though he had been shot from a catapulta.

"You'd better be off, my friend," said a gentleman to the astounded Dick, who was well nigh distilled to jelly by the act of fear at the sight of this furious champion.

"Why, what harm have I done?" pleaded Dick innocently.

"I saw you staring and winking rudely at the young lady," returned the other. "The gentleman 'll be after you, rely upon it."

"Had I better cut my stick, d'ye think?" inquired Dick in trembling accents.

But at that moment the hairy-visaged phenomenon darted out of the box-door with histrionic energy; and, seized with panic, amid the blaring and blasting of ophocleides, and cornets-à-piston, and the rolling of drums, for a battle-sinfonia had just commenced, Dick fled ignominiously out of the pit.

And now, to those who laugh derisively at the threats of Prince de Joinville, and know of what stuff the hearts of Britons are composed, it had been a degrading, ay, a damning sight, to have beheld Dick Sparrow, holding his breath, his shoulders up to his ears, his delicate jean boots twinkling with double-quick alertness, fly down the entrance-steps of the Lyceum Theatre, and disembogue himself into the street.

Whether a sense of shame would have seized Dick himself had he known that his friend Frank Townsend with his two girls were witnesses of his retreat and of its cause, which appeared in the shape of an excited foreigner, shaking his fist on the stair-head,—whether, I say, this circumstance would have caused Dick to blush for himself, I cannot tell; but certain it is, when he had run far enough to assure himself he was safe, and had recovered his breath, he remarked, with no apparent self-abasement,

"I'm precious glad I cut my lucky in time. If that fellow had caught me, I should have napt it, and no mistake. Wouldn't he have cooked my goose?"

He now reminded himself that it was almost time he should be at Garton's, if he meant to make one of the party at supper, and he bent his steps in the direction of the New Road: but he suddenly bethought himself that it would be "the ticket" to be drawn up before Garton's very gate in a cab.

"It 'll have such a look with it," he said definitively, as he came to a stand, upon which, however, only a solitary hackney-coach was plying.

"Coach, sir!—d'ye want a coach?"

"No, a cab, of course. Bother!"

"I'll take you for the same money. I want a fare. Get in, sir. Where to?"

"I don't know that I shall, Master Jarvey, The same money? No gammon, now? Well, let down the steps. Delta Villas, somewhere near Camden Town. You'll see two great stone lions sitting outside the door."

"I knows them lions," said the coachman, drawing down the steps. "Now, sir."

Now it so happened that the steps were old and crazy, the springs of the coach were delusively elastic, and the fastening of the opposite door was a misnomer, so that when Dick, emulous to imitate a gentleman getting into his own carriage, made a bounding plunge upon the middle step, threw his other foot into the vehicle, and was about to sink gracefully into his seat, he did not perform the last operation, but made his backward exit from the off door, and the moment after felt that he lay sprawling in the road. Ere he could think of his aunt Reddish, to whom his thoughts ever turned in his tribulations, and before he could shriek for assistance, a good Samaritan pounced upon him, and lifted him to his feet.

"Much hurt, sir? What a blessed capsize! Ribs not staved in, sir? Haven't wrenched your sides, sir?" Such were the hurried questions asked by the benevolent man, as he tenderly applied his hands to the parts of Dick's frame indicated by his inquiries. "This way, sir,—lean on me. Let me lead you." And, throwing his arm round the waist of the sufferer, he walked him into a ginger-beer shop, and sat him on a stool, saying to the woman of the shop with humane emphasis, "The young gentleman's had a blessed tumble out of a coach, marm."

Dick now drew a prolonged breath.

"Can do that, sir, without its hurting you?" inquired the tender-hearted stranger. "Does it pain you much—gently, though—here, sir,—just here?"

"No, it don't," replied Dick with sudden animation, who was very little hurt, but hitherto had been unable to speak. "No, it don't; and just please to leave my ribs alone, will you? That's where I keep my tin. There aint much, but what there is I want." And with this he made an outward application to his waistcoat pocket, and assured himself that his four sovereigns lay snugly there imbedded.

"Well, no offence, mister. I meant no harm." And the Samaritan abruptly withdrew, with the air of a man to whom the doing of a worthy action is its own sufficient reward.

"What did that fellow mean by poking and pawing me about so, mum?" said Dick to the woman. "Can you give a guess? Let me have a bottle of pop. Why, mum," he added presently, setting down the glass, "he was a prig, and thought me precious green; but I'm wide awake."

Having uttered these words smilingly, but with a dash of satire in the intonation, he laid twopence on the counter, and issued into the street, where he confronted the coachman, who had come to look after him.

"I say, Master Jarvey," said he, "that vehicle o' yours ain't a patent safety by no means. It aint fit for two horses' tails to be turned to it. No—no—I won't get into it again."

"That be blowed!" cried the other. "You're not a-goin' to come that, after hirin' on me! Pay me my fare."

"I sha'n't do no such a thing!" returned Dick, and walked briskly away; but, looking round, and seeing a detaining hand about to be placed upon him, he took to his heels with amazing rapidity, and was soon lost in the distance.

He had made considerable progress towards his destination, — indeed, he was not very far from Delta Villas, when it occurred to him that his roll into the road might have tarnished his apparel. An inspection of his gossamer elicited the fact that the brim had taken an upward direction in front; and, on applying the corner of his cambric handkerchief to his face, he discovered that that attractive combination of features had been soiled to an exigence of soap and water.

"I'll go into that little public-house," said he, "and set myself to rights. It won't do to show myself at Garton's in this dishabill. Cuss it, I'm precious unlucky; but it'll be all the same a hundred years hence. Cut along!"

Cheered by these philosophical stimulants, he entered the house, and made it his request to the landlady in the bar that she would permit him to set himself to rights. The landlady heard this request with little apparent sympathy for the occasion of it, for it seemed to her that Dick Sparrow was not likely to approve himself an absorbent. She, however, called to a girl, and bade her take the young man into the kitchen; but presently recollecting herself, added, "No, I shall want to come there myself. Take him up to the second floor back;" — and Dick followed his guide upstairs, and was ushered into a room.

And here he found, after an inspection of himself in the glass, and a diligent scrutiny of his garments, that he had a longer job cut out for him than he had anticipated, — a job rendered the more tedious from the untoward circumstance that there was no brush in the room.

"The old woman looked so precious sour, and was so busy with the mixed liquors, that I shouldn't like to ask her for a brush," mused Dick. "Never mind; I'll rub my clothes with the inside of that counterpane. No one'll be the wiser."

He now set to work in right earnest, and, his labours just completed, had walked into the corner for his cane, when he thought he heard a light step at the door; and, turning round, was just in time to see a female head withdrawn before the door was closed and locked.

"Here's a blessed move!" said Dick, staring about him. "Dash'd if they haven't fastened me in! Thought I'd bolted; and I sha'n't be able to make 'em hear in a month. I'll try, though."

He was just about to lift up his voice, and to propel it through the keyhole, when a sound as of two men ascending greeted his ears.

"They're coming to let me out, to be sure. Bother that fool of a girl!"

The two men halted close to the door.

"Well," said one, "what I've brought you up here for, and want to know is, D'ye think he'll come out?"

"To be sure he will," answered the other, — "if you kick him."

"Well, I'll give him a little time, and then knock him down for one," observed the first speaker.

"Good: and if that won't do, we'll stick it into him, and no mistake."



Tick Sparrows every one



With this the two men went down stairs, leaving the listener at the keyhole more dead than alive. Here were terribly intelligible words! Here was a frank avowal of an intention to "cook his goose!" Dick's personal courage, a small and subtle essence, disturbed by the foreign gentleman at the Lyceum, tampered with by the hackney-coachman, now evaporated altogether. Penny romances had quickened his sense of danger by revelations of roadside public-houses, where bedsteads descended through the floors, and the landlords were blood-boltered assassins. This must be one of such dens of horror,—the old house in West Street moved out of town, and set up in the public line.

"If Aunt Reddish knew what they're going to do, wouldn't she go on! Oh! that I was at home, and father jawing at me as he does when he's half sprung,—that's all."

Some such thoughts as these passed through his mind as he hurried to the window. It was no great height from the ground. There was yet a chance of escape. He had heard of such things practised successfully. He'd have a try.

Clawing off the counterpane, therefore, he tied the two sheets together, and fastened one to the bed-post, placing his foot against the bedstead to make the knot secure. This done, he laid hold upon the sheet tightly with both hands, and got out of the window. But before he had yet made any effort at descent, he did descend with terribly unexpected quickness, and, looking up with terrified amazement, there was a bed-post glimmering at the window,—a testimony that the piece of furniture to which it belonged went upon castors. And now a wild burst of laughter almost deprived him of his wits; and glancing whence it proceeded, he discovered that he was hanging suspended immediately in front of the first-floor window, through which he beheld some dozen of decent Christians seated at the convivial board.

"Don't go to chaff me, that's good gentlemen, or I shall let go, and break my neck," said Dick, as the window was thrown up, and two men caught him under the arms. "Just pull me in, and I'll tell you all. It was an error of judgment, and there's no great harm done."

Dick being drawn in, and seated by the chairman, received a glass of rum and water, and explained wherefore he had entered the house, repeating the ominous words that had set him upon this hazardous method of escape.

The company in general stared; but their perplexity was soon relieved by obstreperous merriment proceeding from the chairman and his vice.

"After that, Perkins, you *must* sing," cried the chairman, when he recovered breath,—"*or we will* stick it into you by making you stand glasses round. Mr. Vice and I wanted to fix you, and went out of the room here to talk about it; but, seeing you coming up-stairs, we moved on to the second-floor."

Dick was well laughed at by "the Goldfinches,"—for so they called themselves; but that he little cared for. He joined in the laugh, dispensed his cigars, reserving one for himself, had some more rum and water, and was duly elected a "Goldfinch," and promised a weekly attendance. This sort of relaxation was so new and delightful to him that he would probably have forgotten Garton's al-

together, but that he discovered that he had come to the end of his silver, and felt that Aunt Reddish's sovereigns were inviolable. Added to this, one of the party had for some time past been regarding him with a pair of black and glaring eyes, that reminded him startlingly of the Lyceum gentleman; and not knowing that the gazer was inwardly resolved upon favouring his friends with "The Wolf;" and that he was meditating the lowest bass notes he could descend to,—but, on the contrary, suspecting that the stranger had an evil design upon him, he was too glad to be gone, and took his hasty and disconcerted departure.

"Got clear of him, at any rate," said Dick when he was well on the road. "It must be precious late. That rum and water was rather stiff. I'm half lit up. Well, what's the odds! How terribly peckish I am, to be sure! Ah! there's Garton's. There are the lions, full sprawl."

And there they were, sure enough, flanking the street-door, sculptured objects at once of ornament and convenience,—of ornament to the general eye, of convenience to the butcher's boy and the baker, whose tray and basket had often reposed upon their backs.

Just as Dick had ascended the steps, and was holding forth his hand for the knocker, the door opened, and a gentleman hastening out nearly knocked him backwards on to the pavement.

"Well, good night, Prater. God bless you!"

"Garton, my boy, good night. I'm last, as usual. Never spent so happy an evening in my life."

By this time the two gentlemen had recognised Dick.

"Leave *him* to me," said Garton, with a look at the other. "Good night, Prater. God bless you!"

"Good night!" said Prater, and with a glance of scorn and contempt at Dick, he went his way.

"And what brings you here, sir?" cried Garton fiercely. "You got my letter?"

"No, I didn't. What was it about?" answered Dick; then, to himself, "Old Garton's well lit up, anyhow."

"You must have had it," said Garton, "by the six o'clock delivery."

Dick remembered the postman with the letter at his nose, just before he set forth.

"Well, never mind the letter," said he. "Bother the letter! You've put off the party. Nimport. What d'ye look so for at me? I'm very late; but I'll tell you all about it. Let us come in. I'm so peckish—so hungry, I mean."

"Hungry, are you?" cried Garton savagely, and at that moment a servant came out of the parlour with the tantalising remainder of a sirlain, with which she walked off into the kitchen,—“hungry, are you? Perhaps you'd like a rasher of Dunmow bacon?” and while the horror caused by this interrogatory was wreaking itself upon Dick's countenance, Garton called out, “Mrs. G., just step this way. Here's that impudent rascal, young Sparrow, come to pay his respects to you.”

“I've heard him,” said the lady, making her appearance from the parlour, with a tongue in one hand and a roast fowl in the other; “and so we're always at it, hammer and tongs, are we?” and so saying she wheeled off with her attractive burthen towards the kitchen.

"For Heaven's sake, don't go! Come back, Mrs. Garton. It's all a mistake. That Prater's one of the cussedest liars—" But his speech was cut short by the apparition of Miss Maria, who, walking up to him, tossed her head, grinned, said in measured cadence, "Oh—you—puppy!"—and tripped away with one of the most soul-entrancing pigeon pies that ever showed upturned claws in the centre,—and Dick almost went into hysterics.

"And now begone, sir!" exclaimed Garton, and he gave Dick a good shaking; "we've done with you. Don't come near us again, or you'll repent it. Be off, sir!"—and the door was shut in his face.

Might this be a dream? Could it be a vision? Was it a joke? Dick waited for the chance of their relenting, till lights appeared in the bed-chambers on the second-floor, and then conscience told him he deserved no lenity, and sitting down on the top step, cheek by jowl with one of the lions, he wept.

"Well," said he, at length, rubbing his nose with his kid-gloved hand, "if I set much longer on this cold step, I shall get a jolly cold. If I don't give it that Prater!—a spy, an informer, a traitor! Never mind. I'll go home now. Maria and me's cut—clean cut. Well, I hope she'll meet a more deserving object."

And at the paternal home in Cannon Street, weary and woe-begone, did Dick Sparrow at length find himself. His Aunt Reddish answered the door.

"Why, you're very late, Richard,—very late," said the old lady somewhat reproachfully.

"Yes; but never you mind," answered Dick sharply; for he felt that the sufferings he had undergone might justly exempt him from idle and frivolous indications of displeasure,— "yes, I *am* late; but that's not the worst. Is father a-bed?"

"Yes."

"Anything eatable in the house, for I'm *so* hungry. Oh, Aunt Reddish! you may look; but I've had no supper."

"No supper!" cried his aunt, who was only too fond of her hopeful nephew. "Poor fellow! There's a bit of hock o' bacon."

"That'll do, if it ain't Dunmow. And, I say, aunt, if I bone one of father's bottles of Guinness, he won't miss it?"

These needful restoratives being placed upon a small tray, were carried silently up stairs, and Dick fell to, while his aunt looked upon him with mingled interest and curiosity.

"Oh, aunt!" said he, taking another draught at the stout, "I've gone through such things to-night as a book might be written about. I'm so precious done up! Why do people pray in their hats when they first get into church? That they may always have somewhere to put their heads into, I suppose." (Dick had heard this before.) "But shan't I pray in my night-cap before I get into bed,—that's all!"

Dick now recounted his adventures, softening down such details as might haply tell to his own disadvantage, and suffering his aunt to draw off Uncle Reddish's ring, which she did while he was in the middle of the hackney-coach scene.

"And you've spent all your money, have you?" asked the aunt when he had concluded.

"Every fraction. Six or seven bob," said Dick, to whom the stout had given new life.

"Ah! you're very young and foolish, my boy. You've suffered a good deal to-night; but if you'd read the letter (I've broken it open—here it is,) you'd have been spared the last trial. I was in hopes you had made it up with Mr. Garton; and have been sitting on thorns all the while you've been away. But now, just give me back those four sovereigns, that's a good lad; for you're not fit to be trusted with money,—indeed, you're not."

"Ain't I, though?" cried Dick with animation, and he drew out with a flourish, and slapped upon the table four bright yellow medals, bearing the date of 1837, and commemorative of the accession of her Majesty to the throne of these realms.

At this miserable spectacle the eyes of poor Aunt Reddish assumed the orbicular form, with a kind of fish-like projection; but the direful metamorphosis of her nephew's visage caused her to bury her particular grief in silence, and to bestow her best care upon Dick, who, shaking his shoulders, and kicking out his legs, went forthwith into hysterics.

"That prig it was that boned 'em!" said he, when he came to himself; but it was long 'ere he would be comforted.

At length an idea struck him. "I'll get Prater to swear it was all his nonsense, and make it up with Maria. Why, I meant no harm,—did I? and you shall have your money back as soon as the nuptials are solomonized."

"Solomonized!" repeated the aunt several times slowly, lighting a chamber candlestick, placing it in his hand, and giving him a gentle thrust at the scruff of the neck towards the door. "Solomonized! when you're married, Richard, there'll be very little of Solomon in the business."

And Dick sneaked up to bed, wondering what on earth his Aunt Reddish could mean by such a speech as that.

WOMAN.

How solveless is woman!

What limner can trace
The varied emotions
That gleam on her face!
And what art can pourtray
The feelings that lie
In the heave of her bosom,
The glance of her eye!

How tender is woman!
The watcher at night,
Who leaves not the blossom
On account of the blight.
An angel of mercy,
She soothes us in pain,
And smiles in her gladness
When health comes again.

How lofty is woman!
Deep, deep is her ire,
When light words enkindle
The spark on the pyre;

Majestic she towers,
Man quails from her view,
Till her wrath, like the cloud,
Soon dissolves into dew.

How loving is woman!
How fragile she clings
To him she hath chosen,
Whatever he brings;
Though all he can utter
Are words to deceive,
Confiding,—she loves him,
Though false,—will believe.

How childlike is woman!
How winning her ways!
She strives for our pleasure
Through long weary days:
No ill can affright her,
No shade can annoy;
She seeks but to lead us
To sunshine and joy.

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

And now another anecdote in reference to my tobacco. At the last halt before Mojaisk, Lieutenant-Colonel Von B—— was in command, —a great original, who knew how to gather together from the Russians whatever he took a fancy to, without speaking one word of their language. When he reached a quarter in the evening, he summoned the hostess, and demanded from her all sorts of provisions by their German names, affixing to each the syllable "watsch," which he conceived to be perfectly explanatory, but to which the frightened hostess only replied, "Rosumi? ni rosami pan!" "You heard," said he, "how clearly I expressed myself, and yet this savage of a woman cannot comprehend me." I knew this officer to be in possession of a capital herd of sheep, and would willingly have had some of them for my hungry fellows, and spoke to him upon the point. My Cræsus turned a deaf ear to me; but I had a bait for him. I knew his passion for tobacco, and let him, as if accidentally, fill his pipe with some of mine from Turkey. Scarcely had he exhaled two puffs when, springing up in a transport, and holding me fast by the arm, he exclaimed, "Where did you get that delicious tobacco?"—"In Moscow," answered I coyly.—"Could you not let me have a little of it—a very little of it, my dear fellow?" he inquired eagerly.—"Oh!" I replied, "that is intended for my friends at Mojaisk: I brought a whole cask with me."—"Nay, then, but I hope you will give me some of it."—"Undoubtedly,—in exchange for sheep." And finally I obtained two of the best sheep for a moderate portion of my tobacco.

At Mojaisk there was a like avidity for my tobacco. I conceded as much of it as I could spare, and among others to an old serjeant-major, named Altmann, who, in grateful remembrance of this gift, saved me, at an after period, from dying of hunger; which incident, though it occurred much later, shall be noted in this place.

During one of the dark, cold, and frightful nights of the retreat, I was separated from my companions, and wandered disconsolate, with a sinking spirit, from fire to fire, without being able to come up with them. During the last two days I had eaten nothing; uneasiness about my companions deprived me of all power of reflection, and I was on the point of throwing myself, weary and half-dying, upon the earth, from thence probably never to rise, when I thought I perceived Altmann in the confused multitude which environed me. With a last effort of my remaining strength I called his name aloud. He heard me, fortunately, and divided with me a hot cake, just out of the ashes, saying, "Here, captain, take this: my bread in return for your tobacco."

My readers may surmise how quickly the cake was demolished: it restored to me not alone my physical, but also my moral strength; and this unhopèd-for aid revived in me a new latent confidence in a good Providence, and imparted to me courage for a fresh search after my comrades, whom I was soon lucky enough to find.

I must now, after this digression, go back to Mojaisk, where, until the 25th of October, we led an undisturbed, and I, through General Schulz's friendship, a very gay and agreeable garrison-life, in which tea-parties, card-parties, and excursions to the field of battle succeeded each other.

All at once we were surprised, as by lightning out of a bright sky, by tidings of the ordained retreat, and to this news followed so closely its accomplishment, that, before we could look about us, the general staff of the Emperor entered, and called out in front of our handsome quarters, "Make way! make way!"

We were obliged to forego our superb dwelling for a miserable bivouac; and already on the following morning, in all imaginable haste, the retreat commenced. We had provided ourselves with as much food as possible; we had abundance of salted meat and brandy, and I had plenty of both in my carriage, in which also was one of my comrades, wounded at Mojaisk, Lieutenant Brand. The regiments—that is to say the remains of them, marched in perfect order. Their hopes and ours pointed to Smolensko, which it was promised should be our resting-place. As we drew near on the 26th to the battle-field of Mojaisk, we could not pass along by the usual road, but were obliged to make a circuit, in order to avoid the sickening, pestilential stench which the wind from thence wafted to us,—as may be easily credited, when it is recollected that the forty thousand victims of that bloody day (besides a crowd of dead horses) lay yet unburied. On the field of battle remained about a thousand of our ammunition-carts, for which we had not any horses; and thus we had here our own first terrific and grievous spectacle, yet at the same time one of a grand species, that of the explosion of the ammunition, which flew into the air with a noise of thunder, and wrapt the whole country round for a long interval in impenetrable vapour.

We were not aware of the enemy being in pursuit, as we were too far in advance. However, we had soon enough to suffer from the approaching severity of the winter; and the provisions taken with us had meantime also much diminished. Our hope rested on Smolensko. That, however, was not confirmed; for, alas! when we reached it, we found the gates shut, and they were only opened to those corps which marched in close column, which was no longer the case with us. Of food, which we had quite depended upon obtaining, there was none for us; the country round Smolensko having been totally laid waste. All and everything then took the road to Orsza, near which little town is a passage over the Dnieper. But now insubordination increased in an alarming manner with the increasing destitution. All ran as fast as they could to escape Kutusof's artillery, who had placed himself near the road for the purpose of surrounding our right flank. The Emperor, who was already on the advance, with part of the guards turned about, led his old, well-tried soldiers, under Bessières, in aid of the menaced Davoust, and obliged Kutusof to give way, so as to leave a space free for the regiments coming up; nevertheless, Ney was unfortunately, with the rear-guard, intercepted. So marched we on, our courage declining with every day; and when we lay down at night on bivouac, we could only form conjectures how long it might yet be before our complete annihilation,—since that was inevitable we inferred, from the entire failure of provisions, from the perfect knowledge we had of our already travelled road, and from a thousand other

adjuncts, to which, besides, a dark rumour associated itself that peace was concluded with Turkey, and that the Russians, having therefore a strong division of their army disposable, might cut off our retreat towards the west. The residue of the army was assembled at Orsza; and we rested a day, in great anxiety as to the fate of Marshal Ney, of whom, since the last engagement, we had only heard that he had been intercepted. It is well known, however, that this prudent general succeeded in rejoining the main army, after immense efforts and almost superhuman perseverance. At the end of two days the account of it came to us, and all received it with equal satisfaction, crying out one to the other, "There is good news of Ney!"

We crossed the Dnieper among blocks of floating ice; and then, as we were wending our way in our wretchedness, indescribably hungry and weary, all at once there was a loud cry of "The Cossacks! the Cossacks!" This annunciation always produced the effect of bringing us all in great clusters together, and I soon found myself in the very thickest of one; when suddenly my nostrils inhaled the precious odour of long-forgotten soup, and in an instant I observed a market-woman riding upon a sorry horse, to whose side was suspended a still warm camp-kettle, out of which was steaming that transcendent vapour. I drew as near to her as possible, until I was lucky enough to reach the kettle, and drew from its reeking contents with my fingers, first a piece of meat, then a potato, and by degrees all which I could appropriate by this means. I then in a quiet manner made off, in order to avoid the wrath ensuing from detection. But what a face the poor woman must have made when she became cognizant of the emptiness of her precious kettle! Instead of at that time being disturbed by the whispers of my conscience or the pretensions of morality on account of this piratical refection, I felt myself infinitely strengthened by my costly repast, or restorative, which could not have arrived more opportunely, since none other was to be looked for before we reached Barrisow. That town being in a perfectly good condition, the inhabitants remained in it, and there was also a French governor, who kept the magazines well supplied, so that we hoped to find it a good halting-place; but, as usual, our hopes were again deceived. The guards, who marched on before us, had already taken for themselves all the biscuit and other victualling laid up in the stores; and we received nothing there except a command from our General Alix to follow the guards as quickly as possible, who were then on bivouac upon the shores of the Beresina. My servant, a trusty, attentive man, who stedfastly adhered to my person, procured me a loaf from among those given out in heaps from the little window of a convent. This was the sole provision I carried with me, and this hundreds envied me the possession.

Since I am now arrived at the most important and never-to-be-forgotten section of these reminiscences, namely, the passage over the Beresina, it will be useful, in the first place, to describe more minutely the situation of myself and that of my more immediate comrades. Almost all of these were now completely dismounted. Neither General Alix nor Lieutenant-General Schulz had a horse; whereas I was still owner of some saddle-horses, a small open carriage, and of my great Moscow state-coach, to which four horses were harnessed,

fed with half-mouldy old straw from the roofs of houses, and was now rare enough to be met with. In my large carriage sat the formerly-mentioned Lieutenant Brand, with five of my other wounded comrades; our cash-box was fastened to the dickey, and under the seats were put all the articles of my very valuable uniform, as also a great number of the handsomest pieces of dress in various kinds, such as furs, shawls, &c. Among these riches I made later, as will be seen, a motley, undreamed-of selection. However, even the little which I could take to myself did not long continue my own, and heaven only knows who came into possession of the remainder! And thus we drew near in disorderly flight to the banks of the Beresina, along which, as is well known, the Emperor had drawn up a part of his army opposite the enemy, for the purpose of deceiving the Russians as to his operations lower down the stream, intending to secure a safe passage for the guards, which was effected in quite a different spot from that where opposition was designed. Towards evening we came up with the guards on the strand of the river, where they made their bivouac, and we lay down by their fires. The bridges were got in readiness during the night, and we obtained, although not a very refreshing slumber, yet a most necessary one, not dreaming of the appalling incidents which the coming day presented to our eyes, already well accustomed to horrors of many a kind. When the next morning's sun diffused its beams over the environs, how had everything around us changed since it left its last light upon this desolate strand! Thousands and thousands of camp-followers, and fugitives, of men, women, and children (among the former official persons and townspeople), in a confused mixture, were hurrying about uneasily, or endeavouring to secure their property, while their apprehensions and anxieties were given vent to in almost every language of Europe. It was a fearful, deplorable picture to see these defenceless men tossed thus against each other, who, however, at that time were striving not to save their bare lives, but mostly different kinds of booty, or hoped to conceal some dear object belonging to them, indifferent to the well-being or the safety of their fellow-men. Not from hour to hour, but from minute to minute, this terrific throng and tumult increased, and soon it was to attain its highest point, in consequence of fresh causes of dismay.

Those divisions of troops who had passed the bridge threw themselves immediately upon the enemy, in order to clear the way for the regiments succeeding them; but the Russians from the other bank, where they were already drawn up, shot, as did also Kutusof in the rear, into the before-mentioned knots of people, now so crowded together, that they seemed to form only one mass. My comrades and I had made for ourselves, out of carts, chests, artillery-waggons, and a thousand different things, a kind of breast-work, inclosing a small circle, where we cowered round a fire, and permitted no intruder; for alas! our misfortunes had brought us to that point where sympathy ceases with our fellow-creatures, and the law of self-preservation becomes the ruler of our actions. The most lively imagination would fail in picturing to itself the calamities and sufferings inflicted upon this most pitiable multitude of persons by the murderous cannon-balls; but to us at that moment, companions in sorrow, and fellow-strugglers for existence, the deep groan, the loud shriek, the execrations of the dying, of the deadly wounded, of those whose limbs were fractured, an-

nounced to us with only too great certainty what havoc was being made around us.

Meantime the passage over the two bridges was effected with all possible celerity. Over the second bridge passed cannon and carriages of every kind, and also, as may be well supposed, great numbers of men. Ours was exclusively destined to foot-soldiers with their arms, and such only were allowed to pass, all others being turned back by the *gens d'armes*; and thus the most strong-hearted of those unfortunate beings had vainly worked their way through those opposing masses to reach that safety-mark.

Matters stood thus, when all at once the crowd thickened round us in an alarming manner, and despair attained its highest pitch. The fearful tidings arrived that the train-bridge had fallen in! And now self-possession or consideration of any kind was no more to be thought of. The thousands who saw no means of escape threw themselves in raving impetuosity upon us. Each man propelled his precursor with such force, that many ranks of the foremost were pushed into the river. With few exceptions, these wretched people lost their lives; for if any of them did escape being driven and crushed by the blocks of ice as by the wheel of a mill, and by dint of all their efforts reach the opposite side, they sank forthwith into its slimy marshy surface. In this first moment of terror and excitement we too lost our *sang froid*, and resolved to force a passage across, leaving behind us our last remaining possession, our cash-box. Lieutenant-General Schulz took upon his shoulders the wounded Captain Vollmar, whose leg had been amputated; we followed this example with the other invalids; and thus forming a compact body, we strove to gain the bridge. But hardly had we, with vast efforts, taken twenty steps, ere the fluctuating stream of human beings turned, and threatened to separate us. It was our unanimous conviction that to contend against it was impossible; and we therefore endeavoured, keeping together as closely as we could, to push out of it in a lateral direction: but this was only accomplished by passing through a scene of horror.

Not in a smooth path, but over heaps of the living and the dead, of men and horses trampled upon in the mire, we returned back to our forsaken entrenchment, climbing step by step with our wounded companions, over horses, cannon, property of all sorts, and mounds of rubbish. We here reproached ourselves for our mad undertaking, renewed the promise of keeping together, and awaiting the arrival of night, resolved to try whether a second experiment might not be more favourable, as by that time a multitude of men must have passed over, and the exhaustion of those yet remaining on this side would tend to decrease the impetuosity of their efforts. This resolution adopted, we were seating ourselves around our fire, tortured by hunger, when we observed, through an opening in our barricade, one of the guards carrying in his hand a load of biscuits. To perceive them, and importune the man to leave us even the smallest part of them for gold, was the work of an instant; but he hurried past us, holding his treasure high in his hand, and, whilst with a convulsive smile he shook his head, struck his unencumbered hand upon his clinking pocket, in perhaps unconscious derision, calling aloud to us, "Oh, here is money, gentlemen!"

As we were mournfully returning back to our fire, Lieutenant-General Schulz cried out, "Take care! take care!" But, before the

warning was well uttered, a grenade burst not far off, covering us with gravel, earth, and pieces of flesh. As soon as we were able to look about us, there was some curiosity mingled with our anxiety to know who among us had been touched by the shot. It had entered the empty stomach of one of our poor horses, had burst withinside, and a piece of it shattered the leg of a non-commissioned officer. Alas! his story was told—no help was there! Thus Fate had overtaken one of us, and how soon might Death summon the remainder!

In the evening the enemy's fire ceased, as we had anticipated; the ferment and tumult of the tormented fugitives was allayed, as is the raging of the angry waves when the winds are lushed; our hopes of better success revived again. Accompanied by a comrade and my servant, I left our retreat, in order to look about me, and plan our operations. We did not venture to any distance; but chance favoured us, for, after some zig-zag manœuvres, we came to a number of carriages, the searching of which was promptly executed. Most of the seat-boxes were empty; however, at last we found two large dried hams, several pounds of chocolate, and a little cask of red wine. What a prize in our circumstances! Never did any Cræsus survey his hoards with a more charmed eye than we ours, nor was ever any digger for treasure in a higher degree gratified in his hopes! All the money in the military chests around us competed not in value with this discovered wealth!

The little casks were struck open, and disregarded, except when they contained gold; silver was left carelessly upon the ground, as a thing of no worth. And thus do circumstances decide upon the value of this world's goods!

Before, however, leaving our gold mine, following the example of our predecessors, we filled up our pockets with the noble metal; and if avaricious plunderers did at a later period take to themselves nearly the whole, the little of it I could secure was the means of prolonging my life at a moment when distress had reached its highest point.

Laden with our treasure, we returned to our expectant companions, who met us with a loud huzza, and could not sufficiently praise our success and our dexterity. As the soldier, in the joy of the present moment, only too easily forgets the cruel past, so was it with us. We filled our camp-kettles with the bright red wine with as much joyful eagerness as though in no peril whatever, then boiled the chocolate in it to a thick porridge, and upon this repast (fit for Olympus) the general, like the private, renewed his exhausted strength, with equal right as with equal appetite. Of the ham, however, we were more frugal; for, after eating part of it, the rest was packed up, and thrown across one of my saddle-horses,—for we resolved to have recourse to it only in case of the utmost necessity. In a calmer spirit and with renewed strength we now, after this fortifying meal, held a council of war, in which was settled the mode to be adopted for our own passage and that of our wounded. Then we began to make our toilet, which I will here describe, for the joke's sake.

Imprimis, we wore two pair of fine nanquin breeches, then the richly-embroidered pantaloons for dress, and the gold embroidered scarlet waistcoat; over that again our green riding-trousers, buttoned down the side, and coming up very high; then the state-uniform, with epaulettes and shoulder-braids, a surtout, a cloak, and, last of all, a rich Russian fur.

All this accomplished, we went a few paces from our barricade in order to reconnoitre. It might be midnight, and deep silence reigned over everything, where, but a few hours previously, hell itself had seemed to be let loose. The stillness was only broken by the plaint of dying or trampled-down men, or else by the still more lamentably-sounding moan of mangled horses. General Schulz was at a little distance from us, when we all at once heard him invoke some one by name, in company with whom he soon came towards us. 'This was a French captain of artillery named Leroi, who, while we were in possession of Moscow, had received, on his march through Mojaisk, some friendly services from General Schulz, which were now to be the ground-work of our deliverance. Leroi told us that "he had remained behind with two pieces of artillery, and had been, up to that moment, expecting farther orders; but, seeing that none were brought him, he would endeavour at his own peril to get them across the river."

He offered to take our coach with the wounded between the two pieces of cannon. Lieutenant Brand, who had the small carriage to himself, we now placed upon the coach-box of the large one; my servant, an active, adroit fellow, placed it, with two of my best horses, between the pieces of artillery, and thus the train moved forwards. What hindrances we had to surmount before reaching the bridge, and through what a labyrinth of men, horses, and ruins we had to work our way, may be conceived by the time we employed about it; for it was two o'clock when we arrived, with a great number of fugitives, at the bridge, where, since the cannon were still fit for service, we were under the protection of the *gens d'armes* on duty. Yet a little longer and we should have been lost; for at four o'clock the bridge was on fire.

With what feelings did we tread that bridge, the theatre of so many dire scenes on the day just departed! What a number of unlucky persons, who had stepped upon it in full hopes of safety had been hurled from its narrow, defenceless space, into the ice-bearing waves of the Beresina! God be thanked, we were spared the agony of being either the witnesses or the occasion of such miseries! for comparatively few passed over with us; and although some did press on before our cannon, and some behind them, still the number of such was moderate.

We ourselves kept near our coach, silent, but animated by new hopes. This passage seemed to us that of one into a new, freshly-bestowed existence, in which we imagined our sufferings to diminish, and an improvement in our circumstances to be unquestionable, through firmness of purpose, and deeds of daring. And how fortunate it was that such hopes at that time fortified us! Our physical and moral strength would have lost all their tone, could we have anticipated the unspeakable distress, privations, and sufferings which yet awaited us.

Having been a fellow-sufferer in the disastrous passage over the Beresina, unlike the leaders and observers of it, I am unable to give more than a few sketches of its general features. However, so many narratives (and alas! but too true) have been written of it, that to say more thereon were but a repetition of well-known facts. Besides, the aim of these leaves is only to make known to the indulgent reader

the experiences of one individual in the great drama then being performed.

Fortune had certainly smiled upon us as compared with so many thousands, and we perceived assuredly therein a favourable presage of our future fate, which we now, the passage being happily terminated, began to contemplate more closely. Deluded in our earlier hope of being able to reach Minsk, where we might have expected well-filled magazines and winter-quarters, our whole efforts were now directed towards Wilna; but the way was long, no less than forty German miles, and we asked ourselves whether it was practicable for us, in our complete destitution of food. But courage! courage! We were still undivided, due to our faithful promise of standing by one another,—a consolation which was wanting to so many of those unfortunate persons who had crossed that disastrous bridge the day before; and this we learned by the disconsolate looks with which they searched among the newly-arrived persons, or endeavoured to obtain tidings from them of their missing companions. Here many a child was vainly crying out for its fond mother, many a mother for her beloved child, perhaps but to meet again beyond the grave!

The fate of those remaining behind, who after the burning of the bridge fell into the hands of the enemy, was very lamentable. The Russian army itself lacked provisions; and it follows of course that, in the transit of such large bodies of men, even the most necessary means of subsistence would be with difficulty procured. Not the fourth part of those prisoners, among whom were many armed regiments, ever reached their destination, but perished with hunger, or under the influence of a barbaric climate.

We now found ourselves upon an embankment running along between a moor and a heath, so densely filled with fugitives, that, as far as the eye could reach, was only to be seen one continuous chaos. This mass advanced step by step, and made occasionally a momentary halt, that probably would not have taken place had we been pursued, which was impossible, owing to the destruction of the bridge. Thus pushed we on in the general throng. But now a new and alarming enemy fell upon us in the cold, which came on towards evening. The wind blew sharp and cutting, and whole clouds of fine penetrating snow fell upon us. Vainly, with our already blood-shot eyes, we sought for some house in this inhospitable place, for some protection in the terrific tempest. An unfriendly plain, devoid of shelter, lay stretched before us, and we were nearly benumbed. At length, after journeying unceasingly the whole day, the bank widened itself into a desert, sandy district, on which a few pines were with difficulty growing, and we arrived at a small hamlet, where the houses were constructed with beams of wood piled one upon another. What remained of them was quickly thrown down, and with great efforts our stiffened hands collected the wood, and added it to the fires of our predecessors on the route, in which manner they were kept up at every halting-place, sometimes at every quarter of a league, being surrounded by wretched fugitives.

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO NEVER DID ANYTHING.



THERE is no greater mystery than the boy with two voices, just bursting into the man, and who rather startles his mother by refusing any longer to wear a large turn-down collar, and whose whole pocket-money is anxiously saved up for the purchase of a stock. He is mysteriously morbid and indignant at his father's refusing him a long tail coat in lieu of the jacket. At this period, above all others, he finds himself most seriously injured, and has very Roman ideas of living independent of his parents. He would make five shillings a week do rather than be snubbed at and put down in all his little romantic aspirations. His ideas very seldom, if ever, take a practicable turn, or condescend to matters of trade. He passionately yearns "to go to sea," or, "to see the world," and considers himself formed to imitate the career of some of Marryat's heroes, who at once make a plunge, and strike for rapid fortune, entirely overlooking the fact that none of the aforesaid heroes in reality ever do much for themselves; but, as the novelist invariably makes his hero ultimately become possessed of a magnificent property, either through the medium of killing all his brothers and sisters, or by some

other equally ingenious method, he of course continually dreams of the certainty of his coming into the possession of vast estates, and heaps of money, under similar reasonable circumstances. He will not desert his friends, but take a dash at the stage, which he strongly feels is indigenous to his genius. This complaint is as common as the measles; but more perilous, for he is sure to argue with you and himself that everybody was nobody once, and — as the Irishman said when he was asked whether he could play on the fiddle, — that everybody must try before he knows what he could do.

Mothers are particularly dangerous at this period of a young gentleman's career, for they — like the owl in the fable, fancy their own children much distinguished for parts and beauty. They tremble for their child's *entrée* in the world with as much terror as the hen who had hatched ducks, and saw them for the first time take to the water. But both parents are the last to open their eyes as to when it is proper to leave off pinafores, and allow their darling to go out by himself. Great is the horror of the worthy couple when he quietly asks for the key! — the key! — the first bold step for independence! the "trying it on" sort of interrogatory. He requires it only that he may not keep up the poor old people. Not even the magic name of "Bramah" should be a temptation to force it from them; better to give up to him everything else than surrender the key of your street-door. It is your domestic sceptre; which when once delivered up your rule is gone, and passed away for ever. But, however, the mother is the first who seems inclined to give way. She stands forward as the boy's friend and mediator, and endeavours, especially if he be an only boy, to melt the father into compliance, who, of course, is thought to be "much too severe and rigorous." The day the hero of my present paper was born, — if he, indeed, who never did anything can be termed an hero, — his father (who was a matter-of-fact old-fashioned clerk in a government office, and whose wife was a simple-minded daughter of the senior clerk in the same establishment), came home as usual at four, and was astonished to find himself but No. 2 in his own domicile; the quiet knitting, knotting, pickle-making wife, suddenly became of consequence. She was a mother; she had a separate kingdom, in which, of course, he could not interfere. There was a petty state hanging on the skirts of his hitherto despotic government. His favourite dahlia-roots were shaken out of his blue-bag to make room for tops and bottoms. His chums were banished the realms by order of the prime minister, the nurse; and his home was swarmed with nothing but caudle-drinking old maids, wives, and widows, who declared that he ought to be proud of the child, who was the "finest boy they ever saw." Time callously walked on, and turned the chubby babe into a cub of a boy. The father, of course, as is usual, paid for his first tooth, and would have been much pleased if all the rest had never cost more. The boy ate, drank, and slept, and at last cut the petticoats. His father now watched with some anxiety for the development of his peculiar taste; but he was much puzzled, finding it varied immaterially between pie and pudding, and roast and boiled fish or flesh; he, in fact, preferred the larder to the library, and the cook to the schoolmaster. His mother thought him delicate, and protested against his being bored with study. If the father attempted to argue the point, both mother and son were immediately very ill; so he was silent. All this time the boy kept continually growing out of his clothes and his prettiness, and at

length became that particularly disagreeable animal, an overgrown lad, all legs and wings, and a double voice, like nothing but his father and mother quarrelling.

The old gentleman hinted one morning, under correction, that he should wish to know to what trade the boy would like to be apprenticed. Trade! "horrid idea!"—a sweet genteel child, of such a gentlemanly turn and bearing, to be made a tradesman of! Forbid it, Heaven! No, indeed, he was only fit for the army or navy; but she could never bring her mind to part with him, or else either of these was his *fort*. The old lady—for she was now getting old,—however, had no further idea either of the army or navy otherwise than that in either profession there were noble spirits, who were dressed in a highly-becoming manner, and had nothing to do but to strut about, and shew themselves in their gallant uniforms. There was but one drawback,—that of being shot at for the convenience of government; but, the risk being but small, it was not in the slightest degree calculated upon. The poor man groaned at the melancholy tendency of his son's pursuits, but did not actively interfere with them until he found that he grew beyond his mother's management and control, and that he had got acquainted with some very select young men, who allowed him to treat them and himself as often as he pleased. His father then determined "that he should do something." The down now grew upon his chin; and he turned his mind seriously to the cultivation of his whiskers.

There is another interesting point in a rising young gentleman's life—shaving! This has been known to completely revolutionize a family. The young aspirant himself is half ashamed of the rash act, having no apparent cause for it; and is fearful lest he may turn the edge of his father's pet razor. But, when the discovery of his using the lather and brush does take place,

"A change comes o'er the spirit of their dream,"—

the mother loses her smooth-chinned pet, the father begins to think he had better look about to find him some employment; and the servant-girl no longer takes up his warm water with confidence.

Our hero was now approaching to eighteen, and had committed the above serious act, when the father made a positive stand, against which it was in vain for mother or son to combat,—the boy must begin to do something. Even the mother herself seemed to feel the necessity for this; for, knowing full well that for the last three years he had been doing something in the mysteries of grog, cigars, saloons, &c., which had all, with a mother's weakness, been hidden from the father's knowledge, she really thought it judicious that something should now be done for his advancement in life. Being pushed into a corner by his father's determination, and his ally, his mother, refusing to come to his rescue, he took a day to consider, and after mature deliberation found that nothing in the whole round of professions was so indefinite or easy for a dodger as that of an architect; his choice was decided,—an architect was his profession. Now, if there is anything in which a man may be very busy, and do nothing, or with the same facility delude and confound his parents into a belief of his intense study, it is architecture; the professional lines and dots must, of course, be hieroglyphics to most parents; and the oddness of the tools, and the cunning of their workings, will probably be still more puzzling to them.

The thing was settled ; he was articulated, and he pasted much paper on large boards—his plans being all laid before, he did not trouble himself with drawing many at the office. One morning his father did not go to his office ; the porters there were astonished ! the paper remained unaired and unread ! an astonishing circumstance in a Government office. In fact, business was completely stopped ; his junior went to his residence with the greatest anxiety to know the reason of his absence ; the old man was dead, and he had left him the key of his desk and his situation. His widow now found herself with a small annuity, and a large son who wouldn't leave her in her dulness and melancholy ; so he threw up his indentures and sacrificed all his prospects for the quiet enjoyment of nothing to do ! He was idle not vicious ; he would walk out with his mother because she didn't walk fast or far, or would lean over his mother's garden-wall and talk to anybody whom he could get to gossip with him.



The means for the maintenance of one, being spread out to support two, were of course of a very thin nature, and called for the strictest economy. This did not much harass or annoy our hero, a great portion of whose life was consumed in sleep, which is certainly a very cheap luxury ; or he would take his rod and doze over a stream until a fish caught itself on the hook and pulled very hard to let him know he was there.

He sometimes was roused into an activity which called for a strong effort, such as tying up the clothes-line for his mother's servant, or the next door neighbour's ; knocking two holes in a washing-tub in trying to

mend one; washing the old poodle, or helping on soap-sud days to wring the heavy things. In fact, like most idle men, he became a molly coddle.

Years rolled on with as little variety in his life as in a donkey's or sheep's, which dozes away upon some common and is satisfied with the nibblings which he obtains around him; as he got older his hair became slightly grizzled; his mother having become very aged and infirm, and being no longer able to walk out with, or in any way amuse him, he sought the neighbouring public-house parlour, where he was looked upon as an independent gentleman who never had occasion to do anything, and of course he was installed in the comfortable corner; the waiter, when he had entered the room, placed his accustomed go of rum and pipe, clean, hard, and dry, with the spittoon, at a particular angle, without troubling him to give any order. The parlour gentlemen who frequented the room, bowed the evening salutation with much form and respect, for his figure was large, and his face of the Charles Fox-like cut, which gave him the appearance of being profoundly wise; the whole coterie had a great respect for his opinions, which were gathered by his nods of assent and dissent. He listened to the arguments *pro* and *con* upon corn-laws, repeals of unions, Maynooth grants, or any other political question of the day, with his head slightly on one side and his eyes half closed, in the attitude of profound attention; and ever and anon, as his pipe's fleecy cloud enveloped his stupid head, he would grunt out with great gravity an "Ah!" or "To be sure!" It was believed that prudence alone kept him from speaking out, deeming that as his father had been in a Government office, he, in the natural course of things, must know more of the secret workings of Government than every-day men could possibly do: thus did he sit evening after evening indulging in his passion of doing nothing, with all the appearance of doing a great deal more than anybody else.

At last another epoch occurred in his life. His mother died full of years and left him to the care of her old faithful servant, who had looked upon him quite as a partnership child between her mistress and herself. His income became more contracted at his mother's death, but still his handkerchief and shirt were as white as ever—but his coat and hat were certainly more worn, yet did he carry the same appearance of respectability, and took his accustomed chair nightly and his usual allowance of stimulants as was his wont. The old servant felt the pride of the family was in her keeping, and would have "worked her fingers to the bones" rather than he should not look as well as he did in her poor old mistress's time. What she lived on was a perfect mystery, for the chop he left at dinner was in the safe at night; and the economical slops with which she deluded away her appetite so as to appear to have dinners and teas, were amusing; the dandelion and sage teas she said, were as good for the stomach as sloe-leaves and bits of birch-brooms; and meat did not agree with her, as her teeth were not so good as they used to be, and the bits of things were very nice when boiled together with a dish of catchup; and what some people shook out of their table-cloths was to her a week's meal—and that wilful waste made woeful want. She had perfect dominion, for our hero surrendered the management of everything into her hands, and never made any troublesome inquiries or auditings of accounts, and so long as everything was ready when he wanted it he never asked where it came from. He never of course kept company as

it would have given him something to do; but preferred that prudent society in the tavern parlour where everybody paid for what he had, and had what he liked, and never gave each other anything but a light. If the night turned out cold or rainy while he was enjoying himself over his pipe and grog, his housekeeper, with her little pinched-up black bonnet, came with his great coat and comforter, giving many directions to the waiter as to not forgetting them, as she still looked upon him as an imprudent and thoughtless boy.

Age crept on apace, and the master at length even looked older than his faithful old servant-woman, for she was a little bustling anatomy. She found he was perfectly dependent on her for his every comfort. She toddled with him to his evening rendezvous, then returned as regular as clock-work with her little lantern to lead him safely home and put him comfortably to bed. Declining age brought with it, as is the fate of all those who have nothing to do, a querulous and fretful disposition, and at last he felt the exertion of going to his evening tavern become too much for him. She would every evening light his pipe, which he would listlessly puff, and sit herself immediately opposite him working away at some stocking diagram whilst he, with his cold, inanimate grey eyes floating about as if in thought, would listen by the hour together to the buzzing of her old tales, which she innocently called her conversation.

He dozed himself quietly out of life without marking the boundary of one state to the other. His little housekeeper mourned him as her own child. He left her the little that he died possessed of, which was sufficient, as she said, to carry her home; and he had also left her the legacy of nothing to do.



SAMUEL RUSSELL.

SAMUEL RUSSELL, better known as "*Jerry Sneak*," from his successful personification of that generally-understood character, appeared to be one of the most single-hearted, honest-minded men the world ever produced. In relating the minutest circumstance, he was never known to falsify a fact, or exaggerate an incident. This sometimes rendered his verbal reminiscences rather tedious in detail. Mr. Russell looked much younger than he was; he dressed with scrupulous and gentlemanly neatness, wore false teeth, and carefully stained the snowy colour of his hair and eyebrows to a very juvenile brown; not from vanity, but with the idea that symbols of age are seldom the most available credentials for those who are obliged to seek the world's service, and need its patronage. It is lamentable to observe, that with the astonishing want of foresight which distinguished the actors of past years, "*Jerry*" never made any provision for futurity, — belonged to no theatrical fund, and always spent the whole of his income. Latterly, I fear he suffered many privations, though he was never (it is to be hoped) in actual want of the bare necessities of life; yet the pangs of sickness, and the infirmities of advancing years were often greatly aggravated for him by the absence of many a comfort which "age doth crave."

It is consolatory to those who can afford the tribute of a sigh to the memory of Samuel Russell that the curtain fell on the old actor's last scene at the house of his affectionate daughter, Mrs. Gillham. Mr. Russell unfortunately lost the proceeds of his last benefit, when he appeared as *Jerry Sneak*, at Drury Lane theatre, — by the bankruptcy of an individual with whom he had deposited the money. This, with other pecuniary disappointments, weighed heavily on his mind, shattered his constitution, and doubtless hastened his death. Yet he spoke of these transactions with singular forbearance, merely expressing surprise that Gibbs, whom he had supposed his friend, should have thus deprived him of the only available means he possessed of making the remnant of his days comfortable. If, in allusion to that, or a similar loss, any person expressed indignation, or remarked he had trusted unwisely, he would observe that it was always "better to be cheated than to cheat." A dissentient smile, a negative word, would bring Jerry out in a most favourable light. His declamations on honour and high feeling, at such moments, evinced a belief in goodness, and a faith in humanity, which did infinite credit to his heart.

An endless fund of anecdote, and theatrical information, — an unusual share of general knowledge, — a keen perception of the ridiculous, with an aptitude of comic expression, always rendered him a welcome visitor, and an agreeable companion. At the advanced age of seventy-nine his lisped witticisms and "infinite jests" were wont to "set the table in a roar."

Mr. Russell seemed to consider every grade of theatrical life fraught with misery. As a performer, and occasionally as stage-manager, he possessed many opportunities of forming a judgment,

for he knew them all, from the half-starved ballet-girl, who, poor thing! shivers in her gauze, — the least-considered harlequin that jumps Jim Crow, to the most honoured winners of fame and money. He had seen Mrs. Jordan "crying like the rain," after she had enchanted the house with her assumed vivacity; and handed her hard-won earnings to the father of her children, when he had waited for the poor amount with ungracious impatience. The old actor would then mournfully describe the inevitable destiny of over-excited nerves, and tell with what stormy bursts of grief, what passionate floods of tears, Mrs. Siddons occasionally wrung her tragic hands, "and wished to God she had never been an actress!" Having known the late Duchess of St. Albans from her "first appearance on any stage," Mr. Russell's anecdotes of that fair lady's generous impulses, and frank benevolence of character were exceedingly good, but would lose part of their point in recital, for Jerry (as his oldest friends called him) was a first-rate "story-teller."

A farm-house lodging, a fish-pond, or a river-side, were the only localities Mr. Russell pined after in his "weary age." Isaac Walton never sighed forth rural aspirations half so pathetically.

He used to tell us a comic story of a performer named Du Champ, who, half a century ago, took a farm at Finchley, leaving to his wife the sole trust and charge of its, to her, most novel and unpleasant duties. As it may be supposed the lady (who had been used before her marriage to fare sumptuously every day, to enjoy her own carriage, and rejoice in her private box at the Opera,) was not greatly improved in health or temper by the damp of the cold dairy, or the harmony of the hogsty. While Du Champ rioted in London, and trod the stage in inferior characters, she grew cross and crippled with the rheumatism, and half-distracted by the woes of her position.

The actors from Drury Lane enjoyed this Finchley farm amazingly whenever Du Champ dared to take them down for a Sunday's treat; for there, by the warm fire-side, muffled up in shawls, and wearing tall clogs, sat the *ci-devant* lady, scolding her bewildered husband in the shrillest tones, and taking small account of his visitors.

"You are a most horrid farmer, you *are*. There's the butter won't come, and the eggs will go! The horses have been in the corn,—they 'll all die! The sheep are strayed away! The pigs have eaten the chickens! The sow's rooted up the asparagus-bed. You won't stay at home and mind 'em, though you KNOW you're a VERY bad actor."

The husband, afraid to speak, would look appealingly at his visitor. "You must have plenty of poultry," or some such kindly suggestive remark, would only serve to call forth a fresh list of grievances.

"La! la! poultry! We've not got a winged thing alive here but the sea-gull I brought from Margate, and fourteen peacocks, that scream like death-fetches. The higgler stole the turkeys,—he did, I know. The gipsies burnt the hedges; the gleaners took the apples; the thatch is blown off the barn; the pigeons are flown, God knows where! and the horrid bees have swarmed off to Highgate Hill. Everything's going to ruin here. He won't stay at home and mind 'em, and he's a *very* bad actor! — he KNOWS he's a very bad actor!"

A LEAF OUT OF MY BOOK.

BY TROTCOSEY.

IF you have a day to spare, or even half a dozen hours, I will put you in the way of disposing of them to the best advantage, now that the autumn has set in in good earnest. I take it for granted that you are a hearty lover of the beautiful in nature or art,—that you have not outlived your emotions,—that you are not a dull, plethoric sort of fellow,—and then I don't care a button whether you are an artist or a stock-broker, a man of genius or a man of millions; provided you have one pound sterling in your pocket devoted to this day's amusement, I take possession of you, and you may leave care behind at your lodgings, with your carpet-bag and brown silk umbrella.

Cast your eyes on to the centre of the street you happen to be walking in. If it be a large thoroughfare, I engage that within five minutes you shall be safe on the roof of a "Great Western" bus. Take a day-ticket at Paddington for Slough.

Arrived at Slough, as you are wholly unencumbered with baggage,—macintosh-and-umbrella-less,—owning nothing but a stout cane, you push through the narrow outlet, antithetically guarded by a very stout superintendent, get a corner of your ticket torn or snipped, and climb to the roof of an omnibus. Above everything have your place on the roof: those elastic Windsor omnibuses! I once went inside one, and the dismal effect of eight peaked beards ranged opposite to me, and sixteen foolishly-fierce small grey eyes glaring upon me, belonging to an itinerant section of *Jeune France*, quite overawed me for the day. I had nearly omitted to state that eight respectable housekeepers lined the vehicle on my side; stout, after the fashion of their class, perspiring, and very anxious for the safety of their bandboxes. "And these are the *belles Anglaises*," muttered an Alphonse Eugene opposite me. Discriminating Alphonse! you are not a whit behind the generality of your countrymen in the startling truth of your remarks on foreigners. Yes, *mon cher*; these are specimens of "*les belles Anglaises*;"—somewhat run to seed, perhaps; but, for omnibus belles, not so bad after all.

Don't be beguiled into stopping at Windsor, when you get there. The fragment of the Castle now "open to the public" is certainly not worth the time spent in waiting to see it; and, though it has been pompously announced, that "for the future no money will be taken from visitors to the Castle, as the venerable housekeeper has been pensioned off," there has been an unaccountable omission of the fact, that the venerable housekeeper's duties dwindled down to nothing before she was "pensioned off" for performing them. Imagine a few good pictures, plenty of carving and gilding, and then start for the Long Walk. On your road you will meet two or three young guardsmen, and a brace of "Lifes" or "Blues," as the case may be:—supercilious-looking young fellows, who think it necessary to close one eye entirely, and the remaining eye partially, in order, I suppose, to let in upon their mental vision no more of the outer world than they have intelligence to comprehend at once.

Revenons à nos moutons. Leaving Windsor behind, you strike out boldly up the Long Walk, than which I know not a more beautiful road in Europe. When you arrive at the gate which bisects this road, leave the beaten track, and take to the firm springy turf to your left. Just at the foot of Snow Hill, make a vow with yourself that, till you arrive at the top, you will behave better than Lot's wife, and *not* look behind you. Edge away to your left as you ascend, leaving George the Fourth's highly ornamental and very useless bridge, or viaduct, to your right; you will arrive at the shoulder of the ridge, out of breath, and your lungs in full play. Now turn round, and feast your sense of the picturesque upon the most thoroughly national bit in the whole of England's landscapes. Masses of green woods, here and there relieved by the autumn tints, encompass, as in a frame, that noble monarchical pile, Windsor Castle. At the foot of the Castle the old straggling town seems flung piecemeal, in genuine mediæval dependence, St. George's Chapel acting as a link to connect the two. Behind them, again, are seen the time-worn "spires and towers" of Eton. Now turn your eyes to the right, and you will be refreshed to trace here and there, still amidst "thickest woods and deep embowered shades," the silver thread of the Thames gliding onwards towards the base of those distant hills, which are no other than thine, O Highgate and Hampstead! The low undulating ridge of the Buckinghamshire uplands bounds this matchless view, and I advise you not to dismiss it in a hurry, but to sit down there under those twin elms which form a natural arch some twenty feet over your head, and while you rest and meditate, I will tell you an anecdote of the locality.

About fifty yards from where you are sitting, the high road, leading to Bishopgate, takes a turn round the pinch of the hill, and a short piece of table-land enables carriages to pause, and their occupants to turn round and cry out "Lor!" "Lawk!" "I never!" "Well!" and the like popular exclamations of wonderment and delight. It is here that the royal equipage is always halted when some illustrious foreigner is required to admire Windsor, its park and castle. It is truly a right royal spot, where the air is usually purer, and whence (it is thought) the sky looks bluer and the foliage greener than from any other spot whatever in the whole range of this magnificent pleasure-ground.

Alas! life is as full of startling contrasts as a curiosity shop. The true and the terrible jostle inevitably against the soft and glittering pageants we love to look upon. So it must be to the end! And if the much-abused Epicurean meant only that, with the full perception of this fact, it was wise to gather roses and never heed their inevitable thorns, it was at any rate a cheerful philosophy, and, for a heathen, a desirable one. The Stoic, indeed,—ah! talking of the Stoics reminds me I left you under an elm-tree, promising to give you an anecdote of the locality. Thus it runs.

Do you mark how high the fern is some thirty yards from the edge of the road just where you may suppose, if you like, and if you sit long enough you will probably see, the Queen's pony-chair halted. It is now about six weeks ago since the servant of a neighbouring gentleman walking through that high fern struck his foot against some obstruction. On stooping down to notice the cause, I leave you to imagine his feelings when he found his foot resting on the body of a man, evidently in the last stage of life, so feeble that he had not strength to keep off the

flies which literally filled his mouth. The man was starving; was instantly raised and removed to the workhouse, where (in spite of all medical aid) he died in three hours—*starved*. Ay, on the margin of that royal high-road, and within sight of that royal prospect! Before he actually died he uttered just this—"no food, three days." There was found on him no paper, nor mark whatever to identify him, and so he was entered in the parish register of burials, "Man unknown." The next entry stands thus—"John Ramsbottom, the member for the borough!" Truly the rich and the poor lie down together: and truly, again, do we live among strange and strong contrasts even to the grave.

Enough of this: as you are rested, and possibly satiated with Nature's prodigal beauty, we will be off to Sand-pit Gate. Pass by George the Fourth's monumental tribute to his father which heads the Long Walk, capping Snow Hill. It is a bold equestrian statue of the third George capering on an insufficient pedestal. I envy the laurel-crowned monarch his view, but, considering all things, not his classic petticoats. Seen through a young chesnut-wood beyond, there is now and then a startling effect produced by the rigid outline and upraised truncheon of the King. Let us walk on, passing behind the statue, and choosing a diagonal green ride in the direction of Sand-pit Gate.

About a quarter of a mile further you clear the woods and look over a fine undulating plain towards the town and castle. This same plain is a favourite battle-field for the bucks, and as this is the season of their pugnacity if you will call a halt of five minutes, we shall probably witness as strange a combat as the laws of chivalry acknowledge.

Do you see that pair of antlered fellows, one of a dark mouse-colour, the other more of a roan, slowly advancing toward us? At about fifty paces off they stop, and commence scraping the turf with their fore-feet, or rather with one fore-foot, looking round them in every direction and sustaining irregularly a hoarse, guttural cry or growl, as unlike the sound you would ascribe to them as possible. Now the point of honour is this: if either party venture within the limits so scraped out by the other, it is a fair challenge, and the fight begins. I dare say you are not aware that our proverb of "getting into a scrape" is derived from this same practice of belligerent bucks. Ah! there are the does—the real *causæ belli*—hovering on the flank of either scrape; and now the mouse-coloured champion, taking umbrage at some flirtation of the roan with a fair friend, steps within his scrape, head down, made up for mischief. Of course his challenge is accepted; and a sort of pulley-hawley combat commences. Sometimes these fine fellows, but more especially the red deer who haunt towards the Sheet-street Gate of the park, will fight a *Foutrance*, that is, till an antler is twisted off, or an eye poked out. But as these combatants seem more inclined to the harmless demonstrations of the modern prize-ring, we will pursue our walk.

Sand-pit Gate is a lodge agreeably placed on a tolerable eminence, whence, for a wonder, the view is finer in any direction than in the direction of Windsor. But passing by for the present the distant blue hills of Surrey, with intervening ridges of wood interminable, I shall place you with your face to the east, and direct your attention to an airy structure which appears to be hanging in an opening of the trees before you. It is the conservatory once attached to the far-famed cottage of George the Fourth, which, with some trifling exceptions, forms the sole remains of the royal Sybarite's retreat. The chapel stands also at some little dis-

tance; but of the actual cottage, one large room besides the conservatory alone testifies "to Wyatt's skill, and George's sumptuous taste." The glass structure is pretty enough, and most beautifully placed: the cottage must have been damp and melancholy. It is odd enough to wander at will about the *tristes reliquie* of this nick-nack, when one remembers how jealously its very whereabouts was guarded and fenced off from profane feet, so few years ago. That conservatory might tell tales, too, if it chose; but it is a discreet-looking building of its kind, and keeps its secrets.

Just below Cumberland Lodge, which is not far from "The Cottage," her present Majesty has caused some excellent schools to be built for the children of the people employed about the park, and there not many days ago might she be seen catechising the children, examining their needlework, praising and encouraging. The moral of this is excellent; for now surely not a lady in the land will think it beneath her *personally* to attend to the poor; and so parochial work stands a fair chance of becoming the fashion in the place of worsted, or crochet, or any other feminine *passe-temps*. My dear fellow, you laugh at this, and then you mutter about higher motives, and so on. My good sir, we must take the world as it is, not as it ought to be. They who do good on higher motives care not a pin's point whether they have royal example or not; the mass care for little else. Who knows, if they can be thus surprised out of their monotonous frivolity, but that these beflooned sisters of charity may take to the good work heartily?

I am prosing. Admitted; but as you have meanwhile digested your Abernethy's biscuit, we will be off to Cranborn Tower,—a tall, spinster-looking roundtower, once forming part of the Lodge where the unfortunate Princess Charlotte passed her honey-moon. The view hence can scarcely be exceeded, and is considered by many to be the finest in the park. At the foot of the knoll on which the Lodge stands, remark, and if you choose admire, those long-necked woolly animals grazing or lying down on the short sward. They are the ulpacas which have been presented to her Majesty, and a melancholy troop they form. Ragged, thin, and feeble, they read us the usual lesson of the vanity of endeavouring to alter the immutable laws of climate and soil. I doubt, if you return to Cranborn this time next year, if you will see a hoof of them.

Now homewards across the park at your feet. At about the distance of half a mile you will strike into Queen Anne's Ride,—a regularly-planted avenue, extending from the suburbs of Windsor to the confines of Virginia Water. When you get to Windsor, if you persist in dining there,—a thing I don't at all recommend,—I commend you to the coffee-room of the Castle, and to your meditations on the walk you have taken. You will have witnessed scenery of its kind unsurpassable; and if you are not better and happier for it, may God forgive you! I'll never take another stroll with you, if I live a thousand years.





8

The ... of ...

THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS,
 THE POISONER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
 A ROMANCE OF OLD PARIS,
 BY ALBERT SMITH.
 [WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

News for Louise Gauthier and Benoit.

THE outcry raised against Louise Gauthier as she left the ghastly scene in the Carrefour du Chatelet, had for the moment well nigh deprived her of her senses. She saw the man who had accused her of being an *empoisonneuse* and an accomplice of Madame de Brinvilliers, thrown down by one of the crowd; and fearful that a desperate riot was about to commence, she seized the opportunity which the confusion afforded, and broke through the ring of the infuriated people who had surrounded her, whilst their attention was diverted. But the person who had come to her assistance followed her; and, when a turn in the street gave them an opportunity of escaping from the resistless current of the mob, she discovered that it was a well-looking young man to whom she had been indebted for her safety.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the student, for such by his dress he appeared to be, raising his cap; "for introducing myself to you thus hurriedly. Is your name Louise Gauthier?"

"It is, Monsieur," replied the Languedocian timidly.

"And mine is Philippe Glazer," said the other. "Now we know one another. I was sent to look after you by Benoit Mousel, who is at home by this time. They lost you in the Rue des Lombards."

"How can I thank you for your interference?" said Louise.

"Thank our Lady rather, for the lucky chance that brought me to you at such a moment. I despaired of seeing you in such a vast mob, although Benoit has described you pretty closely. But come, we will find our way to the quay."

"You know Benoit Mousel, then," said Louise, as they moved on together.

"Passably well, Mademoiselle. I had him under my care for a while, after he had been somewhat unceremoniously pitched out of window at the Hôtel de Cluny, during one of the merry-makings that M. de Lauzun is accustomed to hold there whenever he is not in the Bastille."

Louise Gauthier recollected the evening too well, and shuddered as she recalled to mind its events. She did not speak again, but keeping close to Philippe's side, as if she feared a fresh attack from the people about, kept on her way in silence towards the water-side.

They descended to one of the landing places at the foot of the Pont Notre Dame; and found the boat lying there, into which the student assisted his companion, and then with a few strokes of his powerful arm, reached the boat-mill. There was a light in the chamber; and the instant they touched the lighter, Benoit and his wife appeared with a flambeau, and broke forth into exclamations of joy at the return of Louise.

In two minutes more the party were assembled in the room, to

which the reader has been already introduced. Bathilde bustled about, with her usual good-tempered activity, to place the repast on the table; and when all this was settled, she opened the door of the stove, to let its warm light stream out over the room; and they then took their places.

"I need not make a secret of my mission, Mademoiselle," said Philippe, when they were seated; "for I presume there is nothing you would wish to conceal from our friends."

"Because if there is, you know, Louise," said Benoit in continuation, "Bathilde and I will—"

"Pray stop, *mon ami*," interrupted Louise; "what can I wish to keep from you—you, who know everything, and have been so kind to me. Well, Monsieur?" she asked looking anxiously at Philippe.

"You know this writing," observed Philippe, as he handed her a small packet sealed, and bearing an address.

Louise tremblingly took the parcel and looked at the superscription. As she recognized it, she uttered a low cry of astonishment.

"It is indeed *his*!" she exclaimed, as she bowed her head down, and allowed the parcel to drop in her lap. The next minute her tears were falling quickly after one another upon it.

Bathilde took her hand kindly and pressed it as they watched her grief in silence, which Philippe Glazer was the first to break,

"I found that in Monsieur de Sainte-Croix's *escritoire*," he said; "one of the few things that Desgrais did not seize upon. I told him it was mine, for I saw what they had discovered made mischief enough, and I did not care to have it extended. It was only to-night I discovered by chance that you were with Benoit and his wife."

Tearfully, and with hesitating hands Louise opened the packet; and produced from its folds a document drawn up evidently in legal style, and a small note, which she handed to Philippe.

"Read it, Monsieur," she said; "I cannot. How long it is since I have seen that writing. I used to wait day after day for some message from him, to show that I was not forgotten—if it had been but one line—until my heart was sick with the vain expectation. And now it has come; and—he is dead."

The student took the note, and hastily ran his eye over it, before he communicated its contents to the little party. Bathilde and Benoit watched his face anxiously, as they saw it brighten whilst he scanned the writings: it evidently contained no bad news. "Joy!" he exclaimed, as he finished it; "joy to all. I think I shall give up medicine, and take to farming."

"Go on, Monsieur!" exclaimed Benoit and his wife in a breath. "What is it?"

"The conveyance of a *terrain* on the Orbe, in Languedoc," continued Philippe, reading, "with a plantation of olives and mulberries to Louise Gauthier, to be held by her in common with whomever may have befriended her in Paris, and of which the necessary papers are in the hands of M. Macé, notary, Rue de Provence, Beziers!"

"I knew it!" said Benoit, as he slapped the table with a vehemence that sent some things jumping off it, after a few seconds of astonishment. "I knew some day fortune would turn. Continue, Monsieur."

Philippe Glazer proceeded to read the note: whilst Louise gazed at him, almost bewildered.

“ ‘When you receive this,’” he went on, “ ‘I shall have expiated every crime. I feel convinced that my death, come when it may, will be violent and sudden: and whatever may have been my faults, I shall have been punished for them. All I had to dispose of, I have left you: in possessing it, do not forget any that have assisted you. It has been kept through every embarrassment to this end; but circumstances prevented my giving it to you in my life time. Beware of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers: forgive me for the misery I caused you, which has been repaid one hundred fold; and forget, if possible,

“ ‘GAUDIN DE SAINTE-CROIX.’”

“ ‘To be delivered into the hands of Louise Gauthier, or, failing to find her, of Benoit Mousel, at the mill-boat below the Pont Notre Dame, in trust for her.’”

“ ‘There,’” said Philippe, as he concluded, and put the papers on the table: “ ‘my task is accomplished.’”

“ ‘I cannot accept it,’” said Louise after a short pause.

“ ‘Cannot! Mademoiselle,’” said the student: “ ‘you must. Better you take it, than it fall into M. Macé’s hands for want of a claimant; and from him to a stranger, or the King, or any of his favourites.’”

“ ‘It would only be on one condition,’” continued the Languedocian. “ ‘That Benoit and his wife shared it with me.’”

“ ‘*Pardieu!* Louise: the terms are not hard,” said Benoit: “ ‘and our hard work will lighten the feeling of dependence. *Sacristie!* a chance of seeing Languedoc again, eh, Bathilde!’”

“ ‘And a farm,’” said his wife; “ ‘and olives, and mulberries—perhaps chesnuts.’”

“ ‘And no more living by my wits,’” continued Benoit, “ ‘which are wearing away from constant use, when the mill is out of work. No more mountebanking nor singing songs, nor being pitched out of windows for so doing, instead of being paid. Oh—you will go, Louise: we will all go.’”

“ ‘And in a *patache,*” said Bathilde, “ ‘with Jacquot to draw us: six leagues a day at least! What shall be our first stage?’”

“ ‘There is plenty of time before you to settle that point,’” said Philippe, smiling at the eager desire of Bathilde to leave Paris, Then turning to Louise, he added, “ ‘You can have no scruples, now, Mademoiselle, about this bequest, were it only for the sake of these good people. Think that it may not be so much to benefit yourself, as to render them happy. You consent?’”

“ ‘I do,’” replied Louise, after pausing a few seconds. “ ‘I cannot look for happiness myself—at least, on earth—but through me, they may attain it. I care not how soon we quit this heartless terrible city—never to return.’”

“ ‘We will talk of that to-morrow,’” said Benoit. “ ‘I think enough has taken place for this day. *Ventre-bleu!* what a whirl my head is in: the river may rock the boat like a cradle, and the mill click all night, before it sends me to sleep. You two women get to bed; and Monsieur Glazer and myself will make ourselves comfortable here. I would not recommend him to go along the quays so late, for the city is in a troubled state to-night, and the execution has drawn all the gallows-birds abroad.’”

And as Louise and Bathilde retired, the two others drew to the

fire, and lighted mighty pipes, whose capacious bowls indicated a lengthy sitting.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Journey.—Examination of the Marchioness.

HURRIED on by the orders of the Exempt, and escorted by a body of archers, who kept at full gallop round the carriage, the postilions spurred and lashed their horses, bringing Desgrais and his prisoner to Dinant sooner even than they expected. But, beyond the advantage of losing as little time as possible upon the road, there was no absolute necessity for this speed. Theria had not received the letter, as we have seen; and if he had, he could have rendered but little assistance to the Marchioness. Still Desgrais knew his prisoner; and uncertain as to what trouble she might cause him by her wonderful art and powers of inventing stratagems, he determined not to relax his vigilance until Marie was safe and secure within the walls of the Conciergerie.

No great deal occurred upon the road worthy of chronicling. The Marchioness threw herself in the corner of the carriage, and covering her face with a veil, remained so throughout the journey. From the attempt she had made at self-destruction, Desgrais kept his eye upon her; and upon their arrival at Dinant, he ordered all the knives to be removed from the supper-table, leaving her under the guard of Antoine Barbier, the archer who had watched her at Liège, whilst he went to arrange with a courier to start directly for Rocroy, and inform the magistrates of that place that the Marchioness would be there on the morrow; in order that they might interrogate her, unexpectedly, before she had sufficient time to plan her answers.

As soon as Marie saw that she was left with the same man to whom she had given the note intended for Camille Theria, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I thought you were to remain at Liège," she said. "You have come with us, and the letter has not been delivered!"

The man was taken rather suddenly aback by the Marchioness's affirmation. He became confused, and turned away without replying.

"You have deceived me!" she continued with violence, "and I am utterly lost. Now I see why you would not take a reward from me. Where is the letter?"

"I have not got it," replied the archer. "I can answer no more questions, or I shall be punished." And he continued his march.

She would, in spite of this, have spoken to him again, but a servant of the inn entered the room bearing a tray, on which was some refreshment. Marie refused it, as the man placed it on the table; but directly afterwards correcting herself, told him to leave it and retire. The archer glanced at the service, to see that there was nothing with which the Marchioness could commit suicide, and then dismissed the attendant, as he continued his monotonous patrol before the door. Suddenly Marie seized one of the drinking-glasses, and dashed it upon the ground, breaking it into several pieces. The noise alarmed the sentinel, and as the Marchioness sprang forward to seize one of the bits, with the intention of swallowing it, he also rushed from his post and seized it from her.

"Again foiled!" she muttered through her teeth as she retreated back to the table. "Why have you done this?"

"My orders are to watch you closely," said the man; "and at present I have nothing to do but obey the directions of Monsieur Desgrais."

The Marchioness again was silent for some time. She pushed the cover laid for supper away from her, and remained gazing intently at the fire. At last she spoke.

"My friend," she said to the archer. "I believe you have done well. The moment of insanity has passed, and I am grateful to you; you shall see that I will not forget you, in consequence."

The man roughly inclined his head, and continued his promenade.

"Does your condition of life please you?" asked Marie.

"Mass!" replied the archer, as he stopped and leant upon his pike. "There might be better, and there might be worse. I like it well enough: there is no choice if I did not."

"You can leave it, if you choose," said the Marchioness. "Listen. I have gold enough at Offemont to buy land in Italy that would support you and yours for life. Is there no one you would care to share it with?"

The man did not answer. He looked at Marie, and vainly endeavoured to fathom her meaning.

"You are my only sentinel," she went on. "What is to prevent our flying together. Once at my *château*, I will load you with wealth, and you can pass the frontier before our flight has been discovered. I can also put myself beyond the reach of—"

"No more, Madame!" replied the archer sternly. "You have mistaken your man. Has not one lesson been enough?"

The conversation was broken by the entrance of the servant of the *hôtel*—a powerful coarse Flemish woman, with a repulsive manner and countenance, under whose charge Marie was to be placed for the night, a change of guard being posted outside her chamber. She shuddered at this ill-favoured creature, as she followed her to the sleeping apartment, wherein six hours of repose were to be allowed to her before they again started on their journey.

On arriving at Rocroy the next day, she was taken before M. de Palluan as they had previously arranged, and subjected to a severe examination. But unexpectedly as the interview was brought about, the magistrate could elicit nothing from her; even in the face of a confession in her own hand-writing, which a courier had brought after her from Liège, having found it amongst some more of her effects in her chamber at the convent. She met every question with a firm denial or an evasive answer, given with a readiness and self-possession that astonished her interrogators, who, finding that nothing had been gained by this course, which they imagined would have decided any question of her innocence, however slight, that existed, broke up their court, and made arrangements for proceeding with her at once to the *Concièrgerie*—the chief prison in Paris.*

* Those who may be inclined to pursue this portion of Marie's career still further, especially as regards the confession, will find much relating to it in the letters of Madame de Sevigny, particularly Nos. 269 and 270.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The last interview.

A LONG and dismal interval followed the arrest of the Marchioness before she was brought to trial. The chain of circumstances, connected with the charges every day increasing against her, was so intricate that it required the utmost attention and indefatigable research to connect and arrange its links ; and the first legal authorities were engaged, both for the prosecution and the defence. Meanwhile public excitement was raised to the highest pitch. The mysterious circumstances connected with the deaths of M. D'Aubray and his two sons ; the station of society in which Marie moved ; her reputation for beauty and gallantry, and, more than all, the revelations expected from the *proces* upon a subject of so dark a nature—treating of a crime from the action of which no one felt secure, and about which such terror prevailed, as the mortality by poison hitherto attributed to unknown pathological causes, increased, forming so fearful an episode in the reign of Louis Quatorze ; all these things together invested the proceedings with a general interest never equalled. The Provost of Paris, the Procureur du Roi, the Lieutenant-Criminal of the Chatelet, and other dignitaries arranged a terrible array of facts, fixing the guilt upon the Marchioness beyond all doubt ; whilst the officials of a lower grade built up fresh accusations every day, by their ingenious connexion of circumstances that they arrived at by the strangest methods possible to conceive.

But of all the pleadings connected with this interesting affair, the defence set up by M. Nivelles, the advocate of the Marchioness, was most remarkable. Marie had contented herself with simply denying every fact that was brought forward against her ; but Nivelles took up the charges in order, one after the other, and endeavoured with the most consummate skill to refute the whole of them, even down to the apparently most unimportant. The *liaison* between Marie and Sainte-Croix he allowed,—indeed it was generally received ; and, in fact, avowed, as the subject had been, it would have been ridiculous to have attempted to deny it. But upon Gaudin he threw all the blame. He endeavoured to show that, being a gambler, Marie's lover had not only thrown away his own property, but a large portion of hers ; and being subsequently thrown into the bastille by M. D'Aubray, had been influenced as much by avarice as by revenge, and had made the unfortunate Marchioness of Brinvilliers his dupe and instrument. He proved that Marie, with her husband, enjoyed a fortune of more than eight hundred thousand livres ; that every advantage of position, wealth, and connections had fallen to her lot ; and that it was folly to think, for one instant, she would have thus far placed herself in the fearful position which she was assumed to have taken when there was nothing to gain, but everything, both in this world and beyond it, to lose. "And, moreover," he added, "the Marchioness of Brinvilliers is persuaded that the too common, but fatal mistake of trusting to popular prejudication, can never have any effect upon the minds of judges so eminent for impartiality, nor give rise to any suspicions of the candour of their decision. She knows that they would never condemn upon appearances alone, nor upon common rumour. On the contrary, the more atrocious the crimes

were said to be by the popular tongue, judging from the mere form of the accusation, the more care would be required to examine closely all the evidence brought forward, and only to allow those allegations to be received which were consistent with the common course of justice. She hopes, also," he went on, "that the sacred laws of religion are held in too much veneration by her judges, to allow them to give their countenance to any violation of a confession—one of the most important mysteries of our religion: and that since the present accusation brings forward an array of charges—the most frightful and infamous—against a woman of birth and quality, she trusts her judges will not place the least reliance upon the imperfect attestations brought forward, when the clearest and most convincing are necessary to enable them to form a just opinion. She has been deceived by the arts of Sainte-Croix,—the only author of all the crimes laid to her charge,—and, for the unfortunate connection which placed her in the position to be thus deceived, she has already been sufficiently punished by the misery she has since undergone, and a series of wretched inflictions and trials, which are in themselves sufficient to excite the compassion, not only of those who still think well of her, but of her bitterest enemies."

The original impression of the document is now lying before us; and it is impossible to avoid being struck with the wondrous ingenuity with which the whole paper is drawn up.

But cleverly as M. Nivelle advocated her cause, the collection of facts was too strong to allow her defence to make the favourable impression he desired. The prosecutors, aware of the importance with which the trial was invested by the entire population of Paris, comprising both those who were for and those who were against her, were equally as keen in their search for condemnatory testimony, as Nivelle had been for any that might exculpate her. Amongst the evidence brought forward was that of her servant Françoise Roussel, who deposed to having been made sick, almost to death, by substances which the Marchioness had administered to her in cakes and confections. The archer, Antoine Barbier, related all that had passed upon the road from Liège; Desgrais himself spoke of the papers found in her chamber after she had been carried from that town; and even Glazer's assistant, the miserable Panurge, proved that whilst Sainte-Croix occupied the rooms in his master's house, the Marchioness was in the habit of coming there, and preparing compounds with him, which were afterwards ascertained to be deadly poisons. There could not be the slightest doubt of her guilt.

The behaviour of Marie during this trying ordeal excited the strangest feelings amongst the official dignitaries. Although the most acute and experienced legal men in Paris were engaged upon the side of the Crown, they found it impossible to elicit from her anything that tended to prove, from her own actions, that she was guilty, as long as the trial continued;—but when it was brought to a close, and the decision of the Chambers was finally given against her, her stubbornness appeared to give way, and the court, with some respect for her rank, then requested the docteur Piro, of the Sorbonne, to attend constantly upon her. There were always two priests regularly attached to the Conciergerie; but constant communion with the lowest of criminals had made them—so the opinion of the court went—unfit to administer to the Marchioness; and the

good father, who was esteemed highly in Paris for his gentle piety, was accordingly chosen as her last religious adviser.

He attended at the prison every day, and every day he made an impression upon his charge. He has described her as a woman naturally intrepid, and rising above all difficulties, expressing herself in but few words, yet always to the purpose, and finding, with the most astounding readiness, expedients to free herself from any charges that might be brought against her. She appeared, in any position of difficulty, at once to decide upon what line of argument or conduct she meant to pursue, even when she was in the most embarrassing situations. Her physiognomy and conversation offered no grounds for supposing that she was any other than a persecuted, gentle, and confiding woman; and her beauty, which had become a proverb, was of that class which appears inseparable from an equally perfect *morale*. True it was, that the harassing trials she had lately undergone had marked her face with a few lines, but "*les yeux bleus, doux et parfaitement beaux, et la peau extraordinairement blanche*,"* still remained; and these attributes, with her other singularly fascinating qualities, were more than enough to enlist many sympathies in her favour.

Day after day did Pirot seek the Conciergerie with the earliest dawn, never leaving his charge but at night; and gradually he found, to his gratification, that her proud spirit was yielding to his unremitting and earnest attention. To him the task was allotted of breaking to her the verdict of the assembled Chambers; and to his gentleness was she indebted for the state of mind that enabled her to receive the terrible tidings with comparative serenity. And so things went on until the eve of the fearful day named by the court for the expiation of her crimes, Marie never feeling at rest but when he was with her; and Pirot taking so deep an interest in his charge, that although his meek disposition and retiring habits almost disqualified him for the task imposed upon him by the chambers, he resolved never to leave her until the final parting should take place in the Place de Grève; and as that time drew nigh, the closer did Marie cling to him for consolation and support. She watched the time of his arrival, and regretted his departure, as earnestly as she would once have done with less holy motives, when others were concerned, until the period above alluded to drew nigh.

It was, then, the night before the execution. Pirot had business, which had taken him from the Conciergerie during the day; but at nightfall he was once more at the prison, for the Marchioness had promised to make a full confession of all the events of her life. In the morning, during a brief interview of an hour, he had been gratified to find that his unaffected simplicity, his piety, and gentle manners, had in part elicited from Marie a circumstantial avowal of many of the deeds with the commission of which she was charged; and thus far he had accomplished more than her judges had done, or the fear of the torture had led her to confess. As he entered the cell in which she was confined, she rose to receive him with an earnestness that shewed how welcome his presence was to her; but started back upon perceiving that the good old man was pale, and evidently shaken.

* Pirot.

"You are ill, *mon père*," she said,—“you are so good—so charitable thus to bestow your time on me, that I fear your health is suffering.”

"It is not that, Madame," he said, as he advanced; "but they have been telling me news in the porter's lodge that has thus affected me. You have heard the sentence?"

"The greffier has told it to me, but not formally," she said. "I am prepared for everything. See—take my hand; is it trembling?"

Pirot seized the small hand presented to him: Marie had power over every muscle to keep it immoveable; but her skin was hot and fevered.

"You have heard that they were going to cut this hand off," she said.

"So they have told me," replied Pirot, in a low tone, almost choked with emotion.

"It is," she said, "but an idle story of the people about the prison. On that point you can be calm. And, see,—they are bringing in my supper. You must take some with me; it is the last, you know."

Pirot gazed at her, as he listened to the calm manner in which she spoke, with unfeigned astonishment; and ere he could reply, some of the attendants had brought in a tray, and placed it on the table; whilst Marie almost led the doctor to one of the rude settles, and placed herself opposite to him.

There was something terrible in her unconcern. His face preserved its usual unfathomable expression; and at times she smiled, but an unwonted brightness sparkled in her eyes, and she spoke in loud and rapid tones, somewhat resembling a person under the first influence of opium. As she took her place at the table, she did the honours of the homely repast as though she had been at the head of a party in her own house; she even partook of some of the dishes; but Pirot was too much overcome to swallow a morsel.

"You will let me drink to your health," she said; "it is a compliment you need not return." And with her own hands she filled Pirot's glass, continuing as he bowed to her, "To-morrow is a fast-day. I will keep it so,—at least, as much of it as I shall enjoy. And yet I have much to undergo. Then altering her voice, she added, "I would pay you more attention, my father, and serve you myself; but you see they have left me neither knife nor fork."

And in this singular manner did she continue to talk until the meal was over, when she appeared anxious that Pirot should take her confession. He had writing things with him, and at her request produced them, as she said,

"Alas! I have committed so many sins, that I cannot trust to the accuracy of a verbal catalogue. But you shall know all."

This document, for obvious reasons, remained a secret; nor has it since been found. It occupied more than two hours in being drawn up; and just as it was finished the gaoler announced that a female wished to see the Marchioness. It was the first request of the kind that had been made since her imprisonment; but she gave orders that the stranger should be admitted; whilst Pirot, remaining at her own request, retired into a corner of the chamber, and occupied himself at prayer. The man of the prison ushered in a woman, with her face carefully concealed. Marie advanced to re-

ceive her: when the other threw back her veil and discovered the features of Louise Gauthier.

The Marchioness recoiled a step or two as she recognised the stranger; and her face underwent a rapid and fearful change.

"You have done well," she said in irony, "to let me see you enjoy this last triumph. A sight of me to-morrow, in the streets, was not enough; you must come to gloat upon me here."

"By your hopes of Heaven, speak not thus!" cried Louise earnestly, as she advanced towards her. "You are mistaken. I have come in all good feeling—if you will but receive me."

"What would you do?" asked Marie; "am I to believe you?"

"By all that one who is not utterly lost can call to strengthen her asseverations, you may," replied the Languedocian. "By the memory of him whom we both loved—in the name of Gaudin de Sainte-Croix, do not believe my nature to be so base."

The Marchioness gazed at the girl for a minute with a glance of most intense scrutiny. Then she said coldly, once more gaining a command over her temper:—

"Well, Mademoiselle, you can continue."

"At this terrible moment," said Louise, in a low impressive accent, "when your life is reckoned in the past, and the future is as nothing on this side of the grave, you will perhaps listen to me, and believe that I have come to you in charity and peace. I forget all that has been; I have thought only that Gaudin loved you—and though,—Heaven knows—you crushed my heart for ever, in encouraging his attachment, I have come at this fearful hour to seek you, and let you know that there is one of your own sex who, for his sake, will undertake any mission or pilgrimage that will serve you."

Marie made no answer: her pride was struggling with her will, and she could not speak.

"You have seen no female during your dismal imprisonment," said Louise; "let me therefore be your confidant, if there is aught you will stoop to trust me with. Remember, that we shall meet no more. O Madame! for your own sake! as you valued Gaudin's love! do not go forth to-morrow in enmity against one who, if she wronged you, did it innocently. What can I do to serve you?"

She uttered the last words with such truthful earnestness, that Marie's pride relaxed, and Pirot at the same instant rose from his *prie-dieu* and came towards them. As Louise extended her hand the Marchioness took it, and he saw, for the first time since he had been with her, that she was weeping. He led them to one of the prison seats, and in a few minutes Marie was confiding a message to Louise, at his request, for her children.

The interview lasted half an hour; and when it finished, the Marchioness was perfectly exhausted. She had scarcely force sufficient to tell Pirot that she wished him with her at daylight, when she fell back, unable to keep up any longer, against the damp wall of the prison. The good doctor summoned the females who had attended upon her since her capture, and then, when he saw she was recovering, he took his leave, accompanied by Louise, who left him in the Rue de Calandre to return to her friends at the boat-mill.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Water Question.—Exili.—The Place de Grève.

THE early morning of the terrible day arrived. With its first dawn, the good Pirot, according to his promise, was at the gates of the Conciergerie; and being immediately conducted to the cell in which Marie was confined, discovered that she had not been to bed that night, but since the departure of Louise Gauthier had been occupied in writing to various branches of her family.

She rose to receive him as he entered; and at a sign, the person who had been in attendance took her departure. Pirot observed that her eyelids were red with watching, not from tears: but a fire was burning in her eyes with almost unearthly brilliancy. Her cheek was flushed with hectic patches, and her whole frame was trembling with nervous excitement. As the magistrate saluted her with the conventional words of greeting, she smiled, and replied,

"You forget, monsieur, that I shall scarcely witness the noon of to-day. A few hours—only a few hours more! I have often tried to imagine the feelings of those who were condemned: and now that I am almost upon the scaffold it appears like some troubled dream."

"We will not waste this brief interval in speculations," replied Pirot. "The officers of the prison will soon interrupt us. Have you nothing to confide to me before they arrive?"

"They will take charge of these letters I have written, and will read them before they send them forth," replied Marie. "But here is one," she continued, as her voice hesitated and fell, "that I could wish you yourself would deliver. It is to M. de Brinvilliers, my husband; it relates only to him, and—my children!"

Pirot looked at her as she spoke: and her face betrayed the violent emotion that the mention of her children had given rise to. She struggled with her pride for a few seconds, and then broke down into a natural and violent burst of tears. Her sympathies had been scarcely touched whilst merely thinking of her two little daughters; but the instant she named them to another, her wonderful self-possession gave way. She leant upon the rude table, and covering her face with her mantle, wept aloud.

Pirot took the letter from her hand, and read as follows, — thinking it best to allow the violence of Marie's grief to have full play, rather than to attempt to check it by any reasoning of his own:—

"For the last time, Antoine, and on the point of delivering up my soul to God, I write to you, wishing to assure you of my friendship, which will continue until the latest moment of my life. I am about to suffer the degrading punishment my enemies have condemned me to. Forgive them, I beseech you, as I have done: and forgive me also, for the shame which, through my actions, will fall upon your name. Remember that we are but on earth for a short period: and that, before long, you yourself may have to render a just account to God of all your actions, even the most insignificant, as I shall have to do in a few hours. Instruct and watch over our poor children: Madame Marillac and Madame Cousté will inform you of all they will require. Let your prayers be continually offered up for my repose, and believe that I die thinking of you only. MARIE."

He had scarcely concluded the epistle when the Marchioness recovered from the access of emotion, and raised her face towards him, as she hurriedly wiped her eyes:

"This is childish," she exclaimed. "What must you think of me, Monsieur? And yet I would sooner you should have witnessed this weak ebullition than others in the prison. Come, sir, we will pray for the forgiveness of those under whose directions and hands I am about to suffer, and for the salvation of my own soul."

She threw open the leaves of a religious book that was lying on the bench, and prayed long and earnestly. Pirot joined her: and thus they continued for more than an hour, until their devotions were interrupted by the arrival of the concierge and one or two officers, who came to announce to her that the chief *greffier* was waiting in the lower room to read the sentence of the court to her. Upon this she arose, without betokening any fresh emotion, and wrapping a cloak about her, accompanied by Pirot, preceded and followed by the people of the prison, she quitted her cell.

They descended some steps, and led her into a low arched room, but dimly lighted by a few glimmering lamps suspended in iron frames from the ceiling. The walls were damp and rugged; and an old and half-obscure painting of a holy family was suspended at the end of the room. Under this was a common wooden *prie-dieu*, such as we now see in the foreign churches: and near it some rude chairs and a table, on which were materials for writing; and around it three or four of the judicial functionaries were sitting, being now joined by Pirot. Opposite to this, against the wall, was a low pile of what was apparently furniture, covered entirely with a black tarpaulin: and on the ground, near that, some brass and earthen vessels full of water. The things here enumerated comprised all that was moveable in the dungeon.

As Marie entered, one of the magistrates made a sign to the concierge, who placed a seat for her near the table; and when she had taken it, the examination commenced. It was conducted by the officials in turn, many questions being suggested by Pirot, and to all of them the Marchioness replied with the most extraordinary coolness and self-possession, although with a caution which astounded her interrogators,—avowing the fact of having administered certain drugs to her father and others, but denying all knowledge of their composition or antidotes—and also vehemently declaring that she had no accomplices in the crimes with which she was charged. But beyond this they could extract nothing from her; and although the combined ingenuity of her examiners, deeply versed as they were in every kind of method by which any confession might be elicited, was exerted against her during a protracted sitting, she met every question with an exculpatory reply, and nothing more could be obtained from her.*

* The author has endeavoured as much as possible in the course of this romance to render it something more than a mere extension of the facts already known respecting the career of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers; and more especially with regard to the admirable narrative of Dumas, in the *Crimes Célèbres*. But, since it would be utterly futile to attempt any description of her last hours more graphic or interesting than the manuscript narrative of M. Pirot, he has, in portions of these chapters, availed himself largely of the circumstances therein stated. Besides this, he has taken the sentence from the original parliamentary document in his own possession, before alluded to, merely divesting it of long techni-

Seeing this, the examination was at length brought to a conclusion, and one of the interrogators gave orders that the chief greffier should read the arrest. The functionary hercon rose from his seat with the paper in his hand, and commenced reading it in a hurried voice, as if it were a task he was anxious to bring to a speedy conclusion. The "arrest" was to the effect that the court of the chambers assembled having found Marie-Marguerite D'Aubray, the wife of the Marquis of Brinvilliers, guilty of the crimes attributed to her, condemned her to do penance before the principal door of Notre-Dame, with a lighted torch in her hand weighing two pounds; and there, whilst on her knees, to confess that she had wilfully poisoned her father and brothers, and to demand pardon of God. And having been brought hither on a tumbril, with her feet naked, and a cord about her neck, she should be carried on to the Place de Grève, to have her head cut off upon a scaffold erected for that purpose; after which her body should be burned, and the ashes scattered to the wind: the question—both ordinary and extraordinary—first being applied. The document went on to speak of the confiscation of her property, which was to go partly to the King, partly to defray the expenses of the prosecutions connected with the affair, including that of Lachaussee: and the residue for masses to be said in the chapel of the Conciergerie, for the repose of the souls of her victims.

During the reading of this paper Marie continued to preserve the same self-possession, even interrogating the greffier with a calm, unshaken voice, upon certain points connected with it. As the functionary concluded the magistrates rose, and another man advanced, of whose presence Marie had not been before aware. He was tall and pale; and he wore a tight shape dress of unrelieved black. Marie perceived by the cords in his hands that he was the executioner; and to him alone she now belonged.

As the magistrates quitted the chamber they drew away the black cloth that covered the apparatus of torture, and revealed the ghastly paraphernalia. Pirot whispered a few words of encouragement in her ear, and then followed the others, leaving Marie alone with the executioner and the greffier, who remained at the table to take down the answers of their prisoner. Marie glanced at the vessels of water which stood upon the ground. She knew the nature of the terrible ordeal she was about to undergo, but her courage failed her not.

"You surely do not mean me to swallow all that water, Monsieur?" she said to the greffier; "small as I am, there is more than enough to drown me."

The officer returned no answer, but looked significantly at the executioner. The man approached the Marchioness, and began to unfasten her attire: removing one of her clothes after another, until nothing was left her but an under-garment, in which she now stood before the greffier, her limbs as white as the linen that scarcely shrouded them, but exhibiting not the slightest signs of tremor. Again the interrogator questioned her respecting her accomplices; and again Marie firmly denied the existence of any. All his efforts

calities, and the repetitions of the names of the principal parties concerned in the affair. The authority for matters respecting the "Question" will be found in a note to the *Tableau Moral* of the reign of Louis Quatorze, in Dulaure's *History of Paris*.

were vain, as had been those of the magistrates. The sentence was ordered to be carried out.

The "water question," as it was termed, was one of the most revolting punishments which the barbarous usages of the period allowed in its criminal proceedings; the Marchioness of Brinvilliers was nearly one of its last victims, as it was then practised in all its unmitigated severity. The sufferer was compelled to swallow a large quantity of water, forced into the mouth by a horn; the body being at the same time secured to a bench, in a most painful position, whilst the hands and feet were attached to rings of iron in the wall and floor of the chamber. For the "ordinary question," as it was termed, the bench was two feet high, and the quantity of water to be swallowed nearly twelve pints; for the "extraordinary" ordeal a trestle three feet high was substituted for the other, the hands and feet still remaining fixed to the rings, and an additional quantity of water, equal to the first, was forced down the sufferer's throat. In the event of the prisoner's obstinacy, and a refusal to open the mouth, the executioner closed the nostrils with his thumb and finger, until the unfortunate person was obliged to part his lips to breathe, when advantage was immediately taken of this to force the end of the horn down his throat. The consequence of this barbarous practice was, the distension of the chest by the introduction of the water causing such agonizing pain that very few were able to resist it.

The executioner approached Marie again; and leading her to the bench, rudely tied her feet to the rings in the floor. Then forcing her back with brutal violence, he fastened her wrists to the links in the wall, pulling the cords as tightly as they would come. Finally, he fastened the edge of her garment round her knees with one of the bands of her dress; and then announced that all was in readiness for the torture.

The greffier gave the word, and the terrible operation commenced in silence, broken only by an occasional ejaculation of Marie, as measure after measure of the fluid disappeared. But beyond this she spoke not a word: a low wail was her only reply to the questions of the examiner, whilst she shook her head, as much as the hold of her tormentor permitted her to do, in answer to all his energetic and impressive requests that she would disclose all she knew. And in these he was influenced as much by compassion as by the wish that the ends of justice should be answered.

The limits of the ordinary torture had been reached without any admission on her part, and the executioner stopped until he received fresh directions from the greffier to proceed to the second stage of the question. The bench upon which Marie was tied down was removed, and one more than a foot higher was substituted for it,—wedges under her by the power of the torturer, without releasing her hands and feet, now so tightly wrung by the cords that the blood started from the parts where they cut into the flesh. Still no cry escaped her lips; with superhuman endurance she went through the continuation of the dreadful ordeal, betraying scarcely any signs of life, except the quivering of her limbs, and an occasional violent contraction of the muscles as she turned herself round upon the trestle as far as the cords would allow of her doing. At last she cried out, with a violence that for the instant startled the officials in attendance, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* they have killed me!" And

this was followed by a piercing cry of agony ; after which all was still.

The greffier rose from his seat, and once more asked her respecting her accomplices. But she returned no answer, nor indeed gave the least sign of consciousness : upon which, fearing that the punishment had been carried too far, he gave orders that she should be unbound. The executioner obeyed ; and then, calling in his fellows to his assistance, they untied the cords from the rings and staples, and bore the unhappy woman into an adjoining chamber, placing her on a mattress before a large fire that was burning in the huge open chimney-place.

It was some time before her senses returned. When she came to herself she found the good Pirot supporting her head ; whilst the greffier was communing with the magistrates respecting the proceedings of the ordeal. They quitted the chamber soon after she recovered : and then she was left alone with the Docteur, who had thrown his cloak around her thinly clad and shivering form : and was now only waiting until she should be sufficiently brought round to join him in assisting at the last offices of religion.

At last he half led, half carried her to a *pric-dieu*, and there prayed with her until the cold and dismal light of morning, overcoming the red glare of the fire, stole cheerlessly through the small and heavy-barred loopholes of the chamber. And with it came something of terrible import—the low murmur of the vast crowd already assembled without the gates, and in the Cour des Miracles,*—the audible passing and re-passing of the Royal Guard, as bodies of them paraded the streets in the immediate line from the Palais de Justice to Notre Dame, and thence to the Place de Grève,—and an unwonted stir in the Conciergerie, as those friends of the officers and other functionaries, who had procured the *entrée* to the prison, arrived. Not a sound escaped Marie's ear, although Pirot strove in some measure to drown the distant hum by his voice. Every nerve appeared intensely sensitive ; and the reaction of a terrible excitement had brought the blood back to the surface of her flesh. Her eyes were again blazing with fevered brilliancy ; her cheek was flushed, and a rapid shuddering movement kept every muscle in convulsive action.

Her prayers were only interrupted by the arrival of the same magistrates who had before left her, followed by the executioner and his assistants ; and the Marchioness directly knew that the terrible hour had arrived. Without a word, she held out her wrists, now discoloured and swollen by the question, to the headsman ; and not an expression of pain escaped her lips as he roughly bound them together. The cloak which Pirot had lent her was then thrown on one side ; when, as she found her bosom exposed, she requested the man to fasten the lappets of her garment together with a pin. He, however, threw a large scarf over her shoulders, and part of this formed a cowl, which she pulled down over her face as well as her imprisoned hands enabled her to do. And when this had been ar-

* This *Cour des Miracles*—the principal of those so called—may be recollected by the visitor to Paris at the present day. It adjoins the *bureau* of the Prefecture, to which he goes to have his passport *visé* previous to leaving the city. The nuisance of tramping backwards and forwards from the English Embassy to this point, is too well known.

ranged, she left the chapel, preceded and followed by the officers of the prison.

Beyond the wicket, some people had assembled in the court. As she emerged from the building, a man pressed rudely forward from the little knot of gazers, and came close to her side, as he thrust a small note almost in her face. Pirot took it from him, at Marie's request, and inquired what it was.

"An account of money due to me," said the man, "for a tumbrel and a horse, both ruined on the road from La Villette to Le Bourget."

"I know not what he means," said Marie.

"You do—you do, madame," answered the intruder. "It was taken from your hotel in the Rue St. Paul for your flight to Liège."

"Another time will do to settle this," observed Pirot.

"Another time will not do," answered the man. "Where will be my chance of payment five minutes after Madame reaches the Grève?"

As he spoke, the man was pulled forcibly away, and thrust on one side, by one of the bystanders. Marie looked up to see who had thus interfered, and her eyes met those of Philippe Glazer. Claspings his hands together, he gazed at her with a look of intense agony. Even in the horror of the moment Marie perceived that he had placed in his hat the clasp she gave him at Compiègne. She bowed her head in recognition, and then passed on. Philippe never saw her again.

They moved forward through the courts of the Conciergerie, Pirot never ceasing his religious consolations until they came to the lodge of the prison. Here the *cortège* halted, and then the executioner approached her with a long white garment hanging over his arm. The ghastly *toilette* of the scaffold was to be made at this place. She was about to surrender herself to the operation, when a door at the other side of the lodge was opened, and a large concourse of people—so many that they nearly filled the apartment—entered eagerly. They were chiefly females—women holding high rank in Paris, who had met the Marchioness frequently in society. Amongst them were the Comtesse de Soissons and Mademoiselle de Scudery.

The shock given to Marie by this unexpected sight was too great, and she would have fallen but for the support of Pirot. He sustained her whilst the executioner once more released her hands, and drew the long white dress over that she was wearing, tying it up closely round her neck, and knotting a large cord round her waist in lieu of a girdle.

"She has a neat foot," whispered the Countess of Soissons to M. de Roquelaure, as she looked at Marie's small naked foot, not covered by the garment, planted upon the chill pavement of the lodge.

"You told me she squeezed it into a shoe always too small when we saw her at Versailles," replied the other. "O the jealousy of women!"

"You have smarted yourself, Monsieur, when she has refused you for a dance," returned the Countess; "she did not think you equal to the gay Sainte-Croix."

"And yet he dazzled and went out like a fire-work," said Roquelaure: "I hope such will not be my fate."

He smiled affectedly as he spoke. Marie heard the import of their heartless conversation, and gazed at them with an expression of

withering contempt. They fell back abashed, and retreated amidst the crowd.

"In God's name, Monsieur," she said, "offer me some consolation. Is there not something terrible and unnatural in such barbarous curiosity on the part of these people?"

"Madame," replied Pirot, in whose eyes the tears were standing, from pity for the ordeal she was then undergoing, and that which he knew was to come: "regard this curiosity rather as an additional misery imposed upon you as a further expiation, than as a wish on the part of these ill-judging people to cause you further pain. Lean on me, if you need support. I will aid you as far as is in my power, and the law permits."

As he spoke the executioner approached, carrying a heavy lighted torch, which he placed in her hands, according to the sentence of the arrest; but her strained and swollen wrists refused to sustain it, and it would have fallen to the ground had not Pirot held it up with his hand, as Marie was leaning heavily upon his arm. The greffier then read the paper a second time, and the dreary procession moved on to the point that required all the nerve of Pirot, no less than of the Marchioness, to encounter—the gate of the lodge that opened into the thoroughfare before the Palais de Justice, which was now nearly blocked up, as far as the eye could reach, in every direction, by a vast and expectant crowd.

As the officers of the prison, with their wands, came forth on the top of the flight of steps, the mass of people became suddenly agitated, and their noise increased; but the moment Marie appeared, prominent amidst them all, by reason of her white dress and the torch which she was carrying, a loud and savage roar—a wild continuous cry of ferocious triumph and execration—burst as by one impulse from the entire crowd; and this was caught up by those who were not even visible from the Palais, and echoed along the quays and places adjoining, until the whole of Paris appeared to be speaking with one voice, and rejoicing at the ghastly ceremony about to take place. Marie fell back, as though the uproar had been endowed with material power to strike her; but the expression of her features was not that which Pirot had expected. She was not terrified; on the contrary, the demon appeared to be again reigning in her soul; every line in her face gave indication of the most intense rage: her forehead contracted; her eyes appeared actually scintillating with passion; her under lip was compressed until her teeth almost bit through it, and she clenched Pirot's arm with a grasp of iron.

"Speak not to me at present, my friend," she said to him, as, noticing her emotion, he addressed to her a few words of intended consolation. "This is terrible!"

She remained for some minutes as if fixed to the ground, gazing at the sea of heads before her, and apparently without the power of moving. Every eye was fixed upon her, for her now fiendish beauty fascinated all who were near her, and no one more than the great painter Lebrun, who was on the steps of the Palais. To the impression made upon him at this fearful moment, and which haunted him long afterwards, we owe the fine painting in the Louvre.

A few minutes elapsed, and then Pirot, obeying the orders of the officers, drew Marie towards the steps, the executioner assisting on

the other side. The archers in the street cleared a space with some difficulty, almost riding the people down, who crowded about the entrance to the court; and then they saw more plainly, in the middle of the semicircle thus opened, a small tumbrel, with a horse attached to it,—a wretched animal, in as bad condition as the rude dirty vehicle he dragged after him. There was no awning, nor were there any seats; some straw was all for them to travel on. The back-board of the cart taken out, with one end laid on the steps, and the other on the cart now backed against them, made a rude platform, along which Marie hurriedly stepped, and then crouched down in the corner, averting her face from the greater part of the crowd. Pirot next entered, and took his place at her side; and then the executioner followed them, replacing the board, upon the edge of which he seated himself; one of his assistants climbed up in front, and the other walked at the head of the horse, to guide the animal along the narrow opening made by the crowd, which the archers with difficulty forced.

Trifling as was the distance, a long space of time was taken up in passing from the Palais de Justice to the Parvis Notre Dame. The Rue de Calandre was blocked up with people, and it was only by forcing the crowd to part right and left into the Rue aux Fèves, that sufficient room could be gained for the tumbrel to pass; and when it halted, as it did every minute, the more ruffianly of the population, who nested in this vile quarter of the city,* came close up to the vehicle, slipping between the horses of the troops who surrounded it, and launched some brutal remark at Marie, with terrible distinctness and meaning; but she never gave the least mark of having heard them, only keeping her eyes intently fixed upon the crucifix which Pirot held up before her, until the tumbrel crossed the square, and at length stopped before the door of Notre Dame.

Here she was ordered to descend; and as she appeared upon the steps of the gate a fresh cry broke from the multitude, more appalling than any she had before heard, for the area was large, and every available position, even to the very housetops, was occupied. So also were the towers and porticos of the church, as well as the interior, for all the doors were open, and the sanctity of the place was so far forgotten that those who were in the body of the cathedral joined alike in the ringing maledictions of thousands of voices. But the most overwhelming yell of execration came from the Hôtel Dieu, where the students had, one and all, assembled to insult the unhappy criminal. Their hate was the deeper, for they had known her at the hospital, and had all been deceived by her wondrous hypocrisy; whilst the late revelations at the trial had shown up the destroying hand that, under the guise of charity, administered the poisons to the inmates, and filled the dead-house with the hapless and unoffending victims.

The "*amende*" was the work of a few minutes. The paper, which contained a simple avowal of her crimes, was handed to her by the executioner; and the Marchioness read it, firmly and with strange emphasis—albeit the uproar of the people prevented everybody from hearing it, except in close approximation. As soon as it was con-

* The Rue aux Fèves, still in existence, has latterly gained some notoriety from having been the street in which M. Eugene Sue has placed the *tapis franc* of the White Rabbit.

cluded, the torch which she carried was extinguished; the executioners, with Pirot and Marie, remounted the tumbrel, and the cortège once more moved on, towards the fearful Place de Grève, the crowd making an awful rush after it, as they pushed on, in their anxiety to witness the last scene of the tragedy.

They were approaching the foot of the Pont Notre Dame, when Pirot observed a sudden change in Marie's countenance. Her features, which, notwithstanding all the insults and maledictions of the crowd, had put on an expression almost of resignation, became violently convulsed, and the whole of her attention was in an instant abstracted from the urgent exhortations of her faithful companion. He saw that a violent revulsion of feeling had taken place, and he directly conjured her to tell him the cause of her excitement.

"Do you see that man?" she asked him, in hurried and almost breathless words, pointing along the bridge. "I was in hopes this last trial would have been spared me."

Pirot looked in the direction indicated. A mounted exempt was coming across the bridge, meeting them, as it were, at the head of a body of archers, closely surrounding a small party who were walking. The two escorts with difficulty came nearer to each other, until they met at the foot of the Pont Notre Dame.

"It is a party proceeding from the Hotel de Ville to the Conciergerie with a prisoner," said Pirot. "Heed them not, Madame. Remember that a few minutes only are now left to you for prayer in this world."

"I cannot pray," she answered wildly; "it is to that man I owe all this misery. He hunted me to Liège, and, by a mean deception, gave me up into the hands of the officers. It is Desgrais!"

"Turn your eyes from him, Madame," said Pirot; "and do not at such a moment give way to this feeling. He acted under authority; and is a trustworthy officer."

"He trapped me like a reptile," replied Marie with bitterness; "and my dying curses—"

"Madame! Madame!" cried Pirot, as Marie raised herself in the tumbrel, and looked towards the Exempt, "do not peril your soul by this ill-timed passion. As you value a chance of salvation, listen to me."

He drew her towards him, and earnestly commenced a prayer, as he endeavoured to turn her attention from the Exempt. But she was no longer mistress of her feelings. The sight of Desgrais appeared to have lighted up a fire in her mind: and she continued gazing at him, though without speaking another word, as if impotent rage had deprived her of the power of utterance.

But there was soon a diversion to the feelings of Marie and her companion, as well as to the uproar of the crowd. The escort which Desgrais was conducting had arrived at the side of the tumbrel; and, what with the pressure of the multitude, and the narrow thoroughfare, the vehicle containing the Marchioness stopped to allow the others to pass, who were, as Pirot had observed, conducting a prisoner to the Palais de Justice. Marie had kept her eyes riveted upon the Exempt since she first caught sight of him; but suddenly a voice called her by her name in an accent of thrilling familiarity. She looked hurriedly round, and perceived Exili at the side of the tumbrel, surrounded by a party of the Guet Royal.

"Marchioness of Brinvilliers!" he cried, "we have met again; and the rencontre is one of triumph for me. Murderess of Gaudin de Sainte Croix,—of my son—soul and body—you shall quit this world with my anathema ringing in your ears. *Soyez maudite!*"

"Forward!" cried Desgrais, as he rode by the side of Exili, between him and the cart, touching the Marchioness as he passed, who shrunk from him shuddering with disgust.

The crowd had thronged round the escort so densely that now neither party could move. The delay to Marie was fearful, and the terror of the moment was wrought to its extreme pitch by the curses and horrible salutations of the people, some of whom were close to the tumbrel.

"Ho! ho! the capital meeting!" cried a fellow on the bridge, applauding with his hands for joy. "Two poisoners at a time: Madame de Brinvilliers and the Physician Exili. What a pity they are not going to keep company out of the world."

"Down with the Italian!" shouted another man, who was leaning from one of the windows.

The entire mass of people swayed towards the point where Exili was standing at the last speaker's words, forcing the guards against the houses.

"Down with the Italian!" said the fellow who had first cried out.

"Hang him to Maître Cluet's sign!" said another. "Who knows but he and La Voisin together may bewitch M. de la Reynie, and get clear from the *Chambre Ardente*."

"Throw him into the river!" shouted a third; "tied neck to neck with Madame la Marquise there."

There was a movement towards the tumbrel. Marie started, and clung to Pirot, as well as her pinioned arms allowed; whilst Desgrais, forcing himself in front of her, presented a heavy snap-haunce at the ruffian who had just spoken.

"Down with the Exempt!" cried several voices. "He would murder the people."

"Let him be!" exclaimed the man at the window. "He is only keeping her to make better sport on the Place de Grève. Settle the Italian, if you please."

There was a fresh rush, against which the guards could make no opposition, fixed as their arms were to their sides by the pressure of the mob; and this was increased by the plunging of some of the horses on which the archers were mounted, causing additional confusion and crushing. Determined to say a few words to the rabble, Exili contrived to get upon a round block of stone at the base of one of the houses, placed, in common with many others, to afford a protection to foot-passengers from the wheels of vehicles. But he had scarcely mounted, even before his guards were aware of his intention, when one of the mob hurled a wooden sabot with great force at his head. It struck him in the face, and he was in an instant covered with blood. Stunned by the blow, he fell forwards, and the multitude, excited like brutes at the sight of gore, rushed on through the ring which the Guet Royal in vain endeavoured to form, and seized him. A furious contest now commenced between the people and the archers; but the disparity of numbers was too great for them. They were borne down by the mere pressure of the mass, the ring-leaders of whom hurried Exili, almost insensible,—his limbs torn and

bleeding from their rough handling, in addition to the blow he had received,—towards the parapet of the bridge.

“Into the river! into the river!” cried a hundred voices. “Away with the poisoner! Death to the sorcerer!”

“He can swim like a fish,” said the fellow at the window. “I recollect him long ago, when they took him at the boat-mill.”

“This shall stop him from doing so again!” shouted a ruffian. “I will take the law out of M. de la Reynie’s hands. My brother in the Guet Royal was poisoned that night. Now see if he will swim.”

As he spoke he raised a butcher’s bill above the crowd, and it descended upon the head of the miserable Italian, crushing his skull before it. An awful yell of triumph broke from the crowd as the body was raised high above them by a dozen swart arms, and hurled with savage force over the bridge into the chafing river below. Thus terribly died the Physician.

During this bloody and rapid scene Desgrais took advantage of the rush made by the mob in another direction to ride before the tumbrel, clearing the way as he best could for the *cortège* of the Marchioness to proceed, expecting that she would next fall a victim to the fury of the populace. Directly they got from the bridge to the quay adjoining the Port au Foin, he found the way cleared by the troops, who lined the footway on either side, and had been on duty since the early morning. But the crowd was still very great outside the line; and their cries never ceased, albeit Marie paid no attention to them now that the danger which had a minute before threatened her was averted; but never moved her eyes from the crucifix, which Pirot had held before her throughout the scene, until the procession turned from the Port to the Place de Grève.

The sight here presented was sufficient at once to draw Marie’s attention from the exhortations of her companion. The entire Place was filled with spectators, the troops keeping but a little space clear immediately around the scaffold, which rose in the centre some ten feet from the ground. Far along the quay and the streets leading from the Grève did the sea of heads extend. All the housetops were crowded with gazers, swarming like bees upon the parapets and chimneys, and on the ledges over the shops; and every window-place in the Hôtel de Ville had its dozen occupants.

Pirot had expected a terrible outburst of malediction when the *cortège* arrived here, and feared also that the courage of the Marchioness would entirely fail her upon getting the first sight of the scaffold. But on both points he was mistaken. As the tumbrel advanced, after the first murmur of recognition a dead silence reigned; amidst this vast mass of many thousands not a sound was audible but the bell of the Tour d’Horloge, which kept tolling hoarsely at protracted intervals. Marie herself betrayed but little emotion. A rapid shiver passed over her frame as she first saw the preparations for her execution: and then she bent her eyes upon Pirot, and so kept them stedfastly until the assistant headsman guided the horse to the foot of the scaffold.

At this fearful moment M. Drouet approached the tumbrel, and taking off his hat, with a show of courtesy, that appeared a mockery at such a moment, said,

“Madame, I have orders to inform you that if you have any fur-

ther declarations to make, the magistrates are ready to receive them at the Hôtel de Ville."

"Monsieur," replied the Marchioness, "how much oftener am I to tell you that you know all. For pity's sake do not further persecute me. I have confessed everything."

Drouet turned his horse away, and rode up to the scaffold to exchange a few words with some of the officials who were standing near it. At the same moment the executioner descended from the cart, and with his man went up the steps of the scaffold.

"Do you leave me?" gasped Marie hurriedly, as she seized Pirot's hand. "Be with me on the scaffold, even when—. He is coming. It will soon be over."

"I will not leave you," said Pirot, rising, "until you are no more."

"Stop!" cried Marie. "One word more. I may not speak to you again. Let me tell you how deeply I feel your patient kindness throughout this fearful trial. They are ready — keep by my side: and when we are on the scaffold, at the moment of my death, say a *De Profundis*. You promise this."

Pirot bent his head, and squeezed her hand in token of compliance. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him. His whole frame appeared convulsed, and he offered a strange contrast to the strange calm of his companion.

The executioner came down from the scaffold, and assisted the Marchioness to descend; whilst Pirot also got out, and she went with him up the ladder, — hurriedly, as though she was anxious to bring the scene to a conclusion. As she reached the platform, her beauty evidently made an impression on the crowd. They turned one to the other, and murmured; but this soon died away into the same deep, awful silence — so perfect, that the voices of the executioner and Pirot could be plainly heard. Throwing herself upon her knees, Marie submitted to the second dreary toilet she had been obliged to undergo. The assistant cut off the whole of her beautiful hair, throwing the long ringlets carelessly about on the scaffold; and next, tearing down the collar of her dress, rudely turned it back, so as to leave bare her neck and shoulders. Then bandaging her eyes with a small scarf, he retired.

The sun was shining brightly; and at this moment its rays fell upon the glittering blade of a long sword which the headsman had hitherto kept concealed under his garment. Pirot saw it, and his heart sank within him, — so much so, that his utterance was choked, and Marie, by whose side he was kneeling, demanded why he had thus finished his prayer. And then, as if aware of the cause, she exclaimed rapidly,

"Holy Virgin, pray for me, and forgive me! I abandon my body, which is but dust, to the earth. Do thou receive my soul!"

The executioner drew near, and the good Pirot closed his eyes, as with the greatest difficulty, in broken and quivering words, he commenced the *De Profundis*. But in a few seconds his voice was again checked by the noise of a dull heavy blow at his side, and a strange and sudden sound from the crowd, — not a cry of alarm, or triumph, but a rapid expiration of the breath, almost like a hiccough, terribly audible. The next instant a hand was laid on his shoulder. He started, and looking round with an effort, perceived the headsman standing over him.

"It was well done, monsieur," said the man; "and I hope Madame has left me a trifle, for I deserve it."

Almost mechanically following the direction of the man's finger as he pointed to the platform, Pirot's eyes fell upon a ghastly head lying in a pool of blood. He saw no more; but fell insensible on the scaffold.

This was scarcely noticed in the terrible excitement of the minute. The executioner calmly took a bottle from his pocket, and refreshed himself with its contents; and at the same time a cloud of smoke rose from the back of the scaffold, which was the part furthest from the river. He raised the head, and, pulling the gory scarf away, shewed it to the people; then taking up the body as he would have done a sack, he threw them both down upon the pile of faggots which his assistant had just lighted. The wood was dry, and the flames were further fed by resinous matter sprinkled amongst them; and in twenty minutes some charred ashes alone remained, which the crowd nearest the scaffold struggled violently to collect, as the Garde kicked and dispersed them as well as they were able about the Place de Grève.

And in this manner terminated the dark career of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers.

CHAPTER XXXIX. AND LAST.

Louise Gauthier.—The Conclusion.

It frequently occurs that after a day of stormy darkness—when the elements appear to have combined the whole of their power against the earth, splitting the tossed and dismantled branches of the trees from their parent trunk, beating down the produce of the fields, and deluging the valleys with a sudden and rapid inundation, whilst the fire-laden clouds obscure the sun, lighting up the heavens in his stead by lurid flashes—the wind subsides, the clouds disperse, and the calm sunset beams over the now tranquil landscape.

True it is, the vestiges of the mischief wrought remain; but their importance is diminished by the general quietude that reigns around. The foliage is fresh and green; the cleared air is breathed gratefully, and imparts its lightness to the spirits; feeding hope, and kindness, and all good aspirations. The odours of the flowers are more fragrant, and the colours of their petals brighter; and the torrent which rushed darkly in its overcharged course, reflecting only the glooming heavens above, now once more murmurs over its bed of bright pebbles, sparkling in the warm rays of eventide.

Our scene changes, and now for the last time, from the fearful Place de Grève to the most charming district of the teeming and sunny Languedoc. It is noon; and the stillness of a summer mid-day reigns around. But everything is not hushed. Birds are singing, and the hum of bees blends pleasantly with their minstrelsy, coming in soft murmurs from the floating aviaries lying upon the surface of a glassy river, which would seem at perfect rest but for the quivering of the buds and lilies that struggle with its gentle stream, or the hanging flowers that droop from the bank to kiss up the clear water. The sky is deep-blue, and cloudless; and the sum-

mer foliage of the trees waves in pleasant relief against its light, causing the dancing shadows to quiver on the spangled turf below, as though even the sunbeams were sporting for very gladness.

And now and then sounds of laughter, and snatches of old Provençal melodies are heard near a cottage which forms part of a small homestead on the banks of the river. On a table at the door, and beneath the shadow of a huge chesnut-tree—of which many more are visible on the land,—is spread a repast of honey, bread, cheese, and wine; and seated at this table we have little difficulty in recognising Benoit, Bathilde, and Louise Gauthier. The two first are plump and merry as ever—perhaps more so: and Louise appears to have lost some of her sadness. Her cheek is scarcely so pale as it was in Paris when Benoit first knew her, and now and then a faint smile may be detected on her lips, which it appears to be Benoit's ceaseless endeavour to call up.

"Ah!" exclaimed the honest ex-keeper of the boat-mill, with the expression of one whose stomach is comfortably filled; "this is better than the great cities, after all. To think after staying in Paris so long we should come back with less than we went."

"You forget Louise," replies Bathilde, as she takes their friend kindly by the hand.

"Not at all," continues Benoit, as he rises and kisses the Languedocian with a smack that quite echoes again. "There, *ma femme*, you may be jealous of that if you like, and I don't care; nor more does Louise, as I would wager my life. Eh! Louise?"

"You would find it a difficult task to offend me," replies Louise, "for I owe you too much kindness,—even if you kiss me before Bathilde."

"You owe us nothing. I think the debt is on our side. Whose are these things? Whose is this bit of ground?—yours, all yours! and you shall turn us out when you like."

"I do not think I shall do that," is Louise's answer; "now, we must never part again. I know I am at times but a sad companion for such kind hearts as yours; but if you will bear with me, although I cannot forget the past, yet your goodness shall do more than aught else in the world to alleviate the memory of what has been."

Reader, our story is over; and for the third time we come forward to bid you farewell. We lay aside the fearful chronicles of the romance; and advance, alone, and in our own proper character, to say good-bye.

For a certain recess our interviews will be less regular than heretofore; we shall not so continuously intrude upon you. But we still trust that you will allow us to pay you a visit often—very often; that you will give us a general invitation to drop in upon you when we like; which, unlike most general invitations of that class, we shall decidedly avail ourselves of. And this, we hope, will keep up our acquaintance until present affairs will permit us to renew a more lengthened intimacy. Believe us that we shall be too happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

HOW MR. STUBBY DID NOT DANCE WITH THE QUEEN

AT THE OPENING OF LINCOLN'S INN HALL.

BY A LAW-STUDENT.

"It's worth the sacrifice," said I.

"Who are you, and what is the sacrifice? and what is worth the sacrifice?" say you.

A very few words will answer these questions, as far as the present narrative requires them to be answered.

I am Alfred Stubby, law student, and member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. The sacrifice is that of at least four days' enjoyment of a society quite as honourable, as far as any intentions of mine are concerned, as that I have just mentioned, and far more agreeable,—namely, walking, riding, polking, waltzing, chattering, laughing, and charading, with some of the prettiest women in Brighton (not a Jewess among them), and especially with Lucy Jones, the prettiest of them all; and that which was worth so great a sacrifice was the glorious event of my having been chosen one of the deputation of students who were to hold one corner of the address to be presented to her Majesty at the opening of the new Hall.

For this piece of luck I was indebted to no greater a person than my laundress, a tolerably honest old woman, who had cleanliness enough not to wipe up my tea-things with my pocket handkerchiefs, and was honest enough not to carry away my coals in my best tablecloths. This *rara avis* was also the fair spirit who ministered to a certain old Bencher, by name Fusty, and hence my good fortune; for the old Bencher, having neither kith nor kin, had yet refused to give up one iota of his privileges in the way of places, admission tickets, etc., but having secured his full proportion, in the teeth of many of his unfortunate brethren, who were torn to pieces by applications from all whom they did, and many whom they did not know, had made over his rights to Mrs. Tibbs for her especial use and advantage. Now Mrs. Tibbs, however eligible she might have been as an old woman, was clearly ineligible as a student, and was therefore pleased to make out a patent in my favour within five minutes of her presenting Mr. Todes, the greengrocer in Bell Yard, and Mr. Chump, the butcher in Clare Market, with tickets of admission to the Inn for themselves and a little army of sprouts and cutlets, upon the eventful morning.

"It's worth the sacrifice," said I, taking my cigar from my mouth and slowly emitting a long spiral puff of smoke. "I may not have such another chance of winning the smiles of Royalty till I am Solicitor-General, and, after all, I must have come to town for the beginning of 'term.'"

It was now about ten o'clock on the night of the 29th inst. I had only the same morning received the good news in a communication, which I subjoin.

"SIRR, — Aving bin aloud By Mr. Fusty wich i does For To mak yewse Of his tikkets wich He says They is onley a Bother If yew wud lik to adres The Chare wen the all Is opunned i Sends yew the admishun wich he as filed it Up with yewre name Hand i opes yew may Like It. "From yewre respektabbul

"P.S. yewre Shets is haired."

"MARY TIBBS."

As soon as I had succeeded in deciphering and translating this, I left Brighton, reached town in time for dinner, and had now pretty nearly finished my second cigar thereafter in the solitary comfort of my own chambers. I was in a happy enough state of mind, upon a calm review of my personal and mental qualifications. I felt that I had a right to expect some important consequence would follow this, the first opportunity I had ever had of distinguishing myself. The reader shall judge for himself. I am nearly six feet two inches in height, upright, and excessively slim, with a waist like a wasp's, and without that drayman-like breadth of shoulder which sometimes deteriorates from these advantages; my hair, which I part in the middle, is abundant, and of a light sunny auburn; my complexion, in which there is no vulgar red and white, an artist might give by a wash of the same colour, but of course many degrees lighter, with which he would paint my hair; my nose is prominent, extremely prominent, but in no degree aquiline; my eyes blue,—yes, certainly blue, but not of so intense a colour as to interfere with the harmony of my *tout ensemble*. I can dance against any one, played the cornet-à-piston till I found it was likely to injure my lungs, sing, and accompany myself on the instrument, and write verses,—as to which I may some day allow the public to form their own opinion.

Vague anticipations of coming greatness, of the distinguished part I should play in the next day's festival—(pageant will be the word, thought I, when, three centuries hence, some future Scott selects it as the opening scene of his "romance of the olden time," and, who knows? perhaps myself as the hero)—presented themselves to my mind, as, watching the thin smoke of my cigar curling upwards, I sat there, the lord paramount of that snug room, with its quaint old mantelpiece and wainscoted walls, hung round with—no!—I was nearly getting into the romancing vein myself—not with grim portraits of old ancestors, but with one mezzotint of Lord Eldon, bought the day I entered myself at Lincoln's Inn; a *partie carrée*, consisting of two Derby winners and two opera dancers, transferred from my rooms at Oxford; and Chalon's *Pas de quatre*, newly installed in the place of honour over the fire, for, as I am not to be called to the Bar for two years, there is no reason why my chambers should not be the abode of elegances well as learning in the mean time.

It was, indeed, something to be proud of, that duty of mine, in which I was to be associated with so many legal worthies.

It seemed to take one back, to those good old days of yore when it was something to be a law-student, when the brisk Templar was one, and not the least, of the component parts of that charmed circle, the Town; was recognised by the wits of Will's and Button's, who clustered round Addison or Steele, as a licensed associate, and by the women as a pretty fellow; or, earlier still, when at Childermas the King of the Cockneys was enthroned in Lincoln's Inn, with many a jest and peeling laugh; or when, in 1602, the students at the Middle Temple acted at their feast at Candlemas "a play called 'Twelve Night, or What you will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors' or 'Menachmis in Plautus,' but most like and neere to thatte in Italian called Inganni."*

And for myself,—what prospects might it not open to me? Ra-

* Diary of John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple, from the Harl. MSS.

leigh, a Middle Templar, made himself a name to endure through all ages, at the expense of a new plush cloak. Hutton obtained the seals by turning his toes out. True, plush cloaks are no longer in fashion, but my student's gown might answer the same purpose; and if we could but get up a polka or a *valse à deux tems* after dinner, I had as little doubt of astonishing her Majesty as I had of my own personal identity. The difficulty was, upon what round of the ladder of advancement I should stop: I would be a courtier, an orator, a soldier! I might start, perhaps, as an equerry or groom of the chamber, and in a few years I should be in the cabinet, or leading the armies of my royal Mistress.

I was only roused from these sweet fancies by the arrival of the tailor with a very necessary part of my costume, namely, the breeches. I had, luckily, avoided the necessity of ordering a new pair, which, however, for such an occasion I should have scarcely grudged, by contriving to have them *rasées* from a pair of pantaloons, in which I had enacted *Falkland* to my Lucy's *Julia*, at some private theatricals, and which again had been cut down from an old pair of evening trousers. This had saved time too, which, as I had only called in the tailor at 5 o'clock, and had insisted on having them at ten the same night, in order to try on, was of some importance. They fitted me admirably, and, with the addition of a pair of paste buckles, hired from Obbard's masquerade warehouse, looked wonderfully well. Having dismissed the schneider, I established myself in my old position, in front of the fire, and having lighted my third cigar, and mixed myself a tumbler of prime whiskey and water, again abandoned myself to most delicious anticipations.

The next morning I was up betimes,—that is, about eleven; and having merely wrapped my dressing-gown round me, sat down to breakfast, intending to defer the grand operation of arraying myself for conquest till afterwards. My brain was still ringing the changes upon the fancies of the preceding night, and I doubt if Dominie Sampson himself was ever more thoroughly absent than I was during that short meal. I poured the boiling water from the teakettle into my sugar-basin, and of course it went to pieces under the operation; I scalded myself with my first cup of tea, and let my second grow cold, and finished by buttering my own hand instead of the crust of a French roll. When I had finished breakfast I proceeded to make my toilet, and within a couple of hours' time I felt that I gave "the world assurance of a man."

I was dressed in quasi-academic costume, and, according to the regulations issued for the occasion by the Benchers, entirely in black, with the exception of my white neckcloth, and a sky-blue satin under-waistcoat, which I imagined would have its share in producing the effect I contemplated.

Warned by the increasing noise of the crowd under my windows in New Square, that it was time for me to seek my appointed place in the Hall, I descended from my chambers, and elbowed my way, not without a certain instinctive sense of superiority, among the collected sight-seers. They too seemed to recognise in me something which was not of the common herd, and made way for me readily. This touched me; for although the crowd was principally composed of persons who, like the Chumps and Todeses, had obtained admission by the favour of the laundresses, still, from their

very inferiority in the social scale, they were less accustomed to disguise their feelings, and several expressions reached me, such as, "Oh! my eyes! what a swell!" or, "There's a sight for a father!" I could not but picture to myself the sensation which my passing before the Queen would produce among a more polished assembly, when even here the gross and vulgar crowd could not repress their admiration.

Upon reaching the stone steps leading to the great entrance of the Hall, I found that I was indeed later than I had imagined, or intended to be. The Guards had already taken up their station immediately in front of the tower. The Duke's carriage had just driven up; we—not the Duke's carriage and I—but the Duke and I, ascended the steps together, loudly cheered by the mob. In any other situation I should not have dreamed for a moment that I was the object of any part of this enthusiasm; but now, filling as I did so important a post in the day's ceremony, and standing, if I may be allowed the expression, upon my own dunghill, I felt that the case was different. There was no vanity in this conclusion, for at the same time I thought it very possible that all who were to present the address had been recognised in the same manner; and therefore when we reached the summit, taking off my hat, I bowed low in acknowledgment of the huzzas, which were redoubled as I advanced through the lofty entrance, with a spirit, I trust, elevated to a fitting sense of my position.

After pausing for a moment in the hall to admire the arrangements for the banquet, I passed on to the Library,—the destined scene of an epoch in my career. That spacious room was crowded with the professors of the law, on that day to be the hospitable entertainers, as well as the devoted subjects, of their Queen: the ermine judge, the coifed serjeant, the briefless junior, emancipated for one short while from the moral treadmill of their daily life, might now feel—but what they might have felt I had no time to determine, for the shouts of the populace and the clang of trumpets announced the near approach of our royal guests, and, with a flushed brow and beating heart, I hastened to my place at the upper end of the Library.

Soon the folding-doors were thrown open, and slowly and gracefully did the glittering throng, headed by her upon whose empire the sun sets not, advance between the sombre ranks formed on each side of the chamber; and when at length the Queen had taken her seat, there burst out an irrepressible shout of welcome, which only ceased when the signal was given to read the address, and we who were to present it formed around the chair of state. While it was being read I could see that her Majesty's eye ran round the circle, and at last dwelt upon my face, as if relieved by the contrast it presented to the furrowed and bewigged countenances of my elders. Returning the look for one moment, with a glance into which I contrived to throw a world of admiring devotion, I suffered my eyes to seek the ground, as if blinded by an excess of light; that I had made some impression, I felt; but, judge of my delight when her Majesty, turning to her Royal Consort, was graciously pleased to say, "What a pity those waving curls should ever be imprisoned under a wig." For some moments surprise—nay, rapture, almost deprived me of my senses, and I was only recalled to them by hearing the same silvery

voice say, addressing the Chancellor, "Lyndhurst, the students who have presented the address will take their mutton at our table." Who could doubt, then, that it would be my own fault if my waving curls were imprisoned by a wig, if they did not rather cluster beneath the plumes of a general or the coronet of a peer? My task was only by some bold yet delicate way of showing the loyalty which animated my breast to increase the impression youth and good looks had created, and the thing was done. While, therefore, the illustrious visitors were signing their names in the admission-book, I secured a place close to the folding-doors through which they were to re-pass into the hall, in order that I might throw my gown at her feet, and prevent them, as far as in me lay, from coming in contact with the cold hard oak of which the flooring is composed. When, however, the *cortège* was approaching, and I endeavoured to take off my gown, I found that somehow my arms had got entangled in it,—it is constantly the case with those confounded gowns at Lincoln's Inn,—and the more I attempted to free-myself, the more closely my arms seemed pinioned to my sides. The moments were precious; they were already within a few yards of me, and I was trying almost frantically to rid myself of the treacherous garment which thus impeded my arms and aspirations, alas! how vainly! when at the very moment they were passing a great thought came into my head,—I contrived, hampered as I was, to throw my pocket-handkerchief (a bandana, and almost clean,—indeed, it had been clean that morning) so as to make it fall before her Majesty's feet. Surprised, and evidently gratified at this touching proof of my loyalty, her Majesty passed on with a gracious smile, and regaining the silken trophy of my readiness and tact, I fell into the train, and followed to the banquet.

A seat had been assigned to me next to one of the ladies of the suite, a charming creature, with whom I certainly made great progress during the repast. I felt that an advantageous alliance might help my schemes. Poor Lucy Jones, of course, was out of the question. I had ever considered Raleigh's match with Mistress Throckmorton as the silliest act of his career. Accordingly I talked graceful nonsense to my fair companion, mingling with it many a delicate compliment to her loveliness; I should have been indeed dull if all my faculties had not been heightened during that brief hour; basking in the smiles of royalty (I forgot to mention that I had had the honour of drinking wine with her Majesty at an early period of the repast, when I spilt the greater part of the wine over my waistcoat, thanks to the clumsiness of a waiter), with beauty at my side, and a *vol au vent des Canards Russes étouffés au poil de cheval* before me. But such happiness is in its nature fleeting. After a variety of toasts, followed by appropriate songs from the benchers, the Queen arose, and having in a neat speech proposed "Success to Lincoln's Inn, with nine times nine and one more!" turned to Sir Lancelot, and said with a winning smile, "And now, Mr. Vice, I vote for a dance."

Everything, then, was conspiring in my favour; the adroitness of one of my prototypes I had already emulated, and I had now a chance of eclipsing the elegance of the other. I secured the hand, or, rather, the waist of my fair neighbour for the polka; and after her Majesty had taken one tour with the Lord Chancellor, we began. With my body slightly bent, my head thrown back, and wearing an

easy smile upon my lips, I guided my partner hither and thither amid the mazy throng; but just as we had approached her Majesty, who I fancied was already watching my performance with a thorough appreciation of its excellence, my heels became entangled in the spurs of a tall life-guardsman, who was dancing with one of the maids of honour; and down we went together, my head striking the steps of the dais with a force that deprived me of all consciousness.

When I came to myself I was lying on the sofa in my own chambers, alone, and weak from loss of blood, which the presence of a basin, with sponges, bandages, &c., betokened to have been taken from me by a surgeon. I had evidently passed some hours in a state of insensibility,—for it was now dark, and candles were burning in the room. I was endeavouring to recall my senses more completely, when I was roused by a loud and long-continued knocking at the door of my chambers. Judge of my surprise, when I found that the visitor was a page of honour, the bearer of the royal commands that I should dine at the palace that evening. I could almost, at the moment, have wished that it had been otherwise, or, at all events, that the honour had been deferred till I was better able to profit by it; but what could I do? It might be the very flood in the tide of my affairs; and should I let it pass, when all things were so visibly working in my favour? Never. Having dismissed the page, I proceeded at once, with every pulse in my body bounding with excitement, to make my preparations for the toilet. I knew that there was no chance of my laundress making her appearance, and that I should have to do everything, even call a cab, for myself; and I own that the novelty of my position, the excitement of the whole day, the weakness consequent upon my fall, all contributed to depress my spirits, while my brain was in a whirl which prevented me from thinking on any one subject likely to tell at table, and my hands trembled so that I could scarcely hold the candle that I took up to light me to my bedroom. Considering the state that I was in, it is not surprising that the first thing I did was to make a great gash in my chin, and the next, to look every where but in the right place, wherever that was, for the court-plaister. I then worked myself into a state of delirium tremens which involved me in a personal quarrel with my boots; and when at length I had succeeded in drawing them on, I was obliged from sheer exhaustion to sit down for a time to recover myself. Nothing but the most painful anticipations of failure presented themselves to my fancy. I felt that my luck had turned, that I had indeed missed the flood, and that some ludicrous mishap would render me the laughing-stock of the whole court. I pictured myself spilling the soup over the Mistress of the Robes, or treading on the toes of the Lady of the Bedchamber, or, even worse, offending seriously against the etiquette of the royal *ménage*, of which I could not but acknowledge myself profoundly ignorant. I did not even know the proper obeisance to be made on entering the presence, there might be twenty required, for aught that I could tell; nay, I was afraid that this unusual fit of shyness might even deprive me of the power of bowing like a well-bred gentleman, and I started up to practise the proper degree of inclination, and study a few graceful attitudes to fall into as occasion might require. After advancing from one corner of the room to the other, making all the while a series of profound salutes,

I was stooping to pick up an imaginary handkerchief, when, horror of horrors! a treacherous seam gave way, and my (unhintables) fairly burst *à l'arrière*.

This was too much. I had no one to send for a tailor. If I put my head out of window, and screamed for assistance, I knew that it would be perfectly useless, for every porter belonging to the inn was at that moment getting drunk in the hall; and I threw myself upon the bed, helpless, hopeless, and crying like a child. In a moment, however, I was startled by another loud and reiterated knocking at my door. I rushed to open it, and when I recognised one of the equeries whom I had seen at the banquet, how I hoped that the royal cook had given warning, or that the royal soot had fallen down the chimney, or that anything else had happened, which it would not be treason to hope, to render it impossible that the royal hospitality should be extended to me. Not so, however; entering with every appearance of extreme haste, the equerry said, "I have been sent to conduct you to the palace. We must be quick, for we have not a moment to lose."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "look at me. I have just had the misfortune to split my continuations. They are my only pair, and I have no one to send for a tailor. Would you," continued I, in the extremity of my despair,— "would you have the kindness to run round the corner into Carey Street? In the first court on the right you will find a small tailor's shop, and bring him up here immediately. You see how I am situated."

"Do I understand you, sir?" replied Lord Plantagenet Fitz-Fuddlecombe, "to ask me to go to the first court on the right in Carey Street to find you a tailor?"

"Yes—yes; the first court on the right. It won't take you a second—that's it."

"Then, sir," said he, advancing towards me, his face growing livid, and his form absolutely expanding with rage, "you are an insolent, under-bred, conceited, impertinent—"

And with these words he took me by the collar, and began to shake the very breath out of my body. I tried to resist, but in vain. At every effort I made his grasp tightened, till at length he hurled me from him with an exertion of strength that sent me spinning across the room into the arms of Bob Mangles, my old Oxford chum, and now the fellow-occupant of my chambers, who came in just in time to save me from falling into the fire.

"Come, get up, old fellow!" said he. "Why, what on earth have you been dreaming about? I knocked twice before I recollected I had the latch-key. It's past two; and—why you don't mean to say you've floored half a bottle of whiskey?"

It was indeed a dream. The glorious beginning and the inglorious end were alike baseless and unsubstantial. When the address was really presented, and the name of STUBBY was pronounced before her Majesty, I fancied indeed that a faint smile played over her features; but no brilliant consequences followed: and when I threw down my handkerchief for her to step upon (for that I did do), a great hole in the middle rendered the act of loyalty rather ridiculous than sublime.

P.S.—Lucy Jones has just bolted with Captain Crambambulee of the —, and I am a miserable man.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN;

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"TOO MUCH DOCTOR."

"It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has any opinions at all upon important subjects."—PETER PLYMLEY.

FOR some inscrutable reasons, gaol-surgeons *must* be men much given to change: it cannot be otherwise. Dr. Todrigg now talks of sending in *his* resignation. He cannot submit, he observes, at the age of sixty-five to re-learn his profession. Old for a schoolboy, certainly!—but this by the way. He is said to flag in his duties; to make marvellously brief visits to sick prisoners in their cells; to insert singularly curt entries in his journal respecting their ailments. "Gracious heavens!" cries Old Scratch, "what have I to be diffuse about? Do my masters expect from me a minute record of every symptom which these felons complain of?" The masters contend *contra*, that a sick prisoner "*cannot have too much doctor*:" Todrigg—worthy man!—asserts stoutly that they can. He alleges, in support of his view of the question, that in a borough town, situated somewhere among the eastern counties, there was a gaol in the surgeoncy to which a vacancy having occurred, the Town Council and the magistrates both claimed the right of appointment, and both exercised it. Patronage, it appeared, was a point not to be lightly waived by either body. Each resolved to maintain "the privileges of his order." The magistrates' choice fell on one medical gentleman, that of the Town Council on another. Both stood boldly by their man, and averred him to be *the* gaol-surgeon. Presently a prisoner fell ill. Both surgeons attended,—both prescribed,—both sent medicine, which latter they ordered to be taken forthwith. Affairs wore this droll appearance when the Mayor interposed, suspended the medical functions of each party, and requested a physician to attend the prisoners, until it could be ascertained with whom the right of appointing a surgeon rested. The chief magistrate significantly observed, that he thought "*considerable inconvenience might result*" from the attendance of two medical gentlemen on a sick prisoner; each prescribing independently and separately for his ailments, and each requiring his medicine to be taken!

"No doubt of *the inconvenience* of such a course," said I with a laugh. My companion frowned. In a stern tone, evidently designed to repress my merriment, he resumed,

"At this juncture Mr. Mayor interposed, put an extinguisher *pro tempore* on both surgeons, and called in a physician."

"A very proper man to have power," said I, with a vigorous but vain effort to keep my countenance; "he had evidently bowels of mercy for his fellow creatures."

"True!" rejoined the Doctor, with deepening gravity, and who could evidently see no joke at all in the affair; "but observe well this feature in the transaction: the gaoler, when asked how he had intended to deal with the conflicting claims of these medical gentlemen, replied, 'Oh, I couldn't decide—'twasn't likely—which doctor had law on his side; I should have attended to the orders of both; and have seen that the medicine sent by both was duly taken!' Now, imagine a sick prisoner to have undergone separate treatment from each medical gentleman, the remedies to have been wholly dissimilar, to have clashed, and death to have ensued, what verdict would a jury have returned?"

I shook my head, and by gesture signified my utter inability to guess what conclusion that unmanageable body, a coroner's jury, might, under any circumstances, however simple, arrive at.

My companion frowned horribly, and replied,

"This, sir, would have been their return: 'Died of *too much* DOCTOR.'"

"I wish," added he, after a pause, and with the air of a man who has been deeply injured, "I wish that my masters who complain of the brevity of my prescriptions, and of the dispatch with which I get through my medical visits to the gaol inmates, could hear and ponder over the moral of this narrative."

CHAPTER LXXII.

MRS. FRY.

"Mrs. Fry is an amiable excellent woman, and ten thousand times better than the infamous neglect that preceded her; but hers is not the method to stop crimes. In prisons which are really meant to keep the multitude in order, and to be a terror to evil doers, there must be no sharing of profits—no visiting of friends—no education but religious education—no freedom of diet—no weaver's looms, or carpenter's benches. There must be a great deal of solitude; coarse food; a dress of shame; hard, incessant, irksome, eternal labour; a planned, and regulated, and unrelenting exclusion of happiness and comfort." — *Edinburgh Review*, article on "*Prisons*," 1822.

If the diary and correspondence of this celebrated woman should ever be given to the world, it would be seen how much and largely she has been consulted on the subject of prison discipline by those who have been singularly slow in acknowledging their obligations to her hints and suggestions. For prisoners before trial her system is perfect; but in cases where imprisonment is intended for punishment, and not for detention, it misses the desired aim. The lifelong devotion which this female Howard has bestowed on her benevolent enterprise, those only can appreciate who have been cognizant of her untiring exertions. Irksome and oppressive as was the task, she never flagged; sorrow, reverses, declining health, each and all failed to withdraw her from her work. The reformation of the daring, ignorant, obdurate prisoner was her mission, and unshrinkingly she fulfilled it. The alpha and omega of her creed—how beautiful and comprehensive is its charity!—was this: that no offender is irreclaimable. She held that a delinquent's restoration to society, and to the restraints and influence of religious principle, was in no instance to be pronounced impossible. This conviction animated her; upon it she exhorted, and reasoned, and expostu-

lated, and persuaded, with a quiet earnestness of manner, and an evident sincerity of purpose, which told in many instances upon those for whom she was wearing life away. Often, doubtless, was she bitterly disappointed, often deceived; often, by some unexpected relapse into vice, sadly disheartened; often grieved by broken promises and forgotten vows; but never driven to despair, and never diverted from her purpose. She merited success. Nothing could be more simple, calm, gentle, and prepossessing than her manner of conveying religious instruction to female felons, or more winning than her patient endurance of the scoff, and the sneer, and the rude laugh, and insolent exclamation which occasionally rose around her. If the object of these interruptions was to ruffle her, it signally failed. She was not unmoved by them. You saw by the deepening colour,—a rare visitant to her pallid cheek,—that the feelings of the woman, and the courtesy of the lady, were severely tried. 'Twas but a momentary emotion; the high aims of the philanthropist asserted their holy sway: and the enterprise to which life was devoted was resumed with redoubled earnestness.

But her system had its imperfections. It was too merciful, gentle, and indulgent. It presupposed all prisoners to be ashamed of the past, and resolved upon amendment. For the hardened, daring, desperate, and determinedly vicious it had no terrors. Them her plan did not reach.

And yet, high-principled, earnest, and self-devoted as she was, there was a leaven of pride in her character—the pride of a sect. This was curiously exemplified during one of the royal visits to the City. It was her fortune on that occasion to be seated near Prince Albert, and to be handed by him into the banqueting-room. The King of Prussia was, if I mistake not, one of the Lord Mayor's guests. The health of his Royal Highness was drunk as a matter of course; the whole of the company, with one exception, rising to do him honour. That exception was Mrs. Fry. In a letter, written by the fair recusant, giving a detailed account of the ceremonial—of the remarks of royalty, and her replies—of the compliments paid, and of the smiles with which they were received, she said she found this the greatest trial of the day; but she remembered the testimony which, as a member of "The Friends' Society," it was her duty to bear against such senseless customs, and consequently she remained silent and unmoved. In what country but our own would such an act of discourtesy from a subject to the husband of the reigning queen have been tolerated? The lady proceeds to say, that the Prince looked at her with some surprise; and that upon resuming his seat after his speech of thanks, she felt it "judicious" to explain to H. R. H. that the tenets of the body to which she belonged prevented her joining in this act of worldly courtesy. The Prince, she adds, looked more surprised than before, but received her explanation with an affability and kindness which explained, to a certain extent, his universal popularity.

Wouldn't drink the Prince's health! Couldn't from conscientious scruples! "Ah! there's a pound of pride," as John Cooke of Exeter used to say, "hid under every Quaker's broad-brim, and eighteen ounces under every female Friend's coquettish bonnet."

But, peace to her honoured ashes! Hers was no indolent career; and the life of self-sacrifice which her object involved, pre-

sented a rare spectacle in this selfish and luxurious age. Her sincerity none can question. The amount of her success must be tested by the dread awards of a future day. But in a world where the still voice of charity is so seldom heard, and where the storm of calumny and censoriousness rages so pitilessly, her memory deserves to be hallowed, whose bearing towards the fallen was summed up in this single sentence, "OF NONE DESPAIR."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE AVENGER'S WITNESS AGAINST MURDER.

"Death is not an accident, but a punishment; not the necessary condition of an existence such as our's, but a judicial infliction—the consequence of disobedience."
J. B. MARSDEN.

OFTEN when ruminating on days gone by—and the more active and chequered a man's past career has been, the more natural is this exercise—have I reflected on the sanctity with which the Supreme has invested the boon of life, and the various safeguards with which he has, to human eye, secured it from wilful waste and injury. Say, may not these be considered as so many tests of the value which HE attaches to existence? If this be a correct inference, then are we at no loss to comprehend the witness which HE, as Avenger, has caused in more than one dark tragedy the dumb creation to offer against murder.

Near one of the breezy downs in Devonshire there lived, some thirty years since, an old man, who Rumour said had sailed in former days under a privateer's flag, and had made money by schemes and deeds which would not bear daylight. It was asserted by those who professed to speak from individual observation, that the old man had much gold by him, and many curious coins current in distant countries, whither his adventurous course had led him. And on a winter's evening he had more than once been surprised by an unexpected visitant absorbed in the employment of counting, arranging, and classing his glittering treasures,—and that with so gay and cheerful a mien, as if with them were associated pleasant memories of the past, and deeds on which it was grateful to him to dwell. To his manhood—if that in truth had been marked by turbulence and strife, and stained in more than one instance by blood—his old age afforded marked contrast. His habits, employments, and recreations were all peaceful. And as he stepped along his miniature but most productive corn-field, or stood among his flowers—what a cluster of gay colours, and what a feast of sweet odours did that little patch of ground present in bright sunny June?—it was impossible to connect crime with his happy, trustful, contented look; or, to imagine as he gazed up at you with his clear, calm eye, unwrinkled brow, cheerful smile, and silvery hair, that his habits could at any period of his life have been other than peaceful industrious, and inoffensive. Perhaps the seclusion in which he lived lent strength to the reports which were rife with reference to his past career. He had an aversion to all companionship with his kind; never took his seat at the market-table; and resolutely shunned the road-side inn. If seen at the village fair, it was simply on a matter of business. Either he had grain to sell, or stock to buy. He made his bargain in

few words, and quitted the concourse. When rallied on his habits, he was accustomed to reply,—

“Company! I’ve had my share of it; and little good I ever got from it. I like to be alone,—alone with my own thoughts. I’m close upon threescore years and ten, and have much to look over; and long reckonings are best gone through alone.”

“You should marry, Mr. Rolluck,” suggested an old match-making gossip; “you must be lonesome in the long winter’s evening. Marry,—and at once.”

“Whom? A young girl who would sell herself for a home, would find me a dull companion, and daily wish me under the sod, that she might pair with a sprightlier mate! No: that move would bring no comfort to my cottage. Suppose I wed an old woman? Worse still! Two failing, decrepid beings struggling towards the grave together,—neither able to help the other; and both crabbed and heart-heavy with aches, and pains, and weariness. No—best as I am. Neighbour Dunnett—Joe’s wife—will look after me a while longer. She knows my ways; and tells me the trouble I give is light, and well paid for. I shall remain as I am,” said the old man firmly, after a short pause.

“But have some protection,” persisted the female meddler; “your cottage is nearly a mile from the village; and a dog—”

“Would worry Mopsie in an hour. Dogs!” cried the old man bitterly; “I hate the snarling curs!—and, as for protection, I have a tattler upstairs that never speaks but to the purpose. He has brought down his man afore now. Dogs! Woe betide the dog that comes here to worry Mopsie!”

“Ugh!” cried the gossip as she turned indignantly away. “Out upon such folly! The old man tenders Mopsie as if she were a human!”

“She deserves tendering more than some humans I have met with,” was Rolluck’s sly response,—“is quieter, better behaved, and no ways envious.”

A high eulogium certainly upon Mopsie; but whether the favourite deserved it may be doubted. If “no ways envious,” she was undeniably of “a jealous turn.” Her attachment to Rolluck was extraordinary. She would follow him, and crouch at his feet like a dog; would station herself near him while he worked in the garden, and leave her post of observation only when he ceased from toil; would guard his coat, his hat, his mittens, from all marauders; knew his step, and would bound to meet him after a short absence: in a word, Mopsie was attached to her master, and was prized and petted proportionably. But, like other favourites, Mopsie had her infirmities. She was outrageously jealous; could “bear no rival near the throne;” and where her suspicions were excited, adopted extreme measures.

Jessie Dunnett, the youngest child of Rolluck’s neighbour—a pretty blue-eyed little girl of three years old—frequently accompanied her mother in her household expeditions to the cottage, much to the old seaman’s delight, who listened eagerly to her prattle, and would hoist her on his shoulders, and race with her round and round the garden. Mopsie’s annoyance at these gambols was ludicrous. She showed by every means at her command—by every indication which her dunb nature would permit her to give,—her extreme dis-

satisfaction with her rosy-cheeked rival, and her indignation at the caresses so lavishly heaped on her. She set up her back when Rolluck with his laughing burden drew nigh; and—alas! that such breaches of complaisance should have to be recorded of any female favourite,—spat at them both furiously. Finding that her anger was disregarded, she followed her master with flashing eye; seized and shook violently the hem of his garment, as if she would tear him by main force from his detested companion. Well would it have been if Mopsie's ire had been limited to this outbreak! But, watching her opportunity when the little girl, exhausted by her gambols, had laid herself down to rest on the old man's bed, and was locked in slumber, the vindictive animal crept stealthily into the chamber, leapt upon the defenceless sleeper, and fixing her talons deeply into her face, lacerated her features to a most frightful extent. The anguish of the mother was great, and her indignation vehement. She insisted upon Mopsie's immediate destruction. "Hanged or drowned she should be forthwith!" So ran neighbour Dunnett's earnest and not unreasonable demand. "Such a spiteful beast," contended she, "did not deserve to live: and see her die she would then and there."

Rolluck demurred. The cat's cruelty to little Jessie he did not attempt to justify. But—so prone is the heart to deceive itself, and so closely is self-love bound up with all our feelings, and so strongly does it strive for mastery,—he could not consent to her death. "Her fondness for her master had misled the poor dumb creature! He was himself in fault. He had given her too much liberty—too much encouragement. For years she had been his companion: and now she couldn't bear being slighted. The fault was his!"

How readily does the lip clothe in words the excuses which vanity suggests!

To pacify the angry mother, and to prevail on her still to watch over his household comforts, he promised "by way of amends" to leave the little Jessie all he "died worth—be it little or much!" But Mopsie must "remain where she was. They could not part company. Drown her! He would as soon drown himself!"

Some eight or nine weeks after this incident the shutters of the old man's cottage were observed to be closed, and this long after his usual hour of rising. His neighbours finding no answer was returned from within to their loud and reiterated summons, became alarmed, and at length forced the door. To their horror they discovered the object of their search murdered on the floor of his dwelling.

Whoever had been the assailant had met with determined resistance: abundant evidence was there of a desperate conflict. Rolluck's right arm was broken, and a stout hedge-stake with which he had evidently defended himself lay snapped in two by his side. His clothing hung about him in shreds, and locks of his white hair, dabbled in blood, were strewed here and there upon the floor. If the assassin's object had been plunder, he had been disappointed, for Rolluck's hoard was found entire; nor, strange to say, did it appear that violence had been used to gain admittance on the premises. No door was broken; no window was shivered; no lock was forced; not a plant or shrub had, to all appearance, been disturbed. The question, then, arose, "How had the homicide made good his entrance and his exit?" followed by another still more im-

portant "Who is he?" The party on whom suspicion first fell was Joe Dunnett, Jessie's father. He was known to be thoroughly conversant with the deceased's pecuniary affairs, and the amount of his savings. Furthermore, as a malignant bystander adroitly insinuated, Dunnett had an object in getting rid of the old sailor: his will was made in favour of Dunnett's child; Jessie was sole legatee, and therefore the sooner Blue Jacket slipped his wind the better for the labourer's little daughter. Add to this, Joe himself could give but a confused account of his "whereabouts" on the fatal night in question. He had been at a fair a few miles off, had "fallen into company with two remarkably funny gentlemen," one of whom sang a comic song, while the other picked his pocket. Joe's partner pulled an awful wry face when this episode in her husband's evening's amusement was detailed before her in public. At this point the victimised Joe's recollection failed him. He said he got out of the house as quickly as he could when he found his money gone; but then the air took "a surprising effect" upon him. He forgot wholly where he was, wandered about sadly, thought he got some sleep under a hedge, and only reached home at daybreak. Couldn't give any better account of himself if the twelve judges were to ask him."

"The twelve judges are more, probably, than will trouble you," was the kind reply of the same considerate party: "but you will have to make your appearance before one, and that for no light crime."

"Crime! Why should I desire to injure Rolluck?" was the response of the suspected party, half choked with a heavy sob: "he was the best—yes, the very best friend I had!"

"Ah!" was the comment of the same compassionate spectator—"Ah!"

It's astonishing of how much meaning this little vicious monosyllable is capable. Pity, scorn, regret, distrust, all may be embodied in "Ah!" And when it falls from contemptuous lips, what a volume of sarcastic unbelief will it convey.

Some twenty-four hours after Dunnett had been remanded for further examination, a thoughtful, venerable, hoary-headed magistrate came down to the murdered man's cottage, and made a personal examination of the premises. He listened carefully and earnestly to the various statements made to him, pencilled a few memoranda in his tablets as to the size and shape of the old man's sleeping room, and the massive and substantial furniture which it contained; and then cursorily inquired what had become of the poor fellow's cat?

The favourite, he was told, had escaped by some means on the night of her master's murder, and had made her appearance, once or twice, at Dunnett's cottage; that she was restless and "scared," refused her food, wandered hour after hour to and fro, and seemed evidently to miss the kind hand which had so often fed her. To Dunnett's dwelling Mr. Tyerman next made his way: and among other questions which he asked the unhappy Lydia with reference to the dead man's habits was this: "Had Rolluck ever, to her knowledge, lent money to any party?"

"Yes," was the reply, "to Owsley the miller. Owsley, now that his friend and benefactor was gone, denied the debt; but she

(Lydia Dunnett) knew it to be just. Rolluck had lent money to Owsley more than once."

Mr. Tyerman paused over this reply; and then said kindly and cheerfully, "All will yet be well. Put your trust in HIM who specially protects the innocent. You have no real cause for fear; your husband is guiltless."

"Blessings on you for that word!" cried his agitated hearer: "the only word of comfort I have heard this day."

"Be silent, and be trustful," repeated the old gentleman impressively, and then softly strode away.

Absorbed in reverie the justice walked slowly homewards, unconscious that he was followed by a party most desirous to arrest his attention, and who now for the fourth time repeated in shrill accents,

"One moment, sir,—one moment,—I will not detain you longer,—my errand will be quickly sped."

"What may be its nature?" said the other, turning towards his questioner.

"I have heard, sir, that you purpose selling Elm-tree Meadow, and the little cottage which stands upon it? If so, I should like to treat for them."

"I put a high price upon both," returned the elder gentleman gravely; "more than, Mr. Owsley, I imagine you would be disposed to give."

"No, sir,—no," remarked the other briskly, "I am prepared to make a fancy bid. They adjoin my mill: and are more valuable to me than to another party."

"Perhaps so," responded the old gentleman, drily; and as he spoke he dextrously shifted his position so that the bright sunlight of a summer's evening fell full upon those sinister features he was so eagerly scanning; "I had, in fact," continued he, with admirably-feigned carelessness, "anticipated some overture on the subject from you, but have not seen you for some days past: absent from home, I presume?—on a journey—taking orders?"

"No, sir; I have been ill. I had an ugly fall from my cart; and was much shaken."

"Indeed! Ah! I observe, now that I look at you, more than one formidable bruise. A scar, too, below each eye. A cut, moreover, across the forehead. You must have fallen heavily. Who was your doctor?"

"Patience and water-gruel," and Owsley affected a laugh: but it was a miserable attempt at gaiety; and the justice noted it.

"And now, sir," resumed the miller, "be pleased to tell me what price you fix on this little property?"

"One hundred and seventy guineas."

"A large sum for that small quantity of meadow land and dismantled cottage: more—far more than the property is worth!"

"Possibly: but that is the amount I intend to accept, *and no other.*"

"You shall have it, sir," observed the miller after a few moment's thought: "to collect it together will be a matter of some little difficulty,—more so *now* than before."

"I catch your meaning," said Mr. Tyerman quietly; "poor Rol-

luck being gone, who so often assisted you with a loan on an emergency ; his friendly aid will now be missed."

The miller's brow grew dark.

"He never assisted me," cried he pettishly, "never in his life. I never borrowed a shilling from him. Who dares assert the contrary?"

"It is asserted,—and more, it is believed," remarked the justice in the same unconcerned tone, watching intently the while the eye and bearing of his companion.

"By whom?"

"By the wife of the cottager, Dunnett, below the hill ; she maintains resolutely that not once, but repeatedly, you have been Rolluck's debtor."

"Let me see whether she will venture to say that when I'm by," growled Owsley in tones hoarse with passion ; "and do you, sir, listen. I wish ; I intreat you to be present."

Mr. Tyerman mutely acquiesced. He had his reasons for assenting to the interview, ill as he could define those reasons to himself.

The door of Dunnett's cottage was ajar ; and Owsley, who was some paces in advance of his aged and more feeble companion, strode quickly over the threshold. Lydia was seated at work before the embers of an expiring fire ; and at her feet lay Mopsie—no longer a sleek and well-fed favourite ; but the image of starvation and misery.

"I want to know," roared the miller, "your authority for saying that I borrowed money of Rolluck when you are sure—"

What further he intended adding, is a matter of guess-work ; for the cat, roused by the sound of his voice, started up, and ran furiously towards him. Then checking herself, as if natural instinct apprized her that she could improve her mode of attack, she took a leap to the chair from which Dunnett had risen, and then another from the chair to the table, and thence sprang at Owsley, with flashing eye and extended talons. She missed him. His face was evidently the object she aimed at. No one spoke. The spectators stood stupefied with astonishment ; and Owsley, deadly pale, seemed paralysed for the moment by the sudden onset of the animal. Profiting by his condition, Mopsie ran madly round the room, repeated her manœuvre, and this time with effect. She laid bare her foe's right cheek, and frightfully lacerated one eye. Blood gushed freely from the wound. Lydia screamed for help ; and the justice, armed with a sword-stick, endeavoured to eject Mopsie from the room. It was a result more desirable than feasible. The vengeance of the infuriated animal was yet unappeased. She glared furiously at Owsley ; and seemed to watch for another opportunity of burying her talons in his body. But while vigorously interposing in the wounded man's defence, the magistrate's practised ear caught these memorable words, uttered by the sufferer with a yell of agony,—

"Curses on you ! you mad devil ! This is the second time you have served me thus !"

YOUNG LADIES AND THEIR IDIOSYNCRASIES.

BY EVERARD CLIVE.

NO. I.—MISS DORA HOBBS, THE YOUNG LADY THAT WAS
FOND OF DOGS.

PEACHEY BAINES was the only man I ever knew who owed his happiness to a taste for dogs. I have known several whom this sporting branch of the Cynic philosophy has helped to send to the dogs; but my friend Peachey was conducted by it to the hand of Miss Dora Hobbs and six hundred a-year. The fact is, Miss Dora loved dogs even better than he did. Indeed, his unsuccessful rivals said, that it was no great compliment to be selected by a young lady, who was sure to give the preference to the most perfect puppy. But, "he who wins may laugh," and Peachey takes such jokes merrily enough, saying, that if he is a puppy he has got coupled in a golden collar, which the growlers would be glad enough to wear.

Had Peachey Baines, Esq., been a man of property, or an old friend of the Hobbs family, the fact that he and the lady coincided in a taste for the canine, might have been thought a slight ingredient among the causes of their union. But inasmuch as he succeeded in winning Miss Dora at very short notice, at a time when his waistcoat-pocket was his only banker, and twenty shares in a rejected railway his only property, the dog which was the sole originator of the match, and the circumstances under which the lady's love for Pompey expanded into a love for Peachey, deserve a little attention.

Certain financial reasons had led Mr. Baines to absent himself from his usual London haunts before the summer of 1844 was quite concluded. The aquatic districts of Moulsey and Hampton were patronised by him for a short period; but he soon determined on transferring himself to the livelier shores of Southampton, bearing in mind the very desirable facility of communication between that port and the Channel islands. With this view he compressed his worldly effects into the compass of a carpet-bag, and deposited them and himself in an omnibus which was starting for the Kingston station. In that omnibus he encountered Miss Dora Hobbs, our heroine, whom I ought to have described before I spoke of the gentleman, a piece of gallantry in which I should not have failed, had not my mind been embarrassed by the dog's conflicting claims to priority of notice.

Miss Dora Hobbs was a fair-faced, languid-looking, blue-eyed girl of two or three and twenty, rather flat-footed and large-handed, with good teeth, invisible eyebrows, and fawn-coloured hair, which hung copiously down under her pink bonnet on each side of her face and neck, as if too lazy to keep itself in curl. By her sat a morose, burly, blue-coated Elder, and a little dingy old woman in a sunset-coloured silk dress, with a face as wrinkly as the back of an oyster-shell. These were the young lady's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jupp. On Miss Dora's own lap, carefully shawled around, lay a little King Charles spaniel, which, on Peachey Baines taking

the opposite corner of the omnibus, opened its lustrous optics upon that gentleman, and commenced that series of little sniffs, whimpers, wags, and wriggles, by which small quadrupeds of that genus usually acknowledge the approach of some one whom they take a fancy to.

"Down, Pompey—down!" softly said Miss Dora, as the little animal tried to migrate from her lap towards Peachey's.

Peachey smiled affably on Pompey, and gently snapped his fingers. Pompey struggled again, and succeeded in placing his fore-paws on Peachey's knee.

"There, Dora," growled Mr. Jupp, "I told you how it would be; I told you the dog would be a nuisance to the public."

"Oh dear, sir!" interposed Peachey, "no nuisance at all. I am devoted to dogs—to spaniels in particular."

"Ay," muttered the old gentleman, "birds of a feather —."

But Peachey heeded not; his sentiments of devotion had just been rewarded by one of Miss Dora's most gracious smiles.

"Beautiful being!" ejaculated Peachey, leaving it in the lady's discretion whether she would appropriate the compliment to herself or apply it to her spaniel. Miss Dora smiled again, and Pompey wagged his tail hard enough to make his little back-bone ache for a fortnight. Baines took him up tenderly and affectionately, as Isaac Walton did the frog; he critically examined the blackness of the roof of his mouth, and eulogized the rich tan of his paws. "I never," said he, "had the good fortune before to see such a picturesque little animal; he has such a fine autumnal tint about his extremities. Does he enjoy good health?"

"No," sighed Miss Dora. "Poor little thing, he is very delicate."

"Delicate, indeed!" growled old Jupp; "that's more than people can be who fondle nasty fleazy little curs about like babbies. I hate to see it; it's not christian-like."

"Oh, sir," remonstrated Peachey, with a look of holy horror, "you forget Tobit's dog."

"No, I don't, sir. Tobit was a Jew."

"Well, but that gives me the authority of the Patriarchs."

"Sir," says Jupp, "you're a Puseyite."

Here Miss Hobbs began to weep. Pompey looked up at his advocate and licked his ungloved hand.

"What an intelligent little creature!" said Mr. Baines. "I often think," continued he, as Pompey resumed his lambent occupation,— "I often think there is something very touching in this homage of our mute little four-footed servitors. Their tongues are like little living towels."

A terrific gruff murmur instantly resounded from the interior of the blue coat; but before Mr. Jupp's wrath could clothe itself in articulate words, the omnibus had stopped, and the party found themselves at the station.

"I fear," said Peachey to the fair proprietress of

"The mixture snug of the black and tan."

"I fear your spaniel will not like being cooped up in the basket on the top of the train, and they will not let you take him inside."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Dora, "must I part from Pompey?"

Oh, poor little dear, what will become of him! He will have fits; he will be delirious!"

"Perhaps," modestly suggested Peachey, "perhaps if I were to wrap him in my cloak we might smuggle him into the train unobserved; he is very small, and I am sure that I shall find him very pleasant."

Miss Dora was all smiles and gratitude at the offer; old Jupp vainly remonstrated, but consoled himself by the reflection, which he audibly hinted, that Baines would be sure to be found out, and fined for a breach of the bye-laws, and probably would be summarily imprisoned as a defaulter, and that he and Pompey would find themselves on the treadmill together. He loudly expressed his approval of the regulations made by the railroad people in excluding dogs. Peachey said, it merely proved the natural dislike which all Stags feel towards the dog-tribe. But while they were arguing, the train appeared. Pompey was muffled up under Mr. Baines's arm, and, despite a desperate series of kicks and writhings, and a few smothered efforts at whining, was safely conveyed by that enterprising youth into the carriage, which, very fortunately, he and the dog, the Jupps, and Miss Hobbs, had to themselves all the way to Southampton.

Of course Peachey during the journey ingratiated himself still more with the dark-haired pet and the fair-haired belle. He conveyed Pompey out of the train with the same dexterity and good luck with which he had brought him in, and, under the pretence that some of the railway myrmidons might be following them, he carried his dusky charge to the door of their lodgings. Miss Dora thanked him most tenderly; Mr. Jupp carefully remembered to forget to ask him to call; but Peachey soon managed to find out all about them, and determined not to lose the benefit of the introduction, which Pompey had clearly given him to Miss Dora.

Mr. and Mrs. Jupp, who had been passing a day or two at Hampton, usually resided in London, where old Jupp had been in business till within the last year or two. Their niece, Miss Hobbs, had only very lately come to live with them, having been principally brought up by two old maiden aunts in Staffordshire, whose house was a perfect menagerie of cats and dogs, where Dora had acquired her love for dumb darlings. The Jupps had a son named Bartholomew, or, as he was commonly called, Bartho' Jupp, to whom they were very desirous to unite their niece and her six hundred a-year. This led them to endure the presence of Pompey, though the toleration was not exercised without heavy and repeated murmurs on the part of the old gentleman, who consoled himself by a mental vow to strangle Pompey in a white favour, on Bartho' and Dora's wedding-day. Bartho' was at present in Guernsey, engaged in some commercial speculations, for he was a thrifty youth, with his affections bound up in bills of lading, and with a soul that fathomed and comprehended all the mysteries of tare and trett. He did not run after Dora so diligently as his parents desired, and they therefore determined to keep Dora near him; and with this purpose took a trip to Southampton, as Bartho's present mercantile employment frequently brought him there.

Mr. Peachey Baines had not long paraded on the flags of the High Street before he ascertained that her Majesty Queen Victoria

had done him the honour of opening a correspondence with him. This was not the first time that such a compliment had been paid him, and, strange to say, he seemed very desirous of shunning the distinction of receiving any more of his Sovereign's communications, which usually came to him on small slips of parchment, politely requesting the pleasure of his company on a given day at Westminster, and, lest there should be any doubt of their genuineness, attested by no less a personage than Thomas Lord Denman, or some other legal grandee. Peachey thought Southampton streets too hot to hold him, and fearing he should make

"The very stones prate of his whereabouts."

He shipped himself off to Guernsey by *The Lady Saumarez*, to stay there, out of the reach of the Queen's writs, in the house of an old friend and schoolfellow. Here he several times met Mr. Bartho' Jupp, whom he already regarded as his rival, and whose appearance, character, and habits, he therefore scrutinized minutely. Bartho' was an undersized, pimply, sandy-haired young man, who looked forty, though he was not more than five-and-twenty. He had broad nostrils, gooseberry-coloured eyes, clotted eyelashes, and lop ears. His hands were, however, remarkably small and white, and of them he was most careful and most vain. His favourite costume appeared to be a blue frock coat, with a black velvet waistcoat, and nether integuments of drab cloth. He was plodding in business, and very ingiggish in conversation and manners.

Peachey talked to him about Miss Hobbs, and ascertained that he had not seen her dog. Bartho' looked at his own dainty fingers and expressed a great aversion for quadrupeds, and said he supposed the little wretch must be a recent purchase of his silly cousin's.

"What a chance for me!" thought Peachey; "he will hate the dog, and then Dora will hate *him*. Oh, that I could get back to England!"

And get back to England Mr. Baines soon did, through the kindness of his host, who happened to be pretty flush of money at the time, and, on learning his old friend's difficulties, instantly supplied him with the means of relieving himself from the most pressing of them,—a proof of true friendship which essay-writers tell us an extravagant young man will always seek in vain from his associates, but which, notwithstanding the assertions of those solemn prozers, occurs, and will occur repeatedly, as long as warm hearts are to be found joined with careless heads.

The Jupps and their niece remained at Southampton about a fortnight, but Mr. Bartho' did not cross the channel to his intended. The fact was that Mrs. Jupp had persuaded her son that he might marry his cousin whenever he pleased; and as Bartho' had a good deal of business to attend to in Guernsey at this period, and none that happened to call him to England, he, being a prudent man, determined not to waste time and money in visits of supererogation to a girl whom he was already sure of.

Dora noticed and silently resented this neglect, but her heart and soul were almost entirely absorbed in her dog. She brushed it, she combed it, she washed it, she held it before the kitchen fire to air it, she decked it in blue ribbon, she took it for little strolls along the battery and the common. But, alas! the happiest of dogs, like the

happiest of men, have their troubles in this sublunary world. Pompey's appetite began to fail, and he showed an unpleasant tendency to fits. At last one day as Miss Dora was leading him along the High Street, Pompey, terrified at the attentions of a huge bloodhound which had followed him, and playfully half-crushed him once or twice with its vast paw, broke loose from his mistress, ran howling along the street, and finally, dashing into a china-shop, rushed up the side of a pyramid of crockery which was arranged against the wall, and there on the top the little sufferer sat among tremulous butter-boats, yelling most horribly, foaming most alarmingly, and rolling his eyes round in their sockets as if trying to ascertain what was the matter with his own inside. Of course there was a general tumult. Dora's feelings must be left, as the saying is, to the imagination; the owner of the bloodhound apologised; the china-man trembled for the safety of his plates and dishes, expecting every moment to see Pompey and Pompey's Pillar come down in what the Yankees call an "Almighty smash;" the passers-by asked "What's the row?" boys shouted "Mad dog!" when up to the rescue came Mr. Peachey Baines, who had just returned to Southampton, and from a little distance had witnessed the origin of the catastrophe. Gallantly seizing a pair of steps, and wreathing his handkerchief round his right hand, he charged up the perilous ascent, seized Pompey by the scruff of the neck, dethroned him without a crack to the crockery, brought him down in triumph, plunged him into a pail of water, and then held him up, lank and dripping, before the admiring throng, with all his phrenzy and fury converted into meek shiverings.

Dora's gratitude was, of course, unbounded; she called Mr. Baines the preserver of what was dearer to her than her life. But what was to be done with the poor patient? Peachey pronounced that the dog decidedly had the distemper, and that if it had any more fits it would most likely go mad. Dora and her uncle and aunt were to return to London the next day, and, to say nothing of Mr. Jupp's probable objections to the society of an insane spaniel, it was evident that Pompey was not in a fit state to travel. In this emergency, Mr. Baines volunteered his services: he was about, he said, to remain a short time longer at Southampton; he had reared many puppies in safety through the distemper, and he pledged himself to bestow every possible care on Pompey, and trusted to have the happiness when he came to town of restoring him to Miss Hobbs in a perfect state of convalescence. The proposal was acceded to, and Peachey thus learned Dora's address in London and gained an excuse for calling; at which Mr. Jupp, when he was informed of the morning's adventures, was very wrath, but consoled himself by speculating on the probabilities of the dog's dying.

Pompey, however, did not die. Peachey cured him, and then set about training him to the furtherance of a scheme which Mr. Baines's literary recollections had suggested, and by which he hoped to create a fierce enmity in Pompey against young Jupp, and consequently between Dora and that gentleman. Peachey had read Schiller's poem of the "Fight with the Dragon," and had recently refreshed his memory by a glance at Retsch's outlines in illustration of it. Imitating, therefore, the ingenious knight who trained his mastiffs by assaults upon a counterfeit dragon to worry a real one, Peachey

trained Pompey to snap at the real Bartho's legs, by practising him in attacks upon a pair of imitation ones. Be it remembered that Bartho' wore drab trowsers, and Peachey justly considered the wearing of drab trowsers to be, not an occasional eccentricity in a man, but a decided vicious propensity, sure to continue and be repeatedly displayed.

Peachey, therefore, bought at a slop-shop a pair of drabs in colour, texture, size, &c., closely resembling those worn by young Jupp; and, stretching them over a pair of Wellingtons, he taught Pompey and a little bull-terrier, whom he procured as a fellow-pupil for his young charge, to fly at these lay-extremities whenever they were exhibited before them. The scheme answered capitally, and, as Peachey occasionally placed a layer of cat's-meat between the trowsers and the boots, the dogs soon learned to attack them with such zeal, that Peachey felt sure that when Pompey encountered Mr. Bartho' Jupp in his usual habiliments, an interchange of bites and kicks would be the speedy result.

Before starting for town, Peachey took another trip to Guernsey to ascertain what his rival was doing. He found him still there, laid up with a bilious fever, still terminating in drabs, and designing to go to his father's house in about a week. Peachey returned to London instantly, taking Pompey with him, and carefully rehearsing the war of "Black and Tan *versus* Drab," every morning.

He called without delay at the Jupps's, and the first person whom he saw was the old lady, who, finding from him that he had seen her son, went eagerly to fetch Mr. Jupp; and the old couple came in and began questioning him together, just as he was answering the inquiries of Miss Dora—who had meanwhile entered the room—about Pompey.

"So you've seen him, lately," said old Jupp, "well, how is he?—is he better?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Dora; "Mr. Baines is kind enough to say that he is much better. You're sure of it, are you not, Mr. Baines?"

"Quite sure," replied Peachey; "the fever is all gone, and his nose is quite cool and comfortable."

"His nose quite cool and comfortable!" repeated Jupp in a low tone aside to his wife. "What does he mean, Mrs. Jupp? The boy's nose is rather large; but it used not to be red. I hope Bartho' has not taken to dram-drinking."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the mother in an anxious whisper; "but there's no knowing among them nasty foreigners; and spirits are so cheap over there." Then turning to Peachey, who was busily chatting about the dog with Dora, the old lady inquired, "How is his appetite, sir?"

"Very good indeed," said Peachey.

"Are you quite sure, sir?" said the mother. "Have you noticed him at meal-times?"

"Yes," answered Peachey; "the last thing I saw put before him was a large slice of liver. He ate it up with great relish."

"Liver—liver!" said the old lady. "I should have thought liver a bad thing for that complaint. 'Tripe I could understand, as it is so digestible."

"I never," replied Peachey, "give them tripe. It makes them smell."

"Not so," rejoined Mrs. Jupp; "unless it is dressed with onions."

Peachey and Dora stared. The idea of giving a spaniel onions was novel; but at this crisis the servant entered to announce some other visitors, and the conversation dropped. Peachey restored Pompey the next day, amid the blessings of Miss Hobbs, and the muttered curses of Mr. Jupp, something like the double chorus in *Gustavus*. He made rapid progress in the young lady's good graces. She used to take Pompey for morning walks in St. James's Park; and there Mr. Baines used to join them. He had diligently studied the *Percy Anecdotes*, and Charles Knight's weekly volume about the dog, so that Dora found his conversation most fascinating. This went on till the Wednesday week. On that evening Bartho' Jupp was to arrive, and Peachey came to the usual trysting-place on the Thursday morning, intensely anxious to hear how his stratagem had succeeded. He found Dora there before him, carrying Pompey, not leading him. She looked very forlorn; and on Peachey coming up, she burst into a flood of tears, and placed Pompey in his arms, declaring that all the poor little angel's bones had been broken by that wretch, her cousin. Peachey ascertained that there were no fractures, but several bruises; and begged her to compose her feelings, and narrate what had happened. Sobbingly and weepingly she told him that when Pompey saw Bartho' he just growled and snapped a little at him,—that Bartho' kicked at him,—and that then the courageous little creature charged the wretch like a life-guardsmen.

"Bartho' beat him cruelly," she continued; "and uncle and aunt stood by Bartho' in it. They've said such horrid things of Pompey. But I'll never put him in their power again. We'll seek a sanctuary elsewhere."

"Dora," softly whispered Peachey, "the best sanctuary is the church."

Dora stared through her tears. Peachey continued,

"It is very early. There are plenty of churches. I'll soon find a friend and a licence. Let us be married; and I'll devote my days to making you and Pompey happy."

* * * * *

I waive transcribing the rest of the dialogue,—the surprise, the expostulation, the objections, the arguments, the statement of birth, parentage, and education, the ceremony, the consternation of the old Jupps, and the philosophic composure of the drab-trowsered young Jupp. Now Peachey is well-married, his rich relations, who had formerly cut him, have noticed him again; he was always a good-hearted fellow, and now is a steady one: nor have either Dora or Pompey found any cause to regret the hour when a taste for dogs caused him to become their lord and master.

BRIAN O'LINN ;
OR, LUCK IS EVERYTHING.

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

CHAPTER II.

Family affairs.—"The Cat and Bagpipes."—Irish method of making a Freemason
—The rejected recruit.—A shindy.

SEVERAL months had elapsed since the little gentleman departed, and, as it would appear, in peace; for none of the consequences which were expected to attend the dreaded visit had been realized. The sheep were reported healthy,—from the dairy department, no murmurings were heard,—my elder sister had enslaved an Ayrshire laird, and the younger demolished an Irish dragoon,—and it was even admitted by Archy, that if the dwarf had amused himself by "working cantrips when honest people were asleep," they had not been to the detriment of the family; and, while my sire had no reason to complain that

"His cattle died, and blighted was his corn,"—

the young ladies were absolutely on the high road to matrimony, and had a reasonable chance of rapid promotion into that honourable estate.

This happy deliverance from the evils which might have arisen from lodging a warlock with brimstone slippers in a Christian establishment, was resolved to different causes. My father opined that the *dock an durris* had softened the heart of the little gentleman, and abated his malignity; while the ladies, like the Irishwoman who laid the ultra-population of her village "upon fish and praties," ascribed their escape from witchcraft and eternal celibacy, to a branded moor-fowl and turkey-eggs. Archy, however, dissented from both. To his agency, as he averred, our safety from satanic influence might be traced. He had placed a rusty horse-shoe over the dwarf's door, and dispersed an armful of rowan-tree in every direction, besides going through sundry operations, too numerous to be remembered or related.

The bold dragoon, whom I have already mentioned as being a suitor to my younger sister, had come to the Border on short leave, to fish the Tweed and its tributaries. Our acquaintance commenced on the banks of that classic stream; both were enthusiastic anglers, and both well versed in the science of "the gentle art." He was a stranger to, and I familiar with, every pool and rapid from Blacatter to Yetham—I gave him the advantage of my local knowledge—and he returned the compliment by a present of foreign feathers and Limerick hooks. On the third evening we swore eternal friendship on the captain's fly-book—and I persuaded him to leave his country inn, and make my father's house head-quarters during his sojourn on the Borders.

Reginald Dillon was an excellent sample of a regular Emerald,—a handsome, hair-brained fellow, full of animal spirits, and with that national originality in manner and expression which render Irish gentlemen so companionable and amusing. To manly character he united natural talent and a cultivated mind—and in the field and in the drawing-room he was equally at home. He shot a snipe and killed a salmon as if he had been bred a borderer: and he possessed an extensive stock of that confounded agreeability, which is accounted indigenous to the land of saints, and acknowledged by the fair sex to be irresistible.

My younger sister was generally admitted to be handsome—at least so said the men—and even some of the women admitted that her face and person were redolent of health and good humour. The young dragoon was a person of similar temperament, and, had he wooed in Falstaff's vein, he might have claimed sympathy at once, and pleaded, "You are merry, so am I." In a brief week, things looked as if they would end in housekeeping—and in a fortnight, the dragoon was "past praying for." But Dillon was every inch a gentleman; he knew that circumstances would not at present permit a marriage—and, consequently, he determined to wait until prudence should warrant a disclosure of his feelings, and authorise him to demand the fair one's hand.

The resolution was excellent; but during a moorland walk the secret unhappily transpired, and Julia, in reply, muttered something about maternal love and family approbation. Whether he imprinted a kiss upon her virgin hand *à la Grandison* I know not; but that night he made me his confidant after supper; and, as is the usual course in love affairs, he was pleased to ask my good offices and advice, after he had committed himself beyond recovery, and promised to love, honour, and cherish while, as they say in Ireland, "there was a kick in him."

Love laughs at locksmiths; but Cupid himself would not be allowed to take liberties with the Horse Guards. The fatal 24th came round, and Reginald Dillon was obliged to travel all night, to report himself next morning. I fancy that the parting was pathetic; for, as I drove the gig from the hall-door to set down my friend where the Edinburgh mail changed horses, I observed a hand, with half a yard of cambric in it, waving a mute adieu from the chamber occupied by the young ladies.

Six months elapsed—and a letter came to say that a corpulent uncle had gone the way of all flesh, and that by the demise of this stout gentleman, Reginald Dillon was placed in a position to commence housekeeping without farther delay. It was, moreover, intimated that he had retired from the 5th Dragoon Guards—and, that with the permission of all concerned, after a decent period had been permitted for lamenting a departed relation, who, when living, would not have parted with a shilling to save him, the said Reginald, from transportation, he would repair to the Border, and claim one of its beauties for a bride. A pressing invitation came to me by the same post, to visit him in Ireland; and, fearing that the bereavement he had suffered, with the burden of a couple of thousand per annum additionally imposed upon him, might, thus united, be too much to bear, I determined to sustain my friend in this unexpected calamity, and visit the Emerald Isle.

Like Norval the younger, "I left my father's house," but did not deem it necessary to "take with me a chosen servant to conduct my steps." Repairing to Glasgow, I embarked in a Dublin packet—crossed the Channel—sojourned a week in the metropolis—where the "hereditary bondsmen," notwithstanding Saxon oppression, seemed to me in wonderful health and spirits,—set out for the south—and *en route* to Killnacorrib, reached Ballyporeen, a pleasant and populous town, where, in the preceding chapter, I left the gentle reader.

"The Cat and Bagpipes" was not an hostelrie which a traveller would select to "take his ease in,"—and an accidental delay in the transmission of a letter to Reginald Dillon, unfortunately extended my

sojourn in this agreeable caravansera until the third day; and, during the couple of nights which I remained indebted to Phil Corcoran for "good lodging and entertainment," I am ready to make affidavit for any justice of the peace, that none of those on the strength of the establishment, were ever under a counterpane. Indeed, the whole brigade, from the landlord to the boots, appeared to me a detachment of somnambulists. When endeavouring to convey dinner-orders to the waiter, and reprobating his yawning in my presence, as a set off he pleaded innocence of bed from the preceding Thursday. I tumbled the same evening over the chamber-maid, who was dozing on the stairs; and she observed, in mitigation of damages, that she had not "pressed feathers" for three nights. "The Cat and Bagpipes" was typical of human life; for it was an eternal succession of *entrées* and departures.

On the whole, it was not an hostlerie where a man would wish to live and die. Had the waiter been enabled to attend awake, his ministry might have been unexceptionable,—and full allowance must be made for a spider-brusher who infests the lobbies, in that state of semi-somnolency which *Lady Macbeth* displays upon the stage, when she is in quest of soap and water, and anxious to come clean-handed before the audience. On the whole, Denis Ryan would have been the better of a lighter-coloured shirt—while to Sibby Delaney, shoes and stockings would have been decidedly an improvement.

As to the culinary department of the "Cat and Bagpipes," I shall merely remark, that for patriotic considerations Mister Corcoran dispensed with a French cook; and the tourist who required turtle-soup might not find that cockney abomination in honest Philip's bill of fare. An elegant simplicity was observed in all the arrangements of the table—travellers were not poisoned by the villanous addition of cucumbers to fresh salmon—and cutlets came to the mahogany without being *surtouted* in white foolscap. In Ballyporeen, it would appear that people put their trust in God and the gridiron; and although Denis Ryan admitted, that during fair-time, he had seen bigger dinners at the King's Arms, Ballinasloe, he maintained that a rasher at the Cat and Bagpipes defied all competition; and might the devil blister him, the said Denis,—rather, by the way, an unpleasant operation to impose upon his Satanic majesty,—if ever there was a tenderer stake incised by a sinner's tooth, than what he, Denis, would undertake to produce, ay—and before a traveller had time to bless himself.

In Ireland, a pleasant gentleman is a person who never goes to bed; and, *selon le regle*, the customers of Philip Corcoran were singularly agreeable. I,—Heaven forgive my ignorance!—went to bed under the expectation of sleeping; but "the sons of harmony," who occupied an adjacent room, sang through the earlier portion of the night, and fought out the remainder. "With bloody murder in the next room," as she termed it, Sibby Delaney admitted, that even one of the seven sleepers could not have closed an eye; and, as an Irish solicitor charges for "loss of sleep," while considering whom he shall employ to swear an alibi for his client, so might I have fairly debited the said "sons of harmony" with thirteen and eightpence. Determined to make up for broken slumbers on the former night, I retreated to my dormitory with the lark—and exhausted nature yielding to the gentle influence of the sleepy deity, I was forthwith fast as a watchman. Ere an hour had elapsed, however, I was startled by a loud alarm; and unearthly noises were united to sulphureous smells. There was a trampling of feet

and people seemed to be pelting each other with chairs and tables—the din increased; fire-arms were discharged—I sprang out of bed; the bell-pull was broken; and nothing remained but to roar for help. I rushed down the lobby—but at the extremity I encountered a truculent-looking fellow with a naked sword, who barred a further passage, and I was too happy to retreat with life. At last my outcries were overheard, and Denis Ryan came to my assistance.

“What, in the devil’s name, is the matter?” I gasped out.

“Yer honour has hit it to a T. Oh! blessed Virgin, stand our friend!” and Denis executed a flourish of his thumb, which was intended to place the sign of the cross between himself and evil. “They ’re raisin’ him at the bottom of the lobby.”

“Raising whom?”

“The divil! The Lord pardon us for naming him!” responded the chief butler

“Nonsense, man!”

“It’s truth, yer honour; the masons are goin’ to make Mr. Clancy of Ballybooley, and they ’re gettin’ the ould lad up through the floor.”

“By the ould lad, do you mean Mr. Clancy?”

“No; I mane the divil himself,” returned Denis, “the very lad who ’ll provide a warm corner for the company, or I’m much mistaken.”

“Fetch me candles; for, with the devil in the next apartment I may give up all hope of rest.”

Mister Ryan obeyed the order; and while I dressed hastily, he favoured me with additional information. “The Blazers,”—as the lodge was happily intitulated,—were about to initiate Brother Clancy into the ancient and honourable order of Freemasons; and the terrific noises which had banished sleep were connected with certain mystic rites, known only to the favoured few, who were at present engaged in making suitable preparations for the reception of his Satanic majesty. Mr. Clancy, on a former occasion, had designed to have gone through the ordeal which now awaited him; but alarmed—(“And small blame to him!” observed Denis, as another explosion was heard at the termination of the lobby,)—at the awful sounds which preluded his *entrée*, he fairly lost heart, slipped through a side door to the yard, mounted his horse, and hastened to his abiding-place. All rites were performed,—the devil, of course, in attendance,—a detachment of “the free and accepted,” in full paraphernalia, ready to introduce the neophyte,—when, lo! he was sought in vain, and the aspirant for masonic honours had vanished. Great was the indignation of “The Blazers;” much was Mr. Clancy reprobated for his want of resolution by the world at large; and even the wife of his bosom refused her smiles to the fugitive. At fair and market polite messages were delivered to him from his friend, the devil, who hoped yet to have the honour of making his acquaintance; until, actually driven desperate, Peter resolved to make a second essay, obtain admission into the mystic temple, or perish in the attempt. Mrs. Clancy—she was one of the Blakes of Kiltycormick, and therefore, as everybody knew, a gentlewoman of pluck,—had come in upon the jaunting-car to aid, comfort, and encourage. She was located at the opposite *terminus* of the lobby—and half-a-dozen female friends had kindly given her their company, and the party were engaged at loo. Peter, to meet the trial like a man, had fortified himself with a fourth tumbler; but Denis lamented to

say, that though the said tumbler was a stiff one, the alcohol had no effect. The candidate for masonic honours was pallid as a spectre; and Denis expressed some doubt whether, even in this second essay, the neophyte could screw his courage to the sticking-point, and come to the scratch like a brick. Before a minute passed, I also held similar dubitations on this important question.

I was repairing to the sitting-room, attended by Denis as candle-bearer, who pointed to a green curtain drawn across the passage, and the swordsman who had put me in fear and terror keeping watch and ward in front of it. This, as he informed me, was a signal that the mystic ceremonies were about to take place, and that Mr. Clancy's ordeal was at hand. From the other end of the passage three men advanced. Two were arrayed in collars and aprons ornamented with cabalistic symbols, and escorted, rather than accompanied, a little man, whose bloodless cheeks and quivering lips bespoke mortal apprehension. As the trio came down the passage, I was reminded of a deserter between a double file of the guard—the escort might be honourable; but it looked a devilish liker intended to prevent Mr. Clancy from making a second bolt. They reached the barrier,—the sword-bearer raised the curtain,—the party disappeared behind it,—and I entered my sitting room, wishing honest Peter a safe deliverance.

Ten minutes elapsed; and an ominous silence reigned at the further end of the corridor. I peeped from the door; the sentry was on duty before the curtain; and I fancied that the alarm had abated, and that the old gentleman was in the best of temper with his faithful worshippers. Like the quiet of a volcano before eruption, or the calm that heralds the tornado, suddenly, the tempest burst with redoubled fury. Much noise,—more sulphur,—a toss-up whether it were the ceiling or the floor that was coming down; but quite evident that the devil was to pay, and unhappily, no pitch hot. My eyes unconsciously were turned towards the place from whence these demonic sounds proceeded—the screen was dashed aside—and a phantom in human form darted along the corridor, and, followed closely by half-a-dozen pursuers, the rout took its direction towards the apartment in which Mrs. Clancy and her loo-party were assembled.

The fugitive was her loving lord. Save the nether portion of his habiliments, his person was untrammelled by linen or broadcloth,—a rope hung dangling from his neck,—his eyes were bloodshot,—his visage pale,—and he seemed precisely like a man who had been unceremoniously introduced to "the gentleman in black." Mr. Clancy made "strong running,"—distanced all pursuit,—bounded into my lady's chamber,—and the yell from the company within, which marked his unexpected advent, gave evidence that it is not considered quite correct for gentlemen in Adamite costume to violate the delicacy of a loo-table.

Dire was the commotion, and deep the mystery which attended the sudden *entrée* of Peter Clancy. That the said Peter was being entrusted with those interesting secrets

"Which none but masons ever knew,"

was generally known; but the ladies, in happy ignorance, fancying that the inauguration of a brother was merely accompanied with some ceremony and an uncommon quantity of whiskey-punch, had set it down, on the whole, as rather a pleasant sort of operation. That an

attempt, however, had been made to hang Peter, or that Peter had attempted to hang himself, was clear as a problem. Well, if Mr. Clancy had intended to commit *felo-de-se*, the corpse would have cut a more gentlemanly figure with the clothes on,—and, therefore, why should he peel? Or, like another traveller, had he fallen among thieves, who stripped him first, and would have concealed robbery by murder? Amid these conflicting doubts, divers men in mystic accoutrements entered, and demanded the body of Peter Clancy, under pain of forfeiture of personal property and certain habiliments which were enumerated at length. The fugitive threw himself for protection upon the ladies,—and when was lovely woman cold to humanity's appeal? The "free and accepted" secured the levanter's right arm,—the loo-party laid hold of the left one,—both struggled for the prize,—and the person of Peter bade fair to be equally partitioned,—when, fortunately, he with the sword appeared upon the field of battle, bearing orders from the Right Worshipful to surcease; and, as Mr. Clancy had not courage to meet the devil like a gentleman, it was intimated, by that high functionary, that he, Peter, had free permission to go to Pandemonium as he pleased.

With the evasion of the fugitive, the rites and ceremonies of the enlightened craftsmen suddenly ended. The green curtain was removed—the sentinel disappeared—the lobbies gradually became endurable—sulphur gave way to simple peat-smoke—and even an asthmatic gentleman might have taken a turn through the corridor without the risk of suffocation. How Peter Clancy put in the night I cannot tell; but a more hilarious company than the "dear brothers of the mystic tie" never kept an inn in an uproar till blessed sunshine. At five A.M. Denis announced that the gentlemen were settling the bill,—and at six I ventured to bed, and made up for broken rest by reposing until mid-day.

While sitting at breakfast, I observed a sergeant of light dragoons pass the window with a fine-looking lad whom it was evident he intended to make "food for powder," and that the youth was a consenting party to the same. After an absence of an hour, the non-commissioned officer and the recruit returned—they stopped—in both faces disappointment was apparent—and as the casement was open, I overheard the conversation which ensued.

"Reject me!" exclaimed the youth, and his cheek crimsoned with anger. "Reject me, because I have a mark or two on my legs from kicking football! Is there a horse in your regiment I won't back, or a boy of my own inches I can't throw? And, for a scrape or two upon the shin, am I to be rejected as unfit to be a King's man?"

"Too bad, by —," returned the sergeant. "The stupid old fool, who is as fit to be staff-surgeon as I am to be first chambermaid to the Lady-Lieutenant, when he's drunk passes everything short of cripples, catches it at head-quarters, and then for a fortnight afterwards refuses every man he examines."

"Well—I am regularly bothered," said the youth with a sigh; "I never dreamed that I was not man enough to make a soldier. Here is your shilling, sergeant."

"And may the devil blister the palm of the same sergeant, if ever it enters the same!" and the dragoon pushed back the offered coin.

There was something in this short episode in humble life that interested me—and I listened to the conversation.

"Hang it!" said the sergeant, "you must not be cast down—a smart lad like you can never come astray. Why, you're the regular length for a footman—and, with a little fuggleing, would show off a silver-headed cane and smart livery to perfection."

"I'll wear no livery," said the youth, "but that which has been refused me."

"And may I be spificated!"—I wonder in Heaven's chancery whether the phrase was held to be an oath, and booked accordingly, against the sergeant.—"May I be spificated, if that doting *omna dawn* shall cross your luck, my darling boy; and before six months, you shall be astride a horse at one side of a gateway in Whitehall, if there's a vacancy in 'the Blues.'"

The youth expressed his thanks, and asked further information.

"My third cousin, by the mother's side," returned the dragoon, "is trumpet-major in the regiment. I'll give you a letter to him, and, though I have not seen him these ten years, he'll pay attention to a blood-relation. You'll just have to slip fair and asy across to London."

"I have heard of that place," returned the rejected one. "Is it not a long way off? and I have but three shillings in the world!"

Before the sergeant could reply, one of those pleasant occurrences indigenous

"To the land that gave Patrick his birth,"

interrupted the conversation.

If there be any visitation more afflicting to an Emerald than all besides to which the flesh is heir, it is to endure, with ordinary patience, the audacity with which Cockney tourists and Scotch impressionists fabricate their apocryphæ of that unhappy land, and attempt to delineate character which none but a born-Irishman can comprehend. I crossed Channel with one of these impostors, and he casually intimated at breakfast, that he purposed to enlighten the reading public with his experiences during a fortnight's sojourn in the worst-used land in Christendom.

"You treated yourself of course, with a *rowl to the Rock*?" observed a Dublin citizen.

"Had a *spolecine* in Donnybrook?" added a second.

"Took a pinch of blackguard at a country wake off the person of the departed?" said a gentleman from Connaught.

"Danced a jig at a *dragging home*?"

"And drank *scallecine* at a pattern?" continued another of the company.

Now, these remarks being conveyed in an unknown tongue were responded to, by

"Gentlemen, I really do not understand you."

"Then, permit me to intimate," quoth the trans-Shannonite, "that you know as much of national character, as a donkey does of his descent by the mother's side."

Everybody acquainted with Milesian life, will recollect how often he has been astonished by the sudden outbreak of an Irish row. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—*nomen venerabile!*—judiciously remarks, that in England an affair is so *eclatted*, that people cannot fight in peace and quietness; and, among the lower classes, so much unnecessary verbiage must be delivered before the first blow is given, that an Irish shindy will be over before an English set-to has commenced.

It was the market-day, and the principal mercantile operations of Ballyporeen were transacted immediately beneath my window. Frieze, coarse linen, yarn, and earthenware, seemed to be the articles in commercial demand—the former commodities being displayed on benches, and the latter paraded on the ground, which was littered with straw in respect to the fragility of the article. Indeed, an exhibition of crockery on the street appeared to me anything but discreet. But, in Hibernian calculations, fortune is always taken into consideration; and when an Irish whip places the tying of his wheel upon the edge of a quarry, the salvation of your neck from dislocation is satisfactorily accounted for, by the scoundrel telling you with a grin, "it's himself that has the best of luck!" If the delft-dealers, whose merchandize was exhibited beneath my window, had calculated on the protection of the blind goddess, verily, on this occasion, their edifices were erected upon sand.

Without the interchange of a word, two men, whose meeting seemed purely accidental, commenced a furious combat. In half-a-minute one of the belligerents was beaten to the ground; but before the conqueror could raise an *Io Pœan* for his victory, two strangers dashed the crowd aside, and assailed him fiercely.

"Mother of Heaven!" exclaimed the rejected recruit, snatching a blackthorn as he spoke from the hand of a looker-on. "Two upon one in a christian country!" and quick as lightning he was actively engaged with the stouter of the twain. "Hurrah for the Blakes!" was answered by a shout of "the Sweenies for ever!" With marvellous alacrity, the kinsmen and acquaintances of both these respectable families responded to the call to arms—and in less than five minutes, at least thirty couple of combatants were busily engaged. Loud was the clatter of cudgels, as saplin encountered crab-tree—divers good men and true saluted their mother earth—the swearing was awful, as it was formerly in Flanders—and, prepared as I had been by the gentleman who had roofed the mail in my company from the metropolis, his laudatory notice of the pleasant town of Ballyporeen fell infinitely short of what it merited.

The fight, which had exhibited an alternation of success as fresh adherents of the houses of *Montague* and *Capulet* came into action, at last declared against the Sweenies, and they reluctantly gave ground. In the front rank of the Blake brigade, the rejected recruit was conspicuously seen—and his performance elicited general applause from Trojan and Tyrian. Several elderly amateurs, whose years forbade their taking part in active operations, but who regarded the faction-fight from the inn steps with that lively interest, which might be expected from veterans who, in their day, had cleared many a fair, and been a small fortune to the village bone-setter,—these experienced gentlemen were loud in their commendation of this promising youth. What might have been the result or the duration of a combat, whose fortunes changed as fresh actors figured on the stage, it is impossible to calculate, for, sudden as the fight commenced, as suddenly was it terminated. At once the arms of the belligerents were paralysed by a loud alarm: "Mind yourselves, boys, dear! Oh! murder—here's the peelers—may the devil welcome them!" At the annunciation of that dreaded body, previous animosity gave place to a mutual wish on both sides to evade the penalties of law—Sweeney and Blake consulted safety by inglorious flight—and "*Sauve qui peut!*" which, on the authority of

Napoleon, ended the *skindy* at Waterloo, was re-enacted at the *rookawn* at Ballyporeen—for the closing order of the day there was, "Devil take the hindmost!"

A melancholy incident clouded the *finale* of this pleasant passage of arms. The deep interest which had absorbed the attention of combatants and lookers-on, had prevented the insidious advance of "that green banditti"—as poor Burns would have termed the Irish police—from being remarked, and the cavalry were actually charging, and the fixed bayonets of the footmen making, *a derrière*, painful demonstrations on the persons of divers concerned, before danger was even apprehended. But one egress was opened for escape; and alas! that led direct over the space before my window, on which the unhappy delft-merchants had arranged their crockery and crystal. On rushed the crowd; and fearful were the exclamations of the proprietors of porcelain. A man, with a bayonet behind him and crockery in his front, seldom halts between two opinions. Within a couple of minutes, jug, mug, and tumbler, were reduced to *smithereens*—an uncracked plate would have been accounted a curiosity in Ballyporeen—and a tea-cup could not be obtained at any price. I had remarked the rejected one in the hour of triumph, and I watched him in that of his reverse; and I must say, that had the staff-surgeon seen him as I did, bound over half-a-dozen delft-crates like a harlequin, his soundness in wind and limb would never have been questioned—and the King, God bless him! have been provided with a gallant light dragoon.

Whether the police were not desirous of making prisoners, or that the malefactors were too rapid in their movements to be overtaken and secured, I did not observe that any of the demolishers of delft were led into captivity; and save that for an hour after the affray, the china-merchants, male and female, cried a coronach over the street-full of potsherds which in the morning had been crockery, peace reigned once more in Ballyporeen. The sergeant of dragoons and the rejected recruit again posted themselves under my window, and resumed the conversation which the recent outbreak had interrupted.

"You are short of cash," said the sergeant.

"I am, indeed," replied the youth.

"And have you no relation that would stand a pound or two?—no friend to stump the rowdy?"

"Friends I have none—nor, as far as I know, a relation in the world."

"Why, d—n it!" returned the dragoon; "have you dropped from the clouds? There never was a man but had a father."

"Father or mother I never saw; and, on the wide earth, there is not, I believe, a being so lonely and desolate." A tear trembled in the poor youth's eye, and the sigh which closed the sentence, appeared to issue from a breaking heart.

I had taken a lively interest in the unknown—felt for the disappointment he had suffered—watched his reckless gallantry in the faction-fight—and had listened with deep sympathy to the brief but touching confession of his destitution. I rang the bell—desired Denis to summon to my presence the sergeant and his young companion—and in a few minutes both were introduced.

"I have overheard your conversation. It appears your wish to become a soldier has been disappointed by some real or imaginary cause,

which incapacitates you from sustaining the hardships attendant upon military life."

"They are imaginary indeed, sir. It would be hard to say that a hunter was worthless in the field, because his legs might exhibit a scratch or two," was the reply.

"Your friend, the sergeant, believes that elsewhere you would succeed. Money is required. What sum would serve the purpose?"

The youth fixed his dark eyes on mine, as if to read the object of the question.

"Merely," he said, "sufficient to sustain life. I can walk forty miles a-day for a fortnight—and I suppose that less than that time would bring me to London."

"Good steady action that," observed the non-commissioned officer, "for a lad declared unsound by an old ass, who can't tell a splint from a spavin."

I drew my purse from my pocket, and placed three sovereigns in the young man's hand.

"Gold, by Heaven!" he exclaimed, and his cheeks grew scarlet. For a moment he held the money in his hand, then respectfully returning it, he muttered his thanks, but modestly declined accepting a pecuniary favour from a stranger.

I examined the young Irishman with attention, and a closer investigation of his outer man by no means abated the interest he had created. I should have guessed his age at eighteen, and a finer form never combined activity with strength. Of course, several years would be required to develop the frame-work of the man; but at present, as Sergeant O'Dwyer was pleased to remark, "a smarter stripling, in a shell-jacket, never destroyed a milliner's apprentice at first sight." To a faultless, although an unformed figure, the stranger united a face decidedly handsome. The outline was a gentleman's—while dark eyes of singular intelligence, gave an animation to the countenance, which regular features so often want.

I ordered the waiter to bring whiskey. The sergeant turned down a bumper, which the younger Irishman politely declined.

"Pon my conscience," observed the dragoon, "after that lively *rookawn* in the street, if I were you, I would be inclined to wet my whistle. Come—sorrow's dry. Who knows what luck's before us; and when a goose is grazing over the carcass of O'Drench, you'll be sitting snug and warm on a saddle at the Horse Guards. Fill—yer sowl! and drink his honour's health."

"That from the bottom of my heart will I do," returned the candidate for military honours; and he tasted the whiskey, and replaced his glass upon the table.

"You have excited my curiosity," I said. "Deem it not idle curiosity if I trouble you with a few questions."

The youth bowed respectfully, and replied that he had no secret that needed concealment.

"You are an orphan?"

"That question I cannot answer."

"Well, you have no parents, if I understood you rightly."

"If I have, I am ignorant of them."

"No relations?"

"None upon the earth."

"May I ask your name?"

"I must give you an assumed one."

"Egad!" observed the sergeant, "I never heard a cross-examination that produced so little evidence, and I have been present before now at a court-martial."

"In a word, sir," said the youth, addressing himself to me, "you seem to take some interest in the fortunes of an outcast. To plain inquiries I have returned simple answers, and yet they throw no light upon my history. If the story of so humble an individual as myself can be worth the brief space that will be consumed in its narration, I am most willing to relate it."

I bowed assent. To enable him the better to comprehend the autobiography of the rejected recruit, Sergeant O'Dwyer supplied his glass anew. I signalled the strangers to be seated,—my order was obeyed, —and *Brian O'Linn* thus told the earlier passages of a life, whose manly career it shall be our task to place hereafter before the gentle reader.

THE LONE CHURCHYARD.

The lone churchyard! the still churchyard!
 How dear is the spot to me!
 How sweet the sound of the winds that stir
 The leaves of its cypress tree!
 I love to walk on its verdant glade,
 That yields to the passing tread,
 With thoughts that a thousand fancies weave,
 In dreams of the bygone dead!
 Or, seated upon a time-worn stone,
 Where the silvery moss doth creep;
 I think how calm in the earth's warm breast
 The young and the aged sleep!
 The child with its locks of flaxen hair,
 The maid with a brow as pale
 As the snowdrop meek, whose fragile stem
 Bends to the evening gale!
 The strong man shorn of his pow'r and might,
 How weak in his strength he lies;
 With limbs that a breath might scatter wide,
 And nought in his soulless eyes!
 The mother sharing her infant's bed,
 Watching her slumb'ring child;
 Shielding its form in a close embrace
 From the cold, or tempest wild.
 And the old church bell, whose low, soft tone,
 Steals o'er the list'ning ear,
 It seems the voice of the early known,
 The loved of many a year!
 It speaks to my heart of other days,—
 It brings me my childhood's home,—
 Blessed to me are its chast'ning notes,
 Though thrilling and sad they come!
 I heard it when I was but a boy,
 And smiled at its mournful swell;
 A few more years, I wept at the sound,
 For it toll'd out a mother's knell!
 The lone churchyard! the still churchyard!
 How dear is the spot to me;
 How sweet the sound of the winds that stir
 The leaves of its cypress tree!

DR. MAGINN.

A LITERARY RETROSPECT BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

BEFORE I close my desk, as I sit in my moonlit chamber this fine summer evening, let me recall one sufferer, now at rest,—slightly known to me, indeed, but remembered with a fearful distinctness—so slightly, that if you were to ask me his Christian name I could not tell it. A clear remembrance of his blanched cheek and wandering eye dwells in my memory. Who, when I add the faltering voice, the symmetrical features, the grey hair, even in comparative youth,—the slashing reply, the sweet, good-natured smile,—who will not recall the name of Dr. Maginn?

I saw him one evening—how well I remember it, and with what throes and throbs the remembrance is even now recalled!—yes, even now. It was in an evening-party where;—but what has the world to do with our private reminiscences? And what am I, a stupid old man, (to night in one of my low-spirited seasons,) that I should aim at exciting the interest of the bright-eyed, blooming creatures who will bend over this page next month, perhaps as the travelling-carriage carries them far from London and distraction, to read the newspaper to papa, maybe, in some country parsonage, or to listen to the recital of Brother Tom's first essay in hunting and shooting, or to be the hand-maiden of mamma's charities, or the happy representative of Aunt Bountiful at the Sunday-school.

How have I digressed!—Let me return to Dr. Maginn; and for an instant mingle with the thoughts of him the recollections still dear to this elderly heart.

It was a low, long, narrow room through which I made my way into the throng of a party. That gentle confusion prevailed which shews that all is "going off" well. That Trophonius's-cave look which we sometimes see on the faces of those who are coming out as you go in, and which appears to proclaim that they are never to smile again, was not to be observed. And yet there was no singing, no dancing, no charades—and yet,—it was that hateful assemblage known by the name of a literary coterie.

I made my way into the very thick of the throng; elbowed a poetess to the right, trod upon the slipper of a lady historian, touched the saintly shoulder of some Charlotte-Elizabeth of the day, and oh! more formidable than all, brushed, may be, the sacred dust off the sleeve of a Reviewer. All were standing, all were listening to some one who sat in the middle of a group; a low-seated man, short in stature, was uttering pleasantries, and scattering witticism about him, with the careless glee of his country—this was Maginn. His articulation was impeded by a stutter, yet the sentences that he stammered forth were brilliant repartees, uttered without sharpness, and edged rather with humour than with satire. His countenance was rather agreeable than striking; its expression sweet, rather than bright. The grey hair, coming straight over his forehead, gave a singular appearance to a face still bearing the attributes of youth. He was thirty or thereabouts, (yes, saucy niece of mine, thirty is still young;) but his thoughtful brow, his hair,

the paleness of his complexion, gave him many of the attributes of age. I am, however, a firm believer in the axiom, that age can never be concealed upon a careful inspection,—we may look older than we are, but we rarely, alas! look younger. True, the first impression may deceive; but there is always some line, some tell-tale change somewhere, which betrays the ugly truth. I looked on for a moment, as the crew of authors, reviewers, play-wrights, and novel-weavers paid homage to Dr. Maginn. He was then in the zenith of his glory—the glory which radiated from John Bull or sent forth a rich stream of light from the pages of Fraser. His conversation was careless and off-hand, and, but for the impediment of speech would have had the charm of a rich comedy. His choice of words was such as I have rarely met with in any of *my* contemporaries; for, indeed, in my day it has become the vogue to corrupt English in many ways, to bring down your subject by homely, if not coarse phrases, and to neglect all those adjuncts to reasoning and to wit which a true use of our language affords.

I passed on, the circle closed around Maginn, and that evening I saw him no more. Henceforth his career was a bright and perilous one, exercising a considerable, though ephemeral influence on the age in which he lived. No modern writer in periodicals has ever given to satire a less repulsive form of personality. No private venom seemed to direct the awful pen which spared not affectation, and lashed presumption till she bled to death. Why are not his essays collected? What holds them back from an expectant public? He wrote when our periodical literature was in its zenith;—yet he bore away the palm; and his clear, firm hand might be discerned amid a host of inferior writers. There was no mistaking that emphatic, pure, and stately English of his—poor Maginn!

The next time I saw this ill-starred son of genius was in a friend's house, very early one morning, as Dr. Maginn was going away to France. He and I were for some minutes alone in a room together, It was a dingy, London morning, and the room corresponded to the day—a lodging-house room. It was not dirty, to speak individually; but a general air of antiquity, of long-established dustiness, of confirmed, ingrained, never-to-be-effaced uncleanness sat upon every article in the apartment, even to the top of the bell-ropes. The fire was not lighted—it was September; the window was open sufficiently to chill the susceptible frame of the great reviewer as he paced to and fro, never looking towards me, waiting for our common friend. I shut the window. He looked towards me for an instant, stammered out a "Thank you." His face was then of a leaden, ashy hue; his grey hair had become thin; his dress—but why expatiate upon *that*;—yet it looked sorrowful, and shattered like its wearer, and I fancied it meant much.

Our friend came into the room. I heard Maginn say, "I am going out of town;" and even those few words sounded ominous in my presaging mind—going out of town! Alas! how many reasons are there for which one may go out of town. Sorrow, sickness, weariness of spirit, embarrassed circumstances, and a long and mournful list of etceteras. I ran down the dingy stairs with a mournful conviction that Adversity, with her rapid strides, had overtaken poor Maginn—and I was not wrong; perhaps he pro-

voked the beldame (whom Gray chooses to apostrophize as a nurse) to follow him; and follow him she did—to his grave.

I got into the street—what a sensible difference in the atmosphere. How well De Balzac, in his “Père Goriot,” describes the atmosphere of a boarding-house—that ineffable, unventilated atmosphere. After enumerating all its compound attributes, how admirably he finishes the description, by saying it is impossible to sum it up!—it is—it is, in fact, the boarding-house atmosphere, and he cannot say more.

The lodging-house left much the same conviction on my mind—that no one could describe the sensations which are produced by its peculiar atmosphere. By the way, how is it that in this great metropolis there are no good lodgings to be had? Nothing on a good system—everything so dirty, so faded, so dear—everybody so imposing, such wretched lodging-house looks, such infamous little boys to wait at the street door, such drabs of housemaids, beds which one loathes, sofas which soil one’s pantaloons, carpets old in the sin of dirt, and windows which you may look through if you can. In winter a tea-spoonful of coal in your fire-place; in summer a baking hot atmosphere; no ventilation, no good cleanings to refresh the apartments; suffocating nights and days; if you are a lover of cleanliness, you are wretched. Why are we so far behind all other places for the season (for London is now little else than a great watering-place, without mineral springs) in these essential comforts? I beg pardon for flying away from Dr. Maginn into the unwholesome air of lodging-houses.

Says a friend to me one day, “Come and meet Maginn; there shall be none save him, our own family, and yourself. You will see him to advantage.” It was now two years since I had seen Maginn. Time, which ambles withal to many, had galloped with him. His grey hair was now very thin, and scattered over an anxious brow; the sweet mildness of his eye was gone, his speech was more faltering than ever; many moments elapsed before he could begin a word, for natural defect was heightened by nervous debility, and the approach of his last fatal disease. Still, broken up, impaired as he was, there were genuine bursts of humour, a scholar-like nicety of expression; above all, a humbled, and perhaps chastened spirit was apparent. We had a day of talk of the sterling and standard writers of England; themes fitted for the Augustan age flowed freely. Swift was, perhaps, the model of Maginn, certainly he was the object of his adoration; and, as he aptly quoted him, true Irish humour played upon the features of the modern satirist.

It was not long since the town had rung with conversation respecting the famous article in “Fraser”—the demolition of a certain aristocratic author—the unmanly and brutal revenge upon the most amiable of booksellers—the trial—the duel between Maginn and the assailant—the slow and cruel death of the beaten and affrighted publisher—the immunity which the offender had enjoyed—for fashion had lent her shield to the votary. I did then consider, and I still do consider, Maginn’s article on the work in question one of his strongest and his best: strong, because hatred of vice lent it power; good, because written from the impulse of a mind which, however sullied by excess, was originally high-toned and fearless. Of course I abstained scrupulously from the subject, and was surprised at the rea-

diness with which Maginn entered into it. He gave me the whole history of the duel from first to last; spoke of the gentlemanly bearing of his antagonist, and seemed to me to take an absolute pleasure in recounting the whole. But when he touched upon the sufferings of the injured and innocent publisher, his lip quivered, his frame writhed, a tear dimmed his eye, he walked hastily to and fro, and, when he returned to his seat, spoke of the subject no more. I longed to glean more from him; to gather up his real opinions of men and things; to draw him forth from the mask which the periodical writer must needs wear; to enjoy the true sentiment which lay beneath the satire, like sweet, crushed water-plants beneath the ice. But the limits of a London party are all too short, and tea came, and eleven o'clock came, and I rushed into the street, thence to mingle among many who would repudiate me if they thought I had any of the contamination of literature about me.

I saw Maginn no more. I was not surprised when I learned that slow disease had wasted his limbs and brought him to the brink of the grave, but had left his intellect bright and clear to the last. That was a wonderful mind which could stand the wear and tear to which poor Maginn subjected it. His last thoughts, as they are recorded, were of literature and of Homer. May we not hope that the pure ray of reason thus spared, was oftentimes, perhaps in the silence of the sleepless night, employed in holy and hopeful reflections—that the things of *this* life had a fitful and partial influence over his spirit—that the solemn expectation of eternity had the noblest and the greatest share of that mind, so vigorous in its close?

When I review, in my own study, the different literary circles which I have seen, I admire at the contrast between my setting out and the end of my journey as a pedestrian through the walks of life. I marvel at the various phases which the polite world has assumed, as it has shone upon me; the various aspects which certain cliques of men, all following the same pursuits, have worn. How like a dream it now seems, to suppose Maginn the soul and centre of a certain circle, who hung upon his applause, and adulated his talents! And now, how the memory of his brief, feverish existence has passed away, revived only by the accents of compassion, or adduced to "point a moral." To "adorn a tale" he never was intended. How completely was his fame limited to a certain circle! how un-English was his reputation! how non-European his celebrity! The circle that surrounded him is gradually melting away; it is broken up; one by one the leaves of the book have been snatched out by death: the ears that listened to him are even already dulled; the eyes which gazed on him are closed in death. The very bookseller who suffered for his aggression upon the literary merits of Mr. Grantley Berkeley has sunk, after slow disease, to an untimely grave. Men of letters, in the present day, live fast: the words of the Psalmist, applicable to all, to them are peculiarly appropriate. As soon as they arrive at their zenith, so soon does the canker-worm of disease undermine the root, and poison the sap that nourishes the tree: they pass away, to borrow from the sublimest of all human writers, "even as a sleep; they fade away suddenly like grass."

When last I saw Maginn, there gazed upon his soft but restless eye, there hung upon his words, a pale young man, himself a genius of the purest ray, adulating the genius of another. I knew him

not; his manner was unobtrusive; the circle who stood around Maginn had scarcely heard his name. He stood behind in a retired part of the room. Unseen, he went away—no one missed him. No one alluded to the young Irishman: the name of Gerald Griffin was not so much as uttered in that noisy chamber. As he passed me, the grave and melancholy aspect, the lean form, and anxious countenance arrested my attention; but still I was not sufficiently interested to inquire his name.

Not long afterwards I undertook, upon the recommendation of a short encomium in *The Edinburgh Review*, to read "The Collegians." It is among the most powerful of the neglected novels of the day. I speak not of its merits merely as a portraiture true to the life, and far exceeding "Banim" or "Harry Lorrequer," of Irish manners; I speak not of it merely as a tale of sad and powerful interest, but as a solemn, appalling, moral lesson. Nor is it the common lesson of passion making its own retribution, or of vice, rendered so delightful as to seem to wear the cast-off vestments of virtue, triumphing over innocence. Its ground-work is domestic: the seldom told tale of a mother and son: the pride and fondness of the one, the lessons of dubious morality, the education of self-indulgence turning upon her. The son of fine and generous nature, becoming her curse—her tyrant—her shame. The abuse of the maternal influence is slowly but admirably unfolded: the mother, who idolizes her son, points to his weak and wavering resolution, unconsciously, the path to crime. There exists not in fiction, I dare to assert it, a finer portraiture than that of *Mrs. Cregaw*, the mother of the fine-spirited, warm-hearted murderer; it is an original creation of the highest power.

"How is it," I asked L. E. L. one morning, "that so fine a work has produced so little sensation? Who is the author?—what?—and where?"

"Alas!" she answered, shaking her head, "he is a poor and almost friendless young man. I know him slightly," and she drew a rapid picture of the young man whom I had recently seen in company with Maginn, and, for the first time, she made me acquainted with the name of Gerald Griffin.

He is gone: his intellectual strength was to him, indeed, but "labour and sorrow;" his life had "consumed away as a moth fretting a garment," until at last the Sirocco came: fever attacked him, and he sank to rest in the convent to which he had retreated like a "stricken deer" to lie down and die. He was a very gifted, a good man, and, as a writer of fiction, a great man. But he had no worshippers. He lived in the solitude of the heart, in the vast, unthinking world which moves on like a tide and recks not the minute objects which it passes over in its ebb and flow. His heart was saddened, if not broken by the neglect of critics—the hardness of booksellers—the difficulty of living by talents which fetched not their price. But despair never made him prostitute his powers to mere popularity; nor did it find him rebellious beneath the chastisements of Heaven. His was not the rash impatience of Chatterton; rather let me compare him to the humble, the lonely, the suffering Kirk White,—a reed, indeed, shaken and bowed down by the angry blast of adversity,—a delicate plant amid a wilderness of rank weeds.

Amid the heads which were bowed down to listen to the fancies of Maginn, was a face then fresh, and youthful, and beaming. A dark,

quick searching eye—a smile full of sweetness—a brow on which sat the innocence of youth—a gentle deportment, and the universal love and sympathy of all around him, proclaimed the presence of Laman Blanchard. I dare not prolong the theme—I will not linger on a remembrance too recent to be recalled without intense regret, a sorrow too fresh for consolation. The biographer, and the subject of his pen, the reviewer and the reviewed, alike sleep in the tomb. How hurried was their destiny! how brief their summer's day! how few the years that were allotted them to delight or to instruct mankind. I return to my first proposition—men of letters live fast: it was not so of yore. Formerly they attained old age: their occupation was not a killing one. Let me throw aside my pen and muse on things that have been—and recall, like the sexagenarian of old, the different aspects of the lettered world:—the coteries of the published and the publisher.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD!

THEY knew her in her gladness!
 In her cloudless summer's day;
 Ere poverty and sadness
 Had dim'd each joyous ray!
 But who can watch the sunbeams
 When hid in transient gloom?
 Or who can love the rose-tree
 When its roses cease to bloom?

They left her in her sorrow!
 When her heart was sad and lone;
 When she woke upon the morrow
 But to wish it past and gone!
 But who can love the winter,
 When the sky with tempest lowers?
 'Tis the spring alone finds friends
 For its sunbeams and its flowers.

A beacon-star was gleaming!
 A guide through every ill;
 A ray of hope was beaming!
 ONE heart adored her still!
 Thus LOVE—our grief beguiling—
 A double joy can win:
 Like a blessed angel smiling
 O'er a long-lost child of sin!

JAMES WILLYAMS GRYLIS.

GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS:

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

Taylor's establishment in Pall Mall, stood next in degree to Fielder's in the style and character of its arrangements, but lacked some of the profuse liberality of entertainment which distinguished the house in Bennet-street. The proprietor was a man of gentlemanly manners and appearance, who had formerly been engaged in banking and commercial transactions in the City—the same game of *rouge et noir* was played at this as at other houses; and in addition, there was a very capacious apartment on the ground floor, at the extreme end of a very long passage, where the royal and distinguished game of English hazard was carried on with great spirit each night, after the operations of *rouge et noir* had ceased. At this hazard table a large party generally met, and immense sums of money were played for, the game continuing from midnight until six or seven o'clock in the succeeding day—the profit to the proprietor or keeper of the house, on this game, arose from a payment of half-a-guinea from every player, who threw three mains in succession, which, on an estimate of six or eight hours' good play, would yield a nightly sum of from £25 to £30.

The *rouge et noir* department at Taylor's was somewhat remarkable from the walls of the room being adorned with a handsome paper of French manufacture and design, illustrative of the story of the descent of Æneas with the sybil into the infernal regions, as related by Virgil—and what was most singularly appropriate in the arrangement of the panels descriptive of the subject was, that at the immediate opening or doorway to the play-room, was the very apposite representation of Cerberus guarding the entrance to hell, and the sybil in the act of throwing the sop, which was to be effective in lulling the monster to a comfortable nap, so that the "*facilis descensus Averni*" might be safely accomplished. Whether this arrangement was attributable to the classic taste of the gaming-house proprietor, or to the wit and waggery of some intelligent paper-hanger, is not known; but it was a frequent subject of jocose observation amongst the visitors.

There was an air of quiet and privacy in the general conduct and management of this establishment, which gave it great preference with a certain class of persons who were desirous to avoid notoriety, and preserve the incognito when engaged at play. There were a select few who confined their speculations entirely to Taylor's, on this account; of this number, recollection serves to the recognition of faces familiar under the freshness of youth, but now mellowed alike in appearance by time, and occasionally disguised under the head-gear of professional adornment, as exemplified in the person of a learned judge, recently and most deservedly elevated to the Bench—and in those also of Messrs. J—, K—, R—, A—, and others, whose pleasing and intelligent countenances are now to be recognized in the foremost rank at the Bar, under the weighty badge of full-bottomed wigs, and

the well-merited accompaniment of silk gowns. Similar examples of early propensity are recognizable also in members of the senate, and in individuals holding high rank and position in the military, naval, and civil service of the country.

It would ill accord with the intentions of the author of this paper to make invidious mention of any person who may at some period or other of life have imprudently indulged in the propensity for play; but while referring with pleasure to the example of individuals who have had wisdom and resolution to withdraw from the danger, and to devote their energies to study and pursuits that have led to well-merited honours and fortune, it may be allowed to make anonymous but faithful allusion to cases of less happy result. The annals of gaming afford, perhaps, no more distressing or sad examples of ruinous, degrading, and distressing consequences, than is to be found in the present fate and condition of a gentleman (Major B—) who has occasionally been seen about town, not in the mere threadbare garment of poverty, bespeaking a change from more prosperous condition, but in the absolute rags of extreme privation and abject misery, and apparently suffering from want of life's commonest necessaries. This gentleman (for such he still is, in the intrinsic sense of the term, even under the tatters that barely cover him,) was formerly a captain, with brevet rank of major in the Life Guards, and was present at the Battle of Waterloo. His father, it is believed, realized a large fortune in mercantile pursuits; and having bestowed on his son the education of a gentleman, purchased for him a commission in the household brigade, in which he rose to the rank described. Returning to England after the peace, he became a frequenter of the rouge et noir tables, but his visits were chiefly made to Taylor's establishment in Pall Mall. In the course of two or three years he lost the whole of his fortune; the proceeds of the sale of his commission followed, and lastly disappeared his valuable furniture, pictures, plate, jewellery,—everything, in fact, that he possessed. Thus reduced, he became a pensioner on the bounty, or rather the policy, of the man whom his ruin had enriched; but the trifle being withdrawn, he fell into the lowest state of poverty and want—honourable pride had made its last struggle, and giving way to the cravings of hunger, and all the accumulated evils of dire distress and aggravated suffering, he stood one amidst the group of paupers in the parish workhouse, a supplicant for the wretched pittance of parochial relief; his condition is reported to have been since somewhat bettered by an engagement as porter in a City house of business. The condition of this gentleman is typical of that of hundreds reduced to similar extremes from the same distressing cause.

Another instance of sad reverse and the ruinous consequence of excessive play, but attended with less extreme of suffering, is recognizable in the altered circumstances and reduced state of Mr. G—, a gentleman of family, and once possessed of ample fortune—an individual uniting in himself every gentlemanly quality, and distinguished for amability, kindness, and generosity of heart. In him, however, lurked the one plague-spot, or propensity for play; he was a devotee to rouge et noir, and for days and nights in succession would give himself up to its fatal infatuation. He has himself declared (and the fact is known) that he has frequently posted with four horses from his country residence, about twenty miles distant from town, to be present at the commencement

of play at Taylor's, at two o'clock in the afternoon. He has been there engaged in the game until seven or eight o'clock in the evening; has then posted home again, and having ascertained that his family and servants had retired to rest, posted off again to London, under the influence of the same fatal infatuation, and for the purpose of the night's indulgence in the same ruinous occupation. The ample means of the gentleman alluded to, enabled him at that period to play for large sums; his mode of play was upon the destructive principle of what is known as the losing martingale, or method of doubling each amount of loss against the occurrence of any particular number of events—a system of speculation as effective of certain ruin to a player in its result, as the most wild and palpable bubble scheme that ever gulled the credulity of man; the truth of this was too fatally shown—for although frequent, inconsiderable gains necessarily attended his system of play, the day of heavy account never failed to come in its calculated course of events, and with it came the demand of a ruinous balance in favour of the table: his fortune was ultimately lost; his family and friends, hopeless of his redemption, turned the cold shoulder on him, and he himself came to poverty and privation, frequently making his meal from a biscuit and a half pint of beer. But in his direst extreme, he lost not the true dignity of the man, nor did his philosophy ever fail him: strange as it may appear, he endured his sad reverse with fortitude worthy of a Spartan, nor was he ever heard to repine at his lot, much less to seek the sympathy of any man; he felt, as he expressed himself, that he had none to blame but himself, and that he was only paying the penalty of his folly and imprudence. It can scarcely be credited that a mind so strong and determined under misfortune, and so just and reasonable in its argument, should ever have given way to the absolute influence and control of a particular propensity; but extremes are said to meet in nature, and the character of the gentleman referred to is one of the many proofs that continually occur to establish and illustrate the proposition. The most agreeable addition to the narrative, having reference to Mr. G——, is the fact that title and inheritance of large landed estates have fallen to an immediate member of his family, who has obtained for his imprudent relative a desirable appointment abroad, where it is hoped and believed that he is profiting by past bitter experience, and enjoying the fruits of honorable employment. The annals of the gaming-table would furnish a lengthened and distressing list of men, fallen from a similar independent position, and who have sacrificed all the hopes and prospects of life to the monomania that has possessed them.

The description given of the houses kept by Roubel, Fulder, and Taylor, may be taken as generally characteristic of the whole—

“The same their purpose, and so like each other,
One was the very model of another.”

Rouge et noir was the business carried on at all, and, with few exceptions, the same company moved indiscriminately from one place to another, as fancy or caprice prompted, or as time permitted. Each establishment had its fair proportion of play and profit, and no small amount did such proportion realize, as may be inferred from the style and extravagant mode of living of the several proprietors. The two houses kept by Bennett and Oldfield may be said to have been on a par with that of Taylor in point of arrangement, but rather more easy of access

to strangers. Old Dick Bennett, as he was termed, was a blunt specimen of a man, somewhat coarse in manner and habit; he was also apparently indolent and indifferent to the principle of business—but had, nevertheless, a keen eye to its interest. His partner, Oldfield, was, on the contrary, a man of quick, active, and intelligent character, cut out, as the term is, for the position he held as the ostensible manager and director of such an establishment. His aptitude and accuracy in all matters of account and calculation, his attention and quick observance and correction of any error or mistake at the table, were of material advantage. This house was the favourite occasional resort of a gentleman at that time of some notoriety in town, from the extravagant singularity of a very elegant curricie which he daily sported in Hyde Park, and by his frequent appearance on the theatrical boards, in the characters of *Romeo*, *Lothario*, &c., as an amateur performer. This gentleman (who, whatever might be his eccentricity—and there are few without some spice of the quality—was a most amiable and kind-hearted man) used to take a deep interest in the game, and was most particular that the cards should, after each deal, be duly distributed on the table, so that each and every player should have an opportunity, if he chose, to shuffle or mix them; he himself took infinite pains in this respect, and would frequently, at the time, enter into an elaborate course of reasoning to prove the necessity, and to convince his co-adventurers of the good likely to result from such operation. Like most amateurs of rouge et noir, he had his favourite theory or system of play, and it ended in the one common result of loss.

Attending to systems or theories, it was most amusing to an observer of the game, to mark the extreme and anxious attention paid by the several players to the different events decisive of gain or loss on the respective colours, as they from time to time occurred, and which they noted in order of occurrence, by pricking a card ruled in columns for the special purpose. Every player was supplied with a card of this description, to guide him in any fancy or favourite mode of speculation in reference to particular events; and it is a strange fact, that not one out of ten was to be observed who did not make his game a matter of calculation, and act upon some imaginary principle of certain success. It was common to see men, with a number of cards bearing the recorded events of former deals before them, making their calculations as to future probabilities—wandering, in fact, in the labyrinth of problematical discovery, and devoting time and capability, that might have been more profitably employed, in the vain attempt to work out a principle or system of play upon progressive risk of money that should defeat the advantage or percentage of the bank, and control the incalculable combinations and changes of which the numbers contained in six packs of cards are capable. Every man seemed to hug to himself the dear deceit that he had discovered the true philosopher's stone, and to feed on hope made obstinately strong that he was on the high road to fortune. Under the different prevailing fancies, some speculated for RUNS, or a continuance of success on the last winning colour; others adopted a system of opposition, and played against the colour that had last won; some would wait the event of the black or red winning a given number of times in succession, and then immediately commence a most desperate and determined opposition against a recurrence of the same number of like events; while others (and but few) would, without any particular attention, and wholly unin-

fluenced by rule, throw their money heedlessly down on one or other colour, as the mere fancy of the moment prompted—a mode quite as successful in its practice as all the laboured systems of mathematical suggestion.

As an instance of the fact, it may be related, that Mr. J., a young Cantab, who in the vacation usually found his way to London, and quite as often to the divers gaming-temples therein, paid one day a passing visit to Taylor's establishment in Pall Mall. His finances were not in the most satisfactory or promising condition, his whole amount of capital at the time being embodied in two crown pieces. These he carelessly threw down on one of the colours, little anticipating the product that was to arise therefrom. The event was successful; the two crowns received their equivalent value; and from such small sum he, being a bold and determined player, absolutely won, in a very short space of time, a sum exceeding 1000*l.*, with which, and his two original crown pieces, he left the place, declaring most emphatically that "he would have the latter framed in memento of their success." This circumstance occasioned him to be distinguished ever afterwards as the fortunate youth—a term most inappropriate to the reverse that attended his subsequent speculations, and which has considerably affected his patrimonial estate.

Another peculiar player was a gentleman bearing the same cognomen as the subject of the preceding anecdote. He held high rank in the military service of the East India Company, and had realized considerable property in Eastern climes. He was a person of a most quiet and retired manner and methodical mode of play, his custom being to make one stake of 100*l.*, and, under the result either of gain or loss, to retire immediately. He adopted this plan with success for twelve successive days, realizing in that time 1200*l.*; but on the thirteenth came the reaction, (and, as the caprice of fortune would have it, not at the house of his previous success,) for, losing his first stake, he ventured a second, which shared a like fate; and resolution failing him, he continued his pursuit of change until he had lost not only the 1200*l.*, proceeds of former good fortune, but 500*l.* in addition. Strange and irreconcilable acts were also sometimes observable in players, as instanced once in the conduct of a Captain B—, holding rank in His Majesty's service, and who was in the habit of occasionally playing at rouge et noir. He visited Taylor's one day, and deliberately placed on one of the colours a note of 100*l.* value—a stake very far exceeding any in amount which he had ever been before known to play. The colour lost; and before the croupier had time to draw the stake from the table, the Captain rendered it unnecessary, by coolly taking the note up himself, and with equal *sang froid* depositing the same in his pocket, pleasantly intimating to the officials of the table, that he owed them 100*l.* Remonstrance was vain; no appeal to his honour or gentlemanly propriety could re-produce the Bank of England promise from its safe deposit. Frequent fraudulent tricks were practised on the proprietors of tables, which served to exemplify the sad infirmity of principle to which men are subject under the avarice of the passion for gaming.

The houses No. 5 and No. 10, King-street, St. James's, were more indiscriminately open day and night to all persons having the exterior of respectability. Great business was carried on at both, and at the former house in particular, immense sums were realized from the constant and unceasing source of profit accruing from more general and regular play.

The ordinary course of magisterial interference was at that time unknown, and undreaded alike by proprietors and visitors; the fame of the game had extended to the eastern districts of the metropolis, and brought into the market men of mercantile and commercial pursuits—merchants, brokers, contractors, and large wholesale traders, who sported their money under little or no restraint. These, with a daily-increasing number of Bank, East-India House, and Government officials, served from time to time to swell the number of gamblers and speculators at rouge et noir; and it is no exaggeration of the truth to say, that to their sad initiation may be ascribed the loss of wealth, commercial connection, confidence and appointment, of at least one half of the number.

Such was the state of the gaming district, during a period of five or six years, when other adventurers stepped into the market to share in the immense profits continually flowing from the apparently inexhaustible sources of play. Several rival establishments were opened; and, amongst others, one by the brother of a peer of the realm, an officer in the army, who, in conjunction with a medical man (both then hitherto unfortunate in their speculative amusements) took a handsome house in Cleveland Row, which was fitted up in a very superior style, and adapted to the purposes of rouge et noir, but for some unaccountable cause it did not succeed. Another establishment, upon a most extensive scale, was opened at the eastern end of Pall Mall, and bore the name of The Gothic Hall. The reputed proprietorship and active management of this certainly superb mansion was accredited to a worthy of the church, known familiarly as parson A———, a reverend, who, it is said, was not restrained from making money by any excessive feeling of respect for his calling, or by any very delicate consideration as to the means of realizing the needful. This gentleman was a man of wit and talent, and one of the most cool and calculating beings in the universe: he valued what the world said of him in the same degree as the universe may be supposed to regard any private opinion which an individual may record of it. He was a *bon vivant*, and, as Shakspeare says, “a fellow of infinite merriment,”—full of information and anecdote, and abounding in worldly philosophy. He was a sportsman also of no mean grade or capability; he and his curate (*arcades ambo*) have been known to have their fifteen hunters in the stable, and to give them all pretty regular work. This is a fact related by the curate himself, of whom an extraordinary anecdote is extant and within the knowledge of the writer. Some years back there stood at the crossing of Park Lane and Piccadilly, a very clean and particularly respectable looking man, who daily exercised the broom for the convenience of passengers making their transit between the eastern and western corners of the street. He never asked for fee or reward for his labour, but modestly took what was generously offered him. After two or three days' position in this spot he announced to passing strangers by a small placard placed on his back, that he was a distressed clergyman of the Church of England, a piece of information which immediately excited much sympathy and compassion for his degraded position, and made him an object of peculiar interest. It produced also its due effect which it was doubtless thought it would operate; for a week after this announcement of his sacred profession, the Reverend Divine suddenly disappeared, and two or three months afterwards was seen at Tattersall's in a bran new suit of sporting clerical cut, making survey of

a fine stud of hunters that were about to be sold. The individual alluded to was the identical quondam curate of the well-known Parson A———!

In addition to the two houses named, rouge et noir banks were opened by different parties in St. James's Street, Bury Street, Jermyn Street, and the neighbouring localities. Most of the new proprietors confined their play within narrower limits as to the amount of stake: some regulating it from half-a-crown to 20*l.*; others from 5*s.* to 50*l.* This opportunity to risk smaller stakes than had then hitherto been recognized, brought not only an increase of customers, but had the effect also of drawing off some of the more moderate speculators from the larger houses. A few months seemed to work sudden and marvellously favourable change in the condition of one and all of these new proprietors,—an appearance which still further increased their number and degree. In a short space of time the district of St. James's afforded an opportunity to persons of all grades and circumstances to indulge in the ruinous and destructive pastime of play. No. 6, Bury Street, was one of the newly constituted *maisons des jeux*, and had great custom amongst the middle, and occasionally among the higher classes of players. The stakes played at this house were from half-a-crown to 20*l.*; and the usual nightly capital provided by the bank did not exceed 300*l.*,—a sum sufficient to work out a wondrous increase under the influence of the *trente et un* per centage, and a little luck therewith, as the following narrative will show. A foreign gentleman, of great commercial business and consideration in the City, well known and of large credit on 'Change, entered this house one evening, accompanied by a friend. He was a great patron of the game of rouge et noir, and occasionally played at the superior houses to win or lose his four or five hundred pounds. On this occasion he seated himself at the table and commenced operations by playing 5*l.* on the red colour, which he lost; he then played 10*l.* on the same colour, which he also lost. His next risk was 20*l.* (the highest stake allowed), which shared the fate of his previous deposits. The rules of the house not permitting any one player to stake more than 20*l.* on an event, there was no way for this gentleman to increase his stake beyond such amount but by getting his friend to put down, as if for himself, a similar sum, which he did,—thereby in reality increasing the stake to 40*l.*, which was placed upon the same colour of red and lost, as were many sums of the same amount. The bankers finding themselves in great luck, and their bank increasing, thought it a favourable opportunity to give full scope to the tide of fortune, and, under pretended courtesy to their visitor, they hinted to him that as he was evidently desirous to play higher stakes they would for once break through the rule of the establishment and permit him so to do, and would leave it to him to name the amount to which he should be restricted. The gentleman accordingly named 100*l.* as the limit; but continuing to lose at that amount, and having again availed himself of his friend's presence to double even this sum, he was again told by the bankers that so long as they should be winners of him, he might put down any stake he pleased not exceeding 300*l.* The very next coup he played was actually a stake of that large amount, and the event turned up a *trente et un après*. which gave the bank title to draw half the money on the table. The 300*l.* was, therefore, divided, and a similar sum was again staked and lost. The brief result of the night's contest was that the gentle-

man referred to lost 3000*l.* in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England; and the most remarkable feature of the game was, that the black colour won twenty-two times consecutively in opposition to the red, which he had so obstinately and pertinaciously backed. The calculations against such an occurrence exceed all amount; and it was observed, at the time, to be an event unknown in the annals of rouge playing, as ascertained by reference to French records of the game in the shape of books published, exhibiting all the deals that had from time to time occurred at Frescati's, and other gaming-houses in the French metropolis. The amount thus imprudently lost by the party alluded to was equal to about ten times the sum which he could by possibility have won even under the most favourable turn of fortune! Several other players were also amongst the unsuccessful, under the same obstinate course of opposition. The bank at length closed,—the two bankers (*Carlos* and *Mogg*), retired with their cash-box (the one close on the heels of the other to prevent accidents) to an apartment upstairs to count their gains, and, as would naturally be supposed, to rejoice on the happy result of so large an acquisition to their means: not so, however, for they had not been long absent when several persons who had remained in the room to take refreshment, with what appetite they could after their losses,—and amongst such persons the gentleman who had so largely contributed to the bank's resources, and who bore his ill-fortune with extraordinary equanimity,—were alarmed by a tremendous noise from over head as of the falling of some extraordinary weight, and by the accompaniment of loud, violent, and abusive language. A rush was immediately made up stairs to discover the cause, when it turned out that so far from the parties being in that happy state of amity and mutual congratulation of each other's good fortune, they had actually quarrelled respecting the division of the spoil, and wound up the affair by pugilistic contest, which in the close had occasioned the two worthies to measure their respective longitudes on the floor. The occurrence may perhaps in some degree be accounted for when it is stated that one of the parties was a most hot-headed fellow,—a perfect maniac in his passion,—and it might have been that owing, to some imaginary affront by his partner, he, under momentary excitement, had inflicted summary punishment on the offender, whose part in the fray might have been a mere act of self-defence from further violence. The surmise will not appear improbable when it is related of the same irascible person,—who, by the way, had been an officer in the army,—that taking personal offence once at some observation made by a gentleman (a colonel in the army) at the table, he suddenly rushed out of the room, and in a few moments returned with a brace of formidable pistols, one of which he hastily and angrily presented to the colonel, and insisted on immediate satisfaction on the spot. Mischief, however, was happily prevented by some of the company seizing the madman and securing the deadly weapons, which on examination were absolutely found to be loaded. It is scarcely necessary to add, that having expressed due indignation at the insolence and infamy of such conduct, the whole company left the place; and it was some time before the house recovered from the prejudice to which the event gave rise.

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

ENNOBLED ACTRESSES,

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

The stage is the imitation of life, the mirror of manners, the representation of truth.—CICERO.

THERE was an ancient law in Egypt, by which the actions and characters of the dead were examined in the presence of competent judges, in order to determine what was due to their memory. A wise and wholesome provision for posterity's use! Such an existing law would make honest tombstones, and spare much monumental marble, while it benefited the cause of truth and virtue.

Without, however, any such law set down for us, our good and evil actions are subjected to an unerring judge on earth, which, as surely as the Egyptian scrutiny, will test and determine the quality and amount of every one's deeds "done in the flesh."

Of the subject before us, much has been hastily said and prematurely written, which, when tested by our "old common arbitrator *Time*," may be found erroneous, if not altogether false. The defects and merits of the Duchess of St. Albans have not been weighed by the even hand of one personally acquainted with either. Thus many of her public acts have been misquoted, and her sequestered habits (which who that wrote of them could *know*?) dragged forward in a distorted shape, in order, as it would seem, to swell the catalogue of prejudices, cherished against her former profession, by those

"Dread reformers of an impious age,
The awful cat o'-nine-tails of the stage,"

who invariably appear to forget that the errors of actors and actresses are but the errors of humanity. We knew and liked "*Harriet Mellon*," and though in after time socially separated, retained an interest and means which gave us continuous knowledge of her "whereabout." Thus, with an accurate key to her original character, we shall open to the reader a straightforward view of the principal acts and events of her life, unintercepted or obscured by popular prejudices, or the confessed partiality of our early feelings. To begin then at the beginning, upon which we lay some peculiar but necessary stress, in reference to our heroine's early disadvantages—

The maternal grandfather and grandmother of "*Harriet Mellon*," as she was familiarly and indeed generally called "when she was *young and slim*," were of the humblest class of Irish peasantry, residing in Cork, and deriving, with their only child, a meagre subsistence from the cultivation of a small patch of ground annexed to their cabin. The husband dying, this *property* fell from the widow, who, with her daughter, was compelled to seek "the bit o' livin" elsewhere; the latter, a sharp-eyed, alert, and capable body, obtained admission into the family of a petty general shopkeeper, of course as executive-general in kitchen, parlour, and hall.

Sarah (we are obliged to stint ourselves to her baptismal appellation, her patronymic having escaped us) was, by nature and habit, admirably fashioned and fitted to her appointed duties; for, gifted as she was with a store of natal *brogue*, her pedal activity had never till then been cramped by any other, neither had her sturdy leg and sufficient ankle been straitened by the produce of the loom; while her knotted and combined locks, which knew no other covering but the sun,—were little subjected "to paper durance," or the intrusion of a brush. In

a state approaching to the naked simplicity of ancient Sparta, did this single-minded maid, in her country's phrase, "work her feet up to her knees" for her daily bread, when the lynx-eyed retailer of tobacco and tape, whose daily practice at her counter had given an accurate insight to general measurement, perceiving her servant's waist to be no longer like that of Prior's Emma, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," and that her maiden girdle proved too short, sent her back to her only surviving parent, who, with a mother's love, which clings to her child when all the world has forsaken it, received her with open arms.

At this critical period an event occurred which tended, as Sarah in after life fancifully expressed it, *to give a colouring to her fate!* This event was the arrival of an itinerant troop of "divarters," *anglice*, strolling players, bound for Wales, but landed by misadventure at Cork. Thus compelled from their course, they sought to supply the exigencies of a night's stay, and of their ensuing voyage, by performing in a barn, gratuitously granted them by a benevolent farmer, by whose favour our fair Milesian gained a seat at the intellectual banquet.

Sarah was at this time just "rising" four and twenty, by nature of a lively and sanguine temperament; but the dark passage in her own love's history had awakened naturally her tenderest sympathy for others' woe, and the disastrous history of the ungentle Juliet, together with "the cunning of the scene," so moved Sarah's corresponding nature that something told her she was born for tragedy; and in this persuasion she retired from the scene of excitement to her closet. But there "no curtained sleep had she," partly, "because she had no curtains to her bed," partly, because the voice of her *destiny*, as she *believed*, was loud and clamorous, and only to be appeased by the resolution she took of applying the next morning for admission into Mr. and Mrs. Kena's company, representing herself to be the widow of a Lieutenant Mellon. Those experienced and well-judging *managers* were in fact in want of an assistant *behind* rather than *before* the curtain, and seeing a sturdy and efficient aid in the plump, but active brunette before them, judiciously suggested to her, that as it was indispensably necessary she should learn to *read* before she could fully enter into the study of Shakspeare, she might for the present fill the then vacant departments of cook, house and nursery-maid, sempstress, stage-dresser, and *wardrobe-keeper*. The latter office being merely a *sinecure*, Mrs. Licutenant Mellon did not deem derogatory to the widow of an officer, (whose pension, we must assume, she was too proud to claim,) and the five first she was willing to perform *con amore*—*i. e.*, for—love and *provision*—while, by a *little study*, she might be enabled, *some wet afternoon*, comfortably to read Shakspeare through, and so become competent to appear—in transatlantic phraseology—*upon the floor* of the respective barns in Wales, throughout which Mr. Kena's company was wont to "travel." All preliminaries arranged, our fair candidate for histrionic fame quitted her native land and only surviving parent for ever. During her probationary state, Sarah duly became a mother,—a fine girl, born on the 11th of November, 1777, being the fruit of her union with her lost Mellon, which event, with the subsequent cares attendant upon rearing the first-born, materially interfered with the Shakspearean *studies*, and indeed so retarded them, that she was compelled for the time to relinquish all thoughts of publicly contributing to the success of her employer's "concern," as it was not inappropriately called by its owners. In the year following the birth of the little *Harriet* (our henceforth heroine), a youth, *the musician per se* of

the theatre, somehow contrived to engage the widowed affections of Mrs. Lieutenant Mellon. How he could presume to look so high for a wife, as the *widow of an officer*, and how she came to look so *low*—to use a favourite word of hers—in after years, as the *orchestra* for a husband, we do not pretend to explain, for we simply relate that, although some years the young musician's senior, she married him; thus, as the undoubted wife of Mr. Entwistle, terminated the romantic portion of the late *Mrs. Lieutenant Mellon's* life.

Mr. Entwistle, though on a parity in matters of taste and pursuits, was far superior to his lady in point of education, and it followed, that in course of time the young husband bestowed upon his elder half—what has been aptly termed "*a dangerous thing*"—namely, a *little learning*. Certes, he taught her to read, but whether her attainments ever reached as high as the writing-desk, history has not revealed; but we believe all thoughts of furthering the interests of the drama, and upholding the fame of our inspired bard, were relinquished for the impediments found in completing her preparatory *studies*. As for her "fatherless orphim," as her mamma pensively termed her little Mellon, she so endeared herself to her young step-father, that he undertook to instruct the little lively creature in all he himself knew. This to be sure, was not much, but in the eyes of her mother *a load*. Thus rescued, as we have described, in her childhood from a state of total ignorance, in which, left wholly with her mother, she must have remained, the poor little creature had no advantages from the union of a woman of coarse and uninformed mind, and a man of vulgar and sottish habits. Mrs. Entwistle was, indeed, a *painful* person; recollecting her at that period of her life when the heyday in the blood is supposed to be tame, her furious temper appalled even our child's heart; and pitiable must it have been to a reflecting mind to observe the daughter, a fine creature, then in her first youth, exposed to all the base impressions, likely to sink deep and indelibly into a fresh and ardent nature. How a *woman* can inflict corporal suffering upon any sentient being, must ever be a marvel; but for a *mother's* hand to deal a blow upon defenceless infancy, is

"An act at which inverted nature starts,
And blushes to behold itself so cruel!"

Mrs. Entwistle was one of those *teaching* parents who beat the child for having fallen down and hurt herself. Indeed, to the last years of her life she was addicted to the vulgar eloquence of blows; her favourite threat, in her fierce vein, when any one stood between her and her maternal wrath, was—with certain expletives which we omit—"Let me get *at* her! let me *get* *at* her! and I'll be the *death* of her!" This formidable person had been in her *jeunesse* what people of her own class and country would have called good looking; her *features*, which those of her daughter closely resembled, were decidedly good, and her face altogether well formed, though afterwards *joyntue* by bad passions and coarse self-indulgence; but the expression of her black lustrous eyes, and the character of her dark brows, were, what may best be described under the term *forbidding*. And if to true discernment the heart is in the face, the heart of Mrs. Entwistle must have been formed of rude and perilous stuff,—while, in her exasperated mood, the sound of her voice bruised the ear "like the blast of Fingal in the desert."

We are not allowed "ample scope and verge enough" in these pages

for a detail of the vicissitudes of Miss Mellon's rise to womanhood, and her profession: it may suffice to record her early initiation into stage mysteries in the little theatre alluded to in *children's characters* (then much in vogue); and that she found herself, about the year 1789, a member of Mr. Stanton's small but respectable theatrical circuit, which included Stafford and other principal towns of the country. In the year 1793, the two Members for Stafford, Sheridan and the Hon. E. Moncton, bespoke a play; on which night our heroine appeared in the characters of *Letitia Hardy* and *Priscilla Tomboy*. The Honourable Members paid her, at the close of the evening, an infinity of those time-serving compliments which were more the result of generous wine and habitual gallantry than any solid conviction of the young actress's professional superiority. In short, Mr. Sheridan's intoxicating praise and fascinating manners, infused a deep and abiding reliance in the minds of those interested; and his concluding *promise* of a London engagement was not forgotten by any of the party but *himself*. The senator returned to town, and thought no more of the Stafford actress, or of the hopes he had created; not so the object of his flattering promises, or her aspiring mother. As soon as possible they betook themselves to that seat of hurry and goal of ambitious merit, London, presenting themselves and their hopes before the great man; who, quite perplexed what to do with the expectants, kept them in daily attendance and uncertainty until, their little stock of money being exhausted, they obtained letters from some of Mr. Sheridan's constituents, urging his interest in his own theatre, in favour of their *protégée*; and on the ensuing October of 1793, Miss Mellon's name appeared, for the *first time* in a London play-bill as something less than a *chorus singer*!

The truth is, Mr. Sheridan was at all times a *promising manager*, but as he was at no time a *performer*, he could not be expected to feel for the mortification he had caused the young actress. Again, therefore, poor Harriet had recourse to the influence of her Stafford patrons, who ultimately drew from Mr. Sheridan his slow leave that she should have an *appearance part*; and, as her name had been blotted in the public eye, it was deemed expedient to announce her on the present occasion as a *Young Lady*, by theatrical interpretation but an unpromising title to success. Thus Miss Mellon made her appearance as *Lydia Languish*, in Sheridan's own "Rivals," which in effect was but a feeble effort, and the Staffordshire Thalia was turned back to commingle again with the chorus singers. In this indistinguishable position the poor girl remained the greater part of the season, clinging to the green-room and her hopes from night to night, subjected when at home to her dissatisfied mother's inhuman reproaches and abuse for her "*low*," and grovelling spirit in remaining in such a situation. "A *low* chorus singer Harriet, and with such *high blood* in your veins!" Accident, however, proved "Harriet's" friend, in the absence of one of the minor performers, whose humble character was entrusted to her, and for the *first time* our heroine acted with the darling of Thalia, Mrs. Jordan, whose like *we* ne'er shall see again! Fascinated, she returned home in a state of enthusiasm, and might aptly have exclaimed,

"O, mother!

A lightning flash has dazzled me, and never
Can those eyes see true again!"

for from this hour she took to fashion herself upon the model before

her, and, like other young actresses of her time, became a close copy, not a *resemblance*, for

"None but herself could be her parallel."

By such fortuitous means, Miss Mellon crept into favour with the management and the public,—to which in candour it must be added, her fine person and handsome face principally recommended her; at the same time, attentive study, and tasteful costume, were not unappreciated. In like manner our heroine rose to a very creditable point in her profession; and if not at any period *great*, she was always correct and agreeable; whilst her ingenuous manners, and strict propriety behind the scenes, together with her known admirable adherence to her mother, under all the rigour of her inhuman disposition, made her beloved and commended by all who knew her;—indeed, a more popular person never existed than "Harriet Mellon."

We come now to a period of Miss Mellon's history, from which several events took their date, and regulated much of her after life. Miss Mellon made acquaintance with a young person nearly of her own age, the daughter of a respectable, but decayed tradesman. She was handsome, gentle, sensible, and well-mannered. The friendship of these young people was little less sudden and ardent than that of the romantic ladies in Mr. Canning's "Rovers;" and Miss Mellon's "slight acquaintance" was still more endeared to her new friend, as being the medium of an attachment of a more tender nature. A Mr. B— had become enamoured of the blooming Harriet, who frankly gave him love for love. This gentleman, though confessedly not rich, had "*great expectations*," but when did true love—first love—*woman's* love, think of any riches beyond the heart's treasure? The rising actress had attained to a rising salary, and this, with love, was all-sufficient—at all events until the rich relation to whom Mr. B. was heir, died. Though the gentleman had been plausibly introduced in Little Russell-street, the underplot of the drama was conducted with all the secrecy that novel-reading misses of the day—when the Minerva Press flourished, and inculcated any thing but *wisdom*—delighted to practise. But independent of this *Lydia Languish* propensity for deceiving our friends and relations in matters of the heart, Harriet Mellon knew well that her mother's views were opposed to *any* change, and least of all, such change as "*a penniless husband* could give"—or that could interfere with the exclusive system of domination she had hitherto practised over her daughter. Concealment was therefore imperatively necessary—but not longer possible. Mrs. Entwistle discovered the attachment, and her fury knew no bounds. She knew the unfortunate lover had neither present means nor expectant wealth: of this she convinced her daughter, who in a transport of indignation immediately resigned him, *not* because he was *poor*, but because a woman's heart can forgive all things in the man she loves but deception; and when, like the daughter of Tilbury's Governor, she cried, "Duty behold, I am all over thine!" it was more in resentment at her Lover's disingenuousness, than any diminution of her attachment for him.* Notwithstanding the "swashing and martial outside" with which poor Harriet bore this disappointment, there is little doubt but that it was severely felt. Meanwhile the in-

* The unfortunate gentleman soon after this event went to seek his fortune in India, where it was said he fell a victim to the climate.

fluence of her favourite daily gained ground, and as gradually decreased that of the queen mother, hence ensued enlarged squabbles, and outbreaks of the demon *Temper*, in which it is to be feared "her Harriet" bore her part with a tolerable grace; and implicit obedience was no longer yielded. Pending this effect, Mr. Entwistle, who had been engaged in the orchestra at Drury-lane as a "second violin," (for he had ceased after his marriage to play *first fiddle*), was for some irregularity discharged from his situation; his totally unemployed life gave leisure for still greater indulgence in intemperate habits, and his step-daughter felt that, "though she was bound to him as her kinsman, she was nothing allied to his disorders;" and finding that neither husband nor wife could separate themselves from their misdemeanours, she delivered her indignation by word of mouth, finally proposing a separation of persons and interests.

Mrs. Entwistle was utterly astounded—

"When on our heads it brings the ceiling,
The base begins to show its feeling."

Her selfishness was touched to the quick by "her Harriet's" vigorous assumption of power, yet—let us deliver all in charity. Odious as this woman was, her present feelings might not be *all* selfish; something of the mother at a moment of purposed separation from an only child, possibly—nay, probably—struggled with her otherwise unfeminine character; and, as it is said every metal contains some quantity of gold, so some spark of goodness may be extracted from the hardest nature;—a mother's heart must still retain, however faintly, the inherent stamp of nature.

Her daughter, however, had now reached a period of life (a fatal period it often proves) when young ladies learn to believe that they are able to judge and act for themselves, and she revealed to her mother a decision of character and force of will little inferior to her own, with a tone of command little less arbitrary and disputable.

A great statesman once declared that the secret of human government is a *majority*. Miss Mellon held the same opinion, for at this juncture she called in her newly-made friend and ally, and together taking her mother in the most subdued vein, they placed the matter before her in such *unanswerable* terms, that she was almost silenced. In fact, she felt herself in the *minority*, it was two to one against her stay, and after one or more experimental struggles to regain dominion over her lost throne, prudence warily took her by the ear and whispered submission to what she could not control.*

Thus emancipated from domestic thralldom, the first use Miss Mellon made of her liberty, was to domesticate her young friend with her, in Little Russell Street, and friendship in its most enthusiastic form succeeded the brief reign of early passion. This continued for upwards of twelve years, when it died a sudden and violent death.

About the period of Mr. and Mrs. Entwistle's departure from their daughter's roof, an old gentleman, sordidly dressed and of meek deportment, was seen occasionally in the green room of Drury Lane Theatre, in common with more noble and distinguished *habitués*. In course of time he was observed to enter Miss Mellon's humble dwelling,

* Miss Mellon ultimately obtained for her father-in-law the situation of post-master at Cheltenham.

and it being known that the rich banker frequently visited the friends, malice insinuated that

“Old as he was, for ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty he remembered yet.”

And day by day new slanders were circulated, and Miss Mellon's patron informed of the injurious impressions against his *protégée*, his friendship took a more candid and decided course, and he did at last what it is to be regretted he did not do at first—he introduced her to his daughters, the Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Guilford, and Lady Burdett, (matrons of unspotted fame,) who, with their families, thenceforth exhibited the most public and friendly regard for her.

“The snake was scotched, not killed.”

That ought but a paternal regard actuated Mr. Coutts's continuous friendship for Miss Mellon, no person who really knew *her* or him ever believed; and there is little doubt but that the otherwise unjust surmises first suggested the result which probably had never been thought of by either party. However this may be, the period at length arrived which made these odds all even. Mrs. Coutts, who had long been in a state of helpless imbecility, expired suddenly from an accident; and in the February of the following year, 1815, Miss Mellon withdrew from the stage, after performing the character of *Audrey* in “As You Like It,” without other intimation of her intention than a friendly whisper to Mr. Bannister (the *Touchstone* of the night) that it was the *last time* she should appear with him in public. In this abrupt and unexpected manner, after 21 years upon the London stage, ended Miss Mellon's professional career, and on the 2nd of March the public journals formally announced the marriage of “Miss Mellon of Holly Lodge, Highgate, to Thomas Coutts, Esq.”*

In respect to the date of this marriage it must be admitted that Mr. Coutts's advanced age and precarious life rendered delay hazardous to his premeditated intentions of making such provision for his *protégée* as could only be enjoyed by *his widow*, without perpetuating the slanders previously put forth against her by their long intimacy. The injury suffered by Miss Mellon in consequence of her benefactor's liberality considered, it was not unnatural on her part to be anxious to see herself

* And here let us disabuse our readers of a *capital error in relation to Miss Mellon's first acquisition of wealth*, the famed *lottery ticket*. Previous to, and at the period of Mr. Coutts's first intimacy with Miss Mellon, she was fond of speculating in the lottery; and like many other people of narrow means and sanguine temperaments, she suffered her hopes continually to dwell on the expectation of gain from this Eldorado of the east, and never failed, however difficult the means, to expend annually small sums in the purchase of shares; a characteristic reliance on dreams, and other auguries, which suggested *lucky numbers*, keeping her ever alive to ultimate gain. The manner in which these hopes were cherished, and the disappointments surmounted, amused Mr. Coutts exceedingly; whose good will, seconded by his ample means, suggested a kindly stratagem by which to augment his young friend's present comforts, and ensure a solid continuance of them. He proposed to her old friend, Mr. Wewitzer, who was often present at the banker's visits, a plan by which his wishes might be put in force, without exciting the scruples or wounding the delicacy of Miss Mellon. It was to persuade her to make *one large venture* in place of the many small ones, which so dissipated her money, and by the purchase of a *whole ticket*, bribe Fortune to be kind, and turn the wheel in her favour. With some difficulty this *ruse* succeeded. Wewitzer was, as usual, sent to make the purchase with the accumulation of some weeks' deduction from her salary; and in the course of time *the ticket*, to all intents and purposes, proved a *prize*! Mr. Wewitzer, the lucky agent, received the money, which he paid to his delighted young friend in *new bank-notes*; and she, who had never possessed more than a

secured from future malice and contingencies by an honourable title and fortune. That Miss Mellon deserved the vile interpretations which the prejudiced or malicious put upon Mr. Coutts's benefits we never believed, considering her at all times "most straight in virtue;" otherwise could she have ventured upon the violent dismissal, from her presence and favour, of the several persons who had been so confidentially associated and acquainted with all her secrets? Had the fortunate lottery ticket been all a fable, or connived at by Miss Mellon, would she have ventured to discard the *purchaser* at so critical a period of her history, and risk his resentment with such a secret in his power? But in the many such acts of inconstancy, and which undoubtedly sullied the character of *Miss Mellon*, *Mrs. Coutts*, and the *Duchess of St. Albans*, not one of her discarded dependants or confidants ever attempted to impugn the moral conduct of their capricious patroness.

During the year of Miss Mellon's marriage Mrs. Entwistle, happily, as we must think for her daughter, *died*. Her maternal merits were rewarded by a costly funeral, and perpetuated by a *second* monument erected some years after by "*her affectionate daughter, Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans.*"

As soon as Miss Mellon's marriage was proclaimed, she was assailed by a host of venal scribblers

"Whose praise brings no profit, and whose censure no disgrace."

These base attempts to extort money from the fears to which new-born honours are subject, at first acted upon the mind of Mrs. Coutts with full effect, but judicious advisers happily restrained her impulsive resentment, and withheld her desire to confute their calumnies.

Mrs. Coutts now made many additions and embellishments to her favourite villa, *Holly Lodge*, the after scene of so many gorgeous festivities, in which Royalty did not disdain participation. But vast expenditure did not lavish itself on the rich and noble only; hers was not the

"Proud luxury that lets not its bounty fall
Where Want needs some, but where Excess begs all."

Her charities were wide and liberally spread, often spontaneous, though perhaps somewhat *scenic*,—her nature was essentially dramatic, and she loved to try *effects*, by giving surprises to those she benefited, these necessarily gave publicity to her bounties, and drew upon her the charge of ostentation.

Mrs. Coutts had been married seven years, when her aged husband's infirm frame gave indications of a rapid decay, which daily threatened dissolution. During the period of his last illness, she tended him with the most sedulous and unremitting care, administering his medicines,

few guineas, saw herself mistress of *thousands!* After the first burst of joy had subsided, she exultingly placed the suddenly-acquired wealth before her patron, begging him to direct her in the best manner of investing it; and after taking a small portion from the amount for present occasions, she placed the rest in the hands of him from whom she had unconsciously received it. This history is given on accredited authority, as delivered by Mr. Wewitzer a few days before his death, when he had failed in a last appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Coutts to relieve his wants. Here it may be observed that if Miss Mellon, at this time, possessed such unlimited power as her slanderers pretended over Mr. Coutts's mind and means, and so little delicacy and good sense in their use, how was it that she remained in her humble, nay mean habitation, in which he first found her, and to which she adhered until it almost fell upon her head from decay.

soothing his pains, cheering his descent into the grave, and assuredly doing the utmost to

"Husband out life's torpor at the close
And keep the flame from wasting."

Mr. Coutts expired at the beginning of March, 1822, in the presence of his daughter and Mrs. Coutts, to whom he left *all* his enormous wealth, putting the whole strength into one giant arm to use "as humours and conceits" might direct, having recorded his conviction that "her goodness would not fail to do for his family more than they expected or he wished." (1) The commentary this act suggests will arise in every feeling mind.

Pending the two following years the wealthy widow gracefully withdrew from public notice, and "*mourned*" her aged partner with every appearance of sincerity. Before she cast her "nighted colour off," several men of family who had "sickened their estates," and were willing to make the rich widow their physician, became suitors for her hand, and amongst other candidates, the Duke of York was named, but we believe erroneously.

In the year 1824, Mrs. Coutts emerged from her "weeds." The first memorable result of her reappearance in society was her introduction to the now Duke of St. Albans (then Lord Burford), in his twenty-third year, and just returned from his travels. Death once more opened the portal of advancement to this favourite of Fortune; for the next year, 1825, the Duke of St. Albans died, when his successor, with his sister Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, accompanied Mrs. Coutts on a tour to the birthplace of her late husband, also to visit the great Magician of the North at Abbotsford;* and on the 16th of June, 1827, Mrs. Coutts became a Duchess. Arrived at the pinnacle of her earthly ambition, wedded to an amiable, young, and exceedingly handsome nobleman, *her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans* became "the observed of all observers." She could not stir abroad but like a shining comet she was wondered at, and men would tell their children, "*This is she!*" She continued to dispense her charities with the same liberality, but with more advisedness than in her early acquisition of fortune, when she was often egregiously imposed upon. Her establishments were thus magnificent both in town and at Holly Lodge: her hospitalities were spoken of with praise by intellectual and noble visitors, who lauded the agreeable conversation and good manners of their hostess, and we hope to be forgiven if we presume to think she owed much of these to a profession which assuredly teaches its followers, whether before or behind the curtain, more than any other pursuit *can* teach the *half-educated*;—to the middle ranks, the stage has done more towards conveying the usages and moralities of life than the boarding-school.

When the manifest disadvantages of "Harriet Mellon's" life are remembered,—living, as she did, under the control and example of a debased and illiterate mother,—little, if any, expectation could be formed of her proving a degree superior to her guide in either mind or morals; and much, we think *very much*, praise attaches to the manner in which she ultimately raised herself above such demoralizing associations. From infancy to womanhood her mind was

"A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

* See Mr. Lockhart's account of this visit in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott."
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It had neither the advantage of early regulation nor after-culture. At the period when, temper-ried and heart-worn with the despotic and unfeminine turbulence of her mother, she assumed self-conduct through a world, of the usages of which she was still in perfect ignorance, she was a lovely, pure, kind, and ingenuous creature,—little given to investigate her feelings, which governed her, rather than she them,—taking their own bias, right or wrong. This fatal defect was the basis upon which all the mistakes of her life were reared and fixed. The continuous state of *autocracy*, so to speak, in which she existed from the moment she had cast aside the domestic oppression under which she had so long suffered, was such as few untutored minds could maintain with grace and approval; and, though the hateful example of her mother's controlling will might be expected to act with wholesome warning upon her victim, she did not profit by the fearful lesson. (How often is the enfranchised slave a tyrant master?) As the wife of Mr. Coutts, she had all the royal makings of a queen. Surrounded by people who "fed her every minute with words of sovereignty," she became inordinately self-endearred. With a partial husband, more than forty years her senior, in whose time-enfeebled judgment she was pronounced perfection's self,—the errors bred by a defective education, and concurring circumstances, were engrained in her very existence. Possessed of unlimited wealth, power, and sway, like an over-petted child, she grew fractious from very satiety of indulgence; added to which, she was *not a happy woman*; and might we choose, we would rather have been "Harriet Mellon" in her poverty, when she had only her good spirits to feed and clothe her, than Mrs. Coutts, "whose state sumptuous showed like a continual feast." One by one she had thrown from her those upon whom her young affections had been grafted,—the undying memory of her first and only love,

"The shadow of whose eyes were for ever on her soul."

His affections, written on the table of her heart, clung to her in the midst of her after successes, and turned the edge of contentment,—the friends, severed from her by her own rash hand, she regretted even against her will. But she never gave repentance words or acts, fully persuaded that, like the King, her sovereignty could do no wrong. She piqued herself upon her justice, forgetting that to be always rigorously just, we must sometimes be unjustly cruel. One of her prominent errors was, *never to forgive a personal offence*. This arose from an over estimate of *self*, and what was due to her position. Previously to her marriage, she felt with bitterness that she had partially incurred, without forfeit of her chastity, the ill repute that should only attend the loss of it. She was galled by unmerited censures, and avenged herself, she believed, of the blind injustice of the world, by showing that she could do without it (a mournful fallacy). Like the Spartan boy, she hugged the growing torment which preyed upon her heart; which concealed anguish affected her naturally excitable nature, and often made her upon slight cause act as if unbenevolent. Sometimes attended by "Pickthanks and base newsmongers," her too credulous ear was poisoned by many a leprous distilment, and her generous inclinations checked, and her judgment perverted. With these admitted failings, Mrs. Coutts, and the Duchess of St. Albans, assuredly possessed some

brilliant and unalloyed qualities : foremost among them stood her active benevolence, by which "the poor were clothed, the hungry fed."

Beyond her charitable deeds and the support of her lustre, she had no regard for money,—and although with such enormous riches it would have been criminal not to let its bounty fall upon the needy,—yet may we not withhold due praise for that which is not always the result of power and riches; and if she sometimes too loudly proclaimed her beneficence, there were occasions upon which she could do good by stealth. Whatever ill-nature may ascribe to her motives, it can't deny *the example* she set to others,—one of no mean value in a sordid world.* Amongst her many good qualities, probity in money matters distinguished her from her earliest years, before riches rendered it easy to be just; and her strict regard to truth formed another valuable trait in her character, while she prominently exhibited what has been aptly termed the "politeness of kings," she was *punctuality personified*, (a quality to be placed among the minor morals of life,) *she never kept anybody waiting*, tried the spirits, or wasted the time of an expectant, however humble.

With little taste, she had some refinement: she delighted in *flowers* and *music*, and in enjoyment of the latter she proved extremely liberal and attentive to its professors:—at both of the patent theatres she owned a private box, and was anxious to patronize merit when she thought she saw it.

With much natural wit and more humour, she had but indifferent faculties for intellectual attainments—possibly owing to her want of early directions in her choice of reading, which was desultory and frivolous, and she had a rabid appetite for vulgar marvels and supernatural horrors. In this particular, the defective, or rather no education of Harriet Mellon, was not rectified by Mrs. Coutts or the Duchess of St. Albans. With much native energy of mind, she cherished extraordinary weaknesses. She held implicit faith in spectres and goblins; and a ghost-story or a substantial murder, engaged every faculty, which, when not orally related, she sought for with avidity in old calendars and obsolete magazines. She was superstitious in all things—dreams were to her presages; omens and signs gave her frequent inquietude; and the *evil eye* and *fetiches* of her mother's country received her entire credence. She pinned her faith upon a horse-shoe nailed upon the outer gate; while the drilling of a hole at the narrow end of an egg-shell after its contents had been eaten, in order to exclude wicked fairies from haunting the hen-roost, was a precaution in no wise to be neglected.†

"Beauty is a mighty empire," but it lasts not long. Those who only saw the Duchess of St. Albans in her later years, could have but a *souperçon* of her early attractions. In person she was tall, and finely-formed, but

"What powerful hand can hold Time's strong foot back,
Or who his spoil on beauty can forbid?"

* It was not known till the death of the Duchess of St. Albans that she had for many years past granted life-annuities to several aged actresses whom she had known in early life, and whose infirmities forced them to relinquish their professions without adequate means of retirement. *One* such act obliterates the remembrance of a thousand foibles.

† We once saw Miss Mellon retire in great agitation from a dinner-table where were thirteen people about to be seated, and with a flushed face insist upon eating her dinner upon a side-table, in despite of the ridicule and laughter which she excited.

She gradually acquired a fulness which afterwards in its excess became ungraceful *bulk*.

Her countenance had an oriental conformation—the features were small—she had dark bright eyes and deeply fringed lids—a delicate nose and well-shaped mouth with white and regular teeth—clear and blushing skin (polished even to shining)—and fine black hair waving in natural curls—yet with all these appliances her countenance was unsusceptible of varied expression. A heavy frown and a sunny smile constituted all its meaning when not in repose; but a modest drooping of the eyelids from time to time, while speaking, had a most loveable effect upon the percipient.

As we have said, her powers as an actress were not brilliant; with naturally a clear and full-toned voice, her determined imitation of Mrs. Jordan gave the greater roundness to it. Her best attempts were in chambermaids. She never, we believe, donned the doublet and hose, although her figure could not have been objectionable. The best of her lady characters was that of *Volante*, in "The Honeymoon," originally acted by her; but her appearance was more engaging in simple than in elegant costume, for her figure when in motion was not graceful.

In the summer of 1837 the Duchess's constitution gave indications of a considerable change; a nervous excitement, which it was difficult to allay; a continuous pain in the right side, a gradual increase of fever with general debility, told of much to fear and little to hope. These symptoms augmented, and she became day by day more and more restless, and, at length, altogether dispirited. She removed from Stretton Street to Holly Lodge; but there no acquisition of strength awaited her; and after visiting mournfully every part of her favourite abode and its surroundings, she desired to be taken back to Stretton Street in order, as she said, to die in the same apartment and on the same bed wherein her benefactor breathed his last. Thither she was of course conveyed. It had been her frequently-expressed hope that she might die on a Sabbath, and her hope was realized, for on Sunday, the 6th of August, after eight weeks of intense suffering which she endured with unwonted patience and religious resignation, while supported on the arm of her noble husband, "she gave her honours to the world and her mortal part to Heaven."*

" Thus far with rough and all uneven pen
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining lofty DAMES."

Our task is terminated though not completed. *Time* must add to the circlet we have weaved two yet blooming portions of our work when they shall have dropped their leaves. *Our* business is with the *past*, not the present; our dramatic garland will be perfected by the addition of the elegant Countess of Harrington and the amiable Countess (Dowager) of Essex, when they have "shuffled off this mortal coil,"—a period, we trust, far distant.

Wishing to the one a long pursuance of her admirable domestic virtues, and to both happiness, we bid our patient readers farewell!

* The Duchess's will is registered where all may read. It is a curious document, of which the text forms its own commentary. She made her first husband's grandchild her heiress, whose fortune amounted, it was said, in cash, to 1,800,000*l*.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

WE have had some little difficulty in resolving to make the following narrative public, since, if the truth must be told, the particulars of it came to our knowledge through what the scrupulous might consider a violation of professional confidence. We have, however, taken every precaution against its connection with the personages really concerned in it; and, besides, the events of which it is a record occurred so long—several months—ago, and so far—almost ten miles—off, that we are not under the slightest apprehension of giving, by working them into a magazine article, the slightest pain to the feelings of a highly respectable family.

One Saturday afternoon, on a fine day,—rare occasion!—during the last summer, a young man, apparently of about five-and-twenty, with a carpet-bag, the ticket whereon indicated that he had just come from the Great Western Railway, was seen, by several people, to ring at the gate of a substantial dwelling-house, with a shrubbery before it, in front of that a high wall, and glass bottles on the top of the latter. It was situate in the county of Middlesex; no matter where more particularly. He carried his paletot on his arm: it was thus apparent that he was dressed in black, and he wore a white cravat. His face was pale; his eyes, hair, and whiskers—the latter very neatly trimmed—were dark and lustrous. He was tall, thin, stooped a little, and was slightly narrow-chested; not so much so, however, as to suggest a more than interesting tendency to consumption. By a superficial observer, he might have been mistaken for a young curate; but a shirt-frill, which escaped his bosom, would, to a more judicious eye, have negated that surmise. In fact, he was a clerk in the Treasury; and it being, as we have mentioned, Saturday afternoon, he was, of course, a gentleman at large till Monday. He had come down from town to stay over Sunday, at the mansion at whose portal we left him ringing.

The bell was speedily answered—by a female, but not a domestic. No; her rich, flowing auburn tresses, delicate figure, and Parisian elegance of attire, proclaimed at once the young lady. Nor less decidedly would her sparkling eyes and flushed cheek have revealed the relation in which she stood to the young gentleman, even if she had not, as she grasped his hand, exclaimed passionately, “My dear, dear William!”

De Vigne, for that was his surname, affectionately returned the greeting; and the two lovers, having closed the door behind them, walked slowly along the serpentine gravel-path whose meanders led to the house.

“How sweet, but yet how tantalizing,” said the young man to the beautiful creature, whose slight weight, as she leant upon his arm, did not half balance his carpet-bag, “have been these flying visits, for—as now these four years,—to my beloved Sarah! And is this to be the last, and shall next Thursday—which is a holiday—make me the happiest of men? The anticipation is almost too flattering to be trustworthy.

“Alas, William!” cried the maiden, drooping her head like the evening dahlia.

"Sarah, my love! what is the matter?" exclaimed De Vigne. "Nothing, I trust, has happened likely to retard our felicity. The little property (the few thousands which your dear aunt left you, and which removed the sole objection to our union), was safely invested in the three per cents. Surely there has been no mistake about the will, Sarah!" and here he clutched her hand convulsively, whilst his voice fell several octaves,—“I hope you have not been buying railway-shares.”

"Oh, no,—no, William!" she replied hastily. "My father—my father!"

"The dear old gentleman is not ill, I trust," said De Vigne, in a tone of alarm.

"Not in body," Sarah answered, hesitatingly; "but—however, William," she added, checking herself, "you will presently see him, and then you will know all." And she averted her head.

A few moments brought them into the old gentleman's library. Mr. Wilkinson, a stout tall personage of about sixty, was sitting, apparently in a high state of comfort, in his arm-chair. He looked remarkably well for a gentleman of his years, in his brass-buttoned blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen trousers. His venerable head was powdered; Mr. Wilkinson was a disciple of the old school. On the table beside him was a full decanter of sherry, and one, half emptied, of port, with biscuits and desert. He was reading the *Quarterly Review* through his spectacles, which he raised at the approach of his visitor.

"Ha, ha, my boy!" he exclaimed, coughing; but from habit, not indisposition, "how are ye—how are ye? Eh? What? Have ye dined? Come; help yourself to a glass of wine."

De Vigne was at a loss to conceive what circumstance in the condition of her sire could possibly account for Sarah's melancholy expressions respecting him. He felt bewildered; however he sat down and helped himself.

"I hope, sir, you are quite well," he said, "still preserving the '*mens sana in corpore sano*.'"

Sound as a roach, my boy,—though I don't understand your Latin," said Mr. Wilkinson, alluding to De Vigne's beautiful quotation from the Latin Grammar.

De Vigne said he was glad to hear it—meaning the affirmative of health, and not the confession of ignorance. A conversation then ensued between him and the old gentleman on miscellaneous topics, which only served to increase his perplexity. Mr. Wilkinson expressed himself with his usual sagacity; he talked as sensibly on politics as his Toryism ever admitted of, and in taking the dark side on railway matters, evinced no unwonted obstinacy. In reference to this latter subject, Mr. De Vigne at length let fall an observation to the effect that the speculations in question involved an enormous deal of shuffling.

No sooner did Mr. Wilkinson hear these words, than he became violently excited. "Deal!" he cried, "sir!—deal!—shuffling, sir!—shuffling! Dealing and shuffling will be the ruin of the country. Look at me sir! See how I have been beaten and knocked about in consequence of their dealing and shuffling."

"My dear sir," said De Vigne, astonished,—“what is the matter?”

"Matter, sir?—matter!—have you no eyes, sir?—are you mad, sir?—don't you see?—zounds, sir, I am the King of Clubs!"

De Vigne fell back in his chair pale as ashes, and frightened almost to death. The parent of his Sarah was a monomaniac!

Mr. Wilkinson was an inveterate whist-player; and his delusion supervened on a long evening of ill luck, mainly owing to the bad playing of his partner, with whom, at last, he had a violent quarrel on the subject of a particular card. This happened to be the King of Clubs; and he was found on the following morning to have confused that sovereign's identity with his own.

De Vigne adroitly changed the subject, and the evening concluded without any other interruption of its harmony; after which the old gentleman retired to rest. Not so De Vigne—after bidding a sad good night to his beloved Sarah, he threw himself upon his couch, where, after long tossing disturbedly as he meditated what was best to be done, he at length sunk into an unquiet slumber. He kept dreaming that he held a pack of cards, from which some unseen conjuror had filched his Queen of Hearts; whilst the King of Clubs made faces at him, and cut capers around his pillow.

The following morning he repaired to church with Miss Wilkinson, and after hearing an excellent discourse by the good rector of the parish, Dr. Oldport, he discussed with her, as they bent their steps homeward, the best plan to be adopted for the restoration of her parent. This the dutiful child declared would be an indispensable condition to their marriage; nor could the warmest pleadings of her attached William, dissuade her from this determination.

The family apothecary of Mr. Wilkinson being, though a good sort of man, hardly competent to the management of such cases as that of the venerable sufferer, De Vigne resolved that immediately on his return to town he would seek the assistance of an eminent physician, well known for his skill in the treatment of nervous and mental complaints. But first he agreed to call on the Reverend Dr. Oldport that evening, and consult with the esteemed clergyman on the state of his afflicted parishioner.

He found the worthy Rector sedulously engaged in studying a volume of divinity; recruiting, at the same time, his inner man with a particularly fine glass of "old crusted." The Doctor gave him a gracious reception, and having begged him to be seated, pushed the decanter towards him, saying, in the expressive words of Horace:

"Nunc est bibendum."

"I cannot proceed," added the reverend gentleman with a grave smile—

"Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus,"

this evening; although I by no means disapprove of innocent recreation on a suitable day, my good young sir."

De Vigne bowed; his invariable custom when addressed by a clergyman. "I have taken the liberty," he said, "sir, of thus intruding on your privacy for a purpose which I feel confident will render apology needless."

"Say no more, young gentleman," cried the good-humoured divine. "Aha!" he added, with a paternal blandness not unmingled with an expression bordering on the arch; "I had the gratification of observing you among my flock this morning. Am I to hope to see you at my church again shortly, under what I may venture to call yet more interesting circumstances?"

De Vigne slightly blushed, whereupon Dr. Oldport said—

“ Nè sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.”

“ I fear,” replied the young gentleman, “ dear and reverend sir, that I have led you into a trifling mistake. My object in calling on you is to seek the benefit of your valuable advice under circumstances peculiarly distressing.” He then related to the Doctor the unhappy particulars of the calamity that had befallen Mr. Wilkinson. The kind pastor having listened attentively to his narrative, agreed with him after a due discussion of the subject, that something decidedly ought to be done, and that nothing better could be done than to call in the aid of a physician,—a course which he recommended to be adopted without delay. “ For,” observed the reverend and learned gentleman—

‘ Principiis obsta ; serò medicina paratur.’ ”

He also very much applauded his intention of applying to the practitioner celebrated for his skill in treating nervous and mental complaints, who was an old college friend of his own, and to whom he gave him a letter of introduction. After a short conversation on the classics which ensued, De Vigne, with many thanks, respectfully took his leave. His first care on his return to town was to seek the residence of the physician.

That well-known ornament of his profession, Dr. Blanke, was at that time living in Walker Street. De Vigne was fortunate enough to find him disengaged, standing, with his hands behind his coat tails, and his legs apart, erect in front of his consulting-room fire-place. He listened to De Vigne's story with evident attention, though mingled with a jovial confidence, which indicated his familiarity with such cases as that in question, and his moral certainty of successfully treating it. On this point, of course, he could give no positive assurance, though he held out every hope. The consultation concluded by his making an appointment to visit the patient on the following Thursday ; and De Vigne having presented him with an *honorarium*, took his leave. The Doctor at parting shook hands with De Vigne, and slapped his back ; and the young gentleman retired, much pleased with Dr. Blanke, the cut of whose respectable suit of black, and the professional physiognomy of whose shoes and gaiters had made a strong impression on him.

The appointed Thursday saw Dr. Blanke at Mr. Wilkinson's, where De Vigne had introduced him under pretence of seeing Sarah, respecting whose health he affected an anxiety. It was necessary to resort to this pious fraud, for the old gentleman declared that he was never better in his life ; and had he suspected the object of the visit, would assuredly have ordered the physician out of the house, and perhaps sent his intended son-in-law after him. As it was, he asked him to stop and dine,—a request to which, for more reasons than one, the Doctor readily acceded.

During and after dinner, the physician, with great tact, avoided all reference to the subject of his patient's delusion, until, by a sufficiently long conversation with him, he had satisfied himself of his sanity in other respects, and had also had time quietly to take as much wine as he wanted. He then cautiously introduced the topic, on which he found Mr. Wilkinson as insane as any inmate of Bedlam. Contradiction, he knew, would only have produced excitement ; and he therefore heard, without even the appearance of surprise, the unfortunate

gentleman's declaration, that he was the King of Clubs. The mere allusion, however, had considerably irritated the monomaniac, causing him to glare savagely around, and to tremble violently in every limb. Dr. Blanke was quite prepared for these consequences. Steadily fixing his gaze on that of the sufferer, he exerted upon him, with all his might, that peculiar power of fascination which the eye is well known to possess over insanity, until the old gentleman became comparatively tranquil. He then tipped him a wink fraught with deep meaning, and shook his head mysteriously, consummating, by these means, the influence which he had obtained over his patient. This done, with the gravest possible face, he proceeded to assure him that his case was a very common one; that many such had occurred within his own experience; and that he was at the present time in attendance on a gentleman, who, whilst too intent on a stroke of finesse, had been transmuted into the Knave of Diamonds. The details of this case appeared greatly to interest Mr. Wilkinson, and his manner indicated an increasing respect for the physician, which was much heightened by the latter's evident knowledge of whist, a collateral branch of medicine with which he was thoroughly acquainted. Dr. Blanke perceived his advantage, and his measures were instantly taken. Ere his visit was concluded, he had made an arrangement to come down again on the following Saturday, for the express purpose of taking part in a rubber.

De Vigne descended with the Doctor, ostensibly to see him to his carriage—Sarah followed him; and they took the physician aside into the library. "And now, Doctor," said the young man, "what is your opinion of the case?"

"A singularly beautiful instance of disordered consciousness," answered the Doctor.

"But, Dr. Blanke," eagerly demanded Miss Wilkinson, "are there any hopes of papa's recovery?"

"We have no evidence," he replied, "that the cerebral disorder has amounted to absolute lesion. It would therefore be too much to say that there are no hopes. On the other hand, there is no demonstration to the contrary; consequently, we must not be too sanguine. On the whole, the circumstances of the case are sufficiently favourable to warrant a proceeding which my theory of monomania suggests as appropriately remedial."

"Would you have the goodness, sir, to explain the views you allude to?" said De Vigne.

"Certainly. I consider," proceeded Dr. Blanke, "that the hallucination in monomania arises from an impression which has been made upon the brain, of such strength that ordinary means,—such as reason, persuasion, and so forth,—are incompetent to remove it. The cure, then, is to be accomplished by the production of a counter impression of superior force to that whence the impression originated."

"Indeed. You think so, Doctor? And in what manner," asked De Vigne, "do you propose to effect your object?"

"Aha, my dear young sir!" replied the Doctor. "That you shall know on my next visit. At present the disclosure would be premature. Good night, sir. Good night, Miss Wilkinson. Keep up your spirits, and hope for the best. Farewell—adieu!"

Laden with the benedictions of the lover and his beloved, Dr. Blanke returned to town. The very next day he repaired to a masquerade warehouse, the emporium of an eminent Israelite. This may seem a

strange step for a member of the Faculty: but its object will very soon be made apparent.

Saturday found De Vigne again by the side of his adored, in the drawing-room of Mr. Wilkinson. There were also present, besides the old gentleman, two ancient maiden ladies, who were to act as partners in the projected game. The scene was further graced by the Reverend Dr. Oldport, who had been invited to meet his old chum. It was now getting rather late, and the arrival of Dr. Blanke was expected with some impatience. Fearful on account of his intended father-in-law, who was beginning to evince symptoms of excitement, De Vigne proposed a short game to pass the time away till the physician should arrive. They accordingly seated themselves at the card-table. Two or three games were soon played, and Mr. Wilkinson won several tricks and held many honours, which put him in high good humour. Presently the sound of carriage-wheels was heard approaching the house, and all simultaneously cried: "Here he comes! That's the Doctor."

In another moment the light step of Thomas, the footman, was heard ascending the staircase, followed by a heavier and slower tread. Throwing open the door, the menial announced, not Dr. Blanke, but a stranger, who said he must and would see Mr. Wilkinson. All stared with astonishment; but before anybody could speak, an individual muffled in a cloak, was in the room.

"What is your business here, sir?" demanded Mr. Wilkinson, hastily rising.

"My good name—my title," answered the stranger, "which you have treasonably filched from me."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Behold!" replied the mysterious guest. And suddenly throwing off his cloak, he displayed to the view of the astounded company the well known attributes and habiliments of the King of Clubs. "Behold in me that Sovereign whose throne and authority you have presumptuously usurped!"

He fixed his stern look on the monomaniac, who, as if paralyzed by its influence, stood like one thunderstruck.

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit,"

as Dr. Oldport afterwards said in the words of Virgil. The Card-Monarch waved his hand, and the old gentleman instantly sunk powerless in his chair. Advancing then with slow steps towards him, the figure extended its fingers and pointed them steadily at the root of his nose. It then slowly moved them up and down at the distance of a few inches from his body, until his eyelids, at first wide open, slowly closed, his head dropped, and he fell fast asleep.

It is needless to say, that the King of Clubs had long ere this been recognised as Dr. Blanke, for otherwise the impetuous De Vigne would certainly have knocked him down. Equally unnecessary is it to state that he had mesmerised Mr. Wilkinson. The Doctor raised one of the old gentleman's arms. It remained where he placed it. He bent the thumb to the nose, and extended the fingers of the same hand. The limb continued in that position. He opened one of the eyes, leaving the other shut; and in this interesting attitude the patient sat—still and motionless as the statue of Patience so beautifully alluded to by Shakspeare. He was in that mysterious and rare state of being, known under the designation of catalepsy.

"Let us now," said Dr. Blanke, "leave the venerable sufferer to his repose, during which Nature may be free to perform the work of his restoration." He then addressed himself to inspire the hopes and allay the apprehensions of the company for the welfare of him in whom two of them, at least, were so deeply interested. He next retired to change his dress, leaving them without any injunctions to await his return in silence. On the contrary, he told them that they might bawl in the sleeper's ear, or burn his nose, or prick his fingers if they thought proper, without any fear of awakening him. Filial piety, and neighbourly respect, however, prevented them from trying these experiments. In anxious astonishment, conversing only in ejaculations, they awaited his return, which took place very soon. He reappeared in his usual professional costume.

"I will now," said the Doctor, "proceed to awaken our patient. Should he prove recovered, as I trust he may, let me request you, young lady to moderate your transports: or he will be in danger of a relapse." He then made a few transverse passes in front of the face of the patient, who altered his position, and began to move a little in his chair. "Sensation," said the Doctor, "is now partially restored. The brain is in a state of semi-consciousness. Perhaps the soothing influence of music, for which I have provided, will complete the restoration of its powers." He then went to the window, and throwing it open, concisely exclaimed, "Strike up." A barrel-organ below instantly commenced Balfe's touching melody of "Marble Halls." Returning to the somnambulist, Dr. Blanke touched his organ of tune; whereupon he instantly began to beat time to the air; and continued doing so for some ten minutes.

"Now," said the Doctor, "I think this will do." So saying, he inclined his head, and blew a sudden puff of air on the patient's eye-brows, which the latter began to rub. He then gradually opened his eyes, and at length with a start awoke. The first word he uttered was "Hallo!"

"My dear, dear Papa!" cried Sarah—but De Vigne prudently restrained her from rushing into his arms.

"Hey? What?" cried the old gentleman. "Why surely I've been napping. Doctor, I beg your pardon. What noise is that?" Here he alluded to the organ, which continued playing. "Who left the gate open? Tell that fellow to go away instantly."

"Do you know what you have been dreaming about, sir," said Dr. Blanke.

"Dreaming—eh? Have I?"

"Yes, sir. You have been talking in your sleep about the KING OF CLUBS."

It was a moment of breathless interest!

"The King of Clubs, eh? Ha, ha! I don't recollect it."

Hour of joy and transport! Yes. The sire of Sarah had returned to reason. He retained not a trace of recollection of his malady. We leave to be imagined the feelings of William and his Sarah, which were only equalled by those which filled their bosoms when, a few days afterwards, their hands were joined by the Reverend Dr. Oldport. We can compare their emotions to nothing else,—except, perhaps, the delight and satisfaction with which Dr. Blanke, in reward for his services, received from De Vigne, on the morning of his marriage, a check for one hundred pounds. "So much," said the learned and facetious practitioner, "for trumping the KING OF CLUBS."

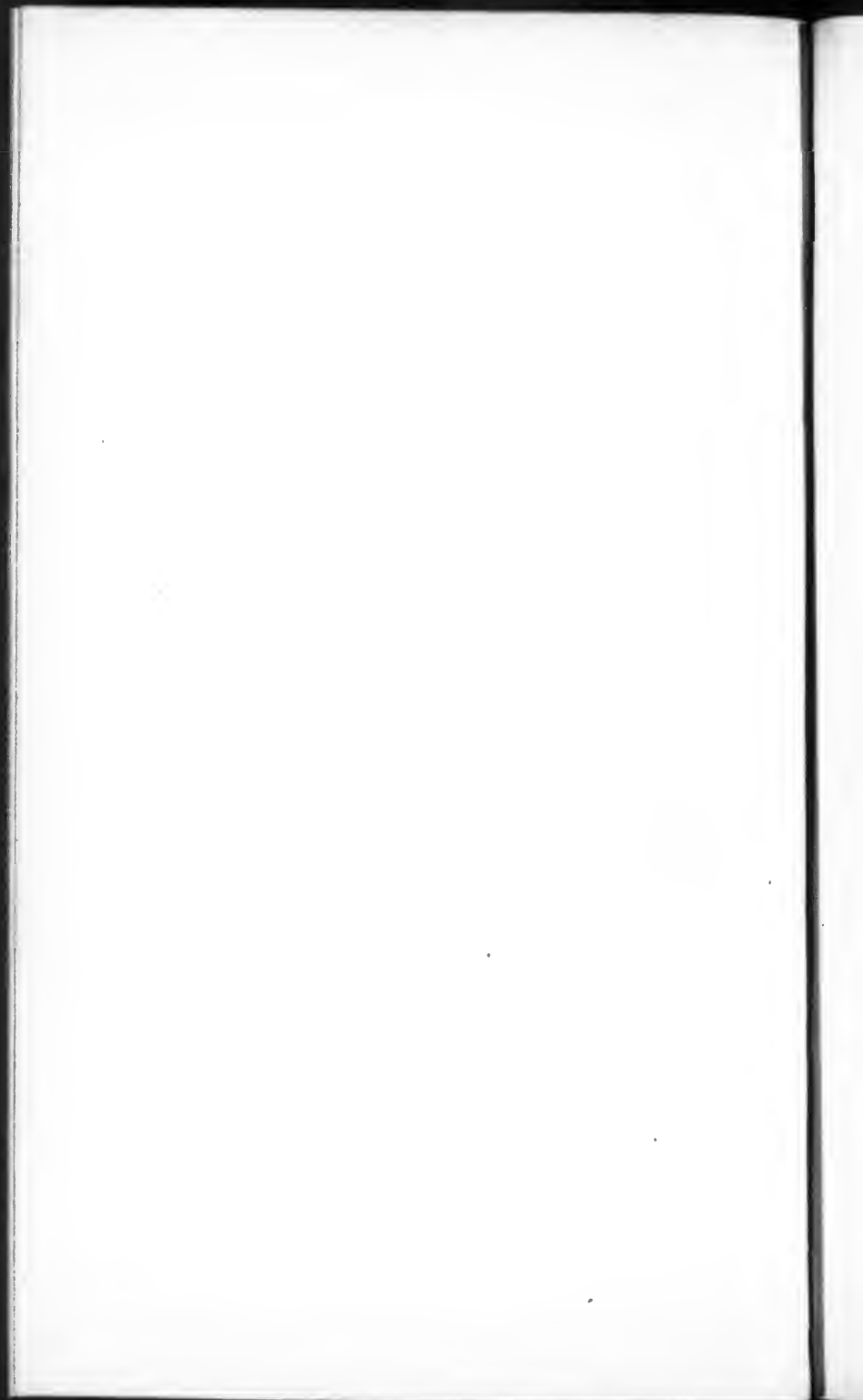
MEMOIR OF ALBERT SMITH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

As one of the most popular and prolific contributors to the light literature of the day, and one whose name has now so long figured at the portal of our Miscellany as a promise of good entertainment within, a sketch of Mr. Albert Smith's biography (in company with the sketch of his physiognomy) may not be an unacceptable present to our readers, at the same time that it is a tribute to his merit, which he has well and fairly earned. The life of a successful literary man in the present day will generally afford very little interest of a romantic nature—no "hair breadth 'scapes nor moving accidents by flood and field"—and fortunately for us who have not the novelist's talent to set forth such things, this is the case with Mr. Albert Smith, with one exception, his adventure with the brigands in Italy, and to that he has himself done full justice, in the narrative with which he commenced his *Miscellaneous* career. The first fact of importance in Mr. Smith's life was his birth, which took place in the town of Chertsey, where his father still resides in the capacity of surgeon, enjoying an extensive practice and the esteem of all who know him. There the embryo *littérateur* was fostered under the paternal roof until deemed of sufficient years to be consigned to one of the public schools in London. Merchant Tailors' was the shooting gallery selected for his young idea; but how far the young gentleman himself concurred in the choice, we have an opportunity of judging by his reminiscences of that establishment as recorded in the history of "The Scattergood Family." The writer of this memoir was here first acquainted with its subject; although he is bound to say that, at that time, Mr. Albert Smith gave no indications of literary aptitude, unless the skill he displayed in "painting characters" (for a pasteboard theatre) be looked upon as a pre-shadowing of his future achievements as a novelist. On leaving Merchant Tailors', it was proposed that Mr. Smith should be brought up in the profession of his father, and he accordingly became a student in Middlesex Hospital, and subsequently at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of all the phases of student-life in London and Paris, which he afterwards set forth with such keen minuteness of observation and comic power. Let it not be thought, however, that his acquirements were limited to a knowledge of this questionable art merely, as he was soon after admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and returned to Chertsey as assistant to his father, and the destined successor to his practice. His literary aspirations, however, were already urging their ascendancy in opposition to the obscure path thus traced out for his exertions, and at last found an outlet in *The Literary World*—a little periodical started about this time by Mr. Timbs, the editor of *The Mirror*. To this he contributed a number of short tales and sketches, for which a more extended popularity was afterwards gained by their publication in a collected form under the title of "*The Wassail Bowl*." This was conclusive; our young author had tasted blood—he had seen himself in print—and his career was from that time irrevocably fixed. He shortly after established himself in London, and *Punch* having then just started, he was solicited to become a



Albert Smith.



contributor. His several papers of "The Medical Student," "Evening Parties," "The London Lounger," "The Side-scenes of Society," contributed in no small degree to the success and popularity of that periodical; and established for their author at once a high reputation as a comic writer and an amusing and good-natured satirist of London Society, its external ostentations and its inward economy.* His reputation for this style of writing was carried out still further in his alliance with Mr. John Parry, whom he has supplied with a rich budget of materials adapted with admirable tact to the display of those executive drolleries for which Mr. Parry might fairly claim a patent of invention but that he may discard all fear of imitation.

A few random contributions to "Bentley's Miscellany" then led to a firmer connection; and the novel of "*The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*" was commenced in 1842; with what success is known to the readers of the "Miscellany." This first essay in a work of *longue haleine*, as they also know, was immediately followed by the "*Fortunes of the Scattergood Family*," and the "*Marchioness de Brinwilliers*;" in which latter work Mr. Smith has made a bold plunge into antiquarian and historical romance, and shown the power to deeply interest and instruct, of which few would have suspected the comic writer. It is not necessary that we should give a complete catalogue of Mr. Smith's literary labours; his indefatigable industry and versatility would render this no easy task, and we have merely traced the landmarks through which he has so rapidly travelled to the position he now holds. Were we to enumerate the result of even one year's labour in his multifarious contributions to periodical literature of every description, we should more than astonish the reader. One principal feature, however, we have omitted,—his connections with the theatre, which commenced humbly, but most successfully, at the Surrey Theatre, in the drama of "*Blanche Heriot*," and has subsequently been carried on with no less success, and more acceptable laurels in the path of burlesque writing. "*Aladdin*," "*Valentine and Orson*" "*Whittington*," "*Cinderella*," we have all seen succeed each other in rapid and in brilliant array, and establish for Mr. Smith a reputation for Burlesque only inferior to its inventor Mr. Planché. Having brought our hero up to his last achievement, we now leave him with the hope that what he may have recorded is but the glimmering dawn of a long and bright day. One word more, and this at the risk of saddling Mr. Bentley with advertisement duty, we particularly address to eligible spinsters, Mr. Smith is *unmarried*, and twenty-nine years of age.

C. L. K.

* Mr. Smith's connection with Punch has since ceased, through a misunderstanding, the causes of which are among the mysteries of London.

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

It is to be supposed that the hamlet was empty of its former inhabitants. On the approach of enemies they concealed themselves and their small property in the forests; and thus even the first fugitives had found no food of any kind. After having in some degree warmed ourselves, we began covertly to do honour to our eatables. As they could not, even by the most thrifty divisions of them, hold out very long, what was to become of us during the remaining distance to Wilna? and how did these masses of human beings around us sustain themselves? I know not. The last resources had been left on the other side of the Beresina, where, when all else failed, there were yet horses to slaughter and to feed upon. Here was nothing — absolutely nothing; and as we on the succeeding day saw countless, heaped-up corpses on our road, we knew to a certainty by their appearance with what enemy they had been combating; their hollow, fallen-in faces proved that famine, gaunt famine, had allied itself with their innumerable privations and exhausting efforts to destroy them. In mounds, in walls, heaped up together, lay the victims of the last night as we left our bivouac in the morning.

Early on the second day we hastened on, but with strength much diminished,—for the remainder of the ham had furnished only slender rations for our breakfast. The storm blew with redoubled violence; the cold was intense, and the despair around us was not calculated to sustain our courage. The dead and the living increased in number as we passed along; many of the latter, in quiet, melancholy delirium, were seated upon a stone or a hillock of earth; and, as we at evening sank down by our fire, weak, weary, and worn out, more than one of us, too, had lost all hope. Next morning, when I had left my companions at a short distance, I espied a man carrying a large, coarse bag, and ran after him as fast as I was able. To my inquiry of what the bag contained the man answered there was flour in it, and made over to me the half of it for an extravagant sum of money. I ran back in triumph to my fainting companions. The prospect of so reviving a breakfast screwed up our courage. Quickly was our camp-kettle filled with snow, therein to cook our soup. We seasoned it with a cartridge, and half-famished as we were, we fell to as soon as it was ready; but, what horror was ours upon discovering a number of those disgusting worms so often to be found in old flour. General Schulz was able, indeed, to joke over our soup, and baptised it soul-cement, recommending it as the only means of keeping body and soul in harmony together; but though none of us refused his share, neither could any one get down the disgusting mixture without a monstrous effort over himself. Our horses still held out, and we fed them upon a little straw-thatch, or we found here and there a haycock in a meadow, out of which we provided ourselves. While relating our grievous necessities some persons may perhaps make the observation that we might have had one of these animals killed for our subsistence; but, in the first place, we could not then have taken on our wounded,—besides from station to station we were getting nearer to Wilna, where, as it was said, we were to form

and be assembled ; therefore, in order to be soon fit for service, we must preserve to the uttermost the means requisite for that purpose.

The scene next day at our bivouac had again changed, and for the worse ; sufferings, want, and fatigue had increased to a hideous degree. Thousands of those newly arrived, staggering round the fire, endeavoured with impotent hands to reach it, and soon, acknowledging the fruitlessness of their efforts, sank down upon the icy field to sleep the sleep of death. At intervals curses and adjurations resounded, mingled with loud lamentations for dear kinsfolk, and in particular young soldiers were often heard to grieve with expressions of the deepest sorrow after their beloved mothers at home. Some who found no more dry wood for their fire tried, but generally in vain, to break off the green twigs from the trees ; their powerless hands slipped off the smooth rind ; they sank down, and he who once fell rose up no more, unless lifted up by a friend's hand. An old man with snow-white hair, bent, feeble, wrapped in a large cloak, approached the fire of the soldiers, and said to them, with supplicating gestures,

“ Room at the fire, for the love of God !”

“ Get you gone !”

“ But I am a general.”

“ There are no more generals,” was the answer ; “ we are all generals.”

Terrible as were the curses and imprecations from all sides, nothing made so deep an impression upon us as the misery of those who had lost their reason through destitution, and the now hourly-increasing cold. Some threw themselves upon the crackling fire ; others cursed God and man, whilst they madly struck their heads against the stems of trees ; others, again, were singing, with a melancholy, frenzied smile in their pale, hollow-eyed, deathly faces, the songs of their native country. Others sat by the wayside, and wept with all the painful intensity that children weep in, and with the convulsive passionate sobbing of that period of life.

On the fourth day, as we were hardly able for hunger to drag ourselves along, we obtained upon the march (I no longer remember through what happy accident) a great piece of raw meat, which we tried to cook at our fire ; but, meantime, our hunger was so imperative that we thawed a portion of it, cut off small bits, and strewing a little gunpowder upon them, swallowed them down raw.

On the night of the 28th of November we crossed the Beresina, and on the 5th of December reached an inhabited tract of country in the district of Malodecznow. Although there were no provisions, yet in houses and sheds, or in the rear of them, we found sleeping-places secure from the harsh-blowing wind. The houses were often so full that the ground-floor, and every corner, were crammed with fugitives. However, we had the good luck once to be among the first arrivals in one of the huts, where we soon made ourselves comfortable, and lay down to sleep. I awoke about two o'clock ; and having roused Lieutenant Brand and my servant, I prepared to start. All my comrades were ready except Lieutenant Schrader and Lieutenant Köhler, who found themselves too comfortable in their warm birth, now a novelty, to be induced to stir. At our departure the whole hamlet, according to custom, was in flames ; and when we had gone on a hundred paces we discovered that our last night's quarters, caught by the fire, was also blazing ; and after a hundred paces or so Lieutenant Schrader overtook

us in breathless haste, informing us that the fire had broken out upon the ground-floor, that no one could save himself by the door, that he had squeezed himself through a small window only with great difficulty, but that the others, and among them our poor friend Köhler, had inevitably perished.

The head-quarters of the Emperor, and the small remnant of the guards, was at Maldecznow. Here Napoleon issued the memorable nine-and-twentieth bulletin, in which he announced that the grand army existed no longer. I would insert it here—for it lives in my remembrance as if I had this day read it, did I not presume it to be as well known to the greatest part of my readers as to myself. We there learned to a certainty that Wilna was in possession of our troops, and that the magazines were well filled, — tidings which now we were so near the goal re-inforced and incited our strength to new efforts. It was now determined to get on as quick as possible, without delay or repose, to Wilna, for we longed to reach it as the end and aim of such harassing fatigues, and because there was the most crying necessity that our wounded should have better attendance.

So we hurried on with all the speed in our power to Smargonic, where overwhelming tidings met us. The guards informed us, among loud curses for his breach of faith, that Napoleon had secretly left them in the course of the passed night, and given over the command to the King of Naples. With the news of this departure the expectations of those left behind of any important rations entirely vanished, for it betrayed how hopeless the game was which was thus thrown up. They who had as yet held together, separated; and to get out of the country was now the sole desire left us.

We obtained here, I no longer remember by what means, a very large loaf, which we clove with a hatchet, it being frozen to stone; and dividing the portion allotted to each of us in two, we consumed one part, and kept the other half for the next day in our schakos, where it thawed by degrees. In the evening of the 7th we wandered about until nine o'clock, without being able to procure either shelter or fire: at length we arrived at a large kreescham or country inn, into which we entered. After infinite trouble and many useless trials, we succeeded in pulling away parts of the wooden construction, for the purpose of making a fire as usual inside the deserted house,—that is to say, on the bare boards. In this occupation the skin from the tips of our frozen fingers could soon be drawn off like a glove. Scarcely had the fire flamed up than the space around us was filled so entirely with fugitives, that we were not able, for want of room, to bring our wounded near the fire, and they were obliged to remain outside, exposed to the severe winter's night cold. Having had some repose, we again set forth, it might be a little after midnight; and as the road now became more hilly, it appeared evident, to our great alarm, that the horses were incapable of proceeding farther. A short halt, and fresh endeavours to get them on were unsuccessful; and it was therefore decided that two of us should go forward to procure assistance if possible. Colonel Pfuhl and I were chosen for this object: we promised to do our best, bade our friends farewell, and turned from them. I left with them all I possessed, except a well-furnished pouch of gold in a belt round my body, and the formerly described wearing apparel. My long-cherished horses, so dear to every cavalry soldier, I recommended

to the care of my man ;—but I have never again beheld either friends or baggage, or horses. All our endeavours to procure assistance were, as may be supposed, fruitless ; the country itself was a desert, and we soon fell again into a stream of fugitives, who carried us on along with themselves, and who, had we solicited succour from them, were unable to afford us any.

At six o'clock in the morning we arrived at the advanced posts before Wilna, where the whirl and the confusion increased to a most bewildering degree. Besides, I was now brought to that extreme of death-like fatigue, in which memory and reflection began to fail me ; and here I lost Colonel Pfuhl from my side, the last comrade fate had left me. I made inquiries for the billet-office and the stores ; both were so encompassed, that to get at them was impossible. However, as I was coming away, I met a Jewish broker or agent, through whom alone, as I knew, any one thing could be procured. With my last remaining energy I besought him to conduct me to a warm chamber, promising him a rich recompense. Fortunately the man was prepared for such a request, and brought me instantly to a lodging, where, in a well-heated chamber, I first devoured some food, made an appointment for the afternoon with the Jew, and then instantly fell into so deep a slumber, that I could only with difficulty be awakened at four o'clock, when the Jew came back. I inquired of him whether we were in safety here, upon which he told me that such was not altogether the case ; that Cossacks had been seen hovering about the town, which was filling every moment more and more with defenceless fugitives. I was too weary at present to make any farther arrangements : half-asleep, I swallowed some warm food, commissioned the Jew to bring me at six o'clock next morning, a loaf and a bottle of rum, and was soon fast asleep again. I awoke tolerably refreshed, and found the Jew in waiting for me ; he had indeed performed my errand, but brought me no consolatory tidings. He told me that on the roads leading to the different gates, there were such multitudes of people, that a passage through them was not to be thought of ; but that he would try to bring me near the town by a thoroughfare he was acquainted with. I was soon ready ; the rum was put into a pocket of my surtout, a cord passed through my loaf, and then I sallied forth, having first handsomely recompensed my hostess. As the agent had promised, so did all ensue. During a short time we went on with the stream ; then turning to the left, we got into the open country by a small side-gate. Here the wind blew so sharp, and the cold had so powerful an effect on me after my passing the night in a warm chamber, that my breath was for a while cut short ; however, we went on faster and faster, until we came out again on the high road, where I rewarded my honest Jew to his satisfaction, taking good care though not to let him see my hidden treasure, for hundreds and thousands have been assassinated and plundered upon such occasions. I had, on leaving the house, heard a report of small arms and the thundering of cannon ; danger was therefore near, and haste necessary. I met, in the road quite close to the town, with our 4th Westphalian infantry regiment drawn up in a square ; it was part of the division of St. Cyr, had not crossed the Beresina, and was complete in consequence. I delayed but a short time with it to speak with Captain von C——, an acquaintance, little foreseeing that my fate was shortly to be bound up in the closest manner with his.

RAILROADS NOW ARE ALL THE RAGE.

RAILROADS now are all the rage
 With men of every rank and age ;
 Pray then get some railroad shares,
 To fill your purse, and ease your cares.
 Pray then get some railroad shares,
 To fill your purse and ease your cares.

Railroads now are gone to Spain,
 And by its rail we hope to gain
 The produce of its genial soil,
 In other forms than that of oil.
 Railroads now are all the rage
 With men of every rank and age !

Money now is changed for scrip,
 If in railroads you will dip :
 Railroads bring the money in,
 So pray, young ladies, now begin !
 Railroads bring the money in,
 So pray, young ladies, now begin !

If for wealth you vainly sigh,
 To the City you must hie ;
 When the scrip is in your hand,
 Gold at will you may command.
 Railroads bring the money in,
 So pray, young ladies, now begin !

The ladies now get up betimes
 Before the clock has struck eight times.
 Railroads make them fresh and fair,
 By breathing early morning air.
 Railroads make them fresh and fair,
 By breathing fresh the morning air.

See them flock in omnibus,
 Without a scruple or a fuss ;
 The hopes of bringing home some gold
 Make them smile at young and old.
 The hopes of bringing home some gold
 Will make them smile at young and old.

With book in hand we all are met,
 And mind not weather or the wet ;
 Railroads deaden every sense
 But that of doubling all our pence.
 Railroads deaden every sense
 But that of doubling all our pence.

Then to the broker off they hie,
 Pray how 's the market ? soft they sigh,
 And ask him with an eager face,
 " Sir, has the premium taken place ?"
 When you have got your scrip in hand,
 Gold at will you may command.

The ladies now keep scribes and clerks,
 Who sagely put down their remarks
 Of all the railroads of the day,
 Of those that *will* and *will not* pay ;
 Who sagely put down their remarks
 Of all the railroads of the day.

The "*Railway Times*" and "*Rail Gazette*"
 Of railroads boast a goodly set ;
 Th' "*Examiner*" and "*Iron Times*"
 Contribute much to fill my rhymes.
 Th' "*Examiner*" and "*Iron Times*"
 Contribute much to make my rhymes.

The "*Chronicle*" and "*Morning Post*,"
 Of railroads, too, can make a boast ;
 We *will* have railroads to our door,
 And beg the "Act" to grant us more.
 We *will* have railroads to our door,
 And beg the "Act" to grant us more.

The fields will now be filled with rails,
 At thoughts of which the heart quite
 quails ;
 Potatoes well may sick and die.
 When with the smoky air they sigh.
 Potatoes well may sick and die
 When with the smoky air they sigh.

The "*Railway King*" all now respect,
 All those whose gold he does protect ;
 "Hudson" shows them now the way
 Their debts and duns with haste to pay.
 "Hudson" shows them now the way
 Their debts and duns with haste to pay.

And then, again, there 's dear "*Sir John*,"
 That dear "*Sir John*" who ends my
 song ;
 His levee 's graced by many a fair
 Who in the railroads boldly dare.
 Railroads now are all the rage
 With men of every rank and age.

Thus railroads are a pleasant thing ;
 They make us laugh and gaily sing ;
 And when I sign these mighty deeds
 I hope to win by their proceeds,—
 Thus railroads are a pleasant thing,
 They make us laugh and gaily sing !

GLIMPSES AND MYSTERIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THE OLD WOMAN AT THE CORNER.



WHAT! an old woman for a mystery? Yes! my occasional glimpses at her had made her so. In fact, she had become a matter of great interest to me. There is nothing uncommon either about old women, or apple-stalls generally; but upon a particular *two* of these things had my imagination become fixed, and my brain truly puzzled. She sat at the corner of a new line of buildings, which were in all the freshness of their first quarter and first tenants, standing rather aloof from the older part of the town, as if in pride of their new coats of paint, and treading with their heels upon the grass of the desecrated fields. Under the shelter of a newly-raised gable of a wall appertaining to one of these, she raised her rickety temple to Pomona. It was a cold bleak corner; but she had ensconced herself in a patched contrivance, looking like a hall-porter's chair which had seen better days, yet good enough to keep off the windy gusts that revelled around her; and her feet were protected by being popped out of the damp into a half-sieve basket.

Her stall was a wonder of ingenuity. It consisted of a much-worn tea-tray, balanced upon very dubious-looking legs, tied in the most puzzling manner by wonderful diagrams of string. The stock, which seemed to stick by her most provokingly, consisted of a few very ill-used apples, bruised to a most uninviting look, flanked by some neglected-looking figs, evidently robbed long ago of "all their sweetness" by some brigand flies. A few saucers of liquid something, bad enough to the eye,—what they would have been to the mouth no one ever

seemed to have the courage to try, — were held sentry over by a dispensary three-ounce bottle, containing some dirty-white lollipops and a solitary bull's-eye. This being her small "stock," her customers were, of course, scarce, and you never discovered any satchel-backed schoolboy loitering over her delicacies.

There always did she sit, apparently without hope or object, her dark, wrinkled face, covered with a cobweb of a thousand lines, was as immovable as marble; her cold, grey eyes stared without speculation from beneath the deep borders of her clean mob-cap, which was surmounted by a crushed little black-silk bonnet, worn out of all its original semblance. So perfectly vacant was her look, that for some time I imagined she was blind, and the paltry stock merely a *ruse* to extort charity; but, who brought her there?—who took her and her stall away? No husband or child was ever seen with her. Notwithstanding which, however early in the morning I might look from my window, there sat that everlasting old woman, as if she were a fungus sprung from the early mists of the morning, and her curious piece of architecture the work of some familiar. There was a mystery in that old woman!

Often have I, when pondering on her at my windows, from whence I could see her on the foggy winter morning, looking through its medium like a faint ombre chinois. Often have I allowed the lather to dry on my chin, and my shaving-water to get cold during my imaginings, for my mind is of that intently inquiring nature,—like that which led the young gentleman to cut open the bellows to find where the wind came from, — that when my mind, or phrenological bump, gets into action, and works itself into one focus, nothing can satisfy its longings but a "full, true, and particular account," or discovery of the object of speculation. "Time discovereth all things;" and in time, by slow and sure degrees, did I unwind the complicated reel, and clear it to the end, to the full discovery that my old apple-woman was indeed a great mystery!

Wending my way towards my house in the twilight, after a ramble of discovery amidst the brooks and the hedges, in which I take a great delight, as it informs my mind as to what the little myriads are doing in their depths, or others business with the bright flowers on their margins, all which things are safety-valves to my bump of inquiry, I approached almost unconsciously through the fields to the back of my old woman and her stall, and my thoughts soon took their provoking usual train; and as my eye became fixed on the object, getting indistinct in the fast-falling evening, I thought I perceived a figure stooping over the stall, in evident conversation with my mysterious old woman. I softly approached over the grass that margined the road until almost close upon them, when my foot striking the gravel, startled the stranger, who immediately turned away, and walked on. I soon overtook him, — for there was something odd in his manner which prompted me to follow him, and I was astonished to find an elegantly-dressed man, with mustachios and imperial, not of the neighbourhood. His awkward assumption of ease betrayed some embarrassment and mystery. I turned upon my heel, and repassed the fruit-stall. I looked piercingly at the old woman. She did not return it. There she sat, stolid and immovable. She looked at nothing!

I turned over in my mind all the possible or probable young ladies in the neighbourhood who would be romantic enough to commit such an act of imprudence as to indulge in a clandestine correspondence with

such a dubious-looking gentleman, through such a very questionable medium; but all my revolvings were unsatisfactory: yet was I determined to find it out, for I knew the danger to the young and inexperienced which has accrued from the romance wrapt round these picturesque mysteries of Pole and pickpocket.

Some few mornings after, I arose at an earlier hour than usual to pack my carpet-bag for a railway-trip for a day or two, when, throwing up my window to give admittance to the sweet morning air, I beheld, though so very early, the old woman and her stall. "Curious," thought I. Rather early for customers, and for such wares! "She must sleep there," thought I, "and I have never discovered it before!"

My reverie was soon broken by the appearance of a servant-girl, who, gliding cautiously from the door of a neighbouring house, ran across the road to the old woman's stall. Her apron, which was rolled partly round her arm, soon yielded some small articles to the old woman's outstretched hands, who in return handed a letter to the giggling girl! Oh! oh!—Love's messenger, by all the powers of ugliness! A fruitful post-office, truly! She hurried back; but in a few minutes I saw another nymph of the dusting-brush tripping over to the mysterious matron, and yielding her offering here. No letter appeared, but much violent gesticulation from the maid, as if from some disappointment; after a long parley she returned sulkily to her work, and bestowed many savage blows upon the door-mats, much to their benefit in the expulsion of the dust. She was quickly succeeded by other early-rising maids, who hung their little bits of carpet and door-mats on the rails, whilst they indulged in a short chat with the apparently general agent, popping across and across from street-doors and areas, like so many rabbits from their burrows. "There is danger in that cold-eyed old woman," thought I, "or I am very much mistaken!" A casual glance from one of the laughing girls betrayed my watching gaze, and they all vanished like the aforesaid rabbits do at the approach of a poacher's lurcher.

The morning after my return from my trip, when I had nearly forgotten my old woman and my suspicions, the neighbourhood was alarmed by the account of the house at the corner of the field having been robbed of plate and money to a large amount. Upon inquiry, I found that the servant-girl had been discovered by the inmates bound and gagged in the kitchen. The alarm was given; the officers arrived, and after a minute search found that no forcible entry had been made from without by the burglars, which led to a suspicion that the girl was an accomplice; but the terrified creature fell on her knees, almost paralysed with horror at the situation into which her imprudence had placed her, and confessed that the truth was that a lover was in the case, who had written to her, through the old apple-woman at the corner, many letters of love and admiration; and, being flattered by which, she had often met him when sent on errands or messages.

The evening before he had told her that he was about to leave town for some time, and begged her to admit him after the family had retired, that he might have a better opportunity of laying his plans before her for their future marriage, which must be clandestine, on account of his family. She consulted with the old woman, who strongly urged her compliance, as it would be folly in her to throw away, through a little squeamishness so good an opportunity of settling herself, and she was sure he meant honourably, for "she never saw any young gentleman go on so about a girl in her life."

Urged by these motives, and the further eloquence of the old woman, she consented, and admitted her lover after the family had retired; he had hardly entered her kitchen when he threw a shawl over her head, and bound her to the dresser, then admitted an accomplice, who assisted in gagging her effectually.

Every one's suspicion immediately turned to the old woman. We looked out of the window, and discovered that the bird was flown. The officers, however, soon traced, through the information and fears of some of the neighbouring servants, her abode. Here some important lights were thrown upon the old woman's general usefulness and cunning ways in entrapping the foolish girls to her purpose. Parasols, boas, and flaunty dresses for them to wear on "their days out," which they dare not put on under the eyes of their mistresses, were stowed away in abundance in the wretched garret which seemed to have been made the 'tiring room of all the area beauties of the neighbourhood; but no trace of the old woman! The hearth was cold, and the people of the house knew nothing of her, except that she had a great many visitors of all sorts, and that they had supposed she was a fortune-teller; but it was no business of theirs; she paid her rent, which in such a neighbourhood was the highest guarantee of respectability.

A few weeks passed, when an Irish row of the usual kind, made up of serious blows and funny speeches, a bent poker or two, and heads tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs, brought some parties before the magistrates with their alarmingly long tails of witnesses to prove that both complainant and defendant were "kilt entirely." The defendant in the case attracted the attention of one of the officers, from her bearing so strong a resemblance to the description of the old apple-woman. He dispatched a messenger for the girl, who upon her arrival soon recognised her. The officer quietly awaited the conclusion of the case then on, which was decided by the magistrate in the only way such cases can be decided, by warning both parties to keep the peace, and a delicate hint at the treadmill to be administered all round if he saw any of their faces again in a like cause.

As the old woman turned to leave the bar, the officer arrested her progress, and stating to the magistrate the cause of her detention, produced the witness. Upon her appearance, the old woman hitched her shawl tightly round her shoulders; and pulled her scrap of a bonnet down over her forehead, upon the witness swearing positively to her, and stating her case, which was confirmed, as far as the identity of the party went, by the arrival of the master, and a host of friends—among which I was one—to whom she had been known for months. Though the case appeared strongly against her she kept an unmoved countenance, bobbing curtseys to the magistrates with the most innocent look in the world, and when called upon to say what she had to answer to the charge, she burst out into a torrent of language, saying that "the whole faction of 'em would swear an ould woman's life away with as much aise as they'd pull a daisy, a stall she never had from her born day to the present writing. Look at my rags," said she; "do I look like a collogurer with burglars, and the like; or do they look as if they had had the gentleman's spoons in the pockets of 'em. Oh! it is not so miserable and poor I'd be if I wasn't as vartuous as the babe unborn! But I know what's putting the swearing on the ladies and gentleman,—it's the twin of me. Och, when I walked into this world of trouble, I came arm-in-arm with another young lady, who's gone astray, and bin the death of me all my life, for we're alike as my two

eyes, and it's transported or hung I'll be for not having a face I can call my own."

"Och, Biddy!" exclaimed a little round-headed Irishman, with half his head in a handkerchief, and the other covered, like Munchausen,



with plaisters,— "Och, Biddy!" said he, "it's the kay, I'll turn upon ye this precious morning, and it's my broken nose that'll be revenged of your faction. Plase your worship," continued he, pushing himself to the foreground, "it's myself knows the young gentleman that put the *comether* on the young lady, wid his whiskers under the nose of him. Just send to the Red Lion, not a hat's throw round the corner, and you'll find my jontleman behind a newspaper taking his drops. Och! be quick, or he'll get the *office*. Now it's out of me!"

Two or three of the officers left instantly, and a dead pause ensued; during which the old woman threw up her eyes, and seizing with both hands the bar-rail, kept up a continual rocking-motion with her body, and her breathing could be distinctly heard through the court.

A few minutes only elapsed, when a slight bustle announced the return of the officers who had the accused in custody. The moment my eyes fell upon him I recognised, as I had all along suspected, the person I had seen conversing with her in the twilight. He was a fine handsome young man, elegantly dressed, and of very prepossessing exterior. The girl turned pale as she instantly recognised and swore to him. The old woman hardly noticed him; but her anxiety was apparent, for in endeavouring to shield him, she lost herself, for, turning with a fierce look upon the witness, she said,

"My pretty miss, it's anything you'd swear to; the man who coorted you was shorter by a head, and as swarthy as a blackamoor."

She here suddenly stopped! She saw she had committed herself. Her observation was put down, and she relapsed into silence. I here

felt bound to come forward, and state all I knew of the case and both prisoners, which was final.

A few weeks brought the sessions and the trial. The prisoners were placed at the bar together. The old woman was much altered; a sickly hue overspread her countenance, which was shadowed by a scrupulously clean cap, and her eyes appeared more colourless than ever, which gave her a curious stolid look, which is seen only in the blind. Her young companion stepped up boldly to her side, and bowed elegantly to the court. He was shorn of his mustachios, which altered his appearance very much, but not sufficiently so to leave a doubt as to his identity. As he took his place beside her, a nervous feeling appeared to shake her frame, and her hand trembled over the herbs that laid strewed on the dock before them.

The facts of the case were so plain and simple that there appeared not the slightest doubt from the first of the verdict; and notwithstanding the ingenuity of their counsel, the verdict "Guilty" against both prisoners was given.

As the judge delivered his sentence her gaze was painfully acute, and her hand became clasped in that of her accomplice. As the sentence was uttered of "transportation for life" on both, she uttered a wail that vibrated through every person present, and seizing her fellow-prisoner round the neck, covered him with kisses amidst a storm of most endearing epithets. She clutched him with the fierceness of a tigress in her embrace, which no force could separate, and they were borne from the court together. You could hear her cries as she was borne through the subterraneous passages of the gaol. Her piercing shrieks echoed mournfully along the walls that would soon part her and her only child for ever, for such he was stated to be by the governor of the gaol.

I never pass the corner where the old woman used to be stationed without expecting to see her and her stall at their wonted place, and it will be a long while ere I forget the old woman and her child.



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